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is even doubtful whether some of her sayings were strictly original; for it seems that it must have been known before her time that "some cocks think that the sun gets up to hear them crow." The Prince Consort was, for some time after the publication of *Adam Bede*, in the habit of complaining to his farm bailiff that he "had to go to bed with twenty quarts of milk on his mind." The Sunday walk of Mr. and Mrs. Poyser with their children to church may be placed on a level with some of the most delightful passages in *Tristram Shandy*. The story of Hester with its melancholy complications is a blot on an admirable book. In speaking of anything composed by George Eliot it is a censure to say that it might have been written by another. The *Mill on the Floss* is a still more remarkable excavation of social remains. Mrs. Tulliver and her sisters convey the impression that their strange conventional opinions about bonnets and house linen and the distribution of money by will are sacred and inevitable convictions, though they are now heard of for the first time. In this, as in some other stories, George Eliot shows a blamable toleration of an underbred and worthless hero or lover. Maggie's favourite suitor is as worthless and vulgar as the foreign adventurer who in *Middlemarch* becomes the second husband of the stately Dorothea.

By the time of writing *Felix Holt* George Eliot had unfortunately begun to persuade herself that it was her duty to teach doctrines, instead of creating human beings. Assertions of equality and hints of communism destroy much of the pleasure which might be derived from the story. The determination of a cultivated artisan not to be a gentleman may be disinterested, but it is capricious and provoking. Perhaps the best of all the novels is *Silas Marner*, especially as the shortness of the story leaves no room for George Eliot's frequent shortcomings in the construction of a plot. The small squire and his reprobate brother, with all the surrounding society of equals and superiors, are at the same time real and interesting; and the gentler and melancholy weaver who gives his name to the tale is profoundly touching. The scene in which the lost child brings its golden hair into the spot of light which marked the place of Silas's lost treasure is one of the most perfect passages in fiction. As George Eliot accomplished so much, it is perhaps unreasonable to regret that only a portion of her life was allowed for the indulgence of her genius. Her youth was wasted on Strauss, and her later days were given to *Daniel Deronda* and *Theophrastus Such*; but her divagations from the proper purpose of her life will be forgotten while *Adam Bede* and *Silas Marner* are still ornaments of English literature.

A NEW IRISH PANACEA.

CONSIDERING all things, it may be said that for the last week affairs in Ireland have gone on swimmingly. Very few people have been murdered or wounded. A canon, a policeman or two, and so on, make up the insignificant list. Only three ladies have been shot at or threatened. Mr. Bence Jones continues to exist. "Boycotting," indeed, goes on merrily; but we have got accustomed to that, and have nearly educated ourselves up to Mr. Gladstone's sublime height of irritation at the troublesome people who object to the word and the thing. It is true that the Empress of Austria has changed her mind as to visiting Ireland; but that is positively reassuring, for it would have been very awkward if Her Majesty had been shot in mistake for somebody else, and a little inconvenient to the sensitiveness of old-fashioned people if her horse's bridle had been seized when she was out hunting, and she had been ordered by the *de facto* Government to go home. Above all, the ordinary law has actually succeeded in getting its great assize to come off at Dublin. The Castle is not in flames, nor has there been an Armageddon in the Phoenix. It is true that the wise shake their heads and assert that "a conviction is impossible," but that is prejudice. For months Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have been, to use a vulgar phrase, bottling themselves up for this great effort. What did it matter if a few peers and policemen were murdered? Mr. Parnell was going to be tried. What did it matter if Captain Boycott was ruined? Mr. Dillon was going to experience the full terrors of the ordinary law—when they could be got ready. What did it matter if troublesome persons wrote to the Prime Minister for an expression of opinion, if nothing more? He referred them to the solemn ceremony soon to come off in the Four Courts. It has, we believe, been more or less confidentially stated by admirers of the Government that this same attitude was "majestic," though we are not certain that "sagacious" is not the proper adjective employed. At any rate, the moment has come, and during the progress of the trial it is nothing to do but to wait until the jury disagree. It is as fair and reasonable to employ the interval for what outsiders have to offer. The majestic proposition that the Government will have to think of something else cannot be too

before us a document which is a little mysterious in its way. It purports to be for private circulation only, but, as it does not announce itself to come from anybody in particular, nor is there a single name or address mentioned in it, the crime of divulging its contents does not weigh very heavily on our conscience. It is a prospectus of "The Irish Land and Farming Company, Limited," and its capital is stated at ten millions; but the usual spaces for

directors, bankers, secretary, office address, &c., are, like the Bellman's chart, "a perfect and absolute blank." Even the printer has modestly withheld his name from the readers of this surprising document. Nevertheless, it bears the outward semblance of a genuine prospectus, and propounds its proposals in good set terms. "It is generally admitted," we are told, "that the land of Ireland is peculiarly adapted for rearing and feeding cattle, for breeding horses, and for dairy produce," and that good management and capital are all that is wanted to make Irish farms the most profitable in Europe. The statement is perhaps a little rounded off, but it may pass. The next is that bad harvests, &c., have brought matters to such a crisis that landed estates may be bought in Ireland ("especially in Mayo and Westmeath," says the prospectus writer, with an engaging innocence, as if Mayo and Westmeath were famous for nothing but bad harvests) at a price considerably below their value. The nonpayment of rents, he adds, with historic calmness, will cause many landowners to be willing to sell at a considerable sacrifice; the difficulty of these unfortunate persons the Company proposes to make its opportunity. They are to sell, and the Company is to buy, on the terms of one-third money down, and the rest on mortgage at four and a half per cent, so as to leave plenty of capital for working. Then the domains acquired are to be thrown into grazing farms or sheep runs of from 5,000 to 15,000 acres, and arable farms of from 1,500 to 2,000. The present small tenants, thinks our projector, here animated, it is to be feared, by the sanguine delusions of his class, will require small compensation for going out. Welsh labourers—"it is known that Welsh labour is cheap, and the men are industrious and sober"—colonial or Scotch managers, North-country machinists are to be imported. Then the projector has a return of cautiousness. The farmsteads are to be built in a hollow square; all the windows and doors, save one entrance gate, are to be inwards, and the surrounding wall is to be loopholed "in order to afford protection against attack in unquiet times." The homesteads are apparently not to be insured; indeed it is doubtful whether the Insurance Companies would like the investment. But night patrols of the sober and industrious Welshmen will serve against incendiarism. The remainder of the prospectus is confined to business details about slaughtering, embarkation, and so forth. Some of these show less appreciation of the actualities of the time than the remarks about loopholes and patrolling. But it cannot be expected that a preliminary prospectus should look to every detail; and the Steamboat Companies at Cork had not perhaps signalized themselves as they have done in Mr. Bence Jones's case when the idea of the Company first dawned in our projector's head. We should suggest, as an addition to the scheme, that the Company should acquire a harbour sufficiently near to its domains, fortify it, and run steamers with its own stock and produce at its own expense. It would be well, too, that these steamers should be well armed and stoutly built, inasmuch as the *de facto* Government of Ireland will doubtless soon issue letters of marque to render the operation of Boycotting more thorough and complete. Still, a good deal of thoughtfulness is shown for so short a document. The cattle are to be slaughtered on the spot, which clearly deprives the enemy of his chance of waylaying them on the route. The patrols, too, will doubtless give an eye to such as are left out at night in the fields, to prevent the operations of the Land League Sub-Committee for the Propagation of Cruelty to Animals. Perhaps the only serious miscalculation of the economic kind is the mention of cheapness as likely to result from the importation of Welsh labourers. Occupations which involve considerable chance of a short life are usually highly paid; and it is to be feared that the Welsh labourers, what with working, patrolling, and being shot at—in short, what with doubling the parts of shepherd and soldier—will want to double the pay too. This, however, is only a detail. The scheme would undoubtedly add to the wealth of the United Kingdom, it is financially feasible, and the overladen breast of the politician cannot help emitting a huge sigh at the thought of the relief it would be from his special point of view. Fancy wafts us to such an Ireland as this Ireland would be after a few years of scrimmaging and lively practice from the loopholes (which should certainly be armed with a cruel four-pounder or two). That Ireland would be peaceful, profitable, contented, with flocks and herds dotting the emerald plains unhounded, in possession of their tails, and with no sticks studded with nails in their insides. In that Ireland Mr. Biggar would perforce cease to trouble and Mr. Parnell's occupation would be gone. In short, it would be an Ireland which would have all the advantages of that frequently suggested one under the sea, with a good many more beside; a help to England instead of a thorn in her side; a credit to civilization instead of a disgrace to it; a beauty spot instead of a sore on the face of the earth. "Sweet, sweet vision! Foolish, foolish dream!" in the words of an author, who, by the way, knew a good deal about Ireland, though these words of his were used in another context.

Like all such visions our vision quickly fades. It cannot be said that the projector has forgotten any economical law or that he has proposed anything which would not be for the interest—well understood—of every one concerned, Englishmen and Irishmen, landlords and tenants. His plan is merely a recognition of what Ireland is fit for, and a practical attempt to adjust the state of Ireland to that fitness. It is a fantastic and grandiose acknowledgment of the laws of nature. That Ireland is best suited for stock-rearing of all sorts, and that stock-rearing of all sorts is best conducted on a large scale, are both certain facts. That small

holdings must mean poverty and wretchedness, unless thrift is the one thought of the holder, and that thrift and Irishmen are two contradictory terms, are facts as certain. But our projector counts without the English Radical party and the Radical majority—actual, if not numerical—in the English Cabinet. He forgets—poor man!—that what is sauce for the English and Scotch goose is not sauce for the Irish gander. Here is Mr. Chamberlain talking pathetically about countervailing duties. He sympathizes with the Bristol sugar-maker; he drops a tear over the Coventry maker of ribbons and watches; he alludes gracefully to the great Protectionist struggle of thirty years ago; he makes a modest reference to his own sufferings at the hands, or points, of intrusive Belgian screws. But, with a nobility quite charming to witness, he points out that it cannot be helped. The weakest must go to the wall, the people who are driven out of one trade must take up another. Exactly so; but how is it, we may ask, that this universal law is to stop short at St. George's Channel? Why is the Irishman to be protected against the result of Free-trade, against the laws of supply and demand, against anything and everything? The amiable creature's luke-warmest friends are just now declaring that nothing will do but the three F's. Well and good. But when an inconvenient person like Sir Robert Anstruther turns up and shows that fixity of tenure means that the best man is not to have the tools he can best use; that fair rents mean arbitrary interference with supply and demand; that free sale means the diversion of the capital necessary for cultivation—what is to be said then? All these things we can imagine our melancholy projector urging on the President of the Board of Trade. There can be no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain would dismiss him with a superior smile. They have altered all that, he and his friends. As Lord Carnarvon has just pointed out, they have pity for murderers and none for victims; precious balms, with not the least tendency to break the weakest head, for the Land Leaguer; and precious balms that come down like millstones on the pate of the landowner. As it is with their ethics, so with their economics. Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain no doubt conduct their own private business on exactly the same principles as those on which this projector wants to conduct the business of his Company. They certainly profess a wish that the business of landowning should be conducted on the same principles, that all feudal nonsense as to the relations of landlord and tenant should be done away with. But when the thing is carried out—why, then, there is a strange alteration of tone. It becomes the first duty of Government to protect one class, and to give it privileges of a far more arbitrary kind than any feudal system ever devised. So that we fear our projector will hardly get a hearing for his scheme just at present, and that his shares are some way from being quoted on the Stock Exchange. And yet when we think of his ideal Ireland—an Ireland bludgeonless, revolverless, void of perjured jurymen and threatening-letter-writing shebeen-haunters—it is hard not to drop a tear.

MONACO AND ANDORRA.

TWO of the smallest States in Europe are in a state of revolutionary excitement. Monaco is convulsed by the fear of losing, and Andorra by the hope of gaining, a public gambling-house. The case of Monaco is sufficiently well understood. Honoré, fifth prince of this dominion, made himself unpopular with his subjects, and his cruel laws reduced them to the verge of starvation. The son suffered for the father's fault, and, by a majestic exercise of the popular will, Rocca-bruna and Mentone shook off the yoke of the Grimaldis in 1848. Since that date Mentone has grown wonderfully, and now consists of several dozen hotels, a few villas, and the old town, with its narrow dirty streets climbing up towards the Bergeon. But Rocca-bruna is still a hamlet, peopled, apparently, chiefly by small boys and girls, who ask tourists for sous, and by a leprous woman who haunts the height between Monaco and Mentone. Thus it is difficult for the historical imagination, even when aided by all the works recommended by Mr. Frederic Harrison, to reconstruct the scene of revolutionary frenzy. There must have been something idyllic in it, like a *crisis* in some petty Sicilian city of old times, for the fishers and shepherds of the Riviera are still very picturesque. Mild as the movement may have been, it shook the throne of Prince Florestan. Mentone and Rocca-bruna remained independent till the French annexed Nice. At that date the Prince of Monaco received some compensation for disturbance, and was allowed to give M. Blanc a concession for a gambling-house. One important result was the recent alliance between a princess of the house of Blanc and a prince of the house of Bonaparte. But there have been other results scarcely less important.

No one who knew Monaco and the neighbouring little peninsula of Monte Carlo ten years ago can recognize them now with pleasure. Ten years ago Monte Carlo, where the gambling establishment is, was shunned by the wealthy and respectable. The Hôtel de Paris offered accommodation of a kind sumptuous in both senses of the word to the gamster. The hotel sheltered many a wandering guest, who left his little all in the treasury of M. Blanc, or, perhaps, had the wisdom to carry away a few thousand francs of winnings. All but punters avoided the siren shore and listened to the Virgilian warning, *fuge littus avarum*. Now things are altered. The establishment has become so

wealthy that it is comparatively respectable. The gardens and flowery terraces, and lists for them that shoot doves, have greatly increased in number and beauty. Villas spring up on every side. Even five years ago there were deep shady olive groves, and plots covered with grey anemones, within a hundred yards of the Casino. Nowhere did the wild flowers blossom so abundantly as on the lower slopes of the hill beneath Turbia, where the sun brings out the strong scent of pine and thyme, and the bees go murmuring about their toils in February mornings. But the wealth and enterprise of Mme. Blanc is changing all that. The pretty old lanes run now between stuccoed walls. The olive plots where the anemones blossomed are covered with villas. Only to the westwards there is still an open space, where a brook falls down from a height, as in the Theocritean epigram, through the laurels and pines, and beneath the fragrant flowers of the early blossoming May. Even that brook will soon be a sewer, and the whole tiny principality will become what is beautifully called a "residential district." The sea and the grey bluff of the Tête du Chien will remain alone unaltered.

It is unnecessary to say that the popular trouble in Monaco is not caused by fury at the Vandalism of the "Administration." The tourists, the gamsters, the Monaguesque public prefer the trim parterres by the Casino to the old free expanse of olive-yards and flowers. But the people are afraid of losing that by which their country is nourished—the Casino, with its "distractions." The respectable visitors to Cannes and Mentone and Nice, and the respectable inhabitants of these watering-places, and of all the towns as far as Genoa and Marseilles, look with ill-will on Monte Carlo. They are preparing, or perhaps have prepared, a petition to the French Chambers asking that the concession for the Casino may be taken away, or, at all events, not renewed. There are good reasons for the protest. The Casino demoralizes all the clerks and young fellows of spirit on the Riviera. They cease to be content with *baccarat* at their *cercles*. They put money, sometimes their employers' money, in their pockets, and they hasten to challenge the bank at Monte Carlo. Of course they lose, and very often they blow their brains out. Moreover, the attractions of the bank bring a crowd of cosmopolitan roughs to the beautiful shore where a few invalids and many robust visitors flirt, play tennis, and make excursions. This is what the English visitors who do not play dislike so much. A worse-looking, a dirtier set of copper captains, and women more tawdry, than they who steal their neighbours' stakes at Monte Carlo are nowhere to be studied by the philosopher. Where do the dirty men get the money they punt with? These grimy visitors disgust the evangelical clergymen and squires' ladies, who are very glad to listen to the music and read the newspapers provided by the Administration. If Monte Carlo were not a licensed hell, the ruffianly men and unspeakable women would not gather in that paradise. Once more, the tables corrupt the invalids and the invalids' able-bodied friends. These people first view the sport with aversion, then with curiosity, then they risk five francs, and after that they become confirmed punters. When they win, they boast that they have been "robbing the widow." They dream of martingales and devise systems. They bet on the number of their rooms in their hotels. The banker at Mentone is amused when they come every day to cash circular notes. They are bad gamblers, these amateurs, ill-tempered and reckless in adversity, cowardly when the luck is favourable.

It is miserable to see the flushed, hectic faces of the invalids, to observe pretty English girls sobbing with excitement at roulette, and fairly breaking down and crying at the railway station as they wait for the train which is to carry them back penniless to Nice or Mentone. The fact is that roulette, though a most fascinating amusement, is too good for a race with only partially developed self-control. The Wise Man of the Stoics, and people who approach him in calmness, could play roulette and enjoy themselves tranquilly enough. If a man knows how much he can afford to lose, and is sure he can stop there, why should he not pay what he can afford for his entertainment? The chances and combinations are so numerous, the prizes so rich and so certain to be paid when won, that roulette affords delights not dissimilar to those derived from a blending of commercial speculation with the higher mathematics. The best thing to do, we think, is to back the number which turned up last, one of the twelves and one of the columns. Numbers very often recur twice running, and when they do, thirty-five times his stake rewards the judicious investment. Even if the number fail you, and the twelve also, if you are right on the column, you are no loser, and are ready to start again. Zero, of course, is annoying, but all sport has its drawbacks. However, as men and women are not philosophers, and cannot enjoy themselves temperately, we fear it must be admitted that Monte Carlo is rather a curse to France and to the neighbourhood. It demoralizes almost every one, and it brings bad company into a nook admirably fitted by nature to be a successful watering-place.

To withdraw the concession, however, is no easy matter. There is the Prince of Monaco and there are France and Italy to be reckoned with. If France interferes, the Prince will throw himself into the arms of Italy. If Italy shows moral designs, the Prince will court the alliance of France. On this bit of coast the two Powers are very jealous of each other, and last winter French engineers were strongly fortifying the heights which command the harbour and the Corniche road. Relying perhaps on these political facts, and on the natural gamblesomeness of the French, Mme. Blanc is building a new wing, and is adding to her tables, and to the number of them that serve tables, the polite and intelligent croupiers. We fear that,

in spite of all protests, Monte Carlo has still a long lease of life. It is certain, we think, that Monaco and the neighbourhood would be prosperous without the tables. Many of the citizens probably recognize this truth. But when the little Republic of Andorra, in the Pyrenees, is convulsed with the hope of gaining a concession for a Casino, it is not likely that Monaco hears with pleasure the remonstrances of respectable visitors.

The case of Andorra, as described by a writer in the *Daily News*, is not unlike that of Monaco. Andorra has a shadowy independence as old as Charlemagne. She is secluded, not to say isolated; she is homely, and she should be happy. But a Company intends to make a railway to the place, and to allure passengers by setting up gambling-rooms. The foolish people, foreseeing an influx of wealth, approve of this proposal. They forget that, while princes, as Mr. Bright knows, are a bad lot, republics are Virtue's chosen home. The people of Andorra are as eager for a hell as the Prince of Monaco. This must be very painful to Mr. Bright; for, if there is an old Republic in the world, and one remote from the horrid influences of Courts, it is Andorra. The *viguers*, a kind of official representatives of Spain (monarchic Spain) and of France, are vainly trying to moderate the democratic avarice of Andorra. The Republic, like the Principality on the Riviera, lies between two great and jealous Powers. We must hope that France and Spain will compel Andorra to be virtuous.

DEAN STANLEY ON SUBSCRIPTION.

DEAN STANLEY has contributed to the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine* a curiously characteristic paper on "Subscription" to doctrinal formularies, which he tells us at the outset "is always misleading and always futile," though at the end he declines to decide absolutely whether that remnant of subscription which is still left in the Church of England is worth keeping or not. The real object of his paper is apparently twofold, firstly to prove that in the famous contest about Tract XC. some forty years ago, the "Liberal section of the Church," which is explained to mean the party now called "Broad Church," were on the side of toleration, not of exclusion, and that Cardinal Newman is quite mistaken in saying that the Liberals drove him from Oxford; secondly to insist that the proper and normal state of the Church is to have no creeds or articles of faith, and that this was her actual condition for the first fifteen centuries. It is difficult to say which paradox is the most unhistorical, though the writer's ingenious method of stating, or mistating, his case gives a certain *prima facie* semblance of plausibility to his tale. It may not perhaps be deemed wholly irrelevant to inquire in passing how far this retrospective zeal of modern Liberals for building the sepulchres of the Tractarian prophets, who were persecuted in 1845, is illustrated by their attitude towards the sons of the prophets who are imprisoned for convictions, mistaken it may be but certainly no less conscientious, in 1880. It is a cheap generosity which restricts itself to martyrs who have become historical. The Dean begins his story by reproducing in his own fashion—which, to say the least, is neither appreciative nor exhaustive—the argument of Tract XC., and then adds, what is true enough, that its appearance provoked a sharp and bitter controversy, and that many of Mr. Newman's old followers fell away from their allegiance to him in consequence. Then comes a guarded, and very inadequate admission that "some of those who had on other grounds advocated the relaxation of the enormous burden of subscription," were equally unwilling to allow any such toleration of the popularly received sense of subscription as the Tract claimed, not as matter of favour but of justice. And thus we are brought to the somewhat enigmatic statement that "the respect due to the personal character and lofty genius of Cardinal Newman withheld the early opponents of Tract XC. from pursuing their victory beyond the point of a censure pronounced by the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford." The meaning is obscure, but in the first place we suspect that Dean Stanley is looking at the Oxford of 1841 through the spectacles of the Oxford Liberals who welcomed Cardinal Newman back to his University in 1880. Of respect for "the personal character and lofty genius" of the author of Tract XC., whatever may have been "due," very little was felt at Oxford in 1841, except among his immediate friends and disciples. In the next place why should his opponents at the time have "pursued their victory" further? They had got all they wanted; they had driven him from Oxford, made him "give up his place in the movement," as he himself expresses it, and procured the condemnation and discontinuance of the Tracts. Dr. Newman's own account, in the *Apologia*, of what occurred at that period, and who were the leading agents in it, is both more precise and more accurate than Dean Stanley's. "It is surely," he says, "a matter of historical fact that I left Oxford upon the University proceedings of 1841; and in those proceedings, whether we look to the Heads of Houses or the resident Masters, the leaders, if intellect and influence make men such, were members of the Liberal party. Those who did not lead, concurred or acquiesced in them—I may say, felt a satisfaction. I do not recollect any Liberal who was on my side on that occasion. Excepting the Liberal, no other party, as a party, acted against me." Dr. Newman might have added in illustration of this statement what Dean Stanley is careful to omit, that the two most conspicuous names among "the four Tutors," whose public protest against Tract XC. led to all the subsequent pro-

ceedings, were those of Mr. Tait of Balliol, now Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Wilson of St. John's, afterwards better known as one of the seven Essayists and Reviewers, both of whom notoriously belonged to the Liberal or Broad Church party.

So much for what occurred in 1841. But when the contest was renewed in 1845, after the publication of Ward's *Ideal*, the Liberals, according to the Dean, came generously to the rescue, as the champions of toleration for an unpopular school. Dr. Newman has again explained what actually occurred. To himself personally it mattered nothing, for he had retired four years before from the contest, and was on the eve of secession. But if some who were prominent among his assailants in 1841 acted then more consistently with their professed principles of toleration, it was probably, as he says, from a growing sense of the danger of driving a number of his followers to Rome that they helped to shelter from the zeal of the Hebdomadal Board, not them only, but all parties in the Church, Tractarians, Evangelicals, and Liberals, on the obvious ground too rigid a construction of the Anglican formularies would on some point or other prove a difficulty to all alike. So much as this indeed may be gathered, without much reading between the lines, from the Dean's own account of the matter in the following ingenious paragraph, which contains the sole allusion—a very faint and inadequate one—to the prominent part taken by Mr. Tait in the proceedings of 1841.

One who has since been raised to the highest post of the English Church, and who has united in that position the liberality and firmness of mind which he showed on this occasion, generously put aside his former objections to the celebrated tract, and issued a powerful and convincing protest against extending the censure to Tract XC any further than the immediate purpose of pronouncing the position untenable, and against drawing from the natural antipathy to its circumlocutions a legal and ecclesiastical instrument for abridging the liberties of the whole Church.

That is to say, having secured in 1841 "the immediate purpose" of getting Tractarian principles with which they had no sympathy condemned and their leading apologist silenced, Broad Churchmen took fright in 1845 at the threatened imposition of a rigid test, which might have proved equally fatal to their own principles, and not unnaturally exerted all their energies to avert it. The proposed censure of Tract XC. by the Oxford Convocation at the same time was not averted by any co-operation of theirs but, as even Dean Stanley is constrained to admit, by "the courageous and magnanimous conduct of the two proctors," who put their constitutional veto upon it. He does not add that both proctors were high churchmen, the survivor of them, the Dean of St. Paul's, being also an intimate friend of Mr. Newman's. It may thus be quite true that the great Tractarian leader was driven to Rome, not by any external force, but by his own religious convictions, but it is none the less true that "the Liberals were the men who drove him"—not, as Dean Stanley misquotes his words, "from the Anglican Church," but "from Oxford," and that "it was they who had opened the attack on Tract XC., and who would gain a second benefit"—as in fact they did—"if he went on to retire from the Anglican Church." The Dean is more accurate in the closing chapter of what he calls his "history" of Tract XC. It was certainly republished by Dr. Pusey twenty years later, without any word of protest from Bishops, Heads of Houses, or popular journalists, and with the cordial welcome of the leading High Church periodical of the day, the *Christian Remembrancer*. But we fail to perceive that the history, either in its correct or its Stanleyan version, proves much, one way or the other, as to the expediency of subscription to the 39 Articles, while as to the general question of subscription to formularies of faith it certainly proves nothing at all.

But the real drift of the Dean's lucubrations on this latter point is manifest enough, though, as usual with him, he implies more than he actually says, and assumes principles which he shrinks from directly avowing, perhaps even to himself. In the learned and thoughtful preface to his Commentary on the 39 Articles the late Bishop Forbes of Brechin—who neither professes nor could be suspected of any overweening fondness for a formulary so Protestant in its tone—expresses his belief that subscription to some such quasi-dogmatic test is necessary under existing circumstances, and adds that he "should have more sympathy with those who are now clamouring for a change, if he did not think that in attacking the Articles, they were attacking the general dogmatic character of Christian confessions." That, if we do not entirely misread it, is precisely the aim of the Dean's paper. Thus e.g. he quotes, in order to reprobate it, the opinion "of one whom we all honour and respect for his character and abilities," without however naming him. The reference is to a paper read by the Bishop of Durham—certainly no extreme high churchman or dogmatist—at the Leicester Church Congress of last year. Bishop Lightfoot, while fully recognizing the existence of "three schools of thought" in the Church, had been insisting on "adherence to the fundamental principles of the Catholic creed and loyalty to the Church" as a necessary qualification for its ministers, and he then proceeds as follows. We give the passage as it stands in the authorized report, bracketing such portions of it as are omitted in Dean Stanley's extract:—

[Pleading as I do to-day for toleration, and even large toleration, I am bound to emphasize this demand as a *fundamental qualification*. At this time more especially the obligation is the stronger, because some seem to think that a Church can do very well without a creed, or at least without a creed to which its ministers are required to subscribe. Though I have the deepest sympathy with the motives and aspirations of some who hold this view, though I hold it a privilege to reckon them among my personal friends, I have not, and never had, any sympathy with the

view itself. I do not understand a Church without a creed.] I do not understand a clergyman standing up to teach in a church without first asking himself definitely what he is going to teach. I can see no other prospect before such a Church but vagueness, irresolution, inanity, [confusion,] decay. The motive power is gone. The bond of cohesion is snapped. [Dissolution—rapid dissolution—is the inevitable consequence. So far as I have read history, no body ever has held together for long under such conditions as this.]

We should almost have thought, but for Dean Stanley's denial that the statement was so manifestly true as scarcely to escape being a truism. He tells us however, not only that the Bishop's description exactly depicts the condition of the Church of England since 1865—when the terms of subscription were altered—but also "applies equally to the whole Latin Church down to the publication of the decrees of Pope Pius IV., and applies especially to the Church of the first three centuries." There is just that kind of half truth in this statement which is so essentially misleading. A certain change did take place at the Reformation, because, as Bishop Forbes explains it, when the separated portions of Christendom could no longer impose their distinctive teachings as the voice of the Holy Spirit, and therefore binding on the conscience, it became "necessary to call in the element of individual good faith to maintain the position." And hence not only did the various Protestant bodies put forth their Confessions, but even the Roman Church found it necessary to exact of her ministers a subscription to the Creed of Pius IV. But there was nothing in this procedure out of harmony with ancient precedent. Neither the early nor the mediæval Church had been able to "do without a Creed," which was held obligatory on all who ministered or worshipped at her altars. The seeming exception only proves the rule. For the first century or two, while the tradition of apostolic teaching still lived on in the Church, and before the assaults of heresy had been widely felt, no need had arisen for anything beyond some such elementary formula as was supplied in the short baptismal creed. But as the Church increased and controversies multiplied, it was found indispensable to frame and impose longer and more distinctive symbols, "as a guide of the believer and the teacher" alike, to quote Canon Swinson's words in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, and the very names by which these creeds were known—*κατὰν, ἡ πίστις, σύμβολον, tessera, regula fidei*, indicate unmistakably that they were used as doctrinal tests. There may not have been a general subscription required of the clergy, but as each successive heresy was condemned by successive Councils, the Bishops were required to sign the new test framed for the purpose, and not only so, but it soon became an established custom for the bishops to repeat the creeds of former Councils at an early session of every subsequent one. Whoever was known to contravene these creeds incurred excommunication. In the middle ages tests on matters lying beyond the range of the creeds and dogmas of the Church were often imposed at particular times and places, and thus e.g. the graduates of some Spanish Universities were required to profess their adhesion to the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception. But there is no need to dwell on such details. It is enough for our purpose to point out that Bishop Lightfoot's hypothetical description of a Church without a creed, and a clergy not bound to teach anything in particular is as unlike as possible to a description of either the early or the mediæval Church. The Bishop may well indeed declare that so far as he knows history, no Church has ever held together for long under such conditions. Of course it is another question how far the particular form of subscription retained in the Church of England is a good one, but when Dean Stanley observes that "this depends simply on whether it keeps out a single member of the Church of England from entering the ministry," one can hardly help being reminded of one professing "member of the Church of England," who is excluded from the ministry by this very test, and who only the other day announced that he was "a Nonconformist against his will" and "retained his orders," though he at the same time pointedly disclaimed the name of "Christian." We mean of course Mr. Voysey, who, if there was no subscription, would be ministering in the Church of England at this moment. Dean Stanley would probably be prepared to accept this alternative, if we may judge from his estimate of the proper "largeness" of a national Church:—

No member of the Society of Friends would be permitted to preach the necessity of sacraments. No Unitarian minister would be permitted to read the Athanasian Creed. No Congregational minister would be permitted to affirm the necessity of an Established Church or of the Episcopal succession. It is only in the National Church that such variations and their opposites could be permitted. The largeness of the Church involves the largeness of sufferance.

For, if not only the necessity of sacraments and episcopal succession, but the doctrines of the Athanasian Creed or "their opposites" may be fairly taught, then that very "adherence to the fundamental principles of the Catholic creed," which Bishop Lightfoot thinks an indispensable qualification for the ministry must be abandoned.

We are not now discussing whether such a state of things is desirable or not, but it would clearly go far towards changing "an established Church into an established chaos," as somebody has happily expressed it. And we must at least protest in the name of history and common sense against the portentous paradox that such a Church would bear the faintest resemblance to, still less be "exactly like," the Latin Church of the middle ages, and "especially the Church of the first three centuries. As to the growing deficiency of able and enlightened University men for the

service of the Church, of which Dean Stanley complains, many explanations might be alleged, one of the most obvious being the multiplication of similar careers open to educated young men. But, so far as the difficulty is a religious one, we more than doubt the greater attraction of a creedless Church. At all events the Dean's reference to Oxford and Cambridge is singularly infelicitous for his argument. He tells us that at the latter University Bishop Lightfoot's "great and salutary influence" has procured an adequate supply of gifted and faithful pastors. But if these pastors have been attracted by Bishop Lightfoot's influence, they must, on his own showing, have taken their stand on the very principle which the Dean so emphatically condemns.

THE DUMAS STATUE.

THAT portion of the French public which is comparatively indifferent to fortnightly Ministerial crises, and to dark stories of dinner parties, at which the guests recall the Groves of Blarney by the singular promiscuity of their selection, has been much exercised of late by the proposal to erect a statue to Alexandre Dumas—the father, not the son. The names of the statue Committee include most of the principal Frenchmen of letters on the lighter side. The opposition is numerous, but motley; and its main body consists, if we mistake not, of M. Zola and the Zolaïtes. To do justice to the notorious master of advertising and "experimental" novels—by the way, the bones of the Clapham sect must stir in their graves at this latest use of one of their favourite words—he is quite consistent, and even logical, in his opposition. To M. Zola there is no literature save his own, and, in a fragmentary way, such literature as he has condescended to learn from. The critic who impartially attacks Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier may very fairly add Alexandre Dumas to the list. We believe, however, that M. Zola is good enough to recognize the fact that Dumas has some claims to a statue, if only because he produced M. Alexandre Dumas *filis*. But it seems dreadful to him that the statue should be erected while Stendhal, Flaubert, Baudelaire, and M. de Goncourt are still statueless men. The literary merits of some of these persons we do not feel in the least inclined to contest. But it is an odd instance of the complete want of mental perspective which may be charitably taken to be at the bottom of most of the follies of the experimentalists that such an argument as that to which we have referred should be used. The qualifications which entitle a man to this particular honour must necessarily include wide popularity, or at least the right to wide popularity. Otherwise the statue is meaningless. It is not wanted by a small circle of devotees; it is a hieroglyph merely to the world at large. We are not quite certain that we should see the appropriateness of a statue to Keats, or to Charles Lamb, or to Blake, perhaps even to Shelley. All these authors will always give intense pleasure to a comparatively small number of persons disposed by nature and education to approve them; but the world at large, though it may obediently accept the estimate of their merit, will not feel it. Of the French authors mentioned just now—at least of those of them who have real merit—this is much truer. All of them were men who produced relatively or positively little work of merit, and the merit of what they did produce appealed to the few. These are exactly the conditions under which, we repeat it, a man should not have a statue.

Exactly opposite is the case with the author of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*—a phrase which we beg to leave to use intentionally and emphatically as equivalent to Alexandre Dumas. We doubt very much whether any man save Sir Walter Scott ever gave in the course of half a century so much of the pleasure which literature is capable of giving to so large a number of persons. It may not have been a very exquisite or refined pleasure; but then—in these days of democracy it is probably treason to hint it—it may be doubted whether the majority of mankind are capable of very exquisite and refined pleasure. But Dumas did more than this. He has given a vast amount of pleasure, too, to people who are very capable of receiving the exquisite and refined kind. He has, it is true, had probably more injustice done him than any contemporary author; but, if the doers of that injustice be examined, they will be found to be curiously uniform in character. The best judges like Dumas heartily; the general mass, who do not pretend to be judges at all, like him as heartily. It is the people who have just a smattering of criticism, the Wiggles and the Wagglers who disdainfully ask for "the old dry wine one used to get," who turn up their noses at Alexander the Great. The truth is that his art is a very artfully concealed art, and it is not very easy to get at its secret. If you will be content to be simply amused without bothering yourself about the sources of your amusement, Dumas is your man. If you are sufficiently expert in tracing these sources, he is your man too. But a few cut and dried rules of criticism and an obedient admiration of the authors most in fashion at this time or that will not enable you to find him out.

After all, it may be said, what is the object of worrying oneself about the *diatribe*, when the *stri* is so remarkably sure and certain? Set any man who has a genuine relish for novels, and who is not a prig or a milkop, down to one of Dumas's better novels, and ask him at the end of the day whether the author shall have a statue or not. This, after all, is the soundest test in such a case. For the eternal controversy

about moral purposes and the dignity of literature, and all the other stock old problems, hardly touches novels at all. The novel gives itself out frankly as something that is meant to please, to amuse, to pass the time agreeably. It was this very frankness and absence of pretension which long caused it to be frowned upon in serious circles. Poetry gave herself airs of inspiration and divine afflatus; drama talked about holding the mirror up to nature, and reforming the manners of men; but the novel was quite shameless in presenting herself as an agreeable companion only. It is true that of late years a certain sophistication has crept in; but still the main purpose, if it has sometimes been associated with others, has never been formally repudiated. Now, Dumas recognized this main purpose, and, what is more, accomplished it more fully and frankly perhaps than any other novelist of mark that could be mentioned. Short of an outrageous bilious headache or a complete ignorance of French, it is difficult to imagine any circumstance of ordinary life in which the Bastion of St. Gervais, the capture and boxing up of Monk; the last scene at Locmaria; the escapes of La Mole from the daggers of the St. Bartholomew butchers and the cord of the Valois Princes; half a hundred other scenes, which will present themselves at once to the memory of every Alexandrian, will not beguile and distract. Nor is the extraordinary abundance of the pastime provided to be left out of sight. An ordinary novelist gives us half a dozen volumes or half a score, or in some rare cases half a hundred; Dumas gives us half a thousand, or thereabouts. The suggestion that no pedestal will be wanted for the statue, but a pile of the works, is not a particularly sprightly joke, but as a proposition in arithmetic and mensuration it is a tolerably sober statement of fact; and this brings us to a weary old piece of spiteful cavi, the objection that all this enormous mass is not the work of its professed author. Let us take the bull by the horns, and say "Of course it isn't." Every laborious person—at least, so they say—who chooses to calculate the utmost possible amount producible in a certain time by a laborious writer may convince himself that Alexandre Dumas did not in one year write "copy" enough to bring him in forty thousand pounds at the tolerably moderate rate at which such work is paid in France. Every critic who knows his business can see that there are pieces, and very large pieces, which are not the work of the hand which did the rest, nor even of the same hand, as far as they themselves go. What does it matter? That what is good in Dumas is his own is obvious from the simple fact that it is quite individual, always recognizable, and not in the least like the independent work of those persons who are said to have assisted him—of whom, by the way, the most distinguished is on this very statute Committee. Now, if Dumas has a statue, that statue will assuredly be put up to him for his good work and not for his bad. That is to say, he will have it for his own work and not for other people's, which is all that the sternest moralist is at this time of day entitled to demand.

How good that work is nobody who knows it requires to be told, and no one who does not know it can be made to understand. There is something about Dumas as a novelist which reminds one of the famous definition of the philosopher, "second best in everything." He is not a great artist in words, and yet his descriptions and the like are always up to their mark; he is not a cunning analytic character-drawer, and yet his readers always feel that men and women, and not lay figures, are occupying their attention. He is frequently outrageous in his contempt of regular plot, yet the interest of all his best works—save only *Monte Cristo*—is sufficient to carry the reader on swimmingly to the end, and the best plotter in the world can do no more. As to his dialogue, it is perhaps hardly second best. In its kind it is quite perfect, and the only fault is that there is a little too much of it. The characters do not bombard each other with astounding epigram like the characters of Molière and Congreve; yet they are not often dull. They are not learned or philosophical, but they have plenty of mother-wit, which is much more to the purpose. Even when one has been finding fault with the separate ingredients of the books, it suddenly strikes one that the total effect could not be better of its kind. If you want other kinds you must go elsewhere. But, if you want this kind, there is none like it. People used to find fault with Dumas as being "improper," but fortunately his chief traducers have taken good care to wipe off that imputation. After the novels of the last twenty years in France the flocks in Dumas's books, never very serious ones, really require a microscope to enable one to discern them at all. Therefore all we can say is that, if the question, Shall Alexandre Dumas have a statue? be one to which England has any right of reply, England should certainly reply Yes. The great Alexandre had a few little prejudices about us, and he made us run away from his invincible musketeers in a manner which is in doubtful accordance with the facts of history. But perhaps because the facts of history rather reverse the representation, we have no difficulty in forgiving him for this. His countrymen may, if they like, talk about his son being his best work. On this side the Channel there is not much danger of the joke being echoed. Far be it from us to speak disrespectfully of a very clever and a very witty writer. But, with all respect to the Alexandre of to-day, he is not fit to hold a candle to his father either as a dramatist or as a novelist. As there can be no comparison between *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *La Dame aux Perles*, so there is none between *Mlle. de Belle-Isle* and *L'Etrangère*. The novels certainly have stood the test of time, and it is difficult to believe that at

least some of them will not continue to stand it. For they are in the main dependent on things which are of perennial interest to the fighting, loving, travelling, adventurous animal called man. There is not, we think, much danger that anybody for a very long time to come will look at the Dumas statue and ask the question—fatal to the claim of existence of statues—"Alexandre Dumas? and who was he?" Now, with the utmost deference to M. Zola, we do think it possible that this might happen before a great many centuries are past in the case of M. de Goncourt.

THE DEFEAT OF BOSS.

IT is difficult to say whether society will be grateful to Mr. Richard Proctor for throwing light on the great game of Boss, by giving a method of ascertaining when the puzzle can be solved and when it cannot, and by further showing how to bring the figures into sequence when the first position is one which makes ultimate victory possible. For some time past Boss has been at once a torment and a pleasure to a very large number of more or less rational people. Perhaps no game of the kind has ever become so rapidly popular, and perhaps none has been so generally abused. It certainly interested more men and women than any other puzzle that has been produced in our time, and has perhaps caused more aggregate irritation than anything yet invented. Nobody could resist it, from the pert schoolboy of fifteen who often solved the puzzle to the testy old gentleman of seventy who invariably failed. It enthralled all, and it infuriated a great many; and it may be said with truth that it is the only known contrivance of man which can stop a woman's tongue. It is not impossible that its unparalleled success was in part due to the fact that it came at a time when many ingenious young ladies and gentlemen were thirsting for a new method of tormenting themselves. For long the acrostic-maker reigned supreme, the absolute tyrant of families. The time of a large number of people was—harmlessly perhaps to themselves, but certainly to the hideous discomfort of their unambitious friends—principally occupied in the perpetual asking of riddles set in jingling verse. But, after a considerable period, the acrostic-maker fell. As usual in the long run, the attack proved stronger than the defence. Industrious men and women applied themselves with such zeal to the solution of acrostics that they became in time more cunning than the contrivers, and the latter were reduced to illegitimate devices, which naturally deprived the conundrums of much of their interest. When acrostics were piling, Boss appeared, and the new torment was hailed with universal acclamation. It seemed for awhile as though a puzzle had been invented which would defy all comers; for, though it was well known that some positions were insoluble, no one could say what proportion the total of hopeless positions bore to that of soluble ones, nor was any method devised by which a winning or soluble position could be distinguished from an insoluble or losing one. Now Mr. Richard Proctor has dispersed the mystery and explained Boss. Moved, perhaps, by the prospect of a large increase in the number of the occupants of lunatic asylums, he applied himself to the game; and straightway Boss has fallen. As has been said, it is doubtful whether society will be grateful to him, as certainly there was great fascination in a game which nobody could quite explain; but whether his success is received with gratitude or not, it cannot be questioned. No mystery will attach to Boss in the future.

It is in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the present month that Mr. Proctor explains how insoluble, or, as he terms them, losing, positions can be distinguished from winning ones, and how from a winning position the numbers can be rapidly brought into sequence. He has, it seems, previously explained the puzzle; but we gather that the explanation now given is fuller and more conclusive than that which has previously appeared. It is with the first part of it that we are principally concerned. Clearly the most important thing for a player at this game to know is whether the position of numbers given him to start from is of the soluble or insoluble order—that is to say, whether from it the numbers can or cannot be worked into the desired sequence. It has, as we have said, been known for some time that there were a certain number of insoluble positions, and a few of these have been given in so-called keys to the puzzle; but the total number, hitherto unknown, will probably astonish Mr. Proctor's readers not a little. Boss—or, to use his more scientific language, the Fifteen Puzzle—admits, he says, of 20,922,789,888,000 distinct positions. Of these, half are winning and half are losing positions. Mathematicians are fond of piling up big figures, which usually leave no very vivid impression on the mind; but in this case Mr. Proctor will assuredly scare not a few of those who study his pages. There is something appalling in the thought of ten millions of millions of losing positions. Let it be supposed that every one of these indicates five minutes of intense annoyance on the part of some unsuccessful player. What interminable years of suffering are suggested by Mr. Proctor's terrible statement! Then it is startling, and at the same time not a little gratifying, to think what a chance the *chevaliers d'industrie* have lost. If they had only mastered the subject as Mr. Proctor has, they would have had ten millions of millions of chances of taking in their fellow-creatures; and, as a moderate amount of such skill as is required for tricks at cards would enable a man to place the Boss numbers in an insoluble position, while seemingly throwing them down at haphazard, it may fairly be said that the noblest

field ever yet open to the swindler has been entirely overlooked. Other singular considerations are suggested by the figures given, but into these we cannot now enter. What will most interest the ordinary student of Boss, after his first surprise is over, will be the method by which the 10,461,394,944,000 pitfalls can be avoided, and the corresponding number of safe ways discovered. Of this, as described by Mr. Proctor, we will endeavour to give a brief account.

He begins by stating the obvious fact that any position which can be obtained from the won position—i.e. the position in which the numbered blocks are in numerical sequence with the right-hand corner square blocks—must be a winning position, because, by reversing the order of movement, the blocks can be worked back to the won position. He takes twelve of these and shows that, in each case when the total number of what he first terms displacements, and then discrepancies, is even, the line in which the vacant space occurs is even, and that when the number is uneven the line is uneven. By discrepancies Mr. Proctor means the cases in which numbers precede a number which, in regular sequence, they would follow. Thus, for instance, in the line 1—7—9—2 there are two discrepancies, as 2, which follows, should precede, 7 and 9. With regard to the lines, of course the first or top line is uneven, the second even, the third uneven, the fourth even. The rule suggested by the examination of these twelve positions is evidently that when the whole number of discrepancies and the number of the line with the vacant space are both even, or both uneven, the position is soluble. How this rule is to be applied in practice is best shown by the example which Mr. Proctor gives. He takes the following arrangement of the blocks:—

9	14	12	4
5	1		8
3	7	15	2
13	10	6	11

The vacant square, it will be observed, is the third one of the second line under the square occupied by number 12 of the first line. The summing up of the discrepancies is as follows:—

12	which follows should precede	Discrepancies
4	" " 9, 11, 12	3
5	" " 9, 11, 12	3
7	" " 9, 14, 12, 4, 5	5
8	" " 9, 14, 12	3
3	" " 9, 14, 12, 1, 5, 8	6
7	" " 9, 14, 12, 8	4
2	" " 9, 14, 12, 4, 5, 8, 3, 7, 13	9
13	" " 14, 15	2
10	" " 14, 12, 15, 13	4
6	" " 9, 11, 12, 15, 7, 15, 13, 10	8
11	" " 14, 12, 15, 13	4
Total discrepancy		32

Thus the total discrepancy is even, and the vacant line is also even; so that, if our suggested law is correct, the position should be a winning one.

This example shows clearly what Mr. Proctor's meaning is, and after giving it, he proceeds to demonstrate that, from the position which has been shown, no possible working of the squares, according to the rule of the game, can have other result than an even number of discrepancies and an even vacant line, or uneven discrepancies and an uneven line; and states the following final conclusions:—

Since, then, in the won position the total discrepancy (0) is even, and the vacant line (4th) is also even, in every position deducible from the won position or reducible to the won position, the total discrepancy and the vacant line are either both even or both odd. And therefore no position in which the total discrepancy is even and the vacant line odd, or *vice versa*, can possibly be a winning position.

For most players this will be enough, as they have a rule by which they can ascertain whether any position set before them is a winning or losing one; and though the rule may not have been proved, strictly speaking, to be true, at all events a very strong presumption has been raised in its favour. Mr. Proctor, however, as becomes a scientific man, is not satisfied with this result. He is determined to do a great deal more, and to solve the whole problem of the game exhaustively. He doughtily says:—

We have proved that from none of the multitudinous positions (one-half of the total number) in which the total discrepancy is odd and the vacant line even, or *vice versa*, can any position be obtained in which the total discrepancy and the vacant line are either both even or both odd; also, that from not one of the multitudinous positions of the latter kind (say the winning kind) can one of the former kind (say the losing kind) be obtained. But we have not yet proved that from any position of the winning sort any other position of the winning sort, including the won position, can be obtained; or from any position of the losing sort any other position of the same sort, including the lost position.

We cannot possibly prove either of these relations experimentally, for the simple reason that there are more than ten millions of millions of positions of the winning sort, and as many of the losing sort.

Yet it is not difficult to prove that from any winning position any other winning position, and from any losing any other losing position, may be obtained.

This proof he proceeds forthwith to give; and in giving it, shows the system on which the game is to be played. In this exposition we cannot follow him, as his reasoning, which is of considerable length, cannot be stated in a summary, or made clear without numerous diagrams. Those who wish to master the game of Boss or to gain any clear idea of how it may be mastered must study the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The task of students, we may observe, will not be a light one. Mr. Proctor's statement of his proofs is singularly obscure, and in places most difficult to follow.

Many of his readers will most devoutly wish that he would "explain his explanation"; and no doubt in time he will do so, giving an amplification of his present essay, which will be more or less clear to all. At present, however, most creditable work can be done by any Boss player whose devotion to the game is sufficient to make him grapple with the ambiguities of Mr. Proctor's statement and master the system by which from winning positions the final won position can be quickly reached. How to distinguish those positions has been already indicated, but it may be well to give the rule as stated by Mr. Proctor himself at the end of his article. His words are as follows:—

If the number both of horizontal and vertical rows be even (as in the Fifteen Puzzle), the won position, in which the blocks succeed each other in numerical sequence, following the lines as in reading, and leaving the last square vacant, can be obtained from any position in which the "total discrepancy" and the number of the partly vacant square [line] are either both even or both odd; but if the "total discrepancy" is even and the number of the partly vacant line odd, or *vice versa*, the won-position cannot be obtained.

This is clear enough, and with attention and study, and perhaps some further assistance from Mr. Proctor, the proof of this rule and the system by which the game can be mastered will be made equally clear to the zealous player. Whether, however, the game will have its old attractiveness now that Mr. Proctor has explained and analysed it is extremely doubtful. What made it at once so delightful and so exasperating was the constant possibility of utter defeat. Rarely could a player be quite certain that Boss was not laying a trick for him, and would not be true to his name and prove master in the end. Now this is all over. There will be no more uncertainty. Mr. Proctor has defeated Boss, and perhaps Boss will not for long survive his defeat.

TRADE IN 1880.

THE year which has just ended has been one of steady, uninterrupted, and solid improvement in trade. It is quite clear now that the explanation offered by Mr. Giffen twelve months ago of the revival that set in so unexpectedly in the autumn of 1879, in spite of perhaps the worst harvest of the century, was the true one. The preceding depression had been overdone by an exaggerated amount of discredit and apprehension. To a far larger extent than economical writers generally have realized, states of trade depend upon states of mind in the business community. Credit is as the breath of life to trade, and when people are doubtful as to whether it is prudent to trust any one, trade as a matter of course must be depressed. The result of the Glasgow Bank crash was to produce almost universal distrust, and the necessary consequence was that production fell behind the demands of current consumption. A reaction, therefore, was inevitable, and it was stimulated and augmented by the recovery of the raw-material-producing countries, more especially the United States. Twelve months ago there was a fear that the improvement thus set going would collapse from the effects of the unhealthy speculation which accompanied it, but the fear has proved groundless. The speculation died out; but the trade revival continued, becoming strengthened and consolidated as it became more gradual and natural. It is hardly necessary to adduce proof of the reality of the revival, and data do not yet exist for measuring very exactly its magnitude; it may be worth while, however, to cite a few figures, for the sake of getting a more definite notion of how far the movement has yet proceeded. From the Board of Trade returns for November we find that, for the first eleven months of 1880, the value of the imports, compared with their value for the corresponding period of 1879, has increased about fifteen per cent.; while the value of the exports increased about seventeen per cent. The December return will not appear till the end of next week, but we need have little hesitation in predicting that it also will show improvement. It was in the foreign trade that the revival first manifested itself, but it has by no means been confined to the foreign trade. The railway traffic returns are justly regarded as a very accurate index of the condition of the country. It is clear that the receipts from the carriage of goods, for example, cannot be increased unless a larger quantity of goods is carried, or a higher charge is levied, or unless both causes co-operate. But if a higher charge is levied, and proves more productive, it can only be—when the whole country is in question, and therefore special causes are eliminated—because trade can bear higher charges, or, in other words, is more profitable. But in sixteen selected British and Irish railways we find that in the first twenty-five weeks of the second half of 1880 the traffic receipts had increased 1,030,000*l.*, the goods traffic contributing 636,000*l.*, or almost two-thirds, of the increase. Lastly, to refer to only one other piece of evidence, employers are beginning to concede an advance of wages to their workpeople. Early in the year the cotton-spinning operatives of North and North-East Lancashire obtained a rise of wages, but the weavers failed, although they threatened to strike in order to exact for themselves what had been given to the other branch of the trade. Quite recently, however, the advance previously refused, on the ground that it could not be afforded, has been voluntarily given. Here, then, we have unquestionable proof of greater prosperity. In Durham, again, the miners have had their wages raised, and in several lesser instances there have also been concessions, while the feeling is almost universal that a general rise is impending.

We might add to these pieces of evidence extracts without number from trade circulars and market reports, but we have said enough to establish the fact, with which alone we are here concerned now—that trade has continued to improve all through the year.

The revival has been accompanied, of course, by a rise of prices; but the rise has been far more general and more considerable in securities than in commodities. This is natural. A rise of prices in commodities cannot be sustained for any length of time by mere speculation. But such an increase of consumption as would justify a great rise of prices must in the nature of things be gradual. In ordinary articles—those, for example, whose price is mainly determined by the prosperity of the great body of the people—increased consumption has to wait, first for the employment of the whole of the working classes, and then for a rise of wages. It is not until labour is becoming scarce and wages are running up rapidly that prices mount, as they did, for instance, in the inflation years that followed the Franco-German war. As regards, again, what are called the instrumental commodities, such as iron and coal, consumption abroad must exceed production abroad before it can act very appreciably upon prices here in England. Twelve months ago the consumption of iron in the United States momentarily exceeded the production there, and there was a rise of the price here at home “by leaps and bounds.” But after a while the production in the United States was stimulated by this rise, and overtook the supply. In the opinion of many competent observers, the consumption will never again outstrip the production; but this is travelling beyond our present purpose, which is only to point out why the rise in securities should necessarily be quicker than that in commodities. The organization of the stock markets lends itself more readily to speculative dealing, and, moreover, the consumption is more universal. The real consumers of iron are comparatively a limited class, but nearly every one who saves is a purchaser of securities. It was inevitable, therefore, that the rise in the latter should be not only greater than in the former, but that, to borrow the language of the Stock Exchange, it should fully “discount the future”; in other words, should be ahead of the actual situation, and abreast of the calculations of the shrewdest and most far-seeing capitalists. Two elaborate articles which have appeared in the *Statist* during the past month, and which support their statements by tables involving an immense amount of labour, enable us to show what the rise in each case has been. Taking securities dealt in upon the Stock Exchange, which were in August 1879 of the aggregate market value of 1,575 millions, the writer of the first article shows that early last month the value had risen to 1,846½ millions. The rise that took place in the autumn of 1879 is included here, while the movement of the past three weeks is not taken into account. But our object just now is not to measure exactly the advance from one New Year's Day to another, but to show the direction and momentum of the course of prices during the year which has just closed, and for this purpose the figures we have cited are as good as if the comparison was between the last weeks in December in each year. It will be noticed that the writer in the *Statist*, being unable to find space for all the securities dealt in upon the Stock Exchange, was obliged to confine his calculations to the principal ones, representing roughly in value about one half of the whole; and he finds that the rise of price in these in about fourteen or fifteen months amounted to the enormous sum of 271 millions, or considerably more than the indemnity paid by Franco to Germany. It may be said that this addition to the value of the property of British and Irish bond and share holders in consequence of the revival in trade is imaginary, that it is nothing more than a book entry of the same property in higher figures; but this is not quite so. No doubt, to some extent, the augmented value is only a book credit. But, on the other hand, it is to a large degree real and tangible. We showed above that in the half-year just ended sixteen home railways earned considerably more than a million over and above the earnings of the corresponding half of 1879, and these increased earnings are for the most part clear profit, because the working expenses have not been swollen by higher wages and prices. The increased price of railways, then, is based upon increased incomes. In the same way, the banks have all been doing better. So have the cotton companies, as we said above, and the iron companies, the tramways, and so on. The same thing holds of shipping companies, telegraphs, and the like. In short, it is true generally that, in consequence of the revival of trade, all industrial enterprises are more profitable, and for that reason are worth higher prices, though, of course, we do not mean to imply that in every case the rise has been in exact proportion to the augmented value, but only that it is based to a greater or less extent upon an augmentation of value. Nor is it only industrial enterprises that are more profitable. The good seasons which have revived trade in the raw-material-producing countries have also restored their tax-paying powers, and consequently improved their credit, while the political settlement of Egypt has still further raised the value of its bonds. Granting, then, all that can truly be said about speculation and fictitious values, it will be seen that much of the rise is as real as the rise in the value of agricultural land that always attends upon a series of good seasons. Returning to the article in the *Statist* we find, as was to be expected, that the rise is greatest in industrial concerns. Thus in Government Stocks, home and foreign, it was only 14½ per cent.; but in home railways it was 22 per cent.; in miscellaneous, 33 per cent.; in banks, 37 per cent.; and in foreign railways, 49 per cent.

In commodities the movement of prices has by no means been

uniform. It is startling to find from the second article in the *Statist* that the price of steel and of steel and iron is actually lower now than in the first eight months of 1879—that is, before the American purchases began, and when the depression seemed at its worst. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the new method of steel-making greatly cheapens the cost of production. There is likewise a fall in the price of horses, of books, of leather, of glass of all kinds, of linen and jute yarn, of paper, salt, manufactured silk, woollen cloth, and woollen yarn. But in general there is a marked advance, as, for example, of 15 per cent. in rails, of 19½ per cent. in bar iron, 30½ per cent. in pig iron, and 46 per cent. in old iron. There is also a rise in all kinds of manufactured cotton, in coals, in copper, brass, lead, zinc, and tin, in wool, woollen yarn, worsted, and carpets. But the most remarkable fact brought out by the article is that prices are still below the level of 1861. That was a year of very low prices, when the depression that followed the crisis of 1857 had reached the lowest point. It is, therefore, not a little surprising to find that, in spite of the trade revival, prices are still below the level of that year. One explanation is that, owing to a growing scarcity of gold, prices will henceforth be permanently lower than they were at a time when gold was superabundant. But this is a proposition to discuss which would lead us too far afield. It is enough to say, for the present, that the revival of trade which we are considering has not yet gone far enough to act very perceptibly on the prices of commodities. As we pointed out above, the movement for an increase of wages is only just beginning, which is but another way of saying that the improvement in trade has hitherto been barely sufficient to give full employment to the working classes. But, until the working classes have for some time been in full employment, their buying cannot have any great effect upon prices. Another thing to remember is that agriculture is still suffering severely. Farmers are unable to employ labour as formerly, or to pay their rents promptly; and landlords consequently are also not in a position to spend freely. It seems probable, therefore, that the movement of prices in commodities is but just beginning. The trade improvement continues and is gaining strength. It must bring with it a rise of wages. And in turn a rise of wages must cause a rise of prices, both because it adds to the cost of production, tends to swell the circulation, and so to enhance the value of money, and augments greatly the purchasing power of the working classes. But how far the rise of prices will go depends upon many causes the operation of which it is impossible to calculate.

THE THEATRES.

AT the Princess's Theatre Mr. Booth has followed his powerful representation of Richelieu by a performance which in some important respects is even more powerful of Bertuccio in the late Mr. Tom Taylor's play *The Fool's Revenge*. This piece was founded, as will be remembered, upon M. Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse*, a play which it has not been given to many of the present generation to see performed upon the stage, but of which the outlines have been made familiar to opera-goers by means of Signor Verdi's *Rigoletto*. The original piece has, it is hardly necessary to say, much of the grandeur of which M. Victor Hugo is among living poets and dramatists the master; but it has also some of the faults which are characteristic of his work, and one at least of which Mr. Tom Taylor got rid of with some success. The final scene of *Le Roi s'amuse* is at best curiously inartistic, and seems to have an echo of the pre-Shakespearean time, when any kind of horror was invented by playwrights and tolerated by audiences. A scene in which a half-dead girl, rising out of a sack into which she has been thrown for dead, holds colloquy with her father, who has imagined that the sack contained the corpse of the tyrant at whose life his revenge had aimed, is obviously unfitted for dramatic purposes as they are now understood, and as they were understood in the time of Horace. Mr. Tom Taylor did well from a modern dramatist's point of view in expunging this scene; but he might perhaps have avoided expunging with it the finest speech in the whole play, which is also perhaps one of the finest dramatic speeches which M. Victor Hugo has written. The characteristic figures of Saltabulil (the Sparafucile of the opera) and his daughter also disappear in *The Fool's Revenge*, and the motive of the play is weakened by the fact that it is not the King, or the Duke, himself upon whom the jester longs to be revenged, but one of his Court, the Count Malatesta, who had in his youth seduced the jester's wife. This in a certain sense takes away, as probably it was intended to do, something of the savagery of Triboulet's or Bertuccio's character; but the substitution of an attempt at gratifying a special grudge in the meanest possible way for the ferocious delight of indulging his hatred for the Court in general is not altogether commendable. St. Vallier's curse also disappears, and with it that sense of impending horror which, in M. Victor Hugo's play, oppresses the jester in his anticipation of triumph. But it would be tedious to point out in detail all the differences between *Le Roi s'amuse* and a play which Mr. Tom Taylor was careful to describe in a preface to the published version as being “neither translation nor *refacimento*.” The notion, upon which the play depends, of the jester's double life and of his schemes of vengeance recoiling upon his own head, is of course taken from M. Victor Hugo, and, granting that Mr. Tom Taylor was right in taking this notion only and working it up after his own fashion, it must be

admitted that his knowledge of stage effect stood him in good stead in his carrying out of his intention. Mr. Tom Taylor, excellent playwright as at his best he was, was less happy in the writing of verse than of prose; but this is of the less importance since, from the utterance of most of the players who support Mr. Booth, it would be difficult without previous knowledge to arrive at the conclusion that they were speaking verse. For Mr. Booth's own performance, with a few exceptions, we have nothing but praise. We have said that his performance of this part is in some respects more powerful than his Richelieu. Richelieu is a tolerably familiar part, with strongly marked passages which are expected by the audience, and which can hardly fail to produce their due impression if they are given with any power. Bertuccio is a part with which comparatively few playgoers are acquainted, and in which very much depends upon the player's imagination as well as upon his execution. In a certain sense, of course, every important part depends for its success in interpretation upon the imagination of the person who interprets it; but in some such parts, and markedly in Richelieu, a theatre-goer who ran over the play before seeing it acted would be able to make a tolerable guess at the kind of effect which the player would aim at. To illustrate our meaning by one instance, there is the well-known "curse of Rome" speech in *Richelieu*, to the directness of which scarcely anything, except perhaps the speech at the end of the first act in *The Fool's Revenge*, corresponds. This speech, ending with the lines

Vengeance swells out my veins, and lifts my head,
And makes me terrible! Come, sweet to-morrow,
And put my enemy's heart into my hand
That I may gnaw it!

was given with great, even with surprising, power by Mr. Booth; but perhaps his finest acting was seen in passages where the text gives hardly any hint of the effect which the actor produces. Highest among these effects we should be inclined to place Mr. Booth's acting in the last scene but one of the play. Here, among many admirable touches, one which is especially audacious, and especially successful, is found in his entreaties to Torelli to take him into the room where, as he now knows, his daughter, and not the Countess Malatesta, is imprisoned. He dances round Torelli with a wild exaggeration of the jester's manner, which at last gives place to an utter and deeply tragical abasement of supplication. With the exception of some touches in Mr. Irving's *Mathias*, we cannot remember to have seen within the last few years any piece of acting at once so daring and so successful as this. The least step in the wrong direction would make it at once the opposite of what, as Mr. Booth executes it, it is. In other passages which are more or less of the same kind, but which make less demand upon the actor's capacity for at once expressing and controlling a storm of conflicting emotion, Mr. Booth is, as it seems to us, markedly successful. In one scene only to our thinking he fails, and in that the failure is partial. This is the scene with his daughter in the second act. Here, with considerable tenderness, Mr. Booth yet employs the same form of expression too often—so often, indeed, that he comes dangerously near to monotony. The indrawn sobs, which are at first effective and pathetic enough, lose something of their effect by too frequent repetition. The actor's technical skill is strikingly exhibited in this character. Never forgetting that Bertuccio is hump-backed and bow-legged, Mr. Booth yet contrives to display a most interesting combination of grace and grotesqueness. Such apparently trifling actions as the kicking over of the flagons in the last act are just the actions which only an actor of thorough training can accomplish with the effect that Mr. Booth gives to this as to other merely technical matters throughout the play. It may be presumed that the principal actor is responsible for the picturesque and ingenious arrangement for the change of scene in the last act—an arrangement which, however, is notwithstanding its risks, as was shown on the night when we were present. Mrs. Hermann Vezin plays Francesca with force and discretion, and Miss Gerard acts the jester's daughter, Fiordelisa, with grace and with good intention. There is not much to be said in praise of the other players concerned in the piece. They would do well to learn amongst other things that Manfredi does not rhyme to Macready, and one of them at least should remember that Malatesta does not assume a final *r* before a vowel.

At Sadler's Wells Mrs. Bateman is entertaining her audiences with a revival of *The School for Scandal*, the interest of which depends chiefly upon the acting of Miss Virginia Bateman as Lady Teazle, Mr. Charles Warner as Charles Surface, and Mr. Hermann Vezin as Sir Peter. Miss Bateman's performance is full of spirit and intention, and in the screen scene she rightly aims at and reaches pathos. Mr. Charles Warner ruined the effect of some excellent acting on his own part in this scene by the inexcusable blunder of taking a "call" after his exit. In earlier scenes Mr. Warner's unlagging vivacity and good humour made one condone some faults which experience will probably remove. In the dinner scene, which is capitally arranged, and in which Mr. Wheatcroft sings "Here's to the Maiden" with much spirit and spontaneity, Mr. Warner is at his best. Mr. Vezin's Sir Peter is curiously dry and disappointing. The play is well mounted, and the stage management is excellent.

Valentine and Orson, the pantomime written by Mr. F. C. Burnand for Covent Garden, would probably have made its mark without the curious and ingenious variety of advertisement which heralded and accompanied it. As far as dialogue goes, it is not perhaps of much importance that Mr. Burnand rather than another wrote it, since, except in the case of

the Vokes family, all of whom are actors as well as mimes, the dialogue is chiefly dumb show. But it is of importance that a writer of Mr. Burnand's stage knowledge should have contrived the plan of an opening which follows closely the lines of an "ever charming, ever new" story, and yet gives plenty of scope for pantomime in the best sense. Miss Vokes's Valentine is of course graceful and spirited, and her share in the caricature of the *Cornican Brothers* dual is capitally executed. Mr. Vokes, who plays Orson, has lost nothing of his power of combining acting with agility, while the prestance of his legs is, if possible, more imposing than ever. Amazing feats of agility are performed, mostly in the scenes in which Mr. Vokes appears, by Master Lauri, who has also considerable talent as a mime. Master Lauri will not, we hope, remain a mere acrobat. His talent seems worthy of ranking with that of the Hanlon-Lees. The comic business is throughout admirable, and at least one scene of the harlequinade has real merit and invention. The scenery is artistic and most effective. The transformation scene is imaginative and brilliant, but suggests, in its multiplicity of living lights, some unpleasing possibilities.

REVIEWS.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES JOHN HERRIES.*

THE delicate reserve which has induced Mr. Herries's sons to exclude from the present Memoir all notice of his private life and character is perhaps to be regretted. Few abler public servants lived in his time, and none were more conscientious and upright; but Mr. Herries enjoyed no popular notoriety; and his solid and valuable services are, with other events of the same date, generally forgotten. It would have been easier to revive the interest of the present generation in his character and history by some personal account of his life than by a dry record of public transactions; and the object of the biography would therefore have been most effectually attained by a deviation from the course which has been deliberately selected. The difficulty is, not to refute the calumnies to which Mr. Herries's reputation has been subjected, but to obtain a hearing. The book would, it appears, never have been written but for some ill-considered passages in Mr. Walpole's recent *History of England* since 1815. Mr. Edward Herries conclusively disproves charges which are only partially supported by certain passages in Lord Palmerston's *Autobiography* and in Mr. Greville's *Memoirs*. It is to be hoped that an early opportunity will be taken to make due reparation and apology. It would be absurd to affect a suspension of judgment till Mr. Walpole has had time to justify accusations which are clearly baseless. In one of his notes Mr. Walpole cites alleged authorities for his narrative of a proceeding which he designates as "this strange intrigue." The corresponding text relates nothing which can properly be described as either a strange or an ordinary intrigue. From some contemporary lampoon, probably published in the *Morning Chronicle* at the instigation of Mr. Herries's bitter enemy, Mr. Tierney, Mr. Walpole quotes with inverted commas the description of Mr. Herries as a "Tory Clerk." He then proceeds to repeat in his own person the ridiculous and offensive libel on the most experienced financier then living in England, the confidential adviser of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Vansittart, and Mr. Robinson, who had for some years sat in Parliament as Financial Secretary of the Treasury. The author of the biography is perhaps excessively, though excusably, severe on Mr. Walpole's unfortunate mistakes, which may probably be ascribed only to carelessness and to imperfect knowledge of the period. But an historian ought to have been on his guard against the misrepresentations of party pamphlets and newspapers, which were never more unscrupulously circulated than in the days of George IV. Mr. Walpole's error is the more surprising because Mr. Herries was first introduced into the conduct of important business by Mr. Perceval, whose entire confidence he enjoyed. It is evident that Mr. Walpole was wholly ignorant that, as Chief Commissioner during the later part of the war, the "Tory Clerk" had directed the expenditure of forty millions on supplies to the army, and that in a single year he procured by complex operations the means of making specie payments to the amount of twenty millions. He was entrusted with the negotiations for payment of subsidies to thirty-four different States, ranging in importance from Austria, Prussia, and Russia to Lippe-Schaumburg and Reuss-Greiz. He managed the coinage of enormous sums of gold, not only in English guineas, but in Hanoverian money, and even in French louis d'ors; and when his accounts were closed, several years after the war, his services, for which he declined special remuneration, were cordially acknowledged by the Ministers and in the House of Commons. When Mr. Walpole's "strange intrigue" resulted in Mr. Herries's appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the funds immediately rose, and several capitalists declared that they would have ceased to hold English stock if any other Minister had been substituted. The detailed proof of these facts in the first volume of the Memoirs will furnish original

* *Memoir of the Public Life of the Right Honourable Charles John Herries, in the Reigns of George III., George IV., William IV., and Victoria.* By his Son, Edward Herries, C.B. With an Introduction by Sir Charles Herries, K.C.B. London: John Murray. 1880.

and valuable materials to any future student of the financial history of the time. Incidentally, it will perhaps convince Mr. Walpole that before he attacked the character of Mr. Herries he ought to have made himself acquainted with the rudimentary facts of his career. It is unfortunately but too probable that ordinary readers will be repelled by the dry and complicated history of elaborate financial and commercial arrangements. Only one or two lively episodes vary the dullness of official correspondence. Mr. Edward Herries corrects an utterly incredible legend of Sir W. Napier's, to the effect that Lord Wellington collected all the forgers and utterers of false coin in the ranks of the army, and contrived with their aid to fabricate French money which passed as genuine. The real coiner was Mr. Herries; the engraver was Mr. Wyon of the Mint; and the previous consent of Louis XVIII. had been formally given. In his arrangements for collecting specie at all the commercial centres of the Continent, not excluding Paris, Mr. Herries was efficiently aided by Mr. Rothschild, the founder of the celebrated firm and family. When certain Whigs were intriguing against the appointment of Mr. Herries as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the *Morning Chronicle* was induced to publish a mendacious statement that the Cabinet had found the nomination impossible in consequence of the connexion between Mr. Herries and the house of Rothschild. Lord Lansdowne indignantly repudiated the calumny, which was still more effectually refuted by the confirmation of Mr. Herries's appointment. His relations with Mr. Rothschild had been formed and employed exclusively for the good of the public service.

Mr. Herries was born of an old family in a good social position; but the bankruptcy of his father, well known as Colonel of the Light Horse Volunteers, left him at the age of twenty with no provision except a clerkship in the Treasury. A post in the same office of 300*l.* a year was soon afterwards placed at his disposal by the singular and characteristic disinclination of the other clerks to become candidates for a place of hard work. After serving for a time as private secretary to Mr. Vansittart, then Secretary of the Treasury, he was promoted to a similar employment under Mr. Perceval, who increased his income by the gift of some petty revenue places. In 1811, at the age of thirty-three, Mr. Herries was appointed Chief Commissary; and he retained the office till it was abolished in 1816, when he became Auditor of the Civil List. In 1823 Lord Liverpool procured his return for Harwich, for the purpose of securing his services as Secretary of the Treasury; and for the next four years he did much of the hard work of the financial department, of which Mr. Robinson was, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the ostensible chief. On the retirement of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Herries adhered to Mr. Canning, though in political opinion he continued to be a Tory. The Catholic question was, as in Lord Liverpool's time, left open; and Canning required all his colleagues, including his new Whig allies, to pledge themselves against Parliamentary reform. Lord Palmerston, in an autobiographical sketch published by Lord Dalling, states that he accepted from Canning the offer of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, but that some time afterwards Canning told him that he found it convenient to retain the office himself in conjunction with the Treasury. Lord Palmerston adds that the King hated him, and wished Herries to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, or that Mr. Canning should hold the office, so that the practical work might devolve on Mr. Herries as Auditor of the Civil List. "There were," according to Lord Palmerston, "questions coming on about palaces and Crown-lands which the King was very anxious about, and he wished either to have a creature of his own at the Exchequer, or to have the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer held by the First Lord." Mr. Edward Herries clearly proves that Lord Palmerston, probably at a considerable interval of time, entirely mistated the facts. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer was not offered to Mr. Herries, nor could he have been Auditor of the Civil List, since the place was, as Lord Palmerston must have known, incompatible with a seat in Parliament. The Secretary at War had for four years sat side by side in the House of Commons with the Secretary of the Treasury whom he represents as still a member of the non-political Civil Service. Mr. Canning had, in fact, asked Mr. Herries whether he would continue to serve under Lord Palmerston; and, on receiving a distinct refusal, he had said, "Then there is an end of the matter." It is possible that this short conversation may explain Mr. Canning's change of purpose with reference to the disposal of the Exchequer. Lord Palmerston is also responsible for an inaccurate account of later transactions in which Mr. Herries took a prominent part. On the death of Canning, Lord Goderich, who succeeded him by desire of the King, offered the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. Sturges Bourne. On his refusal, the Minister, still by the King's desire, made the offer to Mr. Herries, who at first declined it with a strong recommendation that it should be given to Mr. Huskisson. The King afterwards personally proposed the appointment to Mr. Herries, who accepted it on Lord Goderich's distinct statement that he was, as First Minister, responsible for the nomination. The Whig members of the Cabinet afterwards persuaded Lord Goderich to hesitate in conferring the appointment, partly through dislike of Mr. Herries, and also in connexion with an effort which they were making to introduce Lord Holland into the Cabinet. Mr. Herries repeatedly offered to relieve Lord Goderich of his undertaking, and at one time he expressed his willingness to retain his office of Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Huskisson as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The libel in the

Morning Chronicle compelled him to place before Lord Goderich the alternative of confirming the appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer or of losing his services. Eventually Lord Goderich, perhaps under pressure from the King, complied with Mr. Herries's terms, and he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, while Lord Lansdowne and the other Whig Ministers who had threatened to resign remained in the Cabinet. The biographer shows that there was no question about parks or palaces; and he also confutes an injurious piece of gossip published in the *Greville Memoirs*, to the effect that Mr. Herries had ingratiated himself with the King "by transacting some of his pecuniary business, getting for him odds and ends out of *droits*, &c." There was no reason why Mr. Herries should not help the King in the transaction of his private business, though there is no proof of the fact; but he could assuredly not have transferred to him any *droits* or other funds which were public property. The "*droits*, &c." had, after a debate in the House of Commons, been added to the Civil List, and, if they passed through Mr. Herries's hands, he would have been guilty of universalism if he had not paid them over to the lawful owner. It is not even certain that Mr. Greville intended to convey the insinuation which is repeated by Mr. Walpole; but Mr. Greville, who probably knew nothing about *droits* and similar payments, received his information from Mr. Herries's implacable enemy, Mr. Tierney, who was thoroughly familiar with the subject.

Another of Lord Palmerston's statements is to the effect that the King placed Mr. Herries in the Cabinet as a live shell to explode when it might be convenient. As Mr. Herries's biographer forcibly remarks, the King had no need to adopt any indirect or circuitous course for ridding himself of a Ministry which he need not have appointed. He had preferred Canning to Wellington and Peel, who could even in the lifetime of their great rival have commanded a majority in Parliament. The King apparently liked the feeble and manageable Goderich better than the Tory leaders, and especially, at that time, than the Duke of Wellington, though he wished to limit as narrowly as possible the numbers and influence of the Whig contingent. The final disruption was caused partly by Lord Goderich's pressure for the admission of Lord Holland into the Cabinet, and perhaps also by the difference between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the leader of the House of Commons, in which Mr. Herries was clearly in the right. Without consulting him, Lord Goderich and Mr. Huskisson, at the instigation of Mr. Tierney, offered to Lord Althorp the place of Chairman of the Finance Committee, which Mr. Herries had originally proposed to Mr. Canning. No Chancellor of the Exchequer who regarded his personal or political honour could have submitted to such a slight. Mr. Herries tendered his resignation unless the nomination of Lord Althorp was withdrawn; and he steadily refused to release the Prime Minister from the responsibility of a decision by an unconditional resignation. While Lord Goderich, according to his custom, was hesitating, the King suddenly sent for the Duke of Wellington, who formed a strong Government by including the followers of Canning. Mr. Herries, though he again was admitted to the Cabinet, was relegated to the subordinate office of Master of the Mint, being, therefore, as the biographer truly says, a loser by the transaction which he was supposed by his enemies to have contrived. The whole history of their proceedings is told at great length, with the result of entirely acquitting Mr. Herries of all blame or suspicion. Mr. Edward Herries is a vigorous and skilful writer, and a considerable part of his work is devoted to a vindication of the party to which his father belonged. Those who are interested in the history of the time will find much information in a narrative which is necessarily desultory, as it follows the intermitting course of Mr. Herries's public activity.

After the fall of the Duke of Wellington's Government, Mr. Herries remained a moderate member of the Opposition, though he seems scarcely to have been on cordial terms with Sir Robert Peel. His authority on questions of economy and finance was generally recognized. Lord Ashburton said that he was the best financier with whom he had ever transacted business; and Lord John Russell expressed nearly the same opinion. When the Whigs were defeated in 1846, Mr. Herries unfortunately lost his seat for Harwich, which he had held against Whig opposition for more than twenty years. Sir Robert Peel made his exclusion from Parliament an excuse for not including him in the Cabinet, though, as soon as all the offices were filled, he offered him a seat, which Mr. Herries declined. After remaining for several years in retirement, he returned to the House of Commons in time to become President of the Board of Control in Lord Derby's first Administration. He died in 1855 at the age of seventy-seven, after a laborious, useful, and honourable life. He may be considered fortunate in the literary ability of his natural defender, though it was scarcely to be expected that a controversy should arise in a later generation on the character of a statesman who would not have claimed for himself more than a secondary rank.

OLIPHANT'S LAND OF GILEAD.*

IT is strange that the broad belt of country lying between the river Jordan on the west and the Great Syrian Desert on the east should have been so much neglected by travellers. It is

* *The Land of Gilead; with Excursions in the Lebanon*. By Laurence Oliphant, Author of "Lord Elgin's Mission to China," "Piccadilly," &c. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

not a dangerous or a difficult country to explore; the climate is everything that can be desired; it is full of the most remarkable ruins; it has sacred associations only surpassed by those of Western Palestine; and it is peopled with strange races. Yet the place remains a land of mystery. Few are the travellers who visit the lands of Bashan, Gilead, and Moab; fewer still who have eyes to see and ears to hear. These can, in fact, be nearly numbered on the fingers. The names of Burckhardt, Seetzen, Newbolt, Wetzstein, Porter, De Vogüé, Burton, Palmer, and Merrill almost exhaust the list—to which a tenth name, that of Oliphant, may now be added. The existing maps of this country are compiled from rough and unscientific observations made by these travellers. They are all incomplete; places are set down miles from their true position; rivers run up hills, and mountains are set upon plains. Of course, in a rough way, a good deal is known. The mountains of Gilead, as placed on the best maps, are tolerably near their true position; Wetzstein, if he did not restore to the Argob all its "sixty fenced cities," was enabled to show a region covered with villages and ruins; the Roman roads have been partly recovered, especially that which runs from Ikeria to Salchat, the last fortress on the east, and then strikes straight into the Desert—whither, no man knoweth; the Roman towns of Jerash and Amman have been repeatedly visited; many of the Greek inscriptions of the Hauran have been collected; the strange structures, with swinging doors and window-shutters of stone, in the Hauran and the Lejah, have been described; and the cities of Moab have been recovered. But hitherto travellers have been visitors rather than explorers; only two or three have remained long enough in the country to examine any part of it with an approach to thoroughness. Each successive traveller has followed a single track, the shortest from one important point to the next, leaving the country to right and left unvisited; so that any new comer in search of discoveries has only to mark out for himself a different line in order to make them. He may not light upon a Moabite stone, or recover the lost cities of the Decapolia, or find Pella and the first Christian church; but he is pretty sure of finding modern villages and ancient ruins where the maps are blanks; and, if he is an Arabic scholar, or is accompanied by a good interpreter, he will most certainly have abundant opportunity of making acquaintance with tribes whose manners and customs have never been studied, in whose minds linger strange traditions of the past, whose religion is a mystery, and whose origins are unknown.

Mr. Laurence Oliphant undertook his journey with the object of ascertaining how far, and under what conditions, the country east of the Jordan would be available for purposes of colonization, and for the furtherance of his great scheme of Jewish immigration and settlement. He left Western Palestine at Banias, where the ruins of the great Kulat-es-Subeibeh, once the stronghold of the Templars, and for a time the castle of the Old Man of the Mountain, still bar the way from Damascus. His route lay first in a south-westerly direction, through an almost unknown district, to Kuneitreh, perhaps the ancient Canatha, on the edge of the district of Jedur. Near this town are settled some three thousand Circassians. It was unfortunate that on leaving Kuneitreh, and striking across the unknown plains of Jaulan, a heavy fog allowed nothing to be seen except the luxuriant herbage in which the travellers waded knee-deep, and occasional clear, bright streams which ran across their path. Those who propose to travel on Syrian highlands hardly reckon upon such an accident as a fog. Consolation, however, for this disappointment was obtained by the ascent of a hill called the Tell el Feras, which afforded an excellent prospect of the whole country—none other than the realm of the great King Og. It is described by Mr. Oliphant as a vast expanse of well-watered plain and pasture-land, in places abundantly strewn with basaltic rocks, but capable of sustaining countless flocks and herds. Eastward and southward stretch the broad corn-growing plains of the Hauran. On the south-west of the Tell lies that rocky plain, bounded by the blue waters of the Lake of Tiberias, where Ben-hadad and his chiefs resolved to meet the Israelites. According to Moslem belief, it is on this plain that shortly before the end of all things Jesus will reappear armed with a lance for the slaying of Antichrist, after his baleful reign of forty days. There need be no mistake about the enemy of mankind, because he will have but one eye and will bear upon his forehead the name of Kalir or infidel. The district south-east of the Tell el Feras Mr. Oliphant believes to be the much-disputed Land of Uz, which is generally placed in, or north of, Arabia Deserta. Smith's Classical Atlas, indeed, with great liberality, spreads the Land of Uz over the whole of the Desert. But Arab writers have always asserted that Job lived in the Hauran; the place is full of traditions connected with Job. There is a monastery near the village of Es Sadiyah, called the Deir Eyub, or convent of Job, said to have been built in the second century by the Jeside King Amr I.—a story which, if true, gives the tradition a very respectable antiquity. A so-called tomb of Job is said to be still shown near Nawa, and another at Es Sadiyah; and the peasants call the country the Belad Eyub, or district of Job. Mr. Oliphant strengthens his case by arguing that the Uz referred to by Jeremiah (xxv. 20) must be near Damascus; that, according to Josephus, Uz settled in Trachonitis and Damascus; that the Christians in the twelfth century placed the birthplace of Baldad the Shuite twenty miles or so south of Es Sadiyah, in a district now named Zuweit, while the neighbouring village of Tema, whose inhabitants are called Temani, reminds one that Eliphaz was a Temanite. This seems, on the whole, a

pretty strong case, though experience in Biblical identification bids us warn Mr. Oliphant not to be too sanguine of the general adoption of his theory. He might, had he thought of it, have still further strengthened himself by quoting Lieutenant Conder's useful canon, that a tradition is only valuable when it is common to Jew, Christian, and Moslem. For instance, half a dozen traditions are floating about the country south of the Huleh connected with Jacob and his daughters. Yet these legends are unknown to any writer—Jew, Christian, or Arabic—and no one would, in consequence of these alone, associate the place with any event in the life of the patriarch. But in this case we have Josephus, King Amr, the Arabic historians, William of Tyre, and the modern peasants, all concurring in the same tradition, and making up between them a continuous and long catena of belief. One would, however, like to hear the other side, as represented by Smith's *Bible Dictionary*, in reply. As regards the old monastery, the most ancient ecclesiastical edifice of the kind, it is built of square blocks of dolerite, and is partly in ruins; the portion still standing is now used as a barrack, and is the residence of the mutassarif. Close to the village of Es Sadiyah are the tomb and fountain of Job, the former being a mukam or shrine, to which, as they did in the days of Chrysostom, pilgrims from all parts repair "to kiss with rapture the ground where Job suffered." The place has a special sanctity in the eyes of Africans, who come in great numbers from the Soudan, and the shrine is under the care of some two hundred negroes, who are exempt from taxation. The ruins of an ancient temple stand upon a mound near the tomb of Job, which Mr. Oliphant thinks has been successively a Phœnician temple of Baal, a Roman temple, a Christian church, and a Moslem house of prayer. If he is right, a monolith, the top of which has been broken off, was formerly the well-known emblem of Baal, and is perhaps the only monument of the kind remaining. This is no unsupported conjecture, because the place was clearly an important centre of Baal worship. The name of Astaroth, the principal female divinity of the Phœnicians, survives in the names of two adjacent villages, called Ashtereh and Tell Ashernh. Besides this was the country of the Amorites, "who served Baalim and Ashernh." The question which naturally follows is, Which of these two places, if either, is the ancient Astaroth? We cannot follow Mr. Oliphant through a very interesting argument. It is sufficient to say that he places Astaroth at Ashtereh, a village which he saw, but did not visit—it was visited by Captain Newbold in 1846—and Astaroth Karmim at Asherah, which he did visit. Thus one question opens out another, and one problem suggests another. To use Mr. Oliphant's words, the "field for antiquarian and archaeological research in these regions is so vast and enticing that, if one has any other object in view, the temptation to linger must be steadily resisted."

Leaving Tell Asherah, the traveller struck southward, and crossing the Yarmuk, passed over the Wady Rahab, which, Mr. Oliphant suggests, is the "Cavea Roob" mentioned by William of Tyre, where the Crusaders held, and lost, a strong position favourable for predatory expeditions. On their left hand lay the village of Dera, or Derat, visited by Wetzstein, who alone has seen it. He describes it as a "subterranean city." He says that he passed along a subterranean street, perfectly ventilated by holes in the roof, with cross streets leading off on either side; a "market-place with numerous shops in the walls exactly in the style of the shops now seen in the Syrian cities." In a "side-street" he found a great hall whose roof, formed of a single slab of jasper, rested on four pillars. The room had no supports, and the doors, after the fashion of the country, were of stone. He says that he was an hour and a half in the place, and that he only came out because he was afraid of the lights going out. A subterranean city! market-places and shops below the ground! It reads like an *Arabian Nights* story. The discovery is so remarkable, the account so clear, that one would not willingly throw cold water upon its credit. Yet, when one reflects that these wonders were all beheld by the dim flicker of two composite candles, it is impossible to avoid the feeling that imagination may have converted a tomb into a shop and a vault into a market-place. Is it not, however, extraordinary that such a story should have been told twenty-one years ago, and that no one has taken the trouble to follow up a discovery which, if Wetzstein's theory were true, would be as interesting as that of Pompeii? Whatever the truth may be, there can be no doubt that Wetzstein found a vast system of *souterrains* which would certainly repay examination, and it is very much to be regretted that Mr. Oliphant was denied the opportunity of making the investigation himself. He heard of two other similar places, called Beloola and Rahab, which were described to him as in no way inferior to Dera. The country is full of troglodytes, and at many villages through which Mr. Oliphant passed, as at Es Sal and Irbid, the whole population lived in grottoes, caves, tombs, or rock-out dwellings. The knowledge of their habits takes away somewhat from the "antecedent improbability" of the story. Still, it must be owned that the step from a cave to a vault, from a hillside to a burrow, is a very long one.

The route next lay through Irbid, leaving Abil—"Abila the wine bearing"—on the right, through a country crowded with rock-cut chambers, subterranean works, and ruins, few of which have ever been examined, and none planned, to Umm Keis, the ancient Gadara, at the entrance of which the old Roman road can still be traced; great sarcophagi lie about in every direction, while the ground is honeycombed with tombs. The theatre is still standing in so perfect a state of preservation that "it could be

made ready for use at the expense of a few thousand dollars." Below Gadara, in the valley of the Yarmuk, are the hot-springs of Amatha, with a ruined theatre and other remains, showing that the place was once, what it may possibly again become, a luxurious and well-frequented sanitarium. One can hardly imagine a more delightful winter residence—given, of course, a hotel and other necessities of life—than Amatha. The springs cure every ailment; the climate in winter is perfect, it is close to the Lake of Tiberias; there is fishing in the Yarmuk and the Lake; wild boars and gazelles may be hunted; Gilad is close at hand for an explorer; the cities of the Decapolis await identification; and all around is the most wonderful and beautiful scenery, especially at the "Fountain of the Brides," which is, quite clearly, a small piece cut out of Paradise and left here for the solace of Syria.

We must make short work of the rest of this delightful journey. Mr. Oliphant passed by Birket Mahneh, discovered by Canon Tristram, and identified by him with Mahanaim. It is situated on the lower spur of the mountains of Gilad, where Luban would probably overtake Jacob. Mizpeh or Galeed—could it have been a dolmen?—should be sought close by this place. It was here, as everybody knows, that Jonb fought Absalom, and in one of these glades crossed by "sparkling rivulets where the sunlight glints through the foliage of oak, terebint, and carob trees." Absalom met his end. In this beautiful country stands the modern town of Ajlun, with its great castle built by Saladin, probably with ancient materials. And near Ajlun is the Wady Yabis, a name which suggests Jabesh Gilad, one of the lost places of Eastern Palestine. Jerash, the Salt (where is the tomb of the Prophet Hosea, thirty feet long and three feet wide), El Basha, Jajuz, the Kulat Zerk, Amman, and Arak El Emir, were all visited before crossing the Jordan and returning to the better known Western Palestine.

The interest attaching to Eastern Palestine is not confined to its ruins, its topography, and its associations; the reader will find in this book a vast amount of most curious and valuable information on the strange races and religions scattered about the country. There are the Ansariyeh, a mysterious people whose secret religion is perhaps the wildest of the many wild creeds born and fostered on the soil of Syria; they were divided into five tribes, who worship respectively the moon, the stars, the air, and the dawn. All unite, however, in worshipping Ali, son of Abu Taled; they are allied to the Ismailians, or Assassins. There are next the Druses, whose tenets were completely exposed by Silvestre de Sacy forty years ago. There are the Christians, perhaps descendants of the Jafnide Arabs, builders of the Deir Eyub, who take unto themselves more than one wife, but without blame, and even with the blessing of the priest. The Christian women at Ajlun are described as being of the purest Grecian type; their eyes large and lustrous; their nose, mouth, and chin classical; their complexion a light olive. There are the Maronites, who consider themselves under the protection of France, as the Druses are the friends of the English. There are the various Arab tribes—the Beni Sukhr, or Children of the Rock; the Anazeh, who wander over an area of 40,000 square miles; the Roula, who retain the curious custom of the "war cradle," a car composed of ostrich feathers, in which lies the most beautiful of their maidens, borne before them into the fight; the Adwan, and others, all of whom seem to be coerced with ease. There are, lastly, the Circassians, who will probably play an important part in the future of the country. It is greatly to be desired that some linguist would imitate the example of Signor Lanzoni, who lived for two years in Cairo an Arab among the Arabs, it only to collect traditions and note customs which have remained unchanged since the days of Ilagar.

We have said nothing about the "practical" part of the book. Mr. Oliphant's colonization scheme. If this ambitious and attractive proposal comes to anything, books, and many books, therefore reviews, will be written upon it. We have confined our observations to the wanderings, and we have only to add that we thank Mr. Oliphant for making us acquainted with a strangely neglected country, whose charms and capabilities seem to have escaped the notice of all previous travellers. Perhaps some enterprising Company may be formed for building baths and a hotel at Amatha, in which case a winter in Gilad may prove even more attractive than a winter in Algiers; and most certainly this delightful volume, written in Mr. Oliphant's quiet, easy, and cultivated style, will stimulate others to follow in his steps. Next year we hope to read of a magnesium lamp and a measuring tape having been used with profit in Dera, Rahab, and Beloolah.

QUEEN COPHETUA.*

MR. FRANCOILLON'S powers can hardly be said to be seen at their best in his latest novel. He has before now shown both a remarkable faculty for construction (one of his shorter performances, *A Bad Bargain*, may be specially remembered as deserving in this respect to rank with the work of Gaboriau himself), and he has also shown a striking power of catching and expounding character, and of enlivening his work with humorous scenes which were not dragged in by the head and shoulders to set on a crowd of barren spectators to laugh, but which always

served their purpose in bringing out the peculiarities of the author's personages. Nothing could be better in its way than the scene in *Strange Waters* in which Mr. Francillon showed us a curate reading out *Locksley Hall* to a collection of sewing ladies, one of whom wanted to know who was "the individual Withers," while another explained with superior knowledge that the real meaning of the passage was that "the more a man shrivels up the bigger we all grow." There are signs in *Queen Cophetua* of both the talents to which we have just referred, but they are not so happily combined as we could have hoped. It is, it seems to us, partly in consequence of his becoming too much possessed with the notion of one particular and peculiar character that Mr. Francillon has been led into a novel which, in spite of its merits, is somewhat bewildering and inconsistent. The power of imagining a really new character in fiction must, no doubt, be a singularly fascinating one to its possessor as well as to those for whose benefit he exercises it; but it must also carry with it a certain danger. Such a danger the author appears to us to have run upon in his Gideon Skull, who is really the principal character in *Queen Cophetua*. Gideon Skull has about him a certain touch of "honest Iago"; but he is unlike Iago in that he takes no delight in evil for its own sake. Indeed, he has no reason in the abstract for preferring evil to good; and it is possible, as we learn early in the book, for a man to have known him intimately for a considerable time without ever suspecting that under his bluff cynical manner there lay a determination to get what he wanted and what he thought he ought to have without troubling himself about the means to be employed. Gideon Skull was thrown upon the world at an early age to "fend for himself"; and the result of his so fending was that he came back to the relations who had always regarded him as a rolling-stone of the worst kind with a convincing air of prosperity, and with certain fixed theories as to the world in which he has been rolling which are not unnatural either in themselves or in their results, but which are not explained in either case with complete adequacy by Mr. Francillon. Gideon, when first introduced to us, is described as being

big and broad, with the face of a thoroughbred Englishman; fresh-complexioned, short-featured, brown bearded, and grey-eyed. And it was better still—it was full of the sort of honesty of which we English plume ourselves on having the lion's share; a rugged, somewhat sullen sort, taking refuge in cynical speech when it is too honest to acquit itself of being touched by sentiment deeper than the outermost skin. The more prominent features were rather broad and blunt—the lion's and not the eagle's; the mouth, though rather large and heavy, was appropriate to the sort of face, and handsomely formed, at least so far as could be seen through a full brown moustache that nearly hid the upper lip and fell naturally into the full brown beard. "I mayn't be a saint; who is? But I hate humbug," the whole face seemed to say for itself; more especially the well-opened out-looking grey eyes—those features which, we are told, are alone incapable of a lie.

Later on we find that Gideon's appearance and manners are completely deceptive. Not that his honesty is entirely an assumption and part of his stock-in-trade for the deception of others. He "did not believe that men are divided into two classes, honest men and rogues, and that roguery is the best policy until it has served its turn. On the contrary, it seemed to Gideon Skull that all men were of one class, and that to talk of roguery and honesty was to make a distinction without a difference." Thus it came about that his cynicism was "by no means the commonplace and stale piece of affectation which it might be imagined." It was simply the expression of his ingrained belief that no human being allowed scruples of any kind to interfere with self-interest, and by his habit of saying openly what he thought, and what, as he was convinced, everybody else thought, he put himself in a false position. On the one hand, knaves were apt to take him for a false cynic who had really a simple and trusting heart which marked him as their obvious prey; on the other, this notion on the knaves' part frequently enabled him to turn the tables upon them; and out of the mutual misconception caused by Gideon's peculiar character came most of the strange events which occur in *Queen Cophetua*.

The passage concerning Gideon's character, of which we have just given a kind of abstract, goes on into more subtle and perhaps less fortunate reflections as to Gideon's relations with Victor Waldron, the young man as whose ally he makes his first appearance. For Victor

he would have done any quantity of the dirtiest work, and said nothing, in order that his friend might be able to shut his eyes and fancy his own hands clean. What he expected, fairly enough, to gain by his services in obtaining Copleston for Victor was no trifle to him, and he firmly believed that it was solely for his own share in the adventure that he had been working; but he would have felt it a real misfortune if Victor and not himself had been compelled, by way of last resource, to tamper with registers or do anything unbecomingly quixotic professions. . . . He had a certain sort of satisfaction in playing at honour by deputy.

The "tampering with registers," as it is here somewhat gently put, is proposed in the first volume by the man who, we learn in the third volume, had never told a direct lie. The two things are not irreconcilable; but, as we have observed, they are not fully or skilfully enough reconciled by Mr. Francillon. The Gideon Skull whom the author seems to have aimed at is depicted well and forcibly enough in the interview with his wife in the latter part of the book, when his complete conviction that he has done no wrong is finely contrasted with her naturally exaggerated view of his wrong-doing; and if the work had been throughout kept up to the level of this scene, it might have given Mr. Francillon a higher rank than he had before attained. Partly from over-elaboration,

* *Queen Cophetua*. By R. E. Francillon, Author of "Olympia," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

partly from a curious want of consistency, he has failed to do full justice to his really original idea of Gideon's character, and upon the success or failure of this character the book must, from an artistic point of view, depend for its value. Gideon is the moving spirit of the novel—its *deus* or *diabolus ex machina*—and the impression produced upon us, rightly or wrongly, is that to Gideon Mr. Fraucillon has given more thought and trouble than to any other character. The girl whom he marries is, partly in the same way as Gideon, a curious experiment in character, but is a more completely unsuccessful one.

As to plot, *Queen Cophetua* is promising and disappointing, much as it is in the working out of the principal personage. There are good ideas in the construction of the story, which are insufficiently handled, and there are some which are entirely preposterous. Mrs. Reid's arrangement with Mr. Skull, Gideon's uncle, to keep her husband's will a secret for seven years, is oddly improbable, and adds unfortunate complications to a plan already involved enough. Alan Reid's resuscitation is necessary to gratify the demand for poetic justice, but is absurd enough after the circumstantial accounts of his death furnished by eye-witnesses. That he and Victor Waldron should have met at the "Bats" club and arranged to go over to the siege of Paris together under Gideon's very nose, and without his intervention, is absurdly improbable; and the manner of Gideon's death, which alone could make possible an arrangement of affairs which has to pass for being satisfactory, seems perhaps more absurdly improbable than it is. Mr. Fraucillon may very likely have chapter and verse to cite for the curious "doses of dying" which Gideon could administer to himself at will; but that is not excuse enough for bringing such an incident into a novel. "I feign probabilities, I record improbabilities," said Mr. Reade in a characteristic preface to one of his works; and the latter course is one which a novelist should be extremely chary of adopting.

Queen Cophetua cannot, as we have said, be described as a complete success; but it contains, apart from the interest attaching to Mr. Fraucillon's struggles with a difficult problem, various amusing scenes, among the best of which are those which pass in the London office of the "Spragville Aigis." Mr. Fraucillon has evidently studied closely the type of American whose ways, and even whose intonations, he reproduces. "Pahrus" is good, but surely "Amurcan" would be truer than "Amurean."

HALL'S INTERNATIONAL LAW.*

IT was time that some one should take away from England the reproach of not having yet produced a scientific and independent treatise on international law; a subject in which English citizens and statesmen are at least as deeply interested as those of any other country, and in which there are peculiar objections to receiving the doctrines of foreign writers without a certain amount of caution. This task has now been dealt with in earnest by Mr. Hall, and so well that, with his book in hand, an English lawyer need no longer be afraid to speak in the gate with any of the American or Continental authorities. In a work that covers so much debatable ground much must of necessity be exposed to criticism. In fact, a writer on international law has to be perpetually on the verge of controversy. He must embark on almost endless discussion of a mixed mass of precedents and reasons, in which the exact value of the precedents is seldom known, and the reasons are constantly biased by theoretical assumptions or political interest. No doubt there is a certain amount of settled principle, but the application of it by different States in their conduct and by different writers in their books is so various that what agreement there is appears at times to be illusory. One method much approved among writers on the law of nations is to simplify troublesome questions by assuming that rules are settled when they are not; taking care, of course, to pick out among the conflicting opinions that one which favours the writer's own sentiments, or seems to promise most advantage to his nation. Such is not Mr. Hall's way. Whatever else he does, he is always frank in facing difficulties. He treats international law as a study of real facts, not a scheme to be elaborated by deduction without regard to the actual behaviour of princes and rulers.

At the outset of his book Mr. Hall explains with laudable clearness that he intends to proceed not on transcendental but on empirical principles. His first statement, carefully framed not to prejudice controverted points of speculation, is that "International Law consists in certain rules of conduct which modern civilized States regard as being binding on them in their relations with one another with a force comparable in nature and degree to that binding the conscientious person to obey the laws of his country, and which they also regard as being enforceable by appropriate means in case of infringement." These rules "may be considered to be an imperfect attempt to give effect to an absolute right which is assumed to exist and to be capable of being discovered; or they may be looked upon simply as a reflection of the moral development and the external life of the particular nations which are governed by them." Besides these two views, there is a mixed or intermediate one to the effect that international law is founded on some kind of absolute right, but the evidence of what is right must be sought

in positive law and usage. "In the following work," adds Mr. Hall, "the second view is assumed to be correct." The reasons given for it are, in our opinion, conclusive. Their general tenor is, or ought to be, not unfamiliar to every one who has studied in the English school of jurisprudence; but we doubt if they have ever been so clearly and completely stated. They are reinforced, moreover, by an interesting Appendix "On the Formation of the Conception of International Law," which is a good concise introduction to the history of the subject. Among these preliminary topics Mr. Hall is especially instructive on the value of treaties as evidence of what the law of nations is. It is supposed by some writers that treaties form a sort of international case-law; but, as Mr. Hall truly points out, even if they profess to declare existing law, the declaration can bind only the parties who make it. A competent number of such declarations to the same effect might conceivably establish a consensus of great weight; but, again, "it cannot be admitted that the greater number of treaties do in fact express in a peculiarly solemn manner, or indeed at all, the views of the contracting parties as to what is or ought to be international law." The chief value that treaties possess is really historical, "as marking points in the movement of thought." If we find at a given time a particular new practice or modification of old practice occurring as matter of express convention in several treaties, and if afterwards these treaty stipulations "are found to become nearly universal for a while, and then to dwindle away, leaving a practice more or less confirmed," this is good evidence that something which was introduced by way of special agreement has passed into the common usage of nations, and is no longer thought to need the protection of express treaty rights. And as to usage Mr. Hall justly points out that the usage of all nations is not of equal value in all things; for instance, "it would at the present day be absurd to declare a maritime usage to be legally fixed in a sense opposed to the continued assertion of both Great Britain and the United States."

The only point on which we could wish for a fuller exposition is the nature of the sanctions, or quasi-sanctions, of international law. This law consists to a great extent, as we may see by opening Mr. Hall's book almost anywhere, of statements about what an independent nation *may* or *may not* do. What is the real meaning of this language? By writers who are content to take refuge in the principles of absolute right the question is of course neglected. To those who, like Mr. Hall, prefer to stand on the more solid, if more humble, ground of fact and experience, it should be of considerable importance. Most persons would say that the sanction by which the law of nations is enforced is war; in which may be included for this purpose isolated acts of force, reprisals, so-called pacific blockades, and the like, which are acts of war if the State against whom they are employed thinks fit to treat them as such. And the reflection is now a trite one that international law differs from laws proper in that the parties are judges in their own cause. Every Government must decide for itself whether the conduct of another independent Government is such as to make war necessary or comparatively desirable. Yet the books undertake to tell us in some detail that certain causes of war are just and certain others are unjust; not, indeed, without a quiet, but sufficiently clear, indication from Mr. Hall of the amount of wool that the utmost ingenuity and enterprise of pig-sheers may be expected to produce in this kind. How can we speak of a war as legally unjust when there is no penalty save the risks of the war itself, which may turn out, for anything that can be pronounced beforehand, to the unjust combatant's advantage? If a majority of the great Powers were ready and willing to act habitually in concert for the purpose of restraining aggressions or provocations generally deemed unjust, that would be an effective sanction indeed. But we are yet far from this state of things. Mr. Kinglake has endeavoured, at the beginning of his *History of the Crimean War*, to show that an inchoate usage in this direction exists. We should be only too glad to believe that such is the case. But the usage described by Mr. Kinglake, if it does exist, is still unrecognized and undefined. It belongs to something which is to international law what morality is to laws proper. Again, belligerents are bound to respect the rights of neutrals; and these rights may be said in a true and intelligible sense to be sanctioned by war. For a belligerent who interferes beyond measure with a neutral's rights or interests exposes himself to having two enemies to do with instead of one—a danger which not even the strongest Power will care lightly to encounter. To this it is to be added that the interest of any one neutral is, in most cases, the interest of all, so that the reinster but not insensible risk of an overwhelming coalition is present to keep the belligerents within bounds. But likewise there are laws of war conceived by publicists and statesmen to be binding on the belligerents as between themselves. Modern warfare is a state of "regulated violence," as Mr. Hall names it. And here we are not dealing with speculations in the air. There is no doubt that the violence of war has in fact been regulated and moderated to an extent that seemed impracticable in the time of Grotius. Whence comes the force of the regulation? The sanction of war is exhausted, for these rules become effective only when and so far as a state of war already exists. It may be said that the fear of retaliation or reprisals is a sanction. Where this comes into play, however, that which is for the time sanctioned is apt to be the stronger party's interpretation of the laws of war in his own favour, as was seen in the German invasion of France ten years ago. Moreover, reprisals and retaliation are

* *International Law*. By William Edward Hall, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

available only to a limited extent, being, according to modern notions, too odious to be carried to extremities. In fact, the greater an offence is, the less is it capable of being punished in kind. Here, then, formal and tangible sanctions desert us. The "temperaments" of modern warfare, to use Grotius's term, rest in truth on an appeal to the common morality and humanity of civilized nations, which belligerents are presumed still to share, and, in fact, still do share to a great extent, even in the midst of active hostilities. It is consonant to the feelings of civilized Governments, and in the long run to their interests, to observe towards one another in war some such rules as an enlightened neutral might wish to be observed for the sake of diminishing suffering and ill-will to the greatest extent compatible with the objects of war being attained. In other words, the sanction imposing on belligerents a certain observance of honour, humanity, and private rights, is at bottom the general opinion of civilized people. This is practically recognized by the manner in which belligerent Powers are accustomed to record their complaints of alleged infractions of the laws and usages of war. Such complaints can but seldom have the force of a specific threat; their object is to procure redress from the adversary's own sense of what is right, or, in default of this, to shame him into it by publicity. Should we not, then, regard public opinion as the final sanction of international law in every case; a sanction with physical force behind it, no doubt, in one or another shape, but a force latent and undefined, and to be called into action only in an extreme case? This would bring out more clearly than the common view does the analogy between international law as governing the relations of States and the rules of morality as governing those of individuals. Or a better parallel, perhaps, may be found in the customary rules of a patriarchal tribe, which are enforced by no specially organized authority, and in which morality and law are still undistinguished. The view here suggested is really implied in the statement made by various writers from Suarez downwards, though perhaps with full distinctness by none before Austin, that the fear of provoking general hostility—not only that of the State particularly offended—is the ultimate compulsory motive for obedience to international rules. It seems to be a further consequence that war is analogous, not to the legal remedy of suing in a court of justice, but to the "self-help," more or less regulated by custom, which has a considerable place in archaic legal systems, and of which surviving rudiments, reduced to a subordinate rank and fettered by new safeguards, may be found in the most polished ones. To pursue the comparison one step further, some guide for speculation as to the possible development and strengthening of international law may be found in the historical circumstances of partly civilized communities. Probably in early Roman history, certainly in the middle ages, and notably in the Icelandic society described in the Sagas, private war went on for a considerable time side by side with legal redress before the supremacy of the law was finally made good.

It is time to return from our digression to Mr. Hall's work. One of his greatest merits is lucid arrangement. He begins with a First Part of "General Principles," corresponding pretty much to the *Allgemeiner Theil* of systematic German writers, and giving a comprehensive view of the subject and its different branches. Then he takes up the divisions in detail. Under the head of "The law governing States in their normal relations," the rights and duties of sovereign States in time of peace are set forth. Here we have the doctrines of territorial dominion, sovereignty, the so-called "extritoriality" of public vessels, extra-territorial jurisdiction, diplomatic agents, and treaties. Extritoriality, by the way, is treated by Mr. Hall as a fiction needlessly introduced to explain anomalous immunities which are really to be accounted for on special grounds of necessity or convenience. The third part deals with "the law governing States in the relation of war," which includes, besides what are known as the laws of war, the rights of capture and levying contributions, the position of a military occupant, and the rules which determine the "enemy character" of property. The relations of neutral States to the belligerents are kept apart under the title of "the law governing States in the relation of neutrality," where, among other questions, the rules of contraband, blockade, and maritime visit and capture are discussed. Mr. Hall's division of the subject is, we believe, new, though its convenience makes it seem obvious when once exhibited. His treatment of the matter in detail is, with few if any exceptions, as good as his method. He is careful to preserve the distinction between theory and usage, and among usages to distinguish those which are established from such as are still uncertain or in process of formation; for instance, the growing practice of restraining belligerents as much as possible from bringing their prizes into neutral harbours. In two or three places which we had noted for criticism our doubt or objection has been removed by subsequent explanations or additions; and this perhaps is not a bad test of the general thoroughness of the work. The chapter on treaties might be improved by giving more attention to their operation in actually transferring dominion where the cession of territory enters into them. When such a treaty is executed the parties are bound to its results not so much by the specific obligation of the treaty itself as by the general duty of nations to respect one another's territorial sovereignty. The analogous case in municipal law is that of a conveyance, not of a pure contract. Some of the language still commonly used implies a confusion which Mr. Hall might well have given a paragraph or two to clearing away. Treaties of this kind have been distinguished by some publicists from properly contractual treaties under the unhappily chosen

name of "transitory conventions," and their effect has been still more unhappily expressed by the maxim that "transitory conventions are by the nature of the case perpetual." This is at best an extremely clumsy way of saying that the result is to create not an obligation but ownership. Proceeding from writers versed in Roman law, it is really past excuse. When a sale is complete the seller is bound to respect for an indefinite time the right of ownership acquired by the buyer, and it makes no difference if a lawsuit arises between them about some other matter; but we do not say that the contract of sale is perpetual. On the question of "pacific blockade" Mr. Hall treats the authority of modern usage (six cases within twenty years) in a rather off-hand way. We quite agree with him, however, that on principle it must be an act of war or nothing. Finally, we may point to Mr. Hall's not infrequent criticism of the Continental writers as full of excellent and profitable instruction.

TALBOT'S GREECE AND THE GREEKS.*

WE trust that "The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, Premier of England; author of 'Homer' (a work of rare merit)," &c. &c., to whom "this work is inscribed with profound sentiments of esteem and admiration by the author," is satisfied with the list of his manifold accomplishments set forth in the dedication. In his political career Mr. Gladstone has brought upon himself many well-meant, though embarrassing, tributes from his admirers; but as a scholar he has, so far as we know, done nothing to deserve that this tedious volume of incoherent and inaccurate remarks upon Greek manners and customs should be laid at his feet. Anything less scholarly than the present work it would be difficult to conceive. Mr. Talbot's short but numerous chapters read like the essays of a dull boy, with a bad memory and the haziest notions of English composition, who has spent a month or so in trying, without any previous knowledge, to learn by heart the *Smaller Dictionary of Antiquities* edited by Dr. Smith, and has reproduced the learning thus acquired after the fashion which might be expected in such circumstances. The various branches of his subject are treated by the author in no particular order, and on no particular plan. His astonishing and comprehensive ignorance of details is well matched by the fatuous character of his deductions, comparisons, and generalizations; while his constant blunders in the Greek and Latin languages are thoroughly consistent with his frequent inability to express himself in his own.

This may seem to be a somewhat sweeping condemnation; but a slight examination of the book will make its justice sufficiently apparent. Mr. Talbot begins his account of Athens by giving a list of the various names by which Attica was known at different periods of her history. He informs us that the country was called "Posodonia from Neptune, and Minerva from Pallas; these being names appropriated to these imaginary deities respectively." We do not suppose that Mr. Talbot really means to tell us that Minerva was a name of Attica, but prefer to regard that part of the statement as an example of his very common habit of saying exactly the opposite of what he wishes to say. It may here be mentioned that among Mr. Talbot's delusions is the belief that the Greeks worshipped the gods of Rome. He gives a list of those gods—Saturn, Jupiter, Juno, and so on—and tells us that "Jupiter was the one who was regarded with the highest degree of reverence by the Athenians." He is apparently unacquainted with Pallas Athene, the eponymous deity of the city. On the topography of Athens Mr. Talbot is particularly amusing. The position of Greece is "somewhat central" with regard to the Old World. "In the midst of Greece stands Attica, nearly the centre of which is occupied by Athens." We have hitherto been under the impression that Athens was only four miles from the coast; but Mr. Talbot is evidently of a different opinion. In the centre of Athens, again, stood the Acropolis, a "tower or citadel." Upon the top of this tower stood crescents or semi-lunar representations, richly-gilt, according to the custom of the Ishmaelites, who paid especial reverence to the moon." What the Ishmaelites have to do with Athens, and how far gilding may be taken as a work of especial reverence, seem as difficult to discover as the authority from which this description is derived. Athens was connected with Piræus—which Mr. Talbot always writes Pyreus—by walls. "In those walls there were, of course, several gates," one of which, the Acharnian, "is supposed to have been so called from the town of Acharna (*sic*), towards which it looked. For it may be observed," adds Mr. Talbot, with much acuteness, "that the ancients named their gates from the towns or remarkable places near or opposite to them." We can assure Mr. Talbot that a similar curious custom obtains among moderns. The Edgware Road is so called because it leads to Edgware, and Charing Cross Station derives its name from its proximity to Charing Cross.

We may now leave the town of Athens and pass on to its inhabitants, who seem to have been rather curious people. They were "divided into two classes, a distinction based, not upon property or calling, but upon character and morals. They were thus called *Athenaiot* and *Attikoi*, the former being a designation of

* *Greece and the Greeks; or, a Historic Sketch of Attic Life and Manners.* By the Hon. Thomas Talbot. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

honour, and the latter of opprobrium." Mr. Talbot, ever ingenious and happy in his conjectures, takes it "that this distinction was somewhat analogous to that which we of the present day make between the virtuous and the immoral, the honest and the knavish, in short"—according to Mr. Micawber's formula—"between good and bad citizens." We further learn that the *Attikoi* were themselves divided into three classes—the babblers, the *ὑπολοί*, or deceitful persons, and the *Sukophantodeis* (why not *συκοφάνταις*, or Sukophanteis, if Mr. Talbot wishes to write this particular word in English characters?) At this point a painful idea will strike the reader that perhaps, if Mr. Talbot had lived in the society which he thus strangely describes, some unappreciative official might have classed him among those who were *περιεργοὶ τὰς λαλαίς*, superfluous babblers. In treating of "other divisions of the Athenians into classes," Mr. Talbot mentions the "*geomoroi*, or landed proprietors; who were somewhat analogous to what are called yeomen in England; but they were the proprietors of the soil which they cultivated." Yeomen, then, do not own the soil which they cultivate. Mr. Talbot completes his account of this classification by calling the handicraftsmen *Demigourai*. Passing on to Solon's classification, we may mention that the *Pentakosiomedimnoi* were not "those who were the possessors of 500 measures of dry, and the same of wet goods," but those whose landed property yielded an annual income of 500 measures in all. Members of the second class were entitled *Hippiis*, not *Equites*, and of the third *Zeugetai*, not *Zeugetes*.

We have by no means exhausted the stock of blunders occurring in these few pages, but it is time to pass on to other parts of the book. Perhaps the most astonishing mistakes in the whole book occur in the chapters on the Law Courts. Mr. Talbot begins by saying that the judges were selected from the Council of Six Hundred, but that those only were eligible who were over sixty years of age. Five, he says, were selected from each tribe, making fifty in all. Of what he was thinking when he wrote this it is difficult to conceive; but surely even Mr. Talbot cannot really require to be told that all free citizens of Athens above thirty years of age were eligible as judges, and that of these 600 from each tribe, 6,000 in all, were annually chosen by lot for the service of the year. The method of procedure in the law courts, as explained by Mr. Talbot, was very curious:—

The complainant put three questions to the accused: first, as to whether he was guilty or not guilty? Second (supposing the answer to the first question to be in the negative), for what reason he had committed the crime? and, third, who were his accomplices?

How the second and third questions could be asked if the first were answered in the negative is not very clear, nor is the following statement:—

In trials for capital offences two sentences or judgments were delivered: first as to the guilt or innocence of the party; and second, in the case of guilt, as to the punishment to be awarded. But if the first sentence happened to be one of acquittal, the party acquitted was permitted to fine himself; which, if not done adequately, or to the satisfaction of the Court, the judges themselves made an addition to the penalty.

In criticizing any of Mr. Talbot's statements, the first, and often the most difficult, task to be accomplished is to find out what he means. In the present case this is simple enough. We have only to write "conviction" and "convicted" for "acquittal" and "acquitted" in the passage just quoted, and we arrive at what may be charitably presumed to be his meaning. Mr. Talbot is quite ignorant of the distinction between *τιμωροὶ* and *ἀτιμωροὶ* *δυνάτες*—cases in which the penalty was to be assessed by the judges, and those in which it was fixed by law. In those cases in which the penalty was to be assessed, the plaintiff mentioned the punishment which he considered just, and the defendant, if found guilty, made another assessment. The judges adopted whichever of the two seemed to them to meet the justice of the case. They had not the power to fix a penalty intermediate between the two assessments, as Mr. Talbot seems to suppose. It was this inability on their part which in all probability led to the execution of Socrates. He was found guilty by the rather small majority of 60 votes (not 280, as Mr. Talbot absurdly states, which would be the total number of those who voted against him). His opponent had named death as the fit punishment for his offence, and Socrates could not be induced to suggest any alternative penalty beyond an insignificant fine. The consequence was that the judges, irritated by what they held to be mere levity, passed the sentence of death by a majority larger than that which had convicted him. It may perhaps seem superfluous to state facts so well known as these, but no fact is too notorious, no knowledge too elementary, for this author to blunder over.

We may now turn to Mr. Talbot's efforts in the department of etymology. Here he fluctuates between the wildest flights of imagination and the most timid suggestions of obvious facts. He derives *ἄσπας* from *τὸ θείον*, on the ground that the breastplate was used to protect the divine part, or heart. The *ἑρμῆες*, or heralds, "derived their name from *ἁερῆστος*, which signifies better, because they selected the more tender or better part of the victim for their own use." In the exclamation *Io Pean*, *Io* "is an abbreviation, by the Greeks, of the word *Jehova*; and *Pean* is derived from the Hebrew word *Peneh*, which signifies to look, so that the words *Io Pean* signify *Lord look* (upon us)." Mr. Talbot here mentions "a curious and remarkable circumstance, that there was a certain tribe or people of the West Indies who, according to the account of Sir Francis Drake, used when fighting to dance, leap, and sing *Ye Toa*." It is an equally curious and remarkable circumstance that Mr. Talbot does not absolutely insist upon any connexion between

the Greeks and West Indians on the ground of this remarkable coincidence. He firmly believes in some very close relationship between Greece and Ireland, because in both countries the inhabitants attached importance to dreams, and occasionally carried water on their heads. After such bold derivations as these, given apparently without the slightest doubt of their absolute certainty, it is a little disappointing to find Mr. Talbot suggesting, with the utmost timidity, that possibly our word parasite may come from the Greek *παράσιτος*. One more exquisite derivation must be mentioned—that of the Latin word *ara*, altar, from *aro*, to plough, "because it was ploughed or scooped out in the earth." Of course the word really means, on the contrary, something elevated, and its older form was *asa*, which is connected with the Sanscrit *ās* and the Latin *sedere*. In translation Mr. Talbot is equally happy. He renders *ἐπαίος γάμος* by "the beautiful bride," instead of "seasonable marriage." *Τυφλὲ Πλούτρε* he translates "O blind Pluto," and is apparently under the impression that Pluto was the Greek God of Wealth. He incidentally quotes the exclamation of Iulus in the *Æneid*, "*Mensus etiam consumimus*," and translates it "We have consumed the meal," in equal ignorance of the ordinary meaning of the word *mensus*, the tense of the verb *consumimus*, and the whole story of the prophecy and its fulfilment. In the matter of misquotation the printer is always a convenient scapegoat; but, where mistakes of all kinds abound, some share of the blame may fairly be laid upon the author; and Mr. Talbot cannot quote a line of Ovid without making two hideous grammatical mistakes:—

Ossa tamen facito parvo (sic) referuntur (sic) in urna.

It is no exaggeration to say that Greek and Latin names and words generally are oftener spelt incorrectly than correctly. Delphi is invariably written Delphos, possibly from some confusion in Mr. Talbot's mind of Delphi with Delos. The *Πεδεῖς* and *Ἀργαδεῖς* are called respectively *Pedici* and *Ergades*; for *φρύγερρον* we find *phrogeteon*, for *θηρηκία*, *θηρηκία*, while *ἀναδημῶνα δαίτης* is written *ἀναδημῶνα δαίτης*. Among blunders of various kinds may be mentioned the attribution of the tragedy of *Medea* to Aristophanes; the statement that Pericles originated the custom of pronouncing funeral orations; and the constant assumption that the Greeks were in the habit of talking Latin. Thus we are told that when a host received his guest they "pledged their faith to each other, and 'confirmandum quod unus non deciperet alium,'" which is not merely Latin, but very bad Latin to boot. *Non lucet* is given, instead of *non liquet*, as the Latin equivalent of the Scotch verdict *not proven*. In the use and invention of English words Mr. Talbot is not always fortunate. He talks of "tri-monthly meetings" when he means three meetings in a month; and, by a delightful mingling of sanitary with romantic subjects, calls love charms *philtrations*.

But we have not space to follow Mr. Talbot any further in his incoherent ramblings. Nothing but rather lengthy quotations could give any idea of the peculiar characteristics of his style, and the astonishing imbecility of his arguments. If he wishes to realize the enormity of what we believe to be his first literary offence, he may do so by comparing his present work with Mr. Mahaffy's delightful sketch of *Social Life in Greece*.

TWO FOREIGN NOVELS.*

THE taste for foreign novels is by no means so decided with us as it is with some of our Continental neighbours. In Russia and Scandinavia the appetite for English and French romance grows with what it feeds on, and it is no exaggeration to say that a voracious reader in the North of Europe is only six months or so behind a Londoner or a Parisian in his knowledge of ephemeral fiction. But the practice of publishing novels in the *feuilletons* of newspapers, a practice which brings certain chapters of romance under the public notice every day, has never found favour in England, and we show very little inclination to avail ourselves of the laxities of copyright law. There is, moreover, a widely spread impression that England is the home of the novel, and that we possess in our own language the best fiction in the world. As far as current fiction goes, the boast has long since become an empty one. With all the faults of the French novelists, fruits which belong to a social condition other than our own, and which banish from general study some of the masterpieces of literature, it cannot be denied that they understand the art of constructing a story, and particularly a short story, far better than we do. The fourth-rate French novel, a book without any real insight, originality, or charm, has nevertheless a superficial gift of style, an external semblance of good workmanship, which gives it a great advantage over the productions of our own lesser writers. The Russians, moreover, in the persons of Tourgenief and Tolstoy possess two novelists whom insular vanity alone can pronounce to be below the highest English standard. If, however, we pass from Russia and France, it must be confessed that there is a good deal of truth in the supposition that it is not necessary for English novel-readers to cross the Channel. Germany has produced many writers of romance in the present generation, and certain instructed tastes are gratified, each in its own order, by the idiosyncrasies of Auerbach, and Paul Heyse, and Sacher-Masoch.

* *Quisiana*. From the German of Friedrich Spielhagen. By H. E. Goldschmidt. Nimmo & Bain.

The Count of Talavera. From the Dutch of J. van Lennep. By A. Arnold. Nimmo & Bain.

Each of these novelists has an extraordinary personality, a strong flavour of the soil; it may even be questioned whether curiosity and the love of a new sensation have not as much to do with their success as their own un doubted merits. In Norwegian literature a native genius kindred to that of Auerbach, but enshrined in a finer style, has given a European reputation to the name of Björnson. In Holland the Batavian humour has found excellent expression in Beets and in Mme. Bosboom-Toussaint. But these swallows are very far from making a Teutonic summer.

In *Quisiana* we have a good example of the second-rate German novel of our own day. The talent of Spielhagen, a talent which depends for its effects upon a startling combination of satire with pathos, has been greatly exaggerated. His habit of wandering away from the plot, of introducing long episodes, of staggering, as it were, under the load of his own creation, leads to results of which a German audience is less impatient than an English one, but which betray a laborious and unskilful hand. Those who admire Spielhagen most, however, admit that in *Quisiana* he has escaped, more than in any other novel, the peculiar pitfalls of his style; and it is therefore a particularly favourable sample of his work. It is too clever to be exactly tedious, and yet we feel throughout that the plot wants life; it would move and sparkle in the hands of a born story-teller, it hangs lifeless in those of Spielhagen. Yet, as we have said, the book is too clever, it presents too much intellectual ability, to be unreadable. The problem on which the story turns is one which is never raised in English society. Bertram, the hero, is in love with his niece Erna; and the main thread of the story hangs on his doubt whether or not he ought to yield to her indubitable preference for him and marry her. "It is true that, by an awkward transition in the story, the heroine transfers her affections, without warning, to an agreeable young gentleman of her own age; but the stern ethical conscience of the reader is no more pacified than it is by the accident that always restores the wife intact to the arms of her spouse in the fifth act of an Elizabethan comedy.

The scene of *Quisiana* is to some degree an entertaining one. Of the little wayside inn which gives its name to the book, "a fair white hostelry, embowered in roses," among the orange-groves of Capri, we hear very little indeed. The principal part of the story is carried on at a German village, called Rinstedt, within the jurisdiction of one of the Thuringian Grand-duchies, the Court of which throws a certain halo over the society. Bertram, a rich old bachelor, over whose early love affairs a curtain has been drawn, only to be constantly plucked aside by affectionate curiosity, is staying during a slow convalescence with his sister, Frau Berner, who is the wife of the wealthy potentate of the district. The only law that Bertram has laid upon his family is that he should never be brought face to face with his cousin Fräulein Lydia von Aschhof, the cause of that mysterious curtain of which we have spoken. Lydia is voluble enough in giving her account of the situation; she was cruelly jilted by Bertram twenty years ago; but the family impression is that it was really she who, in a caprice of unsuccessful ambition, threw him off, and was never able to get hold of him again. Lydia has made Frau Berner her confidante, and, taking advantage of Bertram's feeble state, has contrived to be invited to the house during his visit. Bertram, finding accidentally that his direct request has been disregarded for the first time since the original jilting, determines, ill as he is, to leave the house before Lydia arrives, and the first chapters are occupied with his amusing and yet almost tragical adventures in so doing. His niece Erna it is who brings him back, and who persuades him to receive Fräulein Lydia with fortitude. As he stands alone in the reception-room, Lydia, who is a consummate actress, darts in at the window and throws herself at his feet. The only result is that the poor old bachelor has an attack of palpitation of the heart, and the artful Lydia has to retire crest-fallen. She has indeed become a dreadful object, with rouge on her cheeks, a shrill, rattling laugh, false teeth, and a distressing expanse of throat and shoulder. This noisy coquette simply disgusts him, and she soon sees that she has no chance of recovering his affections. From this moment war is secretly declared between Lydia and Erna. The jealousy of the old maid gives her an unwonted perspicacity, and she perceives the growing tension of manner which is the only outward sign of the mutual affection of uncle and niece. Determined to secure Bertram in spite of himself, she persuades Frau Berner to make a match between Erna and the Baron von Lotter-Vippach, a young man of doubtful antecedents, who is supposed to have great influence at the Grand Ducal Court, and to secure Bertram by making him at once a cat's-paw and a confidant. With rueful feelings the old uncle receives his sister's confidences, and promises to discover whether Erna is or is not in love with the Baron, for more than this he refuses to do. At this point the plot becomes beautifully tangled. Herr Berner proves to be secretly bankrupt; Erna leaves a letter lying about in which she confesses her love for Bertram; this letter falls into the nimble fingers of Lydia, whom it drives to desperation; and, in the midst of all this stress of intrigue, there arrives a Princess Alexandra Volinzov, a *deus ex machina* introduced for the purpose of exposing the too-brilliant Baron von Lotter-Vippach. The story proceeds in this dazzling way, providing innumerable surprises, which are not quite ingenious enough to take away the breath of any experienced reader, and we reach the close of the book with the feeling that we have been observing the habits of a group of thoroughly disagreeable people, not one of whom, not even the heroine, constrains our respect or liking. The drama has been

very brisk and very bustling, but it was not like real life, even real stage-life, and we see the clever marionettes put away into their box without the least regret. We cannot but think that imaginative literature must have reached a low ebb in Germany when a story like *Quisiana* can be quoted as the best book of one of the leading writers of the day.

The other volume on our list is translated from the Dutch of J. van Lennep, and under the new name of *The Count of Talavera* conceals an old friend, *Ferdinand Huyck*, which, unless we are very much mistaken, has already been presented to the English public more than once. Van Lennep belongs to a bygone generation, while Spielhagen represents the movement and fashion of our own age. But, notwithstanding this advantage, we still greatly prefer the work of the Dutch novelist. The influence of Sir Walter Scott, exercised as it was in almost all countries of Europe, found its principal Dutch exponent in a writer whose industry and multifarious accomplishments were almost worthy of the name of his master. Van Lennep would hold, in a comparative criticism of European romance, a place about midway between Alexandre Dumas père and the late Lord Lytton. He is like them both in the harlequin swiftness and variety of his intrigue; he has more of the manliness of Dumas than of the false "goodness" of Lytton, but he approaches the latter in his tendency to abstract digression. All three have the same fondness for mysterious concealments, Quixotic gallantries, and the pomp of more or less fictitious antiquarianism. When Dumas once intruded on the very field of Van Lennep in writing *La Tulipe Noire*, he showed himself by far the greater master of the two; but Van Lennep is by no means contemptible in his powers of riveting and delighting a romantic fancy. *Ferdinand Huyck*, or, as Mr. A. Arnold, who has very creditably translated it, prefers to call it, *The Count of Talavera*, begins with great art. The hero, a stalwart and chivalric but too-confiding youth, who has just returned from the grand tour to his native Holland, suddenly finds himself challenged to fight, at a village hostel, by a mysterious bandit, and is rescued by a still more mysterious pedlar, but not until he himself has accidentally saved the life of a tall dark stranger, wrapped in a blood-red mantle. All this happens in the first ten pages, being told in a manner that has nothing melodramatic in it, and being set in a very curious picture of Dutch rural life in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Of course the bandit and the pedlar and the blood-red stranger are all persons of infinitely dark and cryptic purposes, and all of them inextricably involved in the fortunes of the confiding hero. A page or two further on we are introduced to the heroine in high life, to the bad hero, and to the heroine in low life, all in clever and original scenes, whose only fault is that they traverse the stage with a too bewildering rapidity. Almost any ten pages of *The Count of Talavera* supply as much plot as the whole of a novel by one of our clever analytical novelists, let us say Mr. Henry James. We walk, in fact, in an atmosphere of romance, and we cannot retire to our chamber to read a chapter in quietude, but we are sure within half-an-hour to witness the escape of a political prisoner down the study chimney. This sort of thing, of course, may easily be overdone, and was utterly overdone by the ordinary writers of the last generation; but it must be confessed that this brisk manner of invention is very engaging in the hands of a master like Van Lennep or Dumas.

SIBERIA IN EUROPE.*

EVEN if the text of Mr. Seebohm's interesting volume had been as forbidding as the bleak Siberian tundras where he went on his fowling and bird-nesting expeditions, the illustrations must still have sufficed to recommend it. A more delightful series of wood-engravings we seldom remember to have seen than those that form the headings to the different chapters. For the most part, too, those engravings are the keys to his subjects, and they are infinitely more suggestive than the far-fetched extracts from poems or plays which are pressed into doing similar duty in novels. Wherever we may open the pages, we can hardly go far wrong, although of course we have found our special favourites. For example, there is "The Lighthouse at Heligoland on a Migration Night," where the light-beams are streaming out upon the blackness of the night, and on myriads of birds attracted to the glare, like mosquitoes swarming round a lantern on one of the rivers of Siberia. Then there is another picture of "the flooded banks" of one of those Siberian rivers, where the melted snows have been overflowing the landscape and turning the bluffs on the densely wooded banks into islands. Again, there are "the banks of the Zylma," with the aquatic fowl clustering almost as thickly as the nocturnal migrants round the Heligoland lights; while for sport we have "shooting wild geese" from an ambush on the banks of a stream, in what looks like the breaking dawn, or possibly the fading twilight. Perhaps even more fascinating to many people will be the little "bits" of still animal life—the willow grouse roosting *en famille* on the boughs, or the nests of the grey plover and the little stint with the eggs and the young. We repeat that one may get an excellent idea of the contents of the volume by the mere study of drawings which are photographic in their

* *Siberia in Europe: a Visit to the Valley of the Petchora, in North-East Russia; with Descriptions of the Natural History, Migration of Birds, &c.* by Henry Seebohm. London: John Murray. 1880.

realism, and which will bear examining again and again. But the book itself is most interesting reading, though naturally there are parts of it which chiefly recommend themselves to the practical ornithologist. Mr. Seebohm, with his companion, Mr. Harvie-Brown, went through a variety of adventures in the pursuit of ornithological science, and had to endure a succession of hardships which nothing but enthusiasm could have sweetened to them. Neither of the gentlemen was altogether inexperienced in Northern travel. Mr. Harvie-Brown, on a former excursion, had pushed his researches as far as Archangel; and Mr. Seebohm himself, in his quality of naturalist, had paid a summer visit to Northern Scandinavia. A comparison of the results of their respective observations had led to the conclusion that "another ten degrees east would bring us to the breeding-grounds of many species new to North Europe"; and, moreover, there were sundry questions whose solution has for many years been the ambition of field-naturalists. The breeding-places of certain of our familiar British visitors were still undiscovered, notably of the grey plover, the little stint, the sanderling, the curlew, the sandpiper, the knot, and Bewick's swan. Messrs. Seebohm and Brown decided accordingly upon a visit to the Petchora river, which at that time they believed to be virgin ground ornithologically, and which proved really to be so, as far as published reports were concerned. As may be presumed, the Petchora, which runs its course through European Siberia, is sufficiently inaccessible. Where there are no roads, and where there is next to no traffic, a score or two of leagues more or less is of little consequence in a calculation; and the distance of the river from Archangel eastwards is estimated roughly at from 700 to 800 miles. They travelled, of course, in sledges, as they had previously done from the railway station of Wlogda north-eastwards to Archangel, and they started about the second week in April. They had little time to spare, as a fortnight later the rising temperature made the snow impassable, when "for two months the valley of the Petchora was as effectually cut off from all communication with civilized Europe as if it had been in the moon." As it was, the journey was infinitely more tedious than it need have been had they set out a week or two earlier. The horses and the runners of the sledges sank deeply in the softening snow; and where the snow was caking again with the frost, the projecting spars acted as drags, when they buried themselves in the hardening banks. The forest scenery was picturesque, but the birds they had come in search of were scarce. These were principally hooded crows, ravens, jackdaws, and magpies, with a few sparrows, and an occasional flock of snow buntings. And, as may be supposed, the travellers were glad enough to arrive at their destination in the little town of Ust-Zylma, situated at the junction of the Zylma with the Petchora.

More uninviting quarters for a protracted sojourn than Ust-Zylma can hardly be conceived, in the prospect of the coming thaw and the consequent floods. The streets and the enclosures round the houses were buried deeply in frozen liquid manure, in quantities sufficient to breed a pestilence. Thanks, however, to the beneficent arrangements of nature, the greater part of that congelated filth would be washed away with the rush of the spring freshets. Lodgings were cheap, for the travellers had two excellent rooms in the best of the houses at two roubles a month; and, thanks to their good letters of introduction, officials and residents were friendly and hospitable. No doubt it was a drawback to social enjoyment that hosts and guests had no common medium of communication, since the former spoke no language but their native Russian; while the Polish gentleman whom Mr. Seebohm and his companion had engaged, among his other capacities, as their interpreter, recklessly paraphrased the Russian sentences in translation, rendering them, moreover, in most execrable French. Fortunately, they made friends with the German captain of a steamer belonging to a timber company and plying in the Petchora, and on board his boat they made sundry trips to bird-hunting districts which might otherwise have been inaccessible.

The first excursions were unsatisfactory. Resident birds were almost as scarce in the neighbourhood of the village as they had been in the pine forests; and the migrants had not begun to arrive. Neither had the summer made its appearance, somewhat to their surprise after the heightened temperature which had delayed them on their journey. Accordingly, pending more serious business, they laid themselves out for information as to the Samoyedes, who occupied some encampments in the environs of the town, and of whose habits we have a curious and interesting account. At last the summer burst upon them at the beginning of May, and one morning they witnessed a most impressive spectacle. Seeing general excitement in the village, they hurried to the doors, when they saw "their road in movement," and going at the rate of two or three miles an hour. The stream of the Ust-Zylma, along which they had been sledging so lately, had broken up for the season. Consequently in their boating expeditions down the Petchora they had to contend with the floods which swamped the country far and near, turning the hilly shores into archipelagoes of wooded islands. Once or twice they had narrow escapes when they had to drag their boat across the stretches of breaking ice previously to launching it upon the opposite side. Mr. Seebohm describes the woodland scenery as appearing the more beautiful to them in contrast with the barren desolation of the tundras:—

Under foot spread a carpet of soft green moss and lichens, the thick moss predominating in the older and thicker part of the forest, while the reindeer moss and the many-coloured lichens abounded in the younger and

more open woods. Stray shrubs of arbutus and rhododendron, bushes of bilberry, crowberry, cranberry, the fruit of which was preserved by seven months' frost, clumps of carices and other vegetation decked the shady aisles. The monotony of the great pine forest was varied by the delicate hues of willow and alder thickets, by plantations of young pines and firs, by clumps of tall spruces and haggard old larches, while here and there a fine birch spread abroad its glossy foliage, or a gaunt Scotch fir extended wide its copper-coloured arms.

Meanwhile, in these woods, although chiefly in the *tundra*, and on the islands and sandbanks in the delta of the great river, they had been adding steadily to their various collections. They had secured specimens of several new species, and they had tempted the peasants to gather eggs for them with some success. It was the *tundra*, however, that was their surest resource. The *tundra* is generally a broad rolling moor, covered with mosses, lichens, or dwarf shrubbery; broken here and there by great patches of bog, and dotted over everywhere with sheets of water. The birds whose eggs they were seeking built chiefly in the rough patches of tussocky grass. The story of the incidents of one memorable day may be taken as a sample of the rest. The eggs of the grey plover, it will be remembered, had been one of the main objects of the journey to the Petchora. Hitherto they had not even set eyes on the bird itself; nor had they seen any specimens among the flocks of emigrants that had passed down the Petchora while they were stationed at Ust-Zylma. This morning they had at length flushed the birds upon the *tundra*; and they resolved to make diligent search for nests. An offer of half a rouble for a discovery failed, with a single exception, to awaken the zeal of their followers. The men, who were somewhat indolent, had no mind to attempt what they fancied to be impossible. But there was one honest Samoyede who "tramped the ground systematically, and after more than an hour's search found a nest on one of the dry tussocky ridges intersecting the bog, containing four eggs about the size and shape of those of the golden plover, but more like those of the lapwing in colour. The nest was a hollow, evidently scratched, perfectly round, somewhat deep, and containing a handful of broken, slender twigs and reindeer moss." To place the relation of eggs and nest to this comparatively rare species of plover beyond any possibility of question, they watched for the unlucky mother and bagged her. When a man sledges for a thousand miles or two in the pursuit of science, he is but too apt to discard scruples of humanity when he sets himself to illustrating a fact or demonstrating a disputed proposition; but we must say that Mr. Seebohm and his friend showed themselves more remorseless than the keenest of ordinary sportsmen. His remarks on touching evidences of self-sacrificing maternal instinct, or on pretty examples of innocent confidence, have invariably the same disagreeable dénouement. Or, if the victim does escape, it is simply because Mr. Seebohm does not seem to have been by any means a deadly shot. Of course they often slept roughly and fared meagrely, but the greatest torment of their lives was the mosquitoes. These venomous pests swarmed everywhere, hung over the bird-hunters in their ambushes in clouds that might be felt, and forced their way through all artificial defences. "We were told that this plague of mosquitoes was nothing as yet to what it would become later. 'Wait a while,' said one Job's comforter, 'and you will not be able to see each other at twenty paces' distance; you will not be able to aim with your gun, for the moment you raise your barrel half-a-dozen regiments of mosquitoes will rise between you and the sight.'" On the whole, however, they were highly gratified with the results of the journey. They brought home the eggs of three of the kinds of birds whose breeding-places had hitherto escaped discovery—namely, those of the grey plover, the little stint, and Bewick's swan. They "added several birds to the European list which had either never been found in Europe before or only doubtfully so"; they made many observations of great importance and interest; and they had collected besides more than a thousand skins, with no less than six hundred eggs.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE third volume of M. Duruy's Roman History (1) in its new and gorgeous edition continues to show what lavish abundance of illustration of the best kind is at the disposal of French authors for their books. The history itself is a sufficiently sober narrative, strongly tinged, of course, with Imperialism; but it must not be taken as a bad compliment to M. Duruy if we say that these huge volumes, which Atlas himself would hardly care to hold up for an hour or so by the fireside, seem rather intended to be turned over for the sake of the engravings than seriously read for the sake of the text. In the present volume, which includes the history of Caesar's Gallic campaigns, M. Duruy has had a double incitement to be lavish of "figures," first, because of the interest of the subject to Frenchmen, and, secondly, because of the labour spent on it by his late master. The sites of the battles and sieges, the relics of ancient Gallic art, even the dolmens and the menhirs which may or may not date from the period, are carefully delineated, and not the least interesting plate in the book is one showing the limits of the distribution of rude stone monuments in France. The plans of towns and fortifications are perhaps as good as anything of the kind that has ever

(1) *Histoire des Romains*. Par Victor Duruy. Nouvelle édition. Tome III. Paris: Hachette.

been inserted in any book intended for the general reader. For the chromolithographs, gorgeous as they are, we confess that we care less, inasmuch as they always seem somewhat to "sweat" at the unadorned black and white of the letterpress that accompanies them. Illuminated manuscripts should not be imitated timidly. If colour is used in the ornaments, it should be used throughout. However, some of these very chromolithographs are as good specimens of their rather dubious kind as we have seen, and occasionally, as in the representation of a mosaic pavement, for instance, may be allowed to interpret the subject better than mere black and white could by any possibility have done; but then, perhaps, a mosaic pavement is not an ideally suitable illustration for a sober history.

M. Granier de Cassagnac goes with M. Duruy naturally enough. This second series follows up the first of its author's *Souvenirs du Second Empire* (2) in giving an artfully cool and unimpassioned, though a most decidedly Bonapartist, view of the subject. The strength of the position lies in the argument from the *plébiscite*, an argument which no pure democrat has ever been able to get over, and which therefore has had to be met with personal bluster and exaggeration of the *crime du deux Décembre*. Of course those persons who have no admiration for plébiscites are under no obligation whatever to accept or to admire the Second Empire; but then M. Granier de Cassagnac's main adversaries are not in this position. With remarkable skill, and without a grain of the malice which it must have been hard for a Frenchman to keep out of such a matter, but which would have injured the seriousness of his demonstration, M. Granier de Cassagnac extracts from M. Victor Hugo and other opponents confessions of the almost universal acquiescence in the *Coup d'état*. We cannot follow the author through the whole of his ingenious *plaidoyer*, in which he certainly succeeds in upsetting a good many of the Republican martyr-legends. Unluckily for him, he does not always completely guard his own legs from the arrows. We are presented to the Emperor Nicholas, and enjoy the account of his interview with a certain "voyageur français." The Emperor, it seems, expressed himself warmly about Prince Louis Napoleon, but was a little disturbed at the seizure of the Orleans domains. Thereupon the "voyageur" suggested that the object of the annexation was "pour alléger le sort des ouvriers." This explanation of the phenomenon, which the late Professor Mansel described as

France's half-fledged eaglet gazing with undazzled eye
At the subbeams of his glory and the Orleans property,

strikes us as rather more ingenious than satisfactory.

Biographies of the anecdotic kind are not so common as they once were, having been to a great extent replaced by an uncomfortable and inartistic hotch-potch of letters and scraps of connecting narrative. Mme. de Janzé's *souvenirs intimes* (3) concerning Berryer are almost entirely of the old kind, and are interesting enough, though perhaps they have no great literary merit, and though the lady's adoring Royalism must occasionally move a smile, even in the case of the most sympathetic reader who knows his subject. Her account of Louis XVIII. describes him as a kind of belated Marcellus, given to France by the Almighty too late and snatched away too early, which, indeed, was Berryer's own opinion—at least he said so. However, it is quite delightful to read utterances of such a certain sound as Mme. de Janzé's. The Restoration, she says, "had given Algiers to France (en dépôt de l'Angleterre), had freed Greece, had replaced Ferdinand on the throne of Spain [these two acts, we presume, were a kind of compensation each for the other], had re-established the financial situation of France, and had placed her in the first rank of the European concert." This is certainly thorough. However, Mme. de Janzé's outspoken politics are only the framework for a vast number of anecdotes about all sorts of interesting people, and not merely about Berryer himself. A good many of these, of course, are not new; but they are derived from an infinity of different sources, and it must be a very well read person indeed who, even putting aside Mme. de Janzé's personal contributions, knows them all, or even a great part of them. The book is one of the pleasantest companions for a spare half-hour that we have come across for some time. From Mme. la duchesse de Berry, a heroine over whose somewhat unlucky heroism Mme. de Janzé is enthusiastic, to Desaugiers, who once lent the great advocate a penknife to cut a tight boot in the stalls of the Opera, all manner of men and women play their parts in these three hundred pages.

It is really time to ask when Sainte-Beuve's literary representatives are going to be tired of dragging his name and reputation through the dirt. *Le clou d'or* (4) consists of certain letters full of eighteenth-century sensibility (which is equivalent to a nineteenth-century word with the second and third syllables only changed), and addressed to a lady whom, from M. Jules Troubat's preface, it is difficult to believe that many persons in French society will not recognize. This preface itself is perhaps the most objectionable thing in the book, being full of a kind of sniggering suggestion which, at any rate to some people, is not a little offensive. Published without comment, the letters, though scarcely interesting, would at any rate have been comparatively harmless.

M. Vacherot has written (5) one of those pamphlets of very

haute politique which are more common abroad than in England. However, the author has nothing very new for us when he comes down from his altitudes. His notion is that Pan-Germanism, and not Panslavism, is the great danger of Europe.

M. de Pontmartin's *Samedis* (6) have had several things charged against them during their now pretty numerous years of existence, but dulness has rarely formed one of the charges. Nor are they dull now, though perhaps they approach that most formidable rock nearer than is their author's wont. M. de Pontmartin has fallen of late into a habit not unfrequent with literary men of a certain age and of strong political sympathies. He has begun to *prôner* young aspirants who seem to him to be of correct principles, and this is sometimes a little tedious for his readers. We are quite willing to allow M. de Pontmartin himself to argue about anything he likes, because his arguments are generally well-written and amusing, if frequently ill-natured. But it does not follow that all his geese and goslings are welcome too. Still this reproach does not lie against the whole of the present volume. It contains a really clever fantasy-piece called *L'assommoir à Athènes*, describing the intended production of the play on the Athenian stage, the opportune illness of the stage manager, the revolt of the actors, and the substitution, with shouts of applause, of the *Ulysses rex*. There is an interesting paper, too, on *Le livre de bord*, the anecdotes of which M. de Pontmartin supplements with some of his own. One of these assuredly must in some mysterious way have been derived from a well-known legend of Curll. It is to the effect that the late M. Michel Lévy once upon a time became dissatisfied with the titles usually affixed to their works by his authors. He thought they lacked *chic* and effect; and he accordingly engaged a trusty man, of whom he thought well, to extemporize a long list of titles, up to which authors more celebrated, but, according to M. Lévy, less gifted in the matter of titles, were to write. Nor is the last paper in the book to be read without interest. It is a notice of Gustave Flaubert, written shortly after his death, and it is a curious instance of the weakness of M. de Pontmartin's method. The critic practically says to us:—"Most of the people who admire M. Flaubert are Reds, immoral creatures, enemies of religion and order. M. Zola says that he is the child of M. Flaubert. Now anything that Reds, &c., like must be bad; and a bad son can't come from a good father. Ergo, M. Flaubert is bad too." The argument is, to say the least, insufficient; and it is at least remarkable that, so far as we have noticed, M. de Pontmartin does not so much as mention the *Tentation de Saint-Antoine* or the *Légende de St.-Julien*.

A habit, which we cannot but think a bad one, has grown up in France of composing books which are not exactly travels and not exactly novels. M. Lucien Biart and M. Victor Tissot are the great practitioners of this kind of work, which is for the most part represented in England only by boys' books. M. Biart's geographical and scientific accuracy is considerable, and M. Tissot's lively pen justifies itself sufficiently by its works; but the style, we repeat, is bad. Among workers in this style, though the purely fictitious element plays a much smaller part in her work than in some others of the kind, we should be inclined to rank Mme. Olympe Audouard (7). At least we hope that her account of a wolf hunt in which she was engaged is not to be taken absolutely at the foot of the letter. As Mme. Audouard represents herself as being driven twenty versts (i.e. fourteen miles) in half an hour, we may indeed take for granted that there are engaging little exaggerations. When Mme. Audouard had been driven the fourteen miles in the half hour, she changed sledges. Her companion, a Russian Count, gave her two revolvers, three rifles, and a hanger; tied a live sucking pig to the sledge, and set off. Mme. Audouard "philosophized" on the subject of the pig, but seems to have thought her duty ceased there. Meanwhile, the pig (being slowly flayed and dashed to pieces) squeaked, the wolves came up, and Mme. Audouard and the Count blazed away at them, the sledge going at full speed the while. They killed seventeen wolves—and the pig. Few of the scenes of Mme. Audouard's book are so lively, or, we may add, so offensive, as this. As a rule, she mixes up not ineffective descriptions of the Russia of to-day with scraps of history, social gossip, and remarks to the effect that the French in the Crimea liked the Russians much better than they did their English allies. It ought to be mentioned that the book is lavishly illustrated with very rough, but by no means ineffective, woodcuts. If it were not for the almost entire absence of dates, and the suspicious heightening of not a few of the anecdotes, besides that of the wolf hunt, the book would be rather an interesting one; but, as it is, it is neither fish nor flesh.

M. Victor de Laprade (8) apologizes in his preface for the terribly shocking title of his book. For an Academician in these days to write a book against music is, indeed, something revolutionary and altogether alarming. But, says M. de Laprade, people have mistaken him. He is not against music, but against certain misuses of music, and to prove it he publishes this book, part of which dates from a considerable time back, while part of it is sufficiently modern to contain a reference in very uncomplimentary terms to the recent exploits of the French Government in turning priests and women out of doors. This latter point is not a mere political fling, for M. de Laprade co-ordinates his objections to modern

(a) *Souvenirs du Second Empire*. Par A. Granier de Cassagnac. 2^{ème} partie. Paris: Dentu.

(3) *Berryer*. Par la Vicomtesse A. de Janzé. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Le clou d'or*. Par C. A. Sainte-Bouve. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(5) *La politique extérieure de la république*. Par Etienne Vacherot. Paris: Germer-Ballivra.

(6) *Nouveaux samedis*. Par A. de Pontmartin. 20^{ème} série. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Voyage au pays des Boyards*. Par Olympe Audouard. Paris: Dentu.

(8) *Contre la musique*. Par V. de Laprade. Paris: Didot.

music and modern democracy in a very original fashion. Democracy, music, and physical science—these are the three things to which the modern man is, in his view, addicted. A good deal of his argumentation is borrowed very ingeniously and quite avowedly from Plato, and follows a line which readers of the *Republic* will have no difficulty in drawing for themselves. M. de Laprade's great argument is that music without words is, if not exactly a mistake, at any rate a catachresis. It is meant to accompany words and to be subject to them, and its separate existence is a fond thing vainly imagined. At least this we take to be his argument; though the author, by alternately inveighing against music as it is and protesting his reverence for it as it should be, has somewhat confused his theme here and there. It is needless to say that the book is extremely well written. M. de Laprade is one of the few French writers upon whom the deluge of *argot* which has been the least satisfactory result of the Romantic movement, has broken without producing the slightest effect. He is purely classical in the best sense, and what his language wants in colour and movement it gains in elegance and statuesque precision.

M. Calmann-Lévy has been well advised of late in adopting for certain specially favoured works which he has published a somewhat uncommon *format*, which may be described either as very small quarto or as large square sexto-decimo. By this shape the advantages of margin and symmetrical form of page are gained without the corresponding drawbacks incident to most large paper octavos—the excessive size of the book and its consequent drag upon the hand. The critic is generally inclined to look kindly on a book satisfactorily presented in this way; for if the text be trivial, he can always look at the margin. We shall admit that, in reading M. Xavier Aubryet's little poem (9), or collection of poems, we have occasionally preferred the contemplation of the broad expanse of pleasant, rough-edged *papier vergé* to the reading of such lines as

Le ciel c'est une hermine; une tache à l'azur
C'est pour l'œil provençal ce qu'est pour un goût sûr
Le manque de justesse.

The truth is that M. Xavier Aubryet is much more at home in lively prose disquisitions *de omnibus rebus* than in these terrible French lyric measures, which make mediocre poetry a thing more intolerable than it is in any other language. In his Alexandrines he succeeds better; but here, too, we think we should have liked him better still in prose.

This certainly cannot be said of M. Leconte de Lisle, whose always welcome *Poèmes antiques*, after knowing a good many forms in their five-and-twenty years of life, now make their appearance once more in the "Petite bibliothèque" of M. Lemerre (10). We do not know that M. Leconte de Lisle pleases us so well in this, his most popular work, as in the *Poèmes barbares* and in some of his miscellaneous pieces, a good many of which, however, have been incorporated with the later editions of *Poèmes antiques*. There is, perhaps, nothing in this volume which has quite the vigour and *furia* of "Le Runois" and "Le massacre de Mona," or quite the poetical charm of "Requies." But since the Indian poems of the volume originally published as *Poèmes et poésies* were incorporated with the *Poèmes antiques*, these latter have made up one of the volumes which no one who wishes to obtain a satisfactory view of modern French poetry can afford to neglect. "Cunacepa" has always been one of the pieces best liked by the poet's special devotees, while of the strictly classical poems, "Pan," a short piece in Alexandrine couplets, extending to twenty-four lines only, is remarkable not merely for the masterly way in which the separate parts are crowded into the picture, and yet not overcrowded, but also because it is a typical example of the kind of poem which has been most affected in France for nearly half a century—the poem in which a picture complete, vivid, and carefully worked out in parts, is presented to the reader. There is, of course, no doubt that this confusion of the two arts has gone somewhat too far; but still it has produced sufficiently good work to make typical specimens of it interesting. It ought to be added that the scene "Hypatie et Cyrille" shows not a little dramatic power of a certain kind—that is to say, a kind to be judged according to the standard of Racine and not of Shakespeare.

The same "Petite bibliothèque," which is now becoming a "Grande bibliothèque," at least as far as the number of its volumes goes, has been increased by the addition of the fifteenth volume of M. François Victor Hugo's Shakespeare (11) and by the second volume of M. Aulard's version of Leopardi (12). The former contains the *Tempest* and the *Winter's Tale*. The latter is occupied for about eighty pages with prose versions of poems; for the rest, with translations of the "moral works"—that is to say, the prose talks, dialogues, and other miscellanies in which the Italian poet poured out his gall. The resemblance between certain of these latter and Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* is striking, and indeed it can hardly have escaped any reader.

French children have, as a rule, been very fairly off for books intended for their special consumption, though there is no

French Lewis Carroll. *Les infortunes de Chou-chou* (13) is a pleasant little story of a young woman of tender years, who had a too great tendency (like some other young women not of tender years) to cry at everything without rhyme or reason. It is illustrated prettily enough, but cannot in this respect compare with M. Girardin's and M. Assollant's books for boys, especially with the latter. *Grand-père* (14) is, like all its author's legends of schoolboy life in the provinces, very natural, and very free from anything that is objectionable, though perhaps an English boy would like it better, and would be right in liking it better, without its rather unnecessary codicil in which the hero has a wife chosen for him. By great good luck she happens to be the one he would himself have chosen; but this is an accident. M. Assollant is, in familiar phrase, a cut above the general run of boys' book-makers in England, and *Pendragon* (15) has style and literary merit as well as movement and colour. The hero is a Gaulish chief, who serves in the armies of Alexander the Great, and who, of course, performs wonders mounted on a terrific steed, which is represented in the illustrations after a fashion calculated to cause the pleasantest alarm. M. Deslys (16) is also a writer of no small powers, and his volume, like the others previously mentioned, is abundantly illustrated. It contains three separate tales intended for perhaps rather older readers.

(13) *Les infortunes de Chou-chou*. Par Mme. Colomb. Paris: Hachette.

(14) *Grand-père*. Par J. Girardin. Paris: Hachette.

(15) *Pendragon*. Par A. Assollant. Paris: Hachette.

(16) *L'ami français*. Par Ch. Deslys. Paris: Hachette.

ERRATUM.—For "Mrs. Mary Barker," in our last week's notice of "Some Drawings of Ancient Embroidery" (Sotheran and Co.), read "Mrs. Mary Barber."

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The New Year and the Session. The Transvaal Rebellion. The Trial of the Agitators. Eastern Affairs. The Atlantic Republic. Judicial Recreations. Thuringian Landowners. Epping Forest. French Prosperity.

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Memoir of Charles John Herries. Elephant's Land of Gilead. Queen Ophelia. Hall's International Law. Talbot's Greece and the Greeks. Two Foreign Novels. Siberia in Europe. French Literature.

(9) *Le triptyque*. Par Xavier Aubryet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(10) *Œuvres de Leconte de Lisle—Poèmes antiques*. Paris: Lemerre.

(11) *Œuvres complètes de Shakespeare*. Traduites par F. V. Hugo. Tome 25^{me}. Paris: Lemerre.

(12) *Poésies et œuvres morales de Leopardi*. Par F. A. Aulard. Tome 2^{me}. Paris: Lemerre.



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THE QUEEN'S SPEECH—IRELAND.

AS the material points of the QUEEN'S Speech had been communicated to the daily papers a day or two before the meeting of Parliament, public curiosity was concentrated on the impending debate, or rather on Mr. GLADSTONE's explanation of the policy of the Government. Lord BEACONSFIELD, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and any of their supporters who might take part in the discussion, could only express with more or less force the general conviction. It will be admitted that the two leaders of the Opposition satisfied general expectation by the mode in which they discharged a not very difficult duty. Lord BEACONSFIELD proved that he had warned the country and his successors of the impending danger, and that he had proposed not only to renew the Peace Preservation Act, but, if necessary, to render its terms more stringent. He was answered by Mr. GLADSTONE's assurance that Ireland had never been so prosperous or so generally contented as at the date of the change of Ministry. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's speech was still more effective; but the question between the two parties has little interest or importance. If Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues had been deficient in foresight and in firmness, their shortcomings furnish no excuse for any neglect of duty by the present Government. The task of delivering the Ministerial apology afforded occasion for the exercise of Mr. GLADSTONE's peculiar genius. He had to master two inconsistent propositions; and no orator is more capable of tolerating and reconciling contradictions. It was necessary to vindicate the determination to provide in January for the maintenance of order which has been disturbed since September or October without official interference. If he is right now, he was wrong three months ago, for the excuse that it was desirable to wait till public opinion became unanimous is but a transparent evasion. It was little to the purpose to cite instances in which former Governments have been timid and dilatory. Such precedents furnish warning rather than example, even when they are not disinterred from obsolete records. Mr. GLADSTONE actually thought it worth while to quote a speech delivered by Mr. PEEL in 1814, when he was a young man of five-and-twenty, lately appointed to his first subordinate office. If it were worth while to investigate the circumstances, no surprise would be caused by the discovery that Lord LIVERPOOL's administration of Irish affairs was not extraordinarily prescient or vigorous.

Mr. GLADSTONE laid great stress on the prosecution of Mr. PARNELL and his associates as an experiment by which the efficiency of the existing law might be tested before exceptional measures were proposed. It might have occurred to the ingenious apologist that the prosecution has, whether it ends in acquittal or conviction, already done its best and its worst. The verdict of the jury can in no way affect the undoubted fact that the Land League has established its despotism in the greater part of Ireland, and that ordinary justice is entirely suspended. By introducing a Coercion Bill while the prosecution is still pending the Government distinctly admits the absence of cohesion between the measures which are required and the solitary effort which has been made to check or punish one form of crime. The wholesale acquisition by the Irish populace of firearms, largely supplied, it is said, by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's constituents, could not possibly be prevented or discouraged by the indictment of Mr. PARNELL.

The great majority of the agents of the Land League and of other agrarian conspirators have no concern in the trial, though they will of course boast of a triumph if the jury should be intimidated. It was, in truth, impossible to devise any reason for the delay which would not be an argument against the Coercion Bill itself. It is satisfactory to learn that the measure is to take precedence of other business, and it may be inferred that Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared with some scheme for repressing the obstruction which has been threatened by Mr. PARNELL. It is not undesirable that his pugnacity should be partially diverted from his ordinary opponents to the enemies of free Parliamentary debate. In any feasible plan for the defeat of efforts to obstruct business he will be cordially supported by the great majority of the House.

The conduct of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be observed with curiosity and perhaps with amusement. In his exposition of the reasons for postponing coercion, Mr. GLADSTONE omitted to mention the decisive cause, which was the successful resistance of his Birmingham colleague to the policy which is supposed to have been recommended by Mr. FORSTER. When, as it is believed, the Cabinet was hesitating, Mr. BRIGHT propounded the marvellous doctrine that force was no remedy for anarchy caused by discontent. Neither Mr. BRIGHT nor Mr. CHAMBERLAIN qualified their repudiation of a policy of coercion by any reference to times and seasons; nor did they pretend to rely on the efficacy of the State prosecution. They produced, and probably intended to produce, the impression that their colleagues must choose between license to Irish crime and the continuance in office of the extreme Radical section of the Ministry. It was, on the whole, thought better to give over Ireland to the dominion of the Land League than to lose the support of the great democratic orator and of the chief manager of the Birmingham Election Club. For every crime which might have been prevented by the earlier suspension of the Habeas Corpus and by the disarmament of the disaffected population, Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are not exclusively responsible, because their colleagues submitted to their dictation. It will henceforth be convenient to discontinue as far as possible the retrospective criticism which is unavoidably suggested by Mr. GLADSTONE's apology. If the Government will at last do its duty, it ought to be supported, inasmuch as no competitors are ready to take the place of the present Ministers. Even the conduct of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may be condoned now that they have practically acknowledged their error.

Mr. GLADSTONE was probably well advised in referring but vaguely and slightly to the measure which he intends to introduce with respect to the tenure of land. It is to be founded on the Act of 1870, which he still regards with complacency, though he will be compelled to retract the assurances with which the measure was defended at the time. It may be collected from Mr. GLADSTONE's statement that some legislative control over the amount of rent is to be established, and that the machinery by which Mr. BRIGHT's Clauses were to be worked is to be rendered more effective. The Report of the Irish Land Commission includes a recommendation of the "three F's"; but it is only signed by three Commissioners out of five—Lord Bessborough, Baron Down, and Mr. SHAW are at issue with Mr. KAVANAUGH and The O'CONNOR DON. It is but a barren inquiry whether a Land Bill ought to have been post-

poned until the Coercion Bill was passed. The choice necessarily lay with the Government, and Parliament and the country must acquiesce in the decision. It is certainly unfortunate that any organic legislation which can be defended as expedient and equitable should appear to have been extorted by violence. There is still less reason for spontaneous concessions such as that which is mentioned in the Speech. The proposal of County Boards in Ireland seems in a high degree injudicious. The constitution of the Grand Juries is in some respects anomalous; but their powers are limited, and there is no urgent need of a change. The disaffected part of the population will rightly interpret the measure as a partial admission of the principle of Home Rule. If County Boards are created, it is inevitable, in conformity with the precedents of modern legislation, that they should be elected by numerous and poor constituencies. Although it will be their nominal function to levy and administer rates, it is certain that property will not be adequately represented. At the risk of arousing prejudice, it may be well to assert that nothing is at present likely to be more injurious to Ireland than an extension of elective institutions. Among the Irish members are many persons of a class which never ought to enter the walls of Parliament, and even their less discreditable colleagues have no pretension to represent the property and intelligence of Ireland. It will not be the worst peculiarity of County Boards elected by the same constituencies that they will probably perpetrate the grossest jobbery. It is certain that they will be employed by agitators for political purposes, and especially to promote the disruption of which they will be considered an instalment. Even if the measure had been more expedient in substance, it is at the present time wholly inopportune. If the Government resolved to countenance the claims of the revolutionary faction by making a change in land tenure the condition of suppression of disorder, it is unnecessary and undesirable to coax and wheedle the malcontents by irrelevant concessions. The powers of the Grand Juries are not even included in the current list of popular grievances. The county Land Leagues will gladly accept the invitation of the Government to transform themselves into County Boards.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

NOTHING could have been more modest and curt, not to say bald, than those parts of the QUEEN'S Speech which referred to other than Irish matters. The QUEEN'S relations with foreign Powers continue to be friendly and harmonious. This is always said, unless the country is on the eve of a war. What is the real extent of friendship and the exact character of the harmony is what we should like to know; but this is the very thing that it is impossible to disclose in a short and formal paragraph. The main question relating to the frontier between Turkey and Montenegro has been settled. This is true, and is no more or less than the truth. The main question has been settled, subsidiary questions have not been settled. Criticism is studiously deprecated by an utter absence of glorification in the result, and of reference to the means by which the result was attained. The Powers are now engaged in communications which have in view the determination of the frontier between Turkey and Greece. This is a good, bald, dry fact. The Powers are indisputably so engaged, but whether these labours are likely to lead to anything, or at what result it is desirable they should arrive, we know no more after reading the QUEEN'S Speech than before. Some unfulfilled portions of the Treaty of Berlin continue to occupy the attention of the QUEEN and her Government. There are many unfulfilled provisions of the treaty, and if they are all occupying attention, they must be making a heavy demand on it. A little more explicitness is shown when the turn comes of the Basutos and the Boers. Friendly mediation is proffered between the natives and the colonists; and it may be hoped that such an end to the contest may be possible and effectual; but from a technical point of view it is strange to hear of a Sovereign mediating between two sets of her subjects as if she was mediating between Chili and Peru. The Boers by their precipitate recourse to arms have made inevitable a postponement of that almost complete freedom which was about to be bestowed on them. Lastly, the war in Afghanistan has been brought to a close, and, with the exception of

the Candahar force, all the QUEEN'S troops have been recalled within the Indian frontier. It is not the intention of the Government to retain Candahar permanently; but the still unsettled state of the country and the consequent difficulty of establishing a native ruler have delayed for a time the withdrawal of the army from that position. This tells us, indeed, if any one can have supposed it doubtful, that it is not the intention of the Government to make Candahar a part of the territory of British India. But it leaves us entirely in the dark as to when Candahar will be evacuated. The country is said to be still unsettled, and there is no native Government to which Candahar can be given over. What we are to do with Candahar is, therefore, uncertain as it was when Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS relieved it. The QUEEN concluded this part of her speech by informing Parliament that further correspondence on the Military Estimates of India would be laid before it; and it needed the subsequent explanation of Mr. GLADSTONE to understand that this laconic and mysterious phrase meant that the materials now existed for asking a decision on the difficult and anxious subject of the proper contribution of England to the expenses of the war.

The principle on which the Speech was framed is sufficiently obvious. The real business of the Parliament is to deal with Ireland. It is Ireland that absorbs the attention which is conventionally supposed to be occupied with the constitution of Macedonia or the woes of the Armenians. It was Ireland, and Ireland only, as to which there was a keen anxiety to know the intentions of the Government. Other subjects had to be noticed, but they might be so noticed that criticism and information should alike be minimized. They had to appear on the scene, but they might be arranged like the bodyguard of a prince, which, if it is but decently and simply dressed, escapes notice. Some criticism was, of course, unavoidable. It is the business of the leaders of the Opposition to criticize every part of the QUEEN'S Speech, and Lord BEACONSFIELD went through his task in one House, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in the other. The choice of the line which criticism was to take was, however, limited. There was the criticism that there was nothing to criticize, that nothing had been told, and that by an exaggerated reticence the Government had left Parliament entirely in the dark as to the past, the present, and the future. This was the line Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE adopted, and Mr. GLADSTONE could only say in reply that the supplement to the QUEEN'S Speech was to be found in a recent speech of Lord GRANVILLE. The real reply would have been that Parliament and the Government equally wished that attention should for the moment be exclusively directed to Ireland. Lord BEACONSFIELD could scarcely be satisfied with this sort of negative comment, and set himself to attack the general policy of the Government. In doing this he had the choice of two lines. He might have shown with great effect that the present Government has stolen the clothes of the last Government. In spite of all the fiery denunciations and wild assertions of the Midlothian campaign, Mr. GLADSTONE has no choice but to carry out the Treaty of Berlin. The Government is hurrying forward troops to sustain the authority of the QUEEN in the Transvaal, the acquisition of which was described by many members of the Government as a piece of sheer robbery. The late Government almost immediately before its fall declared that it desired no accession of territory in Afghanistan, but must endeavour to find some trustworthy native to take over, not only Cabul, but Candahar. This is in almost so many words the policy announced in the QUEEN'S Speech. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE always said that England would do something to help India in the cost of the war, but could never decide how much ought to be done, and this is precisely where the QUEEN'S Speech leaves us. Nothing, it might easily be made to appear, could be a greater tribute to the soundness of the policy pursued by the late Government than the curious completeness with which the present Government has found itself obliged to walk in its steps. But from a party point of view there was a most serious objection to taking this line of criticism. It would have given the Opposition a great momentary triumph, but it would have much hampered it in the future. If it had owned that the policy of the Government was its own policy, how could it say that this policy was wrong? It would have had the pleasure of patronizing the Government; but the business of an Opposition is not to patronize, but to attack. Lord BEACONSFIELD,

therefore, boldly adopted an exactly contrary line of criticism, and alleged that the policy of the Government was a startling and an unpatriotic departure from the policy of its predecessors. The facts might have been thought to point to an opposite conclusion. But it was the business of Lord BEACONSFIELD not to trouble himself about facts so much as to get his party into a position for effective attack. He, therefore, made the Government a present of a character for boldness and originality, but this was a small sacrifice in comparison with the gain of getting a clear field for arguing that everything the Government may do or has done is wrong.

Parliament is to have other business brought before it by the Government when the main Irish Bills are disposed of; but the Government has been extremely moderate in carving out other than Irish business. Its Bills are only Bills which it could not help bringing in, or which excite a languid and a local interest. Corporal punishment is to be abolished in the army and navy. This is merely a fulfilment of what was announced last Session, and it is the only measure that can be said to be of a party character. Every other measure announced would as naturally have been prepared by a Conservative as by a Liberal Government. A Bankruptcy Bill is a simple necessity. It is a scandal that it should have been so long postponed; and, if the new Bill differs from that brought in by Lord CAIRNS, it will differ only so far as further discussion and more experience may have shown how the Bill of Lord CAIRNS can be advantageously modified. The general nature of a Bankruptcy Bill, by whichever party it may be prepared, is now clearly determined, and it is not so much interesting to know that a Bankruptcy Bill is to be prepared as to hear that it is to be placed in the charge of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It will give scope to his superabundant energy, and that it should be confided to him is a recognition of the important fact that a Bankruptcy Bill is the proper affair of traders rather than lawyers. The difficulty is to decide how trade can best be carried on rather than to shape clauses. Two little Bills follow which are no doubt very useful and necessary. Something is to be done to regulate floods, and something more to regulate Scotch charitable endowments. These are measures of local importance, but they can scarcely excite any party feeling, and they only find their way into the QUEEN'S Speech because it would have been difficult to find any measures better calculated to keep the end of the Speech to a neutral tone. The general discussion of the effects of the Ballot Bill, which to the legitimate discontent of the Opposition was evaded last Session by the device of a Continuance Bill, is this year to occupy a proper share of the attention of Parliament; and recent disgraceful disclosures, which have equally affected both parties, will prompt an equal ingenuity on both sides to devise new methods of stifling or baffling electoral corruption. When the Government discloses the contents of these measures there will be abundant room for the expression of varieties of opinion; but there is nothing exciting in the knowledge that these are the measures as to which the Government will take the opinion of Parliament. None of them raises a burning question, and in a Session which will see the flaming question of Ireland glare so fiercely, it is prudent to keep down everything else to the lowest possible level of excitement.

THE REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE alleged moderation of the insurgent Government of the Transvaal can be only conventionally supposed to indicate the probability of a compromise. The leaders of the revolt graciously offer to receive an English Consul at Pretoria, and even to take into future consideration some measure of a federative character. In return, they require the concession of independence, which is the only issue raised by the insurrection. The organs of the English Government have not thus far recommended absolute and immediate submission; and the Boers have evidently determined not to resume their allegiance until they have tried their strength in the field. They are probably aware of the scanty number of Imperial troops in South Africa, and they have perhaps not anticipated the immediate

despatch of reinforcements. The unnecessary hurry in which both the late and the present Governments withdrew the troops after the end of the Zulu war has probably been interpreted as a proof that English forces were not again to be employed in South Africa. Many unwise statements to that effect have been made in newspapers and at public meetings, and it was not unnaturally supposed that the colonists of the Cape agreed to a policy which would complete their practical independence. During the Basuto war the Cape Government has asked for no aid from home; and, on the other side, there has been no officious offer of support. The Transvaal leaders have apparently satisfied themselves of their ability to deal with the only forces of which Sir GEORGE COLLIER can immediately dispose. Their hopes will have been confirmed by the hitherto unexplained defeat of an English detachment. The general result is unfortunately not doubtful; but it is difficult to believe Mr. JOUBERT'S account of the combat. He asserts that, on the refusal of the officer in command to suspend his march, the detachment, after an exchange of one or two volleys, capitulated in a few minutes to an inferior force of raw volunteers. The statement has since been to some extent authoritatively contradicted. It appears that the first account of the slaughter resulting from a surprise was not inaccurate.

The rumour of an alliance between the Boers of the Orange Free State and the insurgents in the Transvaal is likely to be well founded. Mr. BRAND, President of the Free State, has for the most part maintained friendly relations with the Imperial and Colonial Governments, though during his visit to England three or four years ago he gave no encouragement to Lord CARNARVON'S proposal of federation. During the Basuto war the colonial forces have been allowed to pass freely through the territory of the Free State, until the approach of the outbreak in the Transvaal, when difficulties were for the first time raised by some of the local authorities. In ordinary times the Dutch of the Republic probably understand that the white population of South Africa has a common interest in repressing the pretensions of the natives to independence. In disarming the Basutos the Cape Government was incidentally securing the neighbouring Free State from the possible hostility of a formidable enemy. Residents in the country may perhaps not share the disapprobation of Mr. SPRIGGS'S policy which has been expressed both by professed philanthropists and by official politicians in England. The earlier disasters of the conflict had apparently been redeemed, for all recent accounts concur in representing the colonial forces as generally successful, especially in the capture of large numbers of sheep and cattle. The whole conditions of the struggle may be reversed if the Orange Free State is closed to the English columns. The vast and thinly-inhabited territory of the Republic extends along the entire length of the Basuto country, and separates it from the colony. The rebellious natives would be quick to discern the difficulties of their adversaries; and they would also perceive that during the continuance of the war in the Transvaal they have little to apprehend on the side of Natal. That a virtual alliance with uncivilized tribes against European supremacy would be suicidal is no security against its being adopted under the influence of passion and prejudice. It is possible that the Boers of the Free State may attempt to distinguish between the interest of the Cape Colony in coercing the Basutos, and the claim of the English Government to the sovereignty of the Transvaal; but such an attempt would certainly fail. Any assistance which may be given to the insurgents will effect a diversion in favour of the Basutos.

In less scrupulous times a Government suddenly, if not treacherously, attacked by rebellious subjects, would not have hesitated to use all the means which could be discovered for checking and punishing the insurgents. It is believed that the Boers have long before their declaration of war set the example of resorting to native assistance; but the Imperial Government cannot ally itself with savages against civilized opponents. It has, in fact, though not of set purpose, relieved the Boers of the Transvaal from contingent dangers which might perhaps have deterred them from insurrection. SECOCOENT, who had brought the former Republic to the verge of destruction, and CETEWAYO, who had repeatedly announced his intention of washing his spears in the blood of the Boers, have

both been crushed by English arms since the date of the annexation. If the two potentates still threatened the frontier of the Transvaal, the English protectorate would have been endured, even if it had not been cordially liked. A section of Dutch politicians at the Cape has encouraged the separatist tendencies which could not fail to display themselves in the Transvaal. One of the inconveniences of popular government of the modern type is the inevitable existence of an Opposition which naturally occupies itself in thwarting the policy of the Government. The mischief is aggravated in communities where there are jealousies of race as well as party dissensions. The well-advised part of the Dutch population probably welcomed the resumption of English allegiance by a community of their own blood and language. Though federation has been postponed, the English provinces will inevitably hereafter form some kind of political union, either by a federal constitution or by the extension of the limits of the colony. In such a contingency the Dutch element would be reinforced by the addition to the Cape of the wide region of the Transvaal. It is not surprising that another party should resent the annexation of a Dutch province which had for some years enjoyed independence. The singularly inopportune time and manner in which the union was effected furnished abundant ground for adverse criticism; but, on the whole, the sounder view seems, down to the recent rupture, to have prevailed at the Cape. The subject of the Transvaal has been rarely discussed in the colonial Parliament; and Sir BARTLE FRERE's extraordinary popularity was in no degree impaired when, as the organ of the Imperial Government, he had informed the Transvaal remonstrants that there was no prospect of the restoration of their independence. Mr. SPRIGG and his colleagues may justly take credit to themselves for the general suspension during their term of office of apparent antagonism between the English and the Dutch. Sir G. COLLEY's judicious language will tend to allay any tendency to natural jealousy which may exist among the Dutch of the colony. He shows both good taste and sound judgment in warning the troops who may be engaged in the contest that the Boers of the Transvaal are brave men of civilized rank. It is left for passionate and irresponsible declaimers to denounce by anticipation as cowards the yet unsubdued descendants of one of the bravest nations of the world.

It is well that the concurrence of both political parties in the blunder perpetrated at the Transvaal will prevent recrimination, or at least render it innocuous. Neither Lord KIMBERLEY nor Mr. GLADSTONE at the time disapproved of the annexation, and Lord KIMBERLEY's former subordinate at the Colonial Office publicly, and without remonstrance from his superiors, applauded the measure. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, afterwards denounced with characteristic significance the forcible substitution of monarchical rule for Republican institutions; and, in his animosity against Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government, he declared that the independence of the Transvaal ought to be restored; but he had estopped himself from objecting to the transaction by not protesting at the time, and he afterwards repudiated his later pledge when he had official power to redeem it. It oddly happens that almost the only member of Parliament who has been consistent in denouncing the annexation is admitted to the ranks of the Administration at the very moment when the Transvaal has risen in insurrection. It is possible that the leaders of the rebellion may be encouraged by the promotion of their most conspicuous advocate; but the coincidence of the appointment with the outbreak of war was probably accidental; and it would have been hard on Mr. COURTNEY to be excluded from office merely because he had happened almost alone to take the correct view of an important political question. If the vacancy had occurred in the Colonial Office instead of the Home Office, it would not have been convenient to appoint a declared opponent of the policy to which the Government is committed. There is no reason to doubt that Lord KIMBERLEY will act consistently with his former policy, and his intentions will be vigorously expounded in the House of Commons by Mr. GRANT DUFF.

THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

FOR persons who delight to exercise their powers of political and military divination, there is probably no subject so promising at the present time as the progress of the expedition which, under the command of General SKOBELEFF, is striving to vindicate the prestige of Russia, to avenge the defeat of Geok Tepe, and to open the route to Merv. For many months since, and even before the collapse of LAZAREFF's attempt, the sources of intelligence on the subject have been almost wholly Russian. When the Czar's Generals turned away correspondents from their camp, one only, the Correspondent of the *Daily News*, persevered in the attempt to tap some new source of information. After long hanging about in the Astrabad district, this Correspondent journeyed to Teheran, and thence to Meshed, the chief town of the North-Western frontier district of Persia, where, with not a little difficulty, he obtained permission to try his chance among the robber tribes who strike equal terror into Russians and Persians. From Meshed he made his way to Derguez or Derogez, the last station on Turkish territory, a short distance only from Askabad, the capital of the Western Turkoman tribes, and a somewhat greater distance from the guarded hold of Geok Tepe itself. Farther than this he does not seem to have hitherto succeeded in getting. This Correspondent, however, who is not actually on the spot, and whose messages have to find their way by the circuitous route of Meshed and Teheran, is absolutely the only source of anything like first-hand or rather of good second-hand information, independent of the Russian official bulletins, or of such rumours as may leak out as to the real contents of the telegrams sent by General SKOBELEFF. Of these the first are almost entirely untrustworthy; the second, for the most part guesses, come either from St. Petersburg or from Vienna, and require to be taken with an inordinate number of grains of salt. It is only by putting two and two together, and venturing not a little in the way of conjectural interpretation, that anything like a probable account of what is actually going on can be made up.

One thing is as nearly as may be certain, and that is that in Christmas week important engagements took place; and it is also very nearly certain that these engagements resulted in loss to the Russians, perhaps in loss not very much less than on the former occasion when they went down before the fiery onset of the desert cavalry. The situation had been known to be growing critical for some time. General SKOBELEFF had gradually been accumulating the resources upon which he intended principally to rely for his attack on the Tekke stronghold; that is to say, a very large number of guns and mitrailleuses, an arm in which he was certain to meet with little opposition in kind, and which might be thought likely to produce especial effect on undisciplined foes, defended only by mud walls. It was also rumoured, though this rumour rested on somewhat slender foundation, that General KUROPATKINE had come to his aid with a considerable Russian force from Samarcand and the Eastern Khanates. This latter item of intelligence was extremely important if true, for hitherto the road from the north and east to the Tekke oases had been considered simply impassable. A single caravan track is marked on the map from Khiva to a point considerably to the eastward of any that the Russians have yet reached; another from Khiva to Merv; others again from the course of the Amu Darya to the same place. But these latter, passing through the territory of the Merv Tekkes—more numerous, warlike, and hostile than the Akkals themselves—might be considered as hopelessly out of the question, and any Russian expedition which, starting from Charjui or elsewhere on the great river, should reach Geok Tepe, would have made its way by a practically new route. General KUROPATKINE's arrival, therefore, at least in any force, seemed in the highest degree improbable. At the same time it was certain that the Tekkes had received considerable reinforcements—certain because the rumours to that effect were confirmed independently from the source already alluded to, the force having passed close to Derogez. This reinforcement amounted, it was said, to eight thousand men mounted on camels and asses, and having some few guns with them. Whether these had actually joined the defenders of Geok Tepe or not at the time of fighting cannot be determined. But it seems that on Christmas Eve an engagement, and no small one, was fought.

Putting the Russian official account and the independent report together, it seems that General SKOBLEFF, annoyed at the successful attacks of the Tekkes on his communications, ordered either a regular attack or a reconnaissance in force, that he was stoutly resisted, that he had to bring up reinforcements, and that finally he had to retreat to Bami. Two guns are said to have been lost, but recovered by the Russians; and the same semi-official source declares that the loss of the Turcomans from mitrailleuses and artillery was very heavy, while the Russian loss was a doctor wounded, a soldier killed, and three men wounded. Now here, as constantly in reference to this Central Asian matter, the Russians have shown themselves unskilful in the art of cooking despatches. Seven companies of infantry, two hundred cavalry, and artillery to match are not usually able to fight for four hours with twenty thousand men who show daring and persistence (we give the Russian figures and phrases), at the cost of one man killed and four wounded—among them not a single combatant officer. Nor is a retreat, after the loss (even if it were followed by recapture) of guns, usually allowed by victorious troops in vastly superior numbers, and almost wholly mounted men, to take place on such terms. It is extremely probable that the vague Persian report subsequently received of a Russian loss of three thousand is exaggerated the other way. But it will take a good deal to persuade most people that the invaders have not suffered another serious repulse, and this is, it seems, the apprehension felt in St. Petersburg. This apprehension may be unfounded, but the Russian Government has only to thank for it the persistent and bungling mendacity of those who concoct its bulletins in this Turcoman matter.

The important thing for Englishmen, of course, is not so much the fact of this particular Russian reverse, but the effect that it is likely to exercise on the whole plan of the Russian expedition. At present the deliberate judgment of all competent observers at a distance, corroborated by that of the only competent observer anywhere near the spot, is that the CZAR'S advisers are bent on the present conquest and annexation of the Akkal Tekkes, to be followed, though at an indefinite period, by similar action in respect to Merv. It is thought, however, that, in gratitude to HER MAJESTY'S present Government, and as a consideration for value received, action against Merv is likely to be stayed. But, although this new reverse, if it be a fact, would show the difficulties which await the Russians in their progress eastward from the Caspian, the Russian commanders in these out-of-the-way districts are not wont to be discouraged by difficulties. That nothing can prevent them in the long run from getting the better, unless Persia took up a resolute attitude of unfriendly neutrality, seems certain, and that Persia is, especially in existing circumstances, extremely unlikely to adopt any such attitude, is all but certain. The presence of the victor of Maiwand undisturbed at Herat, and the announced withdrawal from Candahar, may be said to settle this question: The Persians would hardly be sensible men if they refused to wink at one powerful neighbour suppressing a very troublesome set of other neighbours, the refusal being for the sake of a third neighbour, who is far off, who is apparently indifferent about the matter, and who carries her indifference so far that she does not even care to avenge her own wrongs or keep her own conquests in the same part of the world. But, in reality, the point of importance in the late intelligence is the truth or falsity of the arrival of General KUROPATKINE in the Akkal settlements from the Amu Darya. That arrival, unless it was a mere exploring party that accompanied the General, would settle the question as to the power of Russian troops to traverse easily, and with comparative rapidity, the belt of desert which separates their actual central Asian possessions from the Persian and Afghan frontiers. The confidence of those who believe in the inaccessibility of India was, or ought to have been, not a little shaken by the easy march of AYUB with guns and troops of all arms from Herat to Candahar. The march of KUROPATKINE, if it were a fact, from the Amu Darya to the neighbourhood of Gook Tepe, would be an additional shock of the same kind. Certain partisans of the "backward" policy would appear to meet this by a sufficiently original argument—"If your frontiers are too accessible, push them back." As an argument *pour rire* this is good; for any other purpose it is scarcely worth serious consideration. The absence of confirmation of the KUROPATKINE march and the presence

of confirmation of SKOBLEFF'S defeat would, of course, be satisfactory enough in their way. But whether they would do more than adjourn the day of the Tekkes' overthrow is doubtful. Even putting selfish considerations apart, it is impossible to avoid regret at the uselessness of such displays of valour on the part of a brave people borne down by the sheer brute force of an enormous and unscrupulous Empire.

THE LAST SPEECHES OF THE RECESS.

THE speeches delivered on the eve of the meeting of Parliament close a definite stage of political controversy. The issues on which parties are divided will henceforth be more clearly defined, and the policy of the Government will be judged not by mere conjecture, but in reference to official apologies and declarations. During the recess, the Government has derived a certain advantage from the inability of friends and enemies to comprehend its obstinate inaction. It seemed that there must be some reason for a course which admitted of no obvious explanation. In default of plausible conjectures, it only remained for both parties to confine themselves to obvious commonplaces. Ministerial speakers at all hazards applauded the determination of the Government to abide by the law, however inoperative it might prove, in the shape in which it happened to exist at a critical moment. It has never been explained why a certain machinery for the protection of life and property should be indefensibly sacred, even when it has ceased to perform the function for which it was designed; but partisans have a natural propensity to satisfy themselves with cant. Their leaders have indulged their taste with contemptuous indifference to reason and to plausibility. Force, according to Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, is not the proper remedy for discontent. Other purveyors of sophistry quote the lackeyed and misunderstood assertion of CAVOUI, that any man can govern with a state of siege, forgetting that in the meantime Ireland has not been governed at all. Sir WILFRID LAWSON at a meeting a few days ago at Cockermouth caricatured the language of faction by attacking the late Government in language which had the fault not only of injustice but of anachronism. The dullest Liberals, notwithstanding their unwillingness to admit new impressions, must be tired of sweeping denunciations of Lord BEACONSFIELD and his policy. A year ago there might be some pleasure in hearing that the Ministers of the day were guilty, according to Sir WILFRID LAWSON, of "murder, robbery, false witness, and stealing." Of late they have neither murdered nor robbed, nor have they even engaged in a naval demonstration.

Remembering at last that even a liberal audience is likely to be thinking rather of the Land League than of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S delinquencies, Sir WILFRID LAWSON thought fit to assert that "the melancholy state of Ireland is very much due to the proceedings of the late Tory Government." They had been in power for six years, and they had not redressed any of the crowning wrongs of Ireland. As the crowning wrongs, if they mean anything, consist of the tenure of land, it seems unreasonable to blame the late Government for not reopening the questions which they found freshly settled by the Land Act of 1870. Their predecessors had undertaken to solve the problem, and within ten years it was too soon to assume that the experiment had been fully tried. It is true that the late Ministers involved themselves in some unnecessary squabbles with the majority of Irish members. They might prudently have deprived them of an excuse for factious opposition by assenting to slightly mischievous Bills for the reduction of the Parliamentary and municipal franchise. The admission to the suffrage of the lowest rabble could not alter for the worse the representation which includes the tradesmen and adventurers who are the principal members of the Land League. On the other hand, the Home Rule party cared but little for the rejection of their measures, and the result of six years of Tory rule was, if Mr. GLADSTONE may be trusted, a condition of loyalty and content which had never before been known in Ireland. The Government was not, even by its adversaries, held responsible for the failure of crops in 1879; and it showed no want of good will and activity in providing for the consequent wants of the population. The distress was subsiding when Mr. GLADSTONE, for his own purposes, discovered the existence of universal peace and good will.

It was at the moment necessary to account for the non-renewal of the Peace Preservation Act, which could not directly have been allowed to expire, if there had been the smallest foundation for Sir WILFRID LAWSON's charges.

Mr. COWEN deals with political questions in a more serious spirit than Sir WILFRID LAWSON; and his independence and originality of thought always render his speeches worthy of attention. A great part of an address which he delivered to his constituents a few days ago was occupied with subjects which have lately fallen into the background. Mr. COWEN condemned, not for the first time, the artificial arrangements by which the Birmingham League suppresses independence and withholds toleration. To a politician who, though a zealous democrat, has a sincere attachment to freedom, the substitution of a factious oligarchy for a large constituency justly appears to be a gross abuse of electoral power. Those inhabitants of Birmingham and its confederated towns who decline to ally themselves with the dominant party are as completely disfranchised both for local and Imperial purposes as the Roman Catholics of two centuries ago. Mr. COWEN, a Liberal of the Liberals, was strong and popular enough to defy the Newcastle offshoot from Birmingham; and consequently the Liberal Association tendered its submission to a resolute antagonist. He now repeats his well-founded objections to an organization which is nevertheless perhaps a necessary result of a widely extended franchise. A similar system in America has been found irresistible. In England the Liberal Associations have not yet reached the stage in which they will be manipulated for purposes of corruption by professional managers. The actual leaders are content with the assertion of their own political supremacy, and with the exclusion of their adversaries from all share in the administration of the revenues to which they contribute. The abortive attack on Mr. COWEN was provoked by his independent action in matters of foreign policy. In his late speech he called attention to the sudden subsidence of the agitation which he had not feared to encounter at its height.

By always adhering to his own convictions, Mr. COWEN has in a certain sense earned the right to be sometimes in the wrong. It is known that his errors are not the result of servile deference to party; yet it has never been easy to understand his tenderness for Irish agitation, and even for the theory of Home Rule. In his late speech he denounced "the resort to the old, vicious, and ignoble device of coercion, 'the nostrum,' as he oddly remarked, 'of all timid political physicians since the days of DRACO.'" It had not been known that DRACO introduced measures for extraordinary coercion by suspending the Habeas Corpus, or in any other form. DRACO's vigorous legislation probably required no occasional supplement in the nature of Peace Preservation Acts. The practice of "Boycotting," which Mr. COWEN describes as a vast system of exclusive dealing, is not, in his judgment, illegal, if not supported by terror or conspiracy. It is notorious that in fact the system depends exclusively on terror, inasmuch as those who refuse to share in the enforcement of social excommunication are in every instance threatened or punished. Mr. COWEN cannot even in this instance be accused of subserviency to the Government which, as he had reason to know at the time, had already resolved to introduce a Coercion Bill. One charge which he made against the Ministers was scarcely just. "Except the Law Officers and a few courtiers, there was not an Irishman in the present Government." A short time ago there was an Irish Under-Secretary in the person of Lord LANSDOWN; but the Government cannot appoint Irish commoners to office because they would forfeit their seats. Mr. GLADSTONE had the merit of defying a foolish clamour which he probably anticipated by appointing a Roman Catholic Irish nobleman to a high Court office. Since that time, Lord KENMARE has been driven by the Land League from Ireland, where he has also been compelled to discontinue improvements of the land which provided remunerative employment for the labouring population.

It is unfortunate that Mr. COWEN should have indirectly countenanced the monstrous doctrine that force is no remedy for disorder. The opposite proposition is opportunely illustrated by the recent experience of the State of Pennsylvania. In that favoured country there are neither landlords nor English intruders; and in Schuylkill county an Irish community had until lately for five-and-twenty years uninterruptedly practised home rule on the

principles of the Land League. The population was organized under the title of the Molly Maguires which had been imported from the mother-country. Murder, torture, mutilation of animals, were as habitually practised as in the worst parts of Connaught; nor was innocence or harmlessness any protection to peaceable inhabitants, if they chanced to violate the decrees of the dominant jury of ruffians. The characteristic combination of anarchy and despotism could have scarcely been attributed even by a new-made English judge to the impulsive generosity which he supposes to have been perverted in Ireland by aristocratic oppression. The truth is that immunity from punishment ensures the continuance of crime; when it has once become habitual. Public opinion among the miners of Schuylkill was, as in Mayo or Sligo, wholly on the side of the ruffian majority. A less barbarous population might probably be tempted in similar circumstances to indulge with little restraint the passions of cupidity, of envy, and revenge. There may perhaps have been Democratic or Republican leaders who completed the analogy between the Molly Maguires and the Land League by encouraging crime for their own political purposes; but in most parts of the United States the real majority is on the side of order; and at last the condition of Schuylkill became intolerable to the State authorities. Mr. COWEN, President of the Reading Railroad, not only refused to submit to the dictation of the Irish conspirators, but he prosecuted their ringleaders with so much vigour and success that twenty-three offenders were hanged. Since that time peace and the supremacy of law have been established in Schuylkill. A less stern vindication of law and justice would have sufficed three months ago to prevent the creation of anarchy in Ireland. Mr. COWEN will probably find himself on this point in a small minority. Mr. CHITTY's speech at Oxford probably represents the average opinion of Liberal members; and even Mr. FAWCETT protested at Manchester against the reckless declarations of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The language of Conservative speakers, especially if they are not in Parliament, has, for the present, less practical importance; but Mr. LOWTHER has removed a common misapprehension by publicly stating that, as Chief Secretary, he was charged by the Government with the conduct of a Bill for the continuance of the Peace Preservation Act. Mr. LOWTHER's denunciation of any interference with the rights of property in Ireland seems not to have been concerted with the leaders of his party.

EPPING FOREST.

SIR THOMAS NELSON has not allowed judgment in the Epping Forest case to go by default. In the *Standard* of Tuesday he undertakes to answer the strictures to which his advocacy of the proposed extension of the Great Eastern Railway to High Beech has exposed him. As regards some of these comments his reply is complete. It is a misfortune that controversies should ever be conducted in the spirit which has apparently animated certain defenders of what we still believe to be the public interest. Suggestions that the Conservators are neglecting their duty by allowing the Forest to be again absorbed by greedy speculators, or that the explanation of Sir THOMAS NELSON's support of the scheme is to be sought in "private ends rather than the public advantage," defeat their own purpose. If these charges were true, the task of those who seek to protect the Forest against the threatened invasion would be very much easier. What makes it difficult is the fact that the motives of those who support the projected railway and of those who oppose it are at bottom identical. The latter are contending, not against the subordination of public interests to private, but against a mistaken theory of public interests.

Sir THOMAS NELSON says, quite truly, that Epping Forest was preserved "for the recreation and enjoyment of the four million inhabitants of the metropolis." From this he draws the conclusion that "there cannot be too much facility given for getting to and enjoying it." This is true or false according to the sense in which the word "enjoying" is used. We contend that the enjoyment that ought to be aimed at is the enjoyment not only of as large a number of persons as possible, but also of as many various tastes as possible. If the four million inhabitants of London could be polled, it is quite possible that a majority of them would say that

the best way of making the Forest minister to their enjoyment would be to lay it out as a vast garden, with walks and drives cut through it in all directions, and seats and refreshment-rooms erected at short intervals. The objection to this method of dealing with the Forest is that it consults the pleasure of one class of persons only, and that, in order to give them more of a kind of enjoyment which they already have in considerable abundance, the pleasure of other classes is sacrificed. Among the four millions of Londoners for whom Sir THOMAS NELSON pleads, there are some to whom such a treatment of the Forest would be in the highest degree distasteful. They set a very high value on the "seclusion and solitude" which parts of the Forest have till now retained. It is not in the least a case of rich against poor. There is no reason why the poor should not be desirous on their rare holidays of leaving the sights and sounds of a great city for a moment behind them. In every class of the community there will be men and women who have the tastes of the naturalist, of the artist, even of the poet, strongly developed. The only chance they have of gratifying these tastes is an occasional day spent in the country, and nowhere can such a day be had so easily as in Epping Forest. There, if they do not mind a couple of miles' walk, and are not deterred by having to climb a hill, and possibly getting their feet wet, they can still find a country which is in a great measure unspoiled. When once they have left the main roads behind them, there is little fear of their being interrupted by the companions who have travelled with them in the train, and who have found equally congenial pleasures at a point very much nearer to the railway station. To these last the best parts of the Forest are still inaccessible. They do not care to wander so far afield. Sir THOMAS NELSON will no doubt object that in saying this we have really conceded all he asks. What is the good of preserving the Forest for the public, if it is suffered to remain inaccessible to the very public for which it has been preserved? The answer is that there is room enough in the Forest for all, and that it is bad policy to deprive the minority of a pleasure which cannot be replaced in order to give the majority more of a pleasure of which they already have a fair store. If the pleasures of the minority and those of the majority were really conflicting, if the minority could not retain the solitude and seclusion they now command in the Forest without depriving the majority of the pleasures which are involved in the idea of accessibility, there would be nothing more to be said. In dealing with public property the interest of the greater number has a paramount title to be considered. But, when the interest of the greater number has been considered, the minority may put in their claim. If it is possible to please them as well as the majority, that is a better arrangement than one which pleases only the majority.

As regards Epping Forest, the wants of the ordinary excursionist are amply supplied. He does not care to have seclusion or solitude; on the contrary, he prefers the cheerfulness and company which remind him of the "Welsh Harp" or the Alexandra Palace. Indeed, but for the cost of admission, he would probably prefer to go to one or other of these places; the merit of Epping Forest is not that he sees more of nature, but that he pays less for what he sees. The existing lines of railway give him all that he wants in the way of access to the Forest. If the new line is opened, he will do no more at the station at High Beech than he already does at the stations at Chingford or Loughton. He comes for a day in the country; but his theory of what constitutes a day in the country is an extremely modest one. If he is young, his ideal probably includes a skittle-ground, and perhaps a field in which he can play cricket. If he is old, a similar field serves for his children's games, and gives him a space in which he can saunter about and look on. If High Beech were the only part of the Forest where these simple enjoyments could be had, the extension of the railway thither might be a very proper stop. But, when High Beech is added to the list of places within reach of this type of visitor, he will have gained nothing; while the minority, who now visit it for other objects, will have lost all that made High Beech specially delightful. Indeed Sir THOMAS NELSON's argument might be urged with equal force as a plea for filling up the Serpentine. So much of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens as is now covered with water is inaccessible to the majority of visitors. Only those who go down to the stream in boats can thoroughly

profit by it. If it were drained and filled up there would be a large additional space in which four millions of Londoners could stroll and sit. Sir THOMAS NELSON will be at no loss to point out the fallacy in this argument. He will say at once that the existence of the Serpentine gives a distinct and specific pleasure to the boating minority, while there is quite enough of dry land to give the non-boating majority all that they are in search of. The case of Epping Forest supplies an exact parallel. There is a particular part of the Forest which now yields a distinct and specific pleasure to the few who frequent it. The object of extending the railway to High Beech is to throw open this particular part of the Forest to a very much larger number of persons—not to share the pleasure of the few, but to enjoy a pleasure which will be fatal to that of the few, and which can already be had in quite sufficient abundance elsewhere. Sir THOMAS NELSON's motives in advocating this measure are most praiseworthy; but, in his desire to increase the existing facilities for getting to the Forest, he has unintentionally lost sight of the object for which these facilities exist. Every fresh road or railway does something to destroy the picturesqueness of the district through which it is carried; and when a district is specially reserved to the public on account of its picturesqueness, it is expedient, so soon as the rational wants of that public have been satisfied, that no more roads or railways should be made.

JEWS AND GERMANS.

THE coming in of the New Year was celebrated at Berlin in a way now and peculiar, but no doubt very gratifying to a large majority of those who witnessed it. The great anti-Semitic movement, as it is the fashion to call a craze for bullying the Jews, took the form of forcible measures against those Jews who, at a time of what is supposed to be general festivity, were venturing to drink beer in places of public resort. That Jews should presume to be happy, publicly happy, and should seek happiness in the consumption of something so sacredly German as beer, was too much for the irritable nerves of a number of fine young bloods whom the winter vacation has sent home from the Universities. They wrecked the cafés, and drove the beer-drinking Jews out of those polluted establishments. The Jews were, in short, suddenly "Boycotted," and told that, much as they might long for beer, no beer should be sold them. And, as if to make the parallel complete, and to show that another Limerick had risen on the banks of the Spree, we are told that the police were quite powerless, and had to fold their hands and look on helplessly while these outrages were perpetrated. Nor was the Executive Government in the least shocked by what had happened. It did not mind its police being powerless or harmless citizens assaulted. It calmly wrapped itself up in the thought that this was all part of the anti-Semitic movement. Meanwhile those who do not like using their fists use their pens, and add their signatures to a gigantic petition to Prince BISMARCK, in which he will be requested to do something very strong, if not very intelligible, to hurt the Jews. Oratory, of course, abounds; and solemn meetings are held, in which unflinching crowds listen to expressions of German hatred and expositions of Jewish crime. That Jews in some countries and on some occasions commit crimes is certain, for there was a striking number of Jewish names in the short list of those who recently tried to murder the Czar. It may, however, be remarked that there was also in this short list an equally striking number of German names. It is said also, although the evidence in support of the allegation for the most part broke down, that during the mania of German prosperity Jews figured as promoters of rotten Companies. Even if they did, they had shoals of respectable Germans to keep them company. Their real crime is that of having money and of having lent it. Their debtors hate them because they are their debtors. Times are bad, and those who are struggling with adversity hate those who want to realize their securities.

When once a slumbering dislike to the Jews as Jews is fanned into activity by such a cause as this, many antipathies combine to swell the volume of hate. They are foreigners, and most nations have a profound aversion to foreigners. And then they are not only

foreigners, but foreigners organized into a distinct body or clique, and organized bodies of foreigners are apt to be regarded with aversion and suspicion. Some of these cultivated beerhouse wreckers may probably have undergone a sufficient amount of the softening influences of a classical education to remember the horror with which Imperial Rome regarded the formation of any queer body of people into anything like a society. Then the Jews who have got into a thriving position disarrange German society, and disarrange it more than they would disarrange the society of a more advanced country. German society is still the society of those who belong to a poor and numerous aristocracy, and of those who are excluded from it. Such a society is sure to dislike and resist anything like purse-proud, coarse, or vulgar ostentation. Some allowance, too, must be made for the popular dislike of the look of the Jews. It may be a prejudice, but to the ordinary European their appearance is not attractive. Of course there are exceptions. There are Jews and Jewesses who are handsome, good, and modest; but the bulk of Jews do not win favour in the eyes of Europeans. Altogether, therefore, it is not very wonderful that the Germans should feel and manifest some dislike of the Jews. What is slightly wonderful is that the cultivated and liberal part of the nation should be so utterly unable to check this outburst of ill-feeling. And, what is still more wonderful, is that the Government should not do something to stop the violence to which the feeling now gives rise. That the police of Berlin should have to stand still in a state of bewildered helplessness while property is wrecked and persons assaulted under their eyes might have been thought to be a precedent on which Prince BISMARCK would not have looked with complacency.

It is said that Prince BISMARCK and other members of the Government have communicated with the EMPEROR on the subject of the impulse which a violent Court Preacher has given to this anti-Semitic movement, and have asked that his unseemly license of tongue should be checked. To this the EMPEROR is stated to have replied that the Court Preacher had committed no political offence, and that if he had committed an ecclesiastical offence, it was for the Church authorities to punish him. It is hardly possible to suppose that the story can be true in the form in which it is given. When Prince BISMARCK remonstrates, he is not apt to let his remonstrances pass unheeded; and the EMPEROR cannot have supposed so totally irrelevant an answer would have been good enough for any one, and least of all for his terrible CHANCELLOR. But the story may have just truth enough in it to indicate that this anti-Semitic movement is regarded, if not with approval, yet with much equanimity in very high quarters. The EMPEROR could do much to discountenance it, and Prince BISMARCK could snuff it out if he breathed on it the faintest breath of hearty disapproval. But neither the EMPEROR nor the PRINCE have any more to say about it than if it was a movement that was going on in Italy or Spain. It is not impossible to conjecture how this can happen. The EMPEROR in a very strong degree, and Prince BISMARCK in some degree, may share the feelings of the German aristocracy, and feel that their set is spoilt by the intrusion of rich Jews. Then Prince BISMARCK knows that Germans, and especially small German cultivators, are going through a bad time, and may both pity them and feel some anxiety as to the political consequences of their distress. He has had recourse to Protection to befriend them, and both he and they have found that Protection has not done them much good. But, if the Government cannot help them, the small Jew money-lenders can hurt them; and it may not be altogether inconvenient that popular indignation against these humble SHYLOCKS should absorb the attention of those who might otherwise ponder in a painful manner over the inability of the Government to make good the promises with which the introduction of Protection was accompanied. The German nature, too, must sometimes have its way, and if there is a coarse and harsh streak in this nature, Prince BISMARCK may think that it cannot always be concealed, and that, if any people are to suffer by its being revealed, it may as well be the Jews who are injured. The great aim of Prince BISMARCK's life is to strengthen and direct the national spirit, so that a new Germany may grow out of it, and the whole basis of this movement is that it is an exaltation of all that is specially German

and a degradation of all that is specially anti-German. If it has no other merit, this movement does at least swallow up particularism in an absorbing national sentiment. All that can be hoped is that before long Prince BISMARCK, whatever may have been his reasons for letting this movement have some play, will come to the conclusion that he and Germany have had enough of it.

CITIZEN BLANQUI.

THE record of a wasted life is never pleasant reading, and seldom has a life been more wasted than that of the veteran revolutionist who was buried on Wednesday. It certainly cannot be said of BLANQUI that he hid his talent in a napkin. He could do seemingly but one thing, but that one thing he was always doing. Each morning he called upon his faculties—soul, in his own opinion, he had none—to awake and run their daily course of conspiracy. Close upon half his life was actually spent in prison for political offences, and the larger part of the rest was passed either in preparing himself for a fresh sentence or in evading a sentence already passed. His political creed seems to have been precisely that of the Russian Nihilists. He had no desire to build up new institutions, and not impossibly was conscious of his own unfitness for such a work. But he held that the time for building up had not yet come. The only instrument he cared to wield was the besom of destruction. He revolted not against this government or that one, but against governments generally. Whether he thought that there were degrees of wickedness among them does not appear; what is certain is that he held every one of them to be too bad to be suffered to live a moment after it seemed possible to destroy it. He fought against the Monarchy which the Revolution of July pulled down, and against the Monarchy which the Revolution of July set up. More than half of LOUIS PHILIPPE's reign he was in prison, and he was only a free agent for about three months of the Republic of 1848. The Provisional Government was founded in February, and in March BLANQUI was organizing a demonstration against it. He repeated the experiment in April, and by May he had qualified himself for a fresh imprisonment. He was so little at large under the Empire that he had scarcely any opportunity of conspiring against it, though he saved his reputation by being condemned to death in August 1870, for an attempted seizure of arms. He liked the Government of National Defence no better than those which had gone before it, and played a prominent part in the insurrection of the 31st of October, 1870. If the Commune had had a little more success, he would no doubt have conspired against that. His theory was that all institutions being bad, right must always be on the side of the destroyer. "What exists," he told the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, "is so bad that what is put in its place will always be better." His Nihilism however was less advanced in one way than the Russian form of the same views, since BLANQUI was content with the ordinary methods of dealing with the institutions he detested. In this respect he was a commonplace conspirator. His attempts to upset a government always took the old-fashioned shape of a popular rising.

The clemency of the Republic had of late been very injurious to his popularity. So long as he was excluded from the Amnesty, he was so far interesting to the people of Bordeaux that they were willing to return him as their deputy. His election was annulled, and the Government then took what proved to be effectual means to save themselves from having to annul it over again. They pardoned him. A pardoned conspirator is like yesterday's newspaper, and so the electors of Bordeaux thought. BLANQUI again asked their votes, but this time he was defeated. His last enterprise was the starting of a newspaper; but even in Paris there are certain conditions with which a newspaper must comply if it is to be prosperous. *Ni Dieu ni Maître* had the advantage of a most propitious title; but it must be presumed that the public which it addressed did not think its contents equal to its name, since, from being a daily, it has lately become a weekly, paper. Under the Commune M. BLANQUI was still more unlucky, for the paper he then edited came to an end altogether. Probably the gifts of writing himself and of finding those who could write were alike denied him, and the most advanced principles will not float a newspaper if they are not presented in a way that takes hold of the reader. Besides

this, the hoary head is not exactly a crown of glory when it is found in the way of revolution. The French Communists are like Oxford undergraduates; they prefer to be coached by a man who is himself fresh from the schools. BLANQUI came at last to be regarded as a respectable but superannuated professor—a man who had known something in his day, but had been superseded by later authorities.

The quiet which prevailed at his funeral will probably be used as an argument to prove that the extreme party in Paris has ceased to be in any way formidable. Whether or not this is a correct view we shall not attempt to say, but it is not evident how such a conclusion can be drawn from the proceedings of Wednesday. Funerals are ordinarily seized upon as occasions for political demonstrations when the Government is too firmly seated to be attacked in any more practical way. When it is not safe to make a political speech, it may be expedient to organize a huge procession by way of showing how many people there are who would have something to say if they were only free to say it. At present the Paris Communists are under no such restraint. They have abundance of occasions on which to tell the Government what they think of it, and they were consequently under no special inducement to march through the streets in the rear of BLANQUI's coffin. It was noticed that many of those who did attend the funeral were old men; and it may be inferred that such homage as was paid to BLANQUI's memory came rather from his own contemporaries than from that younger generation which makes the stuff of every revolution. Further than this, when the Government takes credit for the success with which the Communists are kept down, it becomes necessary to inquire in what sense the term is employed. Certainly there are no overt attempts at insurrection; and so far the Government can point to facts as constituting a tribute to its merits. But then it is impossible to give unreserved praise to an Executive for the resolution which it has displayed in not doing what there has been no opportunity for it to do. If we pass from action to speech, it cannot be said that the Communists have been suppressed. We give no opinion on the question whether it would have been wise or unwise to silence them. All that calls for notice is the fact that they are not silenced. The speeches at BLANQUI's grave seem to have been chiefly made up of praises of the Commune and predictions of its restoration; and this is equally the staple of nine-tenths of the political oratory which now delights the Parisian workman. It may, we repeat, be quite prudent in the Government to treat these utterances with contempt, but to treat with contempt is one thing and to suppress is another, and the terms ought not to be interchanged at pleasure. The policy of the Republic ever since the Amnesty has been to let the Commune alone; but, whatever other advantages may attend upon this policy, there seems no reason for crediting it with having made Communism harmless. The passions which prompted the worst outrages of May 1871 are as violent as ever, and only want a favourable conjunction of circumstances to burst out with all their old fierceness. No disproof of this conviction is furnished by the comparatively small attendance at BLANQUI's funeral. The Communists are too well acquainted with their own strength to be under any obligation to waste shoe-leather in a journey to a cemetery. Some years ago such a demonstration might have seemed to them necessary, because their very existence was then disputed. To-day nobody doubts that they exist; the only question is, to what use their existence is likely to be turned. They are naturally not anxious to enlighten the Government prematurely on this point, and, even if they were, they would probably find some other means of doing so than taking part in a purposeless procession.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ACT.

IF any one was inclined to build any very great expectations upon the Employers' Liability Act, which came into operation last Saturday, he must by this time have had his hopes considerably dashed. The Act was not designed for a millennium, and it is evidently not calculated to bring about one. The best that can be said of it is that it puts the law on the right side of the hedge. Formerly the presumption was against a workman injured by the negligence of his master's agent; now the presumption is

in his favour. Formerly the plea of common employment was stretched so as to cover cases which had only been brought under it by an extreme exercise of judicial ingenuity; now the phrase is given its natural and proper meaning, and is made to cover only those cases in which the workmen concerned are really on an equality with one another, and the man who has been injured was in no way bound to obey the orders of the man who has injured him. No doubt the working classes wanted much more than this. They wanted to have employers made liable for acts which were in no way within their control as well as for acts which were within their control, and they would probably have liked—though upon this point the evidence is less clear—to have been prevented from contracting themselves out of the Act. As regards the first of these demands, the injustice to the employer was so patent that it was impossible for any Parliament to grant it. As regards the second, it would have been a very doubtful advantage to the workman to have deprived him of the right to make with his employer the agreement that it suits them both to make. It is probable, indeed, that there will be a good number of cases in which, from individual or trade circumstances, the master will be able to make the Act something very like a piece of waste paper. But in dealing with grown men the legislator is always confronted by this difficulty. If he provides for the exceptions in which freedom of contract is only nominal, and virtually frames the agreement himself, he does mischief in perhaps a far larger number of cases in which the men are able, either by their own strength or by the liberality of their employers, to make a much better contract for themselves than the legislator could have made for them. The case of the London and Brighton Railway Company, to which we referred the other day, was one of this latter kind. The terms offered by the employer were really better than those which the law would have given the men, supposing that they had remained under the Act. It would have been hard on the workmen if the law had refused to recognize the agreement thus freely entered into, and had insisted on making a less advantageous agreement for them. It may be said, perhaps, that the business of the law is to look after the weak, and that in consulting the interests of the workmen employed by the London and Brighton Railway Company, it was in effect looking after the strong. But if the law puts strong and weak on a level, how are the weak to become strong? A measure such as the Employers' Liability Act is really an intimation to working-men that they are able to do better things for themselves than the law can hope to do for them. Its provisions are simply designed to meet cases in which, from this or that cause, working-men are not able to do better, or even so good, things for themselves. The ideal arrangement is one such as the London and Brighton Railway Company has made. Where that is entered into the law gladly withdraws from the field. But what, it may be asked, is to be done with cases in which the workmen are so powerless as to be obliged to contract themselves out of the Act without receiving any corresponding benefits in return? When an employer offers to make a liberal contribution towards his workmen's insurance fund there may be a positive gain to the men in foregoing the rights which they can claim under the Act. But when an employer neither makes nor promises any such contribution, and still insists on the men contracting themselves out of the Act, is not this a case in which the law ought to interfere? What is the good of an Act of Parliament which can be made of no effect by a mere verbal intimation from an employer to his men that, if they choose to go on working for him, it must be on the understanding that they waive any compensation which the Act gives them? The only answer that can be given to this question is that Parliament has to deal with the working classes as a whole, that in the majority of cases they seem quite able to protect themselves, and that in the exceptional cases it is very doubtful whether it would be possible to give them efficient protection. Where the master from any cause is strong and the workmen weak, no Act of Parliament can do much to alter the relative position of the two. If legal ingenuity failed to invent some method of escape from the liabilities of the Act, the employer, if he were so minded, would probably find a way of holding himself harmless. He would lower wages, or lengthen hours, or devise some other expedient by which to reconquer himself for the additional payments he might conceivably have to make. A

employer will not have recourse to these methods because he will know that only an inferior type of workmen will conform to them. A steady workman will not assent to their use, because he knows that he can get employment from less hard masters. But where employers are short-sighted and workmen irregular or incompetent, it is hard to see how the law can interfere. It would be a very paternal Government indeed that undertook to make employment under a bad master as satisfactory as employment under a good one.

The best advice that can be given to working-men upon this subject is that, when they are invited to contract themselves out of the Act, they should consider very carefully the nature of the benefits held out to them by way of inducement to consent. As the Act was passed to give workmen additional security against negligence, it seems only reasonable that employers should increase their contributions to the men's insurance fund if these are to take the place of the statutory compensations. The Act has increased their liabilities, and it will usually be a mistake if they contract themselves out of the Act without making any alternative provision for taking these liabilities upon themselves. At least, if they do, they must not be surprised if their workmen think themselves hardly dealt with, and if this feeling leads them to agitate for more stringent legislation in the future. If no such offer is made on the part of the employers, the best course that the workmen can take is to wait and see what the Act will do for them. If the contribution offered by the masters comes anywhere near to the compensation which the statute would give them, it will probably be prudent for them to accept it. The chances of litigation and the risk of consequent ill-feeling between masters and men will thus be avoided. In calculating the relative advantages of compensation under the Act and compensation from an insurance fund, it will be necessary to remember that in the one case compensation is only paid for injuries caused by the negligence of the persons defined in the Act, whereas in the other case it is paid whether the injury be the result of accident or negligence, and whether the negligence be the negligence of persons defined in the Act or of any one else. The strength of a man's motive for contracting himself out of the Act will consequently vary in accordance with the particular conditions of each employment. Where the organization of a workshop is hierarchical—where, that is to say, the men are broken up into a number of groups of two and three each, under the orders of a workman little, if at all, superior to themselves—many more men will be able to claim compensation in the event of being injured than in a workshop in which the men are so many units under the command of a single foreman. It has already been discovered that, even if the men refuse to accept the offer of their employers, and are at the same time strong enough to refuse to contract themselves out of the Act, the employers have another alternative open to them. They can set up mutual insurance Societies which shall guarantee them against loss in the event of their having to pay compensation. It will, beyond doubt, be wise for every employer who is unwilling to remain subject to the Act to protect himself in this way rather than compel his workmen, supposing that he has accidentally the power to do so, to forego the benefits of the statute without receiving anything in return. Now that Parliament has recognized the responsibility of employers for injuries caused to their workmen by the negligence of their agents, a more repudiation of this responsibility will be regarded by the men as a defiance of the law—successful indeed for the moment, but to be more effectually prevented by and by. This is not an impression which it is desirable, in a democratic community, to leave on the minds of the working classes.

WINTER WILDFOWLING.

THE golden days of sportsmen of modest means are gone never to return. In the beginning of the century, in the time of single barrels and flint locks, a man could always find fair shooting if he cared to go far enough for it. North-country squires and Scotch lairds had any extent of "hill" which they could not possibly shoot over in person before the grouse had packed. Highland hospitality was proverbial, though perhaps there was some dash of selfishness in it. The occupant of a lonely residence in the moors was but too glad to welcome an intelligent stranger, who came with any kind of introduction, if he had pleasant manners and was a jovial companion. The keeper of any respect-

able inn or "change-house" could easily obtain "liberty" from his landlord for any gentleman who chanced to be sojourning within his gates. So Mrs. Meg Dodds of the Oleikum Inn obtained leave from old Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's for Francis Tyrrel and his brother to sport over the St. Ronan moors. Even the red deer were not very sharply looked after; and without any formal permission from a proprietor, it was quite possible to indulge in a "quiet stalk" by coming to an understanding with some poacher of the district. And the lives of these hill poachers, by the way, were another illustration of habits that are almost exploded. These men were the very reverse of the bloodthirsty collier who goes about in a gang with blackened face, netting the coverts wholesale as matter of business; or of the rascally loafer about the village public-house who snares the hares and shoots the pheasants in the trees. They were manly fellows who scorned anything but fair sport; who, by the help of the more legitimate pursuits they avowed, kept a comfortable roof over the heads of their households; and who, though notoriously addicted to the infringement of the Game-laws, had the respect nevertheless of both landlords and keepers. As for the kindred sport of rod-fishing, its devotees were even more highly favoured. To the north of the Border rivers, at all events, there was hardly any restriction anywhere on trout-fishing; the salmon in the Highland streams filled the pools in such excessive abundance that the wayfarer was made welcome to try his luck; while even in the choicest water in Tweed or Tay, it was but a question of some shillings for a boat and boatman. Everybody knows how all that has been changed. It is only the pet children of fortune who can afford to pay fancy prices for forest, moor, or famous salmon water; and even the practice of extending sporting hospitality to those who have the strongest moral claims upon it has been very perceptibly on the decline. Gentlemen drive their grouse moors after the beginning of the season, as they walk their stubble and shoot their coverts, on well-understood principles of reciprocity. A man is invited to a drive or a battue to-day, because he can send an answering invitation to-morrow; or crack shots are retained for the sake of their skill, when cleanly-killed game is to be forwarded to the market. So it is that the penniless younger brothers and cousins out-at-elbows who used formerly to have the run of the family manors begin to find themselves left out in the cold; and even should their adventurous spirit tempt them further afield, they are brought face to face again with pecuniary considerations. The Scandinavian rivers, like the Scotch streams, have passed into the hands of millionaires; the buffalo and bison have disappeared from those happy hunting-grounds which extended half a generation ago to the very banks of the Mississippi and Missouri; even in South Africa, to penetrate to the retreats of elephant and rhinoceros, you must find the capital for a costly expedition, and seek your profits in trade or the sale of your ivory. In short, in the scramble after shootings, as in everything else, the battle is to the rich and the race to the fortunate; and, so far as we know, there is but a single resource left to the poverty-stricken sportsmen who are tethered to England.

That resource is wildfowl-shooting, and while its pleasures must be considered undeniable, there can be as little question as to its drawbacks. We say its pleasures are undeniable, for no sporting pursuit makes more enthusiasts; and, indeed, none but an enthusiast can possibly enjoy it. It is at its best in the very depth of the winter; and the wildfowler prays for the severity of weather which chills him to the marrow, while it brings the wildfowl to our shores. But there is constant excitement in its incidents and chances, as in the various contents of most miscellaneous bags; and, besides, it need cost but little, beyond board, travelling, and ammunition, with an occasional tip to a bag-carrier or boatman. The habitual wildfowler has his regular houses of resort, where he has learned to make himself thoroughly at home, and can rely on his likings and fancies being studied. Probably he puts up at a modest inn in some secluded village in the Eastern marshes, or in an antiquated hotel in some old-fashioned town, that has been left high and dry by the reflux of the sea, as by the consequent ebb of life and traffic. It is a puzzle how these places are made to pay: yet, considering all things, the internal comforts are often marvellous, and you find at least that they have their regular local *clientèle*. In your own interest, however, you will do well to intimate your arrival in advance, otherwise the larder may be disagreeably bare. But, with due notice, the table will be substantially spread, and frequently the *cuisine* is far from contemptible. There is sound ale in the cellar, with unimpeachable spirits; and the beds are luxurious enough in all conscience for a man who has been weatherbeaten through a winter day. It is liberty hall so far as tobacco is concerned; and your shaggy water-dog, though he may come in coated with mud, has the run of the establishment from parlour to kitchen. The odds are that the landlord is himself an old fowler, and treats his sporting guests with a cordiality that is almost effusive. Notwithstanding that, he knows his place, and you will find his company both pleasant and profitable when he accepts an after-dinner cigar, and draws his chair towards the fireplace. He can give you many a hint as to the flights of birds that are on the coast, and is far more trustworthy than his venerable barometer in making a forecast of the weather for the morrow.

That evening chat is very agreeable, as you sit contemplating the glowing coals through a cloud of fragrant tobacco, listening perhaps to the wind howling without, and dashing the sleet or the hail against the lozenge window-panes. To be sure there is always

the reflection that, unless the wind falls and the weather "holds up," it will be idle to trouble the boots to call you early. What you ask for is a long stretch of hard frost, that will drive the birds to the creeks filled with salt water, and to the mud-banks that have been saturated with the rise of the tide. Of course a suitable equipment claims your first care, for you will have to face severe work at best, and must lay your account with much passive endurance, not to speak of some positive suffering. The dead weight you are bound to drag about is heavy. The bore of your gun may be matter of taste; in any case the weapon must be a formidable piece of ordnance. It is no joke carrying your own ammunition, for the supply should be ample in case of good luck, since nothing can be more heart-breaking than finding the cartridges give out while you are still in the swing of excellent shooting. Wading-boots are necessarily cumbersome, yet sooner or later, by some inevitable mischance in your excitement, you are pretty sure to come by an immersion over the middle, when, if unprepared, you will be water-logged from mid-thigh downward. So it is wiser perhaps to set a wetting at defiance from the beginning, though then the feet become pitifully chill and numb, while they will cling besides to the yielding mud with a painful and most perverse power of suction. As you labour along with more or less of perpetual effort, the upper part of your body is pretty sure to be warm enough, if not too warm. Should you care for a cooling way of relief, it is very unlikely that you will have to wait long for it. Keeping a watchful eye on the bends of the shore and the sky line, carefully scanning each tiny island and mud flat, as they are slowly left by the receding waves, you mark some flock of waders that needs cautious stalking. As you worm yourself forward in your slow advance, you must crouch down or lie still from time to time, if you are to elude their quick observation. Then there is a swift fall in your bodily temperature, as when a flask of wine is dipped into an ice pail; or the wind cuts through your woollens with the keen edge of a razor. Or possibly, by a stumble, or in attempting a jump, you precipitate the immersion of which we have already spoken, when you will be lucky if you save your gun and cartridges from consequences which may seriously interfere with your sport. As we need hardly add, it is devoutly to be hoped that you have no constitutional tendencies to rheumatism, though, for the matter of that, most wildfowlers past middle age are likely to be inoculated with the complaint. As for coughs and colds, and such trivialities, they will come in the natural course of things; though your landlord will tell you that they may be treated successfully by repeated applications in the evening to the spirit case.

It will be seen that among the essentials of the winter shooter's outfit, with enthusiasm he ought to possess a sound constitution; and if, in addition to good spirits, he be a warm-blooded animal, naturally it is all the better for him. Then there are many days when he feels himself abundantly rewarded for the cold and exposure he has continually to endure, with the disappointments his precarious pursuit will reserve for him. Incident may crowd fast upon incident, and there may always be surprises or sensations in store. He drives, we will say, to his shooting grounds, and we fancy him getting out of his dogcart and wrappings in the dim light of the breaking morning. The lights of the rising sun are faintly streaking the eastern horizon between the blushing greys of the sea and skies, as he steps out upon the sands. The sound of the dogcart wheels has hardly died away in the distance, when there is a faint whistling of wings overhead. He half-crouches instinctively, while his dog imitates the action, and next there is a circling flight of phantom-like forms distinguishable between him and the dawn. Bang—bang—go both barrels, and some of the birds are dimly seen to fall. Next moment, the dog is eagerly questing after the slaughtered plover, or plunging into the water in the nearest creek, in pursuit of one or two of the fluttering cripples. Confidence comes to the sportsman with so good a beginning, and he is likely to shoot all the straighter afterwards. His next encounter is with a little flock of waders—sandpipers, greenshanks, or ox-birds, taken by surprise in the middle of their early breakfast on a mud-bank. Walking along by the side of an embankment, from the tints of which his shooting-suit is scarcely to be distinguished, he hears the shrill whistle of the curlew, which, notwithstanding their natural shyness, come drifting by within easy gunshot. Or it is a heron solemnly floating in the air, which is seen slowly to fold its stately pinions and drop gracefully into some neighbouring pool. Sooner or later, he has a chance at a mallard flying fast and straight ahead, unlike the unpurposelike curlew or plover, as if it knew precisely the point at which it was aiming. This is not an easy bird to hit, and is still more difficult to kill; but the heavy choke-bore carries hard and strong, and down comes the mallard, pitching far ahead, as it is borne forward by its tremendous impetus. So the day's shooting goes on, while hits alternate with misses, till the shades of evening begin to close in, or the waters of the mounting tide overflow the weed-strewn shores. Then our friend remembers that he is wet and cold, and exceedingly hungry into the bargain; and as the darkness shuts out the landscape from his view, dry clothes, a dinner-table, and a blazing fire come agreeably before his mind's eye.

FEUDALISM AND CONTRACT.

THE present state of England is, it is well known, extremely satisfactory. It is not long since Mr. Baxter informed us that it was impossible to have a more high-toned Parliament than the present, and though it might have been better had the member for Mont-

rose been able to express the merits of his colleagues at St. Stephen's in the English instead of in the American language, it is still obvious that he intended a compliment. Since Mr. Gladstone discovered that for political wisdom it is only necessary to look to Little Pedlington and to disregard carefully the opinion of the capital, a short method of taking the political sense of the country has been obvious, and has been largely practised by his followers. Thanks to this, and to the unanimity with which the oracles, naturally grateful to their discoverer, speak in his praise, it is ascertained that the constituencies are still as high-toned as the Parliament. All, therefore, ought to be well, if it is not. Unfortunately, there are still a certain number of low-toned persons who cannot help looking at things as they are, with the assistance only of the glasses lent by history and by common sense, instead of regarding them through a pair of spectacles which enable the wearers to see nothing but the large Liberal majority and the utterances of the Little Pedlington Chronicle. To these discontented outsiders the high-toned waiters upon Providence are not a lovely sight, and their ideas—or what does duty with them for ideas—on a great many subjects are still less lovely. In no instance is this more the case than in reference to Ireland. The Session has begun, Parliament is called upon to face a state of things which is certainly as serious as any that the present generation has known, and the minds of at least a large number of the high-toned representatives of the people, and of their high-toned constituents, appear to be in a complete fog as to Ireland, Irish demands, Irish requirements, and Irish probabilities. The happy recipe of "coercion + concession," a little powder and a little jam, sums up what they have to say of a practical kind; while in the way of reasons they have nothing to offer but remarks about the Irish landlord and the Irish tenant being partners in the land, up-braidings of the former for hard dealings, and the like. At one time the relation of landlord and tenant is cried down as feudal; at another the pushing of the doctrine of contract to its extreme is denounced. But that these outcries are inconsistent, and, what is more, that both hopelessly ignore the facts of the case and the real interests both of England and Ireland, this no one sees, or, at any rate, no one pretends to see, among the active members of Parliament who pack up their carpet-bags every ten days or so, and go down to Little Pedlington to confabulate with the independent electors and enjoy a crow over the local squire to whom they have been preferred.

That the relation of landlord and tenant, if it exists at all, must either rest on what is vaguely called feudalism or else on strict business contract is, one would think, sufficiently obvious. Of the older and perhaps better kind of relation nothing could possibly give a clearer idea than the remarkable interview which took place the other day between Colonel King-Harman and his tenants. Not very long ago there was not in Ireland a more popular man than Colonel King-Harman, and the description of his own conduct which he gave at this interview, and which was endorsed by the cheers of the very men who were being instigated by the Land League to rob him of his rent, sufficiently explains his popularity. Colonel King-Harman has an immense estate which is almost entirely in the hands of a very poor tenantry, occupying very small holdings. The total rent of the estate is some ten per cent. under Griffith's valuation. In bad years the landlord—not content with reductions which in such cases are a farce—simply forgives the rent altogether; he never distrains or evicts. He gives employment and supplies seed gratis; he advances (to use the polite term) money for the purchase of stock, &c., and does not press for repayment. All these things Colonel King-Harman said publicly to the victims—that is probably the best word for them—of the Land League, and of five hundred hearers not one contradicted him, but, on the contrary, all agreed that he spoke the exact truth. Now, we are not going to argue that this state of things is an ideal state of things. It probably tempts a people who require only too little tempting to be wasteful, to have no self-reliance, to be careless about doing their utmost. But, such as it is, it is a pretty complete carrying out of the feudal or fatherly relation of landlord and tenant, and there are doubtless scores and hundreds of similar cases in Ireland. How do our wisacres propose to meet this? By substituting for it a relation which will not improve the case of the tenants, for, supposing their rents reduced, they will have to pay them *bon an mal an*, and cannot look for time or reduction; by giving them fixity which they already possess; and by conferring free sale on them—that is to say, by encouraging them to pay for an imaginary goodwill the small capital which ought to go to cultivation. So much for feudalism. Because landlords are not considerate enough towards their tenants, it is to be made practically impossible for them to be considerate at all.

But now let us look at the other side. Mr. Bence Jones is probably as good a specimen of the type of landlord who looks at things from the point of view of pure contract as Colonel King-Harman is of the landlord who looks at his tenantry as a "tail" of which he is the chief. Putting idle, and in many cases disapproved, stories of harshness aside, there can be no doubt that the master of Lisvelan has for many years worked his estate on strictly business principles. He has been lavish of money for its improvement. He has expected to get his money's worth for the capital spent, and he has, though not without proper consideration for vested interests, maintained his right to get the best men to work under him in the place of worse men. How greatly he has improved the food-producing power of his lands, the *morale* of his tenantry—in short, the physical and social well-being generally of the portion of the country of which he is in charge—the facts, well

and undisputed, show. Well, then, what have our wisacres to propose in this case? They would, in the first place, mulet Mr. Jones of a very heavy sum—in his case, and with such an estate and tenantry as his, it would be a very heavy one—representing the value of the tenant-right they wish to concede. They would render it impossible for him any longer to work his land by the best men. They would probably reduce his annual income considerably, and by their principle of free sale would, as in the other case, cripple the future tenants. That is to say, Mr. Bence Jones is, on the principles which they advocate—if they advocate any principles at all—to be fined a lump sum and an annuity besides, and the value of his estate to the whole country as a food-producing machine is to be seriously lessened and imperilled. And why? Because it is said, openly or covertly, that he has not been sufficiently sentimental in his dealings with a people of such delicate sentiment as the Irish. Colonel King-Harman is to be despoiled because he has been too sentimental; Mr. Bence Jones because he has not been sentimental enough. Feudalism? It is an abomination, and ought to be reduced to the simple principles of business. Contract? It is a terrible mistake to think that contract should overrule the “ineradicable belief of the Irish peasant that he is part owner of the land.” So the frying-pan and the fire are both ready, and the landlord is amiably permitted to take his choice.

It is probable that a very small minority of the people who are guilty of this disastrous blundering have something like a solid idea at the bottom of the muddled reasoning which fills their minds. Either they wish to get rid of landlords at any price, or they wish to establish peasant proprietors at any price. The muddle into which the late Mr. J. S. Mill has led so many thousands of guileless persons on the latter subject is no doubt responsible for a good deal of the present confusion. No one, of course, denies that a peasant proprietary is an excellent thing if it can be managed. But every one who has really looked into the question knows that it requires either such exceptional economic and physical conditions as those which prevail in the Channel Islands and Belgium, or such exceptional moral and physical conditions as prevail in France. That neither of these combinations exists, or is likely to exist, in Ireland is certain, and can only be denied by those who set up “Our party, right or wrong,” as their criterion of opinion. This being the case landlordism becomes a necessity, and landlordism implies the acceptance either of the relation of feudalism or of the relation of contract. Both involve some dangers and some hardships. Here and there a landlord who neglects his duty may bring discredit on men of the type of Colonel King-Harman. Here and there—and probably in a good many cases—giving the principle of supply and demand which practically governs contracts free swing may result in compulsory expatriation and other hardships. But both systems, if fairly worked, make the existence of the people possible and tolerable, the latter by the application of a stern, but in the long run merciful, weeding out of all but the fittest, the former by providing all over the country men with means who are bound by an unwritten law to come to the succour of the unfit. In the former case, no benefit society is required; in the latter, the landlord is a kind of embodied benefit society, subscribed to by the tenants in good years, drawn on by them in bad. But for the last ten years, under the guidance of our wisacres, we have set ourselves to work to render both these systems impotent for good while we leave them potent for evil. The legislation of 1870, and still more that which is threatened or promised for 1881, have at once straitened the landlord's means and lessened his inclination for benevolence. They have at the same time interfered with the natural operation of the contract system, have given the unfittest the best chance, have promoted over-multiplication of population, over-division of holdings, misappropriation of the capital necessary for cultivation, and every other evil most abhorrent to a sound economic theory of agricultural prosperity. The legislation with which Mr. Gladstone's name is identified hitherto—and, as far as can be judged, that with which he will shortly seek again to identify his name—deals one slap in the face to Colonel King-Harman and another to Mr. Bence Jones. It says to the one “You shall not have the means to support your tenantry in comparative idleness,” it says to the other “We will deprive you of the power of keeping up your tenantry to constant work.” Meanwhile the forces of nature acting on the treeless, mineless sponge called Ireland, ensure poverty and misery for small cultivators, unless they suddenly change their nature, and probably even then. The condition of Ireland, as it actually is, is starvation tempered by landlordism. Its condition as it might be would be starvation rendered impossible by the operation of contract in keeping the population down and getting the utmost out of the land. We are going apparently to choke off the landlord cheek with one hand and the contract cheek with the other. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues may be at least congratulated on their careful observation of the dictum of the Scriptures that “The poor ye have always with you.” They have taken, and are taking, care that the poor shall never cease out of the land of Ireland. What other results their past and future legislation may have we need not inquire; but, if the future goes on the lines of the past, it is safe to prophesy that it will mean a new Mansion House Relief Fund, a new Land League, and a new agrarian law every decade or thereabouts.

PULPIT PENCILLINGS IN THE P. M. G.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is to be congratulated on the return of a very old and always welcome contributor, the “Red Rover,” in fact, to its friendly columns. The early and chequered history of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is recorded in *Pendennis* and the *New-comer*. The tale should be familiar to all; but there may be some who have forgotten that the “Red Rover,” playfully so called by his friends, was Mr. Frederick Bayham to all Europe. It was Mr. Bayham who invented that fresh “feature” (as newspaper people say), the “Pulpit Pencillings,” which, after a considerable lapse of time, again appear in the Monday numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. They were originally “slight sketches, mental and corporeal, of our chief divines now in London”; but Mr. Bayham has dropped the “corporeal” illustrations and the signature of “Laud Latimer.” It will be remembered that Mr. Bayham thought that these sketches “give the paper a character, they rally round it the respectable classes”—a very desirable thing to do. Scoffers, of course, there were in the old time who called Mr. Bayham “the Venerable Headle,” and the race of cynics is not yet extinct. People will smile at pulpit pencillings of Dr. Congreve, of Mr. Spurgeon, and of Mr. Bradlaugh in the secular pulpit, though perhaps neither Dr. Congreve nor Mr. Bradlaugh can, strictly speaking, be numbered among “our chief divines.” We have not observed that these latter pencillings have yet been given to the world and the respectable classes. But the æsthetic classes had their innings on Monday, and, to use Mr. Bayham's own words, “I own that I have puffed your uncle, Charles Honeyman, most tremendously.” The divine portrayed last Monday was, in fact, Mr. Stopford Brooke at Lady Whitteless's—we mean, of course, at Bedford Chapel. In detecting a subtle resemblance between Mr. Charles Honeyman and Mr. Stopford Brooke we are moved, of course, only by the public performances of these divines. Both were popular preachers, more or less unattached, both had congregations consisting of “the ornamental classes,” more or less attached, and both “preach short stirring discourses on the topics of the day.” There is another point of resemblance. Mr. Stopford Brooke, if we may trust the *Pall Mall* “pencil” which we have been lingering over, has justified the words applied by Sherrick to Mr. Honeyman—“How he's come out, hasn't he? Didn't think he had it in him.” Before Mr. Brooke “came out” of the Church of England, we suspected he “had it in him” to preach as he has been doing, but we could not conjecture that he would ever give “it” utterance. But let us turn to Mr. Bayham's graphic pencillings, and see what “it” is.

“Since Bedford Chapel became a Unitarian meeting-house,” writes Mr. Bayham in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, “its pastor has been engaged in defining, in a series of characteristic discourses, his latest views concerning the Founder of the Christian faith.” It is always well to have Mr. Stopford Brooke's very latest views, because they differ so wonderfully from the views which, it is charitable to suppose, were his some three months ago, the views of the Church of which he was a minister. Therefore it was quite worth Mr. Bayham's while to “struggle through the dense yellow fog which overhung London,” and emerge into the sweetness and light which now pervade Bedford Chapel. The Chapel, we read, was “tastefully decorated,” as a chapel ought to be at the season of the birth of the Being whom Mr. Brooke calls “the Pilgrim of Eternity.” Mr. Brooke has edited, or selected, or performed some similar kind of office for Shelley, and he probably knows that, by “the Pilgrim of Eternity,” Shelley meant, not the Founder of Christianity, but Childe Harold. Most people have noticed the readiness with which uneducated preachers catch at any Scriptural quotation; for example, we have heard an illiterate divine describe eternal punishment as “exceeding abundant, above all that we can ask or think.” Mr. Brooke lugs in scraps of Shelley in the same fashion, and “tastefully decorates his chapel” in honour, shall we say, of Childe Harold. Talking of “tasteful decorations,” we learn from Mr. Bayham that, in Mr. Brooke's, as in Mr. Honeyman's, chapel, “they dress the part, sir, to admiration,” or, in the words of last Monday's pencil, “the surpliced choir remain, and the Psalms are chanted as of old.” But this is enough about the decorations. We only regret to hear that the high-backed pews are uncomfortable. This should be looked to at once.

We now come to Mr. Brooke's discourse. Mr. Frederic Harrison must pardon us if we venture to make some remarks on a discourse which we have not heard, and of which only a partial newspaper report is before us. What is the use of the “pulpit pencillings” if we cannot rely on the accuracy of Mr. Fred. Bayham? What are the respectable classes to do if these sketches of our chief divines prove less than infallible? Mr. Brooke, then, began by talking about “the cradle of the New Year,” and, like most of us, he “wondered what the future would bring,” and lamented that the loss of youth should so often involve the loss of hope, “of the poetry, the music, and the romance of life.” We grow less romantic as we grow older, certainly, and a very good thing too, most of us will say. Sophocles consoled himself readily when he escaped from his wild masters, the passions. It is something to escape from what Mr. Brooke called “the romantic heart,” and the scrapes into which the romantic heart is always urging the sentimentalist. Different frames of mind bask in different ages, and middle age is ill assorted with romance. Mr. Brooke does not seem to think so, and observes that we, like the Founder of Christianity, should “keep the romantic heart.” And this statement is the keynote of the whole discourse of this divine.

Whether the respectable classes like it and rally round it or not, we do not care to reproduce Mr. Stopford Brooke's medley of solemn and consecrated names with the latest æsthetic slang. In Mr. Brooke's sermon we have Buddha, and Elijah, and the Pilgrim of Eternity, and the romantic heart, and the Greek idea of beauty, and dwelling in tents, all muddled together, like a discourse of Prigby's or Postlethwaite's mixed up with a sermon of Canon Farrar's. Till we read the "pulpit perfilling" in which these things are recorded we had scarcely believed in the existence of the ideas ascribed by Mr. Du Maurier to his group of artistic nincompoops. But the sacred subject of Mr. Brooke's discourse is represented as very much akin to the men of that set:—"His life must itself have been Art to awaken Art . . . Religion was first holy, but afterwards it was beautiful; it was Romance." "This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive," said Dr. Johnson. This æsthetic priggishness of preachers is not more, but less attractive, than the merriment which disgusted the good Doctor.

If we were to take these utterances seriously, we might dilate on the absurdity of making the sense of beauty the centre and the mainspring of a religion. The "beauty of holiness" is an intelligible idea familiar to Plato. The holiness of beauty is quite another thing. It is a stale historical truism that a gushing devotion to Beauty has never regenerated, but has frequently corrupted, society. We need not go back to the examples of Athens and of Rome during the Revival of Letters. The morbid symptoms which accompany an exclusive devotion to beauty have been noticeable enough in England during the last ten years. They have not gone further, perhaps, than an affectation of effeminacy; but they do not deserve encouragement from the pulpit. Mr. Brooke's very "latest views concerning the Founder of the Christian Faith" include, of course, a great deal that is sounder than the talk about the "romantic heart" and religion that guins much by becoming romance. But talk of this sort is nothing but the adaptation of slipshod literary slang, the slang of a small and ridiculous set, to topics which demand the utmost gravity and self-restraint. The vacant chaff of long-haired wittlings is already irritating enough. Sermons like Mr. Brooke's may encourage them to mix Christianity up with what they take for art in a manner from which, so far, they have shrunk. The young men and women of culture have, till now, been like Baudelaire's acquaintance, who "carried a toast to the God Pan," and who declared that "the God Pan was the Revolution." This absurd mixture of Pagan and political *argot* was less annoying, we think, than Mr. Brooke's mixture of "Culture" (in the worst sense of the word) and Christianity. The paganism of the artistic has so far been the error of people who have read translations of Heine too much. The neo-Christianity of romance will be the error of sweet enthusiasts who have listened too eagerly to Mr. Stopford Brooke. The fault of both sects, neo-Christian and neo-Pagan, is to drag in art where art has nothing to do with the more serious matters in hand. "The passionate frenzy for the beautiful is a cancer that devours all the rest of a man's moral nature," says Baudelaire, a strange Puritan adversary of gushing divines. Again, "the supremacy of art in a man's soul begets stupidity, hardness of heart, egotism, and an immense self-conceit."

This chattering enthusiasm about art and romance had a considerable excuse in ages that were either artistic or romantic. In the time of Michael Angelo, in the time of Phidias, even in the youth of Victor Hugo, the world was romantic and produced an abundance of works of art. Now, where is the art? Are our painters and our sculptors so eminent, are our poets so prolific and accomplished? Nothing of the sort. We have some three or four great painters and poets in England. The rest are students, enthusiasts, people who make experiments. "We have been on many thousand lines," as Mr. Matthew Arnold says, but the line of art is strewn with crushed and telescoped remains of our failures. This is the irritating thing. Our art is all in "words words," in essays, and talk, and chaff, and sermons like that of Mr. Brooke, about religion swooning into romance, and about the "Pilgrim of Eternity." When we get outside of these things we have the Temple Bar memorial, and the Byron statue, to comfort and strengthen us on the paths of daily life; we have Mr. Brooke talking of that "magnificent poem of imaginative symbolism," the Apocalypse, just as another enthusiast spoke of "that tremendous creature, Dante." We need a Latimer to counteract the influence of a Honeyman.

THE RECRUDESCENCE OF FENIANISM.

DIFFERENT persons, according as their nature is charitable or malicious, may assign different reasons for the increased vigour, or rather the decreased inertia, of Her Majesty's Government in its Irish policy during the last few days. The imminence of Parliament, the feeling that serious internal dissensions in their party might result from continued obstinacy and blindness, the sense that the noisier speakers among their supporters do not represent the opinion of the nation any more than of their more silent colleagues, may all have had their effect. But perhaps it is not wrong to trace part, at least, of this revival of activity to the alarming rumours—founded, it is well known, on tolerably definite information furnished to the War and Home Offices—as to a renewal of the attempts on arsenals and warlike stores

which marked the last Fenian effervescence a dozen years ago. No Ombudsman is wholly composed of fools; and only a body wholly composed of fools could fail to perceive that certain circumstances would very rapidly alter the passive dislike with which a large portion of their supporters have hitherto regarded their action, or want of action, in Ireland, into a very active feeling of discontent and something more. So long as the discomforts of the Irish anarchy were confined to Ireland, the average Englishman, who is, it is to be feared, sometimes a person of not very lively imagination, and often one of very considerable selfishness, did not trouble himself very much about them. Ministers told him that on the whole outrages had rather diminished than otherwise, the Radical members for his borough repeated the cry, and he was, if not exactly satisfied, at any rate pacified. Even such striking and pathetic cases as that which occurred the other day at the Lambeth Police Court, where it appeared, after full inquiry, that a father and mother, persons of good position in Ireland, had, owing to the refusal of rents, been living on the sale of their clothes and jewellery for months past, and had been obliged to send their son to a Board school because they could not pay for his schooling elsewhere—produce little effect save on a few readers whose indignation is probably awakened sufficiently already. The shoe must really pinch before the average Briton determines to have it altered or to throw it away. In the last few days it has begun to pinch very acutely. The Sheffield and Solihull murders created an uncomfortable impression, but in both cases Irishmen only were the victims, and persons who did not claim descent from Brian Boru, or Malachi with the Collar of Gold, might hug themselves in the belief that they were safe. It is different now, and something like a very vivid remembrance of the Clerkenwell explosion and the Chester raid must have forced itself on many thousands of memories.

At present the most effective, though perhaps the least practical, scare of the last Fenian terror does not seem to have been revived. Terrified householders who live in the neighbourhood of gasworks have not yet taken to deserting their houses. Incendiarism of another kind, however, has already made its appearance at Liverpool. In the early part of the present week several timber yards in the docks of that town were found to be on fire, under circumstances which left no doubt of there having been wilful "fire-raising" in the case, and a ship was also discovered in flames without any explanation being forthcoming. Perhaps these things were accidental. What, however, is assuredly not accidental is the existence of a plan, more or less extensive, for attacking Volunteer armories and other repositories of arms. For a week past one of the Surrey regiments, whose headquarters are at Camberwell, has, in consequence of orders from the War Office, had its headquarters guarded by a picket of men and officers with loaded rifles. Another corps in the same neighbourhood, mustering some seven hundred men, and therefore offering a tempting supply of arms, had to station a guard on Monday night at its drill sheds, and next day had its rifles unscrewed, and thus rendered useless, as a matter of precaution. The Liverpool corps have been recommended by their commanding officers to remove each man his rifle to his own home; the powder magazines are guarded; the Army Reserve pensioners have been warned that their services may be required, and everything is in readiness. Not merely round London, but in the neighbourhood of nearly all the large towns, there are rifle ranges in more or less lonely situations where stocks of ammunition are usually kept. These have been removed and stowed where they can be more easily guarded. In some of the smaller country towns where no safe place is available, the stores have been transferred to the nearest military depot, and in one case the arms of a Volunteer regiment have been stowed for safety in the barracks of the regulars. These measures of precaution are believed to have been taken in consequence of intelligence to the effect that ill-wishers were aware of the practice of suspending the regular drills during the Christmas holidays, so that the armories and drill sheds would be comparatively deserted. Sunderland, a town containing no small number of Irishmen, furnished the first suspicious case; but it is understood that very many other places are or were threatened. We are told, and we have not the least doubt of it, that the Volunteers have responded most cheerfully to the call, and that any number of men for night patrol might be had if wanted. There is fortunately not the slightest fear of any lack of forwardness on the part of either men or officers, and though just at this time of year more cheerful occupations can be imagined than pacing up and down in front of a drill-shed to protect it from skulking ruffians who are quite certain not to show fight, while they may be equally certain to take advantage of any carelessness, it is no bad initiation in something like real work for citizen soldiers.

This, however, hardly exhausts the aspects of the matter. The Volunteers may be quite willing to do duty of this kind, and it may be a very good thing for them to have to do it; but it strikes us as a somewhat pertinent inquiry whether the Government of the country does not count for something in the matter. No one, except Mr. Gladstone, his Ministers, and his devoted admirers, could fail to see that the result of his long tolerance, not to say encouragement, of the Land League must be a recrudescence of Fenianism. Although not too much is known of the I. R. B. nowadays, it is sufficiently certain that its organization has for some time been making up its leeway, and that it is now better prepared than it has been since the collapse of the last grand attempt. It was also perfectly obvious that such a state

of things as the Land League has been for months steadily bringing about in Ireland most conducive to the feeding and fattening of the more secret and more openly treasonable Association. Men do not stop at ease when they begin quarrelling with law; and after Mr. Parnell's very outspoken utterances as to the ultimate object with which he himself "took his coat off" it is sufficiently clear that those who go a little further than Mr. Parnell goes, or professes to go, must have stripped for their ultimate object as well as for the relatively paltry task of robbing a few landlords. But the main thing is that the peculiar spirit of violence and lawlessness which the Land League has encouraged is certain to crave for a bolder and more daring policy than any presented by fetish worship of Griffith's valuation, and by the unexciting, because comparatively passive, process of boycotting. It is now matter of notoriety that in Galway and Mayo—the model districts of Land League organisation—the only way to avoid sanguinary conflicts is not to cross the popular will in any way whatever, and in one or two instances during the last day or two, when the police have shown a bolder front, serious encounters have actually taken place. Nothing else can be expected, and Land League meetings glide as naturally into Fenian conspiracies as any one thing can possibly glide into another. Nor, abundant as the supply of arms at present is in Ireland, is it such as to satisfy those who desire to set on foot a regular military organization. The good friends of the Irish edition among the constituents of Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain have, it is sufficiently well known, driven an active trade with Ireland of late. But Birmingham gives nothing for nothing, and only a fair trade return for the consideration received. Purchasing really good arms at that model town is therefore expensive. The cast-off Enfields and Sniders with which the mistaken economy of more than one Government has flooded the island are all, very well for making a show by moonlight, for intimidating landlords and rent-paying farmers, and so forth, but they are so distinctly inferior to the Martini-Henry that traitors who wish to make war on the grand scale may well be ambitious of something better. Nor is it at all improbable that the leaders of the movement calculate—perhaps not altogether wisely—on the effect likely to be produced by capping the climax of an Irish anarchy with an English terror. If the Volunteers themselves do not mind a night or two on patrol, their wives and their mothers are by no means likely to regard the proceeding with satisfaction, and by the aid of wives and mothers a terror of a certain kind can very soon be established. Even to the sterner sex it is not a particularly comfortable thing to retire to rest with a vague expectation of being aroused by a skirmish in the back garden or the explosion of a magazine just round the corner. The carrying out of Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian instructions has had such remarkable success hitherto that his scholars may well be disposed to continue the course.

It is for Englishmen to say how they like this state of things. From the high patriotic point of view it is satisfactory doubtless to go without sleep for one's country. To have been indirectly instrumental in getting permission for the Irish police to use their buckshot, instead of playing with it, in strengthening Mr. Gladstone's coercion and weakening his concession, is also something to be (in a way) thankful for. But whether Englishmen like to find London and other towns in a modified state of siege is, we repeat, a question for Englishmen themselves to answer. It is, to say the least, odd that the presence of a certain party and of certain persons in Downing Street should seem necessarily to bring these delights with it. Perhaps it is not too much to pay for the intense satisfaction which, according to some people, we ought to feel at having for governor the most conscientious, the most intelligent, the most high-minded of statesmen. There is no rose without its thorn, and the thorn which persistently makes its appearance with the rose of Mr. Gladstone's advent to power may or may not be a severe one in its pricking. The rights of the citizen in Ireland have for some long time depended on the citizen's own power and willingness to guard his own head; the defence of the national property in England against armed force seems in the same way to be reposing chiefly on the volunteer efforts of patriotic persons. This would be wholly admirable in the case of a settlement in the backwoods; whether it is quite so admirable in the case of the greatest city in the world is a point on which there may be two opinions. At any rate, the chief consolation we can offer to the inhabitants of London is that gas will not explode without a considerable admixture of atmospheric air, so that the famous gasholder infernal-machine is rather difficult of actual arrangement.

ROMAN CATHOLIC STATISTICS IN ENGLAND.

THE *Tablet* at the commencement of a new year has given a Supplement, containing, under the title of "Thirty Years of the Catholic Hierarchy in England," some curious statistics as to the recent progress and present condition of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, which may be interesting to others besides its own members. The opening statement as to the incomes of Bishops, clergy, and places of worship since 1850, the year in which the hierarchy was established by Pius IX., is startling at first sight, but may easily—as indeed the writer himself admits—be taken to prove more than it really does. The Diocesan Bishops have increased, it seems, during that period from 8 to 14, while the numbers of clergy, regular and secular, and of churches are about doubled,

there being 1,962 priests and 1,175 churches and chapels in 1880, against 826 priests and 597 churches in 1850. The number of convents or religious houses for men is raised from 17 to 134. It is added, however, that the number of clergy still "does not suffice for the wants of the Catholic population," and that the proportion of priests to people is smaller than 100 or even 200 years ago. No doubt, as usually happens in such cases, the establishment of the hierarchy, by multiplying local centres of influence, has tended to bring in fresh converts, but the chief increase is notoriously due to the constant Irish immigration. Of another alleged cause, on which the writer dwells with enthusiasm, we may have a word to say presently. Of the actual number of converts, however, no precise calculation is supplied. It may be remembered that from the death in 1584 of Thomas Watson, Bishop of Lincoln under Queen Mary, there was no Roman Catholic prelate claiming diocesan jurisdiction in England till 1850, when Cardinal Wiseman was placed at the head of the new hierarchy, which provoked at the time so vehement a storm of opposition, and gave rise to the futile Ecclesiastical Titles Act, since repealed. For more than a century, down to 1685, there was no Roman Catholic bishop in England, the government of the small and decreasing handful of adherents of the Papacy being entrusted to archpriests. They had sunk by 1635 to 150,000, according to the report presented to Urban VIII. by Ranzani, the Oratorian, who was sent over here by him in Charles I.'s reign to collect information about the state of the Roman Catholics as well as of the Established Church. These 150,000 however appear to have had the very liberal allowance of 500 secular priests, 160 Jesuits, and 127 priests of other religious orders to look after their spiritual interests. The number both of clergy and laity is said to have been somewhat raised thirty years later, but on this point there is a diversity of testimony from different quarters. From that time began the government of Bishops *in partibus*, under the title of Vicars Apostolic. In the middle of the eighteenth century these Bishops reported that in the "London district"—including great part of the south of England—there were only 25,000 Catholics served by about 60 priests, and that there had been no perceptible increase for the last thirty years. In 1773 the number had somewhat fallen, but with the abolition of the penal laws the tide began to turn. Thus, while in Lancashire there were only 14,000 reckoned in 1773, and 15,000 in Yorkshire, who were scattered over more than 100 separate "missions"—whether served by as many priests is not explained—in 1804 Bishop Gibson reported a large increase and reckoned the Catholics in Lancashire at about 50,000—less than a tenth of their present number—and had in the whole "northern district" 85 priests, nearly all Jesuits or members of other religious orders. In 1815 the London district contained 78 chapels, twelve of which were in London, 104 priests, and 68,700 Roman Catholics.

When we come down to the present time, the increase, through various causes already referred to, is of course very considerable. "Two centuries ago the Catholics of England were 150,000, or at most 200,000, in number; now they may be reckoned at perhaps 1,250,000." And then we are told in a general way of many thousands of Protestant converts, but a caution is added as to a continual leakage going on among the poor. It is, we suspect, more than doubtful whether the conversions among the upper classes, whatever be their precise figure, have at all equalled the "losses to the Church" among the poor. In North America, in spite of the steady influx of German and Irish Roman Catholics, their relative numbers are said not to keep pace even with the increase of population. As regards the causes of conversion to the Church of Rome in England of late years the writer propounds his view in the following somewhat enthusiastic language:—

The influence of Catholic lay friends, Catholic literature, the general religious movement among the sects, the spirit of free inquiry, dissatisfaction with the intolerable inconsistencies and hollowness of Protestantism, and especially the preaching throughout the length and breadth of the land of Catholic doctrine, first by the Tractarians, and now still more boldly by the Ritualists—these seem to be, on the whole, the main causes which have led to conversions. To dwell only for a moment on the Ritualists, they are doing our work for us, and as time goes on they will do it still more effectually. As men found that Tractarianism was a half-way-house to Rome, so they will find that Ritualism is a stage or two further on. . . . We consider Ritualism to be, indirectly, the most powerful propaganda for the Church which England has yet seen.

It is true of course that one inevitable result of the Tractarian, as subsequently of the Ritualist movement, has been to contribute a certain percentage of converts to Rome, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that these movements must be regarded as only part of the same great wave of religious thought passing over Europe during the last half-century or so, which is known on the Continent under the name of the Catholic reaction. But after fully allowing this we are by no means so sure as the *Tablet* writer as to these movements supplying "the most powerful propaganda for the Church" of Rome. The abstract question of the proper and legitimate result of Tractarian or Ritualistic principles, on which he proceeds to enlarge, is not one that can be discussed here, but as a matter of fact there is fully as much ground for saying that the Anglican revival has provided a resting-place for many who would otherwise have found the only satisfaction of their yearnings in the Roman Church, as for saying that they have created yearnings which Rome alone can satisfy. And we strongly suspect that an examination of statistics, if we had room for it, would show this to be a more accurate version of what has actually occurred. Mr. Gladstone has somewhere pointed out—that is indeed notorious—how few converts for Rome are gained from the Eastern Church: yet the theological and ecclesiastical

system of Eastern Christianity approximate more nearly to the Latin than the extremist phase of Tractarianism. But it would carry us too far from our present subject to pursue that inquiry further.

The compiler of the Roman Catholic statistics devotes a considerable portion of his paper to what students of ecclesiastical history will at once recognize as having always been a more or less burning question in the Western Church, the relation of the regular to the secular clergy. His language on the matter is studiously reserved, and he betrays a nervous anxiety to minimize the value of reports which have been suffered to ooze out as to a conflagration going on at this moment between the Bishops and the Heads of Religious Orders, which has been referred to the Court of Rome for decision. The rapid multiplication of orders and of members of different orders in England during the last thirty years has naturally forced this question to the surface. It appears that the Orders have increased during that interval from ten to twenty-six, and the religious houses from seventeen to one hundred and thirty-four; in the Westminster diocese alone the regular clergy have risen from nine to ninety-four. And the increase has taken place chiefly among the Jesuits and Benedictines, the former of whom it need hardly be said, are always the first to incur jealousy and suspicion. We have ventured to italicize a few words in the following passage, which may serve to indicate the essential divergence of interests and aims so fatal to any thorough and permanent harmony between what the writer himself calls the two great forces, centrifugal and centripetal respectively, constantly acting on the mechanism of the Church.

In referring to the organization and progress of the Church in England special notice must be taken of the important part to be borne by the Religious Orders and Congregations. The spirit of these is *neither diocesan nor national*, but in a certain sense *universal*. They are willing to recruit its numbers from all parts, and are ready, according to their means, to spread into all parts. The Religious Orders act as powerful auxiliaries of the fixed diocesan clergy, who must ever form the rank and file of the great army of the Church. Their members are moved from diocese to diocese, and from country to country, having an independent government of their own, which secures to them their organization, their spirit, and the end of their institute. Thus their members are exempt from the ordinary jurisdiction of the Bishop, except in those various cases which are laid down in the Canons. . . . It is perfectly true that Religious Orders are not essential to the existence of the Church, for the Church existed in all the perfection of her sanctity for centuries without them. But they are practically necessary to her well-being now. . . . "They are like auxiliary troops, specially necessary in these days, of whose zeal and activity the Bishops most sensibly and carefully avail themselves, both in the exercise of the sacred ministry and in the accomplishment of the works of Christian charity."

It is hardly necessary to read between the lines of this passage to understand the frequent, if not habitual, strain and tension in the relations of the ordinary pastors and bishops of any local Church with a power "neither diocesan nor national," having an independent government of its own exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and having ends to serve quite distinct from the accustomed needs of parochial or diocesan organization and often conflicting with them. It is an open secret that great soreness prevails at present in England between these rival powers, and that the adjudication on their respective claims has been for many months past exercising the Roman authorities. Some years ago Archbishop Darby had a stand-up fight—if such a phrase may be allowed in a sacred connexion—with the Paris Jesuits, and held his own, in spite of Pius IX., who of course supported the Society. Leo XIII., in spite of the eulogy pronounced on the religious orders in his recent protest against their expulsion from France, is not credited with any very warm sympathy with the Jesuits especially, and even Cardinal Manning, though he availed himself of their services to the utmost at the Vatican Council, is believed not greatly to relish the *imperium in imperio* of the meddlesome and ubiquitous Society within the limits of his own archiepiscopal jurisdiction. The Benedictines, it is true, were both powerful and popular in the middle ages, and perhaps hold half the parishes of England in their hands, but the later Communities of Capuchins and Jesuits—the Jesuits especially—are far less answerable to ordinary rules and arrangements, and cherish a bolder and more ambitious spirit than the learned and dignified veterans whose fame is identified with the traditional glories of Monte Cassino and St. Maur. The mediæval enmities of Capuchins and seculars are recorded on wood and stone in the quaint carvings of gurgoyles and choirstalls still preserved in many of our ancient abbeys and cathedrals, and the sons of St. Ignatius are more isolated and grasping in their policy than the sons of St. Francis. The enormous increase of these religious bodies during the last quarter of a century, which is here triumphantly recorded, is an element of weakness as well as of strength to the Roman Catholic Church in this country. It is easy enough to reply that "the Catholics of England are too well aware of the baneful results of internal dissension, from their experience of its effects during the years of persecution, to tolerate its renewal." But after all prophecy is one thing and proof is another. Those who are familiar with the Memoirs of Panzani, to whom reference was made just now, will recollect what was thought in his day of the machinations of the Jesuits, and how readily he would have seen their services dispensed with. Nor are we by any means sure that the multiplication of these Orders now, "is an irrefragable proof of the esteem in which they are held by the English Roman Catholic episcopate," still less that it is an unmingled or indisputable augury of success.

THE SABRE.

MR. J. M. WAITE, formerly a corporal major in the 2nd Life Guards, and now a teacher of fencing and sword-play, has just published a manual of instruction (*Science of the Sabre*, &c. By J. M. Waite. London: Weldon and Co.) in the use of the sabre which, if it receives the attention it deserves, will probably alter largely the established method of attack and defence now followed by all professors of the sword in England. Mr. Waite has for long been known as an excellent fencer and as an adept at sabre-play and single-stick, and his stalwart figure is familiar to all those who go to see assaults of arms. Now, after full experience in the arena, he comes forward as a writer on the art of using the sword, and as a bold innovator on the established system. At the outset he is, very rightly, careful to show that he does not either lay down the law or alter the law without good qualifications for so doing. At the beginning of a modest and sensible preface, which speaks well for the literary cultivation that prevails in the Household Brigade, he states that his book is the result of long experience, and that before he began to teach himself he was so fortunate as to be trained by teachers of the highest skill. As pupil and assistant he practised long, he says, under the late M. Prevost, one of the best fencers of his day, as all who are learned in the history of the small-sword know, and in the use of the sabre and single-stick he was instructed by Platts, who had acquired from Bushman his method of using the broadsword. Clearly, then, Mr. Waite underwent an exceptionally full and severe training in the art to which he devoted himself; and, since this training has been followed by years of incessant contest with all comers, and by much practice in teaching, he certainly is one entitled to speak with some authority, and should be listened to when he proposes considerable changes in the recognized methods of disposing of an adversary. These changes are due to Mr. Waite's knowledge of the small-sword. When he had attained thorough proficiency, he was struck, it seems, by the deficiencies of the established English system of sword-play, in which, as in the German tactics of the last century, the most formidable means of doing harm were ignored. He says:—

When, after no short or easy period of probation, I became in my turn an instructor, and gained that knowledge which can only be gained by teaching and by constant combat with adversaries of all degrees of strength, it appeared to me that part of the course I had gone through had been somewhat conventional, and though the system of fencing which I had learnt from Prevost could scarcely be altered for the better, the English method of sabre play, good as it was, could be considerably improved. Sabre players, as a rule, have not been fencers, or at least have been fencers of trifling skill. Accomplished fencers have usually, from an exaggerated fear of losing their lightness of hand, not cared to work much with the sabre. The consequence has been that no attempt has been made to bring knowledge of the small sword to bear upon sabre play, and that little attention has been given to what is really the most formidable way of handling the latter weapon. Those who have taught its use seem to have thought of little else than the cuts which can be given with it, and to have overlooked the fact that the modern sabre, essentially a cut-and-thrust weapon, can be used with great effect for thrusts, and that, when thrusting, a man exposes himself less and is more likely to disable his antagonist than when he delivers a cut. It is true that one or two thrusts have been taught, but small reliance has been placed in them, and several of the fencer's methods of attack and defence which are admirably suited for sword play have been altogether neglected.

This must have seemed to the mind of a thoughtful professor of swordsmanship a very shocking state of things; and the pain which a sadly narrow theory of sabre-play caused him was doubtless increased when he discovered that some original thinker had pointed out that when a cut is made the sword passes through a greater distance than when a thrust is made, and that a cut is therefore necessarily slower than a thrust. To remedy the evil condition of things he set vigorously to work, and, as he was mercifully afforded numerous subjects for experiments in the shape of adversaries who presented themselves, he was able to conduct his investigations in a very thorough and satisfactory manner. He endeavoured, he says, to improve sabre-play by introducing into it many movements of the fencer, and by copying his method of attack, and he was stimulated by a just feeling of the importance of his subject. Sabre practice, he says rightly enough, is not a mere exercise, but a course of training which teaches a man how to defend his life; and clearly, therefore, a really efficacious, and not a traditional, method of handling the sword should be adopted; and he further observes, with undeniable justice, that a soldier's chance of victory in a hand-to-hand contest with a determined antagonist is not likely to be improved by the fact that his instructors have forgotten that a sabre has a point as well as an edge, and have not taught him the most formidable way of using the weapon they have placed in his hands.

This instruction Mr. Waite now seeks to give. He does not neglect the old system, as he describes carefully the established cuts and guards; but to these he adds a series of movements taken from fencing, and it is his description of these which is likely to attract the attention of thoughtful sabreurs. It would be futile to attempt to give even a summary of the various methods of attack and defence which he very clearly describes, but it may be briefly said that the principal attacks of the fencer, such as the *coup droit*, the *dégagement*, *une deux*, the *battement et dégagement*, are adapted to the sabre, it being of course assumed that the straight cut and thrust sabre is used. Of the value of these in sword-play there can be little doubt. Lunges or thrusts can be made more quickly than cuts, and are far more deadly. A sabre cut may only infuriate a bold foe, but a man who is run through the body

falls to the ground; and in contests with such adversaries as the Indian swordsmen, the soldier who has mastered the movements described by Mr. Waite will be certain of victory. He will disable his antagonist while the latter's sword is still in the air, or will draw his attack, and then deftly use the point long before the other can parry. Perhaps the movement which against such antagonists, or indeed against any wild swordsman, will avail most, is the *coup d'arrêt*, or atop thrust, which, with many other movements, Mr. Waite takes from fencing. As the right way of delivering it is not always understood in England even by those who practise the small-sword, and, as it is often confounded with the *coup de temps*, or time thrust, from which it is essentially different, it may be well to give some description of the two. The time thrust is the most difficult of all hits in fencing, so difficult and so dangerous indeed, that few are likely to resort to it *sur le terrain*. The fencer who delivers it must be acute enough to perceive that his antagonist is going to make a feint before attacking him, and must judge rightly what that feint will be. Then lunging with great rapidity the instant the other begins, and carrying his hand well to the right or left, and high or low, as the case may be, he catches the blade of his adversary on the false movement, thereby effectually stopping the attack, and at the same time impales him. It is scarcely necessary to point out how difficult it is to make rightly such a guess as has to be made here, and, though the time thrust is often delivered by some very accomplished French fencers, who acquire a wonderful power of reading their antagonist's intentions, there is always great risk about it, as if the fencer guesses wrong he falls most ignominiously. The stop thrust is a rougher, but at the same time more effective, way of dealing with an adversary. It is intended to stop those who run in or make a step or two forward before attacking. The fencer who delivers it lunges out directly the other moves, and as generally a man's sword is disordered most irregularly when he is running in or making a step before attacking, the master of the *coup d'arrêt* in nineteen cases out of twenty hits his antagonist and remains untouched himself. "Immediately," says Mr. Waite, "that you see him [the antagonist] move, deliver a straight thrust at his breast with a lunge, you will then, if your movement is done in proper time, find your point on his breast as he has completed the advance, and he will be unable to lunge and deliver his attack." The *coup d'arrêt* may be combined with the *coup de temps*, but this master-stroke is rarely achieved even by the most skilful. How efficacious the simple *coup d'arrêt* is need scarcely be pointed out. In sabre-play, which is usually much wilder than small-sword-play, men frequently rush on to their adversaries, and doubtless bold assailants often do the same in actual combat. In either case the *coup d'arrêt* is better than any parry, and assuredly when real blades are used the man who receives it will "be unable to lunge and deliver his attack," as he will infallibly be run through the body and probably stopped by the pommel of the sword against his breast. The other processes described by Mr. Waite for obtaining this desirable result are perhaps not quite so thorough and effectual as the *coup d'arrêt*, but they are extremely practical and have great merit, and there can be no doubt that he is right in recommending to amateurs of the sabre the adoption of many of the fencer's movements. It is true that these have not been altogether overlooked, as is pointed out in the passage which we have quoted; but to Mr. Waite belongs the credit of showing fully how the sabre can be used for thrusting and of greatly improving the present method of sword-play. His well-written manual should receive the attention not only of amateurs of sabre-play and single-stick, but also of those who instruct soldiers in the use of the weapon. Let it be hoped that within four or five years the Horse Guards may become aware of the existence of this excellent little work.

One portion of it may not possibly attract the attention of some who know nothing of cuts and guards and take not the smallest interest in swordsmanship, but are fond of literary curiosities. To such the elaborate series of rules and instructions for sabre duels which Mr. Waite has translated from the Comte de Chateaullard's terrible "Essai sur le Duel" will not be unattractive, and there is no presumption in surmising that to most English readers they will be new. A very curious series of rules they certainly are, and the author or compiler seems to have taken great pains to show how gentlemen should conduct themselves when they desire to maim or kill each other. As a specimen of his minute and careful legislation, we will quote Rules 7, 10, and 11:—

7th.—When the combatants are placed, the seconds measure the blades, which must be of equal length and similar shape. The choice of the sabre, if similar ones are used, must be tossed for. If by carelessness the sabres are not alike, the choice should still be tossed for; but if the sabres are too disproportioned for such a combat it should certainly be put off.

10th.—The seconds, after having invited the combatants to take off their coats and waistcoats, must go up to their principal's opponent, who must show his naked breast in order to prove that he wears nothing to protect himself against the edge or point of the sabre blade. His refusal would be equivalent to a refusal to fight.

11th.—When what is above described is finished, the seconds should toss for which one of them is to explain the conventions of the duel to the combatants, to whom the weapons are then given, with the recommendation to wait until the signal is given to begin.

Much more provision is shown here than in the framing of many Acts of Parliament, and the other ordinances have all been drawn up with the same thoughtful care; and it is worth notice that the legal prosecution of a combatant guilty of unfair play is strictly

enjoined as the duty of the seconds on both sides. These curious regulations form an appropriate conclusion to Mr. Waite's manual. After teaching sabre-play very fully, he gives the rules which those who wish to make practical use of the weapon are bound to follow.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

THERE is much uncertainty amongst business men as to the probable course of the money market during the year that has just opened. In the early part of the autumn most competent observers were of opinion that the value of money would now be much higher than it is. Trade had been improving for a twelve month, and would evidently continue to improve at a still more rapid rate. Speculation was even more active than trade, and in the United States a great demand for gold was springing up. These were all causes to make money dearer, and competent observers concluded that they would produce their natural effect. But, as a matter of fact, they have not done so to the extent expected. Until a few weeks ago, the Bank of England rate of discount remained at 2½ per cent. per annum, and, except for about two days when the rise occurred, the open market rate was always so much lower that the Bank practically did no discount business. The rate was raised to 3 per cent., and ever since the Bank has been out of the market. It has lent money for Stock Exchange requirements in very large amounts. But genuine discounting, except for its regular customers, it has not done. The calculations of a few months ago being thus so glaringly disappointed, people ask whether reasoning on the probabilities of the present may not turn out equally fallacious. There is, of course, no answer to the question save that men must act on the best opinion they can form, and that the best opinion is that which has the strongest probabilities in its favour. This, we venture to think, is the case in the instance before us. For how is it that the value of money has not risen as anticipated? The cause is found in the fact that the Bank of France acted contrary to the received principles of good management in the case of banks holding the ultimate cash reserve of the countries to which they belong. When it was seen that a great demand for gold was springing up in the United States, which the United States had it in their power to gratify because of the large sums due to them by Europe for wheat, Indian corn, cotton, bacon, butter, meat, tobacco, and other produce, competent observers concluded that the Bank of France, on which the demand chiefly fell in the first instance, would raise its rate of discount high enough to make it too costly to take away gold. Had it done so, the Bank of England, to protect its own reserve, would have followed the example; and thus money would have been made dear. But the Bank of France disappointed all expectations. The French Government thought that it would be injurious to the Republic to check trade and speculation by raising the value of money, and induced the Bank to abstain from the measures which would have protected its metallic reserve. Although, therefore, events have not turned out according to the expectations of competent observers, these latter were perfectly right in their reasoning. The economic causes would have made money dearer had not political influences interfered. It is quite possible, of course, that politics may again derange the money-markets. But it is not our province to discuss the political situation. Our reasoning is based on the assumption that the purely economic causes are allowed to act uninterruptedly. Each reader must modify for himself the conclusions according to what he thinks the probable course of political events.

The first economic fact to note is that the improvement in trade is likely to assume still greater proportions in the year upon which we have just entered. As yet it has only just gone far enough to give full employment to the working classes, without leading to a rise of wages except in a few instances. Even so, however, the various branches of trade have been carried on profitably for a considerable time now, which means that the capitalists of the United Kingdom have been receiving a handsome return on their investments. They have a strong motive, therefore, for putting new capital into their businesses, for enlarging their concerns, for taking on new hands, and generally for extending their operations wherever an opening offers. All this implies the sinking of considerable sums in the form of fixed capital, and the stretching of credit so as to take advantage of new chances of profit. But stretching of credit is the creation of a large new demand for capital to work the businesses. At the same time the full employment of mills, which a year ago were closed altogether or going only two or three days a week, means an enormous increase of the outlay on labour all over the country. Employers need more money to pay their workpeople, for which purpose cheques are totally inapplicable. Wages must be paid in cash, and the wage-earners, having no bank accounts, retain the money in hand to meet their weekly expenditure. Thus every increase of employment implies a corresponding increase in the circulation—largely, no doubt, in the circulation of silver, but to no small extent also in that of gold and notes, the latter being based upon gold and therefore equivalent to it. Furthermore, every increase of employment even at the old rates of wages leads to an increase in the demand for articles of general consumption. A family, which had been working only three days a week, or which had been living from hand to mouth by picking

up odd jobs, and which has now constant, regular employment, is necessarily a much better customer of the butcher, baker, and grocer. It is able, too, to replenish its wardrobe, and to replace the carpets, curtains, and other articles of furniture parted with in the bad times. When this increased buying is multiplied by thousands, and spreads over the whole of Great Britain, the magnitude of the effect will be realized. The small tradespeople, who had lost so many of their customers while trade was bad, or kept them only by giving credit, find themselves once more in funds, and are able in their turn not only to lay in a larger stock of the goods in which they deal, but also to extend their own personal expenditure. In this way the effect of the first improvement is transmitted from class to class, and from trade to trade; and as it goes on widening it gives employment to more and more new capital. The struggling grocer, who finds his customers suddenly increasing their expenditure, and requiring articles which for years they had been obliged to go without or to buy in very sparing quantities, and who in consequence has to add to his stock, requires additional capital just as much as the millowner, whose machinery has been idle half the week and is now working high pressure. But this general demand for additional capital as necessarily tends to raise its value as does enhanced demand for any other article. At the same time, however, capital itself is becoming more plentiful. Of the increased profits and earnings of all classes a part is saved, and goes into the banks to be employed in the short loan market. The larger portion, no doubt, is invested in the businesses of those who accumulate it; and another portion is invested in Stock Exchange securities. But a considerable part goes into the banks, and thus tends to satisfy the demand for additional accommodation. When, by the inaction of the Bank of France, the greater part of the American demand for gold was thrown upon Paris instead of upon London, this growth of capital sufficed hitherto to keep down the value of money. There was such a vast mass of idle capital when the revival of trade began, that considerably to enhance the value of the whole, reinforced as it has been since, required a long continuance of improvement. But now a new force is coming into play. The workpeople are moving all over the country for an advance of wages. In some cases the advance has been given, and before long it must be conceded everywhere. But a general rise of wages will affect the money market in the two ways pointed out above. It will swell the circulation by increasing the amounts paid away in wages; and it will add to the purchasing power, and, therefore, to the consumption, of the working classes.

Even, then, if we were to confine our view to the home trade, we see abundant reason for concluding that the value of money must tend upwards. And, when we extend our examination to the foreign trade, these reasons are strongly confirmed. There has been of late a general recovery of the raw-material-producing countries, and their recovery has already resulted in a marked increase of the trade with this country. This must continue for some time longer. In the case of the most important of them all, the United States, there appears likely a very great augmentation. When prosperity returned to the United States, they took up again the schemes of railway construction interrupted by the panic of 1873. The first result was an extraordinary demand for English iron and steel. But very soon the native production and manufacture overtook the demand. The works so long idle were set going again, and, favoured by the protective tariff, were able to undersell this country. It would seem, however, that the consumption is now outstripping the production, and that recourse must again be had to this country. Vast as was the railway construction of the past year, that of the present promises to be still vaster, and renewed American buying of iron will at once send up the price of coal as well as of iron. Nor is it only the United States that are building railways on an immense scale. Mexico is also to be opened up. Concessions of various lines have been granted, and some are actually being constructed. The South American States are likewise resuming abandoned projects. Thus, a large foreign demand for English iron and steel appears probable, involving, as we have just said, a rise of the prices of both iron and coal. But a rise in the price of coal and iron—that is, of the instruments of manufacture—would enhance the cost of production of almost every article. In other words, the capital necessary to carry on nearly every kind of business is likely to be increased, not alone by increased production and a rise of wages, but also by the enhanced cost of both iron and coal. But everything which makes additional capital necessary, of course tends to raise the value of capital. There is one other cause remaining to be noticed, which is likely to affect the money market powerfully. We mean foreign borrowing. As yet there have been few State loans launched since the recovery of credit. India and the colonies have had recourse to this market, and so have Portugal and a few others; but there is still a hesitation to bring out loans for foreign States. But foreign loans for industrial purposes are already very numerous. This very week we have had a very considerable example in the issue of the Northern Pacific Railroad Bonds, amounting to four millions sterling, and many more are to follow. No doubt, a portion of the proceeds of those loans, greater or less as the case may be, will be spent in this country in the purchase of materials and in the payment of commission, freight, and other charges. But a portion also will be sent abroad, and will thus diminish the disposable capital in the market. If there should also be a demand for gold for abroad to

any amount, either for currency requirements, such as we experienced of late from the United States, or for the resumption of specie payments in Italy, this would still further affect the market. And all the enhanced demand, which we have been tracing, will come upon markets already weakened. In the five last months of 1879 and 1880 the United States took from Europe very nearly 30 millions sterling in gold, and absorbed all the metal produced at home. The great European banks, therefore, are not well supplied with gold.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE full and brilliant display of the work of certain masters of the Dutch school lends a special distinction to the array of Old Masters at Burlington House. The collection is altogether of the highest interest and value; and it is perhaps not worth while, where there is so much that is good, to institute any comparison with what has been shown in former years. The great English artists have often been in greater force; and yet, both of Reynolds and of Gainsborough, there are admirable and characteristic examples. The display of Italian art in the period of its highest development is saved from insignificance by the presence of Lord Cowper's *Raffaelles* and one or two fine portraits by Andrea del Sarto; while of the earlier schools there is enough to illustrate the special aims of painting at a time when it laboured constantly in the service of religion, and when its practice was determined by a strict regard for decorative effect.

It is worth while to compare these examples of primitive art with a collection of designs by living painters which are now being exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery. To the later pictures at Burlington House we shall speedily return for longer and more careful study, but in the meantime it is interesting to note how far the most recent development of painting in England has sought instruction and support in the models of the fifteenth century. It is too often assumed by those who have made no special study of the history of painting that the peculiar manner in which the earlier artists worked was wholly due to imperfect knowledge and to the immaturity of their powers. The difference between a Mantegna and a Titian, or between a fresco by Ghirlandajo and the later work of the artists of the Roman school is confidently assigned to the different degrees of technical proficiency which these men respectively possessed; and what is strange to us in the manner of the artists of the quattrocento is accordingly excused on the ground that they knew no better, and that they did the best that could be done within the straitened limits of the art of their time. The critics who willingly extend this indulgence towards the earlier masters are, however, altogether intolerant of all work in our own day which attempts to revive these primitive forms. It is deemed an unpardonable affectation to look to Masaccio or Mantegna for instruction when we have as our inheritance the more perfect productions of the later schools, and the work that is done under such influences is dismissed as being altogether wanting in originality and in the feeling of sympathy with the present age. A very little consideration, however, will serve to show that this line of argument rests upon an imperfect understanding of the different aims proper to art. It is, no doubt, partly true that the earlier men were hampered by insufficient knowledge, but this of itself will not account for all that is distinctive in the manner of their work. Technically speaking, painting, as it was originally practised in modern Europe, was regulated by a strict regard for ornamental effect. It was in the hands of men who were often at the same time architects, sculptors, and even goldsmiths, and who therefore brought to their work in colour influences derived from the simultaneous study of other crafts. The imitation of nature in the sense in which it was understood by the later schools was kept in check by a controlling sentiment for that quality of design which is common to all the arts; and it is to the supremacy of this sentiment that we owe the striking versatility of power discoverable in many of the older artists, and which enabled them to pass from sculpture to painting, and from painting to architecture, without effort and without failure. It is unquestionably true that, as the technical resources of painting developed, these conditions underwent a gradual process of revolution. An increasing facility in reproducing the actual appearances of nature induced a stronger feeling for the charms of illusion. Art became more and more absorbed by the intricate and difficult problems of light and colour, until at last the painter, no less than his public, came to think of a picture as an exact image of reality, capable of being identified at all points with the objects which it undertook to represent. It will be observed, however, that this conception of art cannot always fit with the requirements of decoration. Here the first condition is not imitation, but ornament, and therefore the realism which is proper to an easel picture must be subordinated to a sense of order in arrangement of line, and of harmonious balance in colour. The attempted revival during the last few years of the practice of decoration has not unnaturally led to a reconsideration of these principles, and by an inevitable tendency painters who have devoted themselves to this branch of art have turned for example to that epoch in the history of painting when its ornamental functions had the most decisive ascendancy.

These remarks may serve by way of general comment upon

much of the decorative work that is now exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery. What has been said will not of course dispose of the many conflicting opinions that are aroused by the art of a painter like Mr. Burne Jones, but it may enable us the better to understand his intention. In deliberately seeking to revive some of the earlier modes of expression, he is not, we may be sure, led by mere caprice, or by a pedantic regard for the past. If he chooses for models of imitation the earlier masters of Florentine design rather than great magicians with the brush like Titian or Rubens, it is because he perceives that the aims of these later men do not accord with the special purpose of his work. What is too readily assumed to be the wilful affectation of his art ought not then to put any one in a passion. There is enough here to prove that he is a man of exceptional talent, of rare industry, and of an inexhaustible invention. The particular cast of his imagination has for a large number of persons no sort of fascination; for others it possesses a strong and enduring charm. To reconcile these opposite opinions is obviously not the business of criticism, nor indeed is it at all necessary or desirable that the available enthusiasm of the world should be all directed to the same goal. But it is of importance in view of the modern feeling for decoration that the relation which such art as this holds to the other products of our time should be rightly understood. There is no greater blunder than to suppose that a new departure in painting can be made in absolute independence of what has been done in the past. The cry for originality in all the arts is the pet vulgarity of our day, and if we look back to those seasons in the world's history which have really left us a great inheritance of original work, we shall find that they have always been characterized by a spirit of the frankest and most liberal appropriation from the accumulated stores at their command. Benvenuto Cellini, the most robust of artists, thought it the highest honour to try to imitate and to rival the grace of antique sculpture; it was a constant reproach to Mantegna in his day that his designs were only a rigid copy of bas-reliefs on Roman monuments, and we know in the case of a noble genius like Raffaele how gladly he took from Perugino all that Perugino had to give. To say, therefore, that Mr. Burne Jones frankly and studiously seeks to revive the principles of Florentine design is in effect only to declare that he has chosen the models that best accord with the particular bent of his genius. The effort that he is making, whatever may be the ultimate judgment upon his individual powers, cannot but powerfully assist the movement with which he is associated; and, if the visitor to the present exhibition at Burlington House will frankly survey the successive developments of art in Europe, he will be disposed, we believe, to grant that there is something that is distinguishable from affectation in the endeavour to revive the practice of a school whose triumphs were founded upon the art of design.

The remaining contents of the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery are of a more familiar order. A collection of water-colour drawings by English artists is supplemented by some interesting specimens in the same material by representatives of the contemporary school of France. The particular direction which water-colour art has recently taken in England is very strikingly illustrated by the comparison which we are thus enabled to make between the products of the two countries. The French work is strangely different from our own, but it bears at the same time a strong affinity to the earlier efforts of our school. While the younger professors of this branch of art are striving to force the material into competition with oil, and in the pursuit of this ambition are overloading their drawings with body-colour, the Frenchmen, like the Dutchmen who were represented last year, show that they are content to labour in the tradition established by the earlier masters. They are content, that is to say, to confine the use of water-colour to purposes for which it is obviously adapted, and are therefore enabled to preserve a quality of execution which many of our own painters have lost. It is not, of course, to be said that these criticisms apply with equal force to all the native work that is displayed in the exhibition, or that the freer and more brilliant manner of the foreign artists is always used with good effect. In some instances the evident cleverness of manipulation is too recklessly asserted; there is, as it would seem, a desire to impress the spectator with a sense of the artist's dexterity; but, taken as a whole, these French drawings do undoubtedly serve to remind us of a quality which English water-colour art once possessed, and has now partly lost.

THE CUP AT THE LYCEUM.

THE Laureate's new play has an amount of dramatic force which may not have been expected. Part of *The Cup* is in the best sense both dramatic and poetic. It is deliberate rather than slow in action, and in this as in some other things has or suggests a resemblance to the Greek tragedy, and, as in Greek tragedy, the action waits but does not halt. Like the French poet with whose name M. Taine contrasted that of Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Tennyson has caught that sense of impending fate which Musset delighted to catch, and has impressed it upon his audiences with delicacy and force. Musset gave both to his modern dramas and to his dramas of definite past periods, and most especially to his dramas which might have belonged to any period, that curious feeling of a grim fate waiting to overtake the personages

who seemed to themselves to be living untroubled lives, which has been often commented on. It was his singularity that he never went back into the time with which Mr. Tennyson has dealt, and dealt successfully. The story of *The Cup*, as told by Plutarch, is one which in its motive is unhappily enough common, like all really moving tragedies, to all time. Mr. Tennyson has made of it a play which refutes to a great extent the opinion that his genius had no dramatic side, and which may rank hereafter among his best works.

The plot of the play, in spite of Plutarch, of Thomas Corneille, and of other dramatists, is not likely to be familiar to the majority of English readers or playgoers. In the *Comma* of Thomas Corneille—too little known by his really good work; too much known perhaps by the great Dumas's celebrated repartee, "Adieu, Thomas!"—Sinorix appears as a usurping tyrant who has poisoned Sinnatus, King of Galatia, because, having promised his hand to Hesione, daughter of Sinorix, he has found that he likes Camma, Sinorix's wife, better than Hesione. In the first scene Sinorix tells Phœdime, his confidant, in words which cannot but amuse people who remember a well-known modern comedian's well-known catchword,

Cependant, tu le sçais, je ne suis pas heureux.

Meanwhile Sostrate, a friend of Sinnatus, is embarrassed by his co-existing affections for Hesione, for Camma, and for Sinorix. Here of course is plentiful matter for that kind of intrigue in which the French classical drama delighted, and equally of course regard to the unities and to the conventional decencies of that drama makes the catastrophe of Thomas Corneille's play very different from the catastrophe of Mr. Tennyson's. Death is not seen, but is reported by eye-witnesses, and in many other minor matters into which it might be tedious to go, the difference between the two methods is strongly marked. In Mr. Tennyson's version, as presented at the Lyceum, the first scene shows us a distant view of "A City of Galatia among wooded hills. Before the Temple of Artemis." Synorix appears upon the stage, and his first speech gives some clue to his character and to the tragedy which underlies the beauty of the two first scenes:—

Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering in—
The city where she dwells. She past me here
Three years ago when I was flying from
My tetrarchy to Rome. I almost touch'd her—
A maiden slowly moving on to music
Among her maidens to this Temple—O Gods!
She is my fate—else wherefore has my fate
Brought me again to her own city. Married
Since—married Sinnatus, the tetrarch here—
But, if he be conspirator, Rome will chain
Or slay him. I may trust to gain her then—
When I shall have my tetrarchy restored.
I never felt such passion for a woman—
What have I written to her?

This fine speech, as finely delivered as possible by Mr. Irving, may serve in some measure to illustrate the comparison which we have made between some of Musset's plays and *The Cup*. It is charged with the sense of impending trouble of which we have already spoken; and yet it must be noted that, like Musset, Mr. Tennyson has left it to the actor to understand and express this sense. Synorix, during the last few lines, produces a cup from under his cloak, and what he has written and what he reads to himself is this:—

To the admired Camma, wife of Sinnatus the Tetrarch, one who years ago, himself an adorer of our great goddess Artemis, beheld you afar off worshipping in her temple, and loved you for it, sends you this cup, rescued from the burning of one of her shrines in a city through which he passed with the Roman army. It is the cup we use in our marriages. Receive it from one who cannot at present write himself other than *A Galatian serving by force in the Roman Legion*.

From the reading of this letter to the end of the first act the action of the piece is close and steady. Sinnatus passes with his hounds and followers. Synorix invites himself to join the hunt, and the scene changes to the interior of Sinnatus's house, where Camma is waiting anxiously for her husband:—

No Sinnatus yet—and there the rising moon—
Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the wold,
Moon bring him home, bring him home,
Safe from the dark and the cold,
Home, sweet moon bring him home,
Home with the flock to the fold
Safe from the wolf.

These lines are sung by Miss Ellen Terry with exquisite grace and feeling to a harp or lyre accompaniment, music of the most attractive and appropriate kind having been written for them by Mr. Hamilton Clarke. Synorix, who has introduced himself under the assumed name of Strato, comes in with Sinnatus, and overhearing some communication from a soldier to Sinnatus touching "our anti-Roman faction," sees his way to his plot. Left alone with Camma, he tells her that Antonius, the Roman general encamped outside the city, has orders to capture Sinnatus and put him to death by torture. Camma's entreaties may prevail against this, and she will do well to intercept Antonius as he passes in the early morning outside the Temple of Artemis. Meanwhile, Synorix has been recognized, and the populace are clamouring for his life, for the tale which Antonius says in the former scene he has heard—

That your own people cast you from their bounds
For some dishonour done to some man's wife,
As Rome did Tarquin—

is a true one. Sinnatus, loathing the man, but remembering that he is his guest, though self-invited, tells him in the same breath of his hatred for him and of a way of escape. Camma, presently left alone after a charming love scene with Sinnatus, debates with herself as to what is best to do. She says of Synorix:—

His face was not malignant, and he said
That men malign'd him. Shall I go? Shall I go?
I go—but I will have my dagger with me.

The third scene shows an open space before the steps of Artemis's Temple. Sinnatus, after a brief colloquy with Antonius, speaks a soliloquy which seems to be the clue to his character:—

I have my guard about me.
I need not fear the crowd that hunted me
Last night across the woods; I hardly gained
The camp at midnight. Will she come to me
Now that she knows me Synorix? Not if Sinnatus
Have told her all the truth about me. Well!
I cannot help the mould that I was cast in;
I fling all that upon my fate—my star!
I know that I am genial, and happy
Would be, and make all others happy—so
They did not thwart me. Nay, she will not come.
Still, if she be a true and loving wife,
She will perchance, to save this husband. Ay!
See, see! my white bird stepping toward the snare!

There is a villany about this which may seem revolting enough when it is read in cold blood, but which, as Mr. Irving speaks the lines, is curiously impressive. A short and stormy dialogue ensues between Synorix and Camma, who at once suspects the trap into which she has fallen. She refuses to walk with him towards the camp, and he replies:—

Then for your own sake—
Lady, I say it with all gentleness—
And for the sake of Sinnatus, your husband,
I must compel you.

At this she draws her dagger; Synorix wrests it from her; and Sinnatus, rushing in upon Synorix, is stabbed with his wife's weapon. With his dying breath he tells her to take refuge in the Temple of Artemis, and Synorix ends the act with a fine soliloquy over the dead body.

Thus far the tragedy is both poetical and dramatic; the second act, while it contains some admirable poetry, has, as it seems to us, far less of dramatic craft. Half a year has passed, and Camma has, "for her beauty, statelyness, and power," been chosen Priestess of the Temple. Synorix's ambition, meanwhile, has been gratified by his being made King of Galatia, and Camma, seeming to yield at last to his oft-repeated entreaties that she will marry him, puts poison in the cup from which they each drink as part of the ceremony, and which is the same cup that Synorix presented in the first act. Here, as it strikes us, is matter for dramatic effect which the poet has neglected. All through the latter part of the act one expects some fiery scene between Camma and Synorix, when she reveals to him what her true purpose in bringing him into the temple has been. No such scene is given to us, and the want of some such scene is the more marked by the odd carelessness which Synorix displays when Camma (after she has poisoned him, be it observed) cross-questions Antonius as to the lies told by Synorix to gain his end in the first act. All the effect produced upon him by these sudden and pointed questions is to make him say "Go on with the marriage rites." Almost immediately afterwards he dies, saying to her, "Thou art coming my way, too." Her death follows close upon his with the speech:—

My way? Crawl, worm; crawl down thine own dark hole
To the lowest Hell.

Have I the crown on? I will go
To meet him, crown'd, crown'd victor of my will—
On my last voyage—but the wind has fail'd—
Growing dark too—but light enough to row.
Row to the blessed Isles!—the blessed Isles!—
There—league on league of ever-shining shores
Beneath an ever-rising sun—I see him,
Sinnatus! Sinnatus!

It is impossible to imagine this speech being more beautifully delivered than it is by Miss Ellen Terry, and yet it cannot avoid having a certain suspicion of anti-climax. One singularly fine passage in the scene has the dramatic force and impressiveness which seem to us to be wanting in the final scene. This is the invocation of Artemis, first by Synorix, then by Camma, with its accompanying chorus. This is, both from a poetical and dramatic point of view, as good as possible, and the music is admirably arranged by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, who produces a most striking effect by taking the last "Artemis" in the last invocation by the chorus an octave higher than it is taken in the corresponding notes of the previous passages.

Miss Ellen Terry's performance of Camma fully justifies the opinion as to the extent of her powers which has frequently been expressed in these columns. It is charged with grace, dignity, and tenderness, and the conflicting passion of the last act is given with extraordinary force. The invocation of Artemis already spoken of might alone stamp Miss Terry as a great actress. Without any trick of gesture or of voice, almost without any perceptible departure from her ordinary method, the actress yet manages to give a deadly force to every word. Here the excellence of Mr. Irving's byplay serves to accent more strongly Synorix's really stupid indifference to the burning questions which Camma afterwards puts to Antonius. In the part of Camma the one fault which we have sometimes observed in Miss Terry's acting, a certain

tendency to monotony or trick of gesture, has completely disappeared. Nothing could be finer than her action and attitude throughout. Synorix is, as may be guessed from our quotations, a singularly difficult part. Mr. Irving plays it with rare skill, picturesqueness, and impressiveness. Mr. Terriss gives a pleasant bluntness and manliness to the hunter Sinnatus. What is meant by the observation that he seems "modern," we are unable to understand. Mr. Tyars gives weight and dignity to Antonius. It is impossible by description to convey an adequate idea of the beauty and artistic correctness of the scenery and mounting of the piece. The most striking effect is produced by the last scene in the interior of the temple, with its seemingly solid pillars, and colossal image of Artemis at the back. Here there is artfully suggested a sense of vastness which recalls De Quincey's wonderful description of his "Consul Romanus" dream. The grouping and the management of colour shown in it are alike admirable.

REVIEWS.

ENGLISH LAND AND ENGLISH LANDLORDS.*

MR. BRODRICK'S comprehensive work on the land system of England is in a high degree useful and instructive. Those who differ from his conclusions may derive from the book much valuable information; and he is the more likely to obtain disciples and converts because he is fair in statement, sincere in his desire to ascertain the truth, and but moderately and legitimately pugnacious. Though Mr. Brodrick is well known as a strong party politician, he for the most part concerns himself in the present work only with social and economic interests. His residue of prejudice finds comparatively harmless expression in such phrases as "fatuous policy" applied in the spirit of a Whig of seventy years ago to the heroic resistance of England to the tyranny and ambition of Napoleon. It is only by accidental good fortune that in his main argument Mr. Brodrick swims with the stream. He would deprecate entails and primogeniture with equal earnestness if he were not, through the progress of democracy, on the winning side. He will perhaps regret to see that his conclusions are adopted in practical legislation, not so much because they are sound, as in compliance with the demands of constituencies from which landlords, large farmers, and substantial tradesmen will be practically excluded. The master of thirty legions may sometimes be in the right; but his triumphs in controversy are attained, not by weighing reasons, but by counting heads. Mr. Brodrick's moderate proposals scarcely seem to satisfy his own theoretical aspirations. They will almost certainly be overtaken and left behind by Parliaments representing labourers and artisans distributed into equal electoral constituencies. Landowners will find no hearing for any answer which they may wish to offer to Mr. Brodrick's vigorous arguments. The threatened abolition of their order, with the organic changes in English social life which will ensue, may excuse some disinclination to concur in the expediency of breaking up hereditary estates. Mr. Brodrick, indeed, has persuaded himself that "no sudden or startling change would be effected by so moderate a reform [as the abolition of settlements and entails] in the characteristic features of English country life. There would still be a squire occupying the great house in most of our villages, and this squire would generally be the son of the last squire. . . . Only here and there would a noble park be deserted for want of means to keep it up." Travellers on the great Continental routes well know that in almost all parts of Europe there is scarcely a gentleman's house to be seen in a hundred miles, though, if they consult books on agrarian reform, they will be informed, perhaps truly, that the peasantry derive a comfortable subsistence from the land. It is true that in France, in the Low Countries, in Western Germany, in Switzerland and Italy, the law of compulsory subdivision, to which, as an English institution, Mr. Brodrick objects, is irrevocably established; but the same constituencies which direct their delegates to abolish entail will, if the custom of primogeniture is found to survive the law, enforce the subdivision which may not have resulted from permissive legislation. It is the opinion of some of the warmest admirers of the agricultural system which exists in the Channel Islands that, notwithstanding the economical advantages which are attributed to petty cultivation, the subdivision of land could not be maintained without compulsory distribution among the children of defunct owners. Mr. Brodrick may fairly decline to be judged by the possible consequences of political measures which are unconnected with his proposals for the legislation of landed property; and he might plausibly contend that moderate reforms would afford the best security against revolutionary change. While he regards with complacency the possible growth of a peasant proprietary, he both desires and expects a more complex distribution of land, involving the retention of estates of various magnitudes, occupied partly by tenant farmers under landlords and in other cases by large and small freeholders. It is to be regretted that a dispassionate inquirer should habitually use the phrases "free land" or "free trade in land," which embody an argument, and which have acquired a controversial meaning. It is not obvious that freedom of dealing with land is identical with new legislative restrictions on its dis-

* *English Land and English Landlords.* By the Hon. George C. Brodrick. London: Cassell, Pether, Galpin, & Co. 1880.

posal. It is true that the accuracy of the term may be defended; but a disputant who wishes to convince hostile or neutral hearers loses more than he gains by prematurely assuming that he is in the right.

In dealing with some branches of his subject Mr. Brodrick has laudably declined to reproduce popular cant. He dwells but little on the alleged inability of limited owners to do justice to their land; and he utterly repudiates the fanciful grievance supposed to be suffered by younger sons of landed families. The cadet who receives but a small share of the hereditary property would have had nothing to share if the estate had not been transmitted to the last owner by his ancestors. Not the owners or the families of owners, but the possible purchasers of land, feel the desire which is now widely repeated—and which, perhaps, is in some instances sincerely entertained—for greater facilities in the transfer of land. It is true that vendors would profit largely by an increase in the number of competitors; and they would also derive benefit from a reduction in the expenses of conveyancing; but only a small minority of landowners wish to sell; and the complication of titles might be abolished by a measure to which Mr. Brodrick has scarcely paid the attention which it deserves. It would be possible, as Mr. Osborne Morgan suggests, to enable trustees to give an indefeasible title, while they would still remain equitably liable to the beneficial owners for the performance of their trusts. Except by the adoption of such a plan, or by Mr. Brodrick's method of abolishing life-estates, no system of registration would materially simplify transfer. The enlargement of the power of trustees would not tend to bring more land into the market, because, with few exceptions, they would decline to transgress the limits of their powers; but the rule that a purchaser need only look to the registered owner would at once render conveyances cheap and secure. The object of increasing the number of landowners which Mr. Brodrick proposes will be generally beneficial, if it can be attained without a social revolution. The morbid appetite of some large proprietors for the extension of overgrown territories has been of late effectually abated through the sudden decline in the value of land. An owner with a half-dozen farms on his hands must, in most cases, be disposed to sell rather than to buy. Lord Cairns's Land Bills of last Session would in many instances have afforded to landowners means of relief, if they had been passed into law; and there can be little doubt that changes still more extensive will soon be adopted. If in any new legislation the vested interests of remaindermen are respected, it will be necessary to give existing life tenants similar powers to those which were proposed by Lord Cairns. Hereafter Mr. Brodrick would convert every life-tenancy into absolute ownership. He would also modify the right of settling land on an unborn eldest son by importing into every settlement of the kind the power of appointment which is usual in settlements of personality. There might probably be some advantage in the additional influence over their children which would thus be given to parents. A younger son selected as heir of the estate, though he would occupy an invidious position, might probably be as good as the first-born; and disturbance of the usual order of succession would probably be infrequent. In the case of peers or of titled families the actual owner would seldom exercise a discretion which could scarcely fail to operate injuriously.

Mr. Brodrick owes something to younger children whose interests he has overlooked, or perhaps deliberately disregarded. While he would allow land to be settled on the unborn son of a contemplated marriage, he sternly prohibits all alternative limitations. Even in the case of settlements already made he doubts whether it would be necessary to respect any interest except that of an heir-apparent. It may perhaps be unavoidable that the contingent rights of cadets should be sacrificed to the paramount object of bringing land freely into the market; but the enlightened reformer displays in this instance an uncompromising regard for primogeniture which is unknown to the actual law. Few settlers are so exclusively devoted to the interests of their heirs-apparent as to be indifferent whether, in default of the eldest son and his issue, the estate should devolve on the next brother. The most creditable, and perhaps the most frequent, motive for founding or continuing a family is a desire to preserve the home to which parents and children are attached. It is usual to provide that the younger sons and daughters should succeed in turn; and in many cases the transfer of the property by the eldest son to a stranger would be unjust or harsh. On a balance of considerations it may perhaps be expedient to discourage or forbid the creation of a series of life estates; but a serious hardship will be inflicted on younger children. Mr. Brodrick may perhaps think that they would gain more by frequent partition of estates than they would lose by exclusion from the benefits of settlement according to the present practice; but, as long as compulsory division is not introduced, English landowners will make strong efforts to prevent the dispersion of their estates. The precedent of the American States, in which freedom of disposal by will exists, is not applicable to England. There would be no use in accumulating landed estates where there are no farm tenants; and there is for this and other reasons no class of country gentlemen in America. Whatever may be the dictates of political or economical expediency, it is painful to look forward to the abandonment and decay of the country houses which are especially characteristic of England. Some compensation might be found for the abandonment of a few country palaces if Mr. Brodrick's rose-coloured pictures of rural life in the future could be accepted

as true to probable nature. He hopes for the revival of parochial administration in connexion with elective bodies in the unions and the counties; and he even persuades himself that in the majority of cases the squire and the incumbent would still principally direct the councils of the parish. Mr. Brodrick's political friends will leave no authority to the squire, and they meditate the early suppression of the parson. Modern government, parochial, municipal, or Imperial, will be exclusively founded on household or on universal suffrage. The landed gentry have already, since the introduction of the Ballot, ceased to influence county elections; and even if a remnant of the class survives the new agrarian legislation, they will be powerless in parishes and in counties. Some of them may be partially consoled for their compulsory abdication by watching the disappointment which awaits the farmers who mutinied at the last general election. The Government which bought their support by promises, and which paid its debt by the Ground Game Bill, has already undertaken to swamp the occupying tenants in the multitude of agricultural labourers. The farmers might have retained political power for a time if they had maintained their old alliance with their natural leaders. They have easily asserted their independence against the landlords; but they will find themselves helpless in future contests with their workmen.

The same class will be largely and not always beneficially affected by approaching changes in land tenure. Mr. Brodrick has good reason for the opinion which he expresses, that large holdings are naturally connected with large estates. If a farm of 800 acres formed the entire property of a single owner, it would, unless he was succeeded by an only child, be subdivided or sold at his death. It is doubtful whether the average extent of farms is at present too large for the most profitable cultivation. The parts of the country in which the rent of occupiers ranges from 50*l.* to 100*l.* a year has suffered less within the last two years than the Midland or Eastern counties; but the comparative exemption of small farmers from distress may be partly attributed to their smaller proportional area of grain cultivation. Except in market gardens spade husbandry is almost unknown in England. The marvellous results of the system in Holland, in the Channel Islands, and in some other parts of Europe, are recorded by Mr. Brodrick with a certain hesitation, though not with incredulity. That a Dutchman living on the produce of eight or ten acres of land should adorn his house with silver plate and with china is surprising; but the fact must be accepted, if it is stated on sufficient authority. If small freeholds are capable of producing similar results in England, the gradations of ownership and occupancy which Mr. Brodrick anticipates will be rapidly merged in a single and uniform community of peasant owners. It will then be useless to regret the total absence from rural districts of almost everything which makes life interesting to educated men.

SHAKESPEARE AND CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY.*

THE translator of this first part of M. Stapfer's *Shakespeare et l'antiquité* remarks truly enough that "the aim of the book is of a purely literary character," and that it "offers no information of an etymological or philological nature." The book is indeed sufficiently differentiated in point of design and of execution from both the styles of Shakespeare criticism which, more or less imitated from German models, have been fashionable of late years in England. It busies itself only in very subordinate measure with the discovery of new points in Hamlet's soul; and with stopped lines, weak endings, and suchlike things it busies itself not at all. It is, in fact—or rather, if it were the work of an Englishman, it might be described as being—a return to the saner and more catholic kind of purely literary criticism, busied at once with form and matter, but less with matter than with form, of which England had in regard to Shakespeare an admirable hierarchy of native practitioners from the time of Dryden to that of Hazlitt, but which has of late years been more or less deserted among us. Miss Carey will probably draw down wrath upon her head from the stopped-liners by insinuating that their favourite style of censure is not correctly to be described as purely literary; but this cannot be helped, and of the propriety of the distinction there is no doubt whatever. Nor is there much doubt that a French critic, if duly qualified by knowledge of English and German literature, is in a position to give criticism on Shakespeare which will have at least a *prima facie* claim to more attention than the work of native critics, because there is greater freshness in his point of view. We do not say that English criticism of Shakespeare is ever likely to reach the point of worthlessness which has been reached by most French criticism on Racine, and by much German criticism on Goethe. There is an innate lawlessness in the literary attitude of the average Englishman which generally preserves him from mere repetition of cut-and-dried estimates, and from mere echoing of affected ecstasies. But the Englishman who tries to talk about Shakespeare is somewhat in the position of the unlucky Eastern poet who was kept for a whole day improvising complimentary couplets to the Sultan. Flatness and sameness are at last unavoidable, and the bowstring has to be got ready.

M. Stapfer's book, we believe, was in substance, if not *totidem*

* *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity*. Translated from the French of Paul Stapfer by Emily J. Carey. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

verbe, delivered in lectures to the students of the University at Grenoble, where the author is a Professor of Literature. The English Universities do not condescend to such frivolities, and the effect of this tonic abstinence is doubtless to be found in the well-known superiority of the journeywork of English letters. Perhaps, however, though the Grenoble students are to be congratulated on having heard M. Stapfer's lectures, the book as a book would have been a little better had it been originally planned for the press and not for the platform. A certain amount of discursiveness and of repetition, an abundance of quotation, and the citing of authorities for positions which might very well be given at the author's own risk, are things positively desirable in lectures to persons *in statu pupillari*; they are to some extent blemishes in a purely literary essay. However, these defects are by no means sufficient to interfere seriously with the interest and value of the book. Its plan is simple enough. The author has taken those plays of Shakspeare which have classical subjects, and has discussed them *sortim*, expounding their sources, commenting upon their chief peculiarities, and, where possible, comparing them with other work, both ancient and modern, on the same themes. Nor is the selection, as it may appear for the moment, arbitrary and in some sort resembling that of the botanical reformer who proposed to classify plants according to the colour of their flowers. For not only have the classical plays of Shakspeare considerable interest in their bearing on the question of the poet's intellectual equipment, but they illustrate perhaps better than any other class of his plays a point of infinitely greater importance. From the time of Dryden (when the Germans, who vainly boast themselves to have invented Shakspeare criticism, were in a state of literary barbarism) all sound critics have recognized, as the one characteristic of Shakspeare which must never be lost sight of, what may be called his literary transcendence. An Englishman of Englishmen, he is at the same time a man of men, and the extraordinary comprehension of his genius makes the time or nationality of its subjects a matter of indifference. The six or seven plays which deal with classical subjects exhibit this peculiarity, more strikingly and obviously perhaps, if not in reality more strongly, than any others. Here was a man who admittedly knew very little of classical antiquity at first hand, and whose age, learned as it was in a way, did not know very much. We, on the other hand, know a great deal about classical antiquity, and pride ourselves on having discovered its ways and thoughts. Yet, except very foolish people who stumble over the so-called anachronisms, no one can charge Shakspeare with having modernized his Greeks and Romans, with having put Hector's head on Lord Willoughby's shoulders, or clothed Cecil in the garments of Ulysses. His classical characters may not have the correctly and severely appropriate "surroundings" of character and speech that some moderns would give them. But they have the essence, and if they are not Greeks and Romans, there is at any rate no reason why they should not be. A survey of the classical plays cannot, we say, fail to bring this out, and therefore it is worth undertaking as a separate and definite subject of study.

It is needless to say that no critic is likely to endorse all the opinions of another critic, and that still less is an English critic likely to find himself in universal agreement with the utterances of a French brother of the craft. On many points, great and small, we find ourselves at variance with M. Stapfer; but that is natural and unavoidable. We think, for instance, that he is wrong in peremptorily branding *Titus Andronicus* as not Shakspeare's at all; there being much in it that no dramatist of the day save Shakspeare could have written for its goodness, and much of it the badness of which is a specially Shakspearian badness. Such points, however (and we may add to the *Titus Andronicus* question that as to *Pericles*), are hardly those for which one goes to a critic like M. Stapfer for decision. His knowledge of English literature is wide and good; but it is confessedly limited in the matter of the minor Elizabethan dramatists, a full acquaintance with whom is absolutely necessary for the settlement of such questions. Perhaps the most successful, and certainly the most interesting, division of the book is that which deals with *Troilus and Cressida*. Work on this play must always be a labour of love to any French critic, because the charming fable upon which it is based is the undoubted, or all but undoubted, property of a Frenchman. Few things are more curious than the history of the *Troilus* and *Cressida* story and its transformation in the hands of the inventor, Benoit de Sainte More, of Boccaccio, of Chaucer, of Guido Ciononna, and of Shakspeare. Students of old French have of course been for some time in possession of the facts by means of the somewhat verbose, but interesting, preface to the prose romance of *Troilus* in MM. Moland and Héricault's *Nouvelles du 14ème siècle*, and of M. Joly's still more exhaustive and more recent disquisition appended to his edition of the *Roman de Troie*. But the matter has never before been so well laid before merely English readers as in M. Stapfer's chapters. These chapters, moreover, contain much excellent criticism on the various treatment of the heroine by her successive historians. The handling of *Antony and Cleopatra* is also excellent, though hardly so exhaustive and presenting some omissions. Lastly, the chapters on *Julius Cæsar* and *Coriolanus* not unnaturally lead M. Stapfer to discuss the much canvassed question of Shakspeare's political sympathies. He admits (though scarcely with as much decision as he might) that the claim for Shakspeare as an advocate of democracy is baseless, and that he must be set down as of the other persuasion. But the admission is made with some grudgingness, apparently rather because M. Stapfer does not like to limit the area of

Shakspeare's vision to one side of the matter. This seems, however, to overlook the fact that, in the long run, political sympathies are much more a matter of temperament than of reasoning. Few men, indeed, are logical enough or cool enough to push such things back to their first principles. But those who do so push them find themselves confronted at last, in matters political as in matters religious, with certain primary oppositions of principle, equality against inequality, order against progress, &c. &c., on one side or on the other of which they must throw themselves, according to the dictates rather of a kind of political sense or taste than of a balancing of conflicting reasons. Shakspeare beyond all doubt made this journey to the end, and at the end he chose the anti-democratic side.

To criticize criticism is proverbially difficult, the sole way in which it can be done being by means of a tedious and almost unreadable running commentary. We shall therefore only say further that M. Stapfer has supplied English readers with a very thoughtful book of Shakspeare criticism, free not only from the defects already noticed in some other books of the class, but still more from the affectation and "preciousness" of style which have made not a few such books of native origin disgusting to read of late years among ourselves. His translator has done him exceedingly good service. It is, we believe, a popular idea that any one can translate French. The truth is that there is hardly a more difficult language to render properly into English. If the version is not exposed to the special danger of translating from German—the danger of retaining a stiff and ungraceful mould of sentence—difficulties equal in amount, and perhaps more treacherous in kind, are presented by the requisite substitution of equivalent idioms and the appropriate rendering of words which with similar sounds have subtle but very decided differences of sense. For instance, in half the translations of French which are presented to the English public, one single verb, *prétendre*, proves too much for the translator at one time or another. We have hardly noticed a single slip of this kind in Miss Carey's work; and her sentences, with very few exceptions, read as if the language in which they now appear was their native one, and not a substitute for it. Sometimes, indeed, a certain freedom of rendering is used which would shock the strictest school of translators. Thus *rompre visière à*—by the way, *rompre en visière* is, if we mistake not, the more usual form—might very well have been literally rendered "to break a lance with," instead of "to break away from," though the latter happens in the context to be perhaps the more appropriate phrase. However, we are told in the preface that the translation has the full approval of the author, who is himself, we believe, a competent English scholar, so that minute criticism is probably superfluous. It is to be hoped that the reception of this book will encourage Miss Carey to follow it with a version of the second part—"Shakspeare and the Greek Tragedians"—which in its French form was noticed in our columns some time ago. Though (perhaps because) it is fuller of disputable points, it is the more interesting of the two, and contains more original matter.

THE GARDENS OF THE SUN.*

UNDER a somewhat sensational title there is here concealed a good book. It is true that the author undertook a voyage to Borneo and the Sulu Archipelago in the interests of natural history, but a man of education and intelligence could hardly spend months in a land of "perpetual sunshine and copious rain" without seeing and reporting facts more significant than the existence of golden-winged butterflies and gigantic orchids. Mr. Burbidge went to collect specimens for conservatories and museums, but he has added considerably to our store of knowledge about Malays, Chinese traders, Sen-gypsies, Kayans, and Muruts. A preliminary chapter on the outward voyage and the characters of a Welsh stewardess, a photographing stoward, and a quartermaster fond of grog, might very well have been spared; nor is there much of interest or novelty in the account of Singapore. Its hotels, its cookery, and the store and gardens of the late Hon. C. Whampoa, Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, have been described and are well known, and few persons need to be told that a civilian or merchant at that Settlement employs three times as many servants as he would do in England on much less wages; and that provisions are cheap but pianos and luxuries imported from Europe are dear. However, any reader who hastily glances over the first fifty pages will find plenty to detain him in the accounts of travel through scenes vaguely associated with piracy and its suppression by Raja Brooke. Our author went not to subdue and to civilize wild tribes or to negotiate commercial treaties with unimpressible Sultans, but to ransack nature's stores, to shoot strange birds, and to see tropical vegetation in all its glory; and, though his diction is occasionally too technical for ordinary readers, no one can fail to be interested and amused when the ruling passion breaks out defiantly in spite of wet and fatigue, and mosquitoes and leeches. In one place there were rare botanical treasures for which Imperial Kew and Sir William Hooker had longed for in vain. Another was decked with jasmines and hibiscus, with honeysuckles and the sacred lotus, and with the

* *The Gardens of the Sun; or, a Naturalist's Journal in the Forests and Swamps of Borneo and the Sulu Archipelago.* By F. W. Burbidge, Trin. Coll. Botanical Gardens, Dublin, and formerly of the Royal Gardens, Kew. London: John Murray. 1880.

glowing masses of the scarlet *hippeastrum*. On a third occasion, hunger and weariness seem instantaneously to have vanished before ferns of filmy beauty, graceful glumales, and flowery shrubs and palms. And when he ascended Kina Balu for the second time, Mr. Burbidge evidently thought much more of his "nice lot of seeds and plants" than of his feet which he had unluckily scalded by upsetting a hot kettle, or of the view which he might have obtained by a slight additional climb of three thousand feet. But his case exemplifies the difference between Mr. Whymper and other ardent members of the Alpine Club, and Mr. Borrow's Spanish Alcalde, who had lived for forty years at the foot of a high hill without ever caring to go to the top for "prospects."

Mr. Burbidge's wanderings would have read much better had he thought fit to illustrate them by a map. He has given us some good sketches of scenery, of his favourite plants, and especially of the elk-horn fern, besides some aboriginals known as Jakuns or wild men, as repulsive in feature as such noble savages often are. After visiting Jalac, the author went to Labuan and Brunei in Borneo; he then sailed to the small trading station of Sandakan and the Sulu isles, and he ended his tour by ascending the mountain of Kina Balu for the second time. In effecting these objects Mr. Burbidge encountered decided inconveniences and hardships sufficient to raise his journey out of the category of a mere tour. It must be admitted that he was exempt from some perils. There are no tigers in Borneo; wild elephants never molested the party; the relations with the natives were peaceful, and it is quite clear that a residence amongst Malays, Dyaks, and Dusuns would be attended with far less personal peril than a sojourn in Ireland at the present moment. But there were annoyances and pests which would have damped the ardour of a less sanguine naturalist; snakes and leeches abounded; rivers were full of alligators; excessive heat was often succeeded by cold and drenching showers; and the path of the explorers lay through sticky clay and streams soon converted into torrents and rivers which had to be forded or crossed on a buffalo's back. Repeatedly they arrived at a native hut wet to the skin. Now and then they had to sleep under an overhanging rock or a big tree with no other shelter but a waterproof covering. Once Mr. Burbidge and a companion were nearly carried away by the force of the current in a river with huge boulders and a slippery bed, and we are surprised as well as pleased to find that only once or twice did the author suffer from fever. Then, servants and porters who carried provisions as well as treasures culled from the jungle and the hillside and the skins of birds, refused to advance, or were perfectly useless when most needed—they shivered in the cold and had hardly energy left to make a fire and cook their food. However, with tins of chocolate, biscuits, rice, and fowls, the travellers were never brought down to starvation point. Native women were ready to sell them abundance of tropical fruits; solitary Englishmen, the pioneers of civilization, were only too glad to welcome the strangers; and while they could depend on a boiled fowl and a tin of Julienne soup at the close of a long day's trudge, they had no reason to envy the *dura illa* of one of their guides, who roasted a wild cat and two rats and ate them with the liveliest satisfaction.

Not the least attractive part of the book is the visit to the Sulu Archipelago. An introduction to the Sultan led to an invitation to a boar-hunt. The animals were driven out of the jungle by beaters, as in parts of India, with the addition of dogs, and then ridden down by horsemen mounted on ponies and armed with hog-spears. Seventeen hogs were slaughtered in one day, but, though the animals charged once or twice, they seem to have been far inferior to the boar that tests the nerve of the rider over the stony hills of the Deccan or the alluvial flats of Eastern and Central Bengal. The Sulu women, including the Sultana, bestride their horses, have long black hair, and delight in yellow colours. The boar-hunt was followed by a dinner of snowy rice, fish, biscuits, boiled eggs, and curried fowl, excellently served up, with chocolate and brandy; and when the guests retired for the night, the ladies of the zenana indulged a pardonable curiosity by peeping in at them through an opening which led from the audience-chamber to the sleeping apartment. Slavery is still common in these islands, and most of the hard work is performed by women, who go to market and weave mats and baskets while the husbands gossip and lounge. We are rather gratified to hear that the capabilities of the largest island are in process of development by the Spaniards, who virtually rule there. Tobacco is grown largely, besides hemp, cocon, and tapioca; and Mr. Burbidge saw coffee-plants apparently growing wild. A picture of a native craft displays the outrigger familiar to all who have visited Ceylon, but is more comfortable as it has a roof or covering to keep off the sun's rays. The visit ended with a trip to the interior and the ascent of the highest mountain of the island, not more than 3,000 ft. high, during which orchids, as usual, were gathered and pigeons were shot. We must not forget that our author is a zoologist as well as a botanist, and that he was always on the look-out for kingfishers and hornbills, eagles and fish-hawks, and golden plover and snipe. One sentence might lead one to imagine that Mr. Burbidge was careless in the handling of firearms, when he tells us that his servants who had lagged behind were guided to the resting-place by "the accidental discharge of our guns." From the context it is quite certain that the weapons were not let off by accident at all, but for the purpose of drying them, or, as we take it, to see if they would go off after a thorough good wetting. One or two other slight slips occur. The name of a Mahomedan lad should be Jallal-uddin, instead of Jeludin, though the latter may be a Malay

corruption, and when Mr. Burbidge accurately describes the planting out of the rice crop by hand and the careful weeding, he seems unaware that the process is identical with the transplanting of the late rice crop in some twenty or thirty large districts of the Bengal Presidency.

The second visit to Kina Balu, or the "Mountain of the Chinese Widow," had even more of adventure in it than the first. On the previous occasion the route by the Tawaran River was chosen; on the latter, the travellers went up the Tampassuk, which has a strong current and a bar at its mouth. Here they had a difficulty in getting guides, and it seems that previous expeditions have failed from want of a good understanding with the natives. Repeated wettings and nights passed before a wood fire, which was as welcome as if they had been up some mountain in Norway, were compensated by abundance of specimens, and we almost share Mr. Burbidge's emotions on breathing pure mountain air and seeing such remarkable forms of vegetable life as the *Nepenthes Raja* and the *Nepenthes Lowii* and *Edwardsiana*. The *N. Lowii*, we note, is the most singular of the whole group, having urns in the shape of a flagon, and of a hard leather-like consistence. The descent of this mountain was worse than the ascent. Boots split like brown paper; tumbles were frequent; and both Englishman and Malay were heartily glad when the trial of endurance was over. We doubt very much whether a perusal of this record will tempt any of our foremost artists to visit the tropics, as the author suggests, and sketch the delicate tracery of the Nebong palms. Indeed, Mr. Burbidge in one striking passage admits that in this gorgeous wealth of colour and vegetation he saw hardly anything to compare with heather and blue-bells and the buttercups and primroses of our pastures and woods. The burst of a temperate spring is wanting in the East. *Truditur folium folio* may be said with truth of the change of foliage. The eternal verdure is irritating. Leaves, except in some few cases, never fall from the trees, and the new shoots thrust out the last year's crop, giving it no time to wither and shrivel; and so we get tired of a landscape of perpetual aunehine, blossoms, and verdure. The only thing approaching to spring in the tropics is the beginning of the rainy season, when the dust accumulated in the hot weather is washed off by showers that last for six hours at the rate of half or three-quarters of an inch per hour.

This record of travel is fittingly supplemented by two chapters, one on fruits, and the other on outfit, health, clothing, and other points imperative for all who wish to explore with as much comfort as is possible where there are no roads, horses, or rest-houses for the weary. The list of fruits comprises some known in India, and others peculiar to the Malay peninsula. The mango, which in India comes to perfection in June, yields in Borneo two crops a year; and, like oranges, plantains, pine-apples, and pomaloes, must be cultivated sedulously to be worth anything. But other fruits, the *durian*, *rambutan*, *jintawan*, and *langsat*, grow wild, or at any rate come to maturity without "culture," and apparently from sheer excess of "light." Mr. Burbidge agrees with other writers in describing the first named as a fruit with a foul smell and a fascinating taste; if, indeed, the palate can be fascinated by a combination of nectarines and pine-apples, old sherry and cheese, thick cream, apricot, and garlic. The *durian* will not stand a voyage, or it would, like the mangosteen, find its way to Madras and Calcutta. The author justly extols the six segments of white round pulp, which come out of a dark red leathery rind. He adds that the rind of the mangosteen, when dried, has proved of great service in cases of dysentery. The *rambutan* grows in hairy clusters, and discloses an edible pulp of the consistency of jelly with a sub-acid flavour. The *jintawan* is of the size of an orange; and there are other fruits spoken of as acidulous, refreshing, juicy, and eaten by natives in large quantities. The plantain which in the West Indies becomes the banana, is known as the *pisang* in Singapore and Borneo. Mr. Burbidge's hints and warnings to travellers who are liable to drink bad water or to be drenched by heavy rains come with all the weight of one who stayed more than a year in Borneo and picked up a good deal of the language. Flannel next the skin, chlorodyne as a remedy for cholera, and quinine for fever, are his golden rules. We are rather surprised that he did not carry a mosquito-net of green muslin, as he seems to have passed restless nights owing to those insatiate little pests. Moreover, the texture of such a net tends to keep out malaria. Bathing seems to have been a favourite resource, and we should recommend other travellers to follow the author in his precepts rather than his practice, for he indulged in a cold bath when his other remedy of a rub-down with a wet towel would have been attended with less risk. His list of articles for presents to natives or to be bartered for necessities is well selected. Tribes in the interior of the islands are still moneyless, and will take knives and looking-glasses and white and grey shirting, but seem most influenced by ammunition and muskets. A few hints are thrown out as to colonization, but they are more calculated to repel than to invite. There is some good land, with a fair climate, on the lower slopes of Kina Balu, but the rivers are mostly shallow and unfit for navigation, and Borneo is rather out of the highway of commerce. It will be time enough to look out for spare land near Brunei when Johore, Perak, and Queddah have been fully explored. An English Company formed to colonise the northern part of Borneo may possibly calculate on diverting some of the capital which is driven away from Ireland. Up to the present time a Bornean Malay is said to live by lying and thieving; but Mr. Burbidge was never shot at nor had he any difficulty in getting supplies. On one oc-

casion the supposed murderers of a Chinese trader were put to death by the garotte, and when a gold watch and a revolver were stolen from a ship, the goods were recovered and the thieves were punished by the loss of one of their hands—much to the regret of the prosecutors, who had not contemplated or desired such a forcible mode of coercion.

The book would have been better for the addition of the vernacular or common terms for the birds and the botanical specimens, which are literally shrouded in impenetrable folds of learned technicality. But the author is never facetious, funny, or obtrusive; the dedication in the title-page is simple and graceful; and not every one undertaking a toilsome journey for purely scientific objects could have told so much in addition without ever losing sight of his main purpose.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S CERVANTES.*

THIS is the eminently readable sort of work which a novelist of Mrs. Oliphant's skill could scarcely fail to make out of so good a subject as the Life of Cervantes. The story flows easily along, and the character of the hero is clearly conceived and consistent throughout. The biographical part has all the charm and dramatic colour of a novel, more particularly the years of Algerine captivity, which indeed lend themselves to such treatment. The purely literary and critical portion is less happy. The sketches of Cervantes's different works might very well, to our mind, have been omitted, or replaced by general criticism of his method. If the object of the author is to enable the general reader to feel, and on occasion to talk, as if he knew something about works into which he has never even dipped, these sketches are no doubt useful. But perhaps this habit does not stand in need of further encouragement. Yet it is hard to see what other purpose can be served by devoting half of a small page to an account of *La Ilustre Fregona*, as if it were a new Christmas story, and not part of the work of a man who has been a European classic for centuries. And it is impossible for Mrs. Oliphant to do more for his numerous minor works. The inevitable result of this is that the sketches are in many cases quite insufficient, and particularly so in the case of the best works. It is always the character and the thought—things which no sketch can even feebly render—which are the real matters of interest in Cervantes, and the points in which he most differs from his countrymen, with whom incident and situation are everything. Many of his so-called stories—the *Novelas Ejemplares*—are treatises or satires. There is no means of making writings of this class known to people who have not read them except by copious quotation, and from that Mrs. Oliphant is debarred by the limited space at her command. Neither do we think she is always very happy in the passages she does select for quotation. In her account, for instance, of the *Coloquio de los Perros* she quotes at length the somewhat commonplace criticism on pastoral stories, but does not tell the English reader that in this satirical dialogue Cervantes calls loudly for the expulsion of the Moriscos. He attacks them bitterly as a breed of vipers which Spain is nourishing to her own destruction, and hounds his countrymen on to massacre and robbery by holding up the unhappy Morisco as a usurer. We are of opinion that Mrs. Oliphant should have mentioned this fact when arguing against those biographers who have supposed that Cervantes meant to protest against the *autos de fé* in his *Trato de Argel*. But apparently Mrs. Oliphant is no more able than most other biographers to understand that Cervantes was a Spanish gentleman of the sixteenth century, and shared the common hatred of infidels and admiration for the Inquisition. The citation of this passage is partly due also to a theory which Mrs. Oliphant has adopted in a modified form from the French of M. Emile Chasles, and which we will refer to further on. One more criticism is irresistibly suggested by the literary passages of the book. The attempt to convey some idea of *Don Quixote* by two sketchy chapters and a few quotations reaches absurdity. Of all books that ever were written, this is the one in which mere incident is of least importance. Its true charm lies in the endless talks of the Don with Sancho, and the admirable way in which their every thought and action follows naturally from the cupidity of the one and the craze of the other. Mrs. Oliphant's two chapters will be found to be full of suggestions by the reader who brings with him an intimate knowledge of Cervantes; but they will generally be utilized as "cram" by those who are too lazy to read for themselves.

The value of Mrs. Oliphant's criticisms of Cervantes depends very much on the worth of certain theories which she has accepted as to his intentions. We believe these theories to be the results of mere perverse ingenuity. A countryman of Cervantes, the Prince of Borja, laid it down as a general principle that an author's worst enemy is a learned commentator, and, although he was thinking at the moment of Don Luis de Gongora, his dictum applies equally well to the author of *Don Quixote*. Commentators and translators innumerable have undertaken to show that they alone have read the secret meaning of Cervantes; or, worse still, that they knew it better than he did himself. The last, perhaps the most ingenious, and certainly the most readable, of them is M. Emile Chasles, to whom Mrs. Oliphant owes the materials of her little book. We say this advisedly, and almost on her own autho-

rity. She cites nobody else, save when she once or twice names Spaniards quoted by M. Chasles, and Ticknor once; almost all her quotations from the smaller works are to be found extracted and translated in him; and finally she accepts his theories, not indeed wholly, but substantially. Before going further, we would venture to express a doubt how far Mrs. Oliphant knows Spanish. She continually says *auto de fé* instead of *de fé* (a very favourite slip of M. Chasles's), and then she calls the wife of Cervantes Catalina de Palacios y Salazar y Vozmediano. The lady's name was Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, and the form given to it by Mrs. Oliphant is in any case impossible. She extracts the French biographer's description of Cervantes's house at Valladolid, and explains his inaccurate rendering of the word "cantarera" by saying that it is, "in homely English, a sink." In point of fact, it is a shelf, pierced with holes, in which to place the *cántaros*, or earthen water-jars. These mistakes may appear very trifling, but they are such as no one possessing an accurate knowledge of Castilian would make. It is disappointing to find these and similar errors, and curious that they should be errors already made by M. Emile Chasles. Whatever may be Mrs. Oliphant's knowledge of Spanish, she has only too obviously no knowledge of the Spain of the sixteenth century, its people, its beliefs, or, apart from *Don Quixote*, of its literature.

M. Chasles, who, as we have already said, is originally responsible for Mrs. Oliphant's opinions, is one of those vastly ingenious critics who cannot persuade themselves that so great a writer as Cervantes could content himself with merely writing a story and drawing a character. He must have had some hidden meaning. That Cervantes, being a young married man of very narrow means, should have tried to make money by writing for the stage, and should utilize his personal experience as other men have done, would appear to M. Chasles a totally inadequate, and indeed vulgar, explanation. The *Trato de Argel* was written to persuade Philip II. to make a crusade, the *Baños de Argel* to show how the Oriental harem degrades woman—and so on. In short, Cervantes is subjected to a process of mystic interpretation, with the usual results. Mrs. Oliphant is very far from allowing herself to be run away with by theories in this way. She has clearly felt that M. Chasles was too ingenious to be trustworthy, but her work is so obviously founded on his that it shows numerous traces of his influence. She speaks of Cervantes as landing from his captivity burning, not indeed to preach a crusade, but to rouse his countrymen to some effort on behalf of the unhappy captives he had left in Algiers. Nobody will doubt that Cervantes felt keenly for those who were still suffering, with less lofty courage to support them, the miseries that he himself had gone through. Probably he had some hope that the *Trato de Argel* might be of use to them; but it is impossible to believe that he came back to Spain to begin any such literary war. For the first years after his return he was serving in his former "tercio," and he began by writing the *Galatea*, a pastoral which shows, scarcely a trace of his personal experiences. It is worthy of notice that Mrs. Oliphant does not seem aware that this work is only one of a hundred imitations of the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor, which was itself inspired by the *Arcadia* of Sannazaro. Had Mrs. Oliphant indeed treated Cervantes throughout less as if he stood entirely alone, she would have avoided many mistakes. It is, for instance, an utter error to suppose that he was the only Spanish dramatic writer who opposed the development that Lope de Vega gave to the Spanish stage. Cervantes must have been acquainted with the writings of Virues and L. L. de Argensola. It is obvious that he aimed at giving what he thought was a strictly classical form to the drama; he wanted to make it instructive, and his audience wanted it to be amusing. Lope de Vega made it so, and reaped the reward he deserved. This brilliant playwright is far too lightly spoken of by Mrs. Oliphant. He is by no means the merely amusing writer she seems to think, and more than one of his pieces—notably the *Estrella de Sevilla*—has far more real tragic power than all the heaped-up horrors of the *Numancia*. This work Mrs. Oliphant thinks was written to excite a patriotic pride among the Spaniards. It would be far nearer the truth to say that it was written to flatter the already existing passion. But there is no need to suppose that Cervantes did other than give expression in his way to the intense and aggressive national pride which he shared with his countrymen. He failed as a writer for the stage, and deserved to fail, for his pieces, in spite of powerful passages of declamation, are, as plays, very poor.

Of course Mrs. Oliphant has not escaped the temptation to explain *Don Quixote*. It follows from what we have already said that she does not fall into the mistake of supposing it to be a political or social allegory, but her explanation is not much more acceptable. Put briefly, it is that while writing this masterpiece Cervantes was laughing at the follies he himself had committed in his salad days. A similar interpretation is given to Berganza's criticism of pastoral poetry in the *Dos Perros*; and yet the last work on which Cervantes was engaged was in fact a tale of chivalry, and from his deathbed he announced his intention of continuing the *Galatea*. Anything would seem to be more credible to the biographers and commentators of Cervantes than that he knew his own mind. Except for those who have a theory to maintain, it would seem intelligible enough that a work which began as a mere *jeu d'esprit* grew on the hands of its author. There is abundant internal evidence that the intentions of the author underwent a thorough change at least once in the course of the work. He began with the intention of ridiculing the books of chivalry—which had been a general object of ridicule

for a long time—he found that he had created a character, and then saw that he could group round it a whole world of others, and make it a vehicle for his own wit and wisdom and knowledge of men. When he refers to himself it is with an outspoken manly frankness which was too proud to use a veil. By attributing other motives to him, and particularly by accusing him of a probing self-consciousness utterly unlike the man and the time, we take away from the credit due to his art. Of all Spaniards he was the least self-conscious, the most humble-minded, and the most ready to study nature. Therefore, during the greater part of his life he was content to tread in the footsteps of other and lesser men; and also, therefore, the fruit of his ripe experience is the one work in their literature which is of universal interest. There is something almost ironical in the fact that, though he knew *Don Quixote* to be a great work, he thought the *Persiles y Sigismunda* a greater. Mrs. Oliphant talks of the critics who admire this work as showing the “perverse preference of the small to the great, which is the temptation of the critic.” In point of fact, the only critic who has ever done so was Miguel de Cervantes, who, like Milton in a similar case, had that prejudice, and had it to himself. What the Spanish Cervantistas, with whom we could wish Mrs. Oliphant had a closer acquaintance, have done is to consider the mere style as superior to that of the *Quixote*. And on such a question they are the only competent judges.

UNDER ST. PAUL'S.*

THE scene of Mr. Dowling's romance is laid in a private hotel hard by the Cathedral of St. Paul's. The hero, George Osborne, was a broad-chested, good-looking, fair-haired young man, with steadfast blue eyes, who had lately come into a property worth 1,500*l.* a year. These qualifications, though important in themselves, are not enough to make a hero for Mr. Dowling. But Osborne was as great a master of rant as if he had got off by heart all our author's novels. For the first twenty-eight years of his life he had lived at Stratford-on-Avon, and had never visited London till the reader makes his acquaintance in the dining-room of the private hotel. Yet his talk is about anything but oxen. Not even once did he care to ask “how a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair.” He was, Mr. Dowling assures us, of a poetical turn of mind. He certainly very often does not talk prose, no more than do the unhappy inmates of a madhouse. It would be hard to believe that a country-bred young man could talk the rubbish that Osborne talks did we not remember how widely the English of the modern novel is spread by our circulating libraries. Even silliness will before long boast of no varieties in England, and the folly of the country will be in all respects the same as the folly of the town. It may be some advantage to fools to be all on one and the same dead level; but those who find some relief in laughing at them will soon have to own that life has become duller than ever. To them Mudie will have done an irreparable injury. We cannot then feel sure that our author wanders far from nature when he represents his Warwickshire hero, in his first days under St. Paul's, talking the rant of the town. We have, however, some right to complain when he gives us three whole volumes of his high-flown rubbish. There is a limit to human endurance. Even your dentist does not attempt to stop all your teeth in one day; but, after an hour or two, lets off the sufferer for a time. Our author would surely do well to follow this good example, and to inflict on his readers not more than a single volume of rant for each story. He may, however, have his admirers, who like his writings so well that they are not satisfied unless they receive a liberal supply. At all events, he should bear in mind his unhappy critics; if he does not, he must not complain when he finds that they can never read one of his novels without flying into a rage.

At the dinner-table in the hotel was a dark-eyed girl, at whom the hero glanced now and then; but when she looked at him, he looked down. Once he came very near to speaking to her. “He cleared his throat, grew red in the face, cleared his throat again, dropped his eyes to his plate, grew still redder, and resumed eating his fish.” These, as the experienced reader well knows, are the signs of a countryman when he is falling into love. So far Mr. Dowling's hero is in keeping with his rustic training. It is only when he opens his mouth that his disguise is at once seen through. The dark-eyed girl, of course, turns out to be the heroine. She might have been thought to be only a chance acquaintance who would open the story were it not for the colour of her eyes. The hero's were blue, as we have said. Such being the case, in accordance with an invariable law, the heroine's were bound to be dark. This young lady—Miss Gordon by name—was anything but shy. She had travelled a great deal, and, as William Nevill—the second hero—justly remarked, was as cosmopolitan as himself. After dinner she confused the hero by asking him what it was that he had been going to say. The very thought that she was curious to know what he had been about to say “flushed him, and made the blood at his wrists tingle. It confused his head, and took his intellect away.” Unfortunately, this was in the first chapter of the first volume, and for all we can see his intellect never returns. Why, by the way, was it at his wrists

that the blood was made to tingle? Into such details as this the novelists of the present day are very fond of entering. It is supposed to show, we believe, a deep study either of their own frames or of physiology in general. But to return to our hero. Deprived of his intellect, he could give no answer to the question, and so went out for a walk. He went on to one of the bridges, where he paused, and said to himself, “What perfume of romance have I drunk that she should make me mad?” As the chapter thereupon ends, there is no answer given to the question; but when we turn over the page we find him still on the bridge, and indulging in a soliloquy that fills a good many pages. “Greater England,” he tells himself, “is my father, but this London is my most beloved sister, of whom I am proud.” He had already visited, he goes on to say, just as if he were a railway-porter bidding passengers take their places, “Birmingham, Coventry, Wolverhampton, Leamington, Warwick, Oxford, Lichfield, Burton, Leicester; but all put together do not equal London.” He then comes back to the young lady of the dark eyes, and proclaims that he has a splendid madness upon him. “I do not want her love. I want only the image as I see it. He [by he is meant William Nevill, a supposed rival] may marry her if he will. I shall never try. I have her image, and neither tyrant nor thief can take that away from me.” He forms a bold resolution, and says that he will “take chambers, and live alone, that is unless I marry.” He walks off the bridge, and straightway lifts up his voice against Sunday traffic. “It ought to be stopped. It could be stopped by law, and it ought to be stopped. Why is it not stopped?” He is, indeed, fond of asking questions, to which he gives no answers. In this he reminds us of a servant-man in our schoolboy days, who was once overheard saying to himself, “Young gen'elmen calls me Peter. My name is William. How comes this ere?” Without a pause the hero resumes his soliloquy by saying, “This is Blackfriars Road. It leads into St. George's Circus, I know from maps, but how different these places are from what I fancied.” What, we should very much like to know, is the fancy that a blue-eyed, fair-haired, poetical countryman forms to himself of Blackfriars Road? He goes on, and presently exclaims, “It is cold. What an idiot I was to come without an overcoat!” A little way further down he takes a whole line to exclaim, “It is chilly.” He presently finds himself at Westminster Bridge, where he declares that the Thames is not only “an imperial highway to the sea,” but is also “the most important piece of water in the world, except the Jordan.” From imperial to important seems such a downfall in words as can only be matched in the language of an auctioneer. He returns to the hotel and is shocked by the heroine's flippancy. “I am so glad,” she says to him, “you have come back to flirt with me.” Well might he think to himself, “What, his divinity speaks thus! Monstrous!” To her he let his thoughts appear only by his manner and his reply. “Shall I light the gas for you, Miss Gordon?” he asked in a cold formal tone. She goes on from bad to worse till he has sadly to allow to himself that she was no longer an enigma or a mystery, but an ascertained certainty, a denounced deception.

In the third chapter she goes out with him for a walk in “a velvet-hat, a full vermillion, with black lace.” He is at once at his old trick of asking himself questions. “What was she really?” This time he does not leave the readers in perplexity, for the beautiful hat, apparently, helped him out of his difficulty. “There was one obvious answer—the most beautiful woman he had ever seen!” They walk round St. Paul's. The better side of her nature was soon seen. The expression of her face changed, and she sighed. He begins to summon up a little power of speaking. “‘You look your loveliest now,’ he said. He thought: ‘Mad or drunk, or mad and drunk, what can I do?’” They begin to talk seriously. She said:—

“Suppose I made up my mind to take a rest, and think seriously of serious things, would you advise me to settle in the country or town?”

He stopped suddenly, raised his right arm, and made a slow gesture round. “What place can you find better than here?” Throwing up his arm to its full height from his shoulder, he added: “Under St. Paul's?”

Matters now go on very rapidly, and he proposes to her in a hansom cab. She says she must take a month to consider, and begs him to send for his sister Kate. This young lady was really much needed, as the heroine had no confidante, and the second hero had no second heroine. With Kate William Nevill at once fell in love, though her brother did not discover it. He still suspected that he was his rival with the dark-eyed girl. The young men on one occasion get confused in their talk through their speaking each of his lady-love as she. The confusion and the chapter are thus brought to a very striking end. “Of whom are you speaking?” asked Osborne. “Your sister.” The two men stood staring mutely into one another's eyes.

The heroine's flippancy is still a great trial to the hero, who, in spite of his turn for rant, was really a highly respectable character. However, she begins to steady down. She goes to a concert. She hears a well-known song. “While she listens she was conscious of some mighty upheaval of her nature. . . . She heard the rumble of some noble thought, but could not figure to her mind its appearance. She knew something great was at hand.” That night she did not go to bed, but sat up in her room motionless as if she still heard “the rumble of the approaching revelation.” Her moral nature is rapidly changed. Under the hero's guidance she even becomes an orthodox member of the Church of England. By this time they were betrothed. Still, he remembers that he may die, and she become a widow:

* *Under St. Paul's. A Romance.* By Richard Dowling, Author of “The Mystery of Killard,” “The Weird Sisters,” “The Sport of Fate,” &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1880.

Widows too often marry again, and for her second husband she might have a Dissenter, or even something worse. He makes her take a solemn vow that she will marry no man who does not belong to the faith of the Church. Unhappily for himself, he attends a meeting of the Prehistoric Society, and hears a lecture that was anything but orthodox. Some one lends him a book on Man. He reads it. He exclaims, "What monstrous blasphemy! Man the accidental descendant of the ape! Why is not this book burned by the common hangman?" He has thereupon a dreadful dream and a vision, which together fill thirty-eight pages. He wakes up to find that he had slept more than an hour without coat, waistcoat, or boots. "He put on his coat, waistcoat, and boots. He was low and wretched." A day or two afterwards, he sets out on a wild walk without his breakfast. After some hours, with "an inward shudder," he finds himself at the Zoological Gardens. He goes in, and sees the monkeys. One of the keepers offers to show him some curious animals. He mistook them for negroes; but here we shall let our author speak for himself:—

"In the name of God, then, what are they?"
"Chimpanzees."

Those ruins of the old faith were no longer lifeless. Now over them leaped and bounded ten thousand forms of loathsome brutes. They leaped and danced, and howled and screamed and yelled. They grinned at him and grimaced. They took up the relics of that sacred palace, that holy fane, and smashed and tore and cast them about.

He rushes out of the gardens, and, exclaiming, "On, in God's name, on!" goes along "Bridg Street, Albion Road, Holloway Road, St. Paul's Road, Grosvenor Road, Newington Green Road, Albion Road, Albion Grove, Victoria Road, Church Road." He has by this time ceased to be orthodox. "I belong," he says, "to no Church. I have lost my faith." Of course he cannot keep the heroine to her promise to marry him. It is not at all wonderful that in the last line of the second volume she shuddered.

Everything of course turns out happily at the end, but it is not till the close of the third volume that the difficulties are overcome. We had not patience enough to follow the hero through all his perplexities, for his rant at times became overpowering. We were satisfied with knowing that we had not to take leave of him as an heretical and most melancholy bachelor, rushing wildly along all the roads mentioned in the London Directory. He is last seen by the reader spending his honeymoon in that most quiet, respectable, and orthodox among sea-side towns—Bournemouth.

ILIOS.*

ILIOS is perhaps the worst arranged book that ever came under our notice. Admirable as a discoverer, a digger, a diviner of ancient sites, Dr. Schliemann is an astonishingly bad writer. We gratefully acknowledge the intensity of his love of Homer, and his invaluable services to archaeology. But, when he writes a book, Dr. Schliemann exhibits himself as a most inconsistent reasoner, and withal as a wordy, unstable person who does not know his own mind. We do not find fault with Dr. Schliemann for not being an accomplished scholar or a trained archaeologist. He is something better; he is a man of real genius. No one but a genius could have lived the life Dr. Schliemann describes in his autobiography, keeping always before his eyes the ideal of Homeric research. This journal has not been grudging in its welcome of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries; but his discoveries are one thing and his new book quite another. It is necessary to speak quite plainly, because the volume has been praised as an example of argument and arrangement. Before we have done with it, we think that Dr. Schliemann's claims to these merits will be exploded. But first we must admit that Dr. Schliemann has hardly given himself a fair chance as a writer. He is entangled helplessly in the ranks of his allies and camp-followers.

Agamemnon scarcely brought more allies to the siege than Dr. Schliemann leads to the "discovery" of Troy. The list of scientific names in his title-page reminds one of the "Catalogue of the Ships," otherwise called the "Ravotia," by the ancients. Dr. Schliemann has received notes from his friends, notes on various topics, and he casts them down very much at random in the pages of *Ilios*. One short letter of Professor Sayce's, about an emblem near the image of Niobe (who does not wear turned-up-toed boots after all), is quoted twice by Dr. Schliemann in different parts of his volume. Prince Bismarck is quoted as to the Trojan manner of making big pipkins, which pipkins, by the way, are like those used before the arrival of Europeans by the natives of New Caledonia. There are long digressions about the *swastika*, concerning which we wish we had space to say many things. There are pages upon pages from the *Times* about the bits of jade, in face of which Professor Max Müller had a "feeling of giddiness," because he recognized in the chips the portable property of our Aryan ancestors. One of Dr. Schliemann's advisors, Professor Maskelyne, takes the view advocated in these columns, that the jade arrived in the West by way of early commerce. But these digressions tempt us to digress by the force of bad example, and

our object is to show the condition of Dr. Schliemann's mind as to the significance of the objects he has discovered.

First, we must ask, What are these discoveries? To this there is a ready answer in the preface, and other scattered contributions of Professor Virchow, who has visited the excavations. First, then, on the surface of the eminence of Hissarlik are remains of the date of the third century after Christ. From twenty to thirty feet beneath lie *strata* after *stratum* of relics of human existence. These *strata* are each said, by Dr. Schliemann and Herr Virchow (with a protest), to represent a "city," though the term city might just as well be applied, on Professor Virchow's own showing (p. 314), to a collection of the huts of the existing peasantry in the Troad. Among these *strata* the third, at the depth of thirty feet or more, shows signs of having been consumed by fire, and this *stratum* Dr. Schliemann and Herr Virchow both call Ilium. And this is the point where a fallacy makes its appearance. It was natural enough that Dr. Schliemann, in the excitement of discovering the pots, plates, cups, and ornaments lately exhibited at South Kensington, should have identified the barbaric dwellings with the Ilios of Homer. He found Homeric palaces, the Scwan gates, the treasures of Priam, and heaven knows how many other relics of Troy. But Dr. Schliemann has grown partially wiser. He knows, when he stops to think about it, that the burnt village is not Homer's Ilios. He knows that Homer described the civilization of an age infinitely more advanced. Thus (p. 517) he writes, "I wish I could have proved Homer to have been an eyewitness of the Trojan war. Alas! I cannot do it." Yet time after time he uses Homer as if he had been an eyewitness or had lived in an age of similar civilization. Dr. Schliemann does not know his own mind. On p. 517 he admits that swords were of universal use in Homer's time, and that iron was known, "whereas they were totally unknown at Troy. Besides, the civilization he describes is later by centuries than that which I have brought to light in the excavations." A more cautious archaeologist would not, of course, have said "later," but "more advanced." It may be maintained that the remains at Hissarlik are Celtic or Galatian relics, much later in time than the Homeric age, though much more backward in culture. We do not ourselves hold that opinion, but there is nothing in it inconsistent with possibility. Degenerate or undeveloped races succeed races comparatively advanced, and this might conceivably have occurred in the Troad. But to return to Dr. Schliemann. While he admits that Homer spoke of facts only as tradition instructed him, and introduced the manners and civilization of an advanced age into the story of distant times, he still persistently uses Homer as an eyewitness or as a contemporary. If he does not mean Homer to be an eyewitness or a poet living in a contemporary civilization, why does he choose words out of Homeric epics to apply to the relics of the burned town? A gold ornament Dr. Schliemann styles *πικτή ἀνὰδωρη*; a cup is *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον*; and the gold earrings with pendants are *θύσανοι*. Where is the point in using Homeric names for articles which Homer, by Dr. Schliemann's own admission, is likely to have known nothing about? Any other Greek names would have answered as well. Dr. Schliemann actually says:—"If, in spite of its exhaustion by a long process of siege, the third city of Hissarlik was still so rich that I could find in it ten treasures, this is an additional proof of its identity with the poet's Ilios." This is the very point which Dr. Schliemann admits that he cannot prove. But, on the very next page, Dr. Schliemann says it is probable that, if Homer ever visited Hissarlik, he found the Æolic Ilium already long established, with two, or perhaps three, cities buried and forgotten between it and "the Homeric Ilios." How is one to argue with a writer so reckless as Dr. Schliemann? He appears to imagine that minute points of history would remain in tradition, and that the technical terms for certain ornaments and utensils would abide unchanged while four cities of men arose each on the ruins of the other! It is another question entirely when Dr. Schliemann uses his so-called "owl-headed idols" and jurs to explain the Homeric epithet *γλαυκῶπις*. If ever *γλαυκῶπις* was a ritual word, meaning "owl-headed," it might have survived in poetical language long after its significance was lost. Again, as the oldest image of Demeter was certainly horse-headed, there would have been nothing remarkable in an image of Athene with the lineaments of her favourite bird. In most early religions we find gods of this sort. Where an anthropomorphic god succeeded to a totem, or a number of totems, it was natural that he should retain some of the attributes of the creatures whom he superseded. Professor Otto Keller, one of Dr. Schliemann's countless allies, speaks of the "non-Hellenic attribute of the mouse," which was sacred to Apollo Smintheus. He adds, with the easy complacency of his school, "the mouse loves the heat of the sun, and so it prospers under the rays of Phoebus Apollo." The hippopotamus loves the rays of the sun, so does the cat, so does the dog and the kangaroo. The house-mouse sees less of the sun than any of these animals. The fact is that every great god in the Greek Olympus has his animal attributes and animal forms. The tribes that had claimed descent from the bear, wolf, bull, cow, and so on, came to suppose that the she-bear, the wolf, the bull, the cow were Artemis, or Apollo, or Zeus, or Hera, in animal shape. These ideas, though historically demonstrable, have no place in the philosophy of Dr. Schliemann and his allies. We have no objection to an owl-headed Athene. But we do object to Dr. Schliemann's method when he calls the rude beginnings of representations of the human features "owl-heads," and when he calls primitive net-sinkers

* *Ilios: the City and Country of the Trojans; the Results of Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the years 1871-72-73-78-79.* Including a Biography of the Author, by Dr. Henry Schliemann, F.S.A., F.R.I. British Architects, Author of "Troy and its Remains," "Mycenæ," &c. With a Preface, Appendices, and Notes. By Professors Rudolf Virchow, Max Müller, A. H. Sayce, J. P. Mahaffy, H. Brugsch Bey, P. Ascheron, M. A. Postolucas, M. E. Burnouf, Mr. F. Calvert, and Mr. A. J. Duffield. With Maps, Plans, and about 1,800 Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1880.

"owl-headed idols." Last summer an American student from Ohio visited Dr. Schliemann's collection, and in his "owl-headed idols" detected the little weights of stone which are commonly found on the banks of American streams, and are relics of the Red Indians, or some other race of men who weighted their nets with those objects. In this big book of Dr. Schliemann's, a reply to the sceptical American may possibly exist, but we have not detected its presence.

The owl-headed goddess has led us away from Dr. Schliemann's permanent intellectual muddle. We have seen that, in his opinion, Homer visited Hisarlik, if he visited it at all, when three or four later cities covered the Ilios of the great leaguer. By that time we may presume that the manner of funeral rites may have changed since the burnt city fell. Indeed, on Dr. Schliemann's own theory, this must have been the case, for the mode of burial of the royal dead at Mycenæ was absolutely unlike the frequently described funeral rites of the epics. Dr. Schliemann says (p. 517) that Homer "clothes the traditional facts of the war and destruction of Troy in the garb of his own day." Very well, then his account of the burial of Patroclus and Achilles cannot be evidence as to the real funeral of these heroes, supposing that they ever existed. We might as well look for ancient British customs in Malory's account of the burial of Launcelot. But Dr. Schliemann is so illogical and inconsistent as to use Homer actually, one may say, as an eyewitness when he discusses the funeral of Patroclus. Homer does not actually say that the ashes of the hero were deposited in his tumulus. "Had it been deposited, or had it been destined to be deposited, Homer would not have kept back from us the important fact. Consequently the tumulus of Patroclus was a mere cenotaph" (p. 649). But, as Homer lived after four new cities in succession covered the ashes of Ilios, what value can his evidence have on a point of this kind? It could only be valuable if Homer had either fought under Troy, or conversed with Achæans, who did fight on the plains. Otherwise, and especially by Dr. Schliemann's own showing, it is worthless. In this same passage the Doctor wildly declares that the twenty-fourth books of each epic are "universally acknowledged to be later additions." The Alexandrian critics, or some of them, doubted the authenticity of the twenty-fourth book of the Odyssey, chiefly for a reason which is now seen to prove rather the authenticity than the late character of the rhapsody. As to the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, we refer Dr. Schliemann to the *scholia*. They sufficiently disprove his statement that it is "universally acknowledged to be a late addition." We have read some such opinion, advanced by Professor Sayce, in the Proceedings of the Oxford Philological Society. But Professor Sayce is not everybody, and only if he were everybody could Dr. Schliemann speak with truth about the universality of the belief that the book is late and spurious. Lastly, if it is late, and if it is spurious, and if the poet, as Professor Sayce seems to hold, knew nothing of the geography of the Troad, why does Dr. Schliemann use the twenty-fourth book as good geographical evidence about the Troad when it agrees with his ideas (p. 92)? With this final and, we hope, conclusive example of the muddled state of Dr. Schliemann's mind, we leave his work, with a well-deserved compliment to the illustrations, to its repose.

CAUSERIES FLORENTINES.*

M. KLACZKO may be congratulated upon a field of interest and pursuits so wide that he can turn from the *Two Chancellors* to such subjects as those with which he deals in the present volume. The names of Bismarck and Gortchakoff suggest very different associations from those which are connected with Dante, Petrarch, and Michael Angelo. But the writer who so recently was exploring the highways and byways of Russian and German policy now takes his pleasure, in cauntering over the over new pastures of Italian poetry and art, and has produced a very readable and agreeable volume. The machinery so often employed for conveying opinions so as to represent some variety of conclusion is not very happily managed. A select party of interlocutors is supposed to assemble at the villa of a lady in the environs of Florence, and to instruct and amuse each other in a series of conversations. The device is an old one, and there is little attempt to give an air of *véraisemblance* to the proceedings. Some of the speakers prelect for pages in succession, and are only interrupted by another speaker interposing with a quotation which might just as well have been made by the personage in possession of the ear of the company. No one will be surprised that the book opens with a visit to the Bargello, and a discussion upon the well-known fresco portrait of Dante. Thence the party adjourns to the villa of the Countess, and the talk begins by her asking if any one can explain the "tragedy" of Dante. This kind of aiming at the novel and unexpected is perhaps rather too frequently repeated. Because the poet's great work was called by himself a "Commedia," and has ever since borne that name, coupled with the adjective which he could hardly have used himself, but which to modern thought serves to qualify his own part in the title, it is imagined that a point can be made by calling his life a Tragedy—which it is not, any more than his poem is a Comedy, in the present sense of the word. Then a question is made whether the self-imposed exile of Byron from his own country may not be compared in its sufferings and bitterness with that of the great Florentine

partisan; while Milton, Cervantes, and Tasso are also cited as instances of poets who were unfortunate in the circumstances of their lives. Michael Angelo is named as the only other person in the domain of art who has exercised the same fascination of agony upon the world; and a somewhat elaborate comparison between the two Florentines follows. Both, no doubt, had misfortunes in their lives, and both were great artists; but it does not require any long consideration of the career of the two men to see how entirely different were the nature and the causes of their respective troubles. Neither can it be affirmed with truth that the painter drew his inspiration from the poet; and on this point M. Klaczko has placed some excellent disquisition in the mouth of one of his speakers, and well describes the very different positions which the two occupied in the history of literature and art. Michael Angelo stands apart from all other painters of his time in breaking away from the traditions of Christian art; he resorted to the Old Testament for his subjects rather than to the New; he placed no aureoles round the heads of his sacred personages, and clothed none of his figures with wings; he mingled sacred and classical associations; but not, as Dante did, in equal reverence for the accepted traditions of both. The poet accepted the Church as he found it, only desiring to confine it to what he held to be its proper spiritual functions; he did not venture to question the authority of Aristotle and the Schoolmen, and transferred to his verse the theology and logic of Thomas Aquinas. To him Chæron and the Furies and the other tormentors and characters of Virgil's infernal regions were as real as the beings whom he introduced from Sacred Writ and the hagiology of the Catholic Church. The painter was vague and impersonal; his cartoon of the "Battle of Pisa" is a study of soldiers surprised in bathing, in attitudes arranged so as to develop their designer's consummate knowledge of the human form in muscular action; but it has no special relation to the time or place of the victory the memory of which it was commissioned to perpetuate. He scorned to preserve a likeness to the originals of his iconic statues, alleging that it was his business to create great works of art, and that to posterity it would be all the same whether they resembled their originals or not. Dante, on the other hand, is precise, real, and personal. The *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* are planned and mapped to scale, as accurately as if the work had been, as to its dimensions, executed by a professional surveyor. Time is as carefully observed in the progress of the poem as is space in laying down the stage and erecting the scenery of its action. Every person mentioned is one and individual—the very same man in his place of torment or purgation that his fellow-citizens had been accustomed to meet and converse with on the banks of the Arno, or as he was known in history or literature. Everything is exact, nothing is general.

One is less disposed to agree in the writer's opinions when he declares, or at least makes one of his supposed guests declare, that the decline of art down to the days of Caracci, Guercino, Domenichino, and so forth, was a consequence of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." In the development of all things there is a succession of stages, which may generally be considered as leading up to the highest perfection of which a thing is capable, and falling away again from this to a condition of greater or less inferiority, ending with the cessation of existence. This is the case with races of animals and plants, as well as with single specimens of those races; with nations and political constitutions no less than with individuals; and it is also the case with literature and art. To fix the point of culmination in art has always been more difficult than to determine it in the history of literature. Noblemen and gentlemen who made the grand tour in the last century would bring home with infinite satisfaction Carlo Dolci and Carlo Maratta, as the finest examples of Italian art, and would indeed have been surprised to hear of a preference for pre-Raphaelite pictures; but to pronounce that Michael Angelo wrote the *Memo Tekei* of the Renaissance on the walls of the Sistine Chapel is to say that which will hardly obtain much assent, and perhaps was not intended to do so.

It is interesting to observe the way in which an acquaintance with English literature, no less than with English phrases, is now advancing on the Continent, and an amusing specimen of it is afforded when M. Klaczko applies the name of "whipper-in" to Cato of Utica, in his function in the *Purgatory* of superintending the souls as they arrive on its shore. Whether the phrase first became known out of England from the hunting-field, or in its applied Parliamentary sense, could hardly be traced. A quotation is immediately afterwards made from one of Macaulay's essays, where he observes that Dante is the only modern poet whose use of the Greek mythology is neither puerile nor pedantic. There is much ingenious fancy and some truth in the view taken of the *Inferno* as giving prominence to what may be called a sort of "fauna" of its own. These are the three allegorical beasts at the opening, Cerberus, Geryon, the Centaurs, and other forms of strange animal life. While in the *Purgatory* the "flora" is more especially brought forward, as in the beautiful valley where the kings are found reposing, and in the cloud of flowers which surrounds Beatrice near its end. In the *Paradise* there is no survival of terrestrial life; light and music alone appeal to the eye and to the ear. But when it is suggested that the *Inferno* leaves a plastic, and the *Purgatory* a picturesque, while the *Paradise* makes a musical impression, one can only feel desirous of escaping from the company of a commentator so fantastical.

The second imaginary conversation is devoted to Beatrice and the poetry of love. The inevitable comparison is introduced between the celebrated loves of Dante and of Petrarch. No doubt can

* *Causeries Florentines*. Julian Klaczko. Paris: Plon. 1880.

reasonably be entertained that Beatrice and Laura were both women of flesh and blood, whose parentage, birth, and lives are as well known as those of the most familiar personages in history. Neither of them was a metaphysical or theological abstraction. But here the resemblance ceases; the child-love for the little girl of nine years old in the crimson frock was the glory and the purification of Dante's life; she became a part of all his philosophy and all his poetry, the root and centre and sustaining presence of it all. She pervades it all; it begins and ends with her; and the influence thus given is ever one of exaltation and virtue. The *Vita Nuova* is entirely occupied with her; in the *Convito* Dante explains the rules by which his writings are to be interpreted, and reports the story of his love, affirming that his poetry is still inspired by his recollections of her. He explains that, on losing her, he was incapable of consolation except by the study of philosophy, and in this way took place the allegorical fusion of a new mistress of his intellectual life with the old love of his youth. Then, in his great work, Beatrice is again still more elevated in position, and becomes the representative of theology and his divine guide through the regions of eternity. How different from all this is the affair of Petrarch with his Laura! Like many other of the world's great ones, Petrarch began life as a man of fashion, and it was as such, and at the age of twenty-three, that he first saw Mme. de Sade, who had then been married for a couple of years. From this time she became the object of his idolatry, and the subject of all those sonnets which, as Lord Byron has so justly observed, would probably never have been written if she had been his wife. But it was the fashion to have an ideal or mythical mistress, and the man of letters delighted himself, while he also made himself intensely miserable, by endless outpourings of affected grief and never-ceasing agonies of unrequited attachment. As Mr. Henry Reeve has remarked, it is clear that his tenderness, even if real, was sustained by the pleasure it gave him to transmute it into well-turned verse. Foscolo had previously seen that the love of Petrarch for Laura was, in truth, not of an ennobling character, and that it was in effect a contest of unworthy desires with continuing and justly deserved disappointment, colouring his existence with morbid feelings, and leading to nothing great or good, beyond being the pivot on which some of the finest, but also some of the most artificial, poetry that was ever written is made to turn.

One of Klaczko's speakers is made to call Petrarch the first man of modern times; but one of the excuses for adopting a conversational form in writing is the license it affords to say that for which the author does not wish to make himself altogether responsible. Foremost Petrarch certainly was in his own field and in his own time, and vastly is the world of letters indebted to him for the work performed by him in the reintegration of ancient literature. It is to be regretted that no selection has ever been made and published from Petrarch's letters, now so well edited and in course of translation into Italian, and to be obtained in a more convenient form than the bulky old folios of Basle and Venice. Their Latin is the nervous and playful language of a man to whom it was still a living tongue in daily use, and they can only be matched for interest and animation with those of Cicero. M. Klaczko compares the familiar correspondence of Petrarch to that of Voltaire, and notes that the enormous influence exercised by him on his contemporaries can only be appreciated by making acquaintance with it.

Returning to the poetry of love, it is gratifying to find that the company assembled at Florence are made to do full justice to Shakespeare, as one of the greatest of those who have contributed to it. In *Romeo and Juliet*, especially, the true spirit of the South is caught and maintained, and tenderness and fervency of passion is expressed in language which goes beyond the finest efforts of the school of the Troubadours. Too precise a comparison is attempted when the opening of the fifth scene in the third act of this play is likened to an *aubade*; and it is hardly necessary to say that the modern reader would know more than he generally does of that species of composition if the professors of the Gay Science in Provence and in Italy had been the authors of such works as Shakespeare's plays.

In the third and fourth sections of the *Causeries Florentines* are more particularly discussed the relations of Dante with the Catholic Church and the political bearings of his actual career and his writings. Rossetti's strangely perverted views are combated, and the poet is shown to be, what he in fact was, a thoroughly orthodox son of the Church, giving to it as entire a loyalty in spiritual matters as he contended should be given to the Emperor of his idea in matters of purely temporal government. He was neither a Manfred nor a Faust, but an eminently conservative thinker and worker, so far as the broken opportunities of his distracted life allowed him to be a practical worker in the politics of his time. His grand ideal of one Empire and one Church could scarcely have been brought into the domain of reality under any circumstances of favourable action; nor was his personal temperament of a kind to make him a successful leader or associate of men engaged in forwarding a great political movement.

M. Klaczko cites Milton and Klopstock as two Protestant poets who have chosen sacred subjects as their themes—names which should not be placed together, except when under the bracket of their common Protestantism; but the *Messiah* of the latter does not meet with much favour at the hands of the assembled guests at the Florentine villa; and the advantage enjoyed by Dante, as a fervent Catholic, in carrying on his poem to the sublimest joys of *Paradise*, is justly contrasted with Milton's comparative failure

in his *Paradise Lost*. The well-known lines from the Sixth *Æneid* are quoted to show that the ancients had a purgatory of their own; and Witte's theory of the unity of the so-called Trilogy of Dante is discussed—a theory to which we have already indicated entire adhesion, but which M. Klaczko is inclined apparently to dispute, and not now for the first time. The *New Life*, the *Banquet*, and the *Divine Comedy* form unquestionably parts of one whole conception, and cannot indeed be thoroughly understood if read apart from each other.

DARWIN'S POWER OF MOVEMENT IN PLANTS.*

MR. DARWIN'S latest study of plant life shows no abatement of his power of work or his habits of fresh and original observation. We have learnt to expect from him at intervals, never much prolonged, the results of special research in some bypath or other subordinated to the main course of the biological system associated with his name; and it has been an unswerving source of interest to see the central ideas of the evolution and the continuity of life developed in detail through a series of special treatises, each well nigh exhaustive of the materials available for its subject. It is in the department of plant life that he has of late years devoted himself to working out the laws which govern the whole realm of vital phenomena. That these laws in their origin and ultimate operation are common to plant and animal alike has long formed a characteristic principle or axiom of his philosophy. In the experimental study needed for the elaboration of the vital processes and the making good the resulting generalizations, the kingdom of plant life offers decided advantages beyond that of animals, if it were only that observations of this class are free from all possible taint of inhumanity. Mr. Darwin has in the quietude of his hothouse, and with a boundless variety of forms for selection, experimented upon the vital organism of plants, seconded by the untiring energy and patience of his son. Night and day seem to have come alike to the aid of this enthusiastic pair of naturalists. The electric light has served them on the failure of the sun's beams, and has in truth opened up of itself a wholly new field for observation as regards the agency of light upon the phenomena of life. To the vista of knowledge revealed by these experiments upon the elementary processes of life in movement, growth, nutrition, respiration, sensation, and so forth, imagination can set no bounds. It is impossible, Mr. Darwin remarks at the close of his record of these interesting experiments, not to be struck with the resemblance between the foregoing movements of plants and many of the actions performed unconsciously by the lower animals. This analogy has been made the subject of much interesting investigation by Sachs, Frank, and other leading biologists on the Continent, and we may expect that the highly original and elaborate experiments recorded in the volume before us will give fresh stimulus to this most important course of investigation, laying as they do a new and more solid basis for the comparative study of plant and animal life. Plants, of course, possess neither nerves nor a central nervous system, and there is consequently lacking in them that which gives its most distinctive character to animal life as a whole. Yet that sensitive impressions are present in plants, with the power of movement in obedience to the stimulus thereby imparted to the organism, may be held to be conclusively shown by facts such as those produced by Mr. Darwin. Most striking of all, however, as a point of resemblance, is the localization of their sensitiveness, and the transmission of an influence from the excited part to another, which consequently moves. May it not be inferred that in animals the nervous structures serve merely for the more perfect transmission of impressions and for the more complete intercommunication of parts? From the earliest sign of germination in plants—namely, the protrusion of the radicle from the seed-coats under the soil—there is manifest a sensitiveness to external influences, with a movement in response to the conditions of light or pressure, and so forth, which is not sharply to be distinguished from the rudimentary intelligence in animals. In the sensitive point or tip of the radicle, which we might compare with the antennæ in insects, there is to be seen an organic power equivalent, in a lesser degree, to the action of the brain in the lower animals:—

We believe that there is no structure in plants more wonderful, as far as its functions are concerned, than the tip of the radicle. If the tip be lightly pressed or burnt or cut, it transmits an influence to the upper adjoining part, causing it to bend away from the affected side; and, what is more surprising, the tip can distinguish between a slightly harder and softer object, by which it is simultaneously pressed on opposite sides. If, however, the radicle is pressed by a similar object a little above the tip, the pressed part does not transmit any influence to the more distant parts, but bends abruptly towards the object. If the tip perceives the air to be moister on one side than on the other, it likewise transmits an influence to the upper adjoining part, which bends towards the source of moisture. When the tip is excited by light (though in the case of radicles this was ascertained in only a single instance) the adjoining part bends from the light; but when excited by gravitation the same part bends towards the centre of gravity. In almost every case we can clearly perceive the final purpose or advantage of the several movements. Two, or perhaps more, of the exciting causes often act simultaneously on the tip, and one conquers the other, no doubt in accordance with its importance for the life of the plant. The course pursued by the radicle in penetrating the ground must be determined by the tip; hence it has acquired such diverse kinds of sensitiveness. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle thus endowed, and having the power of directing the movements of the adjoin-

* *The Power of Movement in Plants.* By Charles Darwin, LL.D., F.R.S., assisted by Francis Darwin. With Illustrations. London: Murray, 1880.

ing parts, acts like the brain of one of the lower animals; the brain being seated within the anterior end of the body, receiving impressions from the sense-organs, and directing the several movements.

In a suggestive passage, with which our authors bring their present course of investigations to a close, we see opened up a far-reaching prospect for the biological progress of the future. For the present it must suffice to have made good so much as our authors have been able to report from their patient study of the simpler and more easily observable vital phenomena. There has always been something mysterious in the power of movement to be noted in plants, whether periodical or incidental. An astonishingly small stimulus is found to be enough in most cases, and the difficulty with our authors lay in devising means of sufficient delicacy to appreciate or to measure the degree of motion. Even in the case of allied plants, one may be found highly sensitive to the slightest continuous pressure, another as responsive to a slight momentary touch. The most widely prevalent movement is essentially of the same nature as that of a climbing plant, which bends in succession to all points of the compass, hence named "circumnutation." Instead, however, of simply revolving on an axis, the plant-stem is growing at the same time, and its apex consequently tends to describe a circular spiral, or irregular ellipse. At times the apex travels backwards in a zig-zag line, or makes small subordinate loops or triangles. Until recently the cause of all such bending movements was sought for in increased growth on the side which becomes for a time convex; but the experiments of Sachs and De Vries have led to the conclusion that this cause is but secondary, the movement of circumnutation being primarily due to the increased turgescence of the cells on either side, together with the extensibility of their walls. On however small a scale, every growing part of every plant is continually circumnating, as the whole volume before us tends to show. Even the stems of seedlings, before they have broken through the ground, as well as their buried radicles, circumnate to the extent allowed by the pressure of the earth:—

In this universally present movement we have the basis or groundwork for the requirement, according to the requirements of the plant, of the most diversified movements. Thus, the great sweeps made by the stems of twining plants, and by the tendrils of other climbers, result from a mere increase in the amplitude of the ordinary movement of circumnutation. The position which young leaves and other organs ultimately assume is acquired by the circumnating movement being increased in some one direction. The leaves of various plants are said to sleep at night, and it will be seen that their blades then assume a vertical position through modified circumnutation, in order to protect their upper surfaces from being chilled through radiation. The movements of various organs to the light, which are so general throughout the vegetable kingdom, and occasionally from the light, or transversely with respect to it, are all modified forms of circumnutation; as again are the equally prevalent movements of stems, &c., towards the zenith, and of roots towards the centre of the earth. In accordance with these conclusions, a considerable difficulty in the way of evolution is in part removed, for it might have been asked, how did all their diversified movements for the most different purposes first arise? As the case stands, we know that there is always movement in progress, and its amplitude, or direction, or both, have only to be modified for the good of the plant in relation with internal or external stimuli.

A great part of Mr. Darwin's work is taken up with the details of experiments for measuring the quantity and direction of motion in plants, both under natural and artificial conditions. Direct observations have been made in numerous cases under the microscope, and in others use has been made of delicate apparatus of various kinds. Minute bits of card or tissue paper have been attached to the radicles, filaments, or terminals of stems, and tiny particles of metal or beads of shellac have been employed as weights to test the power of rigidity or of sensitiveness in the fibres of plants. Pins stuck in the soil around the stem have served to mark the conduct of the plant when impeded in its growth or its spontaneous habits of movement. The movements of the tenderest filaments or leaflets have been made to trace themselves in lines upon smoked glass. A series of diagrams has in this way been worked out, and set before the eye in numerous woodcuts, generally magnified two or three fold, showing the general law of circumnutation indefinitely modified by special conditions. The differences of movement in seedling and mature plants, in monocotyledons and dicotyledons, with the indications of certain movements having been acquired for a special purpose, are pursued through widely contrasted classes of plants. The circumnating powers of young leaves are described in thirty-three genera belonging to twenty-five families, widely distributed amongst ordinary and gymnospermous dicotyledons, and amongst monocotyledons, together with many cryptogams. Here the seat of movement is generally seen to lie in the petiole, but sometimes both in the petiole and the blade, or in the blade alone. The movement is chiefly in a vertical plane; yet, as the ascending and descending lines never coincide, there is always some lateral movement, resulting in irregular ellipses, so that the motion becomes really one of circumnutation. It is interesting to mark the periodicity of leaf-movement, a gentle rise being observed in the evening and the early part of the night, with a sinking towards morning. In *Dionaea* and certain graminæ a strange jerking and oscillatory movement is to be seen under the microscope, curiously contrasted with the immobility of the tentacles of *Drosera rotundifolia*, which are yet sensitive enough to curl inwards in twenty-three seconds so as to absorb a bit of raw meat. The distinction of epinastic and hyponastic growth—according as the growth takes place more rapidly in the upper or lower surface of an organ, causing it to bend downwards or upwards respectively—introduced by De Vries, has been illustrated in the case of a number of plants. To Frank is due the introduction of the useful

terms of "heliotropism," for the tendency to turn to the light, with its correlative "apheliotropism," the opposite tendency, occasionally to be observed, "geotropism," for the bending towards the earth, and "apogeotropism," expressing motion in opposition to gravity or from the centre of the earth. For the measurement of movements, sometimes excessively minute, various expedients were adopted. Dots were made from time to time upon sheets of glass placed vertically and horizontally near the plant, these dots being then copied on tracing paper and joined by ruled lines, arrows being added to show the direction of the movement. The plants were exposed to varied conditions of light, sometimes being wholly protected, the light at other times being admitted from above or from either side. In addition to the sun's rays, the electric light was made the subject of experiment, with results comparable with those of Dr. Siemens. A valuable chapter is given to the sensitiveness of plants to light, with its transmitted effects. That growth in general is checked by light, which acts upon plants much in the same manner as it does upon the nervous system in animals, is a statement which needs to be reconciled with the undoubted fact that the power of bending to the light is beneficial to plants, and may in all probability have been specially acquired under the action of natural selection. Experiments have abundantly shown that growth is exceptionally promoted by light continuously kept up, as in the Polar summer, or when the absence of sunlight is compensated by the electric ray. Herein is, of course, involved the intricate problem of the sleep of plants, which is carried on through two chapters of the highest interest.

What is called the sleep of plants, which was observed as early as the time of Pliny, and was brought under scientific discussion by the famous *Somnus Plantarum* of Linneus, presents hardly any analogy, as our authors are careful to premise, to the sleep of animals. This is doubtless owing to the absence in plants of a cerebral or nervous system, which needs to recruit its powers by periodical repose. The term "nyctitropism" is to be preferred for the so-called sleep-movements of plants. As a result of very numerous and varied experiments, it is to be inferred that in these movements we see the general principle of circumnutation modified by the alternations of day and night, or, strictly speaking, of light and darkness. That they are to a certain extent inherited seems to be shown by most plants habitually resuming their proper diurnal position in the morning, although light be excluded; as well as by their leaves continuing to move in the normal manner in darkness for a day or so at least. A long list of all the genera known to include sleeping plants is given in Chapter VII., differing in some respects from that of Linneus. The nyctitropic movements of leaves and cotyledons, which are distinguished with great minuteness, are effected in two ways; first, by means of the pulvini (cushions or joints) becoming, as Pfeffer has shown, alternately more turgid on opposite sides; and, secondly, by increased growth along one side of the petiole or midrib, and then on the opposite side, as was first proved by Batalin. These movements often range through an angle of 90°, being more rapid in the evening, the cotyledons in some cases moving vertically upwards at night, while the leaflets move vertically downwards. The advantage resulting from such changes of position is shown to be the protection of the upper surface from being chilled by radiation, experiments proving the ill effects produced when leaves were pinned down so as to be unable to assume their natural nyctitropic position. The same purpose is seen to be subserved by the imbrication of sleeping plants for mutual protection—a very common phenomenon. The mere closing of the petals of flowers at the close of the day, it is to be observed, does not come under the head of sleep. It is due, our authors believe, rather to the fall of temperature than to the failure of light. In their remarks upon the movements excited by light, note is taken of the difference first pointed out by Sachs between the action of light in modifying the periodic movement of leaves, and in causing them to bend towards its source—the latter, or heliotropic, movements being determined by the direction of the light, whilst the periodic movements are affected by changes in its intensity, not in its direction. The phenomenon of apheliotropism, or negative heliotropism, when a plant unequally illuminated on the two sides bends from the light, is comparatively rare, our authors only having observed it in the cases of *Bignonia capreolata* and *Oryclamen Persicum*. Among the extremely few plants which show no trace of heliotropism they mention *Drosera rotundifolia* and *Dionaea*. The pitchers of *Sarracenia* have also been found by Sir Joseph Hooker insensible to a long-continued lateral light. There can be no doubt that the primary and ruling agency in all plant movements is that of light. We look forward with deep interest to the prosecution of researches which may penetrate still further in this direction.

THE GRANDIDIERS.*

THE GRANDIDIERS, although it bears a French name, is an exceedingly favourable specimen of a German novel. There is none of the tediousness, of the looseness of plot and vague inconsistency of purpose, which too often annoy us in these productions, and yet there is no lack of the realistic pictures of society in which the German novelists excel. Herr Rodenberg tells his

* *The Grandidiars: a Tale of Berlin Life.* By Julius Rodenberg. From the German by William Savile. London: Sampson Low & Co.

animated story with an engaging spirit; he draws characters that range from the commonplace almost to the ideal with the firm touch of assured conception; and in his incidents he alternates between the grave and the gay, illustrating the life of his countrymen in many of its varieties. It is true that he confines himself almost entirely to men and women of the middle and the lower orders; merely glancing casually at such prominent public characters as the Emperor William and his great Chancellor. The local colouring is always effective, and generally sufficiently faithful to nature, making allowance for the strongly patriotic prepossessions that paint Berlin as a city of delights, and its precincts as a reflection of the earthly Paradise. After all, we are bound to remember that he usually places these excusable sentiments in the mouths of born Berliners, who have had few opportunities of correcting their ideas by making comparisons abroad with their Thier Garten and their boulevard under the lime-trees. Some of his characters are eccentric enough—eccentric, indeed, to the verge of impossibility, so far as the freedom of their manners are concerned, and the complacency with which their vagaries are tolerated. But, independently of the fact that the social manners of Berlin are as far removed from those of London as the Spree is from the Thames, Herr Rodenberg has infused so much of human nature into his extravagances that we are inclined to admit that at the worst he can merely have been guilty of exaggeration. There the talent of the accomplished artist shows itself; the talent of a man who is largely gifted with imaginative power, and with a quality which is still rarer among the novelists of the Fatherland—that of a humour which is apt to break out into drollery. We know not whether Herr Rodenberg has French blood in his veins, although the subjects of his novel might almost suggest as much. But he is French on other points besides his *esprit*; and his manner of treatment occasionally reminds us of Balzac. This is the case not only with some of his more superficial touches, as when he makes the head of the Grandidiers, who is a worthy hatter of Berlin, revive the Oriental decorations of a banquetting room in his antiquated mansion, and dine with many refinements of luxury under a ceiling glittering with Venetian mirrors; but also with the minuteness of analysis he carries out in his characters, and in the subtle delineation of seemingly inconsistent traits, which nevertheless are perfectly conceivable combinations, as is demonstrated to our satisfaction in the sequel by the consistency with which they are sustained. There is art, too, in the delicately ingenious manner in which he often partially withdraws for the benefit of his readers the veil which habits of reserve and unconscious deception have dropped between his personages and the general public. Nor is the interest of the story merely social. Latterly the painter of cockney manners becomes effusively and eloquently patriotic. The war with France has broken out; the minor rivalries and jealousies of citizens of the different German States are forgotten in presence of the common danger; persons who are humble, insignificant, or even grotesque, are inspired by the contagious fervour of patriotism to acts of sublime sacrifice and self-abnegation. We are transported from Berlin over the broad Rhine plains into Alsace, where by a very remarkable series of undesigned coincidences we meet almost all our old Prussian acquaintances; and we are invited to assist at some of those painfully dramatic scenes that followed the siege and surrender of Strasburg.

Herr George Grandidier, the head of the Prussian family of the name, is a typical man. He is a prominent member of the flourishing French colony descended from the Huguenots who had taken refuge in Berlin after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He cherishes a sentimental affection for the country that exiled his fathers and for his French kin; but his real devotion is for the land in which his fathers have been naturalized. The special object of his unbounded gratitude and affection is the illustrious memory of the "Great Elector," who had thrown his protection over the family fortunes. Herr Grandidier is one of those men to whom we have alluded, whose nature is made up of reconcilable contradictions. Essentially generous in thought as in his actions, he is obstinately narrow-minded in certain matters. With an intense capacity for loving some special objects of affection, he permits his feelings as it were to get frozen over, in such a way that not even his nearest or dearest suspect anything of the warm temperature below the ice. (On that most distinctive feature of his idiosyncrasy—his strength or his weakness, as we may please to call it—hinge the incidents that form the chief framework of the plot. Grandidier has an only son, in person all that can gratify a father's eye, and otherwise a boy of no ordinary promise. Grandidier is devoutly grateful to Providence for the magnificent destinies in store for the child. The heir of at least three generations of Grandidiers and hatters will succeed to the magnificent business they have made. It is his obvious mission to develop the business even further—a worthy object of ambition that might satisfy the aspirations of any man. And trivial as are Herr Grandidier's trains of thought, and ludicrous as his dreams appear to be, Herr Rodenberg has contrived it so that we never cease to respect the man. When he shows himself most harsh and unforgiving in the bosom of his family, we know that he is suffering more than anybody else, and are persuaded that he will either make atonement in the end or expiate his fault by some terrible penance. For it is very slowly borne in upon his mind that the hopes of his life are doomed to be disappointed. His son Edward has shown perverse Bohemian tendencies from his school days upward. Even as a boy he always shunned the joys and triumphs of the hat factory. By preference he mingled in the games of the street Arabs who

haunted the somewhat disreputable quarter in the neighbourhood of the workshop. Subsequently he took to spoiling cardboard and hat-boxes with ridiculous pencil scratches. In short, Edward was a born artist, who yielded at last with some reluctance to the irrepressible bent of his genius, and showed himself in an unflinching way at least as obstinate as his father. It is only the congenial spirit who afterwards becomes his wife who is able to read clearly in a self-painted miniature of the young man, the evidences of an ethereal artistic nature in the firmness, listlessness, and dreamy irresolution that are blended in his expressive features. Possibly he would never have taken of himself the most momentous step in his life. He is urged on to it by a strong-minded counsellor, whose mania is interference in the affairs of everybody. Edward leaves his father and Berlin at a day's notice, starting for Paris to push his fortunes there. That tardy decision once taken, he proves himself resolute enough. All the dogged energy of his Huguenot ancestors comes out—the energy of the men who had suffered all things for conscience sake, and yet never despaired of their fortune or suspended their efforts in business. He pursues his studies and gets a living somehow, till his talents are recognized and rewarded. When his foot is fairly on the ladder of fame, he climbs fast. His pictures make a general sensation, and he receives the highest honours of the art academies. He comes back to Berlin, covered with his laurels, to seek the reconciliation which is refused him; and to receive Princes of the Blood and the highest potentates of the State in the very studio that had witnessed his youthful struggles. In all probability, nevertheless, Edward and his worthy father might have died as inimical as they had lived. The reserves of paternal affection, indeed, are inexhaustible; but those of the son have almost run dry under the strong and overbearing sense of hard injustice. It is the war, with its events and anxieties, that brings the two together. The father learns to respect the conduct of his son, making all the while heroic efforts to hold back from advances to him. But when the son has gone to the war the strain on the old man becomes terrible; and, when his Edward has been wounded and brought to death's door, he throws down his arms and surrenders at discretion. The scenes of the reconciliation, with those that follow, are admirably touching in their quiet simplicity.

Far the best and most amusing of the comic characters is Herr Scharf, though he decidedly oversteps the borders that separate portraiture from caricature. A man of extraordinary sense, courage, and presence of mind, he is as extravagant in his fashions of behaviour as original in his habits of thought. He is the most genial of Red Republicans and revolutionaries. He has given himself, without the slightest claim to it, the brevet title of colonel; for his original calling was that of a barrister. He has made friends all over the world, from Paris to Constantinople; and in the latter capital, indeed, is so intimate with the men in power as to be able to obtain Osmanli decorations for his acquaintances. What is most remarkable about him, however, is a serene imperturbability of self-assurance, which not only never belies itself, but always succeeds. Even strangers treat him at first sight as a privileged person who may do and say anything. He calls the ladies to whom he takes a special fancy—in all honour, be it understood—by their Christian names, nor do they or their husbands take the liberty amiss. Having made the acquaintance of the Grandidier family, by bringing them bad news as to one of their near connexions abroad; having interested himself in the troubles of Edward Grandidier, because like himself he seemed to fly in face of the conventionalities, it is but natural that "the Colonel" should court the responsibility of advising the young man to break with his father, and manfully follow out the line of his predilection. But, to do Herr Scharf bare justice, it is not his practice to shrink from the consequence of his counsels or to throw his *protégés* overboard. And we are disposed to read the secret of the mysterious influence he exercises in the instinctive perceptions it is his privilege to awaken of the generosity and nobility of nature that underlie his conspicuous oddities. Among other humorous studies of Herr Rodenberg are two ancient servitors of the Grandidier household, who reign supreme in their respective departments, though they are naturally indulgent to the wishes of a master who has treated them with unflinching liberality and kindness; while Herr Grandidier, autocratic and tyrannical as he can be, behaves to them in a spirit of *camaraderie*, consulting their prejudices and fancies, very often to his own inconvenience. Altogether, *The Grandidiers* is capital reading; and Mr. Savile seems to have done his share of the book with equal fidelity and judgment; at all events, his translation appears to preserve the full flavour and spirit of the original.

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Office, 47 Cannon Street, E.C.

ALFRED MACKENZIE, Secretary.

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THE AMENDMENT TO THE ADDRESS.

IT is probable that the support of Mr. PARNELL's Amendment by English and Scotch Radicals is not to be exclusively ascribed to disregard of justice and humanity. One of many dishonest peculiarities of faction is the habit of relying on its own anticipated failure to attain its professed objects. A malignant minority, knowing that it will be outvoted, sometimes takes the opportunity of earning cheap popularity without causing corresponding danger to the State. Few of the opponents of Mr. FORSTER's Bills seriously approve of a state of society in which the habitual torture of women is only one among many familiar incidents. It is difficult to believe that Englishmen of decent character and position think it better that the Land League should enlist unwilling recruits by terror and cruelty than that a rational procedure adapted to the circumstances should temporarily supersede the ordinary law. Even if any other members agreed with Sir WILFRID LAWSON that it would be better to abandon Ireland than to reduce it to obedience, the cowardly disruption of the Empire is not immediately in issue. As no party has proposed for the present Session a Bill for the evacuation of Ireland by English authorities, they must in the meantime be allowed to discharge the ordinary function of protecting life and property. The Irish members have not succeeded in persuading the House of Commons that the prevailing anarchy is a newspaper fiction. Some of them displayed a maladroitness which is perhaps natural in their illustrations of the alleged tranquillity of Ireland. One member had recently, in company with a mob, met a tenant-farmer who had incurred the displeasure of the Land League, and yet, as their leader boasted, the man was not murdered, nor even maltreated. Another member contended that Mr. Justice FITZGERALD could not have spoken the truth as to the existence of anarchy and disorder because the Judge himself had been seen walking with impunity two or three miles from Cork. Some opponents of coercion may perhaps be actuated by incurable revolutionary prejudice; but their more astute confederates know that the Bills will be passed, and only hope by affectionation of resistance to influence the Government against the landowners. It has been alleged in the columns of the organ of the extreme Radicals, not only that a number of Liberal members are associated for the purpose of putting pressure on the Government, but that certain Cabinet Ministers countenance the movement, in the hope that it may strengthen them in the chronic struggle with their colleagues. It may be hoped that in this instance party passion may account for a charge which attributes the basest conduct to the writer's political friends. Mr. GLADSTONE's guarded language on the first night of the Session is already represented as a proof that the Government Land Bill will be weak and insufficient. An obscure section of London agitators under the presidency of the well-known Mr. BEAL has announced that any measure which is likely to pass the House of Lords will fail to satisfy public expectation. It is, perhaps, not in Mr. GLADSTONE's power, if it coincided with his will, materially to modify the provisions of a measure which must almost certainly be the result of a compromise. The practice of voting steadily with the PRIME MINISTER is constantly inculcated on the moderate section of the Liberal party as the whole

duty of Parliamentary man. It seems unfair that the Radicals should not be bound by the ethical code which they have imposed on their neighbours.

Mr. PARNELL, in his audaciously temperate speech, coolly informed the House of Commons that the question between the landlords and tenants was one, not of life, but of money, and that the sum in dispute only amounted to 5,000,000*l.* out of a rental of 15,000,000*l.* The statement failed, as might be expected, even to approximate to the truth; for the 10,000,000*l.* which, according to Mr. PARNELL, the tenants are willing to pay, corresponds to GRIFFITH's valuation, which has been repudiated wherever it equals or exceeds the stipulated rent. It was so unusual to hear from Mr. PARNELL language not ostensibly provocative of social and political anarchy, that some members of the House of Commons perhaps thought for a moment that he was proposing a compromise or basis of negotiation. The Greek Ministers are equally considerate when they offer to submit to arbitration on condition that the award shall coincide with the decision of the Conference of Berlin. Mr. PARNELL and his associates have again and again told the Irish occupiers that they were to fix their own rent, subject to the limitation by the Land League, not of the smallest, but of the largest amount which the landlord was to receive. Notwithstanding the appeal to their dishonest cupidity many — perhaps a majority — of the tenants were willing as well as able to pay the rent in the full; but under Mr. PARNELL's direction they could not discharge their just debts except at the risk of death, or of torture of themselves and of the women of their families, and with the certain result in all cases of social excommunication. It is by these methods that the claim to the amount which Mr. PARNELL places at 5,000,000*l.* has hitherto been asserted. It is to suppress his lawless tyranny that the Government has at last been forced to demand from Parliament additional powers. If Mr. PARNELL's estimate were as true as it is conjectural and arbitrary, it would be intolerable that a just debt of any amount, large or small, should be withheld in defiance of the law, and thus even voluntary payment should be prohibited under fearful penalties.

The opponents of the Government, for it must be assumed that it has no treacherous friends or members of its own body, probably refuse their consent to the enforcement of the laws which ought to protect life and property in the hope that a continuance or increase of disorder may still further terrify the landlords, and may affect impending legislation to their disadvantage. They wish, not only to deprive Irish landowners of a considerable portion of their rights, but to establish a precedent which may hereafter be applied to England. A few greedy tenant-farmers have already imported the clamour for fixity of tenure or for the transfer of the land from the owner to the occupier under a temporary contract. It must be allowed that some of the provisions of the promised Land Bill will be equally applicable to Great Britain. There is no doubt that Parliament will deal with the holders of limited interests in land as if they possessed the fee simple for purposes of alienation. Life tenants will be enabled to sell the freehold, while the rights of remainder-men will be confined to their share of the purchase-money. Some measure of the kind is necessary in Ireland, and whether or not it is expedient, it is inevitable in England. On the other hand, it would be intolerable that English rents, fixed by contract, should be liable to judicial revision. In Ireland so

prudent and well-informed a writer as Lord DUFFERIN approves of the establishment of an equitable jurisdiction over rents. Mr. GLADSTONE'S cautious phrases implied that there would be some provision of the kind; but he said nothing about fixity of tenure, or the creation of a saleable tenant-right without consideration given by the actual occupier. In his answer to the deputation headed by Mr. SHAW, Mr. GLADSTONE was unusually and laudably reticent. Lord HARTINGTON, in his powerful speech on the amendment to the Address, boldly declared that it was essential, not that the Land Bill should be weak or strong, but that it should be just. The organ of revolution, if not of communism, accepts Lord HARTINGTON'S proposition with the comment that justice coincides with the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The meaning is, that as the tenants largely outnumber the landlords, justice requires the spoliation of the few for the benefit of the many. It is not to be regretted that the doctrine of the extreme Radicals should be stated in its most offensive form.

It is the plain duty of the Ministers, although they have simultaneously announced the introduction of the Coercion Bills and the Land Bill, to keep them scrupulously apart. It is now useless to inquire whether concession should have seemed to be the price of the protection which is to be tardily extended to the peaceable part of the population. The Government has determined on its course, and it ought if possible to be supported. It would forfeit all claim to toleration if it were to enter into bargains with the opponents of coercion. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER will not be suspected of having retracted their former erroneous decision without ample reason. They are pledged, not only to the duty of passing a Peace Preservation Bill, but to the belief that it is indispensably necessary. Adversaries who publicly or privately intimate their readiness to acquiesce in coercion, if only the landlords are compelled to make some additional sacrifice, are entitled to no respect. It is perhaps lucky that the Conservative Opposition, while it will vote for all necessary measures of restriction, is not unlikely to persist in criticizing, though scarcely with useful results, the past conduct of the Government. The extreme Radical faction will be on the watch for opportunities of taunting Mr. GLADSTONE with an unwelcome, though unavoidable, alliance. He is bound to use his majority to suppress obstruction and resistance to necessary measures, though its composition may be heterogeneous. Parties will perhaps rearrange themselves when the Land Bill becomes the subject of discussion, though on this subject also the Conservatives ought to assist the Government, as far as its proposals are just and essential for the permanent pacification of Ireland. It would be an inexcusable blunder to defeat the Government by any kind of coalition with the revolutionary party, which will assuredly be dissatisfied. The Act of 1870 was, as a precedent, more distasteful to owners of property than any moderate measure which may purport to supply its defect; yet Mr. DISRAELI induced his party not to vote against the second reading.

THE TRANSVAAL.

THE confused and fragmentary reports of events in the Transvaal throw little light on the prospects of the unfortunate contest. The immediate cause, or rather the occasion, of the revolt was the attempt of Commandant RAAF to arrest certain Boers who had refused to pay taxes. As he had only a small force of police at his disposal, he was compelled to retire without effecting his object; and the armed body which had successfully defied the law may perhaps have been the nucleus of the army now in the field. The circumstances of the attack on the detachment of troops which was marching on Pretoria are not yet fully known. There is little doubt that they were surprised; and perhaps the officer in command may not even have been aware that the Boers were already in open rebellion. It is difficult to understand their motive for perpetrating one or more brutal and unprovoked murders. Two officers, who had been released on parole, were escorted to the banks of a river, which they were compelled to pass at a dangerous ford; and while they were in mid-stream the escort fired at them and killed one, his companion only escaping by diving. A party of sportsmen, who probably supposed themselves to be in a peaceful country, were chased by

armed insurgents, and some of them were killed. The persons in command of the main force now besieging Potchefstroom had not, to the date of the last accounts, executed their threat of putting Commandant RAAF to death. One of their sympathizers in this country had the impudence to apologize by anticipation in a letter to the *Times* for the expected murder, on the ground that RAAF is himself a Boer, and that he had loyally and gallantly served in the English army under the then *de facto* Government of the country. The writer of the letter to the *Times* is evidently not a Dutchman or Afrikaner, but an English and cosmopolitan philanthropist. The ill-advised protest against English retention of the Transvaal, which has received a certain number of signatures in Holland, will luckily cause no diplomatic embarrassment. It appears that the promoters of the movement are democrats of the modern type, who only recognize Governments constituted on their favourite model. The Dutch memorialists indignantly repudiate the statement that they are about to address the English Government. On the contrary, they appeal to the nation. As the nation cannot conveniently enter into correspondence, the document will remain without an answer.

A body of insurgents crossed the frontier into Natal, and afterwards retired, as it is oddly stated, on the remonstrance of the Natal authorities. The rebel Government is also said to have warned the Government of Natal that in allowing its territory to be used by English troops it was committing a violation of neutrality. There is not the smallest reason why in time of war the Boers should not invade an enemy's territory. The question whether they are entitled to be treated as belligerents must be decided hereafter on fuller knowledge of the circumstances. In any case, they have quite as much right to attack English troops in Natal as in the Transvaal itself. The assumption that a Government of a Crown colony holding the QUEEN'S commission could be neutral in a civil or foreign war against England is so ludicrous as to be almost unintelligible. The Natal colonists, though they have not, like the Cape, acquired internal independence, in the form of responsible government, may reasonably contend that they are in no way responsible for annexation or for any other measure which may have tended to cause the rebellion; but the same allegation might be made on behalf of the population of an English county. Natal, like all other parts of the Empire, is a party to every war waged in the name of the QUEEN. Whether the Boer insurrection amounts to war is another question. In war, foreign or civil, an English general would certainly not ask the permission of the Natal Legislature to use the territory of the colony for any military operations which might be required. It may or may not be the duty of the inhabitants to contribute to the expense of the war, as far at least as may be found necessary for the protection of their own territory. On the other hand, it is not disputed that the affairs of the Transvaal are properly, and perhaps exclusively, of Imperial concern. It is more likely that misunderstandings may occur with the Cape than with Natal. A population of twenty thousand whites living in the same district with twenty times their number of natives, many of them Zulus, is not likely to renounce the protection of England. It seems probable that a late outbreak of the Pondos in the neighbourhood of the Natal frontier may have been suggested by the Transvaal insurrection.

The Basuto war, notwithstanding the exaggerated apprehensions which it has caused, seems to be approaching its end. Although the native chiefs have not submitted, they seem unable to obtain any advantage, and the colonial troops constantly capture large herds of cattle. In South Africa live stock rather than guns and standards supplies the recognized trophies of war. The combatant who captures the greatest number of oxen may consider himself the victor. The establishment of colonial authority in Basutoland may not, perhaps, be altogether advantageous to the English cause in the Transvaal. Every measure which tends to weaken the natives in any part of South Africa diminishes the motives of the Boers in the outlying provinces for courting English protection. It is also probable that, on the restoration of peace in Basutoland, disaffected colonists of Dutch origin will be at leisure to agitate in favour of their insurgent countrymen. There is no doubt that the colonists will effect at their own discretion the settlement which will follow the war. Lord KIMBERLEY, though he formally reserved to

the Imperial Government a technical control, some time since informed the Aborigines' Protection Society that the Colonial Government will practically use for its own purposes the victory which they will have achieved without assistance. The passage in the Speech from the Throne in which the QUEEN intimated her readiness to mediate between the Basutos and the colonists was not well advised. The English Government is as much at war with the Basutos as Natal is at war, if it be a regular war, with the insurgents in the Transvaal. Lord KIMBERLEY has, as might be expected, declined an officious suggestion that the CHIEF JUSTICE of the Cape should be despatched as a Commissioner to the Transvaal to ascertain the wishes and feelings of the Boers. Their intentions have never been concealed, though their methods are still imperfectly known. When the Irish debates in the House of Commons come to an end, there will probably be a discussion on the affairs of the Transvaal. In this instance the accidental postponement of discussion is not to be regretted.

The moral and political complications with which the Government has to deal could not be better explained than in Lord KIMBERLEY's reply to a deputation which he received on Wednesday last. The Peace Society, represented as usual by Mr. RICHARD, has a certain claim to respect, inasmuch as it employs itself in the prevention of one of the greatest of human evils; but it is subject to the disadvantage of exhausting its authority at once by enunciating on every occasion, without regard to circumstances, its solitary principle. If war is never justifiable, it obviously follows that no particular war ought to be prosecuted; and those who hold the doctrine can expect little attention to their arguments when they contend that an actual war is unnecessary or unjust. It was perhaps from a consciousness of the inherent weakness of their position that Mr. RICHARD and his friends associated with themselves some persons who, as he said, only object specifically to the war with the Boers. Lord KIMBERLEY readily admitted that the question is embarrassing, and that the experiment of annexation has not succeeded. If the result had been foreseen, the English Government would not have engaged in an enterprise which, nevertheless, was undertaken in perfect good faith and with benevolent objects. The Boers would certainly have invoked protection if it had not been thrust upon them prematurely. They offered only a verbal resistance to the assumption of the government by Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, who had no armed force at his disposal. Since that time they have been offered the amplest constitutional liberty, if only they would consent to acknowledge the supremacy of the Crown. Only three or four weeks before the insurrection Sir OWEN LANYON expressed a confident opinion that the disaffection in the province would gradually subside. Lord KIMBERLEY perhaps went too far in hinting at the possibility of compromise, though he would be well advised in taking advantage of any opportunity of an amicable settlement. It is not well to make even indirect overtures to rebels in arms. As Lord KIMBERLEY said, it is a plain duty in the first instance to rescue, if possible, the garrisons and the English men, women, and children from besiegers who have but a doubtful regard for the laws of war or the dictates of humanity. It is further necessary to consider the English population which has acquired a vested interest in the protection of the Imperial Government and in the maintenance of its laws and institutions. Lord KIMBERLEY also referred to the native tribes scattered over the vast expanse of the Transvaal, who would probably be unanimous in preferring the supremacy of the Crown to the dominion of the Boers. One of the deputation deviated from the question into a protest against the Basuto war, which results from the application to the Cape of the purest doctrines of modern democracy. There is not a philanthropist in Birmingham who would not oppose and resent any attempt on the part of the Imperial Government to restrict the powers conceded to the colony. When the Government of the Cape exercises its discretion in a manner not agreeable to the Peace Society they must settle the account with their friends. The Transvaal difficulty, on the other hand, concerns the English Government alone.

OBSTRUCTION AND ITS PRETEXTS.

THE debate on the Address has now lasted for more than a week, and the date of its termination cannot yet be determined with certainty. Mr. PARNELL would not, at the close of Thursday's sitting, enter into any arrangement that a division should be taken after one more night's debate; for such an arrangement would be, in his opinion, to admit the principle of the *clôture*; but he owned that by that time everything that could be said to any kind of purpose would have been said. This, at least, is beyond question. Everything that could be properly said about Ireland in a debate on the Address, and very much more, has been said, and said over and over again. Nor has time been thrown away only by the useless prolongation of the debate. The greater part of Wednesday was altogether wasted. Mr. GLADSTONE gave distinct notice that the debate would be continued from day to day without interruption, and the proper steps were taken by the Government to have Wednesday as clear as any other day. Two members whose private Bills were coming on then consented to postpone them; but a small knot of Irishmen insisted that they were taken by surprise. They did not understand how the House manages its business, and insisted that there was a surprise, and that the Government was desirous to steal a march on them, and to stifle debate. They had expected that the Bills of the private members would be first taken, and they considered it most unhandsome on the part of the Government that they themselves should have made a mistake. It was in vain that members of experience and moderation explained that there could have been no surprise if those who felt surprise had understood the procedure of the House. The surprised Irish insisted that they were surprised, and that, as this could not be their fault, it must be the fault of some one else. Mr. PARNELL interposed with the extraordinary proposal that he would terminate the surprise of his friends and let the debate go on if, in return, the Government would subsequently cut two hours out of the debate and give them to him, that he might move for a Select Committee to inquire into the very facts which the Government says it has collected on unimpeachable authority. As the Government would not even notice this modest proposal, four hours were consumed in a discussion as to the legitimacy of the surprise felt by a small minority, which surprise arose from ignorance of the forms of the House. This might naturally be called obstruction; but Mr. PARNELL prudently disclaimed any wish to have recourse to obstruction. He knows the indignation which anything like wanton and obvious obstruction would now cause, and he also knows that he has a machinery at his command which can ensure the attainment of all that at which obstruction aims, without seeming to go beyond the bounds of propriety. It cannot be denied that the Irish members represent the electors who have returned them, and on Irish questions every Irish member can plausibly say that he wishes and is bound to make known the views of his constituents. Mr. PARNELL can command the tongues of at least forty members. On every point of every Irish Bill he can, therefore, get forty speeches made by Irish members. If the Government lets the speakers follow one another without interruption, it will be loudly accused of treating the Irish members with contempt, and not fairly meeting them in argument. No obstacle in the way of Parliamentary legislation was ever more serious. If the Irish members defied the House, the Government might find some sharp remedy; but what is to be done if forty members argue about every section or word of a Bill, when that Bill is one on which they have a special claim to be heard? Mr. FORSTER will propose his Coercion Bills as early as he can; but the House, of which an overwhelming majority is ready to accept them, will have to listen to hundreds of Irish speeches before it sends them to the Lords. The Government will be very fortunate if it gets through these Coercion Bills in the extra month by which it has anticipated the usual time of beginning the Session.

With very few exceptions, the debate after the first night or two was devoid of any real interest or instruction. But there were exceptions. The first is that it is now possible to see from the debate how far the followers of Mr. PARNELL have been enlightened as to the points to which they must mainly adhere. The argument that the Government ought to have begun with their Land Bill before they proposed coercion has been annihilated. If the state of things in Ireland is bad enough to warrant coercion, it cannot be

suffered to continue until something also has been discussed and settled. If the Land Bill is to be accepted by England, it must not seem to be a mere concession to agitators who have been guilty of every kind of outrage. The statement that the outrages which have been committed in Ireland are either the fictions or exaggerations of newspapers has been disposed of as irrelevant. Mr. FORSTER declares that he does not rely on newspapers at all. He goes exclusively by the reports of magistrates, policemen, and others who have had actual and personal knowledge of the truth of what they say, who have special means of acquiring information, and are under a positive obligation to communicate what they know. The line that is thus left open to the Irish minority is therefore that of attacking the magistrates and the police. They have taken this line already, and may be expected to pursue it with increased vehemence when the Coercion Bills come to be discussed. They say that the magistrates are not, and cannot be, impartial; that they belong to a class opposed to the people, and are necessarily warped in their judgment by their habitual feelings. They further say that a considerable portion of the outrages has been actually committed by the police, who have thus invented crimes for the purpose of denouncing them. Where the police have not invented crimes they have grossly exaggerated them, in order to please their superiors and gain credit for activity. For the purposes of debate it is immaterial that these accusations are entirely unfounded. They may easily supply a very powerful instrument for stopping the progress of the Bills. Mr. FORSTER rests his case entirely on the evidence which he can produce; and he obviously believes that, if he produces evidence sufficient in quantity and in strength, he will have made good his case. But his evidence will be attacked, not on the ground of quantity, but on that of quality. There is great danger that the debate on the Coercion Bills will be turned into an irregular trial of the Irish magistracy and police. If Mr. FORSTER says that a magistrate states something, he will be asked who this magistrate is, whether he is not somebody's agent, and, if so, what is the system pursued in the management of his principal's estates? If Mr. FORSTER says that a policeman saw a rick of hay on fire, he will be asked how he knows that the policeman did not himself apply the match. If he says that policemen visited the scene of an outrage immediately after it had been committed, he will be asked why the policemen should be believed rather than the supposed victims of the outrage, who have never complained. The most prudent line the Government could take would probably be to decline altogether to enter into discussions of this kind; but, in practice, it is very difficult for the Minister in charge of a Bill to refuse to make further inquiries when the accuracy of a fact on which the Government relies is strongly contested by any considerable number of members.

The other exception to the sterility of the debate in its later stages was the speech of Lord HARTINGTON. It was a strong speech, and its strength was frankly acknowledged not only by Conservatives, like the member for Preston, who said that he was proud to think it had been made by a Lancashire member, but by the Irish themselves. Lord HARTINGTON's speech had the very great merit of going to the root of the matters on which he touched. Crime might be palliated by great distress; but, far from recent Irish crimes having been committed in a time of exceptional distress, they have been committed in a time of exceptional abundance. Crime might be to some degree excused on the part of tenants and labourers suffering under the harshness of landlords; but recent crimes have been committed at a time when there has been a complete absence of harsh acts on the part of landlords. The Government is going to bring in a Land Bill, and has been told that its Bill is likely to be a weak one, while nothing will do but a big Bill and a strong Bill. Lord HARTINGTON replied, in language that deserves the attention of his supporters and of the country, that what is really important is not that the Bill should be big or strong, but that it should be just and effectual. It is said that to talk of the necessity of coercion is to indict the Irish people. On the contrary, those are indicting the Irish people who say that the people is a partner in the guilt of a few wicked agitators—miscreants, as Lord HARTINGTON called them, to the surprise of some who fondly hoped that their friends might be treated as a set of innocent, though misguided,

people. The more respectable members of the Land League discountenance in a mild way outrages which they say discredit or injure the cause. Lord HARTINGTON said that they were rather unjust in this criticism. Far from injuring the cause of the Land League, these miscreants have been the main instruments of its success. It is they who have supplied the force which alone has made the new law of the Land League a reality. Mr. PARNELL, who is mildness itself in the House of Commons, has out of it gone so far as to recommend the Irish, if they cannot get justice otherwise, to seek it by open force. Such incitements to rebellion are wholly unjustifiable, even in the best cause, unless the person who gives the advice honestly believes not only that he has a cause absolutely just, but that a struggle can be attempted with a fair prospect of success; and Lord HARTINGTON asked Mr. PARNELL to examine seriously whether he believed that in an open rebellion the Irish would have even the dimmest shade of a chance of success. Let us, said Lord HARTINGTON, in conclusion, be careful above all things not to throw away the substance and clutch at the shadow. Let us not throw away the substance of the freedom of debate to clutch at the shadow which screens obstruction, or throw away the substance of constitutional liberty to clutch at the shadow which allows the protraction of a reign of terror. It is satisfactory to find that a leading member of the Government does not shrink from looking the Land League in the face, can tell it some plain truths, and makes it known that, although Englishmen are willing to do all they can for the Irish, they are not in the least afraid of them.

THE ATTITUDE OF GREECE.

WHILE it would be rash to venture on a confident prognostication as to events in the East, the balance of probability inclines to the side of peace. As in many other instances, direct testimony conflicts with circumstantial evidence, or with calculations founded rather on the position and interest of the parties concerned than on their avowed intentions. English correspondents at Athens, thoroughly acquainted with Greece, and sometimes fresh from interviews with the PRIME MINISTER, are convinced against their will that an irrevocable resolution has been formed to appeal to arms. The KING and his Ministers are pledged to the Assembly, which again finds it impossible to resist the decree of a unanimous nation. Terrible consequences which have never been clearly defined are anticipated as the result of opposition to the popular will. The arguments used by Mr. COUMOUNDOURIS are not so conclusive as his declarations are positive. He cannot, as he alleges, take less than the territory which is supposed to have been awarded to Greece by the Conference of Berlin. If he is reminded that there could be no award when there had been no submission to arbitration, he would probably reply that the Great Powers of Europe would not have published a decision except with the purpose of making it conclusive. There is no doubt that the Conference was a mistake; and some of those who took part in the deliberation probably attended the meeting under a misapprehension; but United Europe must have the right, as it has certainly the power, to explain, and even to explain away, a policy which it is not disposed to pursue. The especial patron of Greece has of late taken the most active part in dispelling illusions which were perhaps sincerely entertained. The Conference appears to have been organized by England; but of late the French Government has taken the lead in the Greek question. M. DE MOUR and M. BARTHÉLEMY ST. HILAIRE have taken care that the Greek Government shall fully understand their present opinions and intentions. France strongly urges submission to the arrangement which is called arbitration, though it really means diplomatic compromise. Germany has cordially supported the proposals of France, and Austria, as usual, concurs with Germany. The English Minister has strongly seconded the representations of M. de Mour; and, finally, Russia adheres to the general concert. It might have been supposed that the authority of the Great Powers would render argument superfluous; but hitherto the Greek Government has not ostensibly yielded to pressure; yet the delay which has been secured diminishes the risk of a fatal decision. Mr. COUMOUNDOURIS has so

far taken part in the discussion as to inquire whether any guarantee will be given for the enforcement of concessions which might fall short of the settlement of Berlin.

The news from Constantinople is less uniformly warlike; and it is something that the proposed arbitration has not been formally rejected; but the armaments by sea and land are proceeding with vigour; and the reactionary general, OSMAN PASHA, has been appointed Minister of War. Those who make it their business to ascertain and record political facts and tendencies in Turkey have long since settled down into chronic scepticism. It is ~~not~~ assumed that the Government will act on its own declarations, or that the system which is in favour to-day will prevail to-morrow. It is only certain that whether or not the SULTAN meditates war he has not cut off his retreat. Notes in which arbitration is peremptorily refused have been sometimes announced, and perhaps drawn up, but they have not yet been issued. One reason for dilatory negotiation is probably the hope that the Greek Government may put itself in the wrong by assuming the offensive. The litigant whose adversary declines a reasonable settlement enjoys an undoubted advantage. The Turks have, up to the present time, contrived to postpone any cession of territory to Greece, and yet not directly to contravene the recommendation appended to the Treaty of Berlin. They have always professed their readiness to make a sacrifice which they considered to have been unjustly forced upon them; but their negotiations with Greece never arrived at a practical result. They will certainly take the risk of war in preference to acquiescence in the line laid down by the Conference; nor will they be parties to an open arbitration which might confirm the decision of Berlin. They have good reason to believe in their ability to repel and to punish any invasion from the side of Greece; but they cannot disguise from themselves the danger of insurrection and of frontier war in more than one quarter. The assertion which has been hackneyed for fifty years, that the Empire is on the verge of dissolution, has of late been repeated with additional confidence and with great plausibility. The Government has been seriously, if not fatally, weakened; and, though it still disposes of a considerable military force, it is in extreme financial distress. If Greece stood alone, it would be in the interest of Turkey to hurry on the conflict; but the ulterior results of war are not to be easily calculated.

It has not escaped the notice of astute politicians at Constantinople that the proposal of arbitration implies a disposition to recede from the terms imposed by the Berlin Conference. For this reason Greece has from the first been more unwilling than Turkey to entertain the suggestion. Some of the Powers are inclined to send a commission to the frontier to examine the local conditions which might affect the claims of the parties. It is not for the moment convenient to remember that the decision of the Conference of Berlin was founded on reports from high military and geographical authorities. It is understood on all sides that an arbitration would only be a mode of recording a decision previously formed by agreement. At this moment Greece might probably acquire without dispute all the rest of the territory on condition of abandoning the claim to Janina and Metzovo. It is more than doubtful whether as much could be obtained by war; and it is not impossible that in case of defeat the Greeks would obtain nothing. As long as negotiations continue, it is always possible that obstinacy may be merely employed as a diplomatic weapon. The Greek Ministers will have to exercise moral courage in abandoning the smallest fraction of the national demand; but it is reasonable to assume that they would be prepared to encounter a certain risk for the purpose of serving the country against its will. A financial operation which is said to be under the consideration of the Turkish Government would provide, if the rumour is well founded, an additional reason for settling the frontier question without unnecessary delay. It is said that German capitalists are in treaty for the purchase of the Vakouf or ecclesiastical estates throughout European Turkey. It is not improbable that the Government of Constantinople might be favourably disposed to an arrangement which would give a German Company an interest in property within the Empire. To the Greek Government a powerful body of foreign proprietors would be extremely obnoxious. The whole story is doubtful, but there are many symptoms of a desire on

the part of the Turkish Government to court the favour of Germany.

The irritation which prevails at Athens is perhaps an indication that the Government is beginning to waver. One objection which has been urged against compromise is that it will tend to cause war hereafter. The nation, dissatisfied with an incomplete recognition of its supposed rights, will, it is said, seek future opportunities of enforcing the same or more extensive demands. As an English statesman once said, if the choice must be made, a possible future war is better than a certain and immediate war. It is, on the whole, probable that, whether Janina is assigned to Greece or to Turkey, further attempts will be made to unite all the countries where Greek is the prevalent language to the present kingdom. If the Turkish Empire breaks up, a Greek Government, with Epirus included in its dominions, would be in a convenient position for acquiring Janina. It is probable that Greek ambition will point in another direction. Crete, and the islands of the Archipelago which now belong to Turkey, have always been regarded by patriotic Greeks as their own legitimate property. The modern doctrine of ethnology destroys all scruples which may have been formerly entertained as to the morality of conquest. It may be admitted that the intellectual, if not the moral, qualities of the Greeks render such pretensions in their case comparatively tolerable. With such prospects before them, the Greeks may afford to bear a temporary disappointment. They will have gained more by the Russian invasion of Turkey and its consequences than they could reasonably have expected a few years ago. At this moment they have the satisfaction of being courted by all the Great Powers to desist from warlike preparations which threaten to be ruinous. The situation would be wholly changed by a defeat, which military judges think more than probable in the event of a war. Though the Government can dispose of an army numbering perhaps 60,000 men, it has no adequate commissariat or means of transport; and it has not the command of the sea. The warnings, emphatically repeated again and again by the French Ambassador, may perhaps not be literally fulfilled. The Greeks will, in the contingency of the march of the enemy on Athens, probably receive direct or indirect assistance; but the Great Powers will not think it necessary again to urge upon Turkey the surrender of Epirus or even of Thessaly. The kingdom will be for a long time discredited by the demonstration of its weakness. It is true that speculations of the kind are conjectural and uncertain; but prudent statesmen would not incur so imminent a risk of a great catastrophe; on the whole it is probable, but not certain, that both Greece and Turkey will submit to a compromise under colour of arbitration.

ECCLIESIASTICAL TOLERATION.

THE *Times* would have assumed a more statesmanlike position if it had condescended to handle the plea for toleration presented to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY by the Dean of ST. PAUL's and other representative men of the moderate High Church party with a somewhat more accurate perception of the question upon which it claims to arbitrate. Rhetorical assertions which would have passed current a few years since must now submit to the test of facts; for society is full of students who appreciate that the grievance under which a large section of the most active Churchmen believe themselves to be suffering is twofold. Their most weighty contention is that the existing Courts of Church judicature have within the last fifty years been created or remodelled by the civil power with so conspicuous a contempt for the opinion of the Church as a spiritual body as to be sadly lacking in those moral claims with which no tribunal can safely dispense. But they are also in the belief that these Courts, so unfortunately constituted, have given interpretations of the ritual law of the Church very hard indeed to reconcile with history, or indeed with simple grammar. It is legitimate in the writer who discusses the question to begin with either of these branches of the grievance. It is not, however, fair dealing with the difficulty to single out one head and pass the other over. It is even more blameworthy to present a controversy which lies within the limits of the actual Church of England—the Church of the Acts of Submission and of Uniformity—as an attempt to alter the character of that Church by the infusion of

alien elements. The DEAN and his friends choose to begin with ritual, and go on to the Courts. They might with equal force have reversed the order of topics. But the *Times* meets their comprehensive plea by labouring away at ritual and totally overlooking the wider allegation. We can only meet such a controversialist upon his own limited area; but we may observe how far his grasp of his chosen topic leads to the presumption that he is capable by knowledge and reflection of adequately handling the entire question.

To the eyes of the *Times* the whole trouble is about more or less ceremonial, and it makes the gracious concession of an infinite number of pretty things, so long as these things mean nothing at all. But let the ceremony be intended to teach some lesson, let the woollen sack be understood as implying the consideration due to the old staple of English industry, let the mace proclaim the coercive power of the law, let the blunt sword speak of mercy and the sharp one of justice, let the taps which Black Rod gives at the door imply the right of the Commons to occupy their own House and the right of the Crown to send its messenger into that House—then, if we are to believe the doctrine of ceremonial propounded by the *Times*, all these time-honoured objects and customs must hereafter be refused that indulgence which might have been accorded to them, if “only due to a growing sense of ‘decency and order.’” The misguided clergy are, at all events, “perfectly frank.” They confess that the points of ceremonial over which the main controversy ranges are those which signify “a definite Eucharistic doctrine,” while “it is idle to ask for toleration of the ritual which ‘represents it unless a like toleration is asked for the doctrine itself’ that doctrine being ‘deeply repugnant ‘to the vast majority of English Churchmen.’”

All this is simply throwing stones when sound discretion, not to talk of respect for the other side, would have counselled the less flashy, but wiser, course of striving to convince by argument. Unproven and gratuitous accusations of fostering Popery thrown out against such men as DEANS CHURCH and LAKE, LORD ALWYNE COMPTON, and DR. LIDDON are tall talk, but it is rash talk when it is used to bias a controversy which, if reduced within the limits of pure reason and substantial fact, is of very narrow dimensions. The question is simply whether a direction now to be found in the Prayer-book, and which, among other things, seems to prescribe a vesture for the celebrant of the Holy Communion differing from that which he is ordered to wear at other services, is to be taken as really doing so, or whether a document—more ancient than the direction in its present shape, but nowhere referred to in that Prayer-book which might have embodied it—is to be read into the Rubric, so as in that particular to modify the direction which is otherwise recognized as holding good. Polemists to whom merely legal distinctions are abhorrent can only complicate the discussion by inquiring in addition, whether it is morally and historically conceivable that a Church which holds the sacraments to have been ordained by CHRIST himself and generally necessary to salvation can or cannot desire to invest the ministration of one of those sacraments with a pomp superior to that which accompanies the performance of other acts of worship which, however meritorious they may be, are not sacraments.

The legal controversy involves history, and the polemic one brings in dogma. Either contention may be established independently of the other, while it would be a result much to be deplored if the debates were to land us in the conclusion that a vesture could be established as lawful within the Church of England as significative of doctrines which ought not, by plain inference to be drawn from its formularies, to have a place in it; or else that the doctrinal defence was complete for ornaments the employment of which was barred by the law. The former state of things would be anomalous and the latter tyrannical. Either the *Times* does not know, or else, knowing it, declines to remind the world, that the latter alternative is absolutely the present condition of the Church of England under successive rulings of the Judicial Committee. Within the last ten years there have been three judgments of the Judicial Committee having reference to the ceremonial or to the doctrine of the Eucharist. The PURCHAS and the RIDSDALE judgments cut down the ceremonial in the direction most pleasing to Low Churchmen. The BENNETT judgment gave license to doctrine in the direction most pleasing to High Churchmen, and so the result is, borrowing the expressions of the

Times, to establish a “representation of Eucharistic doctrine” at the Holy Table more contracted than the representation of the same doctrine which it is permitted by the same authority to put forward from the pulpit. So although, in the opinion of the *Times*, it is “idle to ask” for toleration of the school which represents “a definite Eucharist doctrine,” “unless a like toleration is asked for the doctrine itself,” it is reasonable, and it is in fact the law, by successive rulings of the Judicial Committee, to recognize that toleration for the doctrine itself which is refused to the ritual which represents the doctrine. Arguments which ignore or are ignorant of the actual condition of matters are obviously inconsistent with facts, and are of the slightest possible value when taken in comparison with the well-instructed and carefully reasoned plea of the memorialists. Their request is only for the toleration and not for the enforcement of what they believe to be abstractedly lawful, and we much mistake them if they are anxious to obtain that toleration unless guarded by every restriction needful to secure the peace of mind of Churchmen who hold opinions differing from their own.

Judging by the wise and tolerant speech which the Archbishop of CANTERBURY made to the clergy of Thanet—which indeed gave the hint for this Memorial, and which has been followed up by a letter of his in the same tone to Canon WILKINSON—we anticipate at all events a serious endeavour on the part of the Episcopate to ease the existing strain. At the same time the ARCHBISHOP on one side and the memorialists on the other must be well alive to the risks of throwing the Church question upon the floor of the House of Commons. But much may be done without direct recourse to Parliament, and not the least profitable result would be to create the impression among sections of Churchmen in whom the hope has been damped that in the rulers of the Church they possess guides who appreciate and who sympathize with their difficulties. Men will bear much if they believe that those in authority would help them, if they could, in their troubles, while they would be made desperate by the suspicion that they were being deprived of the sympathy of their natural protectors. When the time comes for practical arrangements we are sure that the “common sense,” and “healthy distrust of needless ‘innovation,’” to which the *Times* appeals, will not be wanting either among clergy or laity. Still, we must point out that it is not so many years since the “mere ceremonial change in the conduct of worship” which is now recommended to us in that paper was very stoutly resisted, in the name of common sense and healthy distrust of needless innovation, by self-confident organs of public opinion.

LORD LYTON ON AFGHANISTAN.

LORD LYTON'S speech took many of his hearers and readers by surprise. It was supposed that he was going to make a personal explanation to defend himself where he had been unjustly attacked or to give some information which he alone could command. There was nothing of the sort in his speech. He confined himself exclusively to a statement of his reasons why, in his opinion, the intention of the Government, announced in the QUEEN'S Speech, not to retain Candahar permanently was an unwise one. The occasion taken by LORD LYTON for opening this important and interesting question was in some ways unlucky. The papers on Afghanistan, which the Government is going to publish, have not yet been laid before Parliament, nor have the exact intentions of the Government been revealed. It may be meant by what has been announced that the English troops will be brought back in the spring, leaving chaos behind them; or it may be meant that the troops will be kept at Candahar until a native ruler, acceptable to the people and strong enough to hold his own, is found to take over Candahar, in which case the occupation, if not permanent, may be protracted for an indefinite time. When the intentions of the Government are known, they will have to be freely canvassed and closely criticized. Lord LYTON to some extent apologized for the criticism he was instituting. It was, he truly said, most desirable that Indian questions should, so far as possible, not be made party questions, and he was alive to the evil of an ex-Viceroy coming back from India and immediately raising in Parliament matters of controversy between him and his successor. But it is

quite impossible that all Indian questions should be treated as beyond the range of party, and an ex-Viceroy must in some cases explain why he thinks his policy right and that of his successor wrong. When there is a really important issue of general Indian policy at stake, and the leaders of one party have a strong opinion one way, and the leaders of the other party have an equally strong opinion the other way, there is no mode of getting adequate discussion except by a strenuous party debate. When, again, a decision has to be come to quickly, and an ex-Viceroy must contribute his share to the discussion while there is time, he cannot avoid putting himself forward as the opponent of his successor if he disagrees with him. When the proper time comes, when the promised papers have been published, and when the exact meaning of the language used in the QUEEN'S Speech has been ascertained, a question will have been raised of very great importance to England and India, on which light can only be thrown by the expression of the varying opinions of party leaders, and on which the opinion of the person who has just quitted the Government of India will be valuable and welcome.

Even, however, after reading Lord LYTON'S speech, it is not very easy to discover when it became a part of the policy of the late Government to retain Candahar permanently. It may be observed that Lord BEACONSFIELD, in criticizing the QUEEN'S Speech, carefully guarded himself against saying that Candahar ought to be retained permanently. What he deprecated was, in his epigrammatic language, "scuttling out of Afghanistan." It was not a withdrawal, but a hasty and pusillanimous withdrawal, to which he objected. What, however, seems really to have happened was this. Candahar and Cabul were both held by our troops at the beginning of last year, and at that time there was no intention of annexing either, or of annexing any part of Afghanistan. Lord LYTON, if he was correctly reported, said this distinctly at the time. But it was determined to treat Cabul and Candahar differently. Cabul, after proper punishment had been inflicted on the murderers of CAVAGHARI, was to be handed over to the most promising candidate for the post of Ameer that could be found, while Candahar was to be made independent of the ruler of Cabul, and placed under a nominee of England protected by the presence of the English troops, not holding the town, but stationed in cantonments in the neighbourhood. This arrangement was carried out. A Wali was duly appointed, with British troops to guard him. A rival chief marched against him and us, the WALI'S troops deserted, and after much trouble we defeated the invader. The WALI was utterly sick of his disagreeable duties and went off, leaving our troops in Candahar without any government being established there. What Lord LYTON says is, that we may repeat the experiment if we please, and get another Wali to try his chance, or we may set up the Government of the QUEEN; but the essential thing is that our troops should not go away. It is, he urges, an advantage to England, and a very great advantage, that we should have troops posted at Candahar, and that we now can stay there, and this is the main advantage we have got out of the war. If a British envoy could have been maintained in security at Cabul, that would have been a sufficient advantage. But a painful experience has shown us that this cannot be done. As we cannot have this advantage, then let us keep the other advantage we have gained.

The real question to be decided is whether the alleged advantage of retaining Candahar is an advantage or not. It is no use saying that we must have something to show for all the blood and treasure we have spent; for, unless this something is in itself worth having, there is really nothing to show. Still less can be said for the notion of quitting Candahar to show our penitence for the whole Afghan war. The question is more serious whether we are bound by explicit pledges and solemn declarations not to annex, under the form of a military retention or otherwise, any part of Afghanistan. No doubt, at a period subsequent to the murder of Sir LOUIS CAVAGHARI, the Indian Government stated that it did not wish for any portion of Afghan territory except for the purposes of a rectified frontier. But it may be replied that the Government afterwards tried the experiment of setting up a Wali at Candahar, and that it is only because this experiment failed that we are driven to annex.

On the question whether we are bound by a pledge not to annex depends the farther question, What would be the effect on the natives of India if we abandoned Candahar? Lord LYTON says we should lose by causing an impression of weakness and vacillation. Lord NORTHBROOK replies that we should gain by causing the impression that we are invariably honest. These questions, however, are only the fringe of the real question, which is whether the retention of Candahar is or is not a great advantage to us. The chief merit of Lord LYTON'S speech consisted in the clearness with which he explained what he meant by the retention of Candahar, and why he thought it very advantageous, as Candahar, if retained, is not to be regarded as in any way an outpost against Russia. It is not to be a second Metz offering an impregnable obstacle to the advance of a probable and dangerous enemy; for Lord LYTON totally disbelieves in the possibility of a direct Russian attack. It is to be regarded rather as one of those forts by which Wales was kept quiet when it was conquered. Either we are to control the policy of the Afghan or we are not. If we do not, Russia will control it. If we wish to control it, we have only one means of controlling it, and that is by a fort too strong for any Afghans to take and commanding the only great commercial route which the Afghans possess. This was the gist of Lord LYTON'S speech. What he will have to prove when the discussion is resumed in its proper course, and what he firmly believes he can prove to the satisfaction of all reasonable Englishmen, is that we must, if India is to be guarded against panics, control Afghan policy; that there is no other means of controlling it, or, at any rate, none nearly as effectual as the retention of Candahar; and that the retention of Candahar will permanently serve the purpose for which it is intended.

SANITARY PROTECTION.

IF Heaven helps those that help themselves, there may be a good time in store for the householders of London. They are now, for the first time, invited to form themselves into a "Sanitary Protection Association." The pleasing but delusive belief that legislation would give them the modest security they desire against sanitary mischiefs has gradually disappeared; and urban man may now be divided into those who have ceased to believe in the possibility of sanitary safety and those who, though they still believe in it, have ceased to hope that safety will be obtained. The first of these classes are accustomed to justify their scepticism by a frequent reference to milk. Do what we can, they say, we are only able to answer for our own houses. When our drains have been trapped and ventilated, and every outlet from the house has been disconnected from every inlet into the sewers; when the water which the Companies profess to supply us ready filtered has been filtered again, and even has been boiled, before a drop is allowed to pass our parched lips; when every old or unacclimatized person in our dwelling has been given a violent cold by the thorough ventilation we have introduced into every room, we are still liable to have every precaution defeated by the baleful agency of this fair-seeming poison. Even wealth which can do so much will not enable a man to keep a cow in an ordinary London house. Indeed, if, in reckless disregard of his butler's comfort, he turned the pantry into a cow-house, he would only be varying the risk. The cow is itself a sufferer by the results of civilization, and languishes and becomes diseased for want of fresh air and a country life. Nor would precautions as to the milk we provide for our own use really meet the case. Milk is precisely the thing which it is most difficult to avoid taking when it is provided for us by other people. A man who refused five o'clock tea or took care to have a lemon always about him would be a monster. Better die with natural human sympathies still welling up within us than live as the incarnation of absorption in a worthless self. Sheer inability to answer these arguments has made us sanitary agnostics. We cannot know what mischief may not lurk in the milk-can, and we do not care to know what can be proved to lurk elsewhere. All these things you warn us against may be true; but we do not see that any good comes of troubling ourselves about them. Sanitary mischiefs are universally diffused, and no precaution that can be taken will make more than an infinitesimal difference

in their number. The second class are not at all disposed to make light of the dangers to be incurred from faulty sanitary arrangements, but they are equally hopeless of getting the fault remedied. They would think no sacrifice too great provided that it brought security with it. These men would gladly forego afternoon tea to the end of their lives, or even submit to drink it in degrading alliance with boiled milk, if they could only hope that the sacrifice would be accepted. Until experience has taught them that nothing comes of it, they are never so happy as when their drains are laid open, and when the presence of the plumber excites in them a fleeting hope that he is going to put traps that will hold water, pipes that will carry off sewage, and ventilators that will carry off noxious gases into space. Unfortunately, the time has gone by when a man could persuade himself that any one of these things happened. His leaden idol has been broken; he has ceased to put faith in his plumber. He no longer cares to have his drains pulled to pieces, for he knows that nothing ever comes of it. When there is a stoppage in the drains, save when in the basement, he hears with indifference that the men have come to put it right, for he secretly suspects that there is no communication with the main sewer. In this helpless and hopeless condition he goes through life. The newest sanitary inventions cannot win a smile from him. Mr. PARNELL might obstruct the progress of a Sanitary Reform Bill without provoking him to a single harsh word.

The Sanitary Protection Association comes forward to help this latter type of men directly and the former type indirectly. To the man who believes in sanitary precautions, if he only knew how to make them effectual, it offers the means of knowing exactly where the drainago of his house is faulty, what is needed to put it right, and how much the process of putting it right will cost. We are often deterred from taking measures to satisfy ourselves upon the first of these points by the uncertainty what such an investigation will cost. The members of the Sanitary Protection Association will no longer be in any doubt upon this head. For a payment of two guineas the first year and one guinea every succeeding year, they will have the sanitary arrangements of their houses thoroughly examined, and be furnished with a diagram of the pipes, and with specific recommendations, where needful, as to the improvements. The Society will not itself undertake alterations, but its engineers will state what they ought to cost, and will report upon them when they are finished. The drains once put in order will be inspected every year, in order to see that nothing has gone wrong in the interval. Nor is it only at home that the members will enjoy this protection. For a moderate fee they will be able to have other people's houses examined. We do not observe that anything is said about the consent of the owner being first had, but we presume that this may be taken for granted. The members of the Association will thus be armed with a weapon of terrible force in dealing with people who wish to let their houses furnished for the season. If they refuse to allow the Society's engineer to examine their drains, the refusal will at once be set down to a guilty conscience. If they consent, and the engineer suggests that, in order to make the house habitable, 100*l.* must be spent in sanitary improvements, the outlay will make a considerable hole in the sum the owner expects to make by the transaction. When these arrangements have been in force some little time, even the sanitary unbeliever may come to be converted. He will see that, on an average, the members of the Association do suffer less than other people from the ills that modern refinement is heir to, and he may thus be convinced that, even if his friends' milk supply cannot be made unimpeachable, it is still prudent to make his own house as secure against disease as possible.

At the meeting in which the new Association was introduced to the notice of Londoners a statement was made which suggests that there is still something to be done in the way of sanitary legislation. It was said, we presume not without some foundation, that out of the 60,000 or 70,000 houses annually built in London, 50,000 are unfit for human habitation. If this assertion is anywhere near the truth, it reflects very great discredit on the Local Government Board and on the authorities charged with the administration of the Metropolitan Building Acts. To attempt to make the whole mass of existing houses fit for human habitation would be a very tremendous undertaking; but to ensure that no additions shall be made

to the list of houses not fit for human habitation need present no very serious difficulty. Sanitary science is perfectly able to say what is the minimum provision for health without which a house ought not to be inhabited; and, by a single clause in a building Act, it might be enacted that no new house should be either occupied by the owner, or let or sold to others for occupation, until it had been examined on behalf of the local authority and certified to possess these essential requisites. This suggestion has been again and again made in our columns and elsewhere without anything coming of it. Yet, in the absence of such a provision, the aggregate of unhealthy houses is constantly becoming greater, and all for want of a precaution that would interfere with no vested interest, and consequently cause no expense, either by way of compensation or litigation. It is a matter of astonishment that so simple a remedy for an admitted evil should so long remain unapplied.

AGENTS PROVOCATEURS.

THE HOME SECRETARY was placed in a position of no small difficulty by a question which was put to him on Tuesday in the House of Commons with reference to the case of *TITLEY*, the chemist who was convicted last month of a criminal offence in very peculiar circumstances. *TITLEY*, it may be remembered, had been induced by an elaborate and very artfully concocted plot on the part of the police to supply certain noxious drugs. The plot required the participation of an inspector of police, a sergeant, and a woman who is the wife of a police pensioner, and who "does jobs" for the police generally. Between them these persons trumped up a story of a young woman, and an agitated lover, and an obliging friend, and a mother in terror for her daughter's reputation, which parts were, with the exception of that of the young woman, played by the actors just mentioned. Considerable sums of money were also shown to *TITLEY* to tempt him to comply with the demand made, and after a good deal of hesitation he consented. The singularity of the case was twofold. In the first place, though the fact of legal criminality—that is to say, the actual supply of the drugs—was, assuming the truth of the police evidence, indisputable, it was equally indisputable that the person supposed to be in danger of injury by them was non-existent, and their criminal use consequently impossible. In the second place, there was the very questionable nature of the means by which this legal criminality had been brought about. This struck the Grand Jury so strongly, that they returned a true bill for conspiracy against the police, and though this proceeding was ineffectual, owing to a technical flaw, more or less disapproval of the conduct of the police was expressed by the judge, by the jury who tried and convicted *TITLEY*, and by public opinion outside the Court. Accordingly the other night Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was asked whether he would direct the prosecution of the police, and this question naturally invited and produced a statement not merely as to the past, but as to the future, policy of the Home Office in relation to the practice of fishing for crime.

That the legality of the means employed to entrap *TITLEY* is not to be regularly tried is perhaps disappointing. But Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is hardly to be blamed, inasmuch as the existence of a complete precedent in which the police not merely acted as they have acted now, but were commended for so acting by the judges, sufficiently exonerates the actors in this curious, and we fear we must say rather discreditable, affair. The HOME SECRETARY, however, promises that a somewhat strict watch shall be kept in future on the dramatic propensities of detectives. The game of temptation is not to be played without the direct authorization of the Home Office, and not as at present at the mere pleasure of the Director of Criminal Investigation. It is to be presumed, of course, that the Home Office will not vouchsafe its consent without very strong reasons, and will take great care to guard against abuse. Perhaps, as we have said, we must be satisfied with this, though it is impossible wholly to overcome the repugnance which most Englishmen feel, and rightly feel, towards such methods of detecting crime. This repugnance does not arise merely from the somewhat irrational conception of criminal investigation as a kind of sport in which due "law," in the one sense as in the other, is to be given to the accused. It arises, on the one hand, from a sentiment of natural

equity, which considers the tempter as the chief cause of the crime, and reflects that, but for the tempter, the crime would very likely never have been committed at all; and, in the second place, from a feeling of the extreme danger of such a method of detection. With respect to the first point, a good deal that is not very relevant has been said in regard to other instances in which artifice is resorted to in order to obtain evidence of guilty practices. In most such cases it is tolerably certain on the face of it that, unless the criminal is a criminal, he will hardly be tempted to commit the crime. A publican who is not in the habit of selling drink at prohibited times is not very likely to run the risk of the penalty he incurs in an isolated case. An honest man has not the machinery or the practised skill necessary for forging bank-notes or manufacturing base coin. If a purchaser goes to a shop, and demands forbidden books or prints, it is quite clear that the shopkeeper cannot sell them if he has not got them, and that he is not likely to have them, except for the purpose of illegally selling them. But every chemist, and almost every chemist's assistant, is in case to be tempted by such an artful tale as the police told to TITLEY. The drugs are at his disposal, and on his promises for lawful purposes. He is then induced, partly by the sight of money, partly by ingeniously devised and more ingeniously corroborated appeals to the feelings, to believe that he is helping some one out of a difficulty. Cupidity, good nature, ready opportunity, combine to draw him into error, and, though it is easy to say that an honest man ought in such a case to kick the tempters out of his shop, and either do his best to think no more about the matter or mention it to the police, yet opportunity, greed, and good-nature combined will always have a strong chance of drawing men in the way in which they are tempted to go.

There is, however, something more to be said in the matter than this. Not merely is it extremely likely that such methods of detecting crime may make criminals out of men who would otherwise be honest, but it is probable that it may make apparent criminals out of men who are actually innocent. In the political matters to which the use of *agents provocateurs* has for the most part been confined, the object is generally rather to obtain a clue to suspected agencies and plans, otherwise undiscoverable, than to fix guilt on any particular person. In such cases as this before us the crime is discovered (invented would be perhaps a better word) and brought home by the same persons. The tempters are the witnesses, and they are witnesses who have a strong interest in proving their case. In this particular matter of TITLEY, for instance, there was not a witness against the man who was not also engaged more or less deeply in the plot for provoking him to crime. The whole thing might therefore have been, though we have not the slightest intention of hinting that it was, as much a fabrication as the story about the young woman. Such a method of going to work is a tremendous weapon to put into the hands of the police, inasmuch as it enables a few persons to ruin a possibly innocent man without there being the least chance of his escaping. It is so very much easier, too, to discover crime in this manner than by the humdrum process of waiting till it has been actually committed, and then tracing it out, that the police might almost be tempted to employ it for their own honour and glory. The suspicions amounting almost to certainty which are supposed to justify the method are very easily formed, and corroboration is sure not to be lacking to them. Indeed some members of the police force, unless they are very much maligned, labour under a deep-seated idea that all "civilians" are not only criminals *in potentia*—which is no doubt in a manner true—but most probably actual criminals, respecting whom it is the duty of an active officer to keep his suspicions constantly aroused and to receive every information that he can possibly get hold of. The employment of *agents provocateurs* suits this temper to a nicety, and is a proportionately dangerous weapon to entrust to persons so disposed. Still it would be too much, no doubt, to assert that the process must in no conceivable circumstances be employed. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's promise, as we understand it, is that the Home Secretary shall comport himself towards any proposal for the employment of the police in such matters very much as he at present comports himself towards applications for the remission of the extreme penalty of the law. That is to say, he

will take the matter under his personal attention, and his decision will be a matter of personal responsibility. It is doubtful which will be the more disagreeable function; but the confidence which at present is reposed in the Home Secretary in the decision of the gravest of all questions—that of the life and death of his fellow-creatures—can hardly be refused him in a matter which, though even more repugnant to ordinary feelings, is perhaps one of less grave import. It is very improbable that the sanction of the Home Office will very often be given to these plans of espionage and masquerading, of "baiting" "the swim," like Thames barbel-fishers, and then angling for the prey like the same variety of sportsman. It may be questioned whether such sanction would ever be justifiable, except in cases where the public safety is involved on a large scale, or else in those where strong, but insufficient, proofs of repeated breaches of a particular law by a particular person are in the possession of the authorities. In the first of these cases the importance of the end justifies almost any means. In the other, the great danger of the method, the danger of inducing a previously innocent person to commit crime, or of falsely condemning one who is still innocent, is reduced to a minimum. The police are said in the present case to have had grounds for suspecting TITLEY; but no definite proof has been produced, and even in such a case it is doubtful whether it is well that a man should be condemned wholly and solely on the evidence of his tempters.

THE FRENCH MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE municipal elections in France give no indication of any change in the temper of the French people. The Conservative Opposition has a long and difficult undertaking before it. Its more sanguine members probably hoped that the recent ecclesiastical policy of the Government would have weakened the hold of the Republic upon the country, and if the country had cared about the questions with which the Government has been dealing this expectation might well have been justified. But the result makes it clear that the country is exceedingly indifferent to what has been done and to what is doing. The religious orders may be rich in virtues, but they do not seem to have specially endeared themselves to their fellow-countrymen. The closing of the Jesuit schools is an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the parents who wish to send their sons to be taught there; but the wrongs of a few well-to-do men excite no commiseration in the minds of the majority. The peasantry do not appear to be at all disturbed at the prospect of their children growing up without religious instruction; they are probably conscious that they have never turned such religious instruction as they had in their own childhood to much account. All these things put together do not constitute a reason for returning a Conservative candidate, who has no prospect to offer them except that, if a sufficient number of men like-minded with himself can get into power, the existing Government will be overturned. On the whole, it is plain that the country likes the existing Government. Indeed, it must be admitted that, from a rudely material point of view, it has every reason to like it. The prosperity of France may not be in the least due to the policy of its rulers; but it cannot be denied that, under its present rulers, that prosperity has been very great. The collocation may be purely accidental; but as long as it continues it will have its weight with the electors. Indeed, it may be contended with some reason that it is not purely accidental. Since the retirement of Marshal MACMAHON there has been an air of stability about the Government to which France had for some years been a stranger. There has been no really serious opposition to the Republic in any quarter, and the absence of this element has given men of business an unwonted confidence in the future. Had the communal elections taken a different turn, this confidence would have been rudely shaken. The doubts that would have been excited as to the permanence of the present order of things would not have stopped short at the men who are actually administering public affairs. The Republican Government could not have been overthrown, without the Republic itself being threatened; and, so long as this remains true, it is not likely to be overthrown unless it does something very much more unwise

than it has yet done. It is easy to imagine the confusion that would reign in France if the Conservative coalition that has been contesting so many seats in the Paris Municipal Council could command a majority in the Chamber of Deputies. The moment of the coalition's success would also be the moment of its disruption. Those who compose it would find that the agreement between them had been simply destructive. They had all wanted to upset the Government, but no two sections of them would be of the same mind as to what was to be done after the Government had been upset. The uncertainty which was so conspicuous in the months that followed the 16th of May would return in increased force, and while that uncertainty lasts France would be paralysed abroad and uneasy at home. This is not a prospect that has any charms for men of business, and in France, more than in any other country, the great majority of the population are men of business.

If therefore French Conservatism is to effect anything in politics, it must subject itself to a long course of very distasteful discipline. To begin with, it must convince the nation that it is not intriguing against existing institutions. There may be some things in the recent administration of the Republic which a large number of Frenchmen think imprudent and unnecessary. But so long as the alternative is the overthrow of the Republic, the cost of getting them remedied will be more than the nation is prepared to pay. As yet there has been no serious effort on the part of the Conservatives to convince the nation that the Republic would be safe in their hands. Indeed, we may go further, and say that there is abundance of evidence that the Republic would not be safe in their hands. Now that the democratic section of the Bonapartists has repudiated "compromising alliances," all the regularly enrolled members of the Conservative party are more or less Royalists. The least pronounced type among them is probably that represented by M. HERVÉ, who was elected last Sunday for one of the arrondissements of Paris. He is described as a man who prefers constitutional monarchy; but, while this is unattainable, will put up with a constitutional Republic. If all the members of the coalition were of M. HERVÉ's way of thinking, they might have the sense to postpone their abstract preferences to the practical needs of the country. But M. HERVÉ stands out from the rest as exceptionally well disposed towards the Republic; and, if he and his allies were now forming a Government, he would almost certainly be unable to restrain their monarchical enthusiasm within any rational bounds. So long as this is the case, the abstention from monarchical speeches on the eve of a critical election will make no impression on the nation. The feeling throughout the country will be that under the plea of Conservatism these men are really preaching a restoration, and that by the side of such a possibility the Republic, even if it be a little more advanced than it might be, is the Government to support. At present there are no signs of that abnegation of personal preference which must be the first step towards success on the part of the French Conservatives.

Supposing, however, that this preliminary step has been taken, and that Republican institutions have been honestly accepted as those under which it best suits Frenchmen to live, the Conservatives will still have a great deal of work before them. The feature in government that is likely to make most impression upon Frenchmen is administrative success; and if the Conservatives are to replace the existing majority in the Chamber of Deputies, it must be in virtue of their supposed possession of greater administrative powers. It is not easy for an Opposition to show this, inasmuch as the demonstration has to take the form of criticism on Ministerial blunders. Still, if criticism lacks the opportunities which a government can command, it is also saved from the discredit of making mistakes. Its promises are not liable to be falsified by results; it cannot be compelled to put its suggestions to the decisive test of experiment. Year after year it may go on finding out weak places in its adversary's budgets, and pointing out, with the wisdom that comes so abundantly after the fact, the reasons why they have failed to do the good that was expected of them. The line, in fact, that is marked out for the French Conservative members by the hard necessities of their political position is very much that which was pursued with so much success by Sir ROBERT PEEL between the year 1835 and the year 1841. Unfortunately it is one for which the French are eminently unsuited. Their political zeal, like their mili-

tary courage, is most conspicuous when they are pushing home a successful attack. For the wearisome task of making preparations for a successful attack years hence they have little aptitude. Yet, in default of this faculty, there seems but little possibility of success in reserve for them. Unexpected dangers may await the Republic, but for the present it can afford to despise the hostility of its avowed foes. It is fair, however, to say that in the municipal elections in Paris, the Conservatives have shown more wisdom and more zeal than could have been looked for. They contested a large proportion of the arrondissements, though in many of them their candidates had not a chance of carrying the seat. They brought 50,000 voters to the poll, whereas in 1878 the Conservative voters were under 10,000. These are real advances, made under circumstances of very great discouragement, and they have met their reward in a gain of several seats. This is the kind of strategy that the French Conservatives ought to adopt at all elections. They should keep themselves before the mind of the public, not as a knot of dynastic intriguers, but as a political party working within the limits of the Republican Constitution for the attainment of certain practical ends. In the present condition of France this can only be done by bringing forward a much greater number of candidates than can possibly be returned. The object is to make people realize that they are a possible force in politics; that they have given up the alternatives of abstention and conspiracy between which they used to oscillate, and that they are making a serious effort to influence, and eventually to guide, the policy of the Republic. To bring about this, every seat ought to be contested and every voter brought to the poll. A really zealous party is almost certain to gain to itself a certain number of recruits; and even small additions to a minority, if they are constant and general, create by degrees an impression that the party which registers them is gradually gaining ground, and will some day have to be seriously reckoned with. The defeat of the Communists in the Paris elections may perhaps help the Conservatives to realize more clearly what is before them. The anarchy to which they have looked forward as their destined opportunity is still very far off.

SMALL-POX HOSPITALS.

DR. BREWER has brought a very serious charge against the inhabitants of Hampstead. They are responsible, he hints, for most of the suffering that will be caused by the new epidemic of small-pox. The Metropolitan Asylums Board, of which Dr. BREWER is Chairman, burn to do what they can to mitigate this terrible scourge. It is impossible, indeed, to imagine a public body in a more intensely sensitive condition than they are at this moment. "No men," says Dr. BREWER, "know better what is the liability of the 200,000 unvaccinated persons among a mass of well-nigh four millions." The Board has risen superior even to the benumbing influence of familiarity and habit. "The sufferings to which we minister," they say, "quicken, not deaden, our sympathies." But for the present they have no power to give effect to their sympathies. The timely isolation of infected persons is one of the most effectual means of checking the spread of the disease, and the timely isolation of infected persons cannot now be carried out beyond the narrow limits within which it has already been effected. The managers "are unable to enter the market for new sites, or to appropriate any additional building." In this respect they are paralysed, and they have authorized Dr. BREWER to explain to the public why they are not responsible for the suffering and mortality which they anticipate, but cannot provide for. We question if any of our readers who have not seen Dr. BREWER's letter will guess what it is that has reduced the Metropolitan Asylums Board to this helpless condition. It is the people of Hampstead. In that favoured district the managers have built a small-pox hospital, from the use of which they are now debarred by injunction. The legality of this injunction will shortly be decided by the House of Lords, but until it is decided the managers can do nothing. The Hampstead hospital is an integral part of a vast design for protecting the whole of London against small-pox, and a design from which an integral part has been removed is not one that can profitably be put into execution. The pertinence

Dr. BREWER's argument is not, it must be confessed, very obvious. The fact that an injunction not to avail themselves of the Hampstead site has been obtained against the managers is an excellent reason for not again opening the Hampstead hospital. What is not quite so plain is why it prevents them from opening similar hospitals in other districts. Even if everything that the managers contend for is conceded to them, they are still a long way from the point they seek to establish. Though the Hampstead hospital was an integral part of their scheme for protecting London against small-pox, it was not the whole of the scheme. All the small-pox patients in London were not to be sent to Hampstead for treatment, but only those who live in the north or north-west. At present the epidemic is worst in the south-east of London, and is seemingly on the increase in the south-west. Why as regards these districts, far enough away from Hampstead in all conscience, should the managers be paralysed by the prohibition to send patients to Hampstead? What prevents them from going into the market for sites in other parts of London? If it did not seem indecent to suggest such an explanation in reference to so august a body as the Metropolitan Asylums Board, we should be inclined to say that the exaggerated importance assigned in Dr. BREWER's letter to the Hampstead case was due to temper. The managers have been opposed, and up to this time successfully opposed, and they are not unwilling that the people of London should see that the Metropolitan Asylums Board cannot be resisted without mischief coming of it.

Dr. BREWER's letter has not been left unanswered. In the *Times* of Tuesday, Mr. PEARSON HILL sets out a long list of facts, some of which he alleges to have been proved at the trial, while others have been established since. Whether Mr. HILL's deductions from the evidence given at the trial are legitimate we shall not attempt to decide. The appeal against the injunction is still to be heard, and the judgment then given may declare that what have been supposed to be facts are really fictions. It is permissible, however, to point out that, so far as the case has yet gone, the contentions of the Hampstead ratepayers have been justified, and that these contentions are of a kind that the Metropolitan Asylums Board are bound to take into consideration quite apart from any decision that may ultimately be given as to their legal rights. Mr. HILL maintains that when the hospital was first opened for small-pox patients Hampstead was absolutely free from small-pox, though, as was shown by the circumstance of a special hospital being required for its treatment, the disease was severely felt in other parts of London. This immunity did not long survive the opening of the hospital. In less than a month small-pox broke out in Hampstead—the death-rate in the houses adjoining the hospital grounds being more than six times as great as in the rest of the parish. Six years later the hospital was again opened, Hampstead, as before, being absolutely free from small-pox at the time. In less than three weeks small-pox once more broke out, and the proportion of cases in the houses nearest to the hospital was again very much larger than in the rest of the parish. Now that the hospital is closed, Hampstead is, as before, free from small-pox, though it has again appeared in London. Mr. HILL is not satisfied with pleading the actual experience of Hampstead. He says that at the trial similar facts could have been proved as regards the Homerton and Stockwell hospitals, had not the counsel for the Asylums Board resisted the production of this evidence on technical grounds; and that the re-opening of the Homerton hospital has been followed by a fresh and serious outbreak of small-pox in the immediate neighbourhood. Further, he contends that the whole system of large hospitals is condemned by results. There have been many more deaths from small-pox in London in the twelve years since the Asylums Board was constituted than there were in the previous twelve years; so that the "timely isolation of the infected," on which the managers principally rely, has proved no real protection. The system of large hospitals is not even an advantage to the patients themselves. The death-rate in the hospitals is more than twice as great as it is among patients of the same class, when nursed even in their own miserable homes, and more than six times as great as it is among patients treated in small infirmaries.

The issue raised by this part of Mr. HILL's letter is quite distinct from that raised at the trial. The House

of Lords will simply have to determine whether the Asylums Board have a statutory right to place a small-pox hospital at Hampstead, and whether, even if they have this right, they are not bound to make compensation to the persons injured by such a hospital being opened in their immediate neighbourhood. Supposing that the House of Lords decides that such a statutory right exists, and that the Asylums Board cannot be made to pay compensation for injuries inflicted in the exercise of that right, it will be a very serious question whether this statutory right ought not to be further restricted. If it has been proved—and in the face of the facts stated by Mr. HILL we do not see how this can be denied—that the opening of a small-pox hospital does introduce the disease in a very virulent form into neighbourhoods previously free from it, two things seem to follow. The first is that these large hospitals should not be opened except in more isolated districts than Hampstead. The second is that, unless a very strong case can be made out for their necessity, they should not be opened at all. No district can complain if it has to bear its own share of disease; but to make a few selected districts bear the burden of all the disease of London can only be defensible when the least populated neighbourhoods have been carefully picked out for the purpose. Of course Mr. HILL's statements may be contested, and his comparison between the death-rate among small-pox patients treated in large hospitals and the death-rate among patients treated in small infirmaries may be shown to be inaccurate and misleading. But the current of medical opinion has not of late been altogether favourable to large hospitals, and it is plain that, if small-pox can be even as well treated in small hospitals, there are special reasons why that course should be preferred. If the managers of the Asylums Board are unable to open any more large hospitals while the issue of the Hampstead case remains undecided, they could not have a better opportunity of trying the experiment of small hospitals. The abridgment of the distance which the patients have to be conveyed must diminish the danger of their communicating the disease on the journey, and increase the chances of recovery, while the collection of a large number of cases may in some unexplained way make the disease more fatal to the sufferers and more infectious to others. The managers of the Asylums Board may not be disposed to accept any evidence against the large hospital system which is not founded on direct experiment, but they will be wanting in their duty to the public if they do not try the experiment for themselves.

CURATES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

OUR modern writers of fiction, if not our personal experience, have brought us all acquainted with the curate of the present day in his social aspect. His prospects, his ambitions, the classes and circles which afford the arena for his social successes—we do not now touch on the graver bearings of his office—have all been the theme of living painters of manners. The curate has a place of his own very distinctly marked, for example, in the novels of Mr. Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant, not to mention innumerable others; and in all these points we notice a difference between the literature of the eighteenth and that of the nineteenth century. We gather indeed from all records that the curate of former days had an important and prominent part to play, but we hear comparatively little about him. The parsons that figure in the novels and the essays of what one may call the classical social history of the past century are incumbents, holders of the benefices they serve, or possibly London curates who have deserted their country livings for a position more suited to their aspirations or to the display of their gifts. Whether this shows the office to have been held less in permanency than is the case now is beside our present purpose; what we observe is that curates, as such, are not conspicuous in pictures of eighteenth-century social life as given to the world in those days. There are, however, memorials of those times brought together by industrious collectors, which, while throwing light on the state of discipline in the Church, let us see a good deal of the labours and remuneration of curates. A hundred, and, still more, a hundred and fifty, years ago people were very artless in their private correspondence on the temporalities of the Church, and did not disguise their solicitude how to get their share of them, how to keep what they had got while seeking to get more, how to get the pay and let others do the work.

It is, however, easy to be too severe on the keen interest shown in those days in the Church's temporalities. A battle had to be fought on this ground as much for the sake of the humbler laity as of the clergy. Self may have had too large a share in the contests for clerical rights; but without a personal concern in the

question such struggles are rarely ventured upon, and then they are apt to become severe tests of temper and discretion. But the Church of our day profits by the disputes which then set parsons and farmers by the ears, not by any means generally to the blame of the parsons. Records of the time are full of notices of these contests, showing incidentally a ground for non-residence. We read of a Leicestershire rector (1761) "who, having done much for himself and his successors by setting aside a pretended modus and raising the value of the living, by no means beyond what was just and equitable, could hardly ever appear without receiving those insults which the clergy too often experience on similar occasions." In this case the rector (Thomas Ball), having carried his point, put a curate in charge, and himself procured the common object of clerical desire, "a licence to reside in Town," and took the curacy of Bloomsbury. London curacies and lectureships were a very acceptable refuge, both on social grounds and also as high roads to promotion in some form or other.

The rector of Kettering, described as "the learned and conscientious divine, the Rev. Thomas Allen," who came to the living in the year 1715, carried on a thirty years' contest with the patrons of the parsonage, maintaining a temper which wins the admiration of the reader. These patrons, by virtue of certain lease transactions in Elizabeth's reign, claimed to exercise the right to all rectorial tithes; and, regardless of the depreciation in the value of money, tied down the rector's salary to the original sum of 40*l.* per annum. While appealing at once to law and to conscience, the rector proposed the most modest compromise—if only they would raise the income to a sum equivalent to the first endowment granted; if only they would give 200*l.* to enable him to publish certain religious works he had in hand; but they stuck to the letter of precedent and their claim. At length he put his "Complaint" into Chancery, where his rights were recognized, and the value of Kettering now stands in the Clergy List at 1,000*l.* per annum. This affair throws some light on the progressive income of curates. In Elizabeth's day a curate's salary was 10*l.*; now, the Rector argues, "I cannot get the duty done [in case of leaving the living in charge] under 40*l.*" Thus he writes in 1720, when probably the sum was in excess of the customary standard. In lines written later in the century the poet seems to show this:—

And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

We find 20*l.* and 25*l.* often stated as the amount of a curate's salary. Thus Magdalen College (1744) annexes a curacy of 20*l.* to Coningsholme, near Louth; and the curacy of Mlesfield, near Oxford, is 25*l.* per annum "at most." A writer from Wales (1758), pleading for a more learned clergy, and the necessity of a less costly education than that given by our Universities, argues that "gentlemen who have had the advantage of a learned and polite education will hardly take upon them the fatigue of serving three or four churches for the trifling consideration of 25*l.* a year."

This touches upon another distinguishing feature of curate life in the last century. Owing to the prevalence of non-residence, unavoidable in many cases where several preferments of small value—of 50*l.*, 20*l.*, and even 10*l.*—were held by one man, villages in certain parts of the kingdom were frequently served by a perambulating ministry. This abuse was mainly confined to the Northern counties, where alone, as a rule, it was possible to take holy orders without the preliminary of a University education. Persons not long passed away could remember these pluralists of curacies, hurrying from parish to parish, their horse waiting for them at each church gate; and noted, if not boasted of by their congregations, as marvels of rapid delivery. Swift put into verse the complaint of hard duty of one of these overtaken drudges of the sanctuary:—

I marched three miles through hottest sand
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water
And purified their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke a half
I preached three congregations deaf;
Where thundering out with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd so fast that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run.
All this performed by Robert Hewit;
What mortal else could e'er go through it?

Whether sermons thus delivered were preached in pure Saxon English, or in a language less in accord with a rustic vocabulary, signified probably but little; but when by accident a multiplication of cures was held by a scholar open to the difficulties and evils of such a system, we learn some of the consequences of it. A certain Reverend Christopher Hunter, of Sidney Sussex College, writes from Lynn (in 1770) to a clerical friend whose duty lay in London:—

What do you think of four churches for one man? Too much in conscience, I think I hear you say; this, however, is exactly the case with me at present. I was rather seduced into the fourth, as the Rev. Mr. Greene (whose place I am supplying) mentioned only three to me, because, forsooth, one is dropped every Sunday.

He receives his friend's sympathy, which induces him to follow up his report:—

Lynn, Dec. 23, 1770.—You rightly suppose that my present situation is not the most agreeable in the world, and yet I dare say you have no

notion of the circumstance that makes it most unpleasant to me. It is not the labour of the employment, the length and badness of the roads, not the inclemency of the seasons—these I regard not; but it is the extreme ignorance and misery of my parishioners. When I say that there are not in my four parishes above five people who can write, I believe I say the strictest truth; neither do I think there are above twice the number who can read. It is a more difficult matter than a London preacher will readily conceive to speak to an illiterate congregation in a manner they can understand. The commonest and best authorized word in composition, if it seldom is introduced into vulgar conversation, is certainly not made out by them; and as such words must continually arise in a discourse, the whole will of course lose much of its force; sometimes it will lose all. Whilst you are perusing this, you are comparing my poor flock with some old women in your parish, but your comparison is very deficient; the most ignorant old woman of your acquaintance, compared with the majority of my parishioners is a Doctor in all the faculties.

Dr. Johnson always recognizes the difficulties of the clergy on these points, and is touching in his apologies for the unavoidable difference between the Church's theory and practice in his day with respect to curates. He is as strong as any one in the present time can be on the necessity of a plain style in preaching to the poor, and also on the need of a resident clergy among them. He quotes Dr. Percy as saying "that it might be discerned whether or no there was a clergyman resident in a parish by the civil or savage manners of the people." He insists that sermons were not plain enough; that polished periods and glittering sentences flow over the heads of the common people without making any impression on their hearts; and, as a plea for the Methodists, admits that something might be necessary to excite the affections of the common people, who were sunk in languor and lethargy, and therefore, that the new concomitants of Methodism (he spoke before the schism) might probably produce this desirable effect. It proves that it was not a common endeavour with pastors to write sermons down to the intelligence of rustic hearers that we find him quoting to a young curate the experience of a learned friend, who wrote a weekly sermon for a humble congregation, though the salary was but 15*l.* a year, "which never was paid"; adding that when he could not himself reach the mind of a woman sunk in ignorance, he employed an intermediate agency to talk to her in a language level to her mind. That the ideal sermon of this period was recognized as above the comprehension of the poor, and was written without regard to them, is shown by the fact that early in the century we read of a distinct service, with sermon, for the benefit of the poor, of servants, and apprentices, being arranged for them at six o'clock in the morning, there being neither room for their bodies in the later morning service nor food for their mind in the sermon. It is not surprising to find that the curate told off for this service was denominated "underling" by any chance supercilious visitor. Yet London was clearly the land of promise for curates, as for others. A father complacently writes (1735) of his son, who had got into a scrape with his college, that "My son has now got upwards of 52*l.* per annum, but he labours hard for it, in three London churches. Morning Reader all Litany-days and occasional Preacher in one; afternoon Sunday Reader in another, and administers the Communion every Sunday morning between 6 and 7 o'clock in a third. He has a very audible voice, and behaves himself hitherto with great prudence." In higher clerical circles, it is curious to read, in connexion with later associations with St. Vedast's, of an election (1727) to the Tuesday evening Lectureship of St. Lawrence Jewry, a post evidently of some distinction, in the gift of certain of the parishioners. The assistant lecturer, who clearly had a claim, writes to a friend that "the Great Grasper"—by whom, a note informs us, is meant the Rev. Nathaniel Marshall, Rector of St. Vedast's—"on the occasion of this election is transforming himself into a Serpent," and by an ingenious ruse turning the eyes of the electors towards himself.

Of course, when things go on as they ought to do, they pass with little comment. Hence it is abuses, possibly abnormal and exceptional abuses, that catch the notice of posterity. They invited contrivance and arrangement, and there is always either some sufferer who feels a grievance or else some busy spirit feels it for him. Dr. Johnson knew some zealous parish priests, and had such in his thoughts when he spoke of regarding a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain, and added, "I would rather have a chancery suit upon my hands than a cure of souls." But, making every allowance, the records of the century do show a sort of common consent in getting the pay of an office without its work. There is not the least concealment in such transactions. The Rev. Zachary Grey was a distinguished clergyman with a large literary correspondence, and we find that, in answer to some inquiries of his as to the price of military chaplaincies, his informant takes for granted that Dr. Grey's notion of the value of the office depended on its being a sort of sinecure. The price of a chaplaincy in the Guards, he is told, is worth 800*l.*, bringing in 113*l.* per annum, out of which 8*l.* had to be paid for the work being done. "As to attendance in the Guards, none is necessary." "I presume also that little or no attendance is required in a marching regiment, if a man be well with his colonel. Soldiers are generally very reasonable upon that head." It is further explained that it was usual to make the colonel a compliment of fifty guineas in these transactions.

The bishops were not idle on the question of non-residence; at least there were not unfrequent remonstrances on their part, but no earnest popular response was made to them. In 1759 Sherlock, Bishop of London, raised a storm by giving in his Charge his own interpretation of the statutes concerning

residence, 21-28 Henry VIII., which exempt certain persons from residence; the Bishop arguing that the exemption only extended to the penalties, and did not release them from the obligation to reside without *also* a dispensation from the Ordinary. Upon this mention of the Ordinary a fierce cry was raised from some quarters of "No Popery," as threatening a return to the days when the clergy and people of the Church of England were in a state of abject slavery and bondage to the Pope of Rome.

Though we began by saying that the office of curate is more prominent in the gossiping records and clerical correspondence of the century than the holders of the office personally, yet there are portraits extant of men who as curates made their mark, and, by their zeal and self-denial, their virtues and eccentricities, left a memory of themselves in remote and obscure districts, which memory the reader would willingly believe is not yet lost in the scene of their labours.

THE THIRD IRISH PARTY.

AMONG all the speeches, many of them very weary ones, which the debate on the Address has produced, the palm of that interest which arises from curiosity must perhaps be awarded to the speeches of Mr. Charles Russell, the member for Dundalk, and to that of Mr. Shaw. In eloquence, in bearing on the question, and in many other things, Mr. Russell's utterances were not particularly remarkable. But they have an interest which is independent of their intrinsic merit. It may seem an idle attempt to mark off Irish parties with arithmetical precision. As many parties as there are members when (according to the old joke) each man is unanimous, and an indefinitely greater number when some of the members have not made up their minds, or are hunting half-a-dozen hares at once—this might seem to be the more correct enumeration. Seriously, however, and for the sake of convenience, there may be said to be three parties in the present Irish contingent to Parliament. There are the Home Rulers of all shades and shapes; there are the Constitutionalists, who are by the force of circumstances Tories almost to a man; and there is the new Third Party, which may either be regarded as the remnant of a former state of things or as the product of a new one. Formerly, Irish members were divided pretty definitely into Protestant and Roman Catholic, of whom the former were on the whole Conservative, the latter, though by no means universally, on the whole Liberal. These latter were a troublesome and untrustworthy portion of the Liberal forces, but they formed no small part of them. The invention of the Home Rule shibboleth has put an end to this state of things. A mere Liberal has now no chance in Ireland, and the result of this has been that, after the Home Rulers and the Constitutionalist Tories, comes a small band of persons, avowing ardent Liberalism, not professing Home Rule, but holding a creed not as yet very clearly defined, which is supposed to differentiate them from the older and now unpopular type of Irish Whig. As yet this party has but little homogeneity, consisting as it does partly of Ulster Radicals, who are the Irish counterpart of certain English members for borough constituencies, and partly of nondescripts. The recent meeting, however, by which the Ulster members have endeavoured to force Mr. Gladstone's hand, may be taken as an early effort, not destitute of vigour, of the third Irish party to give itself cohesion, to make alliances offensive and defensive with sympathizers in England, and, in short, to establish itself. The reported abjuration of Mr. Parnell and all his works by Mr. Shaw, if it be confirmed, may signal an important addition to its ranks, while the deputation of Wednesday still further enforced the policy of self-assertion.

If Mr. Charles Russell is not as yet the declared leader of this as yet not very coherent party, and if, for reasons not difficult to understand in connexion with his position as a prosperous advocate at the English Bar, he took no part in the deputation, he is certainly that member of it who has most reputation in England for ability. His return to Parliament was greeted at the time by loud felicitations from the Government organs on this side the Channel, and every occasion has been taken since to magnify his doings. Mr. Russell, as everybody knows, has written a series of letters, taking the part of the Land League, pooh-poohing the idea of terrorism being exerted, and echoing to the full the popular Irish description of the peasant as a downtrodden and persecuted being. His facts, it is true, have been denied, and his arguments completely exposed, but that does not matter. The persons whom they were intended to influence will probably not believe the denials, and may possibly not understand the exposure. Accordingly, it was with a certain amount of prestige that Mr. Russell got up the other night to extend the right hand of fellowship to the Home Rulers; to reproach the Government, more in sorrow than in anger, with the weakness of their intentions; to reiterate his description of the reality of the woes of the Irish tenant and the unreality of those of the Irish landlord; and to cement, as far as in him lay, the hitherto rather loosely banded stones of the edifice of the Irish Third Party. His particular utterances do not concern us here. It is sufficient to say that throughout them there was conspicuous the same twofold policy which has been obvious (with, of course, individual differences) in all the members of the party. On the one hand, so to speak, of this policy is the extreme compliance with the demands of the so-called Irish section of Irishmen, a compliance stopping short only of separation, and of that virtual separation which Home Rule

means, if it means anything. This compliance is obviously intended to attract, and may probably have succeeded in attracting, moderate Home Rulers of the type of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Mitchell Henry, as well as to secure the popularity of the party in Ireland itself. On the other hand, the policy of the party is to affect extreme Liberalism, as Liberalism is understood in England, and thus to make itself a valuable assistant to any Liberal Government of a Radical dye, and a power to be reckoned with by any non-Liberal Government or Government of a definitely Whig shade. Both in Ireland and in England, indeed, the advocates of what is called a strong land measure, and the opponents of what they themselves pleasantly call a "resort to violence"—that is to say, the putting down of anarchy and terrorism by the strong hand—use the existence of this embryo party as an argument in their favour. According to this contention, which has a charming *naïveté* about it, the only chance of preserving a Liberal party in Ireland at all is to satisfy the demands of the would-be land-stealers. Otherwise, it is urged, or confessed with a melancholy simplicity, the last hold on the Irish century of members is lost to Liberalism, and the contribution of Ireland to the Imperial Parliament must in future consist of Home Rulers becoming more and more Nationalist, and of Constitutionals becoming more and more Tory. "Avert it, Heaven!" is the cry of English partisan Liberals and of the Irish Third Party; and both agree that it can only be averted by liberally distributing the property of the landlords among the tenants. So shall the third Irish party grow and flourish; and, instead of some half a dozen members, muster some half a hundred—so shall Toryism be driven out of Ireland and rendered powerless for that evil which, as is well known, is the only thing for which Toryism is powerful at all.

We have said that there is something not a little attractive in the extreme simplicity of this plea. It has been noticed, both in public and private life, that the most ostentatiously moral and conscientious people are wont to give themselves leave to do the most curiously immoral things, and this is not the first instance in which the supporters of the present Government—which came in with righteousness written on its forehead and justice held up with both its hands—have resorted to arguments and have urged considerations which savour of a very curious ethical standard. It is not long since, as a member of the Government has ingeniously confessed, the English farmers were rewarded for their vote at the last election and bribed for their vote at the next by the Ground Game Bill—that is to say, that one class of the people were mulcted for the benefit of another class in the first place, and of a political party in the second. The proceeding is now to be repeated in Ireland. The Third, or definitely Liberal Irish Party, is to be established and endowed at the cost of the Irish landowners. No matter whether the thing is economically defensible or not, no matter whether it is politically advisable or not from the point of view of national and Imperial advantage, no matter even whether it is for the true benefit of Ireland, it is necessary to the existence of a phalanx of devoted supporters of a Liberal Government in Ireland; and therefore, cost what it may, it must be done. The Nationalist is shaken in the faces of the Government and of doubting English Liberals with one hand, the Tory with the other. If you want Irish allies you must pay for them, and, happily, there is an opportunity of paying for them at the expense of nobody but the Irish landlords, a race accustomed to be plundered, almost defenceless, and, as being very generally Tory, worthy of no pity whatever.

The morality of this argument for the establishment and endowment of a Third Party in Ireland needs absolutely no further comment. It is probable that the value of their proposal in plain language has not occurred to most of the persons who made it, for nothing furnishes a man with such curiously tinted spectacles for the mind's eye as political partisanship. But it is worth while perhaps to point out that the proposal is as politically shortsighted as it is morally discreditable. You can't buy the Danes off, for the simple reason that they always come again and increase their demands. If anybody supposes that the concession *sans phrase* of the three P's to-morrow would secure to the Liberal party the undying gratitude of Ireland and the possession of a safe majority, or even a good number of Irish seats, he must possess a charming ignorance both of Irish history, of Irish character, and, it may be added, of human nature. Just as the Home Rulers trumped the cards of the old Irish Catholic Liberals, so will new and more adventurous adventurers trump the cards of the new Third Party in time. Indeed, the tactics of that party itself at the present moment are not encouraging to the fond believer in fixity of political tenure. They do not declare themselves Home Rulers, they are avowedly loyal to the Constitution, but they play into the hands of the separatists, and they evidently wish to attract into their own ranks the most moderate of that faction. Most people know what happens in such cases. The converts convert the party they have joined at least as often as they resign their errors wholly and finally. Besides, the political complexion of the new Irish Liberal on matters of general politics is wont to be much more of the Radical than of the merely Liberal type, and it is notorious that Radicalism does not, and indeed cannot, acquiesce in finality of any kind or in any doctrine of Imperial indivisibility. What we are really asked to do is to weaken once more the garrison of the Constitution in Ireland—a garrison weakened enough already, in all conscience—to what the appetites of the spoilers once more for new spoil; to commit an act of injustice more or less flagrant, as the case may be; to set a precedent certain to

be applied still nearer home before long—and all for the sake of establishing in a fancied security a certain political party in the possession of the Irish representation. That the scheme is immoral, not to say impudent, is self-evident; that it is in the highest degree politically unwise appears from the smallest consideration. Yet it is this scheme that the existence of the embryo third Irish party, the letters and speeches of Mr. Charles Russell, the applause and the arguments of English Liberals, really and truly signify. We do not remember that the doctrine that it is allowable for a political party deliberately to tamper with the property of the Queen's subjects and the prosperity of the Empire in its own interest has ever before been so nakedly put forward. It is for Englishmen of course to decide how they like this doctrine and its present application.

MR. HUBBARD ON A RELIGIOUS CENSUS.

WHEN the Census Bills were introduced at the close of the last Session, the omission of any provision for a religious Census was explained by two reasons so conspicuously inadequate as to supply little more than a decent pretext for conforming to the avowed demand of the Nonconformist supporters of the Government, as formulated by the Liberation Society. The previous history of the question is a curious one. The Census Act, of 1850, included no direction for a religious Census, but the importance of a knowledge of such statistics to statesmen is so obvious, as Mr. Horace Mann points out in his *Report to the Registrar-General*—that some kind of informal permission appears to have been obtained from the Government—though no record of it is preserved—for “endeavouring to procure information as to the existing accommodation for public religious worship.” We have the result of this “endeavour” in the so-called Religious Census of 1851, to which we shall have occasion to return presently. In 1860 it was originally intended to remedy this serious omission and the Census Bill was accordingly presented to the House of Commons with a provision for obtaining the religious profession, as well as the age, sex, and occupation of every member of the community. But the new provision was strenuously opposed by the Nonconformists, and Mr. E. Baines moved its rejection on their behalf. He was answered in a telling, not to say biting, speech by Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who pointed out how serviceable such information would be found in all civilized States—England in this respect stands nearly if not quite alone—how fanciful were the alleged difficulties and objections; and how strange was the inconsistency of the several sects in protesting against an official record of their religious profession while their very protests constituted an ostentatious display of their nonconformity. Nevertheless the Government yielded to the pressure put upon them, and the clause was withdrawn from the Bill. Mr. Baines again opposed the introduction of a similar clause into the Census Bill of 1870, and again the Government gave way, Lord Palmerston however being careful to explain that he deferred to the feelings of the Dissenters, but could not assent to their reasons. The House of Lords restored the omitted clause, but it was again struck out by the Commons. We have seen already that no attempt was made to insert such a provision in the bill of last year, the only reasons alleged being that it would cause some delay and increase the expense of the Census, to which it is sufficient to reply that the comparative increase whether of time or of cost would be hardly appreciable. The real reason of the omission was notorious, and is set forth and discussed with a quiet and incisive force in the article Mr. Hubbard has contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* of this month on “A Census of Religions.” It so happens that the Liberation Society has spared us the trouble of searching at second hand for the ostensible grounds of their objection by publishing an authorized “epitome,” which was reprinted with warm commendations by the *Nonconformist* in July last. Mr. Hubbard justly insists on the importance of the document as embodying the principles and arguments on which the Nonconformist members of Parliament and their allies are content to base their opposition, and, as such, we shall present it in full to our readers. But it may be well to premise one general observation, the truth of which will indeed at once be obvious to any ordinary reader. The needle is wrapped up—we can hardly say hidden—in a very considerable bundle of hay, and if the “padding” was left out, the seven reasons of the Liberation Society might easily be reduced by six. The Epitome of “Objections to a Census of Religious Profession” runs as follows:—

1. *The inquiry is unwarrantable.* What right have Government officials to question us about our religious, any more than about our political professions? The only place where they can be legitimately elicited is in the polling booth.

2. *The inquiry is absurd, or unreasonable.* How can every hotel-keeper, every lodging-house keeper, every master, and every head of a hospital, or prison, or poor-house, make a truthful return of the religious profession of “every living person” who happens to have slept under a certain roof on a particular night? The inquiry would in many cases be resented as an impertinence, and if the facts were guessed at, instead of ascertained, they would frequently be, not facts, but fictions. It would be unjust to householders and inmates alike.

3. *The result would be misleading, because of the ambiguity of the inquiry.* What is “religious profession”? Is it what a man believes, or only what he professes, or what he says that he professes. Or if it means what religious body does he belong to, what is belonging to a religious body? Then there are many persons who cannot really define their religious profession, and why should they be obliged to attempt to do so, or be punished if they refuse to make the attempt?

4. *The return would be incomplete, because it is well known that a large number of persons would, on conscientious grounds, feel bound to refuse the information sought for, and many would refuse on other grounds.* And if the enumerators attempted to supply it, they would inevitably blunder.

5. *The return would prove fallacious and grossly misleading.* Large masses of the people make no religious profession; but, because they will not like to acknowledge the fact, they will reply, “Church of England.” The effect would be to produce the impression that the Church of England has a far greater body of adherents than all the other religious bodies have, and that is the object of the suggested Religious Census. It is wished to use what would be really inaccurate, and in many cases dishonest returns, for a political purpose.

6. *The inquiry would lead to coercion and sectarian rivalry, and would occasion great bitterness of feeling.* Many of the Established clergy and their adherents would use all their influence to induce their dependents and the poor to return themselves as Churchmen, and numbers of persons would be too ignorant or too weak to resist such pressure.

7. *The inquiry would be contrary to the true purpose of a census.* That purpose is to obtain statistics which are likely to be accurate, and to ascertain facts which can be verified, and not opinions or professions which are necessarily vague and ambiguous, or unascertainable. A census of the population ought to be taken with the good will of the population: whereas such a Religious Census as is suggested would excite anger and resistance, and make the census odious to a large class of the people.

It would be a waste of time to expend any very minute criticism on these seven points. The two first may be met by a direct negative. An inquiry which is confessedly useful for the State, and which can be prosecuted without any real difficulty is neither unwarrantable nor unreasonable. And as to the alleged “impertinence” there is certainly a far larger section of the country who “resent” the inquiries on the delicate subject of their age, which every householder is compelled to make by the existing law, than would be offended by being asked to state their religious profession. The third and fourth objections are almost captious, and would only prove at the outside, as Mr. Hubbard points out, that the return might after all be numerically incomplete as regards the entire population, while it would remain complete and exact as regards the relative proportions of the different religious bodies. But the fifth objection goes to the root of the matter. “The effect would be to produce the impression that the Church of England has a far greater body of adherents than all the other religious bodies have.” *Hinc illa lacryma.* The result might very possibly be what the Liberation Society anticipate, but when they go on to argue that this “is the object of the suggested Religious Census,” we must take leave to remark that the object of a religious Census as of every other kind of Census, is simply to ascertain facts. If it is a fact that the members of the Church of England outnumber the members of all other religious bodies in the country put together, the sooner it is clearly ascertained to be such the better; if on the other hand, it is not a fact, the result of a religious Census would be to dissipate an illusion which is very widely entertained. As to the contention that “large masses” who make no particular religious profession would describe themselves as members of the Church of England, the answer is that they have a perfect right to do so, if they please, though the apprehension is probably a very exaggerated one. You cannot go behind the description people choose to give of themselves in such cases, and there are other Communions besides the Church of England which have many merely nominal adherents. What concerns the statesman to know is not so much what are a man's private convictions or devotional habits as to what religious communion, if any, he outwardly belongs. And the unreasonableness of this particular form of objection becomes more manifest, when it is reinforced by the further suggestion that many of the Established clergy and their friends would put a pressure on the poor and ignorant too strong to be resisted to return themselves as Churchmen. Even supposing there was true ground for what is in fact a purely arbitrary conjecture, are the clergy of the Established Church the only class of religionists or religious ministers who can be suspected of the desire or capacity to exercise this sort of moral coercion? The circumstances connected with Mr. Horace Mann's Report in 1851 do not at all bear out such an inference. But the Liberation Society supplement their objections to a *bona fide* religious Census by the assurance that they are heartily in favour of what they are pleased to term the fullest and fairest religious Census on the lines of that taken in 1851, which would alone, they think, command the good will of the population. Let us inquire therefore a little more closely into the method then pursued and the probable value of the result.

As to churches and chapels, there were reported to be 14,077 buildings with 5,317,915 sittings belonging to the Church of England, and 20,399 buildings with 4,894,648 sittings distributed among the various Dissenting bodies. And the statistics of attendance at public worship in the morning, afternoon and evening of the “Census Sunday,” supplying by estimate defects in the returns, gave a result of not quite 5 million and a half for the Church of England, and about 6 million and a half for the Nonconformists. By a further calculation that one-half the afternoon and one-third of the evening attendants had not been at the morning service, Mr. Mann deduced a total of about 3 million and a half Dissenting worshippers and about 300,000 more of the Church of England. From these somewhat conjectural data—which, it will be observed, leave over half the population unaccounted for—coupled with a still more arbitrary assumption as to the increase of Nonconformist places of worship since 1851, the Liberation Society have framed their computation that Nonconformists constitute a majority of the population of England and Wales. Now in the first place the attendance at worship on a given Sunday, even if the returns were thoroughly

trustworthy, would offer a very inadequate criterion as to the relative numbers of different Communions, and leaves open a wide field for conjecture as to the religious profession of the ten millions and more who from whatever cause were not at church on the Census Sunday. There is much force in Mr. Hubbard's suggestion that separatists from the national Church are, from the nature of the case, likely to be inspired with a special zeal and *esprit de corps* of their own—also why did they separate?—and this would be intensified in proportion to the newness and smallness of the sect to which they belonged. It is obvious e.g. that a far larger proportion of Mr. Voysey's followers than of the members of the Church of England would be likely to attend their worship on a given Sunday. And it must be added that tea parties in their chapels and other special devices for securing an additional attendance on Census Sunday were reported to have been freely adopted by the Nonconformists in 1851. As regards the alleged increase of Nonconformist chapels since 1851, the ascertainable statistics seem to point just the other way. Mr. Mann estimated the number of those buildings in 1851 at 20,390. There have been several hundred annual additions to the number of registered chapels since, yet by the end of 1878 the total number had fallen to 10,977, and has fallen now to 18,723. The explanation appears to be that "Dissenters' Chapels have no permanent character," and consequently a constant "expurgation of the register" goes on alongside of the periodical additions to the list, and then there was an excision of nearly 2,000 chapels in 1876. Nor will this surprise us, when we bear in mind the character of the buildings registered for religious services, which include e.g. besides regular chapels, "music halls," "schoolrooms," "amphitheatres," "vestries," "temperance halls," "occupied houses," "rooms in a house," "cottages," "club-rooms," "railway arches," "bakehouses," &c. The difference between such places of worship and a consecrated church becomes obvious at once. The latter must be free from debt, and under certain Acts must have an endowment of 5,000*l.*; the former may be built with borrowed money and mortgaged to its full value or may be merely hired, partially or exclusively, for purposes of worship. "A church with 1,000 seats may have cost 10,000*l.*, and the endowment raises the outlay to 15,000*l.*, but a lecture-room or dancing-saloon with the same capacity may be hired for the whole or part of Sunday, and besides the rent the only condition needful to ensure its registration is a fee of 2*s.* 6*d.*" The fee for a marriage license costs 3*l.*, but less than half the chapels registered at present are licensed for marriages.

If we turn to such other data as are available for framing an estimate, in the absence of any regular Census, we do not seem to find any confirmation of the statistics of the Liberation Society, but rather the reverse. In the returns for the year 1870, the latest before the establishment of Board Schools, the proportion of children, in primary schools under inspection, who were in Church Schools was 72·6 per cent.

Of 190,054 marriages in 1878, 72·6 per 100 were of the Church.

Of 32,361 seamen and mariners employed in 1875, the percentage of Churchmen was 75·5.

The army of 183,024 men, having in 1870 as many as 2·50 per 100 Roman Catholics, still showed a proportion of Churchmen equal to 62·5 per cent.

Of 101,458 adult inmates of workhouses in 1875, the proportion of Church people was 79 per cent.

Of 22,677 prisoners in gaol in 1867, the proportion returned as Churchmen was 75 per 100.

The number of Nonconformist chapels supplied to Mr. Mann contrasts strangely with the number of "Ministers" recorded in the enumerated Professions of the Official Census of 1851. In that Report the Clergy of the Church are stated at 17,320, and the Ministers of all other denominations at 8,658.

One expects to find some proportion between the number of the shepherds and the number of the folds into which they gather their sheep; but while the Clergy considerably exceeded in number the churches in which they officiated, Nonconformist ministers of all sects do not in number equal one half of the buildings for worship which are said to have been provided for them and are appealed to as an evidence of progress.

These statistics would rather serve to suggest that three fourths than that less than half the population belonged to the Established Church. We do not say that such an estimate would be correct, but we do say that a genuine Religious Census can alone satisfactorily settle the point in dispute, that is a Census conducted on the principle of direct inquiry into the personal religious profession of individuals, not one based on doubtful calculations derived from more or less precarious statistics of attendance at public worship on some one particular Sunday in the year, which are sure to be disputed and almost sure to be misleading. Meanwhile the broad fact already referred to stares us in the face that England is singular among European nations in dispensing with such a census; we say advisedly England, not the British Empire, for there is a religious census in Ireland. Nor is it easy to understand why the Dissenters should object so strongly to being "labelled," unless they are afraid that the result of the labelling might not prove advantageous to their claims. We forget whether it was Sir G. J. Lewis or Lord Palmerston who told them that, while deferring to their unaccountable sensitiveness about the avowal of their religious profession, he hoped they would some day see their way to getting over a difficulty in carrying out the ordinary programme of all civilized States, which had already been surmounted by the Turks.

MR. BRADLAUGH AND M. LAISANT.

HOWEVER heartily the members for Northampton may agree about political, they are scarcely in harmony about social, questions. Perhaps we should say that they are at variance about their private foreign policy. Mr. Labouchere sends challenges, Mr. Bradlaugh declines them. A tolerant French journal has observed that Mr. Bradlaugh could not fight because his constituents would be wroth with him. But we do not know that the intelligent electors of Northampton ever found fault with Mr. Labouchere because, some time ago, he did want to fight. Where members of Parliament so closely united in opinion differ, it is not easy for impartial judges to come to a definite conclusion. Should Mr. Bradlaugh have gone out with M. Laisant? We reserve our own ideas, and must promise that the nature of the quarrel between these eminent Liberals is obscure. What was it all about; *quo numine læso*, did Mr. Bradlaugh say to M. Laisant, in language as Parliamentary as possible, that he was a coward? The origin of the wrath of Mr. Bradlaugh seems to have been M. Laisant's insinuation that the chosen of Northampton had dined in company with the Duke d'Aumale. Whether M. Laisant called Mr. Bradlaugh "a Prussian spy" seems uncertain. Very likely the story of the dinner may appear a frightful calumny to a French Radical; but in England it does not sound so very terrible. Democrats, among us, not only dine with dukes, when they get a chance, but are far from attempting ignobly to conceal the action. Indeed, if what M. Laisant said was false, Mr. Bradlaugh was not the person implicated who had the best reason to be aggrieved. If the Duke d'Aumale had challenged M. Laisant, his motive would almost have been intelligible. But Mr. Bradlaugh is really too exclusive. Dukes, after all, are "our own flesh and blood"; and probably Mr. Gladstone himself would not rudely decline an invitation from the Duke of Sutherland. Perhaps the sting of the charge was the implied opinion that Mr. Bradlaugh, and the Duke d'Aumale, and M. Emile de Girardin, and a French lady of recent notoriety, had all conspired at dinner against the Universal Republic.

Whatever the origin of the quarrel, Mr. Bradlaugh put himself in the wrong when he called a Frenchman a coward, and then declined to receive his challenge. We do not exactly know what an Englishman is expected to do when he is called a coward. Public opinion forbids him to fight. The philosophy of horsewhipping is obscure; but, if the accuser is a big strong man, and the accused weighs nine stone in his boots, the latter will gain little by attempting an assault. As a consequence of this state of things, gentlemen do not call each other cowards, nor (out of Parliament) use language for which it is impossible to give satisfaction. But Mr. Bradlaugh chose to neglect this rule of controversy, and he chose to neglect it when his adversary was a Frenchman. He therefore quite deserves the scrape into which he has got himself. No Frenchman who is in a conspicuous position, or rather who is trying to make himself a position, could possibly swallow Mr. Bradlaugh's insults. He was bound, by the manners of his country, to send friends to Mr. Bradlaugh. In fact, Mr. Bradlaugh put himself entirely in M. Laisant's power. If he apologized, he would disgust even the robust moral sense of Northampton. If he fought, all England would have laughed, and, not improbably, he would have made acquaintance with "the business end of a duelling sword," as the Americans would say. If he neither fought nor apologized, but blustered, which he has chosen to do, he gave M. Laisant his chance to "treat this false democrat with the contempt he deserves."

Having begun by behaving indiscreetly, Mr. Bradlaugh did not show much dignity in his later conduct. He wanted not to fight, and yet to show that he was not personally afraid. He therefore declined to hold communication with M. Laisant's seconds, but he gave M. Laisant a minute account of the places where he could be found. This meant, if it meant anything, that he did not dread M. Laisant's prowess in a personal scuffle. There are two stools, so to say, in this affair—a French stool and an English one—and Mr. Bradlaugh tries to sit on both. He addresses insults to M. Laisant in a style which we do not tolerate at home. He provokes him, in fact, in the French manner, and then he wishes, when a duel is proposed, to behave in the English manner. Of course his present attitude is undignified and inconvenient. We admit that it would be very disagreeable for Mr. Bradlaugh to meet M. Laisant in the French way. It is very unlikely that the English champion is a master of the sabre or the small-sword. It is very probable that he would only succeed in giving M. Laisant an easy chance of distinguishing himself as a duellist. Mr. Bradlaugh may say, like Erasto in *Les Fûcheux*,

Un duel met les gens en mauvaise posture;

but he should have thought of that before he provoked a Frenchman. He may also observe with Fabien in the *Corsican Brothers*, that "he who employs his mastery of a weapon to kill an opponent less expert is a murderer." But that is M. Laisant's affair. When Sir Walter Scott expected a challenge from one of Napoleon's generals, he said, "Jacky, I will not balk him," and the Sheriff, though a man of law, would have gone out with the best grace in the world. But now it comes to blades or bullets, Mr. Bradlaugh retires on his position as an Englishman. If we do not misinterpret his letter, he is not disinclined to meet M. Laisant personally where there are no seconds and no weapons but those which nature has given us. But M. Laisant is no adept in *le box e*, and, if he were, and even if he drubbed Mr. Bradlaugh, that would not be

the satisfaction for which his chivalrous and democratic soul is craving. There is a story in a little history of duelling by "Sir Lucius O'Trigger" (Newman and Co.) of an Englishman who drew a pistol when his French antagonist drew his sword. The pistol, he said, was the English weapon. "It is the custom of Englishmen to fight with pistols. Now I can see no more reason why I should take up the customs of your country, and quit that of mine, than why you should forsake yours and adopt ours." Mr. Bradlaugh quitted, we think, the customs of our country when he applied such strong language to the conduct of M. Laisant. He should have foreseen that he would not be allowed to return to the manners of England without expostulation. He is in a much worse position than the Englishman of the story, because we have ceased to use the pistol, except occasionally in affairs with burglars and Irish rapparees, and then not by way of duel. Perhaps the fair thing would be for Mr. Bradlaugh with his fists, the national weapons, to meet M. Laisant with his duelling sword. As we do not wish to see either country deprived of its most advanced politician, we would suggest a modification. Let M. Laisant with a foil tackle Mr. Bradlaugh with the gloves. This, we believe, would be quite a new kind of combat, and it could not but afford entertainment to amateurs, while both parties would leave the assault without a stain upon their honour. Mr. Bradlaugh's own idea was to submit the matter to arbitration, as in the case of the *Alabama*. But would he be prepared to accept anything analogous to the Geneva award; for example, to pay many thousands of francs as recompense for the wounded feelings of the injured M. Laisant? Or was the "Jury of Honour" merely to say which side has behaved least honourably? But as M. Laisant has declined the jury in a somewhat strongly-worded epistle, it is needless to consider its possible duties. Mr. Bradlaugh must digest as he pleases the words "farceur," "il ment," and "mépris public," which this letter contains.

The recent statistics of duelling in France seem to show that the sport is more dangerous than we usually suppose. Mark Twain thinks that the risk of catching cold is the greatest incurred by the combatants. But in twenty-two affairs three men were killed, and a very fair proportion wounded. In a duel with pistols both men may miss, and the seconds may separate the principals; but when swords are the weapons, it is scarcely possible to part without at least a scratch. The duellists of the past were more determined than our modern journalists and politicians. When De Botteville fought De Beuvron, in the reign of Louis XIII., the seconds took part on both sides; and this seems to have been the case in Molière's time, for Ernste speaks of *le refus de mon bras* when he declines to act as the second of Alcandre, in *Les Fâcheux*. In the earlier part of the seventeenth century fighting seems to have been a very rough affair. De Botteville and De Beuvron, already referred to, fought with sword and dagger. At the first encounter they missed each other, and "came," says "Sir Lucius O'Trigger," "to a mutual grappling by the collar. They threw their swords on the ground, and held their poniards levelled at each other, but without striking." It was as in the celebrated case "when the townsmen finked the gownsmen, and the gownsmen finked the town." They were reconciled on the spot. A much more desperate encounter was that between Lord Bruce and Sir Edward Sackville. The latter wrote a long account of the affair to a friend in England. The pair met in Fergoso, in Zealand, and proceeded, with seconds and a surgeon, to the frontier, near Bergen-op-Zoom. When Sackville's second arranged with Lord Bruce about swords, Lord Bruce said that "a little of Sir Edward's blood would not serve his turn, therefore he was now resolved to have him alone," where no one could stop the combat. The duellists rode off together, and alighted in a meadow, "a mile-deep in water, at the least, and, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other, having before commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves at a pretty distance from us." Sackville made a thrust, but was sharp, and received a wound in his arm, before he could recover himself. Pressing on more eagerly, he missed, and was wounded in the right breast, the rapier passing almost clean through his body. Next, he lost a finger, and by this time the pair were grappling, in a style now happily disused. While still grasping his opponent's sword, Sackville freed his own, and offered Lord Bruce his life. The latter would not yield, and Sackville, thrusting blindly, like Roderick Dhu, missed Lord Bruce's heart, but wounded him twice desperately in the body. Bruce fell, with Sackville above him, but, far from asking his life, declared he scorned it; "which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down, until at length his surgeon afar off cried out he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped." In the end, Bruce's surgeon tried to stab Sackville, but was prevented by that gentleman's medical attendant. When Dr. Bennett met Dr. Williams on a professional quarrel, the battle was not less resolute. Pistols as well as swords were used. Dr. Bennett was hit with a bullet, and tried to draw his sword, when Dr. Williams ran him through the body. The pious Bennett, "praying to God to invigorate him," dragged out his rapier, and ran it through Williams's breast bone. Both were dead within four hours. About these affairs, and the fight between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, "Sir Lucius O'Trigger" observes:—"How these gentlemen were able to continue these fights at all after receiving such mortal wounds is marvellous. . . . It is declared by eye-witnesses that they seldom parried, but continued to cut and thrust at each other." They had

more pluck than science. With honour calling him on, with such heroic examples inviting him, can Mr. Bradlaugh decline the combat? Even if he falls, though the House of Commons will miss him, and Northampton deplore him, the great mundane movement will go on as before. There will be but another addition to the gallant band who have died on the field of honour.

FIXITY OF TENURE.

ALTHOUGH the statement that the Irish Land Commission of five members has by four to one decided to recommend the first F—fixity of tenure—may very likely be nothing but a bold guess, there is also sufficient possibility of its truth. This being the case, it is worth while perhaps to consider what fixity of tenure really means. There is no greater danger in political matters than the readiness with which certain phrases get caught up and repeated, until they lose in the mouths of most of those who repeat them any connexion whatever with a clearly formed notion of their meaning. All the three F's have of late come under this class of political Abracadabras. The moderate Irish party has shouted them against the extreme Parnellites, the English supporters of the Government (especially Mr. Gladstone's fount of wisdom, the provincial press) have caught up the shout as against English Tories and Whigs, and the consequence is that the panaceas recommended by hundreds of persons are accepted by thousands more who have no idea whatever what its final acceptance and embodiment in legislation would imply. Fixity of tenure comes first in the triad; it is most germane to the popular idea that the chief delight and favourite amusement of the Irish landlord is an eviction, and it is at any rate supposed, as we have seen, to stand the first chance of some more or less qualified adoption to be evolved, by one of the familiar processes of Mr. Gladstone's legerdemain, out of the proposed extension and correction of the Act of ten years ago. Let us take fixity of tenure then, and look at it.

According to the widest and simplest meaning of the term, the establishment of fixity of tenure would transform the tenant of every Irish farm, whether of five acres or five thousand, into a life-owner, with remainder to his descendants, and some power of otherwise transferring his interest, subject only to the payment of rent to the landlord, who would then cease to be in any sense a landlord, and would become a kind of mortgagee, without the power of foreclosing. There are, we presume, very few persons of education and intelligence in England who would not be a little startled at this as it stands. Let us make the immense concession, for the sake of argument, that the actual sacrifice of the difference in value between the fee-simple of the land and of the rent-charge on it is a sacrifice which it is fairly within the power of Parliament to require of the owner. Innumerable obstacles to the carrying out of any such plan suggest themselves notwithstanding. Although too many Irish landlords spend but little on their land, it is certain that a very large number make annual investments in improvements more or less permanent, which are quite equal to any English landlord's usual expenditure for the same purpose. Even Mr. Bright, we presume, would hesitate to say that a farm on which the tenant has spent little or nothing, and on which the owner has spent a thousand or five thousand pounds, should be handed over, with the capital sunk in it, as a free gift to the lucky occupier and his heirs for ever, subject only to the payment of rent. Again, existing leases present an almost insuperable difficulty. But, supposing all these things got over by a huge court of arbitration and a great compensation fund, provided somehow or other, the difficulties of the situation would only be begun. Fixity of tenure by itself would in the majority of cases be a very doubtful blessing to the occupant, if his own statements are to be believed. His rent, he says, is too high already, and the answer is to saddle him and his with the payment of that rent in *secula seculorum*. In other words, the first F implies the second and cannot exist without it. But even if we lay this aside we are not at the end of the difficulties. It is generally acknowledged that the only excuse for the high-handed measures called Land Acts is to be found in the prospect of great national benefit; if the position of the tenant generally is not likely to be improved by them, they are inexcusable. Now fixity of tenure in the simple sense is not only not likely to improve this position, but is likely to make it very much worse. The English advocates of the three F's very likely have never heard what has come of the 999 years middlemen's leases, once so common in Ireland. Those who have heard of it know that these things, which came as near to simple fixity of tenure as anything can well do, were the cause of most of the worst cases of Irish misery and destitution. Endless subletting and subdivision; profit rents of the most exorbitant kind; no improvement, no thrift, no self-reliance, came of them; and the same would assuredly come of simple fixity of tenure unguarded by covenants as to subletting and subdividing. Besides, in a very large number of cases the actual holder has sufficiently proved himself to be the very worst man for the position. Fixity of tenure determines that he shall continue though there may be fifty better men waiting to replace him. In short, fixity of tenure, pure and simple, is not only sham and a delusion, because it needs the other two F's to make it possible at all even in theory, but is certain to be unworkable and disastrous in practice.

Probably most reasonable people will admit this, and will disavow any intention of any such simple system of *novæ tabulæ*. But

a modified system of fixity of tenure, adjusted to individual requirements, and made workable, is exactly one of those things which can very well come about by the free operation of contract, and which can by no possibility be brought about by a sweeping and arbitrary compulsion. The fixed-tenant of course suggests the English copyholder and the Scotch feuar. The resemblance, however, is perhaps more deceptive than helpful. As to the copyholder, the inconvenience of his tenure has been sufficiently felt already to make it very nearly a thing of the past. As for the Scotch perpetual feu, it is not only a matter of perfectly free arrangement between superior and vassal, but there are numerous causes of what is technically called "irritancy"—that is to say, voiding of the feu charter and return of the land to its owner. One of these, it is not irrelevant to mention, is the non-payment of the feu duty for two years. Another, not, we believe, universal, though usual enough, is the transference of the feu to third persons without the granting of a new charter and the payment of a fine. Now, the average Irish tenant is exceedingly fond of transferring his right, and by no means unaccustomed to remain more than two years in arrear. Only the thorough-going believers in the "magic of property," and what we have called the Abracadabra of fixity, will believe that these little peculiarities will at once disappear. Besides, is it to be supposed for a moment that a qualified fixity depending on punctual payment of rent, excluding subdivision and subletting, precluding deterioration of the property, &c., would be grateful to any Irish tenants who are unwilling to make the arrangements by which they might in most cases at the present time obtain advantages equal or superior? Clearly such a supposition is idle. England and Scotland will give us no help in the matter. The custom of the manor and the will of the lord, which determine the status of the copyholder, will find no counterparts in the new order of things advocated by Mr. Shaw and his friends. The plain, business-like nature of the transaction which cloaks itself in the quaint medieval terms of Scotch law, is equally repugnant to the spirit of a claim which, put into plain language, is simply a claim on the part of the tenant to a slice of his landlord's property at once, and a right to make ducks and drakes of much of the rest at his good pleasure. The Irish fixed-tenant must be a creature *per se*—a thing remote alike from copyholder, feuar, and lessee. His would-be creators know this well enough, and this is why they are so earnest with us to look at Irish matters with Irish eyes, and to discard all prejudices arising from English and Scotch ideas.

Let us, then, look at fixity of tenure with Irish eyes. We have already intimated the nature of the spectacle with which those eyes, if they confine themselves to history and not to fiction, furnish us. Wherever the Irish landlord has surrendered his land to tenants at a fixed rent, either in perpetuity or for those long terms which are in all but legal technicalities equal to perpetuity, the result has been, if not universally the same, the same in all but very few cases. More than one town in the South-West bears witness to the results of the proceeding in towns; scores and hundreds of estates in the same region show what the result is in rural districts. A public-spirited landlord lets in perpetuity or on long leases considerable plots of land to tenants on the sole condition that they build a good slated house on them. The town grows, and the lessees avail themselves of their roomy plots to crowd noisome alleys of tumbledown cottages together, from which they derive a handsome profit, which defies the superior's object, and over which he has no control whatever. Country tracts of some size are let in the same way, or cotters are established in perpetuity or for a long time in small holdings. The big lessee immediately starts middleman, sublets his holding at a profit rent, and does not greatly care if the sub-lessee repeats the proceeding. The small lessee subdivides in favour of his children or of strangers who can pay him until the plots become absolutely inadequate to the support of human beings even in the most favourable years. No reasonable person can produce the slightest reason capable of being accepted by any other reasonable person why the compulsory establishment of fixity of tenure by the law should have any other result than the voluntary establishment of fixity of tenure by scores of landlords has had. The rage of the Irish character for squeezing an income out of land somehow or other, in place of taking to other employment, its improvidence, its indolence, are all causes which will continue to work, let laws and lawmakers plot their cunningest. Indeed, the elimination of the one check which now exists—the refusal of landlords to permit these ruinous processes of subletting and subdivision—must necessarily make the matter far worse than it is at present. The check of eviction being gone, all is gone. So that, if we look on the matter with those Irish eyes which we are so earnestly entreated to borrow, the thing becomes worse than it was before. Of the minor difficulties of fixity of tenure; of the impossibility of devising any guarantee for the reception of his rent by the landlord short of allowing a right of re-entry which practically annuls the fixity; of the injustice of continuing to burden mere rent-chargers with the payment of the rates and taxes incident to landowners, and the certainty of discontent if the attempt were made to transfer these charges to the new tenants—of a hundred other such things there is no need to speak here. We have shown sufficiently that mere fixity of tenure, in any sense in which the word is not a mere sham, is impracticable, or at least illusory, in the first place, and would be socially ruinous in the second.

THE TRADE OF 1880.

THE Board of Trade Returns for December, which appeared at the end of last week, give us the result of the foreign commerce of the country for the whole year, as well as for its closing month. The information thus brought out is specially interesting because the revival of trade therein recorded came quite unexpectedly at the end of perhaps the worst harvest of the century. It may be worth while, then, to examine in a little detail what the returns have to tell us. And in the first place we find that both sides of the account show a marked increase for the year. The imports amounted to 409,990,056*l.*, being an increase of nearly 48 millions, or 13½ per cent. over those of 1879, and the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures amounted to 220,810,526*l.*, being an increase over those of 1879 of more than 31½ millions, or 16½ per cent.

Confining ourselves for the moment to the exports, as it is by them that the goodness or badness of trade is popularly, though erroneously, judged, we find that the increase was not only larger than in the case of the imports for the whole year, but, what is more satisfactory, it was well maintained in the four closing months. It will be recollected that the revival began in September, 1879, and that the three following months showed large augmentations over those of the corresponding period of the preceding year. The four last months of 1880 again showed large augmentations over those of 1879, proving not only that the improvement in trade continued, but that it went on at an increasing ratio. Relatively the greatest increase was in iron and steel, amounting to 45½ per cent.; but absolutely the greatest increase was in cotton manufactures, amounting to over 10½ millions. There was also a very large increase, both absolutely and relatively, in machinery and millwork, in hardware, in coal, in woollen and worsted manufactures, and in linen and jute manufactures. The United States continued to be the largest customers for iron and steel. They took 2,278,916*l.*, against 873,320*l.* worth in 1879, of pig-iron; and they took of railroad iron of all sorts 1,526,092*l.*, against 241,607*l.* in 1879. Next to the United States, British North America, India, Australia, and the other British possessions were our best customers. On the other hand, more than half the increase in cotton goods was due to India. Of the total increase in cotton goods of 10,803,531*l.*, India alone took 5,622,082*l.*, or more than one-half. We have in these latter figures a striking illustration of the importance of India to the great staple industry of Lancashire. As long as India was a prey to famine the spindles and looms of Lancashire were half idle, and the operatives were out of work; but as soon as famine disappeared the demand for cotton goods sprang up again and activity and prosperity were restored to Lancashire, so that now Manchester is busier than it has been for many years past. The figures further illustrate the severity of the recent Indian famine. In the last quarter of 1879 the exports of cotton goods to India were enormous; but, as we see, they have been still more enormous in the year just ended. The explanation is that during the famine period the people were unable to buy clothing, but that since the return of comparative prosperity they have been renewing their wardrobes. No doubt, the large exports of cotton have helped to depress the silver market, and have prevented the full effect of the stoppage by Germany of the sales of silver; but the inconvenience thence arising is trifling in comparison with the great benefit that the vast population of India has received, without speaking of the profits derived by Lancashire. The other countries which have taken larger quantities of cotton goods are the United States, British North America, Brazil, Hong Kong, and the Philippine Islands. There have also been very largely augmented exports of coal, distributed pretty equally amongst almost all our customers; and the purchases of machinery and millwork have likewise been very much larger, the best purchasers being Holland, France, Italy, Brazil, and British India.

Coming now to the imports, we find that, unlike the exports, they fell off to a marked degree in December, and as this occurred chiefly in the raw materials of manufacture, it might seem at first sight that a slackening in the growth of trade had begun; but this is not really so. As we stated above, the increase in the imports for the whole year amounted to 13½ per cent.; but the increase in the imports of the raw materials of manufacture alone amounted to as much as 22 per cent., even allowing for the falling off in December, or not far short of twice the rate of augmentation in the whole of the imports. The real explanation, it will then be seen, is that such large stocks had been laid in in the previous eleven months that some decrease was natural, and even necessary, in December. There was also in December a falling-off in the imports of food, chiefly wheat, as was to be expected from the better harvest last year. Classifying the various kinds of commodities imported, we find, as stated above, that the increase in raw materials was 22 per cent.; in articles of food, only 10½ per cent.; in what we may call luxuries—such as tea, coffee, sugar, wine, and tobacco—only 6½ per cent.; and in unenumerated articles, 13½ per cent. The very much larger proportional increase in the raw materials of manufacture comes out very clearly. The fact plainly demonstrates that trade continued improving to the end, and that manufacturers were thus encouraged to lay in exceptionally large stocks. It would seem, however, that in some instances they went too far, as there are complaints in the wood trade that the supply has become so excessive as ruinously to depress prices. Generally, however, the tone of the manufacturing centres is more sanguine now than

it was at any time last year, and a rise in prices is very generally looked for. The whole increase in the value of the imports of raw materials is 20½ millions, and of this total nearly 6½ millions is in raw cotton—another evidence of the great improvement in the cotton industry. The next largest increase is in timber, which somewhat exceeds 5½ millions. The next is wool, nearly 2,900,000l.; and the next, iron ore, 1½ million. Here, again, we have evidence of the great demand for iron, which not only stimulated the production at home, but also increased the import of foreign ores. It is to be borne in mind, however, that for certain kinds of manufacture these foreign ores are superior to our own; but they form only a small part of the whole iron consumption. In the food imports, wheat, eggs, fish, and pork alone show a falling-off. In all other articles there is an increase—a very large one in living animals, butter, cheese, and maize, and a considerable one in most other items.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the returns is that relative to the imports and exports of bullion. The imports of gold have fallen off to a very great degree in the last three years. They amounted in 1878 to as much as 20,872,216l.; in 1879 they were 13,331,369l.; and last year they were no more than 9,458,996l., or actually considerably less than half those of 1878. Of this total we received 3,614,200l. from Australia; 2,118,036l. from France; from Japan, 1,180,066l.; and from Mexico, South America, and the West Indies, 679,871l.; while from the United States—which used to send us from 8 to 9 millions annually—we got last year no more than 55,365l. On the other hand, the exports of gold amounted to 11,828,822l., or nearly 2½ millions more than the imports. And of this total as much as 5,511,887l. went to the United States; 1,076,380l. to Egypt; 1,090,532l. to Mexico, South America, and the West Indies; and 865,821l. to British India; while France received back only 602,218l. The exports last year, however, were considerably less than in the previous year, when they exceeded 17½ millions. And even in 1878 they were very nearly 15 millions. The imports of silver amounted to 6,828,968l., of which 2,382,492l. came from Mexico, South America, and the West Indies; 2,066,435l. from France; and 1,198,567l. from the United States; while only 407,393l. came from Germany, and 193,305l. from British India. The small import from the United States will be remarked. Only a very few years ago we were threatened with an import thence of 9 or 10 millions, when, as a matter of fact, we see that it now scarcely exceeds a million. No doubt, the coinage of silver dollars absorbs a large portion of the American production; but, after all, the total coinage is under 5 millions in the year, which, if the production of the Nevada mines was anything like what it was expected to be, would leave a large surplus for export to Europe. The export of silver amounted to 7,060,681l., or but very little more than the import. And of the total British India took 4,321,507l., China 1,125,562l., and the remainder went in small amounts to the various countries of the world. The export to India was 1½ million less than in the previous year, and very much smaller than some years ago; but the large drawings by the India Council, of course, supply means of remittance which largely account for the falling off; and the great increase in the exports of cotton goods, to which we refer above, would naturally also decrease the export of silver. However, this decrease in the absorbing power of India is having a marked effect upon the price of silver, which has been falling for some time, and seems likely to go lower; indeed, the accumulation of the silver dollars in the Treasury vaults of the United States and the decrease in the exports to India, it is feared, will together bring about a crisis before very long. We are inclined to think that the apprehensions on this head are exaggerated, as by and by no doubt the exports to India will begin again on a larger scale; but there is little doubt, at the same time, that if Italy does not resume payment in silver, the market for that metal must be depressed.

Coming in the last place to the tonnage of the ships entered and cleared with cargoes during the year, we find an increase in the entries of the shipping engaged in the foreign trade of 13½ per cent.; in those cleared of 12½ per cent.; also an increase in the entries coastwise of 1½ per cent., and in the clearances coastwise of 2½ per cent., and it is worth adding that in the coasting trade the increase is larger in the last month than for the whole year. From the foregoing review we see that the year has been in every respect one of profitable and improving trade. We pointed out a couple of weeks ago what the character of that trade has been. The prices of commodities have declined from the high level they reached twelve months ago; but this decline helped to maintain and stimulate the revival which had then begun. The first effect of the American purchases of iron was to send prices up too high, and thus to endanger the permanence of the improvement. The fall of prices put an end to this danger, and allowed the improvement to go on and become strengthened. It has now become so extended that its permanence cannot any longer be doubted. The American imports of iron and steel have long fallen off; but the growth of trade has continued nevertheless, and nearly every country now shows larger purchases of some commodity or other. We remarked above on the very large increase in the exports of cotton goods to India, and although no other instance of the same magnitude can be cited, it would be easy to show, if it were not too wearisome, that there has been an increase in the trade of nearly every country. The present feeling through-

out the country is that the year upon which we have entered will be a still better one than that which has just ended; especially it is expected that the demand for iron will by and by become very great, and that prices will go up. Coal, too, which has been so long depressed, has improved, and, as we pointed out above, the exports to all countries have increased, not very much in any one direction, but very considerably in the aggregate. Apart from the demands from India, the state of the Manchester trade too is exceedingly good, and the intelligence from that city is to the effect that the mills have not been so well employed for several years past.

SOME RECENT MUSIC.

ELEVEN years after his death, Berlioz, who during his life could scarcely gain a hearing for his music, has scored a complete success in London, and *La Damnation de Faust* has attracted audiences whose enthusiasm almost verges upon extravagance. Last year Mr. Charles Hallé brought his admirable Manchester orchestra and choir to London for the purpose of introducing this work to the public, and so great was the success on that occasion that he determined to reproduce it this season. The band and singers, it is true, are not altogether the same as on the first production, but notwithstanding this the original intention of giving two performances of *La Damnation de Faust* has already been extended, and it may not perhaps be extravagant to hope for yet more performances. Save perhaps on the occasion of his death, through the obituary notices in the daily newspapers, the general public within the last year or two was ignorant of anything beyond the name of Berlioz, though his works were gradually exercising their power over the minds of not a few who have since achieved success in the musical world. His influence, whether for good or for bad, is already great, and credit must be given to Mr. Hallé for pointing out whence this influence proceeded. We do not intend to discuss the question whether what has for want of a better name been called "programme music" is desirable or not, nor need we now inquire whether Berlioz's methods are worthy of imitation or not; but we cannot help thinking that the stage might be a fitter place than the concert-room for the performance of such a work, as *La Damnation de Faust*. The Faust legend has for centuries been the almost exclusive property of the stage, and if ever there was an adaptation of it which required action to perfect it, this is surely the case with Berlioz's adaptation. It may be said, of course, that the composer never intended it for stage representation, and the objection has some force; but if some enterprising manager were to undertake its representation, we could scarcely hesitate to prophesy its success. So dramatic is the music that we felt that the one thing in which the performance suffered was the want of action that belongs of course to a concert-room. There are doubtless some situations which would be hard to overcome upon the stage, such as, for instance, "The ride to the abyss," but even this, one may imagine, would not be impossible. Of one thing, at any rate, we feel certain, and that is that dramatic action would greatly enhance the effect of the music. Berlioz's *Faust* differs in many ways from the versions which are already before the public, and in one particular at least it may seem for theatrical purposes to have gained in dramatic interest. The signing of the contract between Faust and Mephistopheles is deferred in this version until Faust learns that Marguerite is in prison on suspicion of causing the death of her mother, and the motive for his signing the dread document is that Mephistopheles promises her escape if he does so.

The work opens with a quiet pastoral *motif* indicative of the return of spring, which is followed by a piece of instrumental music, in which the chorus of peasants and the Hungarian march, which are to follow, are skilfully interwoven. The peasant chorus is one of those remarkable efforts of which Berlioz was master, and it seems to carry one along with a rush of joy, while the Hungarian march, which closes the prologue or first part, is a masterpiece of that form of musical writing. The second part shows us Faust in his study disgusted with life and seeking to free himself by poison, when, as in other versions, his hand is arrested by the sounds of the Easter Hymn without. The sudden appearance of Mephistopheles unbidden by Faust is, however, the cause of Faust's relinquishing the thought of suicide, and from this point the action follows more or less the lines of other versions of the legend. Brander's song in Altmayer's cellar in Leipzig, and the subsequent fugue on "Amen," are a strange mixture of humour and erudition, and Mephistopheles's "Once a king he it noted" is sufficiently comic. In the third scene of this part Mephistopheles has a fine air, "Maid banks of roses," which is followed by a remarkable chorus of sylphs and gnomes intended to lull Faust to sleep, which was very gracefully rendered, and to this succeeds one of the gems of the whole work—namely, the "Ballet of Sylphs." For fairy gracefulness this piece of music is almost unrivalled, and the orchestra did much justice to its beauty. Faust on waking cries for Margaret, whom he has seen in his dream, and Mephistopheles, after a prologue to show her to him, urges him to mingle with the crowd. On this follows a chorus of soldiers and students, which brings the second part to a close. In the third part Margaret appears for the first time. The ballad of the King of Thule in the first scene is extremely tender and quaint, and the composer has caught the spirit of the words in a manner most remarkable, while the sigh which ends

the song is almost indescribable in its effect. An incantation by Mephistopheles follows, to which is added a fantastic "Dance of Will-o-the-Wisps" the prelude of which introduces us to the "Serenade." This, the most remarkable number of the whole work, and which has been indicated more than once before, is, for diabolical humour, at once one of the strangest and most fascinating products of Berlioz's genius. Written in *tempo di valse*, it is accompanied by a guitar-like movement, and the disregard of conventional closes makes it sufficiently grotesque. The shriek of the demon chorus at the end of each stanza has in it something appalling. With the exception of the "Chorus of Infernal Spirits," a piece of strange eccentricity, perhaps even Berlioz has never written anything so completely diabolical. The rest of the work resembles to a great extent, as far as plot goes, the other versions, and thus gives occasion to a beautiful duet between the lovers, and the song known in the German as "Meine Ruh' ist hin," for Margaret, until we reach the part where Faust signs the "musty deed" which gives Mephistopheles the absolute power over his soul. "The Ride to the Abyss," a singularly impressive and dramatic piece of music, ensues, and ends with the destruction of Faust and the joy of the Infernal Spirits. As a specimen of Berlioz's eccentricity, we give the words of the Infernal Chorus, leaving the reader to make what he likes out of it:—

Has, Irimiru Karabras?
Tradition murexill traduxa burrudixe
For my dinkorlitz O mari Katu omeytax
Uraaike
Muraaike
Diff, Diff, mcrondor mit ays'lo
Has, has Satan, Belphegor, Mephiste.
Has, has, Koix, Astaroth, Belzebuth,
Sat rayk Irimour.

To the performance of the work much praise must be given. Miss Davies sang Margaret's part with considerable success, and Messrs. Lloyd and Pyatt sustained the respective parts of Faust and Brander very creditably, while Mr. Santley's Mephistopheles—the only part really dramatically delivered—was a thoroughly admirable performance, tantalizing only by the absence of stage effect. To Mr. Hallé's indefatigable energy and skill in conducting is due the completeness of the success which the work has met with this season. We hope that he has been sufficiently encouraged in the production of this work of Berlioz to introduce to the London public *Enfance du Christ* by the same composer, which, we see, he has already given at Manchester.

The last Monday Popular Concert was chiefly remarkable for the reappearance in London of Mlle. Marie Krebs. The programme contained no novelties and was somewhat shorter than usual. Mme. Norman Neruda, Messrs. Strauss, Zerbini, and Piatti gave an admirable rendering of the quintet in G minor by Mozart, an old favourite at these concerts, and Mlle. Marie Krebs played the famous "Waldstein" sonata of Beethoven. This sonata, one of the most difficult of execution which Beethoven ever wrote, was evidently intended by him as a test for the powers of the pianoforte player; yet while it is replete with difficulties only within the range of the most expert performer, he has succeeded in retaining a world of poetry and imagination. The gymnastics he allots to his performers do not rob his work of true music. Mlle. Krebs's rendering of the favourite sonata was admirable, and we are glad to welcome such an artist as she is to London again. Beethoven's Serenade Trio was the only other instrumental piece. The vocalist on this occasion was Miss Hope Glenn, and the really fine manner in which Miss Glenn sang Haydn's "Il pensier sta negli oggetti" deserved, in our opinion, more recognition than it received. To a fine rich voice she has added careful study, and, from what we have heard of her singing, we should say that she has a future before her.

DUTCH MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

THE magnificent series of Dutch masters from the Hope collection gives, as we have already observed, exceptional importance to the present display at Burlington House. With a hearty recognition of what is offered to us in the work of other schools, it is, nevertheless, to the art of Holland, as it is displayed in the Second Gallery, that we find ourselves constantly returning with an ever-increasing sense of its extraordinary value and interest. Nearly all the eminent Dutchmen are here, nor, amid the large gathering of their works, is there often occasion to question the authority of the catalogue. The examples in nearly every case are of convincing genuineness and of superb quality, and in some instances we have an opportunity of studying the art of men who are comparatively little known in this country, or known at best by work that imperfectly represents their powers. The large composition by Van der Helst (87), apart from its high historical interest, is in this way a revelation of the painter's remarkable gifts. Nor are there many collections in Europe which could boast of three such examples of Paul Potter as are here exhibited. But if the loan from Deepdene is rendered exceptionally attractive by the specimens which it comprises of men whose works are rare and unfamiliar, it is even more remarkable for the fulness with which it illustrates the genius of painters whose place is universally recognized and whose style is widely known. Terburg, Jan Steen, Metz, and De Hooche have never certainly been seen

to greater advantage. The portrait of a Burgomaster (80), by the first-named painter, comes from the San Donato collection. It has been sent to Burlington House by Sir William Abdy, who contributes several interesting examples of early Italian art which we shall have occasion to notice in their order. This specimen of Terburg's powers in portraiture is of admirable quality, although it appears to have suffered somewhat in colour; but, good as it is, it will not stand comparison with the exquisitely finished composition of "Soldiers Drinking" (110), which forms one of the gems of the Hope collection. Here we see the full measure of Terburg's powers as a colourist; and we have to acknowledge that, with the exception of De Hooche, he was in this respect without a rival among the genre painters of Holland. It is not merely that he has a fine sense of colour, and that he can select and combine the most delicate tints, but that he is able to preserve the harmony he has invented without the surrender in any part of his work of the imitative truth proper to the representation of each separate object in the scene. The steel armour worn by the principal figure gleams with a brilliance and reality that approach almost to illusion; and the silk scarf around the soldier's waist, his heavy leather boots, and his embroidered sleeve are all executed in a style of the highest technical finish, which, at the same time, takes due account of every variety of texture and material. And yet with this extraordinary minuteness of detail there is associated a breadth of style and a perception of the refinements of character and movement which assert the presence of the artist no less than of the accomplished craftsman. It is interesting to note how in another Terburg, from the same collection, this costume, with its breastplate and back piece, is faithfully repeated (108), but under such different conditions of light and tone as to yield in the result an entirely distinct artistic effect. These are the two finest specimens of the master in the exhibition. A third example, also from Deepdene (116), and treating of the hackneyed theme of a Music Lesson, is of far inferior quality, though here, as in the other two, it is worthy of remark with what skill and understanding the painter interprets the character of the dog as forming part of the domestic life of the time. In every one of the three groups a dog is introduced, and in all the bearing of the animal is shown with the keenest observation of nature.

The several paintings by Metz are not of uniform excellence. There is one of a Lady Reading a Letter (125) wherein his peculiar gifts are expressed in absolute perfection. No painter of the school possessed in equal measure the power of giving a sense of dignity and even of beauty to the forms of simple people. He could treat the costume of his time in such a way as to let the action of the figure have the freest expression. There is sometimes a suggestion of almost classic grace in the bearing of these cumbersome Dutchwomen, and we know of no instance where he has employed his art with happier effect than in the figure of the waiting-woman in the picture before us, as she stands with the pail under her arm, and a letter lightly held between her fingers, while with her right hand she draws aside the curtain that covers a picture upon the wall. This delightful little composition is further interesting as showing the extraordinary subtlety with which the best of these Dutchmen interpreted the social life of their century. The grouping of these two women, the one intent upon her letter, the other lingering in the room in the presence of her mistress, has an air of unconsciousness which is truly wonderful. There is no deliberate attempt to invent a subject or to depict a striking scene. The actors in this uneventful little drama have evidently been unaware of the artist's presence, and yet this chance glimpse at the ways of their daily life tells us more, and tells it more simply, than a hundred pictures with a portentous moral and a liberal display of cheap domestic pathos. The smaller painting of a Gentleman Writing (127) is an admirable piece of technical work, but it has not the same intellectual charm, while the two remaining Metz from the Hope collection are markedly inferior in every respect. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that the dark and poorly coloured composition of a Lady Writing (130) can be an authentic example of the master. We have just spoken of the absence in most of the Dutch painters of any deliberate dramatic motive in their work. There is a notable exception to the rule in Jan Steen, who is also splendidly represented on the present occasion. But what is gained in his case by the admixture of a spirit of conscious comedy will not, to our thinking, atone for the inferior perception which he displays of qualities of a purely artistic order. His technical powers at their best are not to be surpassed, and they could not be better illustrated than in "The Christening" (100), or the still finer interior (104), wherein a lady offers a glass of wine to her guest, while an old woman in the background is employed in opening oysters. In both there is an extraordinary variety and vivacity of expression, combined with the most careful elaboration of every detail. But, in spite of the fullness of incident with which he enriches the canvas, it is impossible not to miss those finer truths of form and character which reveal themselves, as if by some sort of magic, in the quiet gaze of men like Metz and Van der Meer of Delft. Of the last-named painter there is only a single example (93); and, although not of the first merit in regard to colour, it forms a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a very great and a very rare master. Three very beautiful works by De Hooche, one lent by Her Majesty (113), the other by Lord Strafford (101), and the third from the inexhaustible treasures at Deepdene (126), would alone

suffice to give exceptional interest to this section of the exhibition. Light and colour in their infinite combinations of glowing tone were the facts that exercised a permanent charm over De Hooghe's imagination. He is never weary of these warmly-lit interiors, in which figures and furniture alike are only so many instruments by which he registers the most delicate gradations of tint and tone, and by his own constant delight in his subject, and by the endless variations to which he submits a single motive, he contrives to convince us also of its inexhaustible interest and beauty. The picture from Buckingham Palace is in some ways the most remarkable of the three, although it has apparently suffered some damage in one of the faces; but the last of the series, with the scarlet skirt of the seated figure glowing in the diffused sunlight that fills the room, offers perhaps the highest expression of his force as a colourist. We must not take leave of the genre-painters of Holland assembled in these galleries without drawing attention to a *Toniers* of superb quality (96) lent by Lord Cowper, and to the highly-wrought examples of Gerard Dow (97) and Franz van Mieris (121).

Rembrandt, the incomparable genius of the Dutch school, whose powerful individuality rejects any attempt at classification, is not altogether well represented in the exhibition. The portraits of a Lady and Gentleman (75) is an interesting work of his early time, but it affords small indication of the ultimate direction of his art. The half-length male figure in the adjoining room (161) bears date eleven years later, and in certain respects it ranks as a very noble and characteristic work of the master. Its effect is greatly injured, however, from the fact that the right eye has been at some time injured, and has since been repainted in the most bungling fashion imaginable. We presume there is good reason for attributing to Rembrandt the large equestrian portrait of Marshal Turenne (165), though it does not bear the evidence of the master on its face; but there can, we fancy, be no sufficient authority for accepting as genuine the Christ and His Disciples in a Storm (168), a work in every respect unworthy of Rembrandt's genius.

THE THEATRES.

THE managers of the St. James's Theatre have done a bold thing. In a spirit of what may almost be called reckless adventure, they have produced a new play by a native writer, and, strange to say, their rash experiment is likely to prove eminently successful. This is for several reasons matter of congratulation. To those who have recognized at its due worth the artistic spirit which has always characterized the management of Messrs. Hare and Kendal their success will seem amply deserved. They have persisted, in spite of considerable discouragement, in maintaining a high standard of excellence in the representations at the St. James's Theatre, and in seeking to win the approval of the public they have ever been mindful of the claims of their own art. The continued prosperity of such a management is therefore a subject of concern to all who care for the progress of the drama in England. But, apart from such considerations as these, it is gratifying now and then to get out of the region of revivals and adaptations. There has been a little too much caution of late in the conduct of houses specially devoted to comedy. The growing esteem in which the actor's calling is held amongst us, and the increasing attention devoted to the theatre, have combined to breed a spirit of prudence and timidity that must be reckoned inconsistent with the practice of any of the arts. It is impossible to deal with the things of the intellect in the manner that befits the conduct of a counting-house. The drama, although it may often prove a source of profit, is not an investment that can ever be ranked with Consols; and it is idle to suppose that any amount of ingenuity will free its professors from the anxieties of a speculative career. And yet we fancy that a good deal of the present fondness for adaptations may be traced to an exaggerated feeling on the part of managers against any sort of risk or uncertainty. They are willing to pay liberally, sometimes even exorbitantly, for the fruits of a Parisian manager's judgment; and should the bargain prove disastrous, they have at least an intelligible line of defence. But to risk their reputation by pledging themselves to the production of an English piece is a very much graver matter. A failure here is held to reflect upon the soundness of their tastes; it shakes the confidence of the public in their infallibility; and it leaves all concerned without any kind of plausible excuse.

The production of *The Money Spinner* marks an agreeable departure from this attitude of caution. Mr. Pinero, the author of the new piece, is a clever actor who has already shown some aptitude in dramatic composition. He has written one or two comediettas which have been decidedly successful; but it was not conclusively shown in these earlier experiments that he possessed the literary force needed for the development of a more serious dramatic motive. It is true that the principal characters in *The Money Spinner* bear to one another a kind of relationship which has been made familiar to us in the work of an earlier writer. The old reprobate with his two daughters—the one so astonishingly refined, the other so naturally vulgar—cannot but recall the central group in Mr. Robertson's play of *Caste*. It is to a certain extent the Eccles family over again, and in the place of the aristocratic D'Alroy we have a clerk in a large house of business at Rouen. But while we easily identify our old friends under their new

names, we do not feel that the recognition implies any grave reproach upon Mr. Pinero's talent as an author. He has employed his material with skill and originality. The plot of his play is new, and it has besides a kind of strength that is unknown in the Robertsonian drama. The action as it progresses calls out certain qualities of individual character for which Mr. Pinero has to trust altogether to his own invention, and the result therefore ranks rather as a separate development of a motive common to the work of both writers than as an appropriation of another man's labour. The chief merit, indeed, of Mr. Pinero's play lies in the harmony which he always preserves between the dialogue and the action. He shows a rare tact in bestowing upon each incident the right measure of spoken words. What the actors have to say is never allowed to interfere with what they have to do, and this sense of balance between pantomime and dialogue is perhaps the surest test of a writer's true instinct for dramatic composition. It is allowable perhaps to complain that the characters which he has taken such pains to exhibit effectively do not for themselves claim our warmest sympathy. But it is very easy to push this kind of criticism too far. When it is suggested, as it has been in the present case, that the only person worthy of respect is the detective, who in the course of duty has betrayed his friend, the theory surely reduces itself to an absurdity. In the drama, as in real life, the interest of the looker-on is awakened much less by moral rectitude than by mental suffering. We feel most for those whose feelings are most deeply stirred, nor does it follow that because our interest is strongly aroused that we are therefore betrayed into any unworthy sympathy with wrongdoing. But, even if it were true that the characters in *The Money Spinner* are lacking in good qualities, the fact would only give additional emphasis to the skill with which Mr. Pinero has contrived his play. The two chief sinners in the piece are the fraudulent clerk and his wife, and if we were left without any explanation of their doings, the picture would certainly be neither attractive nor edifying. The woman who cheats at cards in order to save her husband, who has swindled his employers, might of course be no more than an ordinary representative of the criminal classes. But here there are special circumstances which serve to place her in a different category. She is the daughter of a brandy-drinking old card-sharp who has kept a gambling-hell in Paris, and yet she has not amid all her youthful temptations once yielded to the practices in which her gifted parent is an adept. It is only when he, her husband, is on the verge of ruin, and when she has pledged herself to repay the money he has taken, that she finds the old scoundrel's encouragement too strong to resist. This part is played by Mrs. Kendal with great power and great refinement. By a mode of interpretation that is always vivid and yet never unrestrained, she lets us see the full measure of the mental struggle that is going on before she can bring herself to execute her desperate resolve. And, when all is over, her absolute self-abasement and shame are rendered in such a manner as to anticipate and disarm the hostile feeling which her crime might otherwise awaken. Mr. Kendal, who plays the part of her victim, has a task which does not so entirely fit with his powers. To render the marriage with the vulgar little daughter at all probable there is need of a stronger accent of eccentric stupidity than he is able to command. It is a part suited rather to a "character-actor" than to a *jeune premier*, and the very qualities which serve him well in the ordinary creatures of light comedy are, in some sense, a hindrance to the success of the performance. Apart from Mrs. Kendal the burden of the piece falls chiefly on the shoulders of Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Hare. The author has provided a new and very careful study of the figure of the detective, and the actor, seizing the idea with intelligence, completes the original conception with the happiest touches of art. As for Mr. Hare, it was clear from the moment of his first entry on the stage that he had a part in which he could exercise some of his most characteristic gifts. He evidently enjoyed, and contrived to make the audience enjoy, every carefully elaborated detail of the representation. The type is familiar enough, and it is for this reason the greater achievement to be able to transform the type into an individual portrait. The old scoundrel takes his place from the first as a new creation; and the odd mixture of dignity and meanness, of an exaggerated ease of manner, combined with a grotesque and unconscious vulgarity, are made admirably suggestive of the man's varied antecedents and surroundings. The piece is now preceded by *The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, in which Mrs. Kendal appears for the first time before a London audience. The part, however, makes no very severe demand upon her resources, or perhaps it would be more just to say that it exhibits her art in a form in which it had already achieved success. The telling alternations between an assumed gaiety and anxious suffering are very effectively rendered, but they do not greatly differ in kind from the rapid changes of mood which she had to pourtray in *The Ladies' Battle*. On the first night of the production of Mr. Pinero's new play *The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing* stood as the last item on the bill, and to some extent it suffered from the fact that the curiosity and attention of the audience had been already bestowed. The reversal of the order in which the two dramas are taken is certainly judicious, and by the omission of *Old Cronies* the evening's entertainment is now brought within reasonable limits.

The praise which we have been able to give to the English actors at the St. James's Theatre would certainly shock the sensibilities of a writer who has been discoursing on the English stage in the current number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The impres-

sions of a foreigner are always interesting, and here they are evidently founded upon some considerable acquaintance with the facts. This in itself is a substantial advantage, although it of course deprives the critic of that airy lightness of touch which belongs to the Frenchman with only a day to spare who believes that it is as easy to describe the condition of the English stage as it is to fathom the secrets of the universe. And yet, with all his faults, the Frenchman native-born is almost more charitable to us in our unregenerate state than the critic who has only borrowed the accent of French taste. No Parisian is so contemptuous towards English acting as the Englishman or the American who has worshipped at the Comedie Française. It seems from the article under notice that French taste does not permit any show of affection on the stage; and, as a matter of course, it is equally obnoxious to the writer. In common with an English critic who has lately favoured us with his views, the author of the paper in *Scribner's* was shocked by Miss Terry's bearing towards Bassanio. It is "too free and familiar" for Portia—who, we are told, was a "great lady"; and great ladies behave with decorum. This is of course only a single specimen of the kind of criticism which is here offered for our consideration, and many other curious specimens might be quoted, although they would not represent the best that the writer has to tell us about the English stage. But throughout the article there is an undertone of contemptuous indulgence towards our efforts in the art of acting which is highly characteristic of a certain school of modern critics.

REVIEWS.

LEADER'S MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

MR. LEADER has taken up a part of this noted woman's story that has been hitherto comparatively neglected. The greater number of the numerous writers who have taken Mary Stuart for their text have treated her rather as a bone of contention than as a study of biography. Hence it comes that certain brief snatches of her life have been made the subject of countless volumes of special pleading by writers whose aim it has been to prove her either a sainted martyr or a fiend in human shape. The vindication or vilification of her character has become a party question between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and has been pursued in a truly sectarian spirit, her defenders and accusers in turn attacking one another with all the fierceness and bitterness that usually characterize a religious controversy. Indeed, but for this religious element the subject must have been dropped long ago, for if the veil of prejudice and sentiment which obscures the story of Mary Stuart's life be thrown aside, the disproportion between the vast amount of attention which she has attracted since her death and the very unimportant part which she played in the world's history during her life becomes apparent. She was Queen of a poor and insignificant kingdom that had no influence on the politics of Europe, and she could not even keep the government of that kingdom, small as it was, in her hands more than a few years. Even in the larger kingdom whose throne she shared for a brief space, she had none of the influence which, considering her nearness of kin to the Guises and the close alliance that had so long subsisted between France and Scotland, might have been naturally looked for. Fate had, indeed, marked her out as a stirrer-up of strife from her cradle to her grave, and that strife waxed louder and more violent after the grave was closed upon her. But she was more a passive pretext for, than an active agent in, a great deal of that strife. While still an unconscious babe she was made the excuse for the wasting of her country by its powerful Southern neighbour; but that was the natural result of the relative position of the two kingdoms at this juncture, for England was in strong hands and Scotland in weak ones, and under those circumstances an invasion on one pretext or another was sure to happen. Mary personally had nothing whatever to do with it, any more than she had any part in promoting the invasion of England by which Philip ostensibly purposed to avenge her death. In her life she really did nothing that should make her memory revered. Though all the sovereigns in Europe, including the Pope, professed to take a great interest in her, she had not influence enough over one of them to induce him to draw the sword in her defence. All the intriguing which occupied the latter half of her life, clever as it was, produced but insignificant local disturbances in the kingdom of which she and her partisans chose to consider her the lawful sovereign. Nor was there anything in her character to make up for this want of achievement, and to justify the place in the first ranks among the leading figures of the sixteenth century that posterity has assigned her. The facts that she was very beautiful, that she could write Latin letters, that she was three times married, that the last marriage was as imprudent a runaway match as any schoolgirl's heart could desire, that she died a violent death and did a great deal of fancy needlework, have surrounded her memory with a halo of romantic sentiment which her personal merits certainly did not deserve. Looked at impartially, what strikes one most about her is the pertinacity with which she contrived to turn all the things that should have been for her wealth into occasions of falling. She had great

natural powers of intellect, and yet could not manage her own affairs; great powers of fascination and discernment of character, yet used them only to attach to herself the most unworthy objects. No one had more sagacity and shrewdness in forecasting future events, yet she ruined her cause by repeated acts of headstrong folly. Not the least foolish of these was her voluntary surrender of herself into the hands of Elizabeth. Knowing her rival as thoroughly as she did, Mary must have foreseen that she would never willingly let her go, and that an appeal to the arbitration of the sovereign of England was the surest way to alienate the affections of the patriotic party among her own subjects. She must have known also that the disaffection of the Roman Catholics in England, which she did her best to foster, must lead to the complete seclusion of a rigorous captivity. Probably she did not foresee how long that captivity would last. It seems, indeed, incredible that one so fond of excitement and of movement and of active exercise as she was, could linger on through twenty years of monotony and isolation. That her captivity lasted so long was a wonderfully happy thing for Scotland, for it secured peace with England, and peace with England was the one condition essential to the prosperity of Scotland.

It is the story of a part of this long captivity that Mr. Leader has now written. He has confined his work to the years which Mary passed under the guardianship of Shrewsbury. He thus takes up his story after the Conference of York, the point at which Mary's captivity may be said to have begun, and ends it with the year when Sir Ralph Sadler was commissioned to relieve Shrewsbury of a charge of which he was long before that time heartily weary. Mr. Leader thus avoids those two great whirlpools of the Marian controversy—the first appearance of the Casket Letters and the discovery of the Babington plot. He is thus spared the necessity of committing himself to an opinion on either of these important points. But, though not joining the camp of either party in the Marian war, Mr. Leader evidently does not think that Mary wrote the Casket Letters; but he does think her guilty of plotting against Elizabeth—indeed, he considers the whole time of her stay in England as one continuous series of intrigues, in which plans for the dethronement of Elizabeth found a place side by side with schemes for her own liberation. Mr. Leader's book is in no sense a controversial work; he has merely undertaken to give a faithful record of Mary's life, and of everything connected with her safe-keeping during these tedious years. He has done his work thoroughly well, and has spared no pains in searching out and bringing forward every scrap of information that can elucidate his subject. Lodge, Labanoff, and other writers; collections of letters and State Papers; all the documents, published or unpublished, that contain any reference to Mary, her gaolers, or her accomplices, have all been put into requisition, and the whole arranged so as to form a continuous and interesting story. From this story every one interested in the captive Queen may learn how she was lodged, fed, and guarded; whom she wrote to, and who wrote to her; what wondrous needleworks she wrought, and upon whom she bestowed them; who succeeded and who failed in visiting her—in short, all she did and said and looked and thought, with as much minuteness of detail as if she were the heroine of the last new novel. The outline of the story is soon given. There are few events to tell. Nothing occurs to break the apparent monotony of the captive's life save the occasional removal from one house to another. From Tutbury, of which she complains the most, describing her rooms as two paltry holes, and the garden as a place only fit for pigs, she is taken to Wingfield, thence to Chatsworth, and then on to Sheffield, and her life in each house is very much the same life, except that every now and then there are suspicions of underhand practices, or discoveries of attempts to communicate with the world outside, or rumours of plans for a rescue organized by her friends without; and after every such discovery the confinement grows stricter, the guards are increased, and the watchfulness is redoubled. At one time there was such good reason to fear an attack on Tutbury that Mary was removed in great haste to Coventry, where she had to be lodged at an inn. The unseemliness of keeping her in such public quarters was a cause of great anxiety to Shrewsbury, who was well pleased to get safely within his own walls again. All through the dreary record one hardly knows which to pity most, the captive or her keeper. No doubt he at first felt proud of the trust committed to him as a signal proof of his sovereign's favour. And the man who could write as he did, that he considered himself more highly favoured than all his "ansyesters" because Elizabeth answered his anxious inquiries about her health by a scrap of a note in her own handwriting, must have had a very servile soul and hardly deserved anything better than such cheap rewards for his faithful service and endurance of manifold provocations. One of his greatest trials was that Elizabeth never would allow him money enough to meet the expenses which his charge entailed upon him. At first he was allowed 52*l.* a week, a sum which he complained was not enough to pay for the maintenance of the Queen of Scots and her following, and afterwards this allowance was cut down to 30*l.* Even parting with this paltry sum, inadequate as it was, tried Elizabeth's niggardly soul sorely. Then, too, she over and over again grew suspicious of Shrewsbury's loyalty, though she had no more faithful servant, and proposed to hand his prisoner over to the keeping of Huntingdon. Had Shrewsbury been a wise man he would have let her go, and been right glad to get rid of her. But he dreaded any change as implying distrust of his honour, and therefore did his utmost to retain this very burdensome inmate in his household. How irksome his task was to him

* *Mary, Queen of Scots, in Captivity.* By John Daniel Leader, F.S.A. Sheffield: Leader & Sons. 1880.

may be gathered from his letters. Now he describes how either she or his wife contrives to be always with "this queen" so as to keep her, if possible, from making mischief; in another letter he says he has had "more trouble than he ever had before in one day." Then we find frequent complaints from Mary of the way in which her health gave way from want of exercise; and Shrewsbury, who dare not trust her out of his sight, has to walk out with her himself, though he suffered from the gout. His mind, too, was constantly kept on the strain for the detection of "practices" either among the Queen's people or his own. Moreover, he found himself made the object of the most groundless calumnies. At one time his own chaplain went up to London to denounce him as being a "practiser" himself. Even his wife, possessed by jealousy, after having at first zealously assisted him in his charge, went off, leaving him to bear the burden of it alone. Only once was he allowed a holiday during the whole long fourteen years, and that was when he went to London to act as President of the Commission of Peers at Norfolk's trial. After the execution of the sentence, which he then pronounced, he was made Earl Marshal in Norfolk's stead, and this empty honour was the only reward he got to make up for the loss of money, the loss of health, of peace of mind, and of domestic happiness, all which he suffered in the discharge of the arduous duty which his Queen demanded at his hands.

Another grievance, of which, however, Shrewsbury's tenants had more reason to complain than Shrewsbury himself, was, that whenever this expensive guest was moved from one house to another, the country people had to bear the burden of the removal of her baggage, the furniture, and plenishing required to make her lodgings suitable to her quality. All the carts and packhorses that could be got hold of were put in requisition to carry her effects, a *cortège* at which the owners grumbled mightily. Of all the houses at which she was quartered in turn, Sheffield was found the most convenient and suitable, both on account of its size, its strength, and its position, and also because there was another house within the limits of the manor to which Mary could be easily moved for change of quarters without much trouble. It was at Sheffield, therefore, that she passed the greater part of the time that she was in Shrewsbury's keeping. As Mr. Leader points out, it is strange that while every scrap of tradition is eagerly caught at in connexion with all the houses Mary Stuart ever stayed in, and even with some in which she never stayed at all—such as Hardwick—and while every spot in which she is even reported to have spent a night is thought worthy of notice, Sheffield Castle, where she spent many more nights than its owner can have desired, has been comparatively dropped out of sight, and is seldom even named in connexion with her story. It is certainly rather hard that, while the possession of a set of bed-curtains, of a pair of fire-screens, or of any other relic of needlework made by the busy fingers of the Queen of Scots, is supposed to give to an otherwise obscure dwelling-place a certain prestige and flavour of antiquity, Sheffield, under whose shelter all these elaborate designs took shape from the fingers of this illustrious needlewoman, should be regarded as a wholly modern and vulgar place, fit only for the making of knives and money, and as such quite beneath the notice of the romancer and the historian. Now Mr. Leader knows all about Sheffield, and very properly wishes to see it reinstated in its proper place in romantic history. His account of the Castle, the Park, and the Manor House is at once clear, graphic, and picturesque. Attached to the Manor was a building called the Lodge, in which tradition places the lodging of the Scottish Queen. It had a flat lead roof, on which she used to take the air. The view she enjoyed there is thus described by Mr. Leader:—

On this elevation it is probable the Queen of Scots took the air, and enjoyed the prospect, over the vales of Don, Sheaf, and Porter. The view on a clear day is most extensive. Even the dirt of a manufacturing town fails wholly to destroy the charm of the landscape. The hills are the old hills of Hallamshire, as they rise above the valleys, where flow her five streams. In their former wildness they were grand; but even now, cultivated, fenced off, built upon, gashed by quarries, marred by mine heaps, blackened by chimneys, they retain much of their old charm, and tempt the men of Sheffield to emerge from their crowded town and breathe God's air.

Mr. Leader's book is embellished by photographs from portraits of the Earls of Norfolk and Shrewsbury, and of Shrewsbury's famous wife, Bess of Hardwick. The frontispiece is a full-length of Mary at the age of thirty-six from the famous Hardwick portrait. Certainly, it does not represent any surpassing beauty of feature, but then it must be borne in mind that it was painted after years of confinement and disappointment had injured her health, and must have told upon her looks. Mr. Leader's remarks touching the apparent contradictions in Mary's portraits are worth noting. After quoting from a letter of Mary to her uncle the Cardinal, commissioning him to have four portraits of herself made to give as presents, he says:—

Does not this passage throw some light on that curious subject, the portraiture of Mary Stuart? Likenesses bearing her name abound in the old houses of England, yet few of them can be proved genuine, and many are utterly irreconcilable with the idea that they represent the same face. This letter offers a solution of the puzzle. The portraits were ordered from France, probably copied hastily from some picture there, and were distributed rather as tokens of recognition, than with any idea of recalling the features of a familiar face. Some would go to persons who had never seen the Queen of Scots, and would be prized, not because they were likenesses, but because they were her gifts. Hence we find all those strange diver-

sities of feature and of complexion which have perplexed enquirers, and led some to ask whether the Queen of Scots were a chameleon in her frequent changes of appearance.

Mr. Leader's description of Buxton, or the "Baynes of Bush-stones," which was then just beginning to come into favour, and was repeatedly visited by Mary, and always with benefit to her health, is amusing as contrasted with the Buxton of to-day. But want of space will not permit us to touch on all the varied points of interest in this the last contribution to the Marian literature. Suffice it to say, that it is a thoroughly readable record of a period which has hitherto been a neglected chapter in Mary Stuart's life.

THE POLYNESIAN RACE.*

THE Americans have long felt the want of an aristocracy in the United States. It is reported that an Aryan Society is now to be founded as a kind of order of nobility. None but Aryans need apply. The ingenious Hebrew, the bold Ganowanian (as Mr. Lewis Morgan calls the Red Man), the industrious Ah Sin, and the prolific negro will all sink to the level of a proletariat. As to the Irish emigrants, we presume that undeniable Celts will be admitted to the Aryan Society, but persons of Silurian or Iberian descent will be sternly rejected. But the aristocratic Aryans of the States may not be aware that they will have to admit such "coloured people" as the Polynesians to their new society. If Mr. Fornander is right in the opinion expressed in his *Polynesian Race*, then most of the Polynesians "are descended from a people that was cognate to, but far older than, the Vedic family of the Arian (*sic*) race." This theory was advanced by Mr. Fornander in the first volume of his book, noticed in the *Saturday Review*, on February 9, 1878. Mr. Fornander has collected and studied with much industry the legends, beliefs, songs, and genealogies of the Hawaiians. His notion is that Aryans of an age much earlier than the composition of the Rig-Veda entered India; got mixed up with Dravidians, and thus acquired a dusky hue; became "moulded to the Cushito-Arabian civilization of that time" (what time?); left India for the Indian Archipelago; yielded more and more to Cushite ideas, whatever they may have been; and at last pushed into the Pacific, not later than the first century of the Christian era. In our notice of Mr. Fornander's first volume we ventured to treat with gentle irony the philological arguments by which this pre-Vedico-Ario-Dravidio-Cushite Polynesian pedigree is supported. For example, granting that Nuka is the Polynesian word for an island, we should not at once connect Arginusa or Ichnusa with Nuka, or derive them from the language of the Cushite Arabs. We also declined to see any necessary connexion between Aitu-Take, one of the Hervey group, and It or Ait, a famous ruler of Arabia, renowned in "Indian lore," and known to the Greeks as "King Aetus." Mr. Fornander has not been shaken by our opposition; nay, while he "sends his warm *Aloha*" (Cushite halleluia?) to several English critics, he does not greet us with this kindly salutation. But, as he returns in his preface and the early chapters of his second volume to his pre-Vedic theory of the origin of the Polynesians, we venture once more to express our opinion that certain of his arguments are not real proofs of his hypothesis.

Mr. Fornander says that the folklore of the Polynesians "refers to events in the far past, which have hitherto been considered as the prehistoric heirlooms of Cushites and Semites alone." He also finds in the race "some customs and modes of thought exclusively Aryan." Now it is an abuse of words, though a very common one, to speak of "Aryan customs and modes of thought." The term Aryan can only be scientifically applied to language. Professor Max Müller himself has protested against the wide and erroneous use of the word as employed by Mr. Fornander. There are no such things as "customs and modes of thought exclusively Aryan," and there is, probably, no savage or barbarous custom or mode of thought which "Aryans" cannot be shown to have known and practised. Again, we do not believe that there exist, in folklore, any "prehistoric heirlooms" peculiar to the Semitic race alone. The Cushites we leave to Canon Rawlinson and the *Anglo-Israel Banner*. This is a point which can only be illustrated, of course, by examples, and we have no room here to show that Semitic folklore exists, in a rougher form, among Bushmen, Zulus, Finns, and Basques. One instance may be mentioned. Mr. Fornander (vol. ii. p. 42) speaks of Naula-a-Maikes, who was swallowed by a whale and vomited up alive. "If this is not a remnant of ancient myths and legends brought with them by the Polynesians from their trans-Pacific ancient homes . . . it is, at least, a remarkable coincidence with the Jewish legend of the Prophet Jonah." But the myth of a person who is swallowed by a whale, an elephant, a sturgeon, or what not, and escapes alive, is common to Red Indians, Finns, and Bushmen. Did they receive it from Cushite or Semitic authorities? The truth is that the *märchen* of the tribes of earth are at bottom the same, and there is no reason why we should seek an origin for them in Semitic or Sanscrit literature. It is in Egyptian, or Sanscrit, or Semitic books that we first find the *märchen* in a literary form; but that explains neither their origin nor their distribution. To put the matter shortly, both

* *The Polynesian Race: its Origin and Migrations; and the Ancient History of the Hawaiian People, to the Times of Kamehameha I.* By Abraham Fornander, Circuit Judge of the Island of Maui, H. I. Vol. II. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

popular tales of the marvellous and popular customs are such natural productions of the human mind in the savage and barbarous stages that they rarely afford any proof of community of race or of contact between races. They are peculiar to no race or races, they are human.

Mr. Fornander's second volume is devoted to the traditions contained in the genealogies of great Polynesian families. While we are prepared to admit that some elements of history must have been preserved in genealogies sometimes fifty generations long, we are less ready to allow that these historical elements can always be disentangled from the dross of legendary fancy. Again, we are less inclined than Mr. Fornander is to calculate periods of time by assigning thirty years to each generation. Our author himself admits that many genealogies are distorted, and many are amplified, by family pride and the conceit of bards and other inheritors of tradition. But this is no new critical problem. The best opinions are still divided as to the way in which we should understand the heroic legends and genealogies of Greece and of Iceland. What is the historical element, what the legendary, in the story of Jason, and the quest of the Fleece of Gold? This is but one instance of genealogical records and legendary tradition, often very coherent and plausible, which meet us in the early history of Hellas. For our own part, we can only discern two points of light in the question. First, when the adventures of the heroes of the Greek genealogies meet us also in the heroic legends of China, Finland, and New Zealand, and in popular fairy tales, we think these adventures may be regarded as mythical. It is impossible for us to discover who were the original narrators of these stories. We cannot accept them as historical, yet the Greek heroes of the tales have coherent genealogies connecting them with historical families. We have only discovered one error of three generations in all the legends of the *Odyssey*. Again, we may accept the accounts of institutions given in such traditions, as more or less true of the age which told the story, especially if analogous institutions are found to have an historical existence among known peoples. Perhaps we might also accept legendary accounts of great movements and migrations of peoples as not unbased on fact. Mr. Fornander, however, is inclined to believe much more in the historical truths of the Polynesian legends. We cannot give more credence to them than to the tales of Danaus and *Ægyptus*, or to the legends of the Paladins genealogically connected with the great historical French houses. Mr. Fornander says, "We believe the Icelandic folk-lore which tells of exploits and voyages to far distant lands," and why should we not believe the Polynesian? Well, so far as Polynesian legend talks of long voyages between the various groups, we may accept that general fact as historical. But the Icelandic genealogies in the *Sagas* are usually brief, and concerned with persons removed but by a few generations from the age of the narrator. The Polynesian genealogies, on the other hand, are as long as those of the MacLaines of Lochbui, and other Highland houses, and run back to the most distant and foggy antiquity.

The Hawaiian genealogies carry their principal line of chiefs "up to Nanaulu, or some forty-three generations ago. On the principle of allotting thirty years to each generation, this gives us twelve hundred years, and takes us back to 680 A.D." But, just as in the case of Highland genealogies, the first pages are blank enough. "For thirteen or fourteen generations, or between four and five hundred years, I find nothing in Hawaiian legends, except the bare genealogical tree, to indicate even the faintest ripple of national life and existence" (vol. ii. p. 5). About the commencement of the eleventh century, however, we come to a kind of epic, or heroic age of Polynesian legend, like the time of Pelops, Danaus, Jason, the Trojan cycle, and the rest, in Hellenic legend. "An era of national unrest and of tribal commotion seems to have set in," says Mr. Fornander. After, and perhaps as a result of a period of excitement, Mr. Fornander finds in the legends traces of customs previously unmentioned, as more stringent tabus and human sacrifices. "In support of this surmise, I may state that in all the legends or allusions referring to the period previous to this migratory epoch, I have found no indications of the practice of human sacrifices, though they may have existed" (vol. ii. p. 61). But how could Mr. Fornander expect to find indications of any institutions before the "migratory period," if, as he had already said, he "finds nothing in the Hawaiian legends except the bare genealogical tree"? While we admit that the stories of migrations may be echoes of facts, we cannot feel at all certain that the heroes of the stories are historical characters, any more than Pelops or *Ægyptus*. Of Kahai, for example, the legend says:—

The rainbow is the path of Kahai.
Kahai passed on, on the floating cloud of Kauai,
Kahai passed on the glancing light.

And, again, of Kaulu:—

Rainbow colours, morning light,
He is the one who spreads them out.

No solar mythologist will read these lines without feeling confident that Kahai and Kaulu are, not historical characters, but "solar heroes." We have no such happy facility of guessing; but the well-known character of all early legends makes us hesitate to look on Kaulu and Kahai as more real than the Finnish Ilmarinen or Wainamoinen. They seem to us like knights of the *Mabinogion*, misty figures in the *Turk Truveth*. These doubts will probably be felt by most comparative students of national traditions. Mr. Fornander has industriously compared all extant variants of the genealogies, and thinks it "possible to disentangle the apparent

snarl of the various versions and reduce the pretension of the Hawaii and Maui genealogists and bards to limits conformable with historical truth." But Grote's scepticism about the possibility of any such operation seems to us well founded.

Much more interesting and valuable than Mr. Fornander's attempt to disengage personal history from the legends are his notices of institutions such as the Aha-Alii, a kind of court of noblesse, with gradations of rank and of tabu. All this passage (vol. ii. pp. 28-30) is worthy of the study of inquirers into the history of institutions. The story of the abduction of the Lady Iiina, however, seems almost as like a legend of a Polynesian Helen the Fair as a tradition with an historical basis. Another legend (vol. ii. p. 75) resembles the beginning of the story of Theseus, and a Scythian *märchen* handed down by Herodotus. Very curious are the traditions of shipwrecked white men, possibly Japanese or Spanish (vol. ii. pp. 81, 106-109). When Mr. Fornander reaches modern history, he tells the miserable story of Captain Cook's adventures and death with singular spirit and impartiality. His tendency is to defend Cook against the charge of intentionally allowing himself to be deified as Lono; but, we say it with regret, the evidence of Captain King (vol. ii. p. 175) looks rather the other way. The fortunes of poor Cook's body and bones have a ghastly interest. This volume seems to us infinitely more valuable than its predecessor. Would it be possible to publish, with notes and introduction, the texts of the Hawaiian genealogies? Then people could form their own opinions more decidedly than it is easy to do at present.

TWO FARMING NOVELS.*

HERE, by a coincidence, we have a couple of agricultural novels appearing simultaneously, with engagingly rural titles. One and the other would seem to have been written *con amore* by men who are thoroughly at home in their subjects, and both are readable and instructive to boot. But there the resemblance between them ends. Mr. Tanner, as may be supposed, being Professor in an Agricultural College, is all in favour of progress and scientific farming; while the anonymous author of *Stubble Farm* is more rough and ready in his application of principles, and rather wedded to the traditions of an older school. Leaving it to experts to decide between the rival systems, we may say that people who go to novels chiefly for amusement will find *Stubble Farm* the pleasanter reading of the two. It is a rollicking story, by no means artistically arranged, but full of animation and vigorously-drawn character. Up to a certain point it embodies the highly satisfactory experiences of two English farmers of the enterprising class of the old-fashioned days. They have sufficient capital, and spend it with spirit; they grudge nothing in reason to the land, according to their lights; they treat their people generously, though they look to have work for their wages; and for themselves they are up with the early ploughmen and are always willing to turn their hands to anything. In spite of indifferent seasons and severe agricultural depression, we see no reason to doubt that Mr. Strong the second would have triumphantly surmounted his difficulties and died well-to-do like his father. It needed something more than foreign competition to ruin him. So his fate comes to him in the form so familiar to novel-readers, of trust responsibilities which he is careless in discharging. Even then he would have met his obligations honourably, though he might have had to throw up the lease of the *Stubble Farm*. But he is brought to insolvency and a melancholy end by the scientific extravagances of Mr. Strong the third, to whom, by somewhat involved private arrangements, the *Stubble Farm* has been transferred. Not that science is altogether to blame; for young Mr. Harold Strong is lamentably wanting in discretion, besides being far too much of a fine gentleman, and having married a girl who is a superfine young lady. Still science directed by ignorance and inexperience does a great deal more harm than good. Harold buys a steam-plough, and sets it to work without previously studying the strata of the ground. Consequently he turns up an unkindly subsoil, throwing it on the top of land that has been brought into capital heart by a long course of liberal manuring. And so the unfortunate young fellow cuts his own throat with the deep ploughshares he has introduced with a flourish of trumpets. But, as what is one man's poison may be another man's meat, the case is exactly the reverse with Professor Tanner's hero. That astute young *élève* of an agricultural college likewise goes in for serious steam-ploughing, with results that are the marvel of an excited neighbourhood. But then he had rented lean and neglected acres, and had struck treasures of virgin mould beneath the surface. The result is a show of arable land that looks as if each foot of it had been wrought by spade husbandry, and which blooms like a garden with miraculous crops.

But we have been hurried forward to the sombre *dénouement* in the concluding chapters of *Stubble Farm*, which is in contrast with the brightness of the bulk of the volumes. If Tom Strong was ruined before he was well past his prime, he had thoroughly enjoyed his prosperity while it lasted; and at his commodious homestead of the *Stubble Farm* his lines had fallen to him in

* *Stubble Farm*; or, *Three Generations of English Farmers*. By the Author of "*Ernest's Struggles*," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1880.

The Abbott's Farm; or, *Practice with Science*. By Henry Tanner, M.R.A.C., Professor of Agriculture in the Royal Agricultural College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

pleasant places. The introductory pictures of the farm and its surroundings, in their highly-coloured painting of rural abundance, suggest an easy rent and a handsome balance at the county banker's. We see half-a-dozen pairs of magnificent horses ploughing in the rich loam, in all the lustre of their shining harness and to the music of the jingling bells. Of course there is a superb show of old wheat in the rick-yard; the straw-yard is filled with prime young feeding-stock; the cows come trooping in with swollen udders to yield pailfuls of frothing milk; and a herd of short-legged hogs are being fattened for pork and bacon among poultry of all kinds, from peafowl downwards. Above all, there are servants who have been brought up under "the young master," having worked from their boyhood under his father before him. They have learned to take a personal pride in the farm, and have come to consider Mr. Strong's interests as their own. The consequence is that everything has prospered; things seem to go upon greased wheels, as between the employer and his head labourers; and Tom Strong, with few cares in the world, leads the active but jovial existence of the most fortunate of gentleman-farmers. He shoots and courses occasionally, and takes a day now and then with the hounds. He keeps a plain but excellent table; he sends his boys to a good middle-class school, and includes a governess in the strength of his domestic establishment. He enjoys admirable health and exuberant spirits, so that when taking an outing in the way of business, in the company of a kindred spirit, he breaks into something like vulgar "larking." But, on the whole, Tom is a hearty good fellow, filling the station in which Providence has placed him with pleasure to himself and profit to his dependents. In the *Stubble Farm* we have these pleasant pictures of the farming in the olden time which seem to be fading from the face of English rural society, as George Eliot and other writers have depicted it.

The man to hold his own in the new state of things is young Mr. John Holmes, the tenant of the Abbott's Farm. He is believed to have rented the land on reasonable terms, and has every opportunity besides for developing his advanced views. For forty years the farm had been in the hands of an easy-going gentleman, who had been content to pay his way and do his farming in the old-fashioned grooves. Mr. John goes in for a sweeping revolution. He is pledged by his antecedents to cultivate up to his character, which stands deservedly high in scientific circles. He has distinguished himself at the agricultural college, and has been holder of the Wrexborough scholarship. That he is brimful of ingenious theories we may easily conceive, but intuition with him seems to take the place of experience. He has an extraordinary flow of well-chosen language, and is a master in those arts of practical logic which make converts offhand in the most improbable quarters. From our personal observation of human nature, and, above all, of human nature in the country districts, we should say that his ideas must have been scouted notwithstanding their intrinsic merit, and himself held up to general detestation. He has no notion of dealing gently with prejudices; he is most uncompromising in the statement of his startling opinions; he dogmatizes in a tone of authoritative infallibility that will tolerate no reply; and quotes chemical facts and scientific figures with a fluency that should have sent his primitive interlocutors into fits. As a matter of fact, however, Professor Tanner's hero is always left in command, not only of the argument, but of the situation. His father has been long in occupation of a farm adjoining his own. Mr. Holmes, junior, sets to work at the vulgar process of teaching the old gentleman "to suck eggs." He broaches plans the bare statement of which somewhat scandalize the intelligent senior, who nevertheless hastens to subscribe to them cordially, on the simple explanation of the young enthusiast. That may be set down perhaps to paternal partiality. But it is just the same with poor Farmer Watkins, who sets up his opinions chapter after chapter, that they may be summarily bowled over by young Mr. Holmes. When John Holmes has found an hour or two to spare, and that has been a matter of no little difficulty, owing to the methods of his habits of work and the quick succession of his numerous engagements, he walks over to call upon Watkins, who is his nearest neighbour. A stroll round Watkins's antediluvian farm well repays him for his trifling sacrifice of time. His unfortunate host is unmercifully snubbed as he directs attention to those sights about the place which had always been the pride of his honest heart. His visitor sneers alike at his implements and crops, and humbly suggests mackintoshes for the unfortunate stock that stand shivering in the wet and the open stackyard. After all, Watkins ventures to call Mr. Holmes's attention to one arrangement which he hopes is above criticism. It is a covered pit for the reception of liquid manure; and he appeals to the fragrant aroma exhaling from it as evidence of the richness of the quality. Even there his irrepressible guest has been smilingly lying in wait for him. Holmes rejoins, triumphantly, that the very strength of the smell is conclusive against the folly of the deluded Watkins. It shows that those fertilizing particles which ought to have been fixed are escaping, to be caught in due course by the "nets" he has spread over the surface of his steam-ploughing. In short, Farmer Watkins is routed horse and foot, whether he tries to make a stand on his fattening stock or his root crops; and, having been introduced into the story to point a moral, he and his household are turned into a terrible example. He dies and leaves his family almost destitute. What is more, his pretty daughters are helpless, having been idiotically educated above their station; and are only saved from penury and worse by the benevolent interposition of Mrs.

John Holmes, junior. For Mr. Holmes had found a 'helpmeet' worthy of him in a young woman who brings him all the virtues for her dower. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are the beneficent geniuses of their neighbourhood, and, carrying their spirited and munificent squire along with them, almost revolutionize the neighbourhood. They found an Industrial College for young ladies; they promote independence among farm labourers by judicious assistance; they instruct them in all the advantages of life insurance; they encourage lectures which draw admiring audiences; they find the funds for female agricultural scholarships; and are the authors of an infinity of useful minor reforms. It is sad to relate that, after all, the self-sufficient Mr. Holmes is brought almost as near to the brink of ruin as the energetic but unphilosophical Tom Strong. Only while Strong has come to insolvency in spite of his farming, it is high-farming that has landed Holmes in his difficulties; and is only extricated by the timely interposition of the Squire, who rewards his scientific enterprises by the offer of a lucrative land agency. We have already remarked that Professor Tanner's little book may be read with considerable profit. But it proves just as much or as little as any fanciful story that is written with a purpose, and in support of certain preconceived conclusions.

WHEATLEY'S SAMUEL PEPPYS.*

IN this well-printed and truly readable volume Mr. Wheatley has turned his gifts as an antiquary and as a pleasant writer to good account. It might, indeed, be asked whether there was any need to go outside the *Diary* for an account of Pepys and his world; for of all gossip Charles II.'s Clerk of the Acts is the prince, and of all autobiographers he is the most candid. But Mr. Wheatley has distinctly "shown cause." He has done, *mutatis mutandis*, what a college lecturer does with his Horace's Epistles or his Cicero's Letters; he has given the history of the work, has thrown together the allusions, has written chapters to elucidate points that Pepys himself took for granted, and has gathered into a focus the scattered indications of the writer's character. The book has chapters on Pepys before, in, and after the *Diary*, on his books and his friends, on London, the Court, the public characters of the time, on Tangier, whither Pepys was sent with Lord Dartmouth in 1683, on the navy, on manners and amusements under the Restoration. A number of appendices are added, one of them a list of plays—they are more than one hundred and fifty in number—which Pepys saw acted, giving an interesting bird's-eye view of the Restoration theatre; another, a list of the Secretaries of the Admiralty, communicated by Colonel Pasley, being a real contribution to the history of the navy.

Pepys was born in 1632, either at Brampton, near Huntingdon, or in London, where his father, though a member of a good old family, was a tailor. He was educated at St. Paul's School and at Magdalene College, Cambridge; at twenty-three he married a beautiful French girl, Elizabeth St. Michel, daughter of a queer visionary who had been "gentleman carver" to Queen Henrietta Maria, and who spent his later years and most of his sorry substance in taking out patents for inventions. Mr. Wheatley gives a list of them in an appendix, and odd inventions they are—contrivances for curing "smoakeing chimneys," for keeping horse-ponds free from mud, for moulding bricks, not to mention other and vaster schemes which never came to the patent stage, such as for raising submerged ships and working the gold-mines of King Solomon. Mrs. Pepys, charming creature as she seems to have been, and oddly matched with her matter-of-fact husband, shows traces of her parentage. When the *Diary* opens, we find Pepys already married, and on the look-out for a living. The *Diary* begins on January 1, 1659-60, and ends—the author's eyesight failing him—not quite ten years later, May 31, 1669. Coleridge, in one of those manuscript notes of which he was so prodigal, speaks of this loss of Pepys's eyesight as "a greater and more grievous loss to the mind's eye of his posterity than to the bodily organs of Pepys himself. It makes me," he goes on, "restless and discontented to think what a diary, equal in minuteness and truth of portraiture to the preceding, from 1669 to 1688 or 1690, would have been for the true causes, processes, and character of the Revolution." The point to be observed is that this "minuteness and truth of portraiture" spring from the fact that the *Diary* was written without any thought of what might be published and what might not. It was never intended for any one but the author to read, and, in fact, never was read by any one till more than a century after Pepys's death. The volumes which contain his invaluable record were all written in shorthand of an exceptionally difficult type, and were left without a clue to their interpretation. Mr. Wheatley thus recalls the circumstances under which they were first deciphered:—

When Pepys's library was presented to Magdalene College, Cambridge, by his nephew, John Jackson, in 1724, there were, among the other treasures, six small volumes of closely-written MS. in shorthand (upwards of three thousand pages in all), which attracted little or no notice until after the publication of Evelyn's "Diary." Then it was that the Hon. and Rev. George Neville, Master of the College, drew them out of their obscurity, and submitted them to his kinsman, the well-known statesman, Lord Grenville, who had as a law student practised shorthand. Lord Grenville deciphered a few of the pages, and drew up an alphabet and list of arbitrary signs. These were handed to John Smith, an undergraduate of St. John's

* *Samuel Pepys and the World he Lived in.* By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. London: Bickers & Son. 138s.

College, who undertook to decipher the whole. He commenced his labours in the spring of 1819, and completed them in April, 1822—having thus worked for, nearly three years, usually for twelve and fourteen hours a day.

It was only a few years ago, as our readers will remember, that the final revision of these shorthand volumes and the publication of a "definitive" text was accomplished by Mr. Mynors Bright, President of Magdalene College.

The *Diary* has a psychological and an historical value; and it is of course in the latter direction that Mr. Wheatley attempts to supplement it. One of his best chapters is that on Tangier; a story of incompetence, corruption, and muddle, that even at this distance of time is enough to make an Englishman blush. Tangier was English for twenty-two years, from 1662, when it came into the King's possession as part of the dowry of Katharine of Braganza, to 1684, when Lord Dartmouth solemnly blew up the fortifications and evacuated it; and during all this time Pepys had much to do with the management and victualling of the town. It was managed by a Board of Commissioners in London, none of whom knew anything of it, and who were so well fitted for their work that, as Pepys said, none of them knew whether they were paying too much or too little for the mole which was to make a safe harbour for the new port. Immense sums were spent on this mole, and sums equally great found their way into the pockets of the managers at home. Pepys, who had a keen eye to his own interest, made a handsome profit out of his victualling; and he had powerful protection which relieved him from any danger of interference:—

In January, 1668-69, Lord Sandwich proposed that a paymaster should be appointed at Tangier, and suggested Sir Charles Harbord for the post; but the Duke of York said that nothing could be done without Pepys's consent, in case the arrangement should injure him in his office of treasurer. Our Diarist was much pleased at this instance of the kindness of the Duke, and of the whole committee towards him.

With such "vested interests" at headquarters, and with Governors like the celebrated Colonel Kirke, it is not surprising that Tangier should soon have been found an unprofitable holding. The Moors were for ever attacking it in the invariable fashion of those desert tribes—sweeping down upon detachments or convoys, and disappearing into the wilderness before vengeance could reach them. Moreover, political jealousy began to be excited at home. The House of Commons "expressed their dislike of the management of the garrison, which they suspected to be a nursery for a Popish army"—an odd suspicion, by the way, considering that the Portuguese Governor had resigned his post at the time of the cession to England rather than surrender the town to heretics. In the end, Lord Dartmouth (who took Pepys with him) sailed with secret orders to Tangier in 1684, and brought away the garrison, after destroying the mole and the fortifications. Decent people at home were ashamed of the whole business, of the little use that had been made of the "Key of the Mediterranean," of the "swearing, cursing and drinking" which were the staple of the life of the inhabitants, and of the humiliating but very necessary surrender. The one advantage that England derived from Tangier seems to be that Wenceslaus Hollar, commissioned by the King, etched some charming views of it.

Another valuable chapter in Mr. Wheatley's book is that on the Navy, with which Pepys was officially connected from the time of his appointment as Secretary to the Generals at Sea in 1660 to the Revolution. In many ways this chapter is not much pleasanter reading than that on Tangier; it is the same story of incompetence and corruption. Sailors unpaid and deserting to the enemy, officers jealous of each other and laying hands on each other's ill-gotten gains—this is the normal state of things in the English navy under Charles II. The Duke of York did his best to reform matters, and Pepys wrote for him a letter to the clerks of the office, which Mr. Wheatley calls a "most complete instance of a 'wiggling' given by the head of an office to his staff." But this could only mend the behaviour of the chief officials; it could not cure the fatal economical condition which was ruining the navy—which allowed the sailors to be paid by "tickets," and had to find money by means of bills that were commonly negotiated at a loss of 10 to 15 per cent. Perquisites and the sale of places were the rule. On a visit to Chatham Dockyard in 1661, with Sir William Batten, the Surveyor of the Navy, Pepys found the house of the Director or Commissioner of the Dockyard trim and comfortable. "I wonder," he says, "how my Lady Batten walked up and down with envious looks, to see how neat and rich everything is, saying that she would get it, for it formerly belonged to the Surveyor of the Navy." Pepys himself was offered 1,000*l.* for his place as Clerk of the Acts, and when he was promoted he did not scruple to divide the place between an assistant and a disreputable brother of his own. It need hardly be said that the navy was no worse than other departments at the time.

It is pleasant to turn from the chapters in which Mr. Wheatley describes the business and the pleasures of the England of the Restoration, from the pages quoted or adapted from De Grammont, and from the official records of ill-organized offices, to the chapters that relate to Pepys himself, and notably to that headed "Pepys's Books and Collections." This business-like, methodical, prosaic Clerk of the Acts was one of the most eager of bibliophiles, and he lived in a golden age when competition was not, at least in England. "Without flattery, I love to find a rare book for you," wrote Robert Scott, the bookseller of Little Britain, in sending him three choice volumes for thirty-four shillings. London, we know from other sources, was full of booksellers' shops, but purchasers hungry for treasures did not abound; and it was possible for a man who was

not particularly rich to amass the Pepysian Library, with its nine Caxtons, its precious MSS., its five folio volumes of broadside ballads, and all that makes the room in Magdalene College so choice a storehouse of good things. Pepys made a mistake now and then, as collectors do who "weed out" their collections; for instance, he exchanged a third folio of Shakespeare for a fourth folio—gold for brass, indeed, from the point of view of rarity. But what strikes the reader most in the matter of his Library, as in everything else, is the spirit of neatness and order, reaching to pedantry sometimes, that the man was possessed with. He numbered his books over and over again, to the despair of his wife and of all who have had to do with them since; he arranged them in the presses made by Sympton, the joiner, "to my extraordinary satisfaction," raising up the short volumes by means of wooden stilts to the height of their taller neighbours; he organized and re-organized till the thing was at last ordered aright. Here is a passage which Mr. Wheatley quotes (February 2, 1667-8), a passage which will commend itself to many a book-lover who is past the first fervour of youth:—"Whereas, before, my delight was in multitude of books and spending money in that and buying always of other things, now that I am become a better husband, and have left off buying, now my delight is in the neatness of everything." This excellent hint for the book-hunter shall be the last of our borrowings from Mr. Pepys and his introducer. We are grateful to Mr. Wheatley for bringing us across him again. There is an inexhaustible charm in the man, in spite of his vulgarity, vanity, folly, and his eye so steadily fixed on the main chance. In turning from his pages to those of the courtly Evelyn, we feel, indeed, much as Miss Burney's Evelina felt when she passed from the society of Polly Branghton to dance a minuet with Lord Orville; but Polly Branghton was at least flesh and blood, which Lord Orville perhaps was not. And, with all his faults, Mr. Secretary Pepys was unquestionably flesh and blood.

HAROUN ALRASCHID.*

PROFESSOR PALMER has been peculiarly happy both in the choice and in the treatment of his subject for the New Plutarch Series of biographies. The Caliph Haroun Alraschid (to adopt the popular spelling of his name) possesses many of the qualities which make a man's life worthy of record. His personal character was remarkable alike in its extremes of kindness and malignity, and his public history involves the records of the golden age of Mohammedan culture. Haroun stood to his Court in something of the relation which Lorenzo de' Medici held towards the men of the New Learning. Like the Magnifico he was a graceful scholar and a genuine admirer of letters; but at Baghdad in the eighth, as at Florence in the fifteenth century, it was the setting of the royal gem and not the jewel itself that gave forth the lustre which has ever encircled like an aureole the names of Haroun and Lorenzo. The portrait of Haroun Alraschid involves a picture of the Mohammedan world at the climax of its greatness. Never had the empire of the Arabs extended so far towards the four quarters of the globe; never had their rule been so powerfully impressed upon the distant provinces, always apt for rebellion; never had the will of one man received such unquestioning obedience over so vast an area, or that obedience been tested by a more uncertain or capricious will. And whilst Africa from the Straits to the Red Sea, and Asia from the Mediterranean to the Indus, waited anxiously on the unpredictable whims and turns of fancy of one changeable mind, the man on whom this burden of government lay was ever seeking to drown the horror of death by an endless round of amusements and pleasures, and surrounded himself not so much with the wise in statescraft and the learned in law, as with the gay in song and feasting, and the quick in repartee, the poet, the jester, and the buffoon. The Court of Haroun attracted most of the wit and talent of his empire, and all who possessed any gift in rhyming or jesting would come to Baghdad to try their fortune, and risk their heads, at the palace of the Caliph. But though the prevailing tone was certainly light and frivolous, and a joke was more worth than a judgment, there were not wanting men of science and learning, skilled in the reasoning of the Greeks, or well stored with the treasures of tradition, ingenious in theological casuistry and in the interpretation of the Koran, to complete the circle of wisdom, and make the Court a true reflection of the world which obeyed it.

Haroun Alraschid has also this advantage, that he needs no introduction. We have known the good Caliph from our infancy. He has taken us by the hand, and led us by night through the narrow winding streets of his capital—when he made those mysterious expeditions which are narrated in the voracious histories of the *Arabian Nights*. We know the scrapes he was always getting into, and the magisterial finale which eventually came to them all—the blessing of the deserving lovers, the rewarding of the good storytellers, and the magnanimous marrying of the most charming of the heroines, with which the good Haroun happily closed the adventures of everybody. But the legends are certainly vague; Haroun plays a subordinate part, as listener or judge, and is seldom a principal performer. It would be pleasant to be introduced to the home life of the Caliph and to

* *Haroun Alraschid, Caliph of Bagdad.* By F. H. Palmer, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. New Plutarch Series. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1881.

learn something of his public acts and his private tastes. This Professor Palmer has accomplished for us—not quite for the first time, as the editors' preface claims, for Major Osborn has told us a good deal about the great Caliph—but certainly for the first time completely and independently, apart from the general history of Moslem rule. Professor Palmer gives a brief but sufficient sketch of the events which led to the establishment of the Abbassid power and the succession of Haroun, and then devotes himself exclusively to the Caliph and his government. The sketch is only designed for popular reading, and needless refinements of spelling, references to authorities, and other requisites of a scholar's treatise, are very properly eschewed. A clear portrait of the great Caliph, alike in his personal habits and his mode of governing his vast empire, is all that is wanted in this class of work; and Mr. Palmer may be congratulated on the successful manner in which he has seized the leading features and the skill with which he has grouped his materials. It has seldom been our good fortune to read so well written an account of a peculiarly interesting life. Oriental studies are too apt to be dry. Professor Palmer, however, is among the few who can breathe the life into the dry bones; and his present creation is full of interest and even charm.

It is the fate of the biographer to destroy illusions; and the life of Haroun Alraschid cannot be regarded as an exception to the general rule. The genial boon-fellow, the beneficent monarch, the patriarchal governor, on closer inspection proves to differ widely from the personage we know in the *Arabian Nights*. It is true enough that Haroun could be a pleasant companion over the wine-cup when he chose, and could do a generous act when he was in the mood; but the drawback to his amiable qualities was this question of the mood. No man was more uncertain of temper than this man on whose self-control depended much of the happiness and prosperity of half the civilized world. His dearest friends could never feel safe in their necks, and no soul could tell what the humour of the Caliph might be in an hour's time; and, so violent was his fury when it was excited, that no man in his empire dared approach him, for fear of instant execution. When angry, the Caliph stopped at nothing. The man who had given him the devotion of a life would be ordered to yield up that life for want of a clever retort, or perhaps for no reason whatever save that *le roy le veut*. One reason for Haroun's morbid and uncertain humour was the sleeplessness which seems to have been his normal condition at night, and explains the nocturnal frolics which are associated with his name in the *Arabian Nights*. The habit of turning night into day has produced ill-humour in other ages than Haroun's; but in his case the morning melancholy seems to have been unutterably desperate, and the misery of wakeful nights more than commonly hateful. In the delightful collection of stories which Professor Palmer has arranged as the final chapter (entitled "The Caliph of the Legend," occupying nearly half of the book, and unquestionably the most amusing and characteristic part of it) there is a deplorable picture of the depths of boredom to which Haroun Alraschid could descend:—

One night Haroun was very sleepless, so he sent for Jafer the Barmecide, and said, "I desire you to dispel the sadness and weariness which I feel. Allah has created many folks capable of cheering the sad—maybe you are one of them."

Said Jafer, "Let us come out upon the roof of the palace and watch the myriads of stars, how complicated and how lofty they are; the moon rising like the face of one we love, O Commander of the Faithful!"

"No," said the Caliph, "I have no mind for that."

"Then," said Jafer, "open the palace window that looks over the garden, and see the beautiful trees, and listen to the songs of the birds, and the murmuring of the waters, and smell the sweet odours of the flowers, and hearken to the water-wheel humming, with a mean like that of a lover who has lost his love; or sleep, O Commander of the Faithful, until the dawn arise."

"Nay," said the Caliph, "I have no mind for that."

"Then," said Jafer, "open the window that looks over the Tigris, and look at the ships, and at the sailors singing, sailing, working, and amusing themselves."

"Nay," said Alraschid, "I have no mind for that."

"Then," said Jafer, "O Commander of the Faithful, rise, and let us go down to the stables, and look at your Arab horses—beautiful creatures of all colours. There are steeds—grey, and chestnut, and dun, and bay, and white, and cream-coloured, and pied, and other colours—that would daze one's wits!"

"Nay," said Alraschid, "I have no mind for that."

"Then," said Jafer, "O Commander of the Faithful! you have three hundred girls who sing, and dance, and play; send for them all, it may be that the sadness which is on your heart will cease."

"Nay," said Alraschid, "I have no mind for that."

"Then," said Jafer, "cut off your servant Jafer's head, for he can't soothe his sovereign's grief!"—Pp. 170, 171.

In this anecdote the great Haroun appears very much in the light of a spoilt child "who does not know what to do," and it must be admitted that Jafer's fertility in expedients for driving away *ennui* is scarcely above that of a very mediocre nurse; still, the suggestion of the amusement to be gained by cutting off a head is a happy one. It was this intensely morbid and melancholy nature which made Haroun so exacting a monarch. He would not tolerate any one about him who was not good at something or another that would drive dull care away. He was, moreover, fastidious in his criticism, and would have nothing to say to a poor poem or a second-rate joke; on the other hand, no one was more appreciative of true merit in literature or burlesque, and no one more liberally generous to poets and humorists, so long as they kept up to his very variable standard and suited themselves to his ever-changing tastes. He would take a great deal of impertinence

in good part if it were accompanied with real humour. Abu-Nawwas, the most famous of the Court poets of his time, was constantly getting into trouble with his patron, and then extricated himself by a clever stroke of wit. For example, it is related that he and the Caliph were one day discussing the truth of an axiom laid down by the poet, that "An excuse is often worse than the crime," which Abu-Nawwas offered to prove that very night to the Caliph, who,

with a grim humour peculiarly his own, promised to take off the jester's head if he failed to do so, and went out in a rage. After a while, Haroun came in a somewhat surly temper to his harem, and the first thing that greeted him was a kiss from a rough-bearded face. On calling out violently for a light and an executioner, he found that his assailant was Abu-Nawwas himself.

"What on earth, you scoundrel, do you mean by this conduct?" asked the enraged sovereign.

"I beg your Majesty's most humble pardon," said Abu-Nawwas, "I thought it was your Majesty's favourite wife."

"What!" shrieked Haroun; "why, the excuse is worse than the crime."

"Just what I promised to prove to your Majesty," replied Abu-Nawwas, and retired, closely followed by one of the Imperial slippers.—Pp. 147, 148.

Another and more serious case is thus told:—

The Caliph, who was himself much addicted to drinking and otherwise violating the precepts of the Koran, one day in a fit of virtuous indignation ordered Abu-Nawwas to be executed then and there.

"Are you going to kill me," asked the poet, "out of mere caprice?"

"No," said Haroun Alraschid; "but because you deserve it."

"But," pleaded the poor fellow, "God Almighty first calls sinners to account, and then pardons them. How have I deserved death?"

"For that verse of poetry of yours, in which you say:—

"Oh, prithee, give me wine to drink, and tell me it is wine!

Let me have no concealment when plain dealing may be mine."

"And do you know, O Commander of the Faithful," asked Abu-Nawwas, "whether they gave me it, and I did drink?"

"I suspect so," said the Caliph.

"And would you kill me on suspicion, when the Koran says, 'Some suspicion is a sin'?"

"You have written other things," said Haroun, "which deserve death. That atheistic verse of yours, for instance:—

"None has e'er come back to tell

If he in Heaven or Hell doth dwell."

"And has any one come back to tell us?" asked the poet.

"No," said the monarch.

"Then surely you would not kill me for telling the truth!" said Abu-Nawwas.

"But," besides all this," continued Haroun, "was it not you who wrote those blasphemous lines:—

"Mohammed, thou to whom we look when trouble's storms arise;

Come on, sir, for we twain could beat the Monarch of the Skies."

"Well," asked Abu-Nawwas, meekly, "and did we?"

"I don't know what you did," answered the Caliph.

"Then surely your Majesty will not kill me for what you don't know."

"Cease this nonsense," said Haroun Alraschid, getting impatient.

"You have over and over again in your poetry confessed to things for which you deserve death."

"God knew all about those things," said Abu-Nawwas, "long before your Majesty did, and He said in the Koran, 'These poets are followed by their familiar demons. See'st thou not how they wander in every valley, and how they say things which they never do!'"

"Let the fellow go," said Haroun; "there's no catching him any way."—Pp. 149-151.

In the same way another man escaped his sentence of death by weeping, and explaining his tears by the remark:—"I am not afraid of death, for that is the common lot; but I am distressed to leave the world while the Commander of the Faithful is angry with me." Haroun laughed and spared his life.

Mr. Palmer is very right to insert so many stories of this kind in his book, for they throw more light on the character of the man and his times than any dry annals could give; and we must think that the long list of revolts in Chapter II., although useful as showing the difficulties of the central Government and the miseries of the "golden prime," might advantageously have been abridged. The mode of government and the haphazard manner of appointing governors adopted by Haroun are, however, well illustrated in this chapter, and this side of the Caliph's character is in some respects more important to chronicle than the better known private habits of the man. The chapter on the Fall of the Barmecides is a fine description of one of the most affecting episodes in Mohammedan history, and shows very clearly the cruel and passionate nature of the great Haroun Alraschid, which outweighed all his talents, his bright intellect, eloquent speech, and often affectionate impulses, in the scale of good and evil. He might have been a good man in a lower rank, but

the preposterous position in which he was placed almost necessarily crushed all really human feelings in him. It must not be forgotten that he inherited what was practically the empire of the civilized world; that he was the recognized successor and kinsman of God's own viceroy on earth; that he was the head of the Faith; that, in a word, there was not, and could not be, a more grand, important, or worshipful being than himself. . . . That such a man should not be spoilt, that such an absolute despotism should not lead to acts of arbitrary injustice, that such unlimited power and absence of all feelings of responsibility could be possessed with an unlimited indulgence, was not in the nature of human events. He was spoilt, he was a bloodthirsty despot, he was a debauchee; but he was also an energetic ruler; he humbly performed the duties of his religion, and he strove to his utmost to increase, or at least preserve intact, the glorious inheritance that had been handed down to him. If, in carrying out any of these views, a subject's life were lost or an enemy's country devastated, he thought no more of it than does the owner of a palace who bids his menials sweep away a spider's web. When he could shake off his imperial cares, he was a genial, even an amusing, companion, and all around him liked him, al-

though such as ventured to sport with him did so with the sword of the executioner suspended above their heads.—P. 223.

With all his faults, Haroun Alraschid cannot be charged with a want of individuality; his character was an original one both for good and bad; and Mr. Palmer's fine delineation of it is a really valuable addition to the treasures of biography.

MURRAY'S HISTORY OF EARLY GREEK SCULPTURE.*

IT is by no means easy to do justice to a volume of the weight and learning of Mr. Murray's *History of Greek Sculpture*. The pages are so full of interesting and novel statement, of abstruse reflection and ingenious theory, and of a knowledge evidently exhaustive so far as research has yet proceeded, that the reviewer is tempted at first to resign his critical position altogether, and confine himself to enthusiastic praise. It is a fact that, from a certain point of view, the scientific or exact, Mr. Murray's book does seem to us to demand something little short of undiluted eulogy. It is like the work of a thoroughly patient and competent German scholar of the days when German scholarship had not begun to flag; but unfortunately from the other, the purely literary, side, it has imperfections analogous to those that deform so much admirable German work. Mr. Murray's style is laboured and inelegant; he is always—as indeed an historian should be, but perhaps on this occasion a little in excess—more occupied with the matter than the manner of his discourse, and his sentences have the disadvantage of seeming isolated statements, instead of links in a long chain of argument. As a good deal of the work is distinctly dialectical, it cannot be denied that this absence of style interferes with the lucidity of the thought. It does not in the least destroy the permanent value of the book as a contribution to exact knowledge; but it will doubtless prevent it from becoming as popularly useful as so sound a work ought to become. Having stated the only fault we have to find with Mr. Murray's *History of Greek Sculpture*, we proceed to give some account of its contents.

The first chapter is occupied with a dissertation on the principles of composition in sculpture, which we cannot but regard as exceedingly valuable in these days when so many wild and fanciful theories of art are promulgated to perplex the public. Every young sculptor would do well to note the striking passage in which Mr. Murray remarks on the necessity that the artist should remain true to the nature of his material. This principle, understood by the Greeks from the very first by a happy instinct, has been singularly neglected by the moderns, who owe to their neglect of it many of their most perplexing failures. From discussing this point, and the speculations that arise out of it, such as the necessity of subordinating the design to the form of the surface or space to be operated on, the author proceeds to the consideration of realism and selection in plastic art. The phrases "realism" and "idealism" have been so idly abused in art criticism that we are glad to meet with a critic who has formed for himself a distinct idea of each. As Mr. Murray understands realism, it is the habit of slavish imitation of nature, without choice, without collation of types, without assistance from imaginative insight. It will be observed that there is some novelty in this view of the meaning of "realism," a view which especially lends itself to the art of sculpture. It has hitherto been used in serious criticism in a more favourable sense, as the force compelling art to return to nature after an indulgence in debased and conventional forms. In speaking of the modern sculpture of Western Europe we are accustomed to praise the realism with which Thorwaldsen in one generation and Rude in another recalled the sculpture of their time to a reverent, but not slavish, following of nature. But we notice that Mr. Murray, who mentions Rude only of all modern sculptors, speaks of him rather as a type of intelligent idealism than of realism. The fact is that there is no greater error than to strain too far in either direction the metaphysical signification of words, and the phrase under discussion may take two different meanings according to the starting-point of the argument, and so realism may be a term of reproach to a sculptor ascending towards Phidias and a term of eulogy to one contending against Canova. In this sense Mr. Murray finds himself obliged to blame the designs of the famous *Æginetan* marbles, although he expressly admits that here, upon the verge of perfection, realism had become rather forcible than coarse. When the threads are drawn so subtly as this, the differences of personal taste begin to perplex a critic; and so it happens that, from the days of Pausanias downwards, there have been people found ready to claim for Onatas, or whoever it was who was the moving genius of the *Æginetan* school, a higher place than for Phidias or Praxiteles. Mr. Murray gives a variety of details in which these friezes differ in their type of manhood from the sculptures of the Parthenon. It seems that Onatas, modelling obediently from nature, made the width between the hips a little smaller, the legs a little longer, and the arms a little shorter than Phidias afterwards decided should be the proportions of a perfect figure. Mr. Murray, like Raffaele and the world in general, prefers this slightly conventional type, which lends itself without doubt to the grander conceptions of poetic imagination. Yet something might still be said for the spare and muscular type which Onatas ob-

served before the Athenians first thought of improving a little upon nature. It should be noticed that the illustrations here given of the *Æginetan* marbles by no means suggest the peculiar rigidity of the originals.

Nothing is more interesting or inspiring than to follow the advance of an art when it is approaching, but has not yet reached, perfection. There is a subtle fascination in tracing the progress and yet incompleteness of men like Marlowe or Masaccio which it is impossible to feel in the case of Massinger or the Carracci. The goal is reached, the noon is over; we can hope for nothing better than a pleasant return, a graceful decline. The same early charm of suspended effort, of struggle and ascent, is given by the history of Greek sculpture just before its perfection. Mr. Murray presents to us, for the first time in any sane historical order, the successive masters as they appear very dimly in the pages of Pausanias and of Pliny, in ancient fragments and in later copies. Those who delight in such parallels will be able to find in Ageladas a sort of Perugino, with his pupils Phidias, Myron, and Polyclethus, who may vaguely represent Raffaele, Michelangelo, and Lionardo, while across the sea in *Ægina* there flourished in Onatas a sort of Albrecht Dürer. These comparisons, though beneath the dignity of historical criticism, are not without their value in popularizing history, and are less trivial than they seem, since human nature and the accidents of progress differ but little in each great age of discovery. Of the fame and prestige of Ageladas we hear much from Pausanias, who describes four or five works by him, none of which have descended to us in any form whatever. But in the case of his great pupils there is no lack of material on which to build a consistent idea of the paramount characteristics of each. Mr. Murray's plan does not permit him to speak of Phidias; but he gives us an elaborate and highly interesting account of Myron and of Polyclethus. From coins, and from late, yet now imperfect, copies in bronze and marble, we can obtain a sufficiently clear notion of the treatment of his famous group of *Athena* threatening the satyr *Marsyas* for attempting to take up the flutes she had cast away. Pliny, describing this work, says, or seems to say, for the text is difficult, "fecit Satyrum admirantem tibias et Minervam"; and the peculiar gift by which Myron dazzled his contemporaries seems to be hinted at in the word "admirans," he being the first sculptor who rendered violent emotion either in gesture or features. A relief evidently suggested by this group is to be found in the National Museum of Athens. Mr. Murray, who gives a figure of this relief, thinks that it may indicate the design of Myron's group; but of course it has not escaped the minute observer that the flutes are represented in the act of falling, and that the satyr so regards them. But this incident though possible in bas-relief, is impossible in the round, and therefore, not only the position of the flutes, but the attitude of *Marsyas*, must have been entirely different in the original. In the *Lacanian* fragment the satyr gazes with astonishment on the group before him, and the flutes may perhaps have lain on the edge of the skirt of *Athena*.

Myron, arriving on the stage just before the moment of fine perfection, seems to have shown a sort of vacillation, a curious inequality, in the extent of his invention. On some sides he remains conventional and archaic, where all his contemporaries were hastening to a more exact observation of nature. He was peculiar for his practice of treating hair in the rude antique manner. But he was a great master of movement; he introduced *genre* into sculpture; and the illustration of fleeting emotions, such as humor and passion, is attributed to him. Polyclethus, his fellow-pupil, seems to have followed and surpassed him in the rendering of human proportions. It will be observed that Mr. Murray, acting upon the distinct statement of Pliny no less than upon what can be gleaned of the character of Polyclethus's work, places him before Phidias, instead of after him, as has been usual. His position among the artists of his time was one of protest, and it is a touch which seems to us singularly modern that he wrote a pamphlet defending his theories against the practice of his contemporaries. His statues had none of the freedom and versatility of those by Myron and Phidias; he did not approve of their imaginative license. In the eyes of Polyclethus, delicate and accomplished workmanship, a subtle characterization within narrow limits, and the perfection of mundane grace, were better than all extravagant imaginings of the vigour and beauty of gods and demi-gods. Cicero speaks of his work as having attained an absolute technical perfection, and a soft delicacy of finish that has never been equalled. The bust known as the *Farnese Her* is considered the most beautiful specimen of the manner of Polyclethus now in existence, and as being not later than 450 B.C. His *Canon*, as it was called, a male figure which he carved as a deliberate model of selected beauty and proportion, is so entirely lost that it is a matter of dispute whether it was a *Diadumenos*, or athlete binding a crown upon his head, or a *Doryphoros*, or athlete holding a spear. Both these subjects were chosen by Polyclethus for famous statues, and a variety of copies and late statuettes exist which may be supposed to preserve the manner of the great master to some slight degree.

We have dwelt at length on those passages which have the most importance to the student of fine art, and have left ourselves no space for discussion of the scarcely less interesting chapters which appeal mainly to the antiquary and the scholar. The drawings of art in the Homeric age, the influences brought to bear on Greek handicraftsmen from Egypt and Phœnicia, the character of archaic industrial decoration—these are themes that never excited more curious speculation than at the present moment. Mr. Murray

* *A History of Greek Sculpture from the Earliest Times down to the Age of Phidias*. By A. S. Murray. With Illustrations. London: John Murray.

sums up our actual knowledge on these points with exhaustive skill. We leave to experts the analysis of his ingenious restorations of the Shield of Achilles, the Chest of Cypselus, and the Throne of Apollo at Amikyn. We can do no more than refer, with special approval, to his lucid disquisition on the archaic metopes of Solinus, the most important, because the most accurately defined in date, of all existing relics of ancient Greek art. In short, the book is full of valuable matter, arranged with such copious and conscientious references that it does not seem likely that it can ever be superseded, unless, indeed—what is scarcely to be hoped for—the results of excavation should present to us so many masterpieces of Calamis and Pythagoras and Canachus as entirely to revolutionize Mr. Murray's ingenious restorations of their style. In the meantime, we hope that the author will take up the thread of his history where he has dropped it, and in due time present us with a history of Greek sculpture from Phidias onwards to the decline of art.

THE MYSTERY IN PALACE GARDENS.*

MRS. RIDDELL is very severe upon the wickedness of the present age, but we greatly doubt whether by this, her latest novel, she will do anything to lessen it. Certainly, if her book does not do much harm, it will not tend to make the world a whit the better. She wishes, we are willing to believe, to write a moral story. In the end she rewards every one in accordance with his merits. The chief sinner commits suicide, and the minor sinners repent. A much-injured man finds that, "by some curious twist of fortune, eighty thousand pounds reverts to him." The virtuous heroine, in an eloquent country rector—the cousin and the heir of a Viscount moreover—gets such a husband as all virtuous heroines could desire. Her sister, who is by no means up to her level of exalted virtue, nevertheless finds such a husband as she deserved, and lives happily enough. Another young lady, who by marrying the man she loves loses a fortune of eighty thousand pounds, is rewarded by having for her husband the very man to whom the other fortune of exactly the same amount had so unexpectedly reverted. But the conclusion of a story is often the least important part of it. Many an author, like many a man who dies on the gallows, makes a very pious and a very penitent ending, and yet does little, if anything, to promote the virtue of the world. We could very well have done without his exit had he only spared us his entrance. No one could be more severe than Mrs. Riddell in her judgment of the age. She is hard enough upon Society, but she is still harder upon men engaged in business. For them she can never find too bad a word. For instance, she is describing London at the end of the season. "Dives," she tells us, "was gone. Clothed in his purple and fine linen he adorned the West-end no longer." This is harmless enough. Even rich men can hear about Dives with perfect complacency. But she goes on to say that "there was not much doing in the City, save cheating, which there, as elsewhere, goes on in season and out of season." The extravagance of such a libel as this only becomes tolerable when we consider its absurdity. The abuse showered by some of our writers on men of business in general would lead us to imagine that they themselves had invested in some worthless bonds and had paid the penalty of their credulity. Those who prefer high interest to good security are too apt to cry out against the world when they have really themselves to blame. Can Mrs. Riddell walk through the streets of London and see the vast trade that is carried on, and believe that it rests on a foundation of dishonesty? Does she believe that the thousands and tens of thousands of people whom she meets hurrying along the streets, each bent on some piece of work, are so many swindlers? She must be unhappy indeed if she has been thrown among men of business—City men of business—and has not found among them men of the highest honour. One great swindler is more talked about than a hundred honest traders, and it is by the talk that goes on that ignorant people form their judgment of the world. If a second Timon, living a life of wild wretchedness in his cave, should say that there was not much doing in the City save cheating, our pity would lead us to forgive him. But when such a charge as this is made in the pages of an indifferent novel, it is altogether another matter. Some City man might with reason turn round on Mrs. Riddell and say, "Madam, in your three volumes is there not a great deal of what is called book-making? Is not the story spun out? Have you not spoilt your work by making it bigger, in somewhat the same way in which certain manufacturers spoil their calico by adding worthless substances to it so as to increase its weight? Is there such a great difference between the 'padding' of a book and the shoddy in a piece of cloth?"

She might answer, and answer no doubt with truth, that she had not written a single line that she looked upon as superfluous. She might maintain that she had never troubled her head about filling three volumes, more or less, but had steadily kept to her plot and her characters. In that case it might be justly rejoined that, though her honesty is beyond question, nevertheless she is very ignorant of, at all events, one part of the story-teller's art. Certainly her three volumes might be very easily cut down to two, and yet the interest of her story be greatly increased. How easy,

for instance, it would be to cut out a few pages in which we are shown how the hero of the story "found himself commencing to understand the sort of dual life persons whose minds are well furnished from the storehouses of the past may lead in even the newest and least promising of neighbourhoods." He, by the way, lived in Kensington, which scarcely seems to answer to this description. However, "in a vague, inconsequent sort of fashion," he begins to think about the Roman occupation of Britain. Then he comes down to the time of Henry VIII., when "Linacre the learned" planted the first damask rose. "What lots of roses have come and gone since then!" remarks either the hero to himself or the author to her readers. From the roses the reader, in company with the hero, passes on to "the useful cabbage," and its introduction into England, and from "the useful cabbage" to "the firm, white-hearted lettuces," which in the days of William III. were sent over express from Holland. Hence, by a rapid transition, he is brought down to the accession of Queen Victoria. In a foot-note, that almost fills a page, he is provided with an account of Her Majesty's proclamation. He reads that in the courtyard beneath St. James's Palace was to be seen, on the 20th day of June, 1837, "an immense assemblage of persons, principally ladies of distinction, who vied in every demonstration of loyalty and devotion." We are gratified to learn that in this country enough ladies of distinction can be found to make up the chief part of an immense assemblage. We had hitherto thought that they did not exist in such vast numbers. From the proclamation he returns to the battle of the Boyne, and to Queen Mary's lying in state at Whitehall. The digression at last comes to an end, and the story begins once more to move on. In another part of the book we have a sermon reported at considerable length. The author calls her report "a mere outline of the sermon; the slightest skeleton of a discourse which the preacher's genius and earnestness made flesh and blood—a living, breathing humanity." If what we have given us is but the slightest skeleton, we trust that we may never come across the entire body. For the skeleton of a sermon—unlike most other anatomies—is far less terrible than the sermon itself. We must admit, however, that the author has some justification for introducing her preacher and his discourse. The hero is present in the church, and is greatly moved by what he hears. In fact, he wishes to make the priest his confessor. As the good man was on the point of asking the hero for the hand of his daughter—as he and every one else supposed the young lady to be—with the greatest promptitude he declines the position. In the end, however, the hero does make his confession, and nevertheless, though he is seen to have been a very great sinner, the marriage does take place.

Though the story is spun out in an intolerable way, yet it is not on account of its digressions and its multitude of words that we chiefly blame it. Mrs. Riddell, as we have said, sets herself up as one who judges, and severely judges, the world; and yet we fear that, in this story at all events, she takes anything but the right path towards its improvement. In the first place, there is often a certain tone of vulgarity in her writing. While she abuses society and the City, she manages to fall into the slang of both the one and the other. But, worse than this, she draws at full length the character of a most revolting woman, with whom she describes her hero, Sir John Moffat, as living for many years a life of sin. Now Sir John she paints as an almost perfect man. It is true that he had committed one great sin, and that his after life was mostly spent in making atonement for it. But it is inconceivable, every reader must feel, that such a man should have gone on living year after year with such a woman. The necessities of the author's plot required that the same man should be a treacherous scoundrel and yet a thorough saint. She had planned a conclusion in which he should display all the Christian virtues, and should rise superior in every way to the man whom he had so grossly wronged. Very good men may fall, as very good men have fallen; but no good man could have acted the part of Sir John Moffat. Either he should have been made a little lower than a saint, or the woman who spoils his life should have been raised a little higher than a devil. In spite of the good man's sufferings and his repentance, in spite of the wicked woman's suicide, in spite of the general air of magnanimity and devotion with which the book closes, we feel that it is unwholesome reading. Happily its unwholesomeness is often lessened by the folly of the language into which the author falls. Fortunately, moreover, it is when she is writing about the wicked woman that her words become most foolish. We have her at one time introduced to us "while, surrounded with mystery and bathed in an atmosphere impregnated with perfume, she stood in the stillness and majesty of the departing night beckoning him to her, beckoning him to her ruin." Many years later on, we see her "a woman possessed of imperial beauty; in middle age more striking-looking, more remarkable in appearance, more to be remembered with every accession of wealth and well-being, and assured station about her than" she had been—to cut the author's long description short—as described above. We then come upon her when "she wore a morning dress that was a master triumph of simplicity, fashion, and expense." Her ribbons were trembling, her ruffles were creamy-looking, her hands were white and lovely, and her hair was thick and luxuriant. We pass on, and we see her "in her sables and her velvets, in her rich attire"—something different from her sables and her velvets it would seem—"in the very zenith of her magnificent beauty." Yet again we are told of her "marvellous beauty, which had seemed something superhuman when seen by the glinting moonbeams under the arching trees."

* *The Mystery in Palace Gardens.* A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Author of "George Geith," "City and Suburb," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

The husband—the supposed husband, we should say, of this splendid creature—rich though he was, so far neglected every accessory of assured station that by way of dinner he one day took “a chop and half-pint of bitter in the City.” It is no wonder that his very butler despised him, and the opinion of a butler—to judge by the important part that he always plays in such stories as these—is by no means to be treated with contempt. In one passage certainly—City man though he was—he rises in his language almost to the level of the author herself. He talks of a man who “elects” to keep open house. Surely so fine a word as that, if it is allowed to pass eastward of Temple Bar, should have been confined to those “incipient Lord Mayors” whom Mrs. Riddell more than once mentions.

While we find so much to condemn in this story, yet we cannot but feel that the author, if she would only follow better models, might yet write a novel that would be worth reading. Unhappily, she seems to have made her chief study in a bad school, and to be more familiar with the works of the least admirable writers of her own sex than with the great novelists of a better age. In one of her characters, the good heroine of the story, she shows that she has the power of drawing a character that is not deficient in virtue, attractiveness, or interest. When she next writes, let her leave off abusing the world, and do what she can to make it a little better by giving it a book to read which shall be both interesting and wholesome.

THE ITCHEN VALLEY.*

MR. SUMNER is a new and, we believe, a young member of the fraternity of etchers, but his work has already obtained recognition both in the Black and White Exhibition and in the Royal Academy, where he had last May several etchings, of which a mournful but powerful and attractive view, “Near Bruges,” will probably be best remembered. If he is not, in the narrowest sense of the words, a “true etcher,” he is in every sense a true artist. The true etcher, in the purely technical sense, is he who delights in the etched line for its own sake, neither attempting to conceal it nor to exceed its acknowledged powers and legitimate uses. Mr. Seymour Haden is perhaps the greatest living example of a true etcher. But between Mr. Seymour Haden and, for instance, Mr. Samuel Palmer, there are many degrees and kinds of departure from the orthodoxy of Rembrandt. The illustrations to Mr. Andrew Lang’s *Oxford*, published about a year ago by the same firm to whom we are indebted for *The Ichen Valley*, have little indeed in common with the art of Mr. Haden, and yet Messrs. Brunet-Debaines, Toussaint, and Kent Thomas are highly esteemed etchers. But it is remarkable that Mr. Sumner is as different from these three etchers as he is from Mr. Haden. He is, in fact, both an original and a courageous etcher, and with the thought, feeling, and draughtsmanship which are manifested in even his least successful experiments, he can hardly fail to have an important influence in the development of the English school of etching. In many of the plates before us we may look in vain for the familiar but indecipherable qualities of the pure etched line. It is lost or disguised, as Samuel Palmer loses or disguises it. But there are no tricks to be detected. The needle and the varnish, the copper and the acid, have done it all, apparently, only they have been set sometimes to unaccustomed tasks, and called upon for effects hitherto considered alien to true etching.

The question which at once suggests itself is, “Why not seek some at least of these effects by the shorter method of mezzotint?” In turning over the leaves of the *Ichen Valley* we do not often stop to ask ourselves whether the result is good. In most of the plates it is, and in some it seems to us remarkably good, so beautiful, in fact, that it is not without an effort that we assume a critical attitude, and constrain ourselves to examine how it is achieved. And yet there is surely no problem which etchers are at present more concerned to solve than this—“Can the best and most distinctive qualities of etching be preserved without speed, and can speed be attained without the frank display of the etched line?” The sense of power, for instance, and the freshness that comes of the instant translation of the thought into the picture—are these sacrificed or endangered? And if so, is the sacrifice or the risk compensated? Recollecting the tenderness, the poetry, and the true artistic beauty of such etching as Samuel Palmer’s, and having, too, before us such a kindred work as the second plate in this volume, we dare not answer yes or no; but, heartily commending the matter to Mr. Sumner’s consideration, pass on to make a few remarks on his book.

In the first plate, “Tichborne,” there is much that is pleasant, little that is startling. The reflections of the trees in the water are well given by the ordinary use of dry-point, and there is a fine bit of windy sky in the left-hand corner. On the right, however, there is a more original attempt to indicate small clouds in the upper atmosphere, which hardly strikes us as completely successful. The use of line in this instance is unlike Mr. Sumner, who, as we have observed, is not too fond of it.

The second plate, “Near Alresford,” is delightful both in conception and execution. As a picture, it somehow reminds us of Frederick Walker; as an etching, it undoubtedly suggests Samuel Palmer. And yet nothing is more certain than that it is Mr.

Sumner’s own. The moon is sending through the clouds broken light upon the mists which rise from Alresford pond. In the right foreground an old labourer drags weary limbs along the road. If you had met him in that gleam you would ever afterwards have thought of him and it together, for he and the moonlight and the misty pond and level meadows and black trees and hedges are together that one thing—the “motive” of a picture. The scale of the picture happily enables the etcher to treat the foliage in single deeply bitten lines, which, however, are of course quite different from the ordinary and typical etched line, which hardly exists pure and simple and uncrossed except in the orb of the full moon. The necessity from which Mr. Sumner could not escape, of thus expressing, by a conventional symbol, that to which line is perhaps least of all appropriate, is in itself an argument for the frank recognition of the limits of pure etching elsewhere. The shadows of the trees, too, on the field are just recognizable as a series of uncrossed lines, and are thus, we think, the least satisfactory, because the least harmonious, details in this very beautiful picture.

But it is impossible within our present limits to discuss, or even to notice, each of the twenty-two plates in which Mr. Sumner has illustrated the course of the Itchen. In the fourth, “Near Avington,” we have an interesting and by no means unsuccessful experiment in the rendering of middle distance foliage. The sky and the extreme distance in this etching are especially satisfactory; but the Itchen winding along the valley hardly presents so flat a surface as we could have wished. The sixth plate boldly confronts the problem of the long unbroken roof line of Winchester Cathedral. There is a remarkable honesty in the acceptance by the artist of this characteristic but unmanageable feature of the Cathedral; and, with the aid of several smoking chimneys and an admirably drawn tree in the foreground, he has succeeded in giving us a picture as well as a fact.

In the interior of the Lady Chapel (Plate 7) he is careful and accurate without being dull, and has made us feel that there is atmosphere between us and the traceried roof. No. 8, “The Soken Bridge,” is, whether from choice of subject or defect of light and shade, the least successful of the series; but the boys in the left foreground are well and vigorously drawn. Perhaps, in spite of the poetical and artistic charm of the second plate, the tenth, “Winchester College Chapel,” is altogether the best in the book. The leafless trees, whose interlacing branches form an open screen rather than a veil, the atmosphere behind them, and then after an interval the building itself, clearly, but not too clearly, seen, combine to make a picture as full of reverence as it is free from affectation. The subject of the next etching, “Seventh Chamber,” will commend it especially to Wykehamists, while its fine effect of firelight and shadow will interest artists who cannot claim that honoured title.

“S. Catherine’s Hill” (No. 14) strikes us as one of the best etchings of the set. In the sky we have once more something like an experiment, but this time it is an attempt to indicate and suggest rather than to imitate, and this is altogether more frankly an etcher’s work than most of the others. In the choice of his point of view, Mr. Sumner has pleasantly shown the originality which, in the preceding plate (S. Cross Brothers), wore almost an air of willfulness, if not of eccentricity. No. 15 (“View from S. Catherine’s Hill”) is not one of our favourites. There is a fine feeling of space, but the hill-forms in the middle distance are neither quite natural nor picturesque.

The two difficult skies in the 16th and 17th Plates are well and boldly indicated; but there is some foliage in the latter which seems to us the worst bit of work in the book. We have little fault to find with the last five etchings of the series. In the 20th Mr. Sumner has fully felt the appropriateness, as an etcher’s subject, of a wide stretch of calm water, with low mud banks, and the clear crisp lines of mast and sheet; and to these he has added a sky in which the wind has left long wreaths of torn and straggling cloud to witness to a stir and motion in effective contrast with the safe repose and indolence of sea and ships. This, then, is the Itchen at Southampton, and, after a capital view of the old Barge (No. 21), Mr. Sumner bids adieu to the river in a view of the Southampton Water, in which it is lost to sight before it mingles with the open sea.

In this last etching there is a very remarkable sky. A huge cloud sweeps over more than half the picture, and pours a heavy shower over the right distance, while the left is clear and bright. In this sky there is just that sense of speed and power which we value so highly. We cannot doubt that the artist watched the progress of that cloud, and that its huge volume, darkening the flat expanse of land and water beneath it, stirred his heart and urged his hand to swift decisive strokes. The bold and deeply bitten lines of the foreground are in perfect harmony with such a mood, and we turn from this, the last of Mr. Sumner’s etchings, with the conviction that, if he sometimes adopts unfamiliar methods, or accepts seductive compromises, it is not because he lacks the essential qualities of an etcher, or has chosen his art amiss.

We have confined our brief criticisms of the Ichen Valley strictly to the plates, because it is essentially an artist’s and not an author’s book, and the letterpress is properly subordinate and unambitious. It only makes us feel as if the artist were at our elbow, suggesting allusions, mentioning facts, recalling anecdotes, but, for all that gives unity to allusion, fact, and anecdote, pointing quietly to the plate before us—the result and expression of the brief hours when all these were fused into one motive by an emotion which entered at his eyes. Thus he starts with the derivation

* *The Ichen Valley, from Tichborne to Southampton.* By Heywood Sumner. London: Seeley & Co. 1880.

of Tishborne from Do Itchen bourne, leaves the tired peasant and the moonlight to interpret their own "song without words" by Alresford pond, and, even at the last, only silently reminds us how

The width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast
As the pale waste widens around him—
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and accents of the infinite sea.

For all he tells us in so many words is that, "So ends the Itchen, in the quiet, matter-of-course sort of way, that all rivers join the sea, and the change steals gradually over the spent stream, as Southampton Water, with its broad shallows, leads on the breezy Solent."

A word of praise is due to the clever little woodcuts which occupy the place of initial letters to most of the chapters, and which we should have been glad to find explained in the list of contents. No pains have been spared in the printing and binding of the book. The paper is good and suitable, and the cloth boards are admirable both in colour and design. In fact, the same spirit of thoroughness seems to have animated the artist and his publishers, and they are rewarded by a completeness in the result which ought to make *The Itchen Valley* a strong new link between the public and this branch of art.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE enterprise of the veteran Ranke in beginning a universal history (1) at the age of eighty is of a nature to astonish those most impressed with the marvelous elasticity of his powers. The undertaking seems at first sight hardly less remarkable a feat than Odo the Censor's acquisition of Greek at the same age, or the octogenarian Pedro de la Gasca's restoration of the royal authority in Peru. A nearer investigation, however, somewhat diminishes the apparent arduousness of the task. Ranke's work is, strictly speaking, not so much a universal history as an essay upon universal history, bearing much the same relation to history proper as Voltaire's brilliant introduction to his *Age of Louis XIV.* does to the graver works which supplied him with materials. The treatment is, notwithstanding, thoroughly objective; the writer's aim of impressing his own views of the historical development of mankind upon the reader being attained not by dissertation or disquisition, but by the skilful selection and appropriate grouping of circumstances. The book is thus the most artistic that Ranke has ever written, and exhibits him in a totally new light. His former histories have been laboriously elaborated by the aid of archives, and have been indebted for their value to the painfully studious interpretation of these documents. In the present work the historian's power is again shown in his mastery over an overwhelming mass of material, but there is no endeavour after originality of research. Taking the incidents of the story as he finds them, he marshals them to their places, and briefly assigns to each group of events its proper station in the history of humanity. "There is," he says, "an historical life, which progressively propagates itself from nation to nation, from one group of peoples to another." To be the biographer of this historical life, to note how, beginning on the banks of the Nile, it lays hold, one after another, of all nations capable of civilization and draws them to itself, to fuse all at last into a moral and intellectual, if not a national, unity, is the aim of the historian. Egypt, Palestine, Assyria, Medo-Persia, early Greece, the conflicts of Greek and Persian, and the development of Hellenic civilization, Alexander's conquests and the rise under his successors of a culture embracing both Greek and barbarian, are the principal chapters and landmarks in this brilliant review, in itself the crown of a laborious life and the flower of a consummate culture. It adds little or nothing to the knowledge of well-informed persons, it offers the uninformed no adequate substitute for the current histories, but it exhibits, as works of more restricted scope cannot, the mutual connexion and independence of the histories of all civilized nations. The present instalment concludes with the African expedition of Agathocles, when Hellenism and Semitism seemed to hold each other in perpetual check, unconscious of Rome in the background.

The uprising of the Bavarian peasants in 1705 (2) against the Austrian troops, which had occupied the country after the battle of Blenheim, is an episode of which history has almost forgotten to take notice. It is a tragic story, terminating with a massacre of the insurgents at the battle of Sendling, and in great judicial severities. Dr. Schäffler has related it in an interesting style after the best contemporary sources of information.

The author of "Excursions of an Austrian" (3) informs us that he has been a steady opponent of absolutism in his native country, and that he is deeply impressed with the importance of Austria's civilizing mission among her Slavonic neighbours. One might,

therefore, have expected to have found more direct allusion to these momentous topics in his book, which is little but a reprint of light and lively articles about certain districts in Austria, about Heligoland, and on the history of the petty princes of mediæval Italy. They are, for the most part entertaining, but might have been left where they were without disadvantage to the national literature.

Alphons Thunn's work on the agricultural and industrial condition of Central Russia (4) since the emancipation of the serfs is, on the other hand, very valuable, and very dry. It is full of important statistics illustrating the various evils under which the Russian peasant groans—want of credit and capital, excessive taxation, excessive toil, worst of all, his own indolence and frequent dishonesty. The writer nevertheless regards these dark spots as in a considerable degree incidental to the present transitional condition of social arrangements. A considerable development of material prosperity may be looked for when the redemption of the land has been completed in the first quarter of the twentieth century; it is only to be feared that a hopelessly dependent proletarian class will in the meantime have been created.

Dr. Popper's essay (5) on mutual insurance among the poorer classes, especially from the legislative point of view, is interesting, from its bearing on the question whether such insurance should be made compulsory.

Röhrich and Meisner's collection of narratives of pilgrimages made by Germans to the Holy Land (6) contains twenty-three of these documents, between 1346 and 1588. These include, for the most part, details of the pilgrims' travels on the way to the Holy Land, which are frequently more interesting than their accounts of Palestine itself. There are also an historical introduction, a list of all known German visitors to the Holy Land during the period, and a bibliography, containing a thousand entries—the number, however, being made up by including Dr. Oswald Dykes's *From Antioch to Jerusalem*, which is no narrative of travel, but a treatise on the primitive Church. It is dangerous to catalogue or classify books without seeing them.

Herr Bühler's prize essay on the Old Catholic movement (7) contains nearly everything about it which readers in general can desire to know. One portion is historical, tracing its origin and development in the various Catholic countries where it has hitherto manifested itself; another compares it with the numerous attempts at reform upon a primitive basis which have already been made within the bosom of the Church of Rome, many of which have appeared exceedingly promising, but all of which have ultimately come to nothing. A third part treats of the prospects of the movement, which the author's attachment to its principles probably induces him to estimate too favourably.

Professor Preyer (8) occupies much the same position in Germany as Mr. Proctor in England—a lively and intelligent writer, not destitute of originality, but better known as a popularizer of scientific discoveries or speculations than for discoveries of his own, and with an especial preference for the outlying domains of research, suggestive of problems to which the present condition of our knowledge affords no solution. Such are spontaneous generation, the limits of sensuous perception, and hypnotism, which are all subjects of thorough discussion. Another interesting essay treats of the development of the rational faculties in the infant, under the appropriate title of "Psychogenesis." Interesting notes are added on the reanimation of dried or frozen animals or plants, the vitality of germs, and other curious and partly enigmatic questions.

It is some satisfaction to the student of an intricate and mysterious subject to encounter a guide who is quite sure that the clue to it is in his hands. The assurance may be a delusion, and yet cheerfulness and confidence are apt to prove inspiring. Every possible satisfaction of this description will be the lot of the Egyptologist who consults the moderate-sized volume into which Professor Lauth (9) has condensed the entire pre-Christian history of Egypt. Professor Lauth is no charlatan, but an independent and eccentric scholar, who reposes great confidence in methods of interpretation in which other Egyptologists repose very little, and whose confidence in his own judgment is absolutely unlimited. His claim is to have determined all important chronological dates with approximate accuracy, and to have found places for all Manetho's dynasties in consecutive succession without carrying the historical period further back than 4000 B.C. It is easy to allow for the seductiveness of such results to an ingenious and imaginative man; but their very neatness and completeness should have inspired him with distrust of their soundness. The orthodoxy of Egyptology may be relied upon to fill up the measure of what is lacking in this respect; it is only to be hoped that the apparently paradoxical character of much of Dr. Lauth's work will not deprive him of due credit for his ingenuity and suggestiveness.

(4) *Landwirtschaft und Gewerbe in Mittelrussland seit Aufhebung der Leibeigenschaft.* Von A. Thun. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Gewerbliche Hilfskassen und Arbeiterversicherung.* Von Dr. Eduard Popper. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Deutsche Pilgerreisen nach dem Heiligen Lande.* Herausgegeben und erläutert von R. Röhrich und H. Meisner. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Der Altkatholicismus, historisch-kritisch dargestellt.* Von C. Bühler. Gekronte Preisschrift. Leiden: Brill. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Naturwissenschaftliche Thatsachen und Probleme.* Populäre Vorträge. Von W. Freyer. Berlin: Paetel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Aus Ägyptens Vorzeit: eine übersichtliche Darstellung der ägyptischen Geschichte und Cultur von den ersten Anfängen bis auf Augustus.* Von Dr. F. J. Lauth. Berlin: Hofmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Weltgeschichte.* Von Leopold von Ranke. Th. 1. Die älteste historische Völkergemeinschaft und die Griechen. Abth. 1, 2. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Die oberbayerische Landesherrn im Jahre 1705.* Von Dr. A. Schäffler. Würzburg: Standlager. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Excursionen eines Oesterreichers, 1840-1879.* Von Julius von der Trenn. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

The late Dr. Stark (10) was among the most eminent of modern archaeologists, and Dr. Kinkel's edition of his miscellaneous essays will be exceedingly acceptable. Among them are essays on the epochs of Greek religious history, on the myth of Niobe, a parallel between Pompeii and Præstum, and a notice of Mr. Newton's discoveries at Halicarnassus. Another class of papers refer to mediæval art, treating of the development of early German art from the Byzantine, of Leonardo da Vinci, and of Albert Dürer. Another division consists of biographical sketches of eminent archaeologists, including Crouzer, Böckh, and Kichly.

Dr. Soltan's treatise on the popular assemblies of ancient Rome (11) is a work proceeding from the school of Mommsen; so diligent and erudite that it can hardly be appreciated by those whose advantages for the study of the Roman Constitution have not equalled the author's.

Chamisso (12) belongs to the poets who have made a reputation at a stroke by a single production, not noticeably above the mass of their performances in point of execution, but embodying some idea which has taken the fancy of the reading public in every country. His *Peter Schlemihl* has rivalled the popularity of his friend Fouqué's *Undine*; the man without a shadow has been accepted as the peer of the maiden without a soul. Like Fouqué, he has written a great deal more, hardly inferior in literary merit, but he has failed to add another figure to the repertory of popular fiction. His poems nevertheless occupy a niche apart, honourably distinguished by their perfect finish, their generally objective character, and the clearness which might be anticipated from the poet's French extraction. His life was worth writing; even though, besides his emigration from France and his voyage round the world, it contains little that can be fairly called eventful. He was by no means one of the "problematic natures" that fascinated Goethe. Simple, honourable, and candid, he lived for his family and friends, producing and editing much good poetry, the most conspicuous figure of a very respectable Berlin literary coterie. His present biographer, with the centenary of his birth in view, has combined new material, chiefly of a domestic nature, with the narratives of Hitzig and Palm, and has produced a very creditable memoir, not hyperbolically, but perhaps somewhat too monotonously, panegyric.

Herr Reissmann (13) is confessedly one of the best writers of musical biography; industrious, clear, concise, and, from his technical attainments, able to satisfy alike the general and the professional reader. For obvious reasons, the latter gets by far the larger share of his biography of Sebastian Bach. Bach's music affords an inexhaustible field for criticism, and Herr Reissmann has done all that could be done with his uneventful life.

The second volume of Kamann's translation of Liszt's writings (14) contains the eminent virtuoso's essays on musical subjects and his letters while on his travels in the years 1837 and 1838. The former are declamatory, fantastic, and inconsecutive; the latter are excellent wherever, as is indeed most frequently the case, the writer does not attempt to philosophize, but contents himself with narrating what he has done or describing what he has seen. Elsewhere there is much affectation blended with genuine enthusiasm, of which the writer himself seems conscious, and which he endeavours to excuse at the expense of the age in which his lot is cast.

Thirty-five years and twenty editions sufficiently attest the merit of Vilmar's History of German Literature (15), which is probably the best of the innumerable works on the subject. The chief drawbacks are the angularities and asperities of the author's temperament, and the brief and inadequate treatment of the post-Goethean period, contrasting strangely with the pains lavished upon the middle ages. Heine, for instance, is dismissed in a paragraph, though for his own contemporaries at least he is of more importance than all the epics of chivalry put together. This deficiency was more excusable at the date of the original publication; but it is a pity that Vilmar's injunctions against altering his book should have been interpreted so strictly as to prevent Herr Goedeke, who has superintended the present edition, and is most competent for the task, from entirely rewriting the latter part of the volume.

Two new commentaries on *Faust* (16) present themselves with claims to attention that can hardly be described as competing, as

neither trenches upon the other's ground. One is philosophically abstruse, the other brief and practical; one excludes the text upon which the other is content merely to encroach. The more ambitious comment, by Oswald Marbach, displays thought and learning, but labours under the common defect of profound criticism, the defect of being alternately superfluous and obscure. It is true that the larger portion of it is occupied in grappling with the enigmas of the Second Part. How Herr Schriber will fare with this Sphinx remains to be seen; his notes on the First Part are full of sound, although, we should certainly have thought, frequently unnecessary, information. Can Germans of an age and capacity to study *Faust* really require to have *Regent, Marine, Metaphysik* explained to them? The introductory essay upon the origin and composition of Goethe's work, its versification, and its first representations, presupposes in the reader a considerable interest in literary history, to which it is an acceptable contribution.

Sir Orfeo (17), an English metrical romance of the middle ages, is edited from a thorough collation of texts, with copious notes and a full introduction, by Dr. Oscar Zielke. The publication is a valuable contribution to English philology, but apart from this the romance has considerable poetical merit, and the fable is very pleasing. It is a travesty of the myth of Orpheus, in which the mediæval King of Faerie plays the part of Pluto, but "Sir Orfeo's" conjugal affection and musical accomplishments are rewarded by a happy *dénouement*.

Ebers's new novel, "The Emperor" (18), is announced as closing the cycle of Egyptian fiction in which his talent as a novelist has hitherto been chiefly exercised. It is to depict Egyptian society under the Romans, as the last work of the series depicted it under the Ptolemies. The Emperor is Hadrian, and the story turns chiefly on the tragic and mysterious fate of his favourite Antinous. Antinous is represented as a faithful, affectionate, rather stupid person, attached to Hadrian with the blind fidelity of a spaniel, and laying down his life for him with a kind of dull enthusiasm which fails to move from its intrinsic want of reasonableness. There would have been the gravest ethical difficulties in depicting a more impassioned character, but the inanimateness of the portrait is nevertheless prejudicial to the novel. Hadrian's versatile disposition is far more interesting, but its traits are merely copied from antique portraits, and the whole, though true to nature, is heavy and lifeless. The descriptive passages show the author's usual mastery, but the prevailing want of action and passion renders "The Emperor" the least generally attractive of his fictions.

The sixth, and apparently the concluding, part of Freytag's "Ancestors" (19) displays a much more marked falling off. It is absolutely uninteresting, and seems to bear internal evidence of having been composed with difficulty and reluctance, merely from the supposed necessity of bringing the writer's prose epic down to nearly our own times.

With the exception of the first, a pathetic and elegantly told, but not very original, story of plighted love, all the tales in Paul Heyse's new volume (20) turn on those Italian themes which are his special predilection. The "Talented Mother" is perhaps the best—a lively, comic story of a love affair among visitors to the Eternal City, with enough of serious interest to keep the attention on the stretch, and terminating with a pleasant and unforeseen *dénouement*. In "The Posterity of Romulus," bright traits of ordinary Roman life are mingled with the hallucinations of an old painter devoted to Spiritualism, a situation suggesting reminiscences of Tieck and Balzac, and inviting a comparison, not wholly unfavourable to Heyse, with one of Mr. Henry James's recent stories. "The Witch of the Corso" is gloomy and melodramatic, with considerable tragic power.

The leading feature of the *Rundschau* (21) is the reappearance of Gottfried Keller, whose new tale, "The Motto," manifests as much freshness, humour, and genuine vitality as any of his earlier writings. Few writers are more thoroughly national than this painter of the modern Swiss, while at the same time he is by no means parochial. A more ambitious and prolific genius who aspired to paint, not only a nation, but an age, forms the subject of the first of Dr. Brandes's series of essays on modern French novelists. Few discoveries, biographical or critical, remain to be made respecting Balzac, but Dr. Brandes's remarks are judicious and well expressed. Karl Lamp, a recent traveller in Mexico, describes the two nations, utterly alien in character, which occupy that splendid country—the Creole minority of rich landholders and political and military adventurers, with its superficial education and glittering, but spurious, civilization; and the stubborn, stolid, unimprovable aborigine. The latter, Herr Lamp thinks, will get the upper hand, unless, he might have added, the Creole calls in the Anglo-Saxon. The provincial towns, he remarks, are getting more and more forsaken by the whites, and the concourse of the latter at the capital renders it for the time a most showy and apparently opulent city. Political

(10) *Vorträge und Aufsätze aus dem Gebiete der Archæologie und Kunstgeschichte*. Von Dr. K. B. Stark. Nach dem Tode des Verfassers herausgegeben von Dr. G. Kinkel. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Ueber Entstehung und Zusammensetzung der altrömischen Volksversammlungen*. Von W. Soltan. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Chamisso und seine Zeit*. Von Karl Fulda. Leipzig: Reissner. London: Nutt.

(13) *Johann Sebastian Bach: sein Leben und seine Werke*. Dargestellt von August Reissmann. Berlin und Leipzig: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Essays und Reisebriefe eines Baccalaureus der Tonkunst*. Von F. Liszt. In das Deutsche übertragen von L. Kamann. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Geschichte der deutschen National-Literatur*. Von A. F. C. Vilmar. Zwanzigste vermehrte Auflage. Marburg: Elwert. London: Trübner & Co.

(16) *Goethe's Faust*. Erster und zweiter Theil. Erklärt von Oswald Marbach. Stuttgart: Göschen. London: Williams & Norgate.

Faust. Mit Einleitung und fortlaufender Erklärung herausgegeben von K. J. Schröder. Th. 1. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Sir Orfeo: ein englisches Feenmärchen aus dem Mittelalter*. Mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen herausgegeben von Dr. Oscar Zielke. Breslau: Koebner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Der Kaiser. Roman*. Von G. Ebers. 2 Bde. Stuttgart: Hallberger. London: Williams & Norgate.

(19) *Aus einer kleinen Stadt*. Von Gustav Freytag. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(20) *Frau von F. und römische Novellen*. Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Heriz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(21) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. VII. Hft. 4. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

and legislative insecurity, however, cause the interest of money to rule very high; enormous fortunes are gained and lost; and these extremes, and the exclusion of the bulk of the population from public affairs, allow small chance of the formation of the middle class that might insure the stability of the Republic.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE IRISH DEBATE.

THE mischief caused by the calculated garrulity of the Land League members is confined to waste of time. They have within the last week done much to alienate any sympathy which may have been felt for their cause by the more violent democrats in England. In the last four divisions the Land Leaguers voted alone, having gone too far even for the BRADLAUGHS and JACOB BRIGHTS, who have up to this time zealously supported the cause of disorder. The managers of the faction have also contrived to diminish their own numbers by provoking the formal abandonment of their connexion by Mr. SHAW, Mr. BLENNERHASSETT, Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, and other respectable advocates of Home Rule. The orators of the *residuum* fiercely denounce the seceders, and exhort their constituents to exclude them from Parliament. It is impossible at present to know whether they will be able to enforce their threats, but the gradual expurgation of comparatively scrupulous partisans, which occurs to all revolutionary factions, seldom tends to their ultimate advantage. It is not to be regretted that Mr. PARNELL has been unable to maintain the tone of affected moderation which surprised the House on the first day of the debate. His offensive personalities, and his audacious denunciations of English rule in Ireland, may perhaps have gratified his followers, but they have weakened his cause. While the chief of the Land League for a time discarded his habitual tone of menace and invective, Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has appeared in the novel character of a political fanatic. Readers of his historical work must be puzzled and surprised by the uncalculating enthusiasm of the cheerful and indifferent annalist who has now become Mr. PARNELL's lieutenant. Mr. MCCARTHY's new-born zeal blinded him to the monstrous anomaly, forcibly exposed by Mr. GLADSTONE, of a proposal that the Crown should, at the instance of the House of Commons, assume a dispensing power, and place a class of unoffending and loyal subjects outside the protection of the law. It was not until two days had been wasted in ostensible discussion that Mr. MCCARTHY became aware of the meaning of his own amendment. Like one of the minor performers at a Spanish bull-fight, he had discharged his self-appointed function by delaying for a time the decisive contest. Mr. DAWSON's amendment was less obviously irregular, and he also contrived to occupy many hours of the time of the House of Commons before Mr. THOROLD ROGERS's ingenuity hit the blot which had escaped the observation of the SPEAKER. Mr. O'KELLY violated only good sense and good taste, without directly infringing the orders of the House.

The amendment about the Irish borough franchise, though it proved to be irregular, was less outrageous in the form which had been selected for promotion of the common object. In performing his task of occupying time Mr. DAWSON found it necessary to digress into the subject of the municipal franchise, which he had forgotten to include in the terms of the amendment. It is neither customary nor reasonable to discuss in a debate on the Address the merits of a Bill which may or may not be hereafter submitted to Parliament. No issue was raised between Mr. DAWSON and the Government which represents the majority of the House, except the immediate urgency of a measure for deteriorating, if possible, the character of Irish constituencies and members. Mr. FORSTER is already pledged to

the proposed reduction of the franchise; and there can be no doubt of his sincerity. Perhaps Mr. DAWSON may be right in his belief that household suffrage would substitute for the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL a member of the social and intellectual level of Mr. BIGGAR. Mr. FORSTER would not agree with Mr. DAWSON that such a change would be advantageous; but he has through his whole career consistently preferred the theory of the widest popular suffrage to subordinate considerations of expediency, convenience, and personal fitness. Mr. FINIGAN suggested an excuse for the degradation of the franchise which may probably explain the reasons for agitating the question. The villages which pass for boroughs in Ireland are so insignificant that Mr. FINIGAN is returned by 240 constituents. If the whole adult male population were entitled to vote, he would be enabled to count a much larger number of electors. Whenever the matter is brought forward by the Government, the Conservatives will be well advised in abstaining from opposition. There is no use in irritating real or pretended prejudice by trying to maintain an undeniable difference between English and Irish institutions. The practical results of a reduction of the franchise will be insignificant, for it matters little whether the enlightened constituents of Mr. FINIGAN are swamped or are reinforced by an addition to their number.

Although obstruction is much less criminal than the tyranny of the Land League, it is possible that it may have a greater effect in arousing the indignation of the English constituencies. There are sections of the population which, perhaps, regard with complacency the cruel injustice under which the majority of Irish landlords are suffering; and they may not fully understand the wide operation of the machinery of Land League coercion. Irish landowners are strangers, and the public instructors who conduct provincial newspapers have systematically represented them as tyrants and oppressors. The House of Commons, on the other hand, derives its origin from the constituencies, and the PRIME MINISTER has not ceased to be the popular favourite. That Parliament and the Government should be systematically thwarted in the attempt to discharge their undoubted duty is not a form of anarchy which commends itself to English sympathy. The friends of the Land League are visibly alarmed by the consequences of the pertinacious defiance of English feeling which has diminished its capabilities of doing harm in Ireland. Day after day Mr. PARNELL and his followers are warned by sympathizing journalists that they are injuring themselves without causing equivalent public inconvenience. The election at Wigan apparently indicates a reaction which is perhaps directed rather against the agitators and their English abettors than against the Government. The issue of protection to life and property or complicity with lawless rule was broadly proposed to the electors. It was known that Mr. POWELL would vote for the measure which is invidiously described as a Coercion Bill; and his adversary, in deference to a number of Irish voters for the borough, of the estimated number of fifteen hundred, did not shrink from promising to oppose all measures for the restoration of order and liberty. There is no reason to doubt that the followers of Mr. PARNELL, the professed enemy of England, redeemed their pledge by voting for Mr. LANCASTER. The consequence was that the majority obtained at the general election by the

son of a powerful and popular nobleman in the neighbourhood was now exceeded by 450 votes. Whatever the verdict of Wigan is worth, it might have been thought that it was sufficiently certain; but the journal which has maintained a steady alliance with the Land League, and which has consistently opposed legislation in restraint of its despotism, was equal to the task of explaining the Wigan election away. The voters, it seems, returned a supporter of coercion against an opponent, because they were themselves opposed to exceptional measures, and, therefore, to the Government which proposes a Coercion Bill. That revolutionary passion should so utterly pervert the judgment of an able writer would be a startling paradox, if it were not conformable to many precedents.

The introduction, and even the passage, of a Coercion Bill is, at last, within sight, though it may possibly become necessary to alter during the debate the rules of Parliamentary procedure. Mr. DILLON'S threat that the enactment of the Bill will be met by a general refusal of rent is another illustration of the lawless spirit with which Parliament has to cope. The power which will be given to the proper authorities to effect arrests without the necessity of vindicating them by legal evidence will even now cripple the branches of the Land League by creating a wholesome terror in the minds of their paid agents. If the Habeas Corpus had been suspended in October the country would now have been peaceable; and it may not be too late to undo some part of the evil which has resulted from delay. When protection is afforded to the peaceable part of the population, it is not impossible that dissensions may arise among those who have hitherto obeyed the orders of Mr. PAT-NELL. The persecution which has been directed against liberal and improving landlords has thrown many labourers out of employ. In number they are about equal with the occupiers, and they will soon discover, if they are not already aware of the fact, that they are threatened both with permanent loss of wages and with perpetual exclusion from any share in the land. Peasant proprietors want no hired labour, and it is proposed that they shall have a monopoly of their farms. The vague and unmeaning promises addressed to them by Land League orators indicate a fear that the labourers may break loose from the guidance of the demagogues. The debates on the Land Bill, which is to follow the Coercion Bill, will end in the acceptance of the Government proposals, whatever they may be; but they will probably throw light on political and economic difficulties which have not been sufficiently considered.

CHILI AND PERU.

THE recent victories of the Chilians mark what may be the last phase of a war that has crushed Bolivia, desolated Peru, and severely taxed the resources and energy of Chili. The first stage of the war was the occupation by Chili of the territory which gave rise to the war. It will be remembered that the cause of quarrel was a district, mostly desert, but rich in nitrate and silver, which lies between Chili and Peru. It had been long uncertain whether this territory belonged to Bolivia or Chili, but an arrangement was at last effected by which Chili recognized that the territory belonged to Bolivia, but stipulated that Chilian citizens should be protected in their operations within the limits in question, and be free from onerous duties. Secretly encouraged by Peru, Bolivia broke its engagement and set itself to ruin the Chilian adventurers. Chili complained, and Bolivia replied by going to war, Peru immediately coming forward to her assistance. There was no shadow of justice in the conduct of Peru, but there was a deliberate and plausible calculation of profit. If Peru through Bolivia could get hold of the nitrate held by Chilians, she might, with her own supplies in addition, get a monopoly of the nitrate market, and come into a renewal of the wealth which she had obtained from guano and squandered. Chili had no vessel like the *Huascar*, and Peru might hope to command the sea, while the united forces of Peru and Bolivia might be thought to be more than a match for any force that Chili could send to the disputed district. War began, and its first stage was a series of successful operations by which Chili made herself mistress of the disputed district and of a portion of the southern territory of Peru, and so punished the Bolivians that they

virtually retired from the contest. The next stage was the struggle for mastery at sea. Chili again triumphed. The *Huascar* was captured, Peruvian ports were shelled or blockaded, and a small Chilian force was landed not far from Lima, to give a taste of the horrors of war to those who had stirred it up. Then came the third stage. Time ran on without any marked event, and the belligerents were mainly engaged with preparing for the great event of the war, the attack on Lima and its defence. This pause offered an opportunity of mediation, and the United States undertook the task. This attempt to bring the war to a conclusion failed, as Peru would not accede to the demands of Chili. What Chili asked for is not precisely known. Probably she asked not only for the disputed territory, but of some portion of the southern region of Peru which she judged necessary to secure undisturbed the possession of the district which had been Bolivian. Directly it was known that the negotiations had failed, the Chilians set themselves to the execution of the arduous and bold undertaking which they are now engaged in prosecuting, and the Peruvians collected the last forces they could muster to save their capital.

The Chilian expeditionary force is said to consist of 22,500 infantry, 2,400 artillery, and 800 cavalry, with eighty pieces of artillery and ten Gatling guns. The landing, which the Peruvians were not in a position to dispute, was effected at a point on the coast somewhat to the south of Lima. At a distance of eighteen miles from Lima, the Chilians came on a Peruvian force stationed at a little town called Lurin, near the coast, and connected by a railway with Lima. The Peruvians made a creditable resistance, but they were only a detachment from the main Peruvian force, which is said to amount to 40,000 men, and had to yield to superior numbers. This left the Chilians free to proceed to the attack of the main Peruvian line of defence. From Lima run two little railways belonging to the same company, and terminating in the same station in the capital. One goes to the port of Callao, which is defended by a fort of great natural and artificial strength. The other goes to the watering-place of Chorillos, a few miles to the south of Callao. The Peruvians thus held a triangle, its three points being Lima, Callao, and Chorillos, and it was necessary for the Chilians to break into this triangle before they could think of assailing the capital. Chorillos was not fortified, and it had therefore to be held by a large force. The latest news is to the effect that a battle has been fought at Chorillos, and that the Peruvians have again been defeated. The losses of the Peruvians have been heavy, but nothing is known as to the losses of the victors. Unless their losses have been so large as to disable them, they are now free to march on Lima. It is a fortified town, but the fortifications are said to be old, ruined, and worthless. It is not, therefore, the fortifications of Lima that would stop an assault; but men of Spanish descent, like most other people of the second class in military skill, fight well with walls to protect them. The Chilian commander will know that the cost of life in taking Lima will be very heavy, and it might not be easy to hold Lima, if taken with the remnants of an army which at its outset consisted of less than twenty-five thousand men. The alternative is to starve Lima into a capitulation. The country round the capital is so fertile and so highly cultivated that it is said to be like a garden, and the Chilians will therefore have plenty of supplies, while as it never rains at Lima, they have no inclemency of climate to fear. It is true that, whatever they do, they will have the fort of Callao behind them, and it is much too strong for them to take by a direct attack. But, if there is a large force there, it is sure to be starved sooner or later, as, with the command of sea and land, the Chilians can easily defeat any attempt to revictual the fort. If the force of the fort is small, it will not be able to give any serious trouble to the army operating against Lima. The Chilians throughout the war have shown equal prudence and energy; and, if they have meant to do a thing, they have almost invariably done it. If the Chilian general decides to assault Lima, the probability is that he will have had such good reason for his decision that he will be successful. But he may decide to remain passive, to cut off all supplies from Lima and Callao, and to wait for reinforcements from home.

Even the capture of Lima might not terminate the war.

The President of PERU may not choose to be shut up in the capital, and while there is still a road for withdrawal open to him he may prefer to take his army with him and get into the mountain districts, where the Chilians could scarcely follow him. But in these wild and sterile regions he could not keep his army together, and this army would break into bands of guerillas which would be always ready to sweep into the plains and harass the Chilians while seeking supplies. The war might in this way last an almost indefinite time. But the possession of the capital by an enemy throws everything into such confusion, so paralyses all organization, and so disheartens the population, that the suffering nation is sorely tempted to make terms at almost any price. Chili will now probably ask not only the territory in the south, which there is not the remotest chance of the Peruvians retaking, but a war indemnity. This indemnity will fall on the classes who will suffer most by the capture of Lima, and if they loudly protest that they would rather bear the future burden of an indemnity than face present ruin, their voice can scarcely fail to make itself heard. It may be remarked, too, that the President of PERU is nobody unless he is at Lima. There is no other centre of population and wealth to which he can escape, and from which he can wage a new war. A defeated man roaming about mountains would not be at all the kind of President to whom the people of Lima are accustomed. In Peru revolutions are always made at Lima. A revolution at Lima made the present PRESIDENT, and another revolution at Lima may unmake him. He has been able to carry on the war hitherto because he has maintained a reign of terror at Lima, and having the populace with him, he has been easily able to stifle the feeble voices of those who whispered that peace and not more war was what Peru really needed. If he goes away his reign of terror will be at an end, and there seems no obvious reason why the people of Lima should be loyal to him when they no longer see or fear him. They have only got to make a new President to terminate the war, and of all things to make a new President seems, to Spanish Republicans, the simplest. We may be sure that the PRESIDENT can make the calculation for himself as well as any one can make it for him. He is more likely to remain President if he stays at Lima, although he only stays there to witness its capture, than if he takes to the hills, and becomes in every sense an outsider. He could scarcely suppose that if he, as President, remained in Lima after it passed into the hands of the enemy, the war would go on elsewhere without him. He must contemplate the necessity of making peace if Lima is taken and he is taken with it. The Chilians may, therefore, be right in their calculation that, if they can but take Lima, the war will be at end, for a fugitive President would cease to be President, and a President who did not fly must make peace. No one can venture to predict what will take place in a Spanish Republic, but there are apparently good reasons for thinking that the Chilians, in making their great effort to terminate the war, have not miscalculated its effects if it continues to be successful.

THE GREEK DIFFICULTY.

SOME of the French criticisms on M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE's despatch to Count DE MOUV are not unfounded; but the subject has lost much of its interest since the project of arbitration was withdrawn. It was perhaps injudicious to dilate in a formal State paper on the probability that war between Greece and Turkey would be followed by insurrections in the neighbouring States and provinces; and that disturbances in the East might not improbably involve some of the Great Powers in a general war. The concert of Europe ought not to be so lightly regarded by one of the Governments which are at present professedly acting in cordial co-operation. There is no reason why the Powers should allow turbulent little States to direct their policy; and, indeed, there is little risk of war if, as it is proper to assume, Russia is sincerely desirous to avoid a present disturbance of the peace. M. ST.-HILAIRE's language tended to furnish the Government to which it is addressed with an excuse for obstinate rejection of sound advice. The Greeks may naturally think, and perhaps they may say, that they at least have nothing to lose by movements which would be

directed, not against themselves, but against their adversary. It is nothing to them that Macedonia may be in flames, or that Bulgaria or Servia may welcome an opportunity of extending their present limits. As to the possibility of a European war, they may reasonably disclaim responsibility for a result which, if it occurs, must have causes more deeply seated than the attempt of Greece to occupy Epirus and Thessaly. The French Minister perhaps unconsciously used the arguments which had determined the policy of his own Government as reasons for the conclusions which he desired to impress on the Greek Ministry. France on sufficient grounds deprecates any proceeding which may tend to war; while Greece is not disinclined to profit by the occasion of fishing in troubled waters.

Although it may be inexpedient that diplomatists should indulge in rhetorical phrases, M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE's despatch ought to have been deemed conclusive. The authority which he derives from his position supersedes the necessity of persuasion. The wishes and the resolutions of the French Government could not safely be disregarded, even if they were supported by much feebler reasoning than that of the FOREIGN MINISTER. At one time there was a certain apparent vacillation in French policy; and the uncertainty was attributed to a difference of opinion between the responsible Ministers and the leader of the Republican party. It is now well understood that M. GAMBETTA has either modified his former opinion, or deliberately abstains from interference with the policy of the Cabinet. Public opinion is unanimous on the expediency of avoiding diplomatic complications which might lead to war; and Greece may be well assured that M. ST.-HILAIRE speaks with full authority in the name of his country. On one material point he is an unimpeachable witness. The Greek Ministers affect still to adhere to the belief, which they may at one time have seriously entertained, that the Berlin Conference delivered a formal and final judgment. The members of the tribunal, who must be competent to interpret their own meaning, unanimously agree to M. ST.-HILAIRE's declaration that they confined themselves to a simple recommendation which could have no binding force until the assent of both Turkey and Greece was obtained. It may be plausibly argued that the measure was injudicious, irregular, and calculated to mislead; but combined Europe, if it makes a mistake, has the right and the power to correct it. There is reason to believe that at present all the Governments concur with France in a hearty desire to get rid of the controversy as soon as possible.

According to a report which may probably be well founded, some of the Powers are not disposed to maintain in negotiation the claims of Greece to Janina. It might have been supposed that the question had been fully considered by the Berlin Plenipotentiaries; but it now seems to be discovered that the Turkish Government has throughout been justified in its contention that the position was unnecessary for defence, and that it was favourably situated for aggression. The anxiety of the Greeks for the acquisition of Janina is compatible with the theory that the possession of the place might facilitate further acquisition of territory. It happens that the capability of the new frontier to be used for purposes of defence is not of primary importance. Greece possesses the great advantage of a practically indefensible title to any territory which it has once lawfully occupied. Another neighbour might possibly encroach and retaliate; but against Turkey Greece has a virtual guarantee in the disinclination of Europe to allow any enlargement of Mahometan dominion. If Janina were once ceded to Greece by treaty, Turkey must renounce all hope of recovering possession. It is true that another class of difficulties might arise if the Southern Albanians were disposed to assert their independence. They would be formidable enemies to a State which cannot permanently maintain a large military force. It is said that the town of Janina is essentially Greek in the language and character of the population; but the disposition of the neighbouring tribes has not been satisfactorily ascertained.

The Turkish Government, with characteristic adroitness, takes advantage of the warlike demonstrations of Athens to exhibit as a contrast its own peaceable disposition and its deference to the counsels of the Great Powers. The last Turkish Note professes willingness to agree to a cession of territory larger than that which was offered in the abortive negotiations with Greece; and it also proposes

a conference for the settlement of details which should include representatives of all the Powers and of the Porte, nothing being said of the participation of Greece. According to one rumour, some of the Governments are disposed to inquire as to the boundary which Turkey is prepared to concede; but it is unlikely that such a question would produce a definite answer; nor can it be supposed that so distinct an overture tending to a compromise would be hastily made. It may be confidently conjectured that the immediate object of the Porte is to conciliate the European Governments without pledging itself to any definite sacrifice. The proposed exclusion of Greece from the negotiations is a sufficient proof that the invitation to a Conference is not a final offer. It would appear that the late Ministerial changes at Constantinople, which have not extended to the office of Prime Minister, have no immediate effect on the foreign policy of the Empire. The SULTAN is, as on many former occasions, alarmed for his personal safety; but there are no means of knowing whether the alleged conspiracies are real or imaginary. The most acceptable solution of the present difficulty would probably, in the opinion of Turkish statesmen, be a single-handed contest with Greece in which victory could scarcely be doubtful. After a successful war the recommendations of the Berlin Congress and of the Conference would lose their force, and the Turkish Government would not only have humiliated a troublesome adversary, but have secured a considerable material advantage.

The Greek Ministry is ostensibly as resolute as ever, notwithstanding the remonstrances of all its allies, including the Government which is regarded as the special patron of Greece. It is even announced that the war will begin in two or three weeks; but, on the other hand, it is remarked that some of the levies are not yet called out. The Ministers are careful to explain that the delay is not owing to any change of policy, but to an insufficient supply of officers and of arms. Munitions of war may perhaps be procured in abundance, as the Government has succeeded in raising a considerable loan. Officers are less easily provided, especially as the Government has, with strange susceptibility, rejected offers of service from foreigners. Public opinion in Athens, as far as it displays itself, is unanimously favourable to war; but there are probably many dissentients who think it prudent not to encounter popular clamour. There is no doubt that the Government and the nation are genuinely and bitterly disappointed. In common with the rest of the world, they misconstrued the decision of the Conference of Berlin, which was both officious and rash if it was not intended to be operative. They were afterwards encouraged in their hopes by the naval demonstration, especially as the French Government had in the first instance stipulated that it should be employed in support of the claims of Greece. The English threat of a seizure of the Customs revenue, therefore, must have confirmed the conviction of the Greeks that they were backed by powerful supporters. Finally, an English Cabinet Minister announced in a public speech that, if the Greeks made war on Turkey, they would not be left alone. Foreigners may be excused for appreciating but imperfectly the reckless levity of a popular politician new to the restraints of office. Mr. COUMOUNDOUROU and his colleagues have had time and opportunity to correct their illusions. They have now the means of knowing that, though England and France would gladly see them in possession of Janina, neither Power will engage in war for the fulfilment of sentimental aspirations.

THE CHURCH CRISIS.

THE deeper ridicule with which the release of Mr. DALE and of Mr. ENRIGHT has covered the Public Worship Act and its abettors has concurred with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's answer to the Dean of ST. PAUL's and his brother memorialists. The form which the reply assumes is that of the reaffirmation of a letter which the ARCHBISHOP wrote a short time since to Canon WILKINSON, and which had been published in the Church papers. Now, at least, there is a clear field for some better understanding between Churchmen, and this will remain unadulterated, we sincerely hope, by any favour for the misshapen abortion of legislation passed in 1874 which has, like some fairy changeling, perturbed and blighted the Church's respect-

able household, into which it surreptitiously crept. Peaceable and orderly Church people have at last been certified by the highest judicial authority that the turpitude of wearing the wrong dress at the altar is equal to—not indeed more flagrant, as the Church Association vainly imagined—yet certainly not a whit less heinous than the offence of opening a writ in the Crown Office which ought to have been opened in the Court of Queen's Bench. So instructed upon the length and breadth of ceremonial sin, we are now able to consider the troubles of the Church with something like a firm mental grasp of the postulates of legal morality, and an appreciation of the comparative guilt of various species of that wide and diversified deflection from right-doing known as law-breaking—ranging as it does from murder and arson, from houghing and Boycotting, down to putting on the forbidden dress, or opening the writ in the mistaken place.

The positions to which the ARCHBISHOP commits himself in his letter are that "there must be some exceptional difficulty in present arrangements"; that the clergymen who are, like the officials of our law courts, law-breakers (not that, so far as we can ascertain, the last-named persons have ever had to complain of exceptional difficulties) are—we mean the clergymen—"of otherwise unimpeachable character"; a fact which has "led to so strange a result," while the Metropolitan cannot "but respect the evident earnestness of many who are disturbed as to alleged grievances which attach to our present condition." The mainstay of the ARCHBISHOP's apology for any presumable inaction on the side of the Church authorities is that "a large and very influential Committee" of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury was appointed in 1877 "to consider the constitutional relations between the authorities ecclesiastical and civil in this realm, and the best method whereby common action may be taken by them in matters affecting the Church," and that this Committee did not report till towards the close of the Session of 1879. This, of course, leaves unexplained the critical years between 1874 and 1877. But it is not fair to press the question in a chronological spirit. We can well understand and pardon the man whose thoughts have been somewhat perturbed between the summer of 1879 and the opening of 1881.

This report is, in the ARCHBISHOP's opinion, "exhaustive and most carefully drawn," and, as soon as the forms of Convocation allow of it, he proposes to call the attention of his brethren of the Upper House "to the information it contains and its suggestion for the improvement of our present laws." Nothing can be more reasonable, or within its own limits more satisfactory, than this promise. But, according as the person who considers the conclusion to which it binds its author approaches it with the mind of a statesman or of a polemic, so will he regard it either with increased or with mitigated satisfaction when he recollects who its author is. It comes from the pen of that most able and active administrator who rather less than seven years since brought very much trouble both upon himself and upon the Church, by neglecting to take Convocation into counsel when he embarked upon the root and branch innovations of the Public Worship Bill, and then when he had become conscious of the mistake by curtailing the legitimate opportunities of that body to give an exhaustive and careful consideration to questions as important in their permanent results as they were unexpected in their introduction.

For our own part, while unsaying nothing which we urged while the Public Worship Act was under consideration, we desire now to believe that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY has healthily profited by the experiences of the intervening years. It is not to be expected that one in his position should make a public confession of changed views. No more genuine evidence of matured thought can be tendered than promises such as those which were at first embodied in the letter to Canon WILKINSON, and which now serve in their authoritative second issue to fulfil a more public and important purpose as the twice thought over response to a memorial which is as weighty from its signatures as from its arguments.

We took occasion last week to point out how insufficiently the *Times* handled the memorial by treating it as merely a plea for toleration in regard to Ritual, and by overlooking the representation which it contains to the unsatisfactory condition of the ecclesiastical judicature. It may be said that the ARCHBISHOP's letter is similarly

deficient in the other direction. But it should not be forgotten that we cannot fully judge of it so long as we are ignorant of the communication in answer to which it was originally written. It does, however, contain general expressions of sympathy clearly-referable to the ceremonial trouble, and no one can blame the ARCHBISHOP for preferring to reissue what was clearly a careful expression of policy rather than again travel over similar topics with a merely colourable difference of expression.

We have never lost the opportunity of dwelling upon the exceptional difficulties which surround any ecclesiastical arrangement, owing to the composition and temper of Parliament. We urged caution while the Parliament of 1874 was sitting, and the apparition of that of 1880 is not calculated to make us more rash. But, there is another consideration which we have with equal instance urged. All who are not fettered by red-tape ought to be able to appreciate that much can be done of which Parliament need not be apprised, and which, falling short as it may do of ideal, and therefore impossible, perfection, may yet be sufficient to calm perturbed minds. This is the comfort which is reserved for those who know how to wait—that is, to the men to whom, as a shrewd politician said, the world will at last come. It is to those in whose vocabulary wariness does not exclude condonation that we commend the ARCHBISHOP'S concluding promise that, “so far as I have any influence, the first work to which the bishops will be called in Convocation shall be a calm and thorough investigation of their grievances.”

SOUTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S reply to a memorial presented to him by a Dutch Peace Society is judiciously short, and yet it is imprudently offensive. It may have been right to return a courteous answer to an officious communication, but it was unnecessary to assure a set of philanthropic Dutchmen that the decision of the Government would probably satisfy their wishes. Not for the first time, Mr. GLADSTONE shows himself too ready to compromise grave public interests for the gratification of sentimental impulses. It is surprising that he should have learned nothing from the use which the enemies of society have made of his thoughtless rhetorical flourishes about the Manchester murders, the Clerkenwell explosion, and the fatal effects attributed to Irish evictions. A settlement which would please the Peace Society would include the concession of the demands of the Boers and a retraction of all the formal declarations hitherto made by the Government. The foreign sympathizers with rebellion might not unreasonably be accused of impertinence in criticizing the policy of annexation; but they estimated justly the disposition of the only conspicuous statesmen whom they would have ventured to address in similar language. It may hereafter become a practical question whether the barren sovereignty of the Transvaal shall be maintained or surrendered; but the only parties to the discussion must be the English Government, the insurgents, and perhaps to some extent the Cape Colony. Even Mr. GLADSTONE will scarcely show equal condescension to another Association in Holland which is formed for the purpose of assisting the insurgents with men and money. Sir C. DILKE was able to state, in answer to an indiscreet question, that no foreign Government has been guilty of the rudeness of making representations in favour of the insurgents. The Peace Society is less scrupulous and less responsible; but it had no legitimate excuse for interference. It is not impossible that Mr. GLADSTONE'S reply to Mr. RICHARD may cause the prolongation of the war by encouraging the Boers to resistance. The Government probably knows by this time that the firm language of the QUEEN'S Speech had produced a salutary effect in the Transvaal.

The Government of the Orange Free State seems hitherto to have given no cause of complaint; for it is not surprising that the territory of the Republic should be closed against English troops. If the prohibition applies also to the Transvaal insurgents, there will be no just cause of complaint. It is probably difficult or impossible to prevent private adventurers from joining the Boers; but as volunteers will have nothing to gain by engaging in a foreign quarrel, there is no reason to fear that the rebels will be largely reinforced from the Free State. It is stated that Mr. BRAND has informed the rebel leaders that the time for

mediation is passed; and that his Government will remain neutral in the war. In almost all the correspondence from the Cape it is stated that the Dutch of the colony sympathize warmly with the Transvaal insurgents; but probably those who take an active part in the agitation are hastily assumed to represent the entire community. The English colonists may be relied upon to wish well to the Imperial Government, and there seems to be no change in the position of political parties at Cape Town. Mr. SPRUGG continues to enjoy the confidence of the majority in the Legislature and probably in the constituencies. The present Colonial Ministry has always favoured the federal union of the South African provinces; and it is not likely to approve either of separation or of civil war. The campaign in Basutoland is proceeding prosperously; but a strange and untoward event has lately occurred. In the middle of a battle with a force of 5,000 natives, 950 burghers, principally, and perhaps wholly, Dutchmen, were said to have deserted, apparently in pursuance of a previous determination. According to a later version of the story, the burghers simply ran away. Colonel CARINGTON continued to combat, and won a decisive victory. It was supposed that the treacherous abandonment by his Dutch troops of their comrades had some connexion with the dispute in the Transvaal; but if the flight of the burghers was the result of design, the deserters did the worst possible service to their supposed friends and allies. The Dutch portion of the colony, whatever may be its opinions on the Transvaal revolt, is thoroughly bent on the prosecution of the native war. The desertion was an act of bad faith not to the Imperial Government, but to the colony. If it were understood that the insurgents in the Transvaal were allied with the Basutos or the Pondos, the cause of the Boers would be unanimously repudiated by the colonists.

The unprofitable controversy on the constitutional right of the Basutos is still feebly continued with little result in attracting public attention. In the short conversation on the subject Sir HENRY HOLLAND and Mr. GRANT DUFF accurately explained the position of the Government. In answer to a complaint of M. MABILLE, a French missionary, Sir HENRY BARKLY has admitted the charge that the Basutos received no formal notice of the arrangement by which they became subject to the jurisdiction of the Cape. As the ex-Governor says, they would have been incapable of understanding the transaction, and it would have been both idle and irregular to ask their assent. The dispute has ceased to possess any practical importance, for it is impossible that the Imperial Government should hereafter resume the administration of a territory which the colonists are with its passive assent now engaged in reconquering. It may be true that the Crown is likely to be more impartial and perhaps more benevolent to native subjects than a colonial Legislature and Ministry; but from the time at which Basutoland was included in the limits of the Cape the local Parliament became irrevocably supreme in the district. The colony has not hitherto been justly liable to the charge of maltreating or oppressing natives. Those who are settled within the colony, as long as they are peaceable and obedient, enjoy all the rights of their civilized neighbours. It is a proof of good sense that the franchise has been so defined as to render it impossible for native voters to exercise any considerable influence; but those Caffres who are sufficiently prosperous and civilized to satisfy the prescribed conditions have an undisputed right to vote. The same privileges may perhaps not be at once extended to the Basutos when their rebellion is suppressed; but all parties at the Cape understand that it is better to conciliate the natives than to rely permanently on superior force. The disarmament, though it seems to have been ill timed, was a measure in itself essentially just.

Even if the Imperial Government could in any circumstances have interfered between the colonial authorities and the Basutos, its attention would now have been unavoidably diverted to the more pressing difficulty in the Transvaal. A more embarrassing quarrel has never perplexed an unwilling Government. Intelligence is slow in arriving, and probably the Colonial Office is still imperfectly informed of the immediate causes of the insurrection and of its progress. According to some reports, the leaders of the revolt now deny that they were the first to commence hostilities; and it is possible that the rebellion may have originated in an armed enforcement of the law. Sir OWEN LANTON, who is accused of violence, is

an able and experienced public servant, and he is unlikely to have used force except for the purpose of overcoming illegal resistance. If an English officer opposed by force an attempt to take down the QUEEN'S flag, he was not the aggressor. The absurd account of the origin of the struggle, and of the fight at Bronker's Spruit, which is said to be contained in a proclamation of the Boer triumvirate, may possibly impose on some of their own party. It is not certain that this party is unanimous; but those who are favourable to the English will, if they exist, have an opportunity of proving their allegiance. It is an unprofitable exercise of ingenuity to guess at events which will soon be accurately known; but an attempt on the part of the insurgents to excuse their action may possibly be an indication of conscious weakness. There is no ground for hope that the struggle will be suspended. The rebels have occupied some additional posts, and the siege of the fort at Pretoria continues. There was reason to apprehend that it might become necessary to bombard the adjacent town, which is in the occupation of the Boers. Sir OWEN LANTON will certainly be unwilling to take measures which will aggravate the ill-will already prevailing; but all other considerations must give way to the duty of defending a fort which protects not only the garrison, but the English residents, with their wives and families. If the political embarrassment arising from the revolt cannot be at present surmounted, a final decision may be advantageously postponed. The first duty of the Government is to convince the insurgents that they have no chance of ultimate success in the field. It appears that reinforcements from England and from India have been despatched with commendable alacrity. Sir GEORGE COLLEY is probably by this time approaching the seat of war, and Sir EVELYN WOOD, who will be second in command, is on his way to Natal. The Boers are, in some respects, formidable enemies, as they are all mounted, and as they command the resources of the country. It is said that many of them have sent their families to distant parts of the province or across the border into the Free State; so that they will themselves be able to take the field without anxiety. On the other hand, it is believed that a minority among themselves disapprove of the revolt, and are coerced into taking part in the campaign. The Boers have no artillery, and little discipline, though they are familiar by experience or tradition with the practices of local warfare. In their last military operations against SECOCOENI the Boer levies were so inefficient as to incur the ridicule of their native allies, on whom they devolved the most dangerous service. Nevertheless it would not be safe to attribute a want of courage to a community which, though it is of mixed origin, derives its language and its character from Holland. It is to be wished, though scarcely to be hoped, that the impending contest may be of short duration.

THE LANCASHIRE COAL STRIKE.

STRIKES are rarely other than unsatisfactory things alike in their beginning and their end, and the colliery strike in Lancashire is no exception to the rule. At the end of last week some fifty thousand colliers in South and West Lancashire were "playing." At the present season, and with the present weather, any stoppage in the supply of coal is a serious matter, and nowhere could this be more serious than in Lancashire. About one-eighth of the total coal raised in the United Kingdom is derived from this single county, and the demand for coal in the district is probably quite proportionate to the supply. The coal-owners in the neighbouring coal-fields have already profited largely by the strike. The stoppage of machinery involves so much loss in various ways that a very large advance of price has been willingly paid rather than that the furnaces should be suffered to go out. In several of the Lancashire towns there was for several days a genuine panic on the part even of private consumers. Trade was almost suspended because every kind of vehicle was at work, either carrying coal or waiting for coal to be carried. Cladders and refuse of all kinds were bought by those who could not pay the price asked for coal. In short, the strike has had its full share of sensational incidents, and the authors of the excitement have doubtless seen with much enjoyment the natural consequences of their act.

The Lancashire colliery strike is an eminent instance of

faults, or, at all events, misfortunes, on both sides. In the first instance, the masters mismanaged matters. They contrived to convey, both to the men and the public, a conviction that they had made a demand which they afterwards declared they had never meant to make. Just when negotiations of a somewhat strained kind were going on about a rise of wages, a misunderstanding arose about the Employers' Liability Act. The masters proposed that the men should contract themselves out of the Act, upon the understanding that the masters would raise their contributions to the Miners' Relief Society from fifteen per cent., at which it has hitherto stood, to twenty-five, or, if necessary, thirty per cent. The miners' agent at Wigan, Mr. W. PICARD, advised the men to accept this offer. Whether this advice was good or bad was plainly a question for the men to determine for themselves. The law secures them certain advantages upon the happening of certain contingencies; the proposal of the masters secured them certain advantages on the happening of certain other contingencies. Whether the law or the contract offered them most can only be ascertained by those who are practically familiar with the condition of the particular industry. It happened unfortunately that the masters in making this offer to the men managed to persuade them that the option offered was not between employment under the new Act and employment on the terms proposed by the masters, but between employment on the terms proposed by the masters and no employment at all. The condition of continuing to work in the Lancashire collieries would be to forego the benefits secured by the Act. If the men were willing to make this contract, the employers would pay in return the increased contribution to the Relief Society. If the men refused to forego the benefits of the Act, the employers would find other workmen more to their mind. Had this been the real state of the case, the action of the masters would have been exceedingly injudicious. When a law has been passed giving workmen of all classes certain specified benefits, the masters are probably doing what is best, alike for themselves and the men, when they tempt them to contract themselves out of the Act by the offer of great advantages. But to make the acceptance of this offer compulsory, to insist that the workmen shall contract themselves out of the Act on the very day that it comes into operation, without even waiting until its meaning has been settled by legal decisions, would be little short of a deliberate challenge to the workmen to try conclusions. If the workmen had had their way, they would probably have been forbidden by the Legislature to contract themselves out of the Act, and to insist upon their doing so whether they liked it or not would have been the best way possible to start a similar agitation once more.

Fortunately the colliery owners in Lancashire had no such intention. As soon as the cause of the strike was made known, a large number of them met at Liverpool and passed a resolution disclaiming all idea of coercing their men into contracting themselves out of the Act, and declaring that, if the men do not wish to work under the new arrangement proposed by the masters, the latter have no objection to their refusing to do so, it being understood that, in that case, the masters will not hold themselves bound to continue their contributions to the Relief Society. Here, therefore, the strike ought to have ended. The employers had explained their attitude in a way which removed any necessary antagonism between themselves and the men, and it only remained for the men to consider whether the Act or the twenty-five per cent. contribution promised to do most for them. Instead of this, they appear to have thought that, as they were actually on strike, it would be convenient to settle two other questions upon which they and the masters were at issue. The men think that the time has come for a rise in wages; and they further ask that the wages may be paid weekly instead of fortnightly. The employers reply to the first request, that, though times are better, the improvement has not lasted long enough to enable them to recoup their losses; and to the second, that weekly payments are more costly. Whether profits have yet risen to a point at which the coalowners, looking at all the circumstances of their position, can afford to concede a farther rise in wages, is a matter on which it is impossible to have an opinion. Probably the demand has been granted by some employers and refused by others, something depends on the circumstances of individual owners. As regards the weekly payment of wages, we are inclined to think that

the advantage to the men would in many instances be shared by the masters. There can be little doubt that the possession of a relatively large sum of money is a temptation to spend it recklessly, and the week following upon pay-day is admittedly very much broken into by the debauch in which a large portion of the money is spent. It may be objected that if pay came every week, every week would similarly be broken into, and of the old hands this might often be true. But there is an improvement visible in this respect even among colliers, and the general experience of working-men seems to be that frequent payment of wages tends to promote regular payment of debts and to rescue a larger share of the money for the wife and family. This is a point upon which the masters might usefully confer with the more respectable men, and be governed by their opinions. As regards the whole subject of wages, there can be no doubt that, if the proper basis of a sliding scale could be fixed, this method of determining the rate to be paid would have conspicuous advantages. At one time the masters were decidedly opposed to its adoption, and an unsuccessful strike ten years ago was directed to extorting it from them. The employers who met at Liverpool last week declared themselves willing to consider the question again, and a joint committee of masters and men was appointed to consider how a sliding scale could best be adopted. It is plain that everything depends on the point from which the scale is to start; but there is no obvious reason why a committee thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances of the trade should not be able to settle this to the satisfaction of both parties. There is one feature in the present strike which cannot be too much blamed, or too severely dealt with by the local magistrates. There have been several isolated acts of violence, and a not infrequent disposition to levy "assistance" from the shopkeepers of the Lancashire towns. This latter practice has actually been defended on the plea that the men must live, and that it is better to live upon charity than to live upon the rates. The sooner the magistrates impress upon these reasoners that, if a man will not work, neither shall he eat, unless he or his fellows can provide the means, the better it will be for the future conduct of strikes.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SICILY.

THE King and Queen of ITALY, with their son the Prince of NAPLES, and the KING's brother, the Duke of AOSTA, have been paying a visit to Sicily, and have met with a welcome so fervent and so general as to have somewhat surprised even those who are accustomed to the acclamations with which royalty is everywhere received in United Italy. Everything combined to give brilliancy to the visit, except the weather. Even that, however, had the advantage of stimulating the general enthusiasm. The sea was so rough that the commander of the *Roma*, which took the royal party from Naples to Palermo, telegraphed to ask whether their Majesties would really start. The QUEEN pencilled her reply on a scrap of paper, "Savoy always goes forward," and thus justified beforehand the tributes that were paid when she arrived to her own personal merits and charms and the gallantry of her ancient family. Palermo was beside itself with ecstasy when it at last got its guests in its midst. Delighted crowds watched the progress of the Sovereigns to the Cathedral, greeted them on their exit, and were enthralled with the dumb show with which Royalty recognized their enthusiasm. Every house was decorated, every street was illuminated at night. No soldiers were on guard, or at least none were to be seen, for the people kept order themselves. It is not very long since, on a similar occasion at Naples, an attempt was made to assassinate the KING, and thus the undertaking of the people that faithful guard should be kept by it had more than the customary meaning. Nor was the welcome confined to Palermo. Wherever the Sovereigns showed themselves they were received with the same exuberance of loyalty. There was no difference of feeling in different ranks; high or low, rich or poor, all felt, or seemed to feel, alike. But what was much more noticeable than this ardour of the laity was the equal ardour of the clergy. The hostility of the Vatican to the representative of the usurper of the sacred territory does not appear to have penetrated into Sicily. The KING was received at the Cathedral of Palermo by the Archbishop and a large body

of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and, what seems even more strange, some of these ecclesiastics wore the order of the Crown of Italy. When a day or two afterwards the KING visited the Cathedral of Monreale to examine its curious mosaics, he was welcomed by two Archbishops, who themselves did the honours of the local curiosities. The Church in Sicily has always in minor matters maintained a sort of independence of Rome, and could venture perhaps with more ease than could be done on the mainland to treat its Sovereign as if the quarrel of his dynasty with the Pope had never occurred. It was, too, no doubt pleasant for Archbishops to fall in with the humour of the people and to join in a welcome which they could not prevent. There is apparently no healing of the division between Church and State in Italy, and what happened at Palermo may be regarded as a local episode in a painful history. Still the KING and QUEEN may have enjoyed this happy reign of cordiality all the more because it was temporary and exceptional.

It is now ten years since the KING and QUEEN visited Sicily as the Prince and Princess of Piedmont. When they were then at Palermo the connexion between Sicily and the dynasty of Savoy was only ten years old. It has now lasted twenty years, and it is something to hear that the Sicilians like it better the longer it lasts. Probably Sicily itself has improved in the last ten years. It may not have improved much, but still it has more of orderly and efficient government than it used to have. The only occasion on which its affairs have excited much attention during the last ten years was when the Italian Parliament was asked to give the Government special powers to put down the Sicilian form of brigandage or league of brigands known as the Mafia. In 1874 the then Premier, MINICOTTI, gave his constituents at Legnano a sketch of the state of Sicily, which might, with some few necessary changes, be taken as a faithful description of Ireland at present. He spoke of crimes of bloodshed and plunder and of an audacity beyond belief, and then went on to say that the timidity of honest persons was becoming such that they had no longer the power of offering resistance. Witnesses could not be found, jurymen refused to act, the magistrates themselves were intimidated. The landowner could not visit his estates, dwellers in towns were no longer free agents; everywhere the violators of the law had their local ministers, who spread the terror and carried it to the most remote districts. The existing laws were not able to cope with the evil, and the Premier announced that the consent of Parliament to exceptional measures must be asked. The Government, however, was not very strong, and delayed its application to Parliament. But, meanwhile, it ventured on acts which must have gone beyond the usual boundaries of law. It made two sweeps on the most notorious offenders, and at one time carried off fifty, and another time eighty, malefactors to the islands on the Sicilian coast. In the next year—1875—it applied for and obtained, though not without great difficulty, the necessary Parliamentary powers. Troops had been poured into Sicily, and more were ready to be sent; but the Prefect of Palermo plainly told the Ministry that he could not put down the Mafia with the whole Italian army so long as the brigands could claim constitutional rights. Trial by jury, in fact, naturally broke down when jurors who had ventured to give a conscientious verdict were strangled or seriously wounded. But not only did the adversaries of the Sicilian Coercion Bill assure their friends that it was worthy of the Middle Ages or the most cruel despotism, but they boldly turned the tables on the champions of order, and asserted that the brigandage was the work of the police. We shall probably in the next few days or weeks hear a repetition both of the general assertion and of the special accusation when Irish anarchy comes to be seriously discussed in Parliament.

The remedy of force was tried in Sicily, and with considerable effect. But it is a very difficult thing to extirpate such an evil as brigandage, which the habit of centuries has ingrained into the manners of the people. After the new measure had been, for more than a year in operation, the notorious case of Mr. Ross, an Englishman who was carried off, and only released after payment of a heavy ransom, showed how active and undaunted Sicilian brigands still were. Even now it would probably be very unsafe to go without ample protection many miles beyond the limits of Palermo. At Naples, too, where precisely the same kind of evil has existed from time immemorial, there has recently been an alarm-

ing recrudescence of brigandage. There the evil was fomented or connived at by the sovereigns of the fallen dynasty, who had the peculiarity of being bad, not here or there, but all round and in every direction. They wished to be popular; and, as they had convinced themselves that the brigands were really their leading and most influential subjects, they showed tenderness in the quarter where they thought tenderness would pay best. It is at least satisfactory to find that the popularity of the head of a new dynasty, which has waged to the best of its powers unceasing war on brigandage, is greater at Palermo than that ever bestowed on a royal friend of brigands. Decent people, and in every country there are decent people, really like rulers who protect them better than those who do not, even though the rulers have been obliged to have recourse to measures worthy of the Middle Ages or of the most cruel despotism, or, in less ambitious language, have temporarily dispensed with the machinery of intimidated juries. The remedial measures with which the Italian Parliament has accompanied or followed the introduction of coercive measures mainly consist in giving subvention to help the construction of roads and railways. But Sicily is a difficult country to open up. All, or almost all, the towns are on the coast, and railways which go from one centre of population to another only skirt the island, and are made expensive by the necessity of going from one rocky place to another. Roads to the interior have almost everywhere to be made, and an island which used to be the granary of Rome is now probably not cultivated up to the limit of one-tenth of its capabilities. Much as Ireland and Sicily in some respects resemble each other, they differ as widely in other respects. Sicily has two great advantages—its immense superiority of natural resources and the absence of any political hostility to the governing country. Far from wishing for separation, the greatest triumph Sicily can obtain is won when a Sicilian is allowed to enter the Cabinet. On the other hand, Ireland is far more opened up, and much better cultivated. Sicilian brigandage is a much worse evil, because more persistent and universal, than anything we have to deplore in Ireland. England has done many bad things to Ireland, but it never left it entirely to itself as the BOURBONS left Sicily. Ireland is, on the whole, much forwarder than Sicily, and therefore it may be expected that firm and just government will tell on it more rapidly.

MOSCOW IN LONDON.

TO have lived in London on Tuesday, the 18th January, 1881, and to have survived the experience, is something which any man is justified in remembering, and which ought to justify occasional boasting of the fact. In old days there have been of course freezings of the Thames, roasted oxen, and other things of that sort. But even the most vigorous opponents of the theory that old-fashioned winters have gone out have to go back a quarter of a century before they can find anything to match the experiences of last Tuesday, and even the most fanatical admirers of an old-fashioned winter admit that they have had their wish "and a plague with it." For a week before the 18th, London, and more or less the whole of England, had suffered from, or rejoiced in, sufficiently hard weather. Skates had been got out, domestics had been reduced to small fragments by the combined operations of the water Companies and the makers of improved grates, water had been a thing to fetch from that very unpoetical analogue of the Eastern village well—the stand-pipe. But winter in his roughest mood never—at least in London, and within the memory of middle-aged man—imagined anything like last Tuesday. Heavy snowfalls always strike the business, and to a less degree the amusements, of this city with a temporary paralysis. But the mere snowfall of Tuesday was the very least of its tricks and manners. Seldom, indeed, has a greater quantity of the very pretty and very troublesome commodity in which Kings of Siam disbelieve fallen in a short time. But snow without wind is comparatively manageable. Snow with wind, and especially with such a wind as that of Tuesday, is frankly unmanageable. At an early period of the day, and in comparatively sheltered streets, considerable discomfort, occasional breathlessness, frequent scudding before the wind with a shameful regardlessness of the proper course in which the scudder's steps

ought to be directed, and hair and beards full of icicles, summed up the dangers to which men and women who unwisely left their firesides were exposed. But later in the morning, and about midday, when the snow had fallen in considerable quantities, and had been drifted by the wind into deep banks, while the wind itself still continued, the state of things was aggravated infinitely. Matters became acute about noon, and from that time till the wind dropped at sunset the crisis continued.

It is not a very great distance from Queen Anne's Gate to Marlborough House, and the few hundred yards which lie between these two points may usually be passed over by the walker without his encountering any obstacle greater than the possibly obtrusive legs of some loafing admirer of the ducks on the bridge. A thought of the pleasant old days, when that bridge was not, and when a ferry did the duty, is the only other thing likely to disturb the consciousness of a meditative or occupied person. But on Tuesday a journey from Queen Anne's Gate to Marlborough House was a thing to be remembered. It was in this respect like a journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, that the traveller was not troubled with companions. If he thought of the ferry at all, it was with a devout expression of thankfulness that it was no longer necessary to trust to it. Between the northern end of the bridge and the gate into the Mall the snow lay literally thigh-deep, while the easterly gusts poured down from Sir GILBERT SCOTT'S structure on the right in a way which made pedestrians rather thankful for the snow as a kind of steadier against it. In some places, even in this comparatively sheltered situation, there was nothing to do but to turn face or back to the *tourmente* and let it blow itself out before attempting to go on. The storm must have, at any rate, served intelligent students of comparative clothes-learning with an important opportunity for arriving at conclusions likely to be useful in future. Ulsters, especially of a hairy and fluffy make, simply became snow-traps, while mackintoshes of a strait conformation, a stout texture, and a smooth surface did wonders. The piratical vessel in the ballad was "brass within and steel without." A person who should be condemned to dwell perpetually in an atmosphere similar to that of Tuesday should be fur within and mackintosh without if he wishes to laugh at the weather, which in the course of time, and after much acclimatization, he might possibly do.

It is only fair to say that the hackneyed complaints about municipal unreadiness in dealing with the snow hardly deserve repetition on this occasion. The treacherous drift of Tuesday would have prevented even that impossible million of carts which the London grumbler desiderates from carrying off the shifty avalanche which descended upon us, and by a reasonable time on Wednesday most of the principal thoroughfares were passable, at least on foot. How to make them passable in any other way on such occasions is a problem which would probably tax a good many of those who grumble at the absence of a solution. In wide roads the matter is not difficult, because the snow can be banked up at the sides as it has very generally been banked up during the last few days. But in narrow ones, such as unfortunately abound in London, this is hardly possible, while the bodily abduction of the snow has often been shown to be a simple impossibility. Hence, as usual in such circumstances, vehicles in London during the middle of the present week were conspicuously few. Omnibuses ceased to be after midday on Tuesday; cabs were not to be had for love at all, nor without a considerable expenditure of money; and the hansom with leaders once more made its appearance. It is a proof of the wisdom that comes with experience that the modern hansom leader is usually postilioned. When some fifteen years ago the idea first struck enterprising cabmen, terrible sights used to be seen as a consequence of the inability of the drivers to drive tandem, and the disinclination of the steeds to be so driven. A leader calmly descending area steps with a driver in vain endeavouring to correct him, and a weeping fare of the weaker sex appealing to high heaven and the bystanders, is too harrowing a spectacle to be permitted. Sleighs, too, have made their appearance in some numbers, and the perfect crispness and dryness which characterized the snow suited them admirably. Indeed, the most remarkable thing about this present frost has been its singular steadiness and consistency. For at least ten days it has never condescended to the slightest thaw. Hence, except inside the house, the sufferings experienced

have been perhaps somewhat less than they are in those periods of misery when sloppy slush surmounting frozen snow, and fresh fallen snow surmounting sloppy slush, furnish the London pedestrian with his alternatives. Inside the house sufferings have indeed not been small. We do not now speak of those unspeakably unfortunate inhabitants of Lambeth for whom well-deserved assistance is asked, and who saw and felt their houses invaded by deluges of filthy and half-frozen river water on Tuesday. The grievance of the happier and more well-to-do Londoner is not that his house is invaded by water, but that water sternly refuses to enter it on any terms, friendly or hostile. The HOME SECRETARY, as we all know, is going to do wonders with the London water supply, and the first wonder to the production of which it may be hoped he will direct his mind is the devising of some means whereby those who pay for water shall not need to pay for it during indefinite periods twice over, and to have to fetch it at their own risk and trouble as well. It is true that the London builder is in that matter as guilty as the London Water Company, and perhaps the only remedy would be the Constantinopolitan one of hanging a Water Company and a score or so of builders every severe winter. A less soluble difficulty is presented by the want of milk, which effectually prevents a plagiarism of the famous suggestion that, in default of bread, cake might make a pleasant, wholesome, and nourishing diet for the lower orders. Blocked trains have stopped the London milk supply, and the few surviving suburban dairymen must be driving a roaring trade and rubbing their hands over the temporary downfall of their supplanters. So that, on the whole, it would be scarcely correct to say that the present season is a wholly delightful one even for people who have no actual want to dread, like the more hapless beings who are pleaded for at this season. There is, to recur to our starting-point, a fearful joy in having been out on Tuesday and in having continued to live. Farsighted people may also reflect that such of us as survive and are favoured by fortune will probably drink good wine about twelve or fifteen years hence, for a sharp winter is usually, if not always, followed by a hot summer. This, however, is philosophy, and philosophy cannot be expected of everybody. What may be expected of everybody is a desire for a thaw, mixed with a fear of the period of briefer, but almost sharper, misery which that thaw will usher in.

FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE complementary elections of Sunday were remarkable for the entire defeat of the Communists. The new municipal Council is substantially the old one over again. Those who wish to see a rational Conservatism predominant in French administration, whether national or local, will not derive much comfort from this fact. It is something, no doubt, to know that the care of the public buildings of Paris will not devolve upon the gentlemen who burnt them in 1871, and that the Republican troops will not again have to besiege the capital of the Republic. But the Council, which by comparison with the Communists we are forced to call moderate, is the Council which has been responsible for the many petty acts of tyranny which have lately been committed in Paris. It is the Council which has secularized the schools, driven Sisters of Charity out of the hospitals, pulled down religious emblems, and given a new name to so many Paris streets. It is, and glories in being, a thoroughly Radical Council. Nor is the defeat of the Communists at all likely to make it less Radical. That defeat will relieve both the Council and its constituents of the only fear to which they seem subject—the fear of another Communist outbreak. The most extreme Radical is inclined to become Conservative when he is afraid of having his house burnt over his head by a more pronounced Radical than himself. When that fear is removed he feels once more free to consult his own fancies. What these fancies are is abundantly shown by recent Republican legislation. The rule with the party now in power is, when in doubt attack religion, and up to this time the results seem to have justified their choice of a maxim. Schisms in the Republican ranks have more than once been healed by this convenient device, and none of any importance has been created. The Church turns out to have no friends, and it receives the treatment which is popularly appropriated to institutions in that helpless condition.

The Session which began on Thursday does not promise to be a very eventful one. At least this would be true if it were not said of a Legislature which has been singularly fertile in surprises. It is the last Session of the present Chamber, and Legislatures are seldom very active on the eve of their dissolution. They have not time to make a new character, and they may easily lose what character they have already made. One question, however, the Chamber of Deputies can scarcely avoid debating. The eve of a general election is an inappropriate time for many things; but it cannot be called inappropriate for considering how the votes of the electors are to be given. The substitution of the *Scrutin de liste* for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* has the obvious advantage that it will increase the Republican majority. The *arrondissements* which now return Conservative deputies will in many cases be swamped when the voting goes by departments. But then, in order to secure this party triumph, both deputies and electors are asked to make a heavy sacrifice. Under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* local claims are ordinarily paramount. Here and there a man of unusual mark finds a seat out of his *arrondissement*; but the majority of the deputies are returned by people who know something about them. If the department becomes the electoral unit, local knowledge must go for very much less. Candidates will seldom be famous enough to be as much at home in their department as they have been in their *arrondissement*. It will be needful, therefore, to resort to some other means of recommending them to the electors; and there can be no doubt what this means will be. A Republican Committee, with branches in each department, will sit in Paris, and will arrange the list of candidates for the whole country. The object of a man who wishes to get into the Chamber will no longer be to recommend himself to a special constituency. The good will of the Committee will be the thing to secure, and in the majority of cases this will naturally be gained by men who live in Paris. The introduction of the *Scrutin de liste* will be the best news possible for barristers, journalists, or doctors who find politics a more interesting or more profitable pursuit than the dull and perhaps ill-paid routine of their own professions. If they can but make themselves known by speech or writing, they will have a chance of being sent down to some constituency stamped with the Republican hall-mark, and reasonably sure of being returned. But it will not be equally good news for the barristers, journalists and doctors whom the new arrivals from Paris will displace, and as it is to these last-mentioned classes that the present deputies largely belong, they are not specially anxious to bring in the new gospel. Whatever the *Scrutin de liste* may do for the party, it can only do harm to those with whom it rests to introduce it, and in this case the existing deputies may fairly plead that their skin is nearer to them than their coat. If the electors were known to wish for the change, the deputies might not care to let their views on this question appear. They would not do anything to secure their re-election, since the *Scrutin de liste* would be made a party test, and the fact of their having rejected it would certainly be used against them. But there is no reason to suppose that the electors are very well disposed to the *Scrutin de liste*. A voter in a small community is a more important person than a voter in a large community, and he has consequently nothing to gain by exchanging the former position for the latter. All experience goes to show that the average elector's interest in politics is keenest when it is circumscribed within a small area, and is stimulated by local associations and local hates. A country election in England is a much less exciting affair than a borough election, and under the *Scrutin de liste* every French election would, except in the very largest towns, be put upon the country level. Still, against all this there must be set another consideration of great and, it may be, overbalancing importance. M. GAMBETTA is known to wish for the *Scrutin de liste*, and what M. GAMBETTA is known to wish for, that, to all appearance, France wishes for. That M. GAMBETTA should be dissatisfied with the existing Chamber seems natural enough. He has helped, no doubt, to make it what it is; but that need not prevent him from disliking his own handiwork. Few deliberative assemblies have shown less capacity for giving steady support to the Government which, on the whole, they wish to keep in power, and when M. GAMBETTA takes office he will certainly want a Chamber which is prepared to give him a steady support. Why the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* should fail to yield such a

Chamber is not very clear, but upon this point M. GAMBETTA may be supposed to know his own business best. At all events, there is no doubt that he approves the change on this ground, and this circumstance may easily prove a determining element in the calculation. Whatever the electors may be doubtful about, they are clear as to the fact that they wish M. GAMBETTA to rule over them, and if they are led to think that the maintenance of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* will in any way interfere with this result, they will probably wish to see the *Scrutin de liste* put in its place. In that case they will no doubt contrive to acquaint their representatives with their wishes, and the rejection of the *Scrutin de liste* can then only be brought about by a coalition between the Right and the Extreme Left; the one fighting for the constituencies that at present return them, the other caring little about the question actually in dispute, but being thoroughly determined to refuse M. GAMBETTA anything that he asks for.

The *Times* of Thursday contained an interesting letter, setting forth the reasons why, in a country not really disposed to revolution, revolutionary ideas find such ready acceptance in the Chamber and with the Government. The explanation is the same which has so often proved correct under widely different conditions. The great mass of the electors do not care about politics. They favour the Republic, but it is not for any genuinely political reasons. They have persuaded themselves, and on the whole with good reason, that the Republic means peace, and at present peace is the thing that they most care for. The impression made upon them by the last war was at first underrated, but in the judgment of competent observers of various politics, it is so deep and abiding that it will probably not wear out until the generation which witnessed the war has left the political field. This view has lately received a curious incidental confirmation. Some months ago M. GAMBETTA made a speech which was, rightly or wrongly, held to be decidedly warlike in tone. This was promptly followed by a decidedly pacific speech from M. DE FREYCINET. The latter probably thought that he saw an opportunity of asserting his independence of M. GAMBETTA by taking the popular line on a matter upon which the nation feels strongly. M. GAMBETTA proved to be too strongly entrenched in the affections of his countrymen to be dislodged at the first attack, and he succeeded in bringing about M. DE FREYCINET'S overthrow. But he showed at the same time that he had not been unobservant of the lesson. The attitude of France on the Greek question is probably due to M. GAMBETTA'S conviction that there is one trial which even his popularity would not stand, and that if he wishes to retain his influence unimpaired, he must avoid everything that savours of a warlike policy. But, though the electors are careless about politics, except so far as they minister to peace, the deputies cannot be equally careless. A legislative Assembly must legislate; indeed, if it ceased to do so, its constituents might begin to consider whether the deputies were worth their salary. The Government meets the desire for action on the part of the Chamber by introducing a variety of measures which have the double merit of pleasing the active minority among their supporters while not offending the passive majority. This is why such prominence has been given to ecclesiastical affairs. The mass of the nation cares nothing about the dispersion of the religious orders or the banishment of the priest from the communal school. It regards these measures as the recreation of its rulers, which are perfectly legitimate so long as they do not interfere with serious business. Provided that the Government abstain from war, and from anything likely to lead to war, it may amuse itself in any way it pleases. For themselves, the majority of the electors have more important things to think of. According to the letter in the *Times*, they have for the first time tasted the joys of speculation. Joint-stock Companies have not yet been found out in France, and the investor is still under the belief that there is no necessary incompatibility between high interest and good security. For the present, therefore, the electors have no time to think of anything except how to put out their money to the best advantage. By and by they will probably have no time to think of anything except how much has been lost in the process of putting it out. Either way their political indifference seems secured for some years to come.

PERPETUAL PENSIONS.

IT is not surprising that Mr. BRADLAUGH and Mr. BRADLAUGH'S constituents should be exercised on the subject of perpetual pensions. Considering that a good many such pensions have still to be paid, the people of Northampton have a certain right to make inquiries about them. Few Parliamentary papers are likely to be more read than the return which Mr. BRADLAUGH obtained on Monday. In the interval before its appearance the ignorant must be content to slake their curiosity with the contents of a leading article in Tuesday's *Standard*. There they will find how a representative of GEORGE III.'s household is still living, how a few pounds are still paid to persons who suffered from the Rebellion in Ireland in 1798, and how a compensation arising out of the concession of Florida to Spain was paid down to last year. These, however, are terminable curiosities. The annuities to which Mr. BRADLAUGH has called attention go on for ever. At one time it seems they were much more numerous than they are now. Of those that remain the *Standard* singles out the more prominent. The 4,000*l.* a year granted by WILLIAM III. to the Duke SCHOMBERG has for many years been divided between two distant relatives. A similar sum was voted to the descendants of WILLIAM PENN, and it is to be presumed that the right of some one to bear that character is still made out as pay-day comes round. Another 4,000*l.* a year reminds the Duke of MARLBOROUGH of the debt the country owes to his great ancestor, and a portion of the amount voted by Parliament to the brother of NELSON remains the property of his heirs. The Duke of GRAFTON perhaps wisely commuted in 1857 a large portion of the pension originally given to his ancestor, and the item of 255,777*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.* then paid over to him shows how excellent a security an entry in the pension list is. The Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON holds his annuity by a similar title. The 19,000*l.* a year about which Mr. BRADLAUGH asks particulars was given him by Parliament in the reign of GEORGE III., in consideration of his surrender of the right granted to his ancestor by CHARLES II. to draw one shilling per chaldron on all coal shipped in the Tyne for home consumption.

It is heartily to be wished that all the holders of perpetual pensions had followed the Duke of GRAFTON'S example. No kind of property appears to be held by a better title than a yearly grant of money which has in one form or another all the authority of an Act of Parliament, yet no kind of property is regarded with greater aversion by the enemies of property in general. Even the popular view of a pension regards it as something granted for a limited time, and when a perpetual pension is spoken of we suspect that it is commonly confounded with a pension perpetually renewed. If the Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON had had his right to tax Londoners' coals commuted for a sum of money, the affair would long ago have been forgotten. Even now nothing is asked about the 255,000*l.* which was paid to the Duke of GRAFTON three-and-twenty years ago. Is there anything so inconsistent with public policy in the substitution of an annuity for a payment of money down that can justify the application of different rules to the two benefits?

If perpetual pensions were still given, something might be said against their continued recognition on the score of public convenience. But perpetual pensions are not now granted. Any recognition of distinguished public services that Parliament may be moved to vote is limited to a generation or two. There is nothing therefore to prevent these pensions from being viewed with historical impartiality. Do they differ from other forms of property, or is the attack upon them to form part of a general movement against all property which has not been gained by the owner's labour? The form which Mr. BRADLAUGH gave to his motion is calculated to raise some suspicions on this score. He somewhat markedly went out of his way to show the solid foundation on which the titles he is impugning really rest. The return is to show "how many and which of the perpetual pensions are actually paid to other persons than the persons named as their recipients in the finance accounts, and in each such case to whom the said several pensions are really paid." Mr. BRADLAUGH certainly does not wish to strengthen the case in favour of pensions; and it must consequently be supposed that he thinks the fact that a pension has been assigned to another person somehow makes it easier for Parliament to deal adversely with it. As a matter of fact, of course the argument is entirely the

other way. Nothing can show more conclusively that these pensions are the property of those to whom Parliament has decreed that they shall be paid than the circumstance that they have been freely dealt with like any other property. The highest title that can be made to an estate is a Parliamentary title, and this is precisely the title by which the present recipients of these pensions hold them. Mr. BRADLAUGH will possibly contend that the right to withdraw them a century or two after they have been given is somehow involved in the omnipotence of Parliament. But in that case he must be prepared to go a good deal further, and to say that any Parliamentary title whatever may subsequently be defeated by Parliament itself. From this point of view a Parliamentary title becomes, not the best, but the worst, of titles. Instead of being equivalent to a deed or gift, it is only equivalent to a will with a perpetual power of revocation reserved to the testator's representatives.

It will be interesting to discover, as we doubtless shall by and by, what is the precise importance which Mr. BRADLAUGH attaches to a sale of those perpetual pensions. Supposing one of them to have been treated like any other annuity—to have been sold in the open market, and to be now received by a person who has paid full value for what he enjoys, how does Mr. BRADLAUGH propose to deal with him? The first impression conveyed by the terms of his motion is that the fact that the pension has been parted with for valuable consideration only adds to its merits. It is bad when it is held by the representatives of the man to whom it was originally granted, it is worse when it is held by the representatives of some one else. If this new attack upon property held, in the first instance, by a Parliamentary title, is to extend to all into whose hands such property shall come, the general sense of insecurity will be very great. It is possible, however, that Mr. BRADLAUGH has another object in view. He may have a greater tenderness for property which has passed from hand to hand by the ordinary process of sale and purchase than he has for property which has not thus purged itself of its original vice, and he may desire to separate the sheep from the goats before making the onslaught upon perpetual pensions generally, which he doubtless contemplates. In that case the popular ideas about property will be still further confused. A man must then be regarded as having a right to sell that which he has not a right to hold. The pensioner who has parted with his pension, and invested the proceeds, will enjoy in his own person, and be able to hand on to his descendants, a sum equivalent to that given to his ancestor a century or two centuries ago. The pensioner who has preferred to keep the pension in its first form will have to put up with the loss of it. Either way, some one must be punished for their reliance on Parliamentary good faith. If the pension is followed into the hands of purchasers, it is they who will suffer. If they are allowed to escape, it is the descendants of the grantees who will suffer.

The obvious moral to be drawn from Mr. BRADLAUGH's motion is that the sooner this kind of property is made to change its character the better alike for the holders and for the community. It will be well for the Government to be perfectly frank alike with itself and with those with whom it has to deal. Those are not times when it is expedient for property to have any weak points to be defended. It is pretty clear that the title of a good many persons to the goods they enjoy will in future be subjected to a very close scrutiny. Possession will lose several of those nine points on which it has hitherto relied. Those who wish to see this scrutiny successfully sustained will have some regard to the appearance of the title as well as to its real validity. Some kinds of property are more easily understood than others, and it may be admitted that perpetual pensions belong to the less intelligible class. To take them away may be an act of robbery, but it is an act of robbery which is perhaps more likely to be committed than most others, and as such it is one against which it is specially expedient to guard. The passion for abridging rights of property is a plant of remarkably fast growth in Radical bosoms, and a process beginning with perpetual pensions might go a good way further before it stopped. It is plainly the interest of the pensioner to take all these chances into account when calculating the capitalized value of his annuity, and it is equally the interest of the Government to get rid of an annual charge at a fair price. Under these circumstances it ought not to be difficult to strike a bargain which will be to the advantage of all concerned.

THE NEW FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

TEN years have gone by since, yielding under pressure of imminent famine, the city of Paris, holding an enormous population, capitulated after four and a half months of rigorous blockade. Few here or elsewhere had credited that population with staunchness to endure even half the time. Yet, had food been procurable, Paris might have rivalled Saragossa in the fierce tenacity of its defence. The lower classes especially were full of fight to the last. The Germans would have forced a surrender only after days and weeks of carnage on successive barricades, in contests from house to house, cellar to roof. General Sherman was admitted into Paris during the siege, and on his return pronounced that capital to be "a madhouse inhabited by monkeys." But, monkeys or men, they held out till they had eaten up the city rats and mice, and the *habitants* of the Zoological Gardens. We are by no means persuaded that the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the City of London would be for holding out when "the voice of the turtle" was no longer "heard in the land," when the butcher's shops were hung only with the sombre hippopotamus, and when the poulterers dispensed barn-door rats in place of barn-door fowls. The French may be a nation singularly impulsive; but who will now deny them the virtue of restraint? On one subject, and that paramount in their thoughts, it has been virtually the almost unbroken silence of a proud, fierce, and mighty people for ten whole years.

The French nation has been at work since the morrow of defeat on the restoration of its dignity and power in the great camp into which Europe is fast resolving. We propose here to sketch what has been done for the defence of the capital; this is but one of many questions connected with the protection of the country which have been under resolution. After the war there was left only a fraction of an army, and that disorganized. The arsenals were emptied into Germany, whither thousands of cannon, and hundreds of thousands of rifles, and scores of millions of money, had gone also. The army is now France armed; the arsenals are full; the artillery has its full complement of the newest guns; there are a million of first-rate rifles for immediate use; the navy is most formidable; and the nation pays with cheerfulness enormous sums yearly to maintain its acquired power. A contrast this with what we see in Germany, which groans over what it has to pay for its position, and in England, where a large party cries victory over every petty dockyard economy!

After prolonged scientific investigation, the new system of defences for the capital was settled in its general, and nearly all its particular, features in 1874. With not so much secrecy as silence the ground was studied, sites were selected for the works, and during seven years stone by stone has been laid, till now the chain of defence is virtually completed. It is curious, as illustrating how tacitly unanimous the whole country was and is in its purpose, that, though the Germans knew perhaps every detail of the scheme, the French, even in Paris, were, as M. Ténot tells us in his interesting work *Les Fortifications de Paris* (Germer-Baillière et Cie.), generally ignorant of how matters were progressing.

Before going into details, let us glance at a preliminary question. Was it advisable to re-fortify Paris? If it was a mistake to fortify at all, is it not a double error to give it greater importance than ever—so much, indeed, that it is destined to become the rallying-point for the entire nation, and the certain objective of an enemy? Vienna is not fortified, no more is Berlin, St. Petersburg, Madrid, or, in any adequate fashion, Rome. Then why turn Paris into a fortress? Some German writers endeavour to prove that the French are committing a gigantic blunder. On the other hand, in this country it has been argued with better logic that an impregnable Paris would, in every probability, be the salvation of the country. It may be observed briefly that Paris is the heart of the nation in a sense different from that in which any other capital may be said to be the life of a country, with the single exception perhaps of London. It is possible the capture of London would paralyze the nation if it was the result of a sudden *coup* in the early days of a war. But Berlin, Moscow, Vienna, Madrid have been taken, and the several peoples have fought as stoutly after as before the event. Paris stands on a different footing. It is the centre towards which the whole sentiment of the nation inclines. During centuries of centralized administration the *mot d'ordre* went forth from the capital for the regulation of all matters, even the most trivial, in every hamlet in the kingdom. "Cette importance de Paris est la résultante d'un concours de forces historiques irrésistibles. Les Français contemporains," adds M. Ténot, "qui n'ont pas créés ces conditions, sont bien forcés de s'en accommoder." But besides considerations of a moral, sentimental, and traditional order which invest the French capital with exceptional importance in the national view, Paris is also an enormous prize from its wealth. In a strategic point of view the disadvantage of its proximity to the northern and eastern frontier is amply compensated, now that the capital has become a colossal arsenal, by the threatening position it assumes against an enemy advancing on the centre, west, and south of France. But really the question raised in 1840, and thoroughly discussed, as to the propriety and utility of fortifying the place received a practical answer in 1870. Had Paris been secure in 1814 Napoleon would perhaps have ended in repelling the Coalition; had it not been secure in 1870 the Germans would have swept over the whole land in irresistible power.

M. Thiers deserves every credit for his work of 1840. It amply fulfilled its purpose. Even the imbecility of the Imperial Government failed to give over Paris a prey to the enemy; and if Marshal MacMahon, following his first and best idea, had been permitted to concentrate on Paris the army of 110,000 men which was swallowed in the pit of Sedan, the siege would have been carried on under very different conditions.

It must be admitted, however, that the old fortifications, notably on the south side, once the enemy established on the surrounding higher ground, would not have held out indefinitely against regular approach. But these were created at a time when no one dreamed of artillery ranging with its present precision and power. Therefore, when the war was over, the question again came up as to how Paris might be efficiently protected. The old forts were situated at, on an average, from 2,000 to 2,200 yards from the bastioned *enceinte*. It was determined to construct an outer circle of new forts at distances of from 8,000 to 12,000 and even 18,000 yards from the city ramparts. Incidental advantages of immense value would accrue from placing those works at the farthest distance, always provided that the forts were of such capacity as to impose upon an assailant a siege *en règle*, near enough to each other to be able to combine cross-fire, and flanked and supported in rear by other works. An important advantage gained is that it would require an army three times more numerous than the Germans brought up against Paris in 1870 to shut the city in now as they did then. Another is that it will be more difficult to concentrate against sorties; and the easier for the besieged to select his point of exit, and to collect troops unperceived in the vast spaces within the circle. Another advantage is that a wide area of rich country, the resources of which were before available for the Germans, will now contribute to the maintenance of the city.

The situation of Paris is peculiar. It occupies the arena of a low amphitheatre, the modern parts overlapping the first *gradus*. Not too roughly speaking, all round the city and beyond the first elevations occurs a reach of level ground which is dominated by the second line of heights, higher, but nowhere of imposing altitude. It was on this line the Prussians established their batteries. Beyond it is mostly plain, with only accidental *maelotons* until we gain the third line of heights, which are higher again. Beyond these lies generally a vast and level area devoted to cultivation. The new forts hold the third line. By the aid of any good map the reader not acquainted with the localities can trace the old and new chains of defence, the inner and the outer circle. On the northern side St. Denis, formerly defended by a double crown-work only, and exposed to the full fury of the German fire, is now completely sheltered by a group of forts—Domont, Ecouen, in first; Montlignon, Montmorency, in second line; with flanking casemated batteries, on the plateau of Montmorency. This plateau, or terrace, is flat, having an abruptly scarped descent outwards; and the forts have uninterrupted command over a wide open space. Here we may allude to the method on which the new forts are generally constructed, and which differs essentially from that employed in 1840. Those who know Paris will remember the bastioned trace—curtains flanked by bastions forming a regular succession of salients and re-entrants, all in masonry work, having a deep fosse in front, and little elevation over the neighbouring ground. The new forts, on the contrary, have a striking relief, with wide view and command; unlike the old star forts, the line of ramparts has an almost circular polygonal regularity. "On ne distingue plus de bastions, rien qu'une crénelleure énorme formée par la succession des traverses épaisses qui protègent les pièces en batterie." Large casemated *caponnières* disposed at every angle, and flanking each the other, sweep the escarp, and the ditches which are generously deep. It is the system of the French engineer Montalambert, one that had hitherto found more favour in Germany than in France, but which has now been reproduced with improvements. The garrison is sheltered by casemates impervious to the most formidable projectile. In the larger forts there are 60 of the new rifled steel pieces of 155 millimètres, having at 8,000 yards a power and precision which the old smooth-bores could not equal at 2,000 yards. And the new fortifications allow of a great economy of *personnel*. It is calculated that the whole chain of exterior forts and batteries will not require more than 20,000 men for their perfect security. Under these conditions, with the defence thoroughly commanding the ground of approach to a great distance over open country, armed with an artillery which allows of two or more forts and batteries giving an effective cross-fire, it must become a most serious consideration for an assailant how he is to begin his work.

To the north-east, on the right bank of the Marne, at a distance of very nearly ten miles from the *enceinte*, and eight from the old forts in rear—Romainville, Noisy, Aubervilliers—is placed the fort of Vaujours. It is distant from the nearest defence on its left (Ecouen) as the crow flies no less than twelve miles; and on first thoughts it would seem as though it was a very large gap indeed to leave open—one over which no cross-fire could be effectively maintained. But, had it been deemed advisable, it was easy to throw up an intermediate obstacle. It has been purposely left open to an enemy adventurous enough to enter in. The fact is the new forts, and especially here, act as flanking bastions. An enemy venturing between them would find himself in front of the curtain formed by the old forts and *enceinte*, which are perfectly safe from a *coup de main*, while his flanks would be pounded from the new line. Moreover, the fort of Stain, half way between St. Denis and Ecouen, though not strong

enough to stand by itself, is so well flanked that it would lend material aid in the defence of this wide *trouée*, or gap. A learned German critic, who has done his best to find out the easiest road to the heart of Paris, having given his opinion that this is the weakest part of the French line, thus sums up concerning it:—"On the whole, then, we consider that *five or six forts must be taken, and three or four others silenced*, before an efficacious bombardment of Paris could be commenced." If, as M. Ténot justly observes, this is the weak point, what must be the strength of all the rest?

Continuing the round, Vaujours has easy cross-fire with Chelles, posted on a scarped hill above a narrow flat separating it from the Marne. An attack on this side would have small chance of success; for the capture of the above works would bring the assailant to the plateau of Romainville, the strongest and most defensible part of the old line. South-east of Paris lie the Marne valley and the rich plateaux of La Brie. Just as the northern plain between the Marne and Oise is one natural road for the advent of a great invasion from Germany, so also is the section between the Marne and Seine. By the latter way marched in 1814 the armies of the Coalition; and again, in 1870, the bulk of the force under the Crown Prince of Prussia. It is of the first necessity for a German army of blockade to establish itself in the country south of the Marne, since not only does its main line of communications traverse it, but the danger is obvious of moving over the Seine against the south of Paris, if such operation were liable to be taken in reverse. In addition to the great roads, three important rail-lines leave the capital by this angle Marne-Seine. The measure of the care taken by the Germans in 1870 to occupy this ground solidly is the measure of the precautions now taken to preserve it for the defence. The great sortie made in the November of the war failed for one reason that, from the close investment, it was impossible to deploy on a large front. By pushing forward the forts a great army may now debouch at its leisure on a commanding *s.a.l.* Four formidable works—Villiers, Champigny, Sucy, Villeneuve—in the order named divide the ground from Marne to Seine. These are supplemented by redoubts or closed batteries. The position of Villeneuve at the confluence of Seine and Zèbre commands at once the valley of the Seine, protects an army debouching on to the wide plateau of La Brie, and obliges an enemy about to cross the Seine to do so much higher up. Passing the river ourselves at Villeneuve we reach the southern front. As the whole system came under debate it was, when considering its applicability on this side, that those who advocated a wide sweep of the arc of defence, and those who would describe a lesser circle, had a hot discussion. M. Thiers had conceded on the other fronts to the partisans of the former system, more or less willingly, all they wanted; but he was not to be moved from his objections to giving the southern face what he considered "une extension démesurée." His reasons, from his point of view, were undeniable. He recommended utilizing the peculiarly defensible plateau comprised between Paris, Versailles, and the course of the Bièvre. Its occupation would defeat an attempt to repeat the bombardment of the city from the crests on which stand Châtillon and Meudon. The plateau, six miles square, would hold an army, and with the aid of a few small works would constitute an impregnable stronghold. But the authors of the new fortifications had other ideas in their minds than the preservation of a defensive attitude. The Engineer generals, Charon and De Chabaud-Latour, have never admitted the theory of passive defence. Their plans were made on the assumption of Paris containing forces sufficient for taking the offensive, though the forts themselves by wise arrangement will require but slender garrisons. They counselled, therefore—and their conclusions were adopted by the National Assembly—pushing across the Bièvre and the deep parallel fosse in the plateau and occupying this plateau to its furthest extremity, where it overlaps the stream of the Yvette. Crossing then the Seine at Villeneuve, we traverse open ground till, ascending to Palaiseau, this large fort at one angle of the immense plateau is reached. It is a little over ten miles from Paris. At the other end is the large fort of St. Cyr, eleven miles from Paris, ten from Palaiseau. Between the two great works are minor ones—Haute Buc and Villeras. Behind Palaiseau is the fort of Verrières. Near St. Cyr, and along the line at intervals, are connecting batteries. Much has been gained through the extension of that line or rather arc. In the first place the towns of Versailles, Sceaux, St. Cloud, Sèvres, are now comprised within the fortifications; sorties in immense force can be securely organized; an outlet is commanded on the Rouen road, or that of Dreux, of Orléans, or of Fontainebleau; and, in the very improbable case of the exterior works falling, it will still be open to retire to the line of the Bièvre, advocated by M. Thiers. There will always be time to throw up works on the inner circle, seeing that the reduction of any single fort must be a labour of regular approach. Continuing, we leave St. Cyr, which, with its annexes, effectually covers Versailles, and traverse the plain of the Rû de Gally, till we ascend the elevated plateau of Marly, which closely overlooks the southern side of the second bend of the Seine. A group of forts here sweeps on the south the approach to Versailles, on the south-west and west a wide open plain, on the north commands St. Germain and the passage of the Seine, but on the north-west is somewhat inconveniently hemmed in by the dense forest of Marly. A considerable wood affords, of course, cover to an approaching enemy. It was at one time intended to throw up works

at St. Jamme and Aigremont, enclosing the forest at a distance of some twelve miles from the city *enceinte*: but this, it was then argued, would have necessitated additional defences on the heights of L'Hautie, which stand out in commanding relief just below the confluence of Seine and Oise. And, it was said, too great an extension would in that case have been given the line, and that to keep up uninterrupted communications with essential points would entail the employment of a more or less numerous force. The wise rule has been observed throughout the whole of this stupendous scheme not to occupy positions which would demand other aid than that of the garrisons holding them. The army is not for assisting the forts, but the forts are there to give assistance to an army undertaking outside operations. We should entirely mistake the principle of the scheme if we looked upon the new fortifications as built simply to stand a stronger siege than before. They are intended to protect Paris in the first instance, but, had that been the only object, a better system would have been found.

The question is a large one; but it seems clear to us, if one rule has been observed another has been broken in making the line from Versailles to St. Germain one purely defensive. Everywhere else the line is regulated to secure a potential offensive. Were the defences carried forward to Jamme, Aigremont, and the heights of L'Hautie, as eventually, we think, will be the case, a large tract of rich land would be enclosed, and a retreat could always be effected on the prepared and secure position of Marly.

A glance at the map shows the remarkable serpentine bends of the Seine after leaving Paris in a north-westerly direction. It curves south to Sèvres, then sweeps back north-east to St. Denis, again runs in a long stretch south-west to Marly, resumes with a curve its northern flow to Cormeil, sweeps round the forest of St. Germain south to Poissy, and once more bends back to half encircle the heights of L'Hautie. Under the new conditions it would be madness for an enemy to move on the capital over the several river-bends. Every one of the re-entrants or peninsulas, each about twenty-five square miles in extent, formed by the Seine, is swept by flanking fire, with the exception of the outermost, by L'Hautie. As it was, the Prussians never succeeded in establishing but a temporary occupation of the peninsula of Gennevilliers, which is commanded by the powerful fortress of Mont Valérien. We are now arrived at the ridge, in shape like a narrow dorsal fin, that stretches four and a half miles, from Argenteuil to Cormeil, and has excellent fire-reach from the latter place across wide open flats on three sides. A powerful work—Cormeil—has here been constructed, which crosses fire with Montlignon, the westernmost of the northern group we noticed in the first instance, and completely covers the ground to the confluence Seine-Oise. A succession of redoubts crowns the ridge, giving command, on the one side, over the peninsulas of Argenteuil and St. Germain, on the other enfiling approach to the northern forts from the forest of Montmorency.

Independently of works, closed and casemated, in front line, it has been determined to fortify certain intermediate points in rear. The in some cases enormous distances—making every allowance for powerful gun-fire—which separate the new forts seem to render such precaution imperative. If, through surprise, treachery, or panic, one of the larger works did fall, a huge gap would be created, and the whole circle possibly imperilled.

The numerous rail-lines radiating from Paris give an easy means of transporting troops when concentrations are proceeding on any point of the circle; and a circular railroad (*de grande ceinture*) is being laid down to run round the entire distance a short way within the rim of forts. The laying out of and securing strategical lines of communication in particular zones of the vast area are subjects which have received the closest consideration.

An army assuming to effectually blockade Paris, as in 1870, must be numerous enough to invest it on a circle of a hundred miles, instead of as before, on one less than fifty. To-day the *rôle* as regards possessing advantage of ground is altogether changed. The besieged hold all the commanding positions. Generally speaking, the assailant must traverse wide open plains swept by a powerful cross-fire; he can no longer bring concentric fire to bear within a limited circumference; to combine against a sortie the assailant must move on a wide arc, while the defender moves on a short line. A German critic has proposed the blockading of the whole circle by a certain number of armies massed at certain points, and connected by numerous divisions of cavalry. But we see no advantage to be gained by exposing, say, the army of the north or south to be crushed by a sortie in vastly superior force before those of the east or west could come to the rescue. Paris will not another time be found practically without an army available for offence.

The garrisoning of Paris in the first instance will devolve on four "regions," the headquarters of which are Amiens, Rouen, Le Mans, Orléans. These will contribute at once 80,000 regulars and 120,000 "territoriaux." Not a man—and this is a most important point—will be drawn from the first field army for its defence. But it is only reasonable to believe that the million of soldiers whom France will send forth in the first alarm will not be spirited away entirely as happened before, but that if the "barrier of iron," in the shape of gigantic fortifications all along the frontier, is forced, an immense margin will be available in retreat for the defence of the capital. There would seem, indeed, to be only two possible ways now, by which an invader might bring the invaded to terms; and these would be the existence of profound disunion among the French themselves, or

by means of another coalition. United Germany is manifestly unequal to the task, and we trust that the *Times*, whose articles in 1870-1 we well recall, when contempt was heaped on the French, and they were told they would never recover from their defeat or be able to face the Germans again, will take stock of this fact. When we remember that on her defence France would shortly place under arms over two millions of men, and would be feeding them on her own ground, we may form some idea of what task the invading armies would have before them. How are they to feed their necessarily colossal numbers? It would require twenty corps d'armée of 30,000 men each, allowing one—a small allowance considering the probable strength of the garrison—to five miles of ground, to blockade Paris. An invader must reckon also with the strongly entrenched camps of Épinal and Belfort, of Langres and of Besançon, the lines of La Fère, the entrenched position of Rheims, the fortresses of Verdun and Toul belted with forts, the fortified plateau of Haye, the permanent works defending the Moselle by Nancy, and those defending the chain of the Côtes de Meuse on the north-west frontier; as also, in another direction, the entrenched camps of Dijon, and further south, of Lyons. All the above defences, where not new, have been enlarged to meet modern necessities; they are constructed on a great scale, solidly fortified, and are most of them ready to receive, if they have not received, their armament.

To those who would study this interesting subject in detail, with the advantage of perusing a precise and picturesque description of localities, we can cordially recommend M. Eugène Ténot's valuable work already referred to.

IRELAND, IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

THE principal feeling which the debates of this week must have left in the mind of any member of Parliament who has energy left to be conscious of any feeling must have been one of astonishment at the moderation, all things considered, of the Irish members. They only brought forward four amendments on the Address, and three of these have only taken four nights between them. The adoption of the proceedings of Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Dawson by all Mr. Parnell's followers would have been technically justifiable, and there could then have been no reason why, as the Speaker suggested on Wednesday, the House should not go on debating the Address until autumn and prorogation came. On each of these amendments Mr. Leamy and Mr. Hoaly, Mr. Sexton and Dr. Connors, might have spoken, and the non-Irish part of the House might have abstained from speaking, which has, in fact, been the programme of proceedings in the House of Commons for the greater part of the last fortnight. It is much better that certain honourable gentlemen should speak in the tone in which they perforce speak at Westminster than in the tone in which they speak for the benefit of the assistants at a Land League meeting. In this way the existence in Session of the High Court of Parliament really serves as no small alleviation to the woes of Ireland. Whether the spectacle which the said Parliament presents is a dignified one is another question. But it is, at least, probable that some time will elapse before any forcible measures are taken to put down the obstruction, which is all the more formidable because it is outwardly quite decent and in order. The precedents which the ingenuity of Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice and the historical knowledge of Mr. Thorold Rogers have unearthed are not encouraging, for they date from the days of the most high-handed and unconstitutional proceedings of which Parliament has ever been guilty. The temper of the modern Radical is scarcely such that he can be trusted with machinery capable of enforcing the will of a majority in spite of the opposition of a minority, and there is no doubt that the Irish party knows this, and trades on the knowledge. How far they will permit themselves to go remains to be seen, and it is not at all impossible that they will actually overstrain the patience of the House. The present Opposition is in this respect unlike the last, that no merely party considerations are likely to actuate its leaders. Sir Stafford Northcote and his late colleagues no doubt know the danger of entrusting to Mr. Gladstone's hands a weapon to be used against themselves, but if it is necessary in the public interest to entrust him with it, it is pretty certain that they will not hesitate.

Meanwhile, Ireland itself, from which the attention of the public has been somewhat turned away for the last week or two, is experiencing more and more the inevitable results of the delay which Ministers have permitted themselves. The solemn proceedings in the Court of Queen's Bench have been enlivened by one of Mr. Sullivan's "fervid" addresses. Most people know what fervour means in connexion with Irish eloquence. It means adjectives. In this description of fervour Mr. Sullivan is the inferior of Mr. Davitt, and is left far behind by that impulsive Canadian archbishop who recently talked about corpses whitening the track of emigrant ships, or some similar phenomenon. But even Mr. Callan's late colleague can be fervid enough, and the enthusiastic admirer who threw him a bouquet at the conclusion of his speech appraised the value of that discourse more accurately than, perhaps, she knew. Had the Queen's Bench been the Queen's Theatre nothing could have been more appropriate. A consideration of all the circumstances is not expected in a *tirade*, and we do not find fault with Camille or with Almanzor for not being strictly logical. Mr. Sullivan's beautiful description of law as

mirroring forth the eternal equities of God, deserves to have been enshrined in lines of ten or twelve syllables. But in prose it somehow chiefly conjures up visions of carders and boughers, hedge-assassins and trampers in the blood of murdered men. What, we wonder, do those persons mirror forth? However, Mr. Sullivan might answer us that actual outrages have decreased of late. They certainly have, and considerable portions of Ireland are enjoying the peculiar blessings of the peace of Mr. Parnell. The intolerable nature of the situation is forcing more and more landlords to throw up the game, and either to leave the country or to make terms with their persecutors. Even Mr. Bence Jones is said to be about, not indeed to give in, but to depute the task of actively making head against Boycotting, to other hands. The recent support of process-servers by large bodies of the police, and the resistance offered to the latter, has shown at once what might have been done, and ought to have been done earlier, and at the same time the dangerous height which the spirit of resistance to the law has reached. Summary sentences on a few Boycotters, and the prosecution of the Truce Land League, have in the same way shown at once the efficacy of shut doors, and the folly of waiting to shut the door till half the steeds are stolen. Meanwhile, arms are, according to every trustworthy source of information, pouring into the country, and the Home Rulers publicly announce that the passing of any coercion measure will be a signal for revolt. Any permanent success as against the military power of England such a revolt would not be in the least likely to have, but it would probably mean the repetition—on a very small scale it is to be hoped, but still on some scale—of the horrors of 1641 as regards outlying landlords and their families. Forty thousand troops and Constabulary are more than a match for all the Land Leaguers and all the Irish Republican Brotherhood in the field, but they are not enough securely to guard thousands of isolated homes. It must be remembered that for months the language which has been used at Land meetings has not merely been an encouragement to the withholding of rent; it has been a perpetual representation of the landlords as scoundrels and villains of the deepest dye. Such words are only too easily translated into deeds when the spirit of lawlessness once breaks out into actual civil war. In the earlier days of Fenianism no special class of the population was held up to the execration of other classes, and the danger then was therefore far less than it is now.

In England the active Irish party are pursuing the line of tactics recommended to them on a famous occasion with remarkable vigour, but with a servility of faithfulness to the exact line pointed out which speaks little for their inventive powers. The manner of the Clerkenwell explosion and the scene of the Manchester assassination have been combined with a deference to the Prime Minister which is almost touching. There are, we believe, persons who profess to regard the recent explosion at the barracks of the 8th Regiment in Salford as "entirely devoid of political significance," and of course with such persons it is impossible to argue. The affair was in every respect, except definiteness of object, a repetition of the Clerkenwell attempt, and it may be something more than conjectured that the possession of arms, instead of the liberation of comrades, was the special purpose of the conspirators. In futility and in brutality alike the attempt bore the well-known Fenian mark. The death of one boy, the serious or mortal injury of a woman, and the slight injury inflicted on a girl may be results unsatisfactory in amount to the gallant members of the I. R. B.; but in kind they must be thoroughly congenial. Your Fenian was especially with non-combatants, and unarmed persons are peculiarly wont to "get in the way of his bullets," as his apologists put it. Nor does it appear that the Salford business stood alone. Manchester, as most people know, is a considerable military station, and boasts cavalry as well as infantry barracks. Information is said to have been furnished to the authorities as to an intended attack on the cavalry barracks at Hulme, and these also are now guarded and watched with peculiar care. As there is a magazine at Hulme, containing ammunition enough to blow up half Manchester, it is probable that the neighbourhood is in some trepidation, and an election to-morrow for the city might perhaps have no very different result from the Wigan election last Tuesday. It has been more than once pointed out that it is unkind of the Irish to repay Mr. Gladstone for his lessons in the art of agitation by applying them at a time and in a manner so inconvenient to him. The explosion in Regent Road had, beyond all doubt, an echo on the polling day at Wigan, and other explosions of the same kind will assuredly have similar echoes elsewhere. These are things which the Government would perhaps do well to take into consideration. It is an ingenious Parnellite argument that, provided that not many people are hurt, it does not matter how many are frightened. Its ingenuity, however, exceeds its truth. In England—on account, doubtless, of our well-known national timidity—we have a strong objection to be kept in a perpetual state of alarm, and to such a state the past conduct of Mr. Gladstone's Government and its ambiguous policy at present seem to be reducing us.

THE PERFECT AMBASSADOR.

"AN ambassador," according to the witty quotation recently made in an English journal, "is an honest man sent to tell lies abroad for the good of his country." Sir Henry Wotton, of course, defined the ambassador as "an honest man sent to lie

abroad"; but the point of the jest somehow escapes in the modern telling. The Scotch gentleman who heard an amazing story told in company, accounted for his own calm amid the general astonishment by saying "I'm a leear mysel'." That an ambassador was bound to be a "leear" himself, and look on all the rest of the world as liars, seems to have been an accepted fact in the seventeenth century. Don Juan de Vera y Figueroa made no attempt to conceal his opinion in his work *El Embajador*, which was translated into French as *Le parfait ambassadeur*, and published furtively by the Elzevirs in 1642. *Le parfait ambassadeur* is in the form of a dialogue between "Louis et Jules, devisans ensemble." The author takes us into the garden where the pair of friends discourse among the fountains, and the trim gardens, where stands the statue of Mercury, the patron god of all ambassadors. The discussion, in which Louis unfolds the virtues of a diplomatist, is in the quaint learned style of the time. More examples are chosen from the Bible, Livy, Plutarch, and Cornelius Nepos than from recent history. In the course of the dialogue, the whole character and position of the ideal ambassador is unfolded, but the most curious and characteristic part of the work is its casuistry. Both Jules and Louis, especially Jules, are honourable men. They have a fixed instinctive horror of *menterie*, and, moreover, an awful apprehension of the future penal consequences of this deadly sin. But it is the business of Louis to show Jules how an ambassador may "hedge," both for this world and the next, and lie without ceasing to be a gentleman of honour, and a Christian who keeps on the safe side.

It must be owned that ambassadors have their peculiar temptations. We presume that the Turks, though difficult people to deal with, are not quite so demoralizing as they were in the seventeenth century. Louis gives a singular example of want of *finesse* in a Turkish ambassador. This diplomatist learned the extent of a Venetian ambassador's instructions from a secretary of the Embassy, and at once pushed his demands to the point which he knew the Republic would, in the last resort, concede. The Venetian ambassador, honest man, said that "his instructions did not permit him to go so far." "Why this subtlety?" asked the Turk; "has not your own secretary told me that you are allowed to grant what I demand?" The wretched secretary was put to death when he returned to Venice. In these days the Turks, by a singular scruple of conscience, considered no treaties binding which were not written in their own language. When Venice was concluding certain terms of peace with the Porte, the "Bacha" had the capitulations couched in Latin. But Andrea Gritti, the Venetian ambassador, declared that he would not sign the treaty if it were not written in Turkish, which was disappointing to the "Bacha," and very vexatious. It does not seem to have occurred to the astute Islamite that he might have probably written something else, say a chapter from the Koran, in place of the capitulations. Probably few European ambassadors were good enough linguists to read the Turkish manuscript. So difficult was it to approach the Grand Turk that Venetian envoys occasionally had to disguise themselves as merchants, and so steal into the presence of the despot. Neither Turks nor Russians were pleasant to deal with, for the Grand Duke of Muscovy nailed an ambassador's hat on his head, while Soliman threw a Hungarian envoy into prison for proclaiming too rapturously the praises of his master. Amurath, in a moment of bad temper, actually put to death Frederick Orcobis, ambassador of the Emperor Maximilian, and all the members of his suite. Among unscrupulous characters of this sort an envoy had to consult his own safety. "He cannot be absolutely good," says Louis, "and must be content to be relatively virtuous." That is, he must only lie when it is absolutely necessary; and, when he does lie, the casuists make as many saving distinctions as Touchstone himself.

There are passages in "The Perfect Ambassador" which almost entitle it to the name of "The Complete Liar; or, the Mendacious Man's Vade Mecum." Elaborate instructions (a luxury, surely, rather than a necessary) are given to the ambassador in the art of hocussing his conscience. If he is told to do anything particularly villainous, to deceive the prince at whose Court he is residing, or the like, he must reason thus:—"I do not like the look of the thing, myself; but I must remember that my master and all his advisers have no sort of scruple about it. Learned men, then, have taken a view which is not mine; therefore it is purely a matter of opinion." "By this means," says Louis, "he will be able to do what he is told with his eyes shut." And then the ambassador is reminded that Joab did all sorts of shady things by command of King David. There was the census, for example, which David was anxious to take. Joab, though not usually scrupulous, was shocked (like the people of Cyprus now) by the shocking impiety of taking a census. However, David insisted, and the thing had to be done. Again, Papinian should have apologized for and defended Caracalla when that Emperor committed fratricide. But Papinian chose to take a high moral view, with the very worst results. For, up to that moment, Caracalla had at least been anxious to make excuses for his peccadilloes. Vexed by the unreasonable austerity of Papinian, Caracalla grew quite reckless, and arrived at such a pitch of contempt for his own reputation, that he committed a number of other murders, beginning with that of Papinian himself. So Papinian took nothing by his obstinacy, and the Perfect Ambassador will do well to be warned, and keep his misgivings to himself.

After debauching the mind of Jules by these plausible considerations, Louis now leads up to the great question, May an

ambassador tell lies? On the whole, the answer is that he may; but they must not be "gross palpable lies" like those of Peter, in the *Tale of a Tub*. Jules is told to remember that several people of merit in the Bible told lies, notably David, Judith, and the Jewish midwives when interrogated by their Egyptian tyrants. This conduct was not absolutely correct, but still it is chronicled for our example, to show that we must not always be too particular. On this point Louis frankly admits that the great and learned St. Augustine held a very strong opinion, and maintained "that it is not lawful to lie, even for the glory of God." Cicero also denied that the end justified the means. But, on the whole, Louis thinks that there is a way "between the two extremes to steer." For example, one thing is clear—namely, that the ambassador should never believe what any one tells him. There is a kind of dissimulation even in this attitude; it is deceitfulness which "is not very far removed from rectitude." There is a second class of deceit which "approaches the limits of vice," what the lawyers call *bon dol*, but the third is "abominable injustice." Of this form of deceit an ambassador, who is also a sound Christian, will do his very best to keep clear. Then an ambassador may use deceit, but he may not use deceit with the sole purpose of harming others. For example, he may bribe and debauch the Ministers of the Court to which he is accredited, but it must be for the purpose of advancing the interests of his master, not of injuring those of other people. In moral matters intention is everything. An ambassador who is, as he ought to be, of noble house, good name, beautiful presence, and large wealth, is probably a gentleman who naturally dislikes to hire spies, bribe Ministers, and haunt the society of women of no character. Yet these ladies, says our author, are always the first to hear of everything that is going on, and he insists that the Perfect Ambassador must secure their services. The bribing of men about the king's person is still more offensive to the conscience, but it must be done. The ambassador must remember that his intentions are just and pure, and that the people he has to do with are, unfortunately, persons wholly devoid of conscience and the sense of honour. By musing on these considerations the ambassador will be able to listen outside doors by deputy, to cajole, and swindle, and corrupt, without lowering his own moral tone or losing his own self-respect.

When he converses with the prince to whom he is accredited, a conscientious ambassador will, of course, be very particular about telling the truth. Yet even here there are distinctions. If there is a subject on which to tell the truth would be highly prejudicial, while to lie would be most advantageous, the ambassador must not introduce the topic. That would be quite wrong. But if the prince to whom the ambassador is accredited introduces the topic, and leads the conversation "*dans le sujet sur lequel tombe la menterie*," that is quite another thing. The prince may ask point-blank questions; a truthful answer might be very inconvenient to the interests of the ambassador's master. Yet he cannot refuse a reply, for courtesy forbids such reticence. "And when the curiosity and the constant questions of the prince compel him to speak, supposing that in his discourse he happens to let fall a few falsehoods, then, if they do not tend directly to the hurt of the country in which he is resident, but merely to the glory of his own master, the ambassador has committed no very great sin."

To manage his conscience with discretion, to read the *Casuists* daily and nightly, to write his despatches in cipher, not to keep buffoons about him, to be brave, secret, and liberal, are the chief qualities of the ideal ambassador. It would be interesting to know, now that casuistry is out of fashion, how ambassadors deal with their consciences. Surely Count Schouvaloff did not study Escobar, and Sir Henry Layard would have been horrified by the insidious suggestions of Louis. Yet ambassadors have to deal with the same classes as of old; with kings, sultans, royal barbers, women of the court, and, a plague unknown to Jules and Louis, with newspaper correspondents. It would be interesting to know how the author of *Le Parfait Ambassadeur* would have advised his diplomatic readers to treat the representatives of the press. We cannot but think that he would have advised the most flat and robust *menterie*, and would have reasoned thus:—"Your press correspondent will not report what you tell him, but will alter it to suit his own tastes and ideas, or those of his paper. Therefore the *menterie officieuse* may be adopted, for, in altering what you tell him, he may possibly come to speak the truth by accident, to the great profit of his soul. You, for your part, will not have lied, but have done your best to secure the promulgation of the truth." "Men change, human nature is unchanged," says the author of the *Parfait Ambassadeur*. The troubles and difficulties of which he wrote must still be felt by every one who has not been a diplomatist for more than ten days. Afterwards, probably, a professional conscience takes the place of the normal moral sense.

is not so generally acknowledged, and does not at first sight appear by any means so intelligible as that Erastianism can persecute in the interests of religious indifference almost as ruthlessly, if not with the same zest, as the most rigid zealots of religious orthodoxy. This is the moral of an interesting article on Barneveld and Grotius in the new number of the *Church Quarterly Review*. And as the particular historical episode with which the writer deals is not, any more than the principle he desires to illustrate, familiar to the general run of even well informed readers, it may not be out of place to bring it under the notice of our readers. The name of Grotius is no doubt well known to "every schoolboy," but many who are no longer schoolboys know little or nothing of his writings or his life, and the very name of Barneveld may probably be new to not a few who cast their eye on the *Church Quarterly*, though he played an important part at the time in the religious and political history of his country. He was Seal-keeper of one of the Seven Provinces, and Grand Pensionary or Advocate—in fact chief minister—of Holland, which was the leading State of the Union. He had used his leading position to bring the long war with Spain to a successful termination, and had been treated almost on equal terms by Henry IV. of France. At the Congress of the States General he was the Ambassador of Holland, but practically exercised, as Motley says, the power of Minister of Foreign Affairs, and as it were Prime Minister for the other Confederates by their common consent. It is however rather with his action on the internal than on the foreign affairs of his country that we are here concerned. The struggle with Spain had been in great measure a religious one, and the Genevan or Calvinistic form of Protestantism had been established in great part of the Netherlands, but not in its extremest development. The "Belgic Confession" did not pledge the ministers who subscribed it to a maintenance of the strict principles of Calvin, and of this both Barneveld and his friend and adviser Grotius were fully aware when Arminius began to propound his opposite views from the Chair of Theology at Leyden. Their mistake lay not in claiming for his teaching a toleration to which it was justly entitled, but in seeking to enforce on dissentients a creed, however tolerant and admirable in itself, by the strong arm of the law, and thus meeting the fierce intolerance of the Calvinistic party by an Erastian intolerance of their own, which proved as disastrous to their own personal interests, as it was only too likely to prove to the true interests of religion.

When Arminius began to teach publicly, he knew perfectly well that "the Belgic doctors were not obliged by their confession of faith, nor by any other public law, to adopt and propagate the principles of Calvin." Unless this be distinctly kept in mind, the full significance of the intolerant persecution with which he and his followers were assailed will not be rightly estimated, nor will the causes for holding the various Synods, culminating in the Synod of Dort, be understood. It was not to bring the teaching of the Arminians to the touchstone of the received confession that these Synods were held. It was, by means of an unscrupulous Calvinist majority, to make alterations in, or additions to, the accepted confession, which should prevent any but Calvinists officiating in the Protestant body. The position of the Arminians, in publishing their Remonstrance against the decrees of the Synod of Leyden, was a perfectly sound and legal one. It was not they who were the dissenters from the established creed. It was Gomarus and the Calvinists who were the dissenters, by enacting new conditions of conformity.

It was not till after the death of Arminius that the crisis came. Vorstius succeeded to his professorship, who was reputed a free thinker, and had published a Latin treatise on the Nature and Attributes of God, which many considered to be blasphemous. A copy of this work was despatched—apparently by the author—to the royal pedant and theologian, James I. of England, who in his assumed capacity of Protestant Pope, was not satisfied with ordering it to be publicly burnt at Oxford, Cambridge, and London, but extracted from it a Syllabus of Errors, which he sent to the States General, directing his Ambassador at the Hague to insist on the "blasphemous monster" who wrote the book being at once expelled from the country; he even threatened to make it a *casus belli*. Barneveld, to his credit, declined to yield to this imperious, not to say impertinent, foreign dictation, and though Vorstius had to undergo a trial he was retained in his Chair, to the no small indignation of the Calvinist ministers. Barneveld determined to quash their opposition by the assertion of a State supremacy over the Church as arbitrary and persecuting in principle as that which they aspired to exercise over their Arminian fellow Protestants. And he was assisted in his designs by that marvel of juristic science and erudition, Hugo Grotius, who at the age of fifteen had received the degree of Doctor of Law at Paris. Grotius had arrived by a somewhat different line of thought at much the same conclusion as Barneveld as to the relations of Church and State. His doctrinal sympathies were already inclining in a Catholic if not Roman direction; he laid great stress on the supreme importance of ecclesiastical unity, which it was the duty of the civil magistrates to maintain, and had published a treatise under the title of *Prelas Ordinum Hollandiæ* advocating these views, which seemed to him to be laudably exemplified in the Government of England. There was however, as the reviewer points out, one very marked difference between the religious condition of England and the Netherlands, for while the English Dissenters rejected the formularies of the Established Church, in Holland the rival sects of Arminians and Calvinists had accepted a common confession and belonged to the same religious body, in which each party therefore had equally a legal status. The question was how to make them keep the peace together, and this Barneveld resolved to achieve by imposing under the pretext of an "explication of contrarieties," and by civil

THE CHURCH QUARTERLY ON ERASTIANISM AND PERSECUTION.

IT has often been observed before that "the Calvinist is essentially a persecutor," and there is little lack of historical evidence available for the fact. Nor would it perhaps be difficult to find a theological explanation of the peculiar temper of sour intolerance which not unfrequently distinguishes thoroughgoing professors of that stern school of belief. What

authority, a new symbol of his own—something in the manner of the imperial *Type* and *Etchings* of an earlier age—which both parties should be compelled to subscribe. Grotius was asked to draw up this remarkable “edict,” which commenced as follows:—

In the explanation of the Scripture, as often as occasion shall offer, the Pastor shall declare to the people and instill into the minds of all under their care that men are not indebted for the beginning, the progress, and the completion of their salvation, and even of faith, to their natural strength or works, but to the sole grace of God in Jesus Christ our Saviour; that God has created no man to damn him; that God has not laid us under a necessity of sinning, and that He invites no man to be saved to whom He is resolved to deny salvation,” &c., &c.

This may be sound sense and sound theology, but it was notoriously a theology in the very teeth of the first principles of Calvinism, or Gomarism, as it was sometimes called in Holland from Gomar, who, like Arminius, held a professorship at Leyden, and many Calvinist ministers accordingly refused to sign it. Barneveld upon this induced the States of Holland to adopt “the Sharp Resolve,” that is, to put down all opposition by armed force and expel all ministers and congregations which refused the edict. This was no less directly persecution than that practised, before and afterwards, by the Calvinists, but one significant distinction is worth noting. The Erastian persecution, then as at other times, was almost exclusively the work of statesmen, while the persecution of the Arminians which followed, was the direct work of the Calvinist ministers. Erastus himself, whose system was originally levelled against the Calvinists, like Barneveld and Grotius, was a layman, and it was mainly from the statesman’s point of view of the importance of outward uniformity that the “Sharp Resolve” was decided upon. Grotius indeed combined a profound reverence for Christian Antiquity—perhaps, as Hallam thinks, prompted in the first instance by his finding Antiquity so unfavourable to Calvinism, which he detested—with his Erastian principles as to the authority of the civil magistrate in matters of religion. But his scheme, to cite Hallam again, “is in a modified degree much the same as that of Hobbes,” and the theory of Hobbes is the natural upshot of the teaching of Erastus. The *Church Quarterly* writer points out, not unfairly, that Jeremy Taylor’s *Liberty of Prophesying* leads to a similar result. If Grotius argued that the civil magistrate should determine the form of religion to be publicly exercised, and allow no other, Jeremy Taylor would have all such religionists tolerated as agreed to accept the doctrine of the Apostles Creed, and no others. The one would allow a variety of sects with a common bond of religious profession, the other a variety of opinions in a common Church. But each would draw the line at a point arbitrarily fixed by himself, and thus either view would ultimately involve “persecution on liberal principles,” and people do not like any better being coerced into Latitudinarianism than being coerced into rigid orthodoxy. One is reminded of a rumour current some years ago of the determination of the Mikado to promulgate a new religion for the Japanese—who are reported by recent travellers to be “tired of the old ones,” and something more than tired of all old moralities—which new religion was to be “enlightened, simple, and adapted to common sense, and all will be compelled to conform to it.”

The result of Barneveld’s scheme of Erastian persecution was unfortunate alike for himself and for his clients. He carried with him the State of Holland, and each of the Confederate States had a right by the constitution to control its own religious affairs. In spite of this however the Assembly of the States-General determined on convoking a Synod to settle the claims of the Arminians, and hence arose the meeting of the famous Synod of Dort, the Tridentine Council of Calvinism. From such an assemblage the Arminians had neither justice nor mercy to expect. “It is good that they should be informed,” said one of the Calvinist Elders, “that they come not to conference, but to propose their opinions with their reasons and let the Synod judge of them,” and their reasons were to be given in writing. They were condemned unheard, and some 700 ministers, who refused to subscribe the canons of Dort were banished with their families. Barneveld was tried and executed, in spite of his lofty character and eminent services to his country. Grotius was condemned to imprisonment for life, but happily contrived to effect his escape, which seems little short of miraculous, in a book-chest less than four feet long, “and not very broad in proportion.” He had utilized his period of captivity to compose the treatise *De Veritate Christiane Religionis*, and afterwards occupied the position of Ambassador of Sweden at Paris, where he enjoyed the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu, and wrote in vindication of all, or nearly all the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, which he is reputed to have contemplated joining at the time of his death. But with his subsequent career we are not further concerned here. It will be seen then that the attempt at Erastian government, enforced by persecution, in the interests of religious toleration, proved a conspicuous failure in Holland, and the reviewer is probably not far wrong in suggesting that his attempt to rule the Church through the royal supremacy rather than by more spiritual methods was one cause of the tragical failure of Laud’s ecclesiastical administration in England. The instinct of all religious bodies, Catholic or Protestant, is sooner or later to revolt against civil supremacy over the conscience, and Erastianism which comes under the spurious guise of liberty inevitably turns out at bottom to be persecution. The creed it enforces may be, like the proposed Japanese compromise, “enlightened, sensible, and simple,” but it will not therefore commend itself to everybody’s convictions, though everybody “will be expected to conform to it.”

FAIR RENTS.

THE second of the tried of Irish demands, which are now exercising theorists and practical men alike, may perhaps be termed the Bala of the three F’s. It is impossible for any phrase to have a more ingenuous, conciliatory, reasonable appearance than the phrase of Fair Rents. Who is there so outrageous as to maintain that people ought to be made to pay unfair rents? and who, save a small minority, is there who even insists that such rents shall be paid whether they ought to be paid or not? Besides, Fair Rents is, or ought to be, a double-edged expression, embodying or obeying all the principles of distributive justice. The rents, of course, are to be fair to the landlord as well as to the tenant. Surely, then, the person who objects to them must be hard to find, and harder to bring to any reasonable argument when he is found. Besides, just as a certain class of persons delights to represent the Irish landlord as assaulting sixty of tenure by the process of eviction, so does it delight to represent him as perpetually raising his rents. He raises his rent in order that he may evict; and, when he has evicted, he raises the rent again upon the unfortunate incomer. Much of this, of course, is the idlest and most unsupported babble; much of the supposed exorbitancy of Irish rents depends upon the variation in size between the Irish and English acres, the first of which exceeds the second by more than one half; much omits to take into consideration the pasture rights and other small privileges which the smaller Irish tenant usually obtains with his holding. Above all, the fact is to be remembered that all good landlords—that is to say, the great majority—constantly remit rents *en bloc*. A rent rather higher than it ought to be, tempered by occasional complete remissions, is a clumsy sort of arrangement, no doubt, though it probably suits the habits of a people among whose virtues thrift has never been counted by their most frantic panegyrists well enough. But, at the same time, it must be admitted that such a system is quite certain to destroy even such germs of thrift as may be ready to develop themselves, and therefore it is hardly one which should be encouraged if it can be avoided. Fair Rent, therefore, is a thing which all reasonable people ought to welcome if it could be got, if it would not injure existing rights, and if it were likely to do good in the future. Let us see, then, how the answer to the question implied in the three F’s stands.

In the first place, there is an obvious difficulty which is by no means a quibble. What is Fair Rent? According to the contention of the extreme Land Leaguers, it is nothing at all. According to the contention of those not quite so far advanced, it is the surplus produce after the occupier has spent freely on everything which he feels inclined to buy, and has laid aside something as a nest egg. According to a less impudent class, who rely on the arguments of certain English economists, it is the residue, not after such deductions as these have been made, but after the farmers’ and labourers’ “fair” profits have been deducted. According to a fourth, it is whatever the land is valued at in reference to the prices of produce from time to time by skilled and impartial valuers. According to a fifth, it can only be ascertained by an elaborate arrangement of comparative estimates in each individual case. According to a sixth, it is simply what it will fetch in the open market. Now this is certainly a very considerable divergence. The first two explanations may of course be left out of consideration in any serious argument on the matter. The third is obviously of no practical service because the ambiguous word “fair” occurs in both sides of the equation. To settle what is a “fair” rent for the landlord by making it the remainder after a “fair” income is deducted for the tenant is a task which only Mr. Ruskin would be bold enough to attempt. The last solution, that a fair rent is best settled by competition in the open market, is the solution actually in force, and it is this which the advocates of Fair Rent especially desire to supersede. We are, therefore, driven either to the plan of a general valuation, or to that of a court of arbitration sitting permanently to adjudicate on each particular case. The former alternative may seem to be favoured by the existing agitation for Griffith’s valuation. It may, however, be something more than suspected that the real charm of that valuation is the fact of its being notoriously inadequate. Nobody, perhaps, except irreconcilable Land Leaguers will contend that by Fair Rent is to be meant a perpetual rent-charge fixed once for all. On the valuation system, then, a fair rent must be attained by something like the plan now adopted in reference to English tithes. A fresh valuation either based on corn averages, or on something else of the kind, must be made every seven years, every fourteen years, every twenty years, or at any period which may be fixed upon. It does not, however, need preternatural acuteness to see what would be the result of this. Even in easygoing England the system of corn averages has provoked a formidable grumble; what then may it be expected to do in discontented Ireland? Besides, in the nature of things, the periodical revisions of rent would be in the direction of increase. Is there any reasonable creature in existence who doubts that at every such period we should have a new Land League, a new agitation, a new attempt to unsettle the settlement? So much for the plan of a general valuation. As for that of a permanent court of arbitration, the immense scale on which it would have to be constituted, and the unnecessary expense of its maintenance, are sufficiently serious objections. More serious still, perhaps, is the impossibility of imagining any reasonable principle on which its proceedings could be conducted. The fertile brains of Irishmen have, indeed, devised not a

few schemes supposed to be capable of meeting the difficulty, the best known of which is that which obliges the landlord, if he raises the rent, to give the tenant the option of departure, with compensation at so many years' purchase of the higher rate; and the tenant, if he demands a reduction to depart, accepting compensation at so many years' purchase of the lower. No doubt this is a sufficiently ingenious adaptation of the principles of the last Land Act; but it is decidedly complicated; it is calculated rather to unsettle existing tenants in their holdings than to "root" them in them, as the phrase goes; and, above all, it is impossible to believe that it would substitute peace for war in the relations of landlord and tenant. It ought not to be forgotten that one of the main reasons of the unpopularity of the late Lord Leitrim was that he had spared no expense in buying up and extinguishing the burdens which the Act of 1870 had imposed on his property; and it is quite certain that any proprietor who attempted to exercise proprietary rights in the manner contemplated by the plan just mentioned would find himself denounced as an exterminator.

The truth is that the only possible means of arriving at fair rents is the simple process of free contract. It is indeed alleged—and there is, it may be at once admitted, a great deal of truth in the allegation—that the land hunger of the Irish peasant induces him to bid for farms to such an extent that the price of them in the open market is the very reverse of fair. The principle of these biddings frequently seems to an astonished spectator to be that of the pig-packer famous in story, who always stowed the unlucky animals until the vehicle contained as many as it possibly could hold, and then put in one pig more. This identical gentleman would, no doubt, have bid for his farm every penny it could possibly be made to produce, and then a pound, or ten pounds, or a hundred pounds more. But, in the first place, it is a mistake to suppose, as is frequently supposed, that this ferocious eagerness for land-holding plays into the hands of rapacious landlords in any manner which would be removed by Fair Rents. On the contrary, it is pretty easy to prove that almost any possible arrangement of valued rents would only make the matter worse. For the compensation which the landlord would have to pay according to the scheme alluded to above—the only scheme which can be said even to breathe an atmosphere of workableness—would obviously come in time to be paid by the incoming tenant as a kind of fine, and the process of rack-renting would go on more merrily than ever. Indeed, all schemes of Irish resettlement seem to overlook the unmistakable and hopeless fact that there are too many people in Ireland for any plan of making a livelihood which has commended itself, or is likely to commend itself, to the Irish mind. All the well-meant talk about waste lands, all the chatter about peasant-proprietary, cannot (save to eyes wilfully blinded) obscure the fact there are not in Ireland waste lands capable of cultivation in quantity sufficient to give adequate farms to the population, that a peasant proprietary cannot subsist without economical conditions which are not present, and that, therefore, any plan—even the three F's, or a perpetual Griffith's valuation pure and simple—would only stave off discontent and distress without doing away with their causes. The tenants now in the occupation of adequate holdings would no doubt flourish exceedingly at the expense of their landlords. The tenants now in the occupation of inadequate holdings would not only be no better off than they were before, but would be, so to speak, restrained by law from clearing out and making way for fewer, if not better, men.

There are, however, few moderate critics who will not allow that, if any further sop is to be thrown to Ireland, which seems to be a foregone conclusion, it is with a view to the second F that such a sop had best be concocted. Although the disturbance of tenants in their holdings has, no doubt, been grossly exaggerated, it does exist, and there is no doubt that in some cases it is caused by the exaction of an unduly high rent from the old tenant, and the hope of being able to exact an unduly high rent from the new one. If this could be put a stop to, it would be well, but when it is impossible to see how a stop can be put to it. Compensation for disturbance is almost the only way, and this is in a considerable number, perhaps a majority, of cases rather more unfair to the landlord than fair to the tenant. Valuation schemes suffer from the inconveniences already noted, and as for arbitration, what proportion to the fee-simple value of Paddy O'Rafferty's five acres of bog in Mayo would the cost of the proceedings requisite to ascertain the fair rent for the said bog be likely to bear? The cultivation of waste lands is good, as increasing the supply of land; emigration is better still, as decreasing the demand for it; and in these two things are probably to be found the only really legitimate and wise means of bringing about fair rents. Beyond this it is dangerous to go; yet if it is absolutely necessary to advance further, the extinction of yearly tenancies, with a right of increasing the rent, is perhaps the safest expedient. A seven years' lease is a much better thing than seven years' compensation, because it robs no one, encourages industry rather than idleness, and interferes only infinitesimally with proprietary rights. Seven years, of course, would be rather too short for agricultural purposes, but that is a matter of detail. The point to insist on is, that emigration, vigorous steps taken in the direction of cultivation of waste lands and drainage of boggy districts, and, lastly, as a possible thing, the encouragement of long leases, make up not only the fairest way of meeting the demand for fair rents, but the way most likely to lead to such success as is possible.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

DR. POLE'S article on this subject in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* has probably surprised and pleased many readers. There is always something fascinating in the idea of aerial navigation, and it must have been gratifying to find that a well-known man of science was of opinion that it was possible to steer almost any desired course through the air. Dr. Pole does not, it is true, go so far as the enthusiastic members of the Aeronautical Society, on whose proceedings we lately commented. He does not propose to fit man with wings, though he thinks it by no means impossible that some day an ingenious inventor may be able to accommodate his fellow-creatures in this fashion; but he does propose to make a great step in advance of anything hitherto achieved, and to render balloons dirigible—to use his own word—so that under ordinary circumstances it will be possible to travel through the air in well-nigh any direction. That this delightful result may be obtained he is all but certain, for he states that there "is nothing to discourage the idea" of practical aerial navigation, "except what we may hope would give way before skill and experience," and he apparently considers that the problem would have been solved long ago if intelligence and ingenuity had been brought to bear on it. Unfortunately the world has been sadly apathetic. "People have made up their minds," he says, "that a balloon can only float in the atmosphere, being carried passively along by any current that may happen to prevail." This view Dr. Pole regards as little better than superstition, and he must have carried the sympathies of many readers with him in his attempts to demolish it. Whether he has demolished it is a very different question. Undoubtedly there is something very charming in the prospect of real aerial navigation, and it may seem ungenerous to say anything in the least calculated to damp the ardour which Dr. Pole's bold speculations are likely to arouse, or to insinuate that they are, in no small degree, fantastic; but at the same time it is as well to look at both sides of the question, and when a writer promises such marvellous results as Dr. Pole foreshadows, it is certainly advisable, before putting faith in his alluring predictions, to examine with some care the grounds on which they rest. He is of opinion that a balloon can be devised which, "in light and moderate winds, under thirty miles an hour, which the Greenwich observations show to prevail all the year, with the exception of a few days," will be able to "travel in any direction, the speed varying from five to nearly sixty miles an hour." This certainly will be a marvellous result for modern science to achieve; and, if Dr. Pole is right, the engineers and mechanicians of the present day have an opportunity which they would be purblind to neglect. Nothing can be conceived more likely to fire the imagination of an inventor than the idea of such a balloon as Dr. Pole speaks of; but it is to be feared that, when the arguments by which he supports his very pleasing views are analysed, no small disappointment will be felt. There is a terrible amount of work to be done before the marvellous balloon can be sent rushing through the air with its cargo of delighted passengers. Some men of science in our day are, like many modern politicians, singularly enthusiastic; and in this case it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Dr. Pole's enthusiasm has got the better of his judgment, and that he is a visionary rather than a mathematician, contending what he hopes for with what can be shown to be possible.

In the first argument, indeed, which he brings forward in support of his views the influence of enthusiasm is apparent. He says:—"Considering the vast development of mechanical invention and enterprise that has taken place in the last century, it is singular that so little serious attention should have been bestowed on the balloon. The brilliant invention of Montgolfier and Charles, from which so much was expected on its first appearance, has been hitherto little more than a toy: the attempts to take advantage of it for any useful object have been but few, and of very limited scope. Balloons have been used to provide elevated posts of observation for military purposes, and they have also served to aid the investigation of meteorological phenomena; but otherwise little or nothing has been done with them." And the inference which he proceeds to draw is that, if the subject of aerial navigation had received the attention it deserved, a great deal would have been done with balloons. It is strange that so able a man should not see that there is another and much clearer inference to be drawn from the facts which he states. Is it not almost absurd to suppose that in a century remarkable for the extraordinary progress of invention, engineers, mechanicians, and men of science have all of one accord neglected so fascinating a subject as aerial navigation? Seeing what fame and profit would be reaped by those who could make the navigation of the air practicable, is it possible to believe that inventors of all degree have been smitten for a hundred years with common blindness, and have neglected what was indubitably well worthy of their attention? Is not the fair inference from the facts just the opposite of that which Dr. Pole appears to draw? May it not be fairly assumed that this subject, so little likely to be neglected, has not been neglected, but that the problem has not been solved because its difficulties have been found to be insuperable; that it has been examined by capable men, but given up as hopeless, and that balloons have remained mere toys because investigation showed that there was no chance of making them anything else?

This undoubtedly is the inference from the facts adduced by Dr. Pole, the real meaning of which he so strangely overlooks; but still it is only an inference, and, though a very strong one, not

necessarily conclusive. Moreover, it is but fair to say that there were exceptions to what Dr. Pole considers as the general apathy, and that, during the century which has elapsed since the time of Montgolfier, two men of considerable mechanical skill have endeavoured to make balloons dirigible. Their efforts are duly recorded by Dr. Pole; and certainly, if they did what he believes them to have done, it is at once curious that there should have been so much carelessness with regard to balloons on the part of men of science, and very likely, to say the least, that balloons can be made dirigible. We fear, however, that here again a strong and almost irresistible inference is against Dr. Pole; but, before pointing this out, we must state what these two inventors are supposed to have achieved. The first in order of time was M. Henri Giffard, a French engineer, who in 1852, seventy years after Montgolfier's great experiment, ascended from the Hippodrome in Paris in a balloon which he had devised. It was, according to Dr. Pole, of elongated shape, pointed at the ends, nearly 40 ft. diameter in the middle, and 144 ft. long. It was steered by a large triangular sail attached to the end of the car, and motive power was obtained by a screw 11 ft. in diameter, turned by a steam-engine of three horse-power. The success attained in this daring ascent was, it seems, complete. Dr. Pole says:—

Having arrived at a convenient height he [M. Giffard] started his engine; and what was his delight, on pulling one of the cords of the rudder, to see the horizon begin to turn round like the moving picture in a diorama! The machine was really "under way": it was being steered like a ship at sea. In short the balloon was "dirigible," and the problem of aerial navigation was practically solved. The wind was too high for him to hope to move against it, but he performed with perfect success several manoeuvres of circular movement and lateral deviation. He descended safely, and he found, when he came to calculate his course, that his engine and screw had impressed on the balloon an independent velocity through the air of from 2 to 3 metres per second, or $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour.

Certainly, if this account is accurate, M. Giffard achieved wonders, and made perhaps the greatest step that has ever been made in practical science. This marvellously successful experiment created, Dr. Pole says, a great sensation, and deeply impressed that remarkable scientific authority, M. Victor Hugo. Yet, strange to say, nothing followed it. M. Giffard, with the atmosphere at his command, did not pursue his investigation further, and his experiment utterly failed to rouse the ardour of other inventors, French, English, or American. For eighteen years, seemingly, no attempt was made to render balloons dirigible. The learned and unlearned alike placidly ignored the path through the skies which had been pointed out to them. In 1870, however, interest in the subject revived owing to the large use made of balloons during the siege of Paris. M. Dupuy de Lôme, the well-known French naval architect, set to work to ascertain whether it might not be possible to direct the course of balloons; but owing to various circumstances, his labours were not concluded till the beginning of 1872, when he ascended from Vincennes in a balloon which much resembled that of M. Giffard. It was 120 feet long by 50 feet diameter, with a screw of 30 feet diameter which was turned by four men. Two crews were taken aloft in the experimental ascent, in order that the severe work might not be continuous. The experiment was, it seems, entirely successful. Dr. Pole says:—

Thus equipped, he [M. de Lôme] ascended from Vincennes on the 2nd February, 1872. The wind was blowing strongly, but by putting the head of the balloon at right angles to the current, and working the screw, he produced a deviation which, when afterwards calculated, showed a resulting velocity through the air of upwards of 5 miles per hour; when the eight men were all working together, the velocity was 6.4 miles per hour. The behaviour of the balloon, in respect to stability and ease of management (which had caused the most anxiety), was all that could be desired.

Here again, as in M. Giffard's ascent, a marvellous result seems to have been obtained, but in both cases the question is, whether the records given are to be implicitly accepted. In expressing some scepticism with regard to them, it is scarcely necessary to say that we do not wish for an instant to question the good faith of either of the distinguished Frenchmen who endeavoured to navigate the air. That they thoroughly believed everything they stated no one can doubt; but all who have studied the history of invention know how inventors deceive themselves, how very honourable and very able men exaggerate the results they have achieved. What was remarkable in this case was the velocity obtained through the air by means of a screw—that is, the velocity independent of the wind. Rightly to measure this velocity must have been enormously difficult, and it can scarcely have been possible to avoid all chance of error. It is to be observed that M. de Lôme, with eight men, or rather less than one horse-power, attained nearly the same speed as M. Giffard with three horse-power, notwithstanding the fact that his balloon was decidedly inferior in shape. This alone is sufficient to throw great doubt on the figures given, which at best can only be accepted as conjectural. Certainly the scientific world and mechanicians in general seem to have so considered them, for M. de Lôme's experiment produced no more lasting impression than M. Giffard's had done. There was, again, the same conspiracy of silence. No inventors took the matter up. The French Government, which had instituted the experiments, did not, in spite of the marvellous result attained, care, seemingly, to carry them any further, or attempt to equip dirigible war-balloons. The German Government, generally thought to neglect nothing relating to warfare, showed the same strange apathy, and made no effort to utilize M. Dupuy de Lôme's experiments. It is certainly most

singular that Governments and the scientific world alike should so persistently ignore very remarkable facts, but it seems absolutely astounding when the deductions to be made from these facts are considered. Dr. Pole considers that a balloon could be constructed which would have an independent velocity of thirty miles an hour. This conclusion he bases on M. Dupuy de Lôme's experiments, and on his reasoning with regard to aerial navigation. Of a balloon which would attain this pace he gives a short description, which we venture to think is one of the most remarkable ever submitted to the public by a man of science. It should, he says, be 370 feet long with a maximum diameter of 100 feet, and with an engine of 300 horse-power would be able to carry fuel for four or five hours' consumption, and 100 passengers with their baggage. This is wonderful enough, but marvels do not end here. Dr. Pole, when he gives his balloon the pace of thirty miles an hour, is of course only speaking of pace in an absolute calm. The first question which suggests itself is, what will be the pace of the balloon when the wind is foul? How will it, as a sailor would say, beat to windward? Dr. Pole is quite ready with an answer. He sets out a table showing the speed of the balloon on courses at various angles with the direction of the wind, and with various velocities or forces of the wind. Of these courses it will be sufficient to give two as showing what the balloon of the future is to achieve. With a north wind travelling at a velocity of ten miles an hour, the balloon will sail along a N.N.E. course, or within two points of the wind, at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and along a N.E. course, or within four points of the wind, at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour; and it is to be observed that these are true courses—that is to say, that the leeway caused by the wind is fully allowed for. If, then, Dr. Pole is correct in what he considers as undisputable conclusions from established facts, balloons can not only beat to windward infinitely better than the fastest sailing ships, but they can even surpass steamers. Not only is the problem of aerial navigation solved, but something like perfection is attainable at once; and, though this has been evident for some time past, men of science have persisted in ignoring the facts which point to so marvellous a result.

THE RISE IN THE BANK RATE.

SINCE the beginning of December the Bank of England has twice raised its rate of discount, first on December 9 from 2½ to 3 per cent., and last week again from 3 to 3½ per cent. This is evidence, in banker's phrase, that the value of money is rising; in other words, that the interest payable for the use of money is higher than it was two months ago. The fact, at first sight, seems inconsistent with the opinion we expressed some little time ago, that the permanent value of money is falling, as evidenced by the high prices of all kinds of Stock Exchange securities. For the past two years Consols have been very nearly at par, and quite lately they actually passed par. The United States Government, again, is proposing to borrow at par at 3 per cent., and the Indian Government has actually raised a considerable sum at 3½ per cent. Even such Governments as those of France and Russia, though exposed to enormous political dangers, see their bonds rising steadily in the market. And if we pass from the securities of the great Governments to the stocks of railways or other industrial associations, we find still the same kind of evidence. All this is proof that the permanent value of money is falling; in other words, that an investor cannot expect in the future to receive as large a return for his money as for several years past he has been accustomed to look for. How, then, does it happen that while, in one respect, the value of money is thus falling, in another, as we see by the advance in the Bank rate, it is rising? In reality, there is no contradiction between the two sets of phenomena. The funds in the short loan market—that is to say, in the market for discounts and short loans—mainly consist of the deposits in banks; that is to say, of money which is lent to banks only for short periods, either while the owners are looking out for eligible permanent investments, or while, for some purpose or other, they are keeping money ready to their hand should a demand for its use arise. This fund, from the nature of the case, is not very largely and immediately increased. But the fund available for investments is constantly being increased by the growth of population and wealth, and by the accumulation of savings. It is quite evident that in all advancing countries like our own the surplus savings, after providing for the extension of businesses of all kinds, must amount every year to enormous sums; and the greater part of these sums is invested in Stock Exchange securities. Evidently, therefore, the prices of these latter must continue to rise, unless safe and eligible securities are newly created as fast as the savings thus accumulate; but for several years past now first-class securities have been created very sparingly. Indeed, if we except the great French loans on account of the war, there have been scarcely any first-class securities created of such magnitude as to affect the market. On the contrary, there has been a steady and constant decrease, both in our own country and in the United States; while railway building and other forms of industrial investments have also not been large. For this reason the permanent value of money must tend to fall until, in consequence of a great and long-continued war, or of some other circumstance causing vast issues of new Stock Exchange securities of high class, fresh securities be created large enough to absorb, for several years, the surplus

savings of the more advanced countries. But this fall in the permanent value of money may go on for a considerable time without very much influencing the value of money in the short loan market. In the long run, no doubt, if the value of money in the short loan market were to rise, people would sell out of Stock Exchange securities, and employ the proceeds where they would bring them a good return, and would thus bring down the value in the short loan market to the same level as in the long loan market; but it is obvious that this is not to be done on a large scale unless it becomes quite clear to investors that they would be able to employ their money advantageously for a sufficient time to repay them for selling out of permanent investments which they had made.

The main cause of the rise in the value of money in the short loan market is the revival in trade. As our readers are now well aware, that revival began in the United States, and there it has up to the present made by far the greatest progress. Four successive bountiful harvests, with the insatiable demand for their produce in Europe, have enriched the people of the United States and given the farmers money to spend in any way they please, and have stimulated, in consequence, all kinds of enterprise in the country. The farmers, having larger incomes and larger crops, have had of course to employ more labourers at better wages, and therefore have been obliged to keep in hand larger sums of money to pay wages, both for sowing and getting in their crops, and for carrying them to market. The purchasers, again, have needed more money to buy these crops and transport them from the west and south to the Atlantic ports. The labourers, having larger wages, have larger surpluses to spend with the butcher, the baker, the draper, and the bootmaker, and, in consequence, these latter have had to keep larger stocks of trade and larger sums for small change; while, in their turn, they, making larger profits, have been able to increase their own expenditure. Thus throughout the whole commercial community there has not only been a larger amount of business done, but there have been larger sums of money demanded to turn over that business. The result has been an enormous increase of the currency of the United States. For a couple of years before resumption was actually carried into effect, the United States accumulated the whole yield of the mines of their own country. Since resumption they have continued to do the same, and they have also required an immense import of gold from Europe to supply the demand for additional currency to which we have been referring. In 1879 the export of gold from England and France to the United States amounted to about 15 millions, and not a penny of this has since been returned. Last year, again, about 14 millions more were exported, and it is extremely improbable that any of this will come back very soon. Thus about 29 or 30 millions in gold have in the course of about a year and a half been taken from Europe, chiefly from England and France, for the United States. In consequence, the chief banks here—more particularly the Bank of France, and to a less extent the Bank of England—have seen their stocks of gold run down very seriously. At the end of last July the Bank of France held about 30 millions in gold. Last week the stock had fallen to less than 22½ millions. Thus in a little over five months the Bank of France lost over 8 millions of gold, and the Bank of England lost about 5 millions. If the Bank of France had been governed by purely commercial considerations, it would early last autumn have raised its rate of discount so as to stop this drain of gold; but, for political reasons, it failed to do so; and the result was that money continued artificially cheap throughout the autumn, and consequently that the United States were able to continue drawing away gold to the immense amount we have just stated. But, in the end, the drain began to tell upon the reserves both of the Bank of France and of the Bank of England; and the latter institution in little more than a month has raised its rate from 2½ to 3½ per cent. The outside market, too, has followed this movement, and the real value of money in the short loan market of London is now very little below the official Bank of England rate; in fact, the great joint-stock banks are very poor in market phrase—that is to say, they find themselves with very small available funds, either for lending or discounting, and the supply being small its value tends to rise.

Just as the revival of trade in the United States caused an extraordinary demand for additional currency, so the improvement here at home is gradually also causing a demand, not to anything like the same extent as yet, but in a manner that is likely to go on increasing. As the number of workpeople taken on increases, and still more as wages rise, and with wages prices, the amount of money necessary for paying wages and purchasing for the ordinary current purposes of life will need to be greatly enlarged. This increase in the money in circulation will draw away some part of the resources of the various banks. These, moreover, will find an increasing demand from manufacturers and traders generally. Every man who sees his profits increasing will desire to extend his business in some way or other, and therefore will need additional credit. But additional credit can only be obtained, when it is demanded by a great number of people at once, by paying higher for the accommodation. Thus every step in the improvement in trade tends to enhance the value of money, and we may expect to see the rates fully maintained during the present and next year, should nothing occur to check the improvement which is in progress. No doubt this rise in the value of money in the short loan market will have the effect referred to above—that is, it will induce many persons, and more particularly bankers and the larger capitalists, to sell out

investments which they held through the late depression, because of their inability to employ the whole of their funds profitably in their proper business as bankers, for the purpose of employing proceeds in the short loan market. This will tend to equalize the value of money in this and in the investment market. The large sales will tend to check the rise in the price of securities. The employment of the proceeds in the short loan market will tend to depress the value of money there. Besides, as profits become larger and savings accumulate, some portion of the savings that would otherwise be permanently invested will be used in the short loan market, in which for the moment the return will be larger; and this again will still further depress the value of money in the short loan market. But this will not come into effect for some time yet, or, at least, though it is no doubt already beginning, it will not check the rise in the value of money caused by the great improvement in trade. The enormous exports of gold to the United States to which we have referred have left the metallic reserves of the Banks both of England and France so low that these banks necessarily must guard the reserves which they still retain by keeping up the high rate of money: and they will be enabled to do this effectually by the improvement in trade which is going on. In the long run, of course, the rise in the value of money, in wages and in prices, will bring about the reaction which always follows a great expansion in trade, and a period of depression will recur, when the value of money in the short loan market will once more fall, and will tend indeed to become less than in the market for securities; but for the moment the tendency now is for the value of money in the short loan market to exceed considerably that in the market for investments. The influence of the great exports of gold to the United States, of which we have spoken, has been greatly enhanced by the falling-off in the yield of gold from the mines. Practically for about four years Europe has received little or no gold from the American mines, and the produce of the Russian mines has been absorbed in Russia itself and in Germany. Western Europe, therefore, has had to depend almost entirely upon its old stocks and upon the yield of the Australian mines; but the Australian mines have been growing less and less productive for several years past. Unless, therefore, new mines are discovered, or the gold-using countries adopt new methods of economizing coin, or silver comes into more general use than seems at all likely at present, the time appears to be approaching when the scarcity of gold will have a serious effect upon the money markets of the world. It would be waste of time to speculate on the probability of new mines being discovered, or new methods of economizing coin coming into use; and at present there does not seem much likelihood that silver will come into more general use. On the contrary, even Italy talks of resuming in gold, not silver; and it appears to be settled that Russia also, if she is able to carry out her resumption plans, will adopt a single gold currency.

ITALIAN MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

FOR the purposes of methodical study the present collection of the works of Italian masters must be pronounced inferior to many of its predecessors. There are some admirable examples taken singly both of the earlier and the later schools; in one or two instances, thanks to the liberality of Lord Cowper, we are allowed the opportunity of enjoying at our leisure pictures of world-wide fame that have hitherto been accessible only to the few; but, taken as a series, the Italian pictures miss that element of historical continuity which has at other times lent a special interest to these exhibitions. The painters of the fifteenth century who are here represented are, with one or two exceptions, not those who exercised the most powerful influence in forming the style of their successors; and where these greater names find a place in the catalogue, the works attributed to them are either of doubtful authority or of insufficient importance. The "Virgin and Child" (182), assigned to Piero della Francesca, gives but a very inadequate impression of the genius of this gifted artist. Nor from the little portrait (186) said to be by Masaccio would it be possible to appreciate the commanding position which he held in the gradual development of the Florentine school. In some cases the association of a great name with an indifferent performance is altogether misleading. The "Ecce Homo" (188), lent by Sir William Abdy, is a genuine and very interesting work of its kind, and it bears evident traces of Mantegna's influence; but it would need far stronger evidence than is afforded by the signature to justify the conclusion that Mantegna himself had any hand in its production. The question here can scarcely be said to admit of a doubt, for it depends not on minute and disputable points of technical method, but upon the essential quality of an artist's mind and invention. Mantegna may at some early stage of his career have displayed equal immaturity of power; he could scarcely, even in his earliest youth, unless he were copying the work of another, have made a design so entirely inconsistent with the known intellectual tendencies of his art. His imagination led him always to the simplest form for expressing his idea. He possessed a strong grasp of character, and he could realize the full dramatic force of any subject he chose to present; but he concerned himself only with the essential facts in either kind, and he never sought to enrich his design by the rendering of useless detail. The author of the picture belonging to Sir William Abdy exhibits a talent of quite another order. He has employed a

fruitful fancy in furnishing the scene with abundant incident, that owns but little relation to the central idea; and he has spent the best of his labour in the minute realization of unimportant accessories of architecture and landscape. In these respects he reminds us of Basaiti, who in the early part of his career worked under the influence of the Muranese manner, and who preserved to the last a fondness for the picturesque aspect of ruined fragments of building such as may be found in the picture before us. But it would perhaps be rash to offer more than a conjecture as to the real authorship; for there are several of the less-known painters of North Italy to whom such a work might probably be assigned, and the only thing that can be confidently stated is that it is certainly not by Andrea Mantegna. Sir William Abdy sends two other Italian pictures that will also arouse discussion. In the catalogue they are both set down to Francia, and the first is said to be a portrait of the painter himself. It is highly improbable, however, that they can both be the work of the same hand, and it is at least doubtful whether either of them belongs to Francia. The one (192), a head of strong individual character, painted in fair tones of colour, and showing in the mode of its execution a fine feeling for design, at once suggests the name of Antonello da Messina; the other, with its greater force of chiaroscuro, points to the practice of the Milanese school, and seems to justify the conjecture that it is the work of Andrea Solario.

Among the interesting records of an earlier phase of Italian art are to be reckoned the fragments of fresco assigned to Giotto which come from the Roscoe collection at Liverpool. To the same series belong the noble heads of the Apostles in the National Gallery. These fragments were seen from the walls of the church of Santa Maria del Carmine in 1770, and they constitute, with the engravings of Thomas Patch, almost the only record remaining of Giotto's labours in this church, which was destroyed by fire in 1771. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle throw some doubt upon the assumption that they are genuine examples of his work, and are disposed to assign them to one of his followers; but the "Daughter of Herodias" (226), in spite of the damaged condition of the painting, reveals qualities that are not unworthy of Giotto's reputation. Beside these first essays of the Florentine school hangs a large composition of the "Virgin and Child with Saints" (222), which may be taken to illustrate the starting point in the progress of Venetian painting; for, although it is dated as late as 1472, it does not mark any advance upon the practice of the Muranese artists in their earlier efforts. The subsequent growth of the Venetian school may be traced in the two examples of Cima da Conegliano, lent by Mr. Butler, and in the "Virgin and Child" (232), ascribed to Vivarini, which is contributed by Sir Frederick Leighton. Several pictures attributed to the greater masters of Venice do not, in all cases, carry a conviction of their authority. A small "Virgin and Child" (141), set down to Titian, has nothing to recommend it but its signature. A larger and more important composition from Lord Strathford's collection (149) is undoubtedly a genuine example of the Venetian school, but its general character suggests the name of Bonifacio rather than Titian. There is direct evidence, indeed, for giving to Titian the group of portraits of the three children of King Ferdinand of Austria (213), lent by Lord Cowper. We have the artist's letter dated 1548 in which he announces to his patron the speedy completion of the work; but it is to be observed that Titian's latest biographers assume that he only gave the finishing touches to the painting, and that it was in great part executed by another hand. Sebastian del Piombo is only half a Venetian, for he borrowed the essential principles of his style from the practice of another school. Of the two pictures bearing his name in the present exhibition, one, a portrait of Vittoria Colonna (214), is in a state that renders it difficult to form any confident opinion of its worth. If it has once been a genuine painting, it must have gravely suffered at the hands of restorers. The other, a noble male portrait (205), lent by Mr. Baillie Hamilton, is in every way worthy of the painter's fame. It ranks among the very best examples of Italian portraiture in the gallery, and the grand pose of the figures, with the simple arrangement of the black brocaded robe, prove beyond question that it is the work of a man who possessed a sense of style in design, such as might be expected from an artist who had served under the leadership of Michael Angelo. Beneath it hangs a very interesting Venetian picture (206) assigned to Giorgione, and in the next room we find a portrait (156), lent by Lord Strathford, which also bears the name of this master of Venetian masters. In the latter, however, it is impossible to detect any of the characteristics of Giorgione's style. The type of the face and the pose of the figure recall the manner of Paris Bordone, but there has been so much repainting that it is perhaps scarcely worth while to speculate upon the question of its authorship.

In the Third Gallery are placed some of the most important specimens of Italian art. The two Madonnas of Raffaele, the portraits by Andrea del Sarto, and the large decorative compositions by Paul Veronese, make up a notable group of genuine and characteristic examples. The larger Raffaele (152) is interesting, not merely for its intrinsic beauty, but for the evidence it affords of the complete independence of his genius at this early stage of his career. It bears the date of 1508, when the painter was no more than twenty-five years of age, and yet it asserts even more clearly than the famous Borghese picture of the Entombment, executed in the previous year, the new direction which religious art was about to take under

Raffaele's leadership. In this group of mother and child, combined with such exquisite grace of line and spontaneous truth of movement, there is but slight trace left of the earnest devotional spirit which is to be found in the earlier painters of Florence, and even in the work of Raffaele's master, Perugino. The force and fascination of the picture lie not in any new perception of the religious aspect of the subject, but in a deeper and more liberal understanding of the purely natural relation of mother and child. There is on this side a refinement and delicacy of observation such as painting had never before attained, and has never since surpassed or even equalled. The action of the child's hand, the look of innocent laughter upon his face, and the contrasted expression of repose upon the countenance of the mother, belong to a kind of beauty in art that Raffaele was the first to discover or to display. Such an achievement marks a new departure in the study of nature, and points to a growing consciousness in the artist that there lay a wide field for the exercise of his genius beyond the limits that had been assigned to it by the requirements of the Church. The smaller group of the same subject (148) is not of equal beauty, and its effect is marred by partial restoration. Of the portraits by Andrea del Sarto, the finest is that which is assumed to present the likeness of the painter himself. The half-length of a lady (159), if it was ever finished, has since suffered considerably, but even in its present imperfect condition it impresses the spectator by the grand disposition of the drapery and by the noble carriage of the head. The face is of a type that constantly recurs in Andrea del Sarto's drawings, and is in all probability the likeness of the painter's wife.

REVIEWS.

INDIAN DESPATCHES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.*

MR. OWEN has rendered good service to all candidates for civil or military employment in India as well as to the general reader, by this selection from more than half a dozen volumes of the despatches published by Colonel Gurwood or by the present Duke of Wellington. To this task Mr. Owen brings a good knowledge of Indian history, and some local experience acquired when serving in the Educational Department under the Government of Bombay. His selection of papers is judicious; his arrangement perspicuous; and the study of the work is materially helped by an introductory essay of some ninety pages, in which he discusses the policy of the Marquess of Wellesley towards the native Powers, and the character of his more illustrious brother. Yet it is impossible not to be struck with sundry blemishes or rather omissions, which a little more pains would have enabled the author to supply. If there is any occasion on which short editorial notes are required it is in the publication of a correspondence of an eminent public servant, which embraces an immense variety of subjects and ranges over a period not within the recollection of any living statesman. It may, no doubt, be pleaded that the Duke's style is so clear and coherent, his aims are so transparent, and the topics discussed are so interwoven with history, its wars, sieges, and treaties, that few explanations or additions are necessary. This, in one sense, is all very true. Nobody can wish to add to or take anything from Wellington's clear and concise diction. But when in India, during a period of nearly eight years, General Wellesley was in constant correspondence with the foremost civilians and soldiers of the day; and at no period of its history did the East India Company produce men more eminent, if not in making Revenue Settlements and drafting Codes, at least for diplomatic talent and skill in negotiating treaties and cessions. Amongst other correspondents, General Wellesley was constantly writing to Munro or to Malcolm, to Kirkpatrick or to Clive. Rarely, if ever, does Mr. Owen recollect to give at the head of each letter the official designation of these and numerous other officials. A practised student of Anglo-Indian history may possibly recollect that Mr. Such-a-one was restraining Scindia, that this able Colonel was "educating" the Nizam, or that this gifted Major was expounding to the Peshwa the utter absurdity of a Mahratta confederacy against such powerful enemies as the British. In some instances the position of the correspondent can be gathered or guessed from the context of the letters. But sudden changes are constant in the Indian official world, as Mr. Owen well knows; the threads of the diplomatic web are crossed and intertwined; now and then two officers are deputed to the same chief or prince, but in very different capacities; and the greater and more extensive the range of the topics, the more important it is that the reader should see at a glance the exact position which was filled by each Commissioner, Agent, or Resident. As illustration, we observe that during a considerable portion of these years the following gentlemen were filling posts of the very highest importance. Josiah Webb was Secretary to the Government of Madras; Colonel Palmer was at Poona, with the Peshwa; Mr. Lumsden and Mr. Scott were in Oudh; Colonel Collins was at Gwalior; the post of Resident at Hyderabad was filled first by

* A Selection from the Despatches, Memoranda, and other Papers relating to India, of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K.G. Edited by Sidney J. Owen, M.A., Reader in Law and History and Tutor at Christchurch, Reader in Indian History, Oxford, formerly Professor in the Elphinstone College, Bombay. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

Colonel Kirkpatrick, who afterwards became Military Secretary to the Government of India, and then by Captain Kirkpatrick; Colonel Stevenson commanded the Nizam's contingent; General Stuart was Commander-in-Chief at Bombay. The troops in Upper India were under Sir James Craig, who is heard of, amongst other places, at a station called Anupshire, not very far from Meerut, of which hardly anything remains but the neglected tombs of officers who died there. Malcolm was at one time Town Major at Madras, was then Assistant Resident at Hyderabad, and was subsequently sent on a special mission to Scindia's Court. Mr. Uthoff was Commissioner in Malabar. Five Commissioners—Lord Harris, Colonel W. Kirkpatrick, Barry Close, Henry Wellesley, afterwards Lord Cowley, and Arthur Wellesley himself—were entrusted with affairs at Seringapatam after its capture. Some, but by no means all, of the above additions can be extracted from the present volume. It was the duty of any editor, especially of one who has shown himself so capable in selection and arrangement, to have prevented any doubt or searchings of heart about these details. Also a few explanations might have been added of the less familiar Anglo-Indian terms. By *akbar* is meant a newspaper published in the vernacular. *Schbundies* are irregulars or a sort of militia. *Tannahs*, more usually *Thannahs*, are police stations. *Nerrek*, or *nirik*, is the current price of articles in the native bazaar. A *coule*, or properly *kaut*, is a written agreement, and in these despatches the word means articles of peace offered to chiefs and opponents. A *mutasaddi* is an accountant or a writer. *Dubashery* is a word coined for the nonce by Wellesley himself from *dubash*, an interpreter, or one who knows two languages, and means, from the context, trickery and deceit. Mr. Owen may probably be aware of the exact signification of these and other terms. It does not follow that English readers can be as familiar with them as they are now with *balshish* and *loot*.

Now for the despatches and their author. The introduction by Mr. Owen will enable the general reader to follow the course of war and diplomacy in those eventful times. The weak policy of Sir John Shore had been to play off one native Power against another. That of the Wellesleys was to crush Tippon, to render French intervention an impossibility, to break up the Mahratta confederacy, and to assert the supremacy of the British Power. How, with one brother in Council and the other in the field, these paramount ends were attained is a matter of history into which we are not going to enter. Our business is with the man who left India before he was thirty-six years of age, and who had then already proved himself to be a consummate general, a clear-sighted politician, and a successful administrator. Now it was all along well known that General Wellesley had the best rules of strategy at his fingers' ends, ready for application; that he seemed to divine by mere intuition the objects and wishes of his unscrupulous antagonists; that he wrote as if he had a detailed plan of every difficult country constantly before him, with its passes, ghats, forts, and bazars, as clear as it shown in a modern photograph; that he was fully as able to lecture a commissariat officer on the driest drudgery of his department as he was to tell a general of division how to bring his forces into line; that he knew how to avail himself of every favourable circumstance of climate or locality in preparing his combinations; and that in the art of war, which is said to be made up of blunders, he committed the fewest and left nothing to accident or chance. His impatience of jobbery and corruption, his sharp and incisive reproofs to men who preferred their own selfish objects to the service of the State, his anxiety to do justice to opponents from whom he had differed, his acute perception of character, the respect and veneration with which he inspired subordinates in the field or the Council, are points in his character which do not admit of controversy. But we suspect that, to many readers, this volume will be almost the first revelation of his signal talents for negotiation, government, and civil affairs. It is not too much to say that he displays an insight into native character, an instinct as to Oriental subterfuge and treachery, an appreciation of difficult problems likely to arise with the increasing responsibilities of cession and conquest, which would have done credit to the wisest of English statesmen, or the most trained of Indian administrators; to his brother the Governor-General, on the one hand, and to Lord Lawrence, Lord Metcalfe, Munro and Thomason, on the other. Mr. Owen pointedly draws attention to the unsparing criticism on Monson's discreditable retreat before Holkar in 1804. Sir Robert Peel quoted this as the best military letter he had ever read; and every subaltern, to borrow a phrase from Macaulay, has, or "ought to have it by heart"; while any civilian can make out that this incapable and ill-starred commander advanced into a country of which he was quite ignorant, retreated when he might have attacked, remained stationary when he ought to have continued his march, and inflicted on our arms a disgrace to which even Maiwand affords hardly a parallel.

To the officer who studies his profession and who now rises by merit and not by purchase, this volume must afford a series of valuable lectures. The probability of the French effecting a landing in India, or giving real help to Tippon, is decided. The description of the grand army marching to Seringapatam with the Nizam's contingent, the *brinjaries* or grain merchants, the bullocks, elephants, carts, "coolies and doolies," might for clearness and conciseness drive a Special Correspondent to despair. We observe here, without the slightest disparagement to General Roberts' recent splendid feats, that Wellesley repeatedly averaged seventeen miles a day; that even the Nizam's "rascallious" marched

twenty miles; that previous to Assaye our troops accomplished twenty-three miles in seven hours and a half, and that the rate of progress was then invariably three miles an hour; while, after Assaye and before Argaum, a march of one hundred and twenty miles in eight days enabled the General to save "all our convoys and the Nizam's territories," and to win the last battle, attacking late in the day, as his friend and disciple Lord Hardinge did, just forty years afterwards, at Perozeshah. A letter to Colonel Sartorius on the best way of making war in the jungles is pregnant with meaning and advice. This officer is warned against moving small bodies, however compact, in different directions against Nairs and such-like, who can do without baggage and hide in the dense forest or appear, just as they choose. The only way of dealing with these foes is to clear the road of jungle at whatever expense and time, push forward advanced posts when the line of march is cleared, and then, when the communications with the rear are secured, send out light detachments in all directions. The "success of military operations in India depends on supplies." There is "no difficulty in fighting, and in finding the means of beating your enemy with or without loss." Wellesley was never needlessly severe, much less cruel; but he tells Colonel Sartorius to give a hint to a troublesome fellow named Mousa, "who was supplying a hostile Raja with rice, that he was in the habit of hanging men who dealt treacherously while living under the protection of the Company." The objection to martial law, though often quoted, may as well be repeated here. "Military gentlemen in Malabar" ought to give their own definition of military law. "I understand military law to be the law of the sword, and, in well-regulated and disciplined armies, to be the will of the general." Nor was it clear to Wellesley how common questions and the common business of provinces could go on, if, when rebels could already be punished, all would be "referred to a military commanding officer, as in a camp, and would be decided upon military principles either by himself or his officers." Martial law, in fact, is the suppression of every ordinary tribunal. As remarkable as the power to conduct a campaign successfully is the reluctance to begin war without the clearest justification. A refusal of the Mahrattas to accede to a closer alliance was no justification, neither ought one country to make war on another because the latter may at some time form an alliance prejudicial to the interests of the former. Equal plainness of speech is shown in letters to the Governor-General, who is treated, though with respect, just like Colonel Stevenson or Major Murray. Lord Mornington had much better not join the army and hamper its commander, nor need he go to Seringapatam after its capture; but he ought at once to go to Madras, at the commencement of the Mahratta campaign, in order to obtain early intelligence and to keep the perverse Madras Government straight. On the other hand, great stress is laid on the presence of a Civil magistrate with troops when sent to put down rebellion. His business is "to re-establish Civil organization," to give confidence to the inhabitants, and to procure resources and supplies for the troops. In his absence nothing will be done. Villages will remain deserted, and the soldiers, deprived of supplies, will take to plundering the country. Military men who have conducted operations successfully in Upper India, or against the frontier tribes to the east of Bengal, may be somewhat surprised to learn that Wellesley thought the rainy season the best for operations in the Mahratta country. Certainly the black soil turned to mud, and was, now and then, impracticable for carriages and artillery. But the army would always get water; rivers, no longer fordable to the enemy, could be easily crossed by us with pontoons or the common basket boats; and other inconveniences were mere trifles. The memorandum from which these particular remarks are taken is a perfect text-book on military operations in a strange country, on the collection of supplies, on the defence of British or allied territory, and on the attack of forts. The young general who could provide for these and twenty more such contingencies might well be justified in telling the Nizam's Minister that he would beat all the Mahrattas in Hindustan, and feed his army even if it were to march to Delhi.

Our remaining space must be devoted mainly to those civil questions which are more within the province of a Governor-General. But there is abundant indication that, had the two brothers exchanged places, the soldier at least would have become not less eminent in the Indian Council than in the Mahratta field. That, dealing with wily and unscrupulous Mahrattas, he should have formed a low estimate of the native character is not surprising; but in all his intercourse with Vakils and Dewans, by letter or in conference, he is earnest and impressive, without being dictatorial; and we know that in Mysore, with which he was so long connected, two names are held in affectionate remembrance by natives to this day— one is Sir Mark Cubbon, the other is Arthur Wellesley. The young Hindu Raja who was replaced on the throne of his ancestors by the genius and policy of the Wellesleys only died in 1868, and we are now about to hand over his kingdom, enriched and civilized, to his adopted son. In the suggested treatment of the Bluecs Wellesley anticipated Outram. By conciliation and by avoiding interference we can make them our best friends. A contrary line of conduct did actually, until Outram's time, make them, in the words of a despatch to the Bombay Government, "our worst enemies." On the impolicy of employing troops to support the violent acts of native Governments these despatches are equally strong. Our soldiers ought not to be the agents of "little dirty *amildari* exactions." The state of public events in India was generally so advanced during the Wellesley administration that "neither the Court of the Directors nor the

King's Ministers were capable of taking an enlarged view. I doubt very much if there is any man in England who understands our present situation. I am certain Lord Castlereagh does not." For proof that Wellesley had grasped minute details as well as enlarged principles we need only refer to his letter on the differences between the Peshwa and the Southern jaghirdars. It is not the production of a military commander at all. It would have done credit to any of the foremost civilians of Lord Dalhousie's school. The same breadth of view, the same sound political insight, the same clear appreciation of the future, prompt his remarks on the difficulties and responsibilities of our Indian supremacy. Peace in Europe is no ground for diminishing the effective strength of the Indian army. A good administration may promote internal peace, but troops should be massed in large stations whence they can easily be moved and not frittered away in small detached posts. It is in no harsh criticism of Wellesley's genius that we select a few instances in which his judgment was at fault. He was in error in 1798, when he thought that we ought never again to be involved in a "country" or internal war, but might preserve peace by balancing the various Powers, or when he was half-inclined to cede the Province of Oudh to Holkar. But these and a few others are mere slips; and in what he says as to the impolicy of employing negro troops in the East Indies; on the propriety of having a regular establishment of bullocks for transport instead of hiring these animals; on the dangers of an indiscriminate admission of Europeans into the interior; on the necessity for roads and for the improvement of internal navigation; on the Company's monopoly of trade; on the taxation of the Bengal Provinces; on the importance of preventing communications between Native Courts and Continental Powers; and even on such modern questions as famines and their remedies, he either points out difficulties or suggests a line of conduct which the wisest and strongest of Anglo-Indian administrators might ponder with advantage. Then naturally comes the question, Whence did the Sepoy General gain this clearness of insight and this fecundity of resource? He had served no apprenticeship of statecraft in England. Between 1787, when he entered the army, and 1797, when he went to India, he had merely been sent here and there between Ireland and the Low Countries. He never entered Parliament till 1806, when he became M.P. for Rye, after his return from the East. But some rare men leap to light as statesmen and generals as others are born painters and poets. A generation which has arisen since Wellington's remains were fittingly laid under the dome of St. Paul's may possibly take some of its impressions of him from the diary of a cynical voluptuary or from the outpourings of a Radical press. But delay in the recognition of Roman Catholic claims, or an unfortunate utterance about the perfection of the British Constitution at a time when the nation was lawfully asking for reform and the extension of the franchise, ought not to be weighed against his splendid achievements and his high sense of duty. Rather do we hope that posterity may long be instructed by his justice, his manliness, his devotion to the Sovereign, his transparent sincerity, and his capacity for war and administration, when fanatical rhetoric and ignoble submission of principle to party and popularity shall either be mentioned with abhorrence or be clean forgotten.

MOLIÈRE.*

M. ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE was director of the Comédie Française under the Second Empire. It might, therefore, be presumed that he would write about Molière with some knowledge and authority. He does write with a lax and slipshod carelessness which makes his book as discreditable to French literature as it is honourable to the art of publishing in France. *Molière, sa femme et sa fille* is a beautiful folio, excellently printed on hand-made paper, and illustrated with etchings, engravings, tail-pieces, and ornaments in black and red. Some of the illustrations are reproductions—rather embellished, we think—of engravings in early editions of Molière's plays. The title-page is a copy of an interesting frontispiece of 1673, representing Molière in his two characters of Scapinelle and Mascarille. M. Housseye would have made a better choice if he had copied the frontispiece of the second volume of that date, which gave portraits of the comedian and his wife, crowned by the muse Thalia. Many other pretty engravings are said by M. Housseye to be reproductions of portraits of Molière. The originals are in M. Housseye's possession; but we see no reason to believe much more in their authenticity than in that of the too numerous so-called portraits collected by Solairel. We ask for the pedigree of the portraits, and M. Housseye offers no evidence.

The outward part and material form of M. Housseye's book leaves little to be desired. The portraits may not be authentic, but they are pretty. The copy in wax of "Molière's seal" (so called) on the fly-leaf would terribly damage the volume if it came to be found; but probably the wax might be removed by the application of a heated knife-blade. As we have said, the letterpress is unworthy of the engravings. The style has all possible faults; it is grating, flowery, empty, full of repetitions, and terribly tedious. Where we look for facts we find only grotesque mistakes and a tissue of inconsistent fancies. As the French critics seem to hold back from the task of exposing M.

Housseye's innumerable blunders, we intend to note a few specimens. M. Housseye's intention is to reconstruct, by the study of documents and the exercise of imagination, the inner life of Molière, especially the story of his relations with his wife. Armande Béjard M. Housseye calls an enigma, a Joconde, a thrice-masked coquette. Two points in her story have always invited the attention of the curious. First, who was Armande, and what was her parentage? Second, how did she behave to Molière; was she merely a coquette, or was she actually faithless?

As to the first question, the facts are really simple enough, though they have been confused, originally by the lack of documents, and afterwards by the prurient conjectures and scandals of French biographers. Molière was married on the 14th February, 1662, to Armande Grésoinde Claire Elisabeth Béjard, described in the contract of marriage (23 January, 1662) as daughter of Marie Horré, widow of the late Joseph Béjard. This Béjard died early in 1643, and his widow, Marie Hervé, renounced his succession for herself and for her children. Two of them are falsely described as minors, and among these children there is one spoken of as "une petite non baptisée." This little girl, the youngest of the Béjard family, is the Armande whom Molière married. In the absence of her baptismal certificate, evidence can scarcely be more clear. In 1643, Marie Hervé names her other children, and adds that she has an infant unbaptized daughter. In 1662 she gives a daughter—not one of the children alluded to by name in 1643—to Molière.

How then did a mystery, and a scandalous one, gather about the birth of Armande? It happened thus:—in 1663, Molière was at foud with the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. One of them, Montfleury, as we learn from a letter of Racine's (4th November, 1663), accused Molière to the King of having married his own daughter. "Montfleury is not listened to at the Court," adds Racine, and Louis XIV. showed what he thought of the miserable charge by becoming godfather to Molière's child. The scandal seems to have arisen in this way:—Molière since 1643 had belonged to the same theatrical company as Madeleine, Geneviève, Louis, and Joseph Béjard. Slander called him the lover of Madeleine, who, in 1638, had borne a daughter to Esprit Raymond, Comte de Modène. Some confusion about this child, such as certainly existed in the mind of Grimarest, or a theory that Marie Hervé was too aged to have been the mother of Armande, must have prompted Montfleury to bring his abominable charge. What is M. Housseye's view? He says that Geneviève, not Madeleine Béjard, was the mistress of Molière, and that Armande was the daughter of Madeleine by the Comte de Modène. Sometimes he inclines to think that Molière was the lover of all three Béjards; but, on the whole, his opinion is that we have stated. How does he prove his point? Geneviève was not present at Molière's marriage; therefore she was jealous, therefore he had been her lover. His evidence is given on p. 46. "Molière was too much the friend of M. de Modène to betray him, therefore I believe that" he fell in love with Geneviève. This is odd logic; Molière would not have loved one sister, therefore he must have given his heart to the other! Now let it be remarked that, in 1642 Modène was not in Paris, or near Madeleine, who four years earlier had been his mistress. He was in exile, and M. Housseye must show how he knows that he was the friend of Molière. M. Loiseleur's theory is that Madeleine was the mother of Armande, and that Marie Hervé acknowledged the child to deceive Modène, who might, in 1643, have been expected to return to Paris. Enough has, perhaps, been said to show how absolutely baseless is M. Housseye's theory, first, that Molière must have loved Geneviève, because to have loved Madeleine would have been to deceive Modène; second, that Modène, who left Paris to follow the Duc de Guise in 1640, and had not returned in 1643, was the father of a child supposed to have been born to Madeleine early in that year. As to this latter point, dates are absolutely conclusive evidence. Having shown that M. Housseye's hypotheses of Armande's birth and of Molière's love for Geneviève are contradicted by facts or founded on mere assumption, let us examine some minor points. He begins by repeating the old story of Molière's Scotch descent, a story utterly refuted by documents discovered by M. le Baron de Trousseau (in M. du Mesnil's *Les aïeux de Molière*, Paris, 1879). M. Housseye says Molière was sent to school in consequence of the entreaties of his mother. Now his mother died four years before the boy went to the Collège de Clermont. Even M. Taschereau, who had not all our documents before him, remarks that Molière had not his mother to back his petition for schooling. On the same page M. Housseye repeats the absurd myth that Molière's father was already incapacitated by infirmities in 1639. Old Poquelin was then forty, and carried on his business for thirty years, dying in 1669. M. Housseye has copied and publishes a picture of an unclothed woman standing in a shell. This he calls a portrait of Armande Béjard as she appeared when speaking the prologue of *Les fâcheux*, in August 1661. He is rather shocked by Molière's exhibiting a very young girl, his own future wife, in the costume of Nana. But Armande Béjard did not speak the prologue of *Les fâcheux*. Madeleine Béjard was the Naiad of *Les fâcheux*. If there were no other evidence, this would be proved by a passage in *La vengeance des marquis*, a piece written to ridicule Molière. "I remember your nymph," says Ariste, one of the characters; "they tried to deceive us, and pass off an *vieux poisson* for a young beauty." Madeleine was thirty-three when she played the part of Naiad, and the most spiteful enemy could not have called Armande, then eighteen, an *vieux poisson*. There is no evidence but an anonymous undated in-

* *Molière, sa femme et sa fille*. Par Arsène Housseye. Paris: Dentu. 1880.

scription to show that the woman etched by M. Houssaye was meant even for Madeleine Béjard. When M. Houssaye comes to discuss Armande's conduct as a wife, he makes a blunder of a sort which proves his incapacity for careful work. The spiteful anonymous libel, *La fameuse comédienne*, says that Armande fell in love with De Guiche, and Lauzun with Armande, when the *Princesse d'Élide* was played at Chambord. The *Princesse d'Élide* was played, not at Chambord, but at Versailles, May 1664. M. Livet says that De Guiche was not at Versailles at all, but in Poland from January 1664 to the end of 1665. M. Livet proves his point by a letter of De Guiche's (*La fameuse comédienne*, Paris, 1877, p. 155). Now M. Houssaye has looked into M. Loiseleur's book, *Les points obscurs dans la vie de Molière* (Paris, 1876). M. Loiseleur, unacquainted with M. Livet's evidence, says that De Guiche accompanied the King to the siege of Marsal, in Lorraine, in September 1663. He was present at Marsal, but, in January 1664, he was writing to Seguior about his perils in the Baltic. M. Loiseleur, unaware of this, says that, if De Guiche was not at Versailles on May 12, 1664, he may have been at Fontainebleau on July 30, when *La princesse d'Élide* was played once more. This is impossible on M. Livet's showing. But M. Houssaye has somehow taken it into his head that the *Princesse d'Élide* was played at Versailles on May 12, and at Fontainebleau on May 16, when Armande fell from virtue. "Quatre jours de plus de sagesse, il n'y a pas de quoi prendre les armes." Now *La Grange's Registre* for April 29, 1664, says the company went to Versailles at the end of April, and remained there till May 22. How, then, could they have played at Fontainebleau on May 16, as M. Houssaye absurdly says? The performance of which he is thinking was given at Fontainebleau between July 21 and August 13. We have little doubt that Armande Molière was a false wife; but M. Houssaye's blunders would almost make a jury absolve the person whom he prosecutes. For example, he says, with truth, that the adventure of the President Lesrot, who was deluded by La Thourelle into thinking himself the lover of Mlle. Molière, is a proof before letters of the adventure of the Diamond Necklace. That adventure was no argument against the reputation of Marie Antoinette; but M. Houssaye maintains that the earlier affair does show that Mlle. Molière was "not inaccessible." The truth is that neither event offers any evidence as to the character of the actress or of the Queen. The Cardinal Rohan and the President Lesrot were induced to believe that they had had interviews with Marie Antoinette and with Armande Molière, when, in fact, they had only seen Mme. Lamotte and a woman named La Thourelle. The facts go no further than to prove that the Cardinal and the President entertained a bad, but erroneous, opinion of the Queen and the actress.

We must now give a final example of M. Houssaye's carelessness and unfitness to deal with evidence. According to Grimarest, who published a Life of Molière in 1705, a great crowd collected round the door on the evening of the comedian's funeral. Mlle. Molière, "not being able to give what the people wanted, was advised to throw a hundred pistoles out of the windows." M. Houssaye, quoting we know not what authority, says that it was Baron, the actor, who threw the money (p. 119). Now it happens that, more than twenty years ago, M. Fillon discovered and published a contemporary letter, in which the writer described the funeral of Molière. From this letter it is plain that money was not tossed to a crowd out of the window, but distributed at the grave-side in an orderly manner, "Aux pauvres qui s'y sont trouvés, à chacun 5 sols." It seems scarcely possible that M. Houssaye should give the apocryphal story in his text and the true account in a note. Even in that note, which stultifies another part of the version in the text, he attributes, not to M. Fillon, but to M. Fournier, the discovery of the letter which describes the funeral.

It is not amusing work following M. Houssaye through his errors and inadvertences. Sometimes it seems as if corrections had been suggested, which he has placed in his notes, or in later parts of his work, while he leaves the original blunder in the text. His volume is a very magnificent "table-book," but we have noticed in it only two remarks worth quoting for their merit. In one M. Houssaye suggests that the *caractères* of a comedy of Molière would make a good subject for a play. In another place he says of Molière's death, "C'était le premier grand deuil du siècle de Louis XIV." M. Houssaye constantly professes the utmost respect for the memory of the great poet. He should have given proofs of this respect by writing more carefully about the life and experience of his hero. M. Houssaye writes much better, though, as usual, with tawdry attempts at epigram, when he is concerned with Molière's daughter than when he is busy with Molière.

FYFFE'S MODERN EUROPE.

THIS is the first instalment of a history of Europe from the time of the French Revolution, which, according to the prospectus of the publishers, is to "be written in a popular and

* *A History of Modern Europe*. By C. A. Fyffe, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, Fellow of University College, Oxford. Vol. I. From the Outbreak of the Revolutionary War in 1792 to the Accession of Louis XVIII. in 1824. With a Map. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. 1880.

attractive style." Those who, with this announcement in their minds, take up Mr. Fyffe's work will, we suspect, be disappointed, agreeably or otherwise, according to their individual tastes. "A popular and attractive style" is to some a doubtful recommendation. Although Macaulay—if Professor Seeley and Mr. Frodoric Harrison will allow us to say so—and, more recently, Mr. Green, have shown that to be popular and attractive in style is compatible with the possession of true historical insight and genius, still it is to be feared that "popular and attractive" in an advertisement will to many suggest those intolerable beings, the comic, the gushing, or the sensational historian. Now Mr. Fyffe certainly comes under none of these heads. His danger is rather that the ordinary reader of the circulating libraries may, at the first glance, fling aside the volume as over stiff reading. But those who once begin upon it will find a charm in the quiet, clear, and sober style which never descends to artifices or tricks of language. The author has succeeded well in the difficult task of bringing a vast subject within comparatively narrow limits. He has wisely forborne to load his narrative with details; but has, to use his own words,

endeavoured to tell a simple story, believing that a narrative in which facts are chosen for their significance, and exhibited in their real connexion, may be made to convey as true an impression as a fuller history in which the writer is not forced by the necessity of concentration to exercise the same rigour towards himself and his materials.

The object Mr. Fyffe has set before himself is to show how the States of Europe took their present form and character; and this leading idea gives a unity and coherence which constitute the great merit of his work. Napoleon, who

cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould,

of course forms the central figure on the canvas, and Stalin may perhaps be considered as holding the second place. England, not being recast by Napoleon, does not occupy much space in this volume, which is in truth a history of Continental Europe only. The starting-point of the narrative is somewhat arbitrarily taken "on the morning of the 19th of April, 1792," when it became known that Louis XVI. had resigned himself to the necessity of declaring war against Austria. With all respect for Mr. Fyffe's opinion that this "forms the natural starting-point of a history of the present century," the opening of the narrative seems to us too abrupt, and the retrospective sketch of the Revolution somewhat inadequate. The general justice of the censure passed on the emigrant nobles we do not dispute, but its form may perhaps provoke a smile. When men whose houses had been fired over their heads—unpleasant incidents of which no hint is here given—are reproached with being "too impatient to pursue a course of steady political opposition at home," one is reminded of that naïf chronicler who tells how Bernard, the nephew of Louis the Pious, died of having his eyes put out, *quod impatiens tulit*. Or perhaps, to students of more recent history, the phrase will rather recall the tone of a Liberal Minister chiding a perjured Irish landowner. However, in Mr. Fyffe's subsequent narrative he does not attempt to "cut minute" the crimes of the Revolution, but speaks with righteous wrath of Danton and the September massacres. He is stern, too, towards the Republican legends of *la guillotine d'angoisse* and the hostile

bonnets of bay,
De traitres, de lâches, de quakers.

It is true that he who wrote, and they who sang, the burning words of the *Marseillaise* believed devoutly in the reality of the danger; but the politicians who directed and influenced them knew better. The *ros confuses* did, indeed, hate the Revolution, and they made no secret of their hatred:—

But the statesmen of the French Assembly well understood the interval that separates hostile feeling from actual attack; and the unsubstantial nature of the danger to France, whether from the north or the south in 1792, was proved by the very fact that Austria was treated as the main enemy.

Condemnation, however, of the statesmen who plunged the nation into war should blind no one to the real nobility of the uprising of Revolutionary France. The insane manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick—connected, as we now know, between Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen—and the unpatriotic and unstatesmanlike policy of the *émigrés*, made the war a just one on the part of France. In speaking of 1792 Mr. Fyffe rises into eloquence:—

No conscription dragged the peasant to the frontier. Men left their homes in order that the fruit of the poor man's labour should be his own, in order that the children of France should inherit some better birthright than exaction and want, in order that the life-won sense of human rights should not be swept from the earth by the truis of privilege and caste. It was a time of high-wrought hope, of generous and pathetic self-sacrifice; a time that left a deep and indelible impression upon those who judged it as eye-witnesses. Years afterwards the poet Wordsworth, then alienated from France and cold in the cause of liberty, could not recall without tears the memories of 1792.

At the same time Mr. Fyffe, with all his appreciation of the revolutionary enthusiasm, both does justice to Pitt's desire to maintain peace and comprehends, without altogether defending, the motives which prompted England to war. We are glad to see that he distinctly tells his readers that the actual declaration of war proceeded from the Convention—a fact which is often overlooked by those who condemn England for entering upon the struggle. Mr. Fyffe sets forth well and clearly the real cause of strife underlying the "points of technical right" which "figured, as usual, in the complaints of both sides":—

France considered itself entitled to advance the Revolution and the Rights of Man wherever its own arms or popular insurrection gave it the

command. England denied the right of any Power to annul the political system of Europe at its pleasure. No more serious, no more sufficient, ground of war ever existed between two nations; yet the event proved that, with the highest justification for war, the highest wisdom would yet have chosen peace.

Further on, it may be thought that Mr. Fyffe's treatment of his own country errs on the side of bareness and dryness. Thus he gives no hint of the stir and spirit with which England in 1803 prepared to repel the threatened invasion. For that sort of thing his readers must go to Mr. Hardy's *Trumpet-Major*. Mr. Fyffe is here as dry and passionless as a professed military historian. Though he observes that the army at Boulogne was "sufficient to overwhelm the military forces of England," he says not a word of the Volunteers. Yet surely the raising of a volunteer force to resist invasion is a fact of some importance from a political and social point of view. So the joy and eager hopes with which the cause of the Spanish insurgents was taken up pass unnoticed. A few words from some contemporary speaker or writer might easily have been found to give a notion of the feeling of the time when, as Lady Crewe exhaustively put it, "all the Whigs, as well as Tories, down to Democrats and Methodists," were at one in their zeal to help Spain. Altogether Mr. Fyffe has rather neglected to bring out in his picture the figure of Great Britain standing up single-handed against well-nigh the whole Continent. On the other hand, he has been especially successful in putting in a clear light the part played by Napoleon. His treatment may perhaps be thought rather too favourable; but it shows a side of the conqueror's career which is almost in danger of being forgotten. In the case of Napoleon, Liberalism may be said to have now burned what it once adored. The days are past when to admire Napoleon was the mark of zeal for liberty and of superiority to vulgar prejudice, when Becky Sharp felt that she could not better proclaim her emancipation from Miss Pinkerton than by crying "Vive l'Empereur!" It seems strange to think that there ever were days when an ardent Radical could allude to the earlier campaigns of Napoleon as the time "when for once arms were pious, and invasion virtue," "the sunny spot in the annals of the destroying art." Since then M. Launfrey has laid bare the meaner side of Napoleon's political and military character; Mme. de Rémusat has torn the last shred of covering off his private life; and the resuscitation of nationality in Germany and Italy has led us to look upon Napoleon's early aggressions with an indignation which the elder school of Radicals would have found it hard to understand. In fact, the modern view of Napoleon approximates to that held by Sir Archibald Alison, the typical Tory; and the very terms in which Mr. Freeman, speaking out of the purest spirit of Liberalism, denounces "the Corsican usurper, would formerly have been thought redolent of Toryism. Now Mr. Fyffe, without worshipping Napoleon, well understands how he appeared in the eyes of the men of 1799.

Almost everything that now darkens the early fame of Bonaparte was then unknown. His falsities, his cold, un pitying heart were familiar only to accomplices and distant sufferers; even his most flagrant wrongs, such as the destruction of Venice, were excused by a political necessity, or disguised as acts of righteous chastisement. The hopes, the imagination of France saw in Bonaparte the young, unsullied, irresistible hero of the Republic.

Neither does our present author share in Mr. Freeman's wrath at the overthrow of venerable Empires and ancient Republics. He observes that even in Freedom's chosen seat on the heights of Switzerland, "a sufficiently large class was excluded from political rights to give scope to an agitation which received its impulse from Paris." He says boldly that at the beginning of the century "the peoples of Germany cared as little about a Fatherland as their kings," and that though in the Rhenish provinces there had been murmurs at the extortionate rule of the Directory, yet "after the establishment of a better order of things under the Consulate, the annexation to France appears to have become highly popular." In Italy, "the more enterprising minds . . . found that the Napoleonic rule, with all its faults, was superior to anything that Italy had known in recent times." His own opinion is that the Empire of 1806 might have been permanent had Napoleon abstained from further aggression; and he can even see a good side to the annexation of Hamburg and the North-German coast:—

Had the history of this annexation been written by men of the peasant-class, it would probably have been described in terms of unmixed thankfulness and praise. In the Decree introducing the French principle of the free tenure of land, thirty-six distinct forms of feudal service are enumerated, as abolished without compensation.

He admits frankly that the price which was paid for the benefits of Napoleon's supremacy was "the suppression of every vestige of liberty, the conscription, and the Continental blockade," which last was the straw that broke the camel's back:—

Even in such torpid communities as Saxony, political discontent was at length engendered by bodily discomfort. Men who were proof against all the patriotic exultation [exaltation?] of Stein and Fichte felt that there must be something wrong in a system which sent up the price of coffee to five shillings a pound, and reduced the tobaccoist to exclusive dependence upon the market-gardener.

We might easily multiply extracts, for the pages abound in terse and thoughtful remarks which lend themselves well to quotation; and we might pick out many passages which invite comment; but our limits oblige us to confine ourselves to the mention of a few points only. Correction is needed at p. 518, where Caulaincourt thrice appears as Coulaincourt. In his note at p. 252 Mr. Fyffe is too plainly anxious to make out that the Convention, if not exactly a nursing-

mother to Christianity, took no part against it. He shows, indeed, that the ordinary notion that the Convention "abolished Christianity" is an error, or, as he prefers to say, "a fiction." But when he adds that "where churches were shut up or profaned . . . it was the work of local bodies, or of individual Conventionalists on mission," one cannot but ask whether M. Thiers and Mr. Carlyle are in error in representing that the Convention gave its sanction to one notorious profanation by accompanying in a body the Goddess of Reason to Notre Dame? And, even by Mr. Fyffe's own admission, the Convention at one time forbade the exercise of Christian worship "in a distinctive building (i.e. church)," which is surely equivalent to shutting up the churches. In the contrast which, at p. 35, he draws between the French peasant, even before the Revolution, and the far more completely enslaved Prussian serf, he observes:—

It is significant of the difference in self-respect existing in the peasantry of the two countries, that the custom of striking the common soldier, universal in Germany, was repugnant to the whole spirit of French military service. A blow given to the poorest French soldier was a wrong that excited the bitterest resentment.

If this is descriptive of the state of feeling immediately before the Revolution, the author may be right; but half a century earlier we have the evidence of Marshal Saxe that in his day the officers at least thought it not repugnant to the spirit of the service to box their men's ears:—"En France on ne fait pas de difficulté de souffleter les Soldats." We do not lay so much stress on the testimony of Turpin de Crissé, writing in 1769, because he intimates that it was the admirers of the German military system who were the worst offenders; but still his words are decisive as to the fact that blows were not infrequently given. "Pourquoi, lorsque le soldat manque à ses devoirs, se servir de ces termes injurieux, qui ne sont que trop communs? Pourquoi accompagner-t-on souvent ces injures de coups de bâton?" What French officers really stuck at, according to Saxe, was any formal and legalized infliction of corporal punishment; and it was the attempt to introduce this, in the shape of *coups de plat de sabre*, which caused such an outcry against the innovations of Turgot and St. Germain in 1776. But it may be added that a recent historian of Turgot's administration, M. Jobez, has more than hinted his opinion that on the part of the *gentilshommes* the outcry was got up to mask their opposition to the more beneficial of St. Germain's reforms, and that in their own practice they were not always so scrupulous about the dignity of humanity in the person of the common soldier. Lastly, we will call attention to the striking passage in which Mr. Fyffe delivers his soul on the English land-question:—

It would perhaps have been better for the English labouring classes to remain bound by a semi-servile tie to their land, than to gain a free holding which the law, siding with the landlord, treated as terminable at the expiration of particular lives, and which the increasing capital of the rich made its favourite prey. It is little profit to the landless, resourceless, English labourer to know that his ancestor was a yeoman when the Prussian was a serf. Long as the bondage of the peasant on the mainland endured, prosperity came at last. The conditions which once distinguished agricultural England from the Continent are now reversed. Nowhere on the Continent is there a labouring class so stripped and despoiled of all interest in the soil, so sedulously excluded from all possibilities of proprietorship, as in England. In England alone the absence of internal revolution and foreign pressure has preserved a class whom a life spent in toil leaves as bare and dependent as when it began, and to whom the only boon which their country can offer is the education which may lead them to quit it.

Now, forcible and true as much of this is, it overlooks the fact that the descendants of the English yeoman have risen as well as fallen. If the vanity of genteel families would permit them to avow the *status* of their ancestors, it would in a large number of cases appear that their founder was some clever yeoman or "statesman's" son, who took to trade or to a profession as being more profitable than sticking to the land. The "resourceless" labourer is probably the descendant of the unenergetic or unsuccessful members of his class. Owing, in short, to the many openings in English life, the land has never absorbed the best talents and energy of the population. It may be a pity that this should have been so, but the whole blame, if blame there be, does not rest with the law. It is not the law, but the operation of natural causes, that has swept away the Cumbrian "statesmen." As for being "sedulously excluded," we should be glad to know what law excludes any man from the possibilities of proprietorship. Without discussing the matter further, we may suggest a doubt whether the narrow space of a single paragraph in a popular history is the fittest place for setting forth views on so difficult, so complicated, and so "burning" a question as that of the land. But, whether we agree or disagree with Mr. Fyffe, we must praise his book as a vigorous, thoughtful, and well-written piece of work.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.*

"I PRETEND to no literary ability," Mr. Gough writes in the opening chapter of this volume, "and am aware that I am more at home on the platform than with the pen." It is a pity when a man knows what his powers are that he is not content with exercising them, but must needs venture upon an untrodden field. Mr. Gough is getting on in years. It is a good while, he tells us, since he was first startled by hearing some one address

* *Sunlight and Shadow*. By John B. Gough. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1880.

him as "old man." He has been a temperance advocate for thirty-eight years, and he has caught all the tricks of the platform orator. He would have done well had he stuck to public speaking, as long as he has anything that he wishes to say; and when at length he was tired of what his countrymen call "orating," had then contentedly let the world forget him. We have no doubt that, in spite of many extravagances, he has done a great deal of good. Even those much-abused men, the moderate drinkers, are well aware of the vast amount of misery caused by drunkenness, and are grateful to all who lessen it. Happily we need not be teetotallers to know that excess in drink, as indeed in all other things, is bad. We are willing to admit that, for a man who has once given way to intemperance, the only chance of hope lies in total abstinence. We can readily believe that such men will be more easily moved by a reformed drunkard, like Mr. Gough, who knows how hard the struggle is through which they have to go, than by those who have never felt the real strength of the temptation. In listening to the speakers at a temperance festival a good deal of amusement can, no doubt, often be had; but at the same time there is found an interesting opportunity of studying character. We remember once hearing a smug-faced minister, in gentle tones, assure his beloved brethren that the beautiful moon did not shine on ugly beer and porter, but on pure lovely water, and that, therefore, it was water, and water alone, that they ought to drink. No one was moved. He went on to say that he knew a mother of ten lovely children and one idiot. The idiot was the eldest, and was born before she had signed the pledge. Still the people were scarcely stirred. But he was followed by a decent-looking workman in good Sunday clothes. He described how a few years before he had been in rags. He then pointed to the dress he was wearing, turned himself round, and said, "Is this a good coat? Is this a good pair of trousers? Why is this, why? Cos I ain't got no drink in my eye." He next pointed to a decent comfortable-looking woman who was, he said, his wife. He drew the attention of his hearers to the excellence of her gown, and told how ragged she, too, had once been. He again triumphantly asked, "Why is this, why?" and as triumphantly answered, "Cos I ain't got no drink in my eye." In like manner he described the various advantages of his reformed life, and gave the same poetical explanation of the origin of each. He carried his listeners away with him, and was rewarded with shouts of applause. Now, such a position as this Mr. Gough can always take. For seven years he was a drunkard. In the book before us he describes the miserable garret in which he was lying when he fought the battle with himself and won self-mastery. No doubt, as he has again and again told his story, he has touched men whom no one could have touched but those who knew to the full both the strength of their temptations and the bitterness of their sufferings. But such an experience as this, even though it be added to a considerable power of public speaking, goes a very little way towards fitting a man for authorship. Indeed, we scarcely know of a worse apprenticeship that a writer could serve than seven years of hard drinking, followed by thirty-eight years of platform oratory. It may be the case that Mr. Gough's book will be enjoyed by those who usually flock to hear him. The Exeter Hall standard of taste is, we know, not very high. Buffoonery there is often mistaken for wit, and clap-trap for argument. But, however popular *Sunlight and Shadow* may become with the followers of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, yet it is not a work that can be read with satisfaction by those who have any real respect for literature.

Mr. Gough is certainly right when he says, in the first chapter, "My book will be somewhat desultory, one thing leading on to another." No more desultory work have we ever read. He skips about from subject to subject, and from story to story, in a most tiresome manner. We could almost believe that he had emptied out on a table a whole bagful of the anecdotes with which he enlivens his audience, and had then set himself to piece them together in the order in which they lay. To the English reader—and perhaps to the American, though for a different reason—the most amusing part will be found in the description that Mr. Gough gives of his last visit to England. We can allow, and more than allow, for his pride in the welcome that he received. When a Lord Chancellor, a man, to use his own words, at "the very topmost pinnacle of the London world," presided at one of his lectures, we can feel with him when he says, "What a personal triumph to be thus honoured for my work's sake in the land where I was born to so low a lot!" His father had been a private in Sir John Moore's army, and in the retreat to Corunna had known what hunger meant, for, as he told his son, he had felt the two sides of his stomach grinding together. But, while we willingly admit of Mr. Gough's exultation, yet we could have wished that he had set some limits to it. We got a little weary of his great friends and of the descriptions of their merits. We should like to have temperance in all things, and when it comes to puffing we will gladly allow of even total abstinence.

Mr. Gough's opening day was in the "College Gardens of Westminster Abbey," where he was welcomed by the Dean. There "tea and coffee were served in a marquee." There could be seen "the gray towers of the venerable Abbey, and the clock-tower and Victoria Tower of the Parliament Houses," and at the same time many eminent teetotallers. "Royalty," Mr. Gough tells us, "resides in close proximity; and in ermine gown, and solemn wig, and official pomp, the proud peers of Britain assemble to legislate, not a stone's throw from this sacred shrine." It is clear that he

has carefully studied West's picture of the death of Chatham. From Dean Stanley we pass on to Sir Charles Reed, the brother-in-law of "Hon. Edward Baines." It is surprising, by the way, how liberal Mr. Gough is in distributing his titles. He might be a Prime Minister on the eve of resignation. We are not only told all that Sir Charles has done—and that he has done a good deal we willingly allow—but we learn moreover what he might have done. "I believe," says our author, "he might have been Lord Mayor had his ambition led him in that direction; but, as he refrained from coming forward as an alderman, of course he cannot rise to that dignity." Is Mr. Gough really simple enough to believe that a teetotaller could become Lord Mayor? When he came to stand his election, unless he took a pledge to break through his pledge, who can doubt that he would be scornfully rejected by the Livery? But doubtless at such a time his brother abstainers would show him indulgence, and would wink at his frailties as he welcomed his guests in the loving-cup. We remember a small tradesman in a country village who was a great supporter of the temperance cause. When, as regularly happened as Christmas came round, his brother got drunk, he was not scandalized. He used to say, "My brother, sir, is the head of the parish, and, as a pillar of the Church, is bound to drink at this season." But to return to Mr. Gough and his friends. From Sir Charles Reed we pass on to Mr. Samuel Morley. This great abstainer's income is set down at 70,000*l.* a year; and half of it is said to be spent in charity. "He is a Dissenter and a Congregationalist. As a man of business he has few equals. His factory is at Nottingham; his warehouse in Wood Street, Cheapside, and he has a superb residence some way from town." Nor is this all. "In spite of his great wealth, he always dines in the middle of the day," and "one sees him driving about in a fine mail phaeton, as if he were some thirty or forty years younger than he really is." He has to pay the penalty of all these high qualities. He desires "to take things a little easier, but it seems that people will not let him; for instance, he wishes to retire from Parliament, but the Bristol people insist on retaining him as their M.P." We presently come to Canon Farrar, who looks, we learn, every inch a gentleman, and who was formerly, if we are to believe Mr. Gough, Head-master of Harrow School. He has a magnetism about him that, when he speaks briefly, makes you long to hear more, and he can boast that all his children have signed the total abstinence pledge. We then come to the "Lord Bishop of Exeter," who is, we read, the successor of Dr. Arnold at Rugby. Mr. Gough is certainly very often unfortunate in his facts. "The Bishop is dark in complexion and hair; he has an ecclesiastic, scholastic, and high-bred appearance." The "Lord Bishop of Rochester," to whom we are next introduced, "is small in person, but great in effort, . . . and the perfect gentleman." Passing by two other bishops, we arrive at "Hon. Mr. Talbot," who is very oddly described as "the Lord Lieutenant and father of the House of Commons." From him we pass through Mr. Whitworth, who is "thoroughly the gentleman without any superciliousness," to that glory of teetotallers, Sir Wilfrid Lawson. "I am told," says Mr. Gough, "that his income from land alone is 100,000*l.* per annum." And yet with all that vast fortune he is so condescending that he takes the trouble—and a good deal of trouble too—to be witty. From Sir Wilfrid we reach that great medical total abstainer, Sir Henry Thompson. He, we learn, was so fortunate as to perform a successful operation on the late King of the Belgians. "The King gave him, so I have heard, 3,000*l.* The Queen of England made him a knight, and nobles and great men consulted him; and it is said that his practice is worth 20,000*l.* per year." Descending a few steps lower in the social scale we arrive at the Mayors of Rochdale, Bury, and Oldham, who at one of Mr. Gough's lectures "gave their countenance, in their official capacity (for they wore the massive gold chains and insignia of office), to the temperance cause." The Mayor of Wigan, we notice, was conspicuous by his absence. Yet it was hardly to be expected that he should attend, for, according to an old Lancashire tradition, he enjoys a great privilege. Should he see three pigs lying anywhere together along the Queen's highway, he has the right of making the middle one get up and of lying down in its place. This is a clear sign of the jovial and unabstaining character of the Corporation of that ancient town. Rising very rapidly, we come to the Duke of Westminster, who is "a personal abstainer." Why personal? we find ourselves asking. Can it be the case that some great men abstain by deputy? Space prevents us from noticing the rest of Mr. Gough's long row of great men, but yet we cannot pass over a pleasing anecdote about Dr. Parker of the City Temple. "I remarked to him," writes our author, "'You exhibit many striking peculiarities in your pulpit delivery.' He said, 'I should not be Joseph Parker if I did not; but' (laying his hand on my shoulder) 'come here, my dear fellow, and tell me of my peculiarities.'" And yet, says Mr. Gough, "no one who has seen Dr. Parker in his home would judge him to be an egotist."

We have no time to dwell on the absurd blunders into which Mr. Gough too often falls; yet one is so gross that we ought not to pass it over in silence. In writing about our Post Office he says, "The old stamps are pasted together and in some of the obscure parts of the town are offered you at a reduced price. The Post-Office authorities have issued a new pattern of stamp, because nearly one-third received had been cancelled and renewed." The lies told to foreigners are, indeed, like those told by Falstaff, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable." Let Mr. Gough stick to drink. When he tells us that by daytime he has walked in the brilliant metropolis, and that the ker-

note in every street was drink, we scarcely heed the exaggeration. It is, we know, the ordinary intemperance of the temperance advocate. But when he makes this ridiculous statement about the postage-stamps we are shocked at his ignorance, his credulity, and his rashness. He will doubtless learn that his whole statement from beginning to end is utterly untrue. Then, we trust, he will take a solemn pledge that henceforth he will only write about what he really understands. If he does this, his next book will be of much more moderate compass than his *Sunlight and Shadow*. We must not, however, take our leave of the old veteran without some word of praise. We therefore gladly own that, mixed with a great deal of poor stuff, are to be found some very amusing stories of the strange characters whom Mr. Gough has come across in his long and varied life.

PREHISTORIC PERU.*

IT is high time that some attempt should be made to investigate and record the ethnographical antiquities of Peru before they are either destroyed by the ignorant greed of treasure-hunters or dispersed by the misdirected zeal of individual collectors, who value the objects they obtain for their beauty or their rarity, without noting the locality where they have been found. It is a fascinating, and almost an untrodden, field of research. The hideous story of the conquest was told by several contemporary chroniclers, out of whose records Prescott compiled his brilliant and picturesque narrative. We know probably all that we need care to know about the mere facts of that very discreditable passage in the annals of Spain. Again, the leading characteristics of Peruvian architecture have been set forth in more than one illustrated work, and those who care to investigate such matters can make themselves familiar with the temples of Cuzco and the palaces of the Inca on the islands in Lake Titicaca. But, up to the present time, we have been completely in the dark about the social history of the people whom the Spaniards extirpated. The overthrow of the Peruvian monarchy and nation was so sudden and so complete that the historians who recounted it had not time for more than a narrative, more or less circumstantial, of the various phases of the conflict. They had neither time nor inclination to investigate the civilization of the conquered race. Pizarro and his followers, as is well known, regarded Peru as a gold-mine, from which so many millions of ducats might be extracted; but they were too greedy of immediate gain to remember that in many cases the artistic value of the objects surrendered far exceeded that of their actual weight. When the ransom of the Inca came to be appraised, the value of it by weight was found to amount to a sum that has been estimated at three and a half millions of our currency. It consisted, as Prescott tells us, not of coined money, but of "goblets, ewers, salvers, vases of every shape and size, ornaments and utensils for the temples and royal palaces, tiles and plates for the decoration of the public edifices, curious imitations of different plants and animals." How instructive would even a few of these pieces have been! The enumeration reads like a page out of the tale of "Aladdin" or the "Memoirs of Monte Cristo"; but there seems to be no reason for doubting its authenticity. Gold and silver vessels are still occasionally found in Peruvian tombs; and the beauty of some of these very objects was so great that Pizarro himself was struck by it. He decided to set apart certain pieces when the bulk of the booty was melted down into ingots, and send them straight home to Spain as a present to Charles V. Among them were some vases of the purest gold, richly ornamented, measuring twelve inches in height by thirty inches in circumference. It would be an interesting task to try to trace the fate of these precious specimens of barbaric art. It is just possible that one or two may have survived the changes and chances of Spanish politics, and still exist in some forgotten corner of the royal palaces; just as fragments of the golden plates that once encrusted the walls of the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco are still to be seen there in private collections. The religion, again, of the Peruvians, and all that concerned it, was a special object of hatred to the conquerors. Temple after temple was invaded, the emblems of the sun-god were destroyed, and the sacred vessels and ornaments were consigned to the melting-pot. As for the creed or the observances, what son of the true Church could be expected to trouble himself with such inventions of the Evil One?

The Peruvians themselves had no written language, and their historical traditions, transmitted orally, were confined to the most privileged classes. "Science," said one of the Incas, "was not intended for the people, but for those of generous blood. Persons of low degree are only puffed up by it, and rendered vain and arrogant." They had not even a rude picture-writing like that employed by the Mexicans, but were content to entrust their annals to the safe keeping of the mysterious *quipus*. This was a cord of threads of different colours twisted tightly together, from which a number of smaller threads were suspended after the manner of a fringe. These smaller threads were tied in knots, which represented numbers; while the colours denoted objects, or abstract ideas. The Spaniards bear testimony to the singular adroitness with which the Peruvians used this cumbrous substitute for an alphabet; but when the key to the system had

been lost—and the secret was known only to the "wise men"—who was to read the record? A sketch of the government and social life of the ancient race was, indeed, drawn up, not more than thirty or forty years after the conquest, by Garcilasso de la Vega, himself of Peruvian descent; but he wrote in Spain, at a distance from the sources of information that were in existence then, so that his work, valuable as it is, is full of inaccuracies. Moreover, it was avowedly an apology for his people, and on that account, if on no other, must be read with caution. The authorities, therefore, on which history is usually based do not exist in the case of Peru. Fortunately, however, the ruins of public buildings of all kinds are abundant, and sufficiently well preserved to repay attentive study; while the number and extent of the cemeteries that still exist all over the country, notwithstanding three centuries of treasure-seeking, attest the vastness of the ancient population.

One of these, situated near Ancon, now an insignificant watering-place on the Pacific coast north of Lima, has been lately explored by Messrs. Reiss and Stübel, the first part of whose sumptuous work has just appeared. There are no ruins at Ancon, and the very existence of the graves was unsuspected until the beginning of the railway between Lima and Chancay. The place, however, must have been an important one in former days from the size of the cemetery, the area of which, surrounded by a wall, occupies at least a square mile. The authors admit that the discovery of the graves was "the occasion of a barbarous and indiscriminate rifling" of them by a crowd of adventurers, who hurried to the spot in the hope of finding gold; but, nevertheless, they seem to have been successful in their attempts to carry on a systematic investigation of the place. Possibly their rivals were soon wearied of digging in a hard deposit of stratified sand and gravel, once, it would seem, the bed of an estuary, which yielded no objects more precious than earthenware vessels and rude articles of domestic use. At any rate, our explorers were able to accumulate a large collection, of which they speak as follows in their preface:—

For these results we are indebted to the custom prevalent among the Peruvians, as among other ancient peoples, of depositing with the dead the objects of daily use, as well as the garments and ornaments worn by them in life. In this way arms and decorations, tools, pottery of the most varied forms and sizes, toys and articles of the toilet, nay, even provisions and domestic animals, have been handed down to posterity. It should be added that at Ancon a method has been discovered of equipping the dead not hitherto known to have been elsewhere practised in Peru, and owing to which a large number of artistic garments and many-coloured fabrics have been preserved.

The equipments of the dead, the peculiar appearance of the mummies, and the more remarkable specimens of woven materials will form the chief subject of our illustrations.

It cannot be denied that the graves of Ancon must have been those of quite a poor population, that the place itself was of no importance, as appears from the absence of any large ruins, and that there are many other spots which must have played a far more important part in Peruvian history, and which might consequently be considered more suitable for investigations of this sort. But, like the rural town of Pompeii, which has afforded a clearer insight into the home-life of classical antiquity than could have been obtained from places of far more historical importance, the comparatively obscure settlement of Ancon will probably long remain the chief source of information regarding ancient Peruvian culture. Large cities and sites distinguished in the records of the past have been destroyed or ransacked, while the forgotten graveyard of Ancon held out little temptation to the rapacity of treasure-seekers. Owing to this circumstance, combined with the favourable climate and the nature of the soil, the treasures here entrusted to the earth have been remarkably well preserved.

Apart from the intrinsic interest attaching to the objects brought to light at Ancon, the value of a work dealing specially with them must be greatly enhanced when other Peruvian burial-places come to be explored in the same systematic manner. Such researches must ultimately lead to a solution of the important questions touching the common or independent social development of the various peoples subject to the Empire of the Incas, and we shall then be also enabled to form a better idea of the political relations in which the coast tribes stood to the Indians of the Cordilleras.

The work is to consist of about ten parts of the size of the present one. This will give rather more than one hundred plates, which are to be distributed under the following heads:—I. The Necropolis and its Surroundings; II. The Mummies and their Apparel; III. Ornaments of the Graves; IV. Garments; V. Woven Fabrics; VI. Pouches; VII. Head-dresses, Shoes, Articles of Toilet, Domestic Implements; VIII. Tools, Arms; IX. Clay and Wooden Figures; X. Earthen Vessels; XI. Articles illustrative of Anthropology, Zoology, and Botany. The present Part contains a map and ten plates, of which two are devoted to views of Ancon and its neighbourhood, and the general aspect of the graves, while the rest contain very carefully executed figures of the mummies (as we call them, for want of a better name) and the objects found with them. It is rather unfortunate that, for some unexplained reason, the plates do not follow each other in regular sequence. For instance, we have Nos. 1, 2, 6, 13, 15, 16, 36, 48, 86, 90, 94. It is therefore impossible to estimate the results of the exploration of any single grave. On Plates 15 and 16 we have views of two of the mummies, which we presume have been selected as typical specimens. They are large, square masses, strongly resembling a very ill-constructed scarecrow, formed of a coarse cotton sack stuffed with leaves and seaweed, and dressed in parti-coloured cotton garments. Round the lower part of the mummy are a number of cords made of twisted grass, attached to four others, more strong, stout, and long, which were evidently used to lower the body into the grave. The upper part of one of these mummies is fashioned into a rude caricature of a head, with a most curious artificial face, made of clay, into which pieces of a white substance, possibly shell, have

* *The Necropolis of Ancon in Peru: a Series of Illustrations of the Civilization and Industry of the Empire of the Incas. Being the Results of Excavations made on the spot by W. Reiss and A. Stübel, with the aid of the General Administration of the Royal Museums of Berlin. London: Asher & Co. 1881.*

been inserted, to indicate mouth and eyes. There is a rather elaborate headdress, and long black hair. Within this casing was found the body of an adult, in a squatting posture—the invariable attitude in all Peruvian graves; and on its head was the body of an infant, wrapped in cloths. Detailed drawings of the ceremonies are promised in future plates, which we hope may be accompanied by better letterpress than the few meagre and unsatisfactory lines, evidently translated from the German by an unskilful hand, which profess to describe these very remarkable relics. On Plates 36 and 48 we have representations of woollen fabrics, executed by a new process, combining photography with chromolithography. Nothing can be better than these plates. The stuff looks real enough to be raised from the paper, and the colours are clear and distinct without being unduly brilliant. We next come to the objects found with the dead, of which “spindles and workbaskets” occupy Plate 86. The baskets, made of grass tastefully plaited in patterns that are still not uncommon, contain all the odds and ends usually accumulated in such receptacles. The authors enumerate “needles and bodkins, balls of thread, tufts of wool or cotton, fragments of bright threads and tissues, small stones and metal wares, bits of stick, shells and grains of maize, neckties, finger-rings, wooden and clay figures, and small dishes of wood or clay.” The spindles are among the most tasteful objects yet found. They are made of hard wood, with whirls of terra-cotta, gaudily painted in a pattern which is usually carried for some distance along the shank of the spindle. Several of these are figured. Plate 90 illustrates some curious clay figures which the authors decide to have been children’s dolls. One of them was strapped to a wooden frame representing a cradle. We hope that as large a number as possible of these articles of domestic use will be figured in subsequent numbers. It is from them that the social life of the Peruvians will be best understood. The whole work promises to be one of the best contributions to the ancient history of the human race that has yet appeared.

DR. WEBB’S FAUST.*

ONE of the first things we learn from Dr. Webb is that the published English translations of *Faust* are reckoned at more than forty. To add to this number is, especially for a man who has other things to do, a grave responsibility. Dr. Webb has done other things with credit; and we cannot say that in our honest opinion he has justified himself in bringing the translations of *Faust* nearer by one to fifty. Not that he fails, in any case, for want of a good theory of translation. He has an excellent one. He rightly makes it a cardinal point to aim at reproducing the form of the original; by which he understands preserving the German metres and rhythm, but with a certain license of replacing double rhymes by single ones, in consideration of the relative poverty of English in this respect, except where the double rhyme is an integral part of a metrical system. Nothing could be more just and judicious; though, on the point of double rhymes, it is fit to be noted that Mr. Swinburne has done much to dispel the common belief of a want of resources in our language. But there are very few, it is true, if there be any, who can shoot with Mr. Swinburne’s bow (we are speaking not of his rank, on the whole, as a poet, for which this is not the occasion, but of his mastery of language and verse). We quite agree, therefore, that a translator from German does better to abandon a certain number of double rhymes than to torment himself in seeking barely possible combinations. But, while we commend Dr. Webb’s intentions, and shall have more to say anon of his introductory helps to the understanding of *Faust*, the main body of his work must needs be judged not by intentions but by performance. And we are unable greatly to commend its performance in the face of what has been done by others. Turning to Bayard Taylor’s version, which marks, as we have said at other times, the highest standard yet reached, we find that Dr. Webb’s not only does not rival it, but does not for general fidelity in letter and spirit come anywhere near it. We do not say that in some particular passages the two may not appear to be on a level. Dr. Webb’s best work is, according to such a roughly estimated balance as we can strike, about equal to Bayard Taylor’s least good; and it may now and then happen (though we have not ourselves observed it) that Bayard Taylor is at his worst when Dr. Webb is at his best. In a really difficult and trying passage like the chorus of spirits beginning

Schwindet, ihr dunkeln
Wölungen droben—

Bayard Taylor’s superiority is almost immeasurable; superiority not only in closer rendering of the German, and tracing the minute anatomy of its structure, but in transferring its harmonies and poetic movement to the sounds and movement of English verse. In translation Dr. Webb is plausible, but not really accurate; in diction and movement he is facile and sometimes brilliant, but seldom really harmonious and poetical. We will take one little phrase by way of illustration. When Wagner knocks at the door of Faust’s study, Faust, who has just been in the presence of the Earth-spirit, exclaims:—

O Tod! Ich kenn’s—das ist mein Famulus—
Es wird mein schönstes Glück zu nichts!
Dass diese Fülle der Gesichte
Der trockne Schleicher stören muss!

* *Faust*. From the German of Goethe. By Thomas E. Webb, LL.D., Q.C., &c. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

For which Dr. Webb gives:—

O Death! I know—it is my Famulus!
Mine opportunity hath come to nought!
That the full vision which my spirit sought
Must, by the prowling dunce, be ended thus!

“Prowling dunce” looks at first sight a neat and happy rendering. But a moment’s reflection shows that it will not do. Wagner is a little-minded man, a prig, and a bore; but he is not a dunce by any means. If he were, he would not be in a position to inflict his company on Faust. On the contrary, he is book-learned, industrious, a useful assistant, and (it should seem from his performance in the Second Part) a skilful manipulator. Far truer to words, metre, and meaning is Bayard Taylor, who turns the lines as follows:—

O death!—I know it—’t is my Famulus!
My fairest luck finds no fruition:
In all the fulness of my vision
The soulless sneak disturbs me thus!

Sir Theodore Martin has “soulless driveller,” which, though it does not exactly hit the mark, is better than Dr. Webb’s invention. And if, being satisfied how much Bayard Taylor’s level is above Dr. Webb, we proceed to test the latest comer’s work by the standard of Sir Theodore Martin’s, taken as a good specimen of the second rank of translations, we shall still find that Dr. Webb is not certain of holding his own. By translations of the second rank we mean those which endeavour to keep in the same compass as the original, but are content with a general and more or less loose resemblance to its structure and rhythm. Dr. Webb, as we have said, aims at more, and not unfrequently with relative success. In the soldiers’ chorus in the scene “Vor dem Thor,” he is not more left behind by Bayard Taylor than he outstrips Sir Theodore Martin, who here falls back on mere paraphrase. If his average merit were kept up to this, he might claim a very respectable place, which the reader accustomed to examination-lists might imagine as either towards the end of the first class or at the head of the second. If we may be pardoned a little academic slang, the position would be something like that of the candidate of whom examiners say in consultation, having placed the undoubted first-class men, “Well, shall we give him a first?” Unfortunately Dr. Webb’s average is brought down by some extraordinary lapses into commonplace flatness or extravagant bad taste, such as in a classical translation paper (to continue the simile) would so affect a candidate’s marks for style as to leave him a good deal of leeway to make up. When Faust says to the Earth-spirit:—

Soll ich dir, Flammenbildung, weichen?
Ich bin’s, bin Faust, bin Deinesgleichen!

Dr. Webb makes him say:—

Flamboyant Form!—I dare the sequel!
I’m he—I’m Faust—am none the less thine equal!

Again, “Ye antique fixtures, which I do not want” (for “Du alte Gerathe, das ich nicht gebraucht”) combines baldness with an unhappy air of legal pedantry, and is not exact after all. And these two lines, spoken by Faust when bent on suicide—

Nach jenem Durchgang hinzustreben,
Um dessen engen Mund die ganze Hülle flammt—

are rendered by

Through the dread dark defile thy purpose follow,
Though at its mouth all Hell displays its oriflamme;

which, to speak plainly, is, for a translation that keeps the sense of the original at all, as bad a piece of work as we have ever met with. Take, once more, the beautiful and often-quoted lines at the beginning of the second scene in Faust’s study:—

Entschlafen sind nun wilde Triebe
Mit jedem ungestümen Thun;
Es reget sich die Menschenliebe,
Die Liebe Gottes regt sich nun.

What does Dr. Webb make of them?

Lulled is each passion, wild and erring,
And violence hath smoothed its brow;
The love of man within is stirring—
The love of God is stirring now!

This is poor altogether, but the second line is unpardonable. To make Goethe talk of violence smoothing its brow! That line alone, if there be any purgatory for translators, is enough to make Dr. Webb’s state exceeding parlous. It is a much less fault—to go back to the Earth-spirit—that “der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid” becomes the very commonplace “garb sublime.” Dr. Webb, moreover, seems to have a taste for odd words. *Flamboyant* we have already seen; he likewise gives us *antepast*, *gnarra*, and *undoyant*; this last, so far as we can discover, is a desperate epinage of his own to rhyme with *buoyant*, though in a place where desperate measures are excusable. Altogether, we fear that we are still a long way, for the sum of the help that Dr. Webb has given us, from the time when, in his own words, “under some happy conjunction of the planets, an English translator appears who has converted the German masterpiece into an English poem.”

But we are glad to be able to speak quite otherwise of Dr. Webb’s preface and notes. These show careful study of the poem and no small ingenuity. Not only are they likely to be useful to English readers, but they make various new points which future commentators on *Faust*—who will assuredly never be wanting—will do well to take account of. The critical notes on the translation of particular passages effectually disarm the facile superiority

assumed by Germans over the mere foreign student, by showing how much and how confidently the Germans differ among themselves. For our own part, we much doubt whether a native scholar necessarily has any advantage over a duly instructed foreigner when it comes to the interpretation of a really difficult passage, no matter in what language. Apart from questions of textual criticism, which here do not occur to any appreciable extent, it is a question of literary tact and sympathy with the author much more than of linguistic knowledge. We should ourselves be disposed to cut the knot in more than one vexed place of *Faust* by holding that Goethe purposely used vague or ambiguous language without intending to fix it to a precise shade of meaning. But we must turn to Dr. Webb's introduction. There are some very sensible remarks on the apparent mystery and incoherence of the plan of *Faust* as a whole. Goethe wanted to combine a plan that gave him free scope for his genius with a great mystification of the public.

He selected the story of the middle ages, whose adventures formed the nucleus around which the most popular of Teutonic myths had gathered. He avowedly made use of the story of *Faust* as Le Sage made use of the story of *Gill Blas*. It was a thread on which he could string what adventures he pleased. It enabled him to depict a number of little independent worlds. . . . He set the allegorists and the commentators going. . . . He wrote no preface and he vouchsafed no explanation. If he made any remarks upon the subject, his remarks were essentially misleading.

We have ourselves pointed out not long ago that much of the supposed obscurity of the Second Part vanishes on the application of considerations of this kind. It is simply the old *Faust* legend with the whole wealth of Goethe's imagination strung upon it; profoundly modified, indeed, by being made to conclude with *Faust's* salvation. Here there is a serious and continuous purpose, manifested in detail by the elaborate and almost antistrophic correspondence of passages in the closing scenes of the Second Part with phrases and passages in the First. In this connexion we must differ from Dr. Webb's opinion as to Mephistopheles's wager with *Faust*. That there is no wager in heaven we agree; when Mephistopheles says in the Prologue, "Was wettet Ihr?" it is an idle flourish. The reply he gets is not the acceptance of a challenge, but a bare license to go and do his worst on *Faust*, as he may on all men, so long as they live on earth. But we cannot agree that the wager with *Faust* is not seriously meant as such by Mephistopheles. No doubt he would also like, as Dr. Webb points out, to make sure of *Faust's* damnation, even to abundant caution:—

So hab' ich dich schon unbedingt . . .
Und hatt' er sich auch nicht dem Teufel übergeben,
Er müste doch zu Grunde gehn!

But this does not show that Mephistopheles does not rely on his wager too; and the proof that he does is that in the Second Part he thinks he has won it. We have only to compare the terms of the wager with the final event. *Faust* says to Mephistopheles:—

Werd' ich zum Augenblicke sagen:
Verweile doch! Du bist so schön!

Die Uhr mag stehn, der Zeiger fallen,
Es sei die Zeit für mich vorbei!

And Mephistopheles clinches the bargain:—

Bedenk' es wohl! Wir werden's nicht vergessen.

In the fifth act of the Second Part *Faust* does exclaim:—

Zum Augenblicke dürft' ich sagen:
Verweile doch! Du bist so schön!

and thereupon dies; in the short following dialogue between Mephistopheles and the chorus of Lemures, *Faust's* own words are pointedly echoed ("Die Uhr steht still. . . . Der Zeiger fällt. . . . Es ist vorbei"). Mephistopheles thinks himself safe, yet has a half suspicion of something amiss:—

Der Körper liegt, und will der Geist entfliehn,
Ich zeig' ihm rasch den blutgeschriebnen Titel;—
Doch leider! hat man jetzt so viele Mittel,
Dem Teufel Seelen zu entziehn.

Then comes the rescue by the heavenly host. Plainly Mephistopheles is meant to keep up his character of the mediæval Devil by being baffled in the regular mediæval fashion. As between himself and *Faust* the bet is won, or the condition of the bargain performed, whichever way we like to state it; but only in the letter. The moment to which *Faust* says "Verweile doch! Du bist so schön!" is not such a one as he thought of in his bargain. It is a moment, not of sensual or selfish pleasure, but of pleasure in well-doing to men. He has striven upwards to the better part, and made Mephistopheles himself his unwilling instrument therein. Hence the power of the deliverers to rescue him:—"Wer immer strebend sich bemüht, den können wir erlösen." As to the substance, we think we are at one with Dr. Webb in this. But he seems not sufficiently to recognize that in form the catastrophe is carefully built on the mystery-play model of a discomfiture of the Devil by something that in a worse cause would be counted for sharp practice.

On the dramatic structure of the First Part Dr. Webb is acute and instructive, though he makes one odd slip in saying that "the lengthened monologues of *Faust* render it incapable of representation on the stage." We should have thought it barely possible that Dr. Webb should not know the contrary to be an easily verified fact. The First Part of *Faust* is not unfrequently represented on the German stage, and that with a dramatic force which, after the lapse of several years, is fresh and vivid in the present writer's

memory. Of course extensive "cuts" have to be made both in the monologues and elsewhere, and even so the piece is a long one. But the same is true of Shakespeare's plays. Capable or not capable, the thing is done. This, however, is a mere passing remark of Dr. Webb's. His explanation of the minute chronology of the action is extremely ingenious; it puts some parts of the dramatic effect in a new light, and clears up some points which have formerly been taken as showing on Goethe's part either carelessness or forgetfulness of ordinary dramatic rules. An indication is expressly given in the text, but overlooked by some of the commentators, that the Walpurgisnacht follows closely on the slaying of Valentine. In the first scene, again, *Faust* speaks of the moon as at the full; on Walpurgis-night it is still waxing ("die unvollkommene Scheibe des rothen Mondes"). Hence Dr. Webb concludes that the whole action (down to the Walpurgis-night) must take place within three weeks; and, working out the time disposable for the loves of *Faust* and Margaret, he fixes the scene of Valentine's death to the very night following the last dialogue between *Faust* and Margaret in the garden. This reading not only makes the dramatic interest concentrated instead of diffuse, but gives a distinct significance, as Dr. Webb argues in detail, to every incident. One difficulty occurs to us which is not dealt with. When Valentine appears on the stage he not only knows that Margaret's fair fame is lost, but believes it to be notorious. How could this be the case in the narrow limits of time marked out by Dr. Webb? Still, it may well be that no possible reading will give us a scheme altogether free from difficulty. *Faust* is by no means the only great work of fiction in which the dispositions of time and place are more or less inconsistent; and the explanation which, without doing violence to the natural meaning of words and action, presents least difficulties on the whole will have a fair claim for acceptance. We will not offer a positive judgment on Dr. Webb's, but it certainly deserves attention.

THE SHORES AND CITIES OF THE BODEN SEE.*

A GOODLY volume on tolerably familiar districts, traversed in all directions by favourite tourist routes, appears, as Mr. Capper modestly remarks in his preface, a somewhat bold experiment. Without caring to open the book, we should be inclined to assume that it might be made up of trivialities eked out with padding. But if we had committed ourselves to a hasty judgment of the kind, we should have been greatly mistaken. Mr. Capper went about his work in a methodical way which cannot be too highly commended, as he had decided to come before the public as an author. He resided for a couple of years on the shores of the Bodensee or in villages in the neighbourhood. He associated chiefly with Swiss or Germans. He adopted their habits, and laid himself out to participate in their pursuits. He made excursions to all the objects of interest, and luxuriated in the scenery to his heart's content. In the course of his multifarious reading he made himself master of the local archæology, as of a history ancient, mediæval, and modern which abounds in strange and sensational incidents. And the result of his wanderings and literary researches has been the composition of a volume of varied interest, enlivened by his personal experiences and adventures. We have praised from the reader's point of view his manner of doing the country; and in all respects it is preferable to the more popular plan of scurrying about the world at express pace. Mr. Capper may perhaps carry his practice to an extreme; for life is shorter than in patriarchal times, when a couple of years might have been no excessive space for a tourist limiting his wanderings to Europe to devote to such a district as that of the Bodensee. For ourselves, we should always have had an uneasy sense of the immensity of the many inviting fields we were necessarily leaving unexplored. Yet we admit that such a lake as the Bodensee will well repay one for making leisurely acquaintance with it. We know it merely from flying visits; and were persuaded, even before reading Mr. Capper's book, that we had appreciated its attractions very insufficiently. For, apart altogether from their historical associations, the scenery of the Swiss lakes—and Constance is Swiss to all intents and purposes—grows upon one slowly, though surely, when the beauties are retiring rather than imposing. Thus nobody can fail to be struck at first sight with the stern picturesqueness of the Lake of the Free Forest Cantons, especially when the steamer is moving under the shadow of the precipices that overhang the Bay of Uri. Without carrying invidious comparisons further, we may simply say that Mr. Capper has shown that the relative tameness of Constance has a seductive witchery of its own; while in point of legend and historical romance it distances any possible rivals.

But though Mr. Capper dilates on archæology, history, and romance, before all he is eminently practical. It was his pleasure on the wet days and in the long winter evenings to ransack sources of information in type or manuscript that not unfrequently were comparatively inaccessible. But he writes in the first place for the tourists of the present, or rather of the future; and his chief purpose is to show by experience and example how economically a trip to the Continent may be made. The representative traveller of the past was the man born to a fortune, who went the tour of Europe in his car-

* *The Shores and Cities of the Bodensee: Rambles in 1879 and 1880.* By Samuel James Capper, Author of "Wanderings in War Time," &c. London: De La Rue & Co. 1882.

riage behind post-horses and indulged in the gaieties of society at each Court he visited. The tourists of the future will be the intelligent men of the masses; the school teachers and the better-educated clerks *et id genus omne*, who have but a few weeks to devote to their holiday at the utmost, and whose purses are light as their time is limited. Mr. Capper points out how these good people may make the best of their opportunities; and he strongly advises them to try Switzerland. The journey thither, to be sure, costs money; but once there they can enjoy themselves very cheaply. He recommends them to do as he did, and never attempt too much. He says very truly that if the object is to recruit the body as well as to relax the mind, there is no such mistake as over-exertion. Early starts and long days exhaust the strength and swell the expenditure. In the abundance of *pensions* kept at all prices, there need be no difficulty in finding comfortable headquarters; and in each town there are good second-rate inns, which will give the traveller little cause of complaint. There are *pensions* where you may fare sumptuously at eight or nine francs a day; as there are others, in less frequented localities, where you may find a good sleeping-room and a substantial table at a price not higher than four francs and a half. Mr. Capper practised as he preaches, and appears generally to have been fortunate. But we must add that he was certainly not over-fastidious, though he is very frank as to the shortcomings he found. Thus he had quartered himself one winter in the Pension Helvetia at Kreuzlingen, which is a suburb of Constance. The company that met at the daily dinner-table, though mixed, must have been agreeable enough; the guests were either men of some position, or, at all events, had seen something of the world. But the dining-room opened into the public *gaststube*, "where the small shopkeeper, or artisan, or travelling pedlar came in to get his glass of wine," and which was liable to be filled at any moment with the fumes of rank tobacco.

It is impossible to give even an outline in any detail of the narrative of this busily indolent two years' residence. We can merely select a passage here and there to give some notion of how Mr. Capper employed his time, and of the information he collected in the course of his peregrinations. He found Constance to be disagreeable winter quarters, so far at least as the climate was concerned. Heavy vapours hung habitually over the skirts of the lake, clouding the views and chilling the air, while the sun was shining brightly and warmly on the heights behind. But in that almost unprecedentedly severe winter of 1879-80, the people held an ice-carnival on the frozen lake. Parties of skaters made constant excursions from the one shore to the other, and there is one afternoon in especial that lives in Mr. Capper's memory. "The sun shone brightly from a perfectly blue sky; it was 4.30 P.M. when we took to the deep-green ice, which was so smooth that skating seemed no exertion whatever, but was like flying." The skaters had grand views of the fantastic mountain peaks, set off by the splendours of the setting sun, as they flew over the purple expanse of ice. What struck him especially in those flying ice excursions were the various fishing stations dotted over the surface. The fisherman provides himself with a screen of wood and straw, which he pushes before him upon runners to some spot that is known to him as a favourite resort of the fish. There he cuts a hole, draws off his boots and skates, disposes his feet in a pad padded with straw, and, dropping his bait into the water, waits patiently for a bite. After all, though he occasionally lands a trout, the prizes he makes in ordinary are principally a small species of perch. Mr. Capper found Rorschach a pleasant summer resort and a very convenient centre for interesting excursions. Instead of going to the "Seehof," which has a high reputation and deserves it, he put up at the more modest establishment of "The Green Tree," where the bedroom at least, according to his description, seems to have been bright and coquettish enough to please anybody. Among the most interesting of the expeditions he made from Rorschach was one to the annual *Landsgemeinde*, or popular assembly, of one of the two divisions of the Canton Appenzell. The people's Parliament was held at Trogen. It impressed him greatly to see those comfortably-dressed, decently-behaved Republicans voting the election of Ministers, magistrates, &c., by the popular acclamation of some five thousand voices, having solemnly prefaced the proceedings by a church service, and a "grand old hymn" sung in general chorus. At present the shores of the Bodensee are singularly flourishing. Many of the towns are famous all the world over as the seats of thriving manufactures; while the land generally is owned by peasants, or small farmers, or by the communes whose members labour hard and take a pride in economizing. In old times the lot of the lower classes was a very different one, and it is no wonder that those on the Swiss side hold to their Republican institutions after their fathers' experience of the tyrannies of the seigneurs. When the peasants and serfs revolted against the lords there was nothing to choose between the brutalities perpetrated on the one side and the other. But never, of course, did the unfortunate people endure a period of more protracted misery than during the long vicissitudes of the Thirty Years' War, when Catholic troops and Protestants, Imperialists, Swedes, and French, successively held possession of the country; and when the soldiers who came in the guise of friends were as ruthless in their outrages as avowed enemies. By way of illustrating the horrors and sufferings of the times, we are referred to the extracts from the remarkable diary which Bûrster, a monk of the monastery of Salem, near Ueberlingen, has left behind him. But what impresses us nearly as much as the good fathers' capacity for

endurance are the indirect evidences of their immense wealth. After having been mercilessly pillaged time after time; after the levying of forced contributions by one set of combatants after another; after entertaining wasteful soldiers by the hundred at free quarters in the convent for weeks, or even months, on a stretch, there still seem always to have been money or supplies forthcoming, however bitter may have been the complaints at parting with them under coercion.

Mr. Capper passed a summer and an autumn with his wife and children at Seewis in the Prättigau, which is a district, or rather a valley, lying to the left of the Rhodanthal as one ascends it from the Lake of Constance. His report of that secluded health-resort is so very favourable that many of our countrymen to whom it has been hitherto almost unknown may be tempted to try it as a sojourn. We hear of a friendly and liberal host, cheap and comfortable quarters, civil villagers, glorious air, delightful walks, and beautiful scenery. There are magnificent excursions to be made in the neighbouring mountains, some of which form the boundaries between Austria and Switzerland; and on one of these Mr. Capper with a party of friends had something approaching to a series of adventures. At Seewis, as usual, he made the most of his opportunities in the way of informing himself as to the circumstances of the natives. Seewis is a relatively wealthy commune, and certainly its inhabitants must be in very easy circumstances. It was nearly burned down and almost entirely rebuilt seventeen years ago, and the houses accordingly have gained in comfort all that they lost in picturesqueness. The commune possesses extensive forests, the money value of which, however, is rather illusory than real, since the proprietors dare not cut down their shelter from the mountain winds and avalanches. Every house is surrounded by its orchard; each citizen has his allotment of the public arable land, held on a life-tenure, with the right of grazing on the Alps for his sheep and cattle. There must be money to spare, too, in the public treasury, for the commune lately bought the old feudal castle, which they have transformed and deformed into a hideous town hall. Although Mr. Capper remained with his family at Seewis till the 5th of December, they enjoyed until then, instead of frost and snow, "an almost unbroken Indian summer of almost perfect beauty." Such weather may probably have been exceptional; but it seems certain that Seewis in many respects must be at least as desirable a residence for invalids, even in the depth of the winter, as the more fashionable Davos, still higher up among the hills, in which lies the picturesque valley of the Landquart.

DR. WORTLE'S SCHOOL.*

THE metaphor which compares a novelist to a cook is perhaps as hackneyed as it is irreverent; but the practices of certain very notable, and, it may be added, very agreeable, practitioners of the novelist's art make the repetition of it almost unavoidable. As the skilful artist of the kitchen works up his comparatively limited materials into fresh compounds, differing a little in composition, and very much in title, so does the novelist; and as the *salade Berlinoise* of one year brings to the palate something more than a reminiscence of the *Mayonnaise Bag-and-Baggage* of the year before, so is it with the books which the novelist's readers affect. Nobody, therefore, ought to be very much surprised or even greatly aggrieved if a masterful clergyman who is perpetually waging polite war with his Bishop, another clergyman who is under a cloud and has a faithful wife, a small mystery cleared up by a rapid journey to the ends of the earth, and an amiable young nobleman who is faithful to a girl somewhat below him in station, present themselves once more in *Dr. Wortle's School*. Indeed, Mr. Trollope has more claim to originality than the artist to whom we have compared him, because, if his mixture is something of a "mixture as before," at any rate his ingredients are his own genuine inventions. The doctrine of copyright in ideas has hitherto been limited to the arts of design, but there is no reason whatever for refusing to extend it to literature.

If, however, *Dr. Wortle's School* cannot be said to show any claim on Mr. Trollope's part to the distinction of infinite variety, let us hasten to say that it certainly does not expose him to the charge of staleness. Attentive students of fiction know that the goodness of the work of assiduous novelists is very often in inverse proportion to its size. *Dr. Wortle's School* hardly deserves the position of a full-grown novel, and its two slim volumes do not contain much more than half or a third of the quantity usual in such novels. But the earlier part of it at least is as brightly and pleasantly written as anything that the author has done, and exhibits his mannerism—limited and somewhat tricky as that mannerism is—in a very favourable light. The end is not good, and seems somewhat huddled up; but the story goes off with great spirit, and, as Mr. Trollope ingenuously tells his readers all about it in the first few score pages, the usual bashfulness which prevents reviewers from giving arguments of novels hardly applies here. Dr. Wortle is a sufficiently distinguished scholar with a will of his own, and a consciousness of the side on which his bread is buttered. He has left his college, has taken a living, and has combined with that living a preparatory school where the charges are very high, and of which the reputation is proportionately great. When the story opens, twenty-eight happy youths are boarded,

* *Dr. Wortle's School*. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1881.

lodged, washed, &c. under Dr. Wortle's roof, and their pleased parents requite the Doctor with sums varying from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds yearly. Nor let any reader suppose that this ingenious combiner of the cure of souls with the care of youth is a charlatan. Dr. Wortle is represented as a somewhat worldly but thoroughly honest and honourable man, giving everybody full *quid* for their *quo*; of a generous spirit, and capable of making his parish a model parish at the same time that he makes his school an exceedingly profitable school. Only he has a certain affectation of contempt for spiritual zeal which brings him into loggerheads perpetually with his bishops, whom he invariably routs, and who naturally do not love him any the more therefore. Nor is he without other enemies, notably a certain Mrs. Stantiloup, with whom he has had to fight in her capacity of parent, and who hates him with a deadly hatred. Now the experienced reader who knows the ways of schoolmaster-parsons will perceive at once that it is an object with Dr. Wortle to unite as far as possible the two kinds of assistants that he requires, assistant-master and curate, in one person, and that it is not easy for him to do so, more especially as he also desires to get out of this assistant's wife certain other assistance of the matron character. At the date of the story he has got a phoenix, or a pair of phoenixes, if that were possible. Mr. Peacocke has been a Fellow of his college; he has taken the highest honours; he has an American wife who is not only a charming lady, but who is quite willing to look after the boys maternally and spare Mrs. Wortle. The Doctor would be able to say *quis me uno felicit?* but for a little hitch about the curacy. Mr. Peacocke is rather shy of this complication of duties, and it shortly becomes apparent that if he were not shy the reigning Bishop would see in the circumstance an opportunity for playing a return match with Dr. Wortle. Between the time of his leaving Oxford and the time of his coming to Dr. Wortle, Mr. Peacocke has spent five years in America, and of his history during those five years, of the antecedents of Mrs. Peacocke, &c. &c., nothing whatever is known. The Bishop puts it to Dr. Wortle whether he can be expected to license a man in whose *livret* there is such a singular gap, and suggests with a proper episcopal mixture of mildness and severity that the gap shall be filled. The reasonableness of this point of view is insisted upon by Mr. Puddicombe, the parson-confidant of somewhat narrow mind, but upright and not unkindly disposition, whom also we have met a few times in Mr. Trollope's books. So the Doctor very unwillingly requests his phoenix to give an account of himself during his last stay in the desert, and the phoenix acknowledges with commendable frankness that he is unlike the knife-grinder, and has a story to tell. A delay of a few days is agreed upon, during which it is to be decided whether this story is to be told or not. What the story is, Mr. Trollope very obligingly tells his readers at once—a frankness in which we shall not imitate him. Suffice it to say that the wisdom of the axiom, "Shun delays, they breed remorse," is justified anew. Before the story can be told to Dr. Wortle's friendly ears it is told to other ears, friendly and unfriendly, by lips of the most unfriendly kind; and one of Mr. Trollope's favourite difficulties is comfortably established. Of course it comes all right; Mr. Trollope's difficulties always do come right, unless that of *The Small House at Allington* may be said to be an exception. But both Dr. Wortle and Mr. Peacocke—the former altogether undeservedly, the latter with a proportion of desert which will be judged differently by the strait-laced and the loosely girt in matters ethical—have to undergo a period of considerable tribulation. This involves a sharp fight with the Bishop, and the preliminaries, at least, of a sharp fight with a London newspaper of the scandal-mongering sort. Mr. Trollope's account of the estimable periodical which he calls "Everybody's Business" is very sprightly and by no means ferocious, and his correspondence between Dr. Wortle and the Bishop deserves a good deal of praise.

The merit, indeed, of *Dr. Wortle's School* consists chiefly in details of this kind. The conduct of the story, and not the story itself, is evidently the point to which the author has wished to draw his readers' attention; and he has succeeded very fairly. The wrath of a respectable elderly clergyman, of a somewhat high and dry school, when he finds the occupations of his day described by a brisk scribe as beginning "with a hot morning at tennis and winding up with *amo* in the cool of the evening," is thoroughly naturally imagined and described. The simultaneous backing-out of half a dozen week-kneed parents, who all discover that their darlings are prevented from joining or rejoining Dr. Wortle's flock by the most ingeniously diverse causes, as soon as the breath of scandal has begun to blow upon the establishment, is another episode handled in the easy natural manner which is Mr. Trollope's chief merit, and in which, whatever fault may be found with its truth to anything below the surface, few of his younger rivals have equalled him. The description already referred to of "Everybody's Business" is perhaps the best thing of this kind in the whole book, and it is worth quoting, especially as, while it is as happy in expression as Mr. Trollope usually is when he does not meddle with things too high for him, it is a good deal more serious in meaning:—

"Everybody's Business" was a paper which in the natural course of things did not find its way into the Bowick rectory; and the Doctor, though he was no doubt acquainted with the title, had never even looked at its columns. It was the purpose of the paper, as its name declared, to amuse its readers with the private affairs of their neighbours. It went boldly about its work, excusing itself by the assertion that Jones was just as well inclined to be talked about as Smith was to hear whatever could be said about Jones. As both parties were served, where could be the objection? It was in the main goodnatured, and probably did most fre-

quently gratify the Joneses, while it afforded considerable amusement to the listless and numerous Smiths of the world. If you can't read and understand Jones's speech in Parliament, you may at any rate have mind enough to interest yourself in the fact that he never composed a word of it in his room without a ring on his finger and a flower in his buttonhole. It may also be agreeable to know that Walker the poet always takes a mutton chop and two glasses of sherry at half-past one. "Everybody's Business" did this for everybody to whom such excitement was agreeable. But in managing everybody's business in that fashion, be the writer as good-natured as he will, and let the principle be ever so well founded that nobody is to be hurt, still there are dangers. It is not always easy to know what will hurt and what will not. And then sometimes there will come a temptation to be, not spiteful, but specially amusing. There must be danger, and a writer will sometimes be indiscreet. Personalities will lead to libels even when the libeller has been most innocent. It may be that, after all, the poor poet never drank a glass of sherry before dinner in his life. It may be that a little toast and water even with his dinner gives him all the refreshment that he wants, and that two glasses of alcoholic mixture in the middle of the day shall seem, when imputed to him, to convey a charge of downright inebriety. But the writer has perhaps learned to regard two glasses of meridian wine as but a moderate amount of sustentation. This man is much flattered if it be given to understand of him that he falls in love with every pretty woman he sees, whereas another will think that he has been made subject to a foul calumny by such insinuation.

This is perhaps too much of a "gentlemanlike correction" for a monstrous and disgusting evil. But it must be acknowledged to be to the point, even if some of us think that the method of Swift might be more appropriate to the subject than the method of Addison.

The weakest part of the book is the love affair between Lord Carstairs and Mary Wortle. It is the weakest not because it is episodic—for, as a matter of fact, it has a good deal to do with the *dénouement*—but because there is not sufficient space given to the display of the characters and fortunes of the lovers. That a mere third murderer (in respect of importance, for Lord Carstairs is a wholly estimable young man *per se*) should propose to, and should be left in good hopes of marrying, a mere third murderess (in this case also the phrase is purely metaphorical), is a fact which can only give satisfaction to the modern representatives of Miss Martha Buskbody. It may be true that in the space which Mr. Trollope has given himself it would not have been easy to develop Carstairs and Miss Wortle into something higher than third murderer and third murderess; but then the only marriage-bells in a modern story deserve more elaborate prelude than this, and for such a prelude space ought to have been made.

MINOR NOTICES.

THE many readers and admirers of *A Week in a French Country House* (1) and other already published works by the late Mrs. Sartoris will welcome eagerly the appearance of two volumes which contain some papers with which they will gladly renew, and others with which they will gladly for the first time make, acquaintance. The volumes are edited by Mrs. Sartoris's daughter, Mrs. Gordon, and are introduced by her with a preface which differs from many prefaces in being interesting. In this special attention is given to "the unfinished history of 'Judith,'" which, as we gather from the context, is the only part of the volumes which has never been in print before, although some of the other contents are new to us. The preface tells us that "it was my mother's intention to portray in her [Judith] a great and noble character, led astray by the very qualities that had ennobled it." Judith, after the early trials which we are fortunate enough to have recorded for us, would have "become a great artist and public singer, crowned with success, and the admired of all." She would have been in the end "more sinned against than sinning," led into error which would have brought with it its own punishment. "The story would have been a sad one enough, ending with Judith's death, lonely and unhappy, with only one or two friends left her; but we should have had the history of a noble woman who, in spite of triumphs, sin, and sorrow, retained her truthful and unworldly nature to the last." No one acquainted with Mrs. Sartoris's writings is likely to doubt that this scheme would have been finely worked out, or to fail to regret that it was not so worked out; but, accepting the fact that only a fragment of Judith's history could be given to us, we may perhaps be glad that this fragment depicts in some sense the brighter part of her life. She stops, as we know her, far short of the grand successes which awaited her, and she has many petty and wearing insults and annoyances to endure; but the brightness of her half-developed nature carries her through these, and we are left to delight in the child's attractive qualities without having to mourn over the troubles which they would have brought to the woman. When we are first introduced to Judith she is sitting, unobserved, as she thinks, in a summer-house, trying to teach a mongrel dog, who is her devoted friend, to howl in tune to her singing. "The dog, with an almost human endeavour, pitched his voice to hers, and at last made the unison perfect. . . . She placed a daisy crown upon his head, and a sceptre of foxgloves between his paws, and then, sitting back upon her heels, contemplated him with ecstasy, exclaiming with accents of rapturous tenderness, 'Oh, darling! how clever you are! Could you really be the devil, darling?'" Judith, charming and loving as she is, is far from being the only real and interesting personage, charming or not, who appears in what unhappily is only the beginning of her history. It was, indeed, Mrs.

(1) *Past Hours*. By Adelaide Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble). 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

Sartoris's merit that every one of her characters, prominent or not, bore about him or herself the stamp of reality, of being, that is, an artistic study, not a mere and dull copy from life. The author's skill in this regard is perhaps most remarkable to the student of fiction in the case of such a character as Leslie in *Judith*, a character which might well be colourless enough, but which in Mrs. Sartoris's hands promised to become something very different from the ordinary stick of a hero, without being in the least unduly accented. The author had already shown her complete command and delicate touch in dealing with "character-parts," and the delightful "Jacky" of *Judith* is another proof of this command. It is perhaps hardly necessary to cite any special instance of Mrs. Sartoris's fine power of observation, and of not ill-natured satire; but there is one passage in *Judith* which is a signal instance of this. "There are people," she wrote, "who know how to make familiarity respectful; and there are others who contrive to make an action, deferential in itself, unduly familiar; Leicester Montagu always managed the latter; but vulgar women, who constituted the chief of his *clientèle*, thought all his little underbred graces quite too delightful. He gave bread and butter so once to Lady Adela, who remarked audibly to her next neighbour, 'I should like to set my foot in his chest.'" We do not propose to anticipate the pleasure of readers by giving any detailed account of the contents of two small volumes which are delightful for their fine sense of many sides of human emotions and manners; but we cannot resist quoting one passage which displays Mrs. Sartoris's power of conveying in words what is an exceptionally difficult thing so to convey—the effect produced by the performance of a singer of a past time. Writing of a certain oratorio Mrs. Sartoris said:—"A little thick-set man, with a light-brown wig all over his eyes, a generally common appearance, and most unmistakably Jewish aspect, got up to sing one single line of recitative." After going through some undignified and even comic preparations for his effort, "he said, 'But the children of Israel went on dry land,' and then he paused; and every sound was hushed throughout that great space; and then, as if carved out upon the solid stillness, came those three little words 'through the sea.' And our breath failed, and our pulses ceased to beat, and we bent our heads, as all the wonder of the miracle seemed to pass over us with those accents—awful, resonant, radiant, triumphant!" No description which we have before read of Brahms's singing has given us so evidently true and complete an idea of the genius which triumphed over his faults.

An antiquary of some local repute, the late Mr. Robert Davies, read a series of papers descriptive of walks through the streets of York before the members of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society and the York Institute in the years 1854 and 1855. After an interval of a quarter of a century his widow has gathered these papers together and published them in a volume (2). The plan which Mr. Davies adopted in his lectures was perhaps well suited to a local audience. He professed to conduct his hearers on an imaginary walk from some one point of the city to another, as from Burton Stone to Jewbury, or from St. Leonard's Cloisters to Clifford's Tower, gossiping on the way about the old buildings, their history, and the men and women whose memories are associated with them. To persons familiar with the ground traversed the method adopted was doubtless sufficiently attractive; it is ill adapted for readers who do not know the city, or who are only imperfectly acquainted with it. To them the book is only a collection of shreds and fragments of local history, and they will have to look elsewhere for the record of that greater past which lends a kind of pathetic interest to the small details of an inglorious present. For the city of Hadrian and Severus, the ancient capital of Northumbria, the seat of the first English Parliament, and the place which at one period appeared destined to become the metropolis of the kingdom, has sunk into comparative insignificance during the last three hundred years, and no memorable events have occurred to break and vary the tame monotony of its existence. Mr. Davies moves patiently along the once-famous scenes, and tells how this historic mansion has been inhabited by a succession of mayors and aldermen, and how that old hall has passed into the hands of a series of respectable doctors or tradesmen; he takes note of vicissitudes, decay, and disappearances. The work, so far as it goes, is carefully done; it describes a few curious customs and bygone manners; and, as a contribution to local history, the thing was perhaps worth doing. The local enthusiast, however, can alone properly appreciate it, and it is not likely to interest a wider circle.

Mr. George Meredith was hardly in his happiest vein when he wrote *The Tragic Comedians* (3). He is an author who has been fanciful and brilliant (as in that ever-fresh and ever-delightful work *The Shaving of Shagpat*), brilliant and incisive, or brilliant and eccentric, or all three, clever, difficult, and even crabbed by dint of cramming too much cleverness into too small a space (as in some of his novels), but never until now dull. Possibly the unreality, eccentricity, and dullness of *The Tragic Comedians* are due to his having deliberately taken a real story, which there was certainly no need to revive, and having given his own notion of what were the probable emotions which produced events that actually happened. The story is in itself ordinary enough. A violent and intellectual Radical Jew falls in love with

the intellectual daughter of an aristocratic German officer, who not unnaturally objects to the proposed alliance. Partly by dint of family pressure, partly by dint of misunderstanding due to the Jew Radical's own foolishness, the girl finally rejects his offer, after having made a considerable effort to assert her right to accept it. The Jew Radical writes a letter which we are led to infer is so outrageously vulgar, violent, and offensive, as to fully warrant his being called out by the girl's former and half-accepted lover, whose birth, education, and views are not unsuitable to hers. He goes out and is shot dead, after which the girl, "like a well-conducted person," marries the man who shot him. Of the strange style in which this not very strange story is set forth one specimen may be enough:—

She was like a lady danced off her sense of fixity, to whom the appearance of her whirling figure in the mirror is both wonderful and reassuring; and she liked to be discussed, to be compared to anything, for the sake of being the subject, so as to be sure it was she that listened to a man who was a stranger, claiming her for his own; sure it was she that by not breaking from him implied consent, she that went speeding in this magical rapid round which along her more and more out of her actual into her imagined self, compelled her to proceed, led her the right to faint and call upon the world for aid, and catch at it, though it was close by and at a signal would stop the terrible circling.

Mr. Stirling's two volumes of theatrical recollections (4) contain, apart from the interest of his own early experiences when the London stage was a very different thing from what it now is, a quantity of amusing and interesting facts and anecdotes, new and old. The book is not one to be read through at a sitting, any more than a dictionary is; but it is one which may be taken up in a spare quarter of an hour or half-hour with a tolerable certainty of lighting upon something of interest.

The always welcome *Era Almanack* (5) has this year a novel and special feature in illustrations contributed by players, under the punning title "How Actors Draw." Many of the sketches have much artistic merit. The remainder of the volume is well up to the mark.

The new edition of *Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage* (6) is edited with that profusion of minute care and skill which is apt to pass unnoticed because people have come to expect it as a matter of course.

From the same publishers we have the invaluable *Parliamentary Companion* (7). A notice issued with this informs us that "the close balance of parties has rendered much vigilance necessary in recording the politics of each Member. In all possible cases the exact words of the Member himself have been preferred to any other statement of his political opinions."

The twelfth annual issue of *The Australian Handbook* (8) is a volume containing a mine of useful information of the most varied kind, of the extent of which it is impossible to give an adequate idea within brief limits. To take a few instances, the very fullest and most practical information is given to intending emigrants in some well-considered pages, which, however, are but a very small part of the whole volume. Outfit, diet, medical stores, what is or is not forbidden by the ship regulations, what are the everyday difficulties of the voyage, and how they can best be met—all these things are discussed in a sensible and helpful way. At a few pages' distance the emigrant who has "made his pile" and comes back to enjoy himself will find equally full information as to the best hotels to stop at, the best clubs to join, and the current amusements. "To which," as the old announcements had it, "is added" some general information as to cab fares. The book contains an excellent map of Australia and New Zealand.

We learn from Mr. Waddington's preface to his selection of sonnets (9) that two former selections, which have appeared during recent years, did not include the sonnets of living writers. It was a happy idea on Mr. Waddington's part to supply this deficiency, and give us this volume of carefully chosen work. The book will, as he suggests, "enable readers and students of poetry to compare the work of the poets of our own time with that of the many generations which have passed away since the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt wrote the first English sonnets." The selection made by Mr. Waddington is a singularly attractive one, and its value is enhanced by the interesting "Note," as he modestly calls it, on the history of the sonnet which is appended to the volume.

The collection of poems and music (10) by the late Miss Evans, to which Mrs. Ritchie has prefixed a graceful "Memorial Preface," is full of interest. Both in music and in verse Miss Evans had a fine taste and a delicate touch. Of this there is remarkable evidence in the "Words to a Lied ohne Worte (Allegro non troppo, in C Minor, Book III. Ed. Pauer)," which is a good deal more than a strikingly successful *tour de force*. Less successful in this

(4) *Old Drury Lane: Fifty Years' Recollections of Author, Actor, and Manager*. By Edward Stirling. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

(5) *The Era Almanack for 1881*. London: "Era" Office.

(6) *Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage for 1881*. Forty-first Year. London: Whittaker & Co.

(7) *Dod's Parliamentary Companion*. London: Whittaker & Co.

(8) *The Australian Handbook (incorporating New Zealand, Fiji, and New Guinea) and Shippers' and Importers' Directory for 1881*. London, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane: Gordon & Gotch.

(9) *English Sonnets by Living Writers*. Selected and arranged, with a Note on the History of the Sonnet, by Samuel Waddington. London: Bell & Sons.

(10) *Anna Evans: Poems and Music*. With Memorial Preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

(a) *Walks through the City of York*. By Robert Davies, F.S.A. Edited by his Widow. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1880.

(3) *The Tragic Comedians: a Study in a well-known Story*. By George Meredith. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

way is the French song "Garçon volage," which was unluckily written in disregard of the arbitrary laws of French verse. We select for quotation one among the shorter poems, called "Blackbird":—

Singing loud and singing gay
Mid the dewy dawning,
Blackbird welcomes in the day
Under his green awning;
Welcomes in the rising day,
While the shadows haste away,
Singing loud and singing gay
Mid the dewy dawning.

Singing sweet and singing clear
While the day is waning,
Blackbird spreads a pensive cheer
Through the light remaining;
Spreads a calm and pensive cheer
Through the stillness far and near,
Singing sweet and singing clear
While the day is waning.

In the preface will be found some very interesting fragments, among which is a collection of "Possible Meanings of Some Common Phrases." For instance, "Nice people" are "People who always behave like other people," and "A domestic woman" is "A woman like a domestic."

Mr. Dickens has made an important addition to his admirable series of useful "dictionaries" in the *Dictionary of Days* (11), which "gives a concise history, day by day, of the principal events of general public interest which occurred, throughout the world, in 1880." The mass of varied and useful information here arranged in the most convenient way possible would be amazing but for the proofs already given by Mr. Dickens of his talent for organization.

A second and improved edition has been issued of *The Natural Wonders of New Zealand* (12), containing information as to the Hot Lake District which could not be procured when the first edition appeared.

A second edition has appeared of Mrs. Heaton's *Life of Albrecht Dürer* (13). The first edition was published eleven years ago or thereabouts, and since that date new and interesting information concerning the subject of the book has been forthcoming. In 1870, for instance, as we learn from the preface to the second edition, Dr. Lockner of Nürnberg "published a valuable monograph on the personal names mentioned in Dürer's letters from Venice. These names, most those of old patrician families in Nürnberg, had in many cases misled previous translators." Other interesting contributions to the subject have been made by Dr. Max Allihn, Herr Adolf Rosenberg, Dr. Alfred von Sallet, Herr von Rittberg, and Professor Sidney Colvin. "But by far the most important additions to our knowledge have been made by Professor Moritz Thausing, who has subjected Dürer's life, writings, and artistic work to a critical analysis that had not previously been attempted." Mrs. Heaton has made judicious use in her second edition of all the further information here indicated. In the case of Professor Thausing she often differs from his "conclusions, his theories seeming to me to be sometimes as baseless as those he overthrows; but this does not prevent me from acknowledging the great value of his work, and the scientific manner in which it has been performed."

(11) *Dickens's Dictionary of Days: being an Every-Day Record of 1880; with Calendar and Useful Information for 1881.* London: Charles Dickens, "All the Year Round" Office.

(12) *The Natural Wonders of New Zealand.* Second Edition. London: E. Stanford.

(13) *The Life of Albrecht Dürer of Nürnberg.* By Mrs. Charles Heaton. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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COERCION AND OBSTRUCTION.

THE consecrated fictions of politics deserve a certain respect, if only because they impose on the Parliamentary and official imagination. Mr. FORSTER was thoroughly in earnest when he declared that he would never have accepted his present post if he had foreseen the necessity for enlarging the powers given to the Executive by the ordinary law. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, with equal sincerity, announced that it was painful to all parties to support a Protection Bill, though, as he added, such legislation was the kindest thing that could be done for Ireland. It ought not to be painful to act with kindness to any part of the United Kingdom; nor should a Minister shrink from the primary duty of protecting life and property. The real cause for regret is that a state of things should exist in Ireland which was accurately and moderately described by Mr. FORSTER. It is a melancholy fact that the Land League has established, by means of terror, a lawless despotism in Ireland. The task of abating its tyranny is difficult, but it ought to be undertaken without a trace of compunction. Mr. FORSTER asserts that the outrages which are instigated by the Land League are executed by a limited number of notorious ruffians who constitute the police of the organization. Judging by former experience, Mr. FORSTER anticipates that some of the agents of the League will leave the country; others will, under the powers of the Bill, be committed to prison; and the residue will perhaps suspend their criminal activity. None of these results will disturb the complacency of reasonable and peaceable subjects, although they cannot be produced without exceptional legislation. All criminal law interferes with the general principles of freedom. It is a strong measure to keep a man for several years in penal servitude, and it is still more anomalous to hang him; yet it is one of the chief objects of civil society to bring offenders to punishment. If the machinery which may have been devised for the purpose falls out of gear, substituted or additional contrivances are not less legitimate than the ordinary criminal law.

Mr. FORSTER proved, and it was already certain, that obedience to the Land League, and even enlistment in its ranks, are enforced by cruelty and by terror. It is of this state of affairs, and not of attempts to redress scandalous abuses, that administrators and legislators should be ashamed. The persons who will be subject under the provisions of the Bill to a mild form of imprisonment probably well deserve penal servitude. It would be satisfactory that they should meet with their deserts by the verdict of juries, founded on legal evidence; but, if juries are unwilling or afraid to convict, and if witnesses can only give evidence at the risk of their lives, there is no reason why the wickedest and most noxious of mankind should enjoy absolute impunity. The insurrection which Mr. FORSTER regards as possible furnishes another reason for precautionary legislation. A civil war would be a much greater evil than the incarceration for a maximum period of eighteen months of a few desperate and unscrupulous adventurers. If it is true that, as Mr. DILLON asserts, half the priests in Ireland have joined the Land League, and that a Roman Catholic Archbishop is ready to place himself at its head, the conspiracy is only the more dangerous; but there is no reason to apprehend that either priests or prelates will commit in person the outrages which they are

supposed by their eulogist and professed confederate to approve. The identification of the hierarchy and the priesthood with the Land League would not tend to increase its popularity either in Ulster or in England. The Catholic clergy in France and in Germany would have little reason to thank their Irish colleagues for proving that their order, while it denounces revolution on the Continent, is ready for its own interest to join a revolutionary organization. To other threats of Mr. DILLON and of like-minded agitators it is only necessary to reply that the dangers which they indicate, if they are not imaginary, furnish additional reasons for the exercise of energy and vigilance. The friends of order and liberty may be well assured that the League has done or will do its worst without any alleged provocation from the Government or the law. It will derive no additional facilities for effecting its objects from the arrest of some of the assassins and reprobates who constitute its police.

The Ulster Liberals and the English Radical members who desire to make protection contingent on the production or promise of a sweeping Land Bill are, consciously or otherwise, effective allies of the Irish Irreconcilables. Almost all of them profess to believe that the Protection Bill is necessary, and indeed they could not vote for it on any other assumption. It is utterly unjustifiable to discountenance and delay relief to the oppressed classes in Ireland as a means of placing pressure on a Government which is supposed to sympathize only too strongly with their questionable doctrines. They ought to have no fear that the rights of property will be too nicely regarded. The Ulster tenants have taken advantage of the agitation of the Land League to demand a transfer of a portion of the landlords' property to themselves. Twenty-two thousand signatures were appended to a memorial in favour of their demand which Mr. FORSTER, with unnecessary zeal, declared that he received with pride and pleasure. Only a few weeks ago land projectors incessantly quoted a passage from the Report of the Devon Commission to the effect that the Ulster custom had produced in that province universal content, while the absence of the custom accounted for the misery and disorder of Munster and Connaught. It now appears that Ulster requires something more, as indeed most persons and classes require any advantage which they think that they can obtain. The Ulster farmers are too respectable to hough cattle or card dissentients from their opinions, but they hope to profit by the prevalence of outrages in Munster and Connaught to enforce their novel claims. The merchants and manufacturers of Belfast who, according to Lord DUFFERIN, have largely invested their savings in land in the Northern counties, will not escape from the baneful influence of the Land League. Purchasers of this class have within a few years bought land from Lord DUFFERIN himself to the value of 350,000*l.*, returning an interest of two or three per cent. They are now threatened with an arbitrary reduction of their modest incomes for the benefit of tenants who are in most instances perfectly solvent. The benefit to the occupiers themselves will be exhausted by the first transaction. They will be able to sell their interest at a price enhanced in proportion to the reduction of rent; and the interest of the increased purchase money will at once practically subject the incoming tenant to a rack rent determined by competition and contract. When the result is ascertained by experience the occupiers will

demand, perhaps with some justification of a further portion of the late Government. BRIGHT'S speech will shake any growing confidence in GLADSTONE'S moderation and justice.

Some occurrences which in other circumstances might excite indignation or alarm are perhaps not, on the whole, to be regretted. The contumacious Irish members have revived in full force the practice of obstruction, with the result of uniting against them the opinions and feelings of all parties, not excepting the extreme faction which has on other occasions done its best to assist them. They have shifted the issue from the expediency of protecting life and property in Ireland to the necessity of vindicating Parliamentary freedom of debate. They may perhaps succeed in permanently diminishing the rights of minorities, but they will achieve no further triumph. Successive experiments may perhaps be tried before the House of Commons ascertains the most effectual method of baffling the enemies of free discussion. The rules of the House, as of all other human societies, have been constructed on the assumption that the members of the body, although they may differ on the choice of methods, loyally desire to promote the objects of the institution. Against internal treason no provision has been made; but it is impossible to believe that Parliament will succumb to the dishonourable assault of a petty gang of conspirators. With a more plausible affectation of good faith they might probably have done more harm. The defeat of justice by the action of the Dublin jury is still less to be lamented. The traversers and their friends have clinched the demonstration that the ordinary process of law is inadequate to the necessities of the present situation. It was highly improbable that twelve jurors could be impanelled who neither sympathized with the Land League nor feared the consequences of doing their duty. It is creditable to some of the jurymen that they were inaccessible to the motives which influenced their colleagues. The danger of returning a verdict unpalatable to the rabble was not imaginary. One jurymen suspected of regard for his oath was threatened by a formidable mob, which perhaps acted on the information of another member of the same body who had publicly congratulated Mr. PARNELL, and who immediately afterwards solicited admission to the Land League. The very agitators must have been almost ashamed of the cynicism of their latest proselyte. A conviction would have thrown great difficulties in the way of the Government, as seeming to prove that the ordinary law was sufficient for its purpose. It would also have been inconvenient that some of the ringleaders of the Land League should have been prevented from taking part in the discussion of the Protection Bill and the Land Bill. The compulsory absence from the House of Commons of Mr. PARNELL and several of his followers would have been used, like the censure inflicted on Mr. BIGGAR, as an additional excuse for obstruction. The prosecution for conspiracy was, in the first instance, an ill-devised attempt to avoid the necessity of passing exceptional measures. At that time the Birmingham Ministers had succeeded in persuading or coercing the Cabinet into a practical acceptance of the proposition that force is no remedy for lawlessness. The indictment for conspiracy was so far not an act of force that it was preferred in conformity with the ordinary law. It is now evident to all the world that force, or, in other words, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, is the only remedy. Mr. PARNELL and his friends would have done as much harm in prison as they will do in the House of Commons.

THE FALL OF GEOK TEPE.

THE capture of the Turcoman stronghold, if it be as complete as the Russian despatches announce (and there is no reason for disbelieving them), puts an end to perhaps the most gallant defence which has in recent times been made by a half-civilized, undisciplined, and badly-weaponed army against the regular troops of a civilized nation. From the time when General SKOBELEFF was appointed to his ungrateful command, it was evident that he meant business. He avoided the mistakes of his predecessors, LOMAKIN and LAZAREFF, with an astuteness equal to the decision with which he was already credited. He did not attempt to advance with an insufficient force; nor did he, on the other hand, waste time on the impossible project of getting fifty or a hundred thousand men across

a foodless and waterless desert. Starting from eight to twelve thousand good troops, he provided them amply with food and all appliances, and even more than amply with artillery. It was said that he had made up his mind not to attack Geok Tepe till he could bring a hundred *ouches* a few to bear; and, though this may be an exaggeration, the numbers of guns and mortars mentioned in the reports of the desperate fighting which preceded the fall of the place show that the Russian general had relied greatly on this important arm. Ten thousand disciplined troops, supplied with every necessary, and with scores of heavy guns, and making the most of the possession of engineering science, must be very badly led indeed if they cannot triumph against many times their number of irregular troops, badly armed and unprovided with artillery. If the latter remain on the defensive, the artillery pounds them into submission; if they attempt sorties, they are swept away and mowed down by the breechloader; while fortified parallels and redoubts break their advance, even if they be successful in a despairing rush. The Akhal Tekkés and their allies from Merv chose the bolder part. From the day when the Russians opened fire on their fort they threw themselves on the guns, the entrenchments, and the breechloading rifles with a vigour which successive defeats could not check, and which, according to one not improbable story, was only broken at last by the employment of mines on a great scale. Again and again they forced the Russian lines, carried redoubts, captured cannon, and inflicted heavy loss on their besiegers. But, in the end, the tremendous fire opposed to them, and the disciplined steadiness of Russian troops, assisted by the spade as well as the gun, obtained the success which, except for the possible intervention of a miracle or a blunder, was hardly doubtful from the first. If, as is said, the whole of the positions collectively known as Geok Tepe have been carried and the survivors of the garrison are in retreat, little but fitful opposition is likely to be offered to the Russians west of Merv.

The question—hitherto possessing only a languid speculative interest—how far the CZAR'S generals will be instructed or allowed to push their victory now becomes a pressing one. Some reports already have it that portions of the force under SKOBELEFF are in motion towards Sarakhs, the extreme north-eastern frontier city of Persia, close to Herat. These reports, however, may be set aside, because no Russian force could have got any distance in this direction without passing Derogez, where there is a competent European observer, who has been quite silent on any such movement. Other reports talk of vast forces under KAUFFMANN, concentrating on Charjui, with a view to co-operation with SKOBELEFF. This, too, is not worth much attention, for the selection of the Caspian routes for the reinforcements recently sent shows clearly that, as yet, no force of eighty or a hundred thousand men has the least chance of penetrating the trans-Oxian wilds. But there is no doubt that General SKOBELEFF'S present force can be reinforced *ad libitum* from the Caspian, and that his victory, if it be half as complete as it is reported to be, will open the way eastwards to him. It is not an unimportant thing to remember that a considerable force from Merv was actually engaged at Geok Tepe, for this fact may exercise no small influence on the attitude of the Merv Turcomans. They know General SKOBELEFF at first hand; they have had experience *quo turbine torqueat hastam*. It is even said that part of their contingent abandoned the struggle before the fall of Geok Tepe. Nor is any one save the ostriches of Radicalism ignorant of the ardent desire with which the eyes of Russian "forward" politicians are set on Merv. Against this is to be put the assertion that the two men who have, or ought to have, most credit with the CZAR in military matters, SKOBELEFF and LOMIS MELIKOFF, are of opinion that the Turcoman game is not worth the candle, and that when full satisfaction for the former defeat has been obtained, evacuation is the very best thing for all parties. We are even told that assurances have been given to England by Russia that there is no intention of occupying Geok Tepe, much less of pushing on to Merv. It is necessary, however, to remember—putting the debated, if not debatable, point of Russian desire to get hold of places of arms against India out of the question—the well-known orthodoxy of the KAUFFMANN school, and the equally well-known craving of Russia for subjugating warlike races who can then be made to fight her battles. Not ancient Rome

expressed a happier knack of doing this, and she has but too good cause for knowing the admirable quality of the Turcomans as raw material for soldiers. Men who undisciplined and half-trained will charge through the point blank fire of breech-loading rifles and breech-loading artillery are not to be had every day. Still less men who are already in the position of an advanced guard for offence or defence against the only possible serious enemy. When to this we add the fact that an occupation of Southern Turkestan would further rivet the hold which Russia already has on Persia, it must be obvious that the temptation to improve the results of SKOBLEFF'S daring and good dispositions must be very great indeed. Russia at least is not a Power *qui a cessé de prendre*.

The intelligence of the fall of Geok Tepe, and the uncertainty prevailing as to the next step which the Russians may take, cannot but intensify the anxiety which prevails on the question of the abandonment of Candahar. On this question, more perhaps than on any other, the Government have displayed a mixture of secretiveness and indifference to expert opinion which, if it had been displayed by their predecessors, would have been made the theme of denunciations on a hundred platforms. No valid arguments have yet been offered for the abandonment of the glacis of India. It is understood that the balance of professional opinion is immensely in favour of its retention. The singular manner in which the Government treated the question of Lord NAPIER'S memorandum in the House of Lords the other night seems to show that their conclusion, however it has been arrived at, has not been assisted or retarded by any reference to professional judgment. Recent events, indeed, have made it impossible that that judgment should not be against them. The events of the latter part of the summer of 1880 proved two things:—first, that Candahar can be very easily reached from the north; secondly, that it is a sufficient barrier to a further advance southwards. No argument can get over this plain and simple lesson of events, and, to do the Government justice, they have not attempted any. Their reticence long seemed to demand from persons who like to observe old-fashioned rules of courtesy an abstinence from comment on an undecided case. The case seems to be decided now, and fresh evidence against the wisdom of the decision continues to accumulate. The question of the victories of the Russians on the frontier of Northern Afghanistan cannot be left out of consideration in discussing the wisdom of retaining a hold on Southern Afghanistan. We can only hope that the final decision to abandon Candahar had nothing to do with the reported Russian engagement to retire from Geok Tepe, a thing which is at least not impossible. The value of the assurances obtained by Liberal statesmen from Russia has been, one would have thought, sufficiently demonstrated; indeed, that value is now what may be called an irrational quantity. For when Liberals themselves take pains, as they did two or three years ago, to argue that the chance of a quarrel with the other party to a contract *ipso facto* absolves the contractor from his bargain, it would be idle chivalry on the part of the Czar's advisers not to take them at their word. According to reason and precedent, an agreement that we should retire from Candahar, and the Russians from the country of the Akhal Tékkés, would mean that we should retire and that the Russians should not. This may be in any case the result; but it would be at least gratifying to national vanity if it were attained without the conclusion of a rather discreditable and perfectly futile bargain.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

THE most hopeful circumstance connected with the last Turkish proposal of negotiation is the assent which it has received from the European Governments. The Cabinets seem to have some reason which is not obvious to private observers for relying on the good faith of the Porte. It is true that, according to the ordinary practice of diplomacy, an offer of negotiation would imply a disposition to compromise. In the Note of the 3rd of October the Turkish Government had offered a cession of territory which was unanimously rejected by the Powers as insufficient. Another declaration contained in the Note was immediately afterwards retracted by the surrender of Daloigno. The French proposal of arbitration, which was the next step in the transaction, ultimately fell through after prolonged discussion, unless, indeed, it may be virtu-

ally revived in the form of a *Requiescence* of Ambassadors at Constantinople. It was always understood that arbitration was merely an ostensible title for a settlement of the main question to be determined beforehand. A negotiation for the arrangement of the frontier will have precisely the same object, and it will, by the present method, be neither more nor less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. It may be assumed that the Governments have received assurances that the Porte is now ready to advance on its former concessions. On the other hand, it seems to be understood that the demand for the surrender of Janina and Metzovo is no longer to be pressed. It is not yet known whether Greece has demanded admission to the Conference. The Porte has hitherto contended that it has no obligation to Greece, although it admits a responsibility, of which the extent is undefined, to the Powers which took part in the Congress of Berlin; but there is no reason to suppose that the technical objection will be either seriously urged or admitted by the representatives of the Governments. The principal obstacle to the participation of Greece in the negotiation will be found rather at Athens than at Constantinople. The Greek Government has to the present time affected to consider the recommendation of the Conference of Berlin as final, and attendance at a Conference would be an admission that the question was still open to discussion.

If the Porte could be trusted to act openly and to consult its own true interest, it would now have an opportunity of putting itself in the right against a litigious adversary. The cession of the greater part of the territory in dispute, on the sole condition that the Greek Government should acknowledge that its claims were satisfied, would involve no painful sacrifice if the offer were accepted, and it would deprive the Greeks of all hope of foreign aid if they obstinately persisted in their project of offensive war. It is asserted, with much probability, that the SULTAN and the advisers whom he trusts desire, as the most advantageous solution of the difficulty, a single-handed war with Greece. It is highly probable that the result of such a struggle would be the retention by Turkey of the whole of the territory in dispute; but it may be confidently affirmed that it would not be for the interest of the Porte to remain in possession of provinces which have, on grounds of expediency, been more or less formally adjudicated by the Great Powers of Europe to belong to Greece. If, nevertheless, the Plénipotentiaires at Constantinople are forced to attribute a rupture exclusively to the pertinacity of the Greek Government, the Powers will necessarily remain neutral in the contest. Notwithstanding the general repugnance to war, it is not certain that, if the Porte were to precipitate a quarrel, Greece might not receive from some of them aid and countenance. There have been several modifications of Eastern policy within the last six months, and there is no reason to suppose that the possibilities of danger are exhausted. The Russian Government, which has after some hesitation concurred in the Turkish project of a new Conference, might possibly not be disappointed at the failure of negotiation by the fault of the Porte, although it is perhaps not at present disposed to promote or permit disturbances in Bulgaria or Macedonia.

The Greek Government has not ostensibly relaxed its preparations for war; and, with or without its connivance, it is urged forward by popular agitation. The Ministers, and even the Chamber, are threatened with the displeasure of the nation if they listen to proposals of compromise; but the Government is well aware that it would be held more strictly responsible for defeat. Warlike journalists and demagogues only know at second-hand the strong diplomatic pressure which is, with no unfriendly purpose, applied to the Government. The advocates of war still affect to believe that arbitrators who repudiate both the authority and the judgment ascribed to them have given a conclusive award in favour of Greece. There can be little doubt that, as regards some of the Powers, the Greeks are historically in the right. Lord GRANVILLE, in one of his despatches on the Conference, proposed that it should be announced to the litigants "*avec l'invitation à chacun des Puissances intéressées d'avoir à s'y conformer*." The French word *invitation* has a more peremptory meaning than the similar English word. If the contention of Greece is well founded, the controversy is frivolous and irrelevant to the material issue. States are not in the habit of engaging in unequal wars merely because they have a good or a plausible cause of quarrel. In the present instance Greece has a much better right to reproach its backward friends

and patrons than to attack Turkey, on which it has no legal claim. The moral right of Greece to liberate and govern the Greek population of Thessaly might justify an appeal to arms if it was likely to be successful. It is not worth while to inquire into the right of a man or a nation to commit an act of ruinous folly. If it were admitted that all parties were to blame, the fact remains that Turkey, especially on the defensive, is more than a match for Greece. The Berlin Congress and the Berlin Conference encouraged unfounded expectations; and Lord BEACONSFIELD himself may possibly have believed that Janina would be surrendered by Turkey when he expatiated on the territorial aggrandizement of Greece; but either the assembled Plenipotentiaries and the late Prime Minister were misunderstood, or they afterwards changed their minds. The Greeks have still more reason to resent the encouragement which they received from Lord ROSEBURY'S Committee, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S unauthorized assurance that, if they went to war, they would not stand alone. That they have deceived themselves and been deceived by others is no reason for running their heads against a wall. In one despatch the Greek Minister gratuitously puts himself in the wrong. It is, he says, the first time that the Powers have recognized the right of Turkey to any dominion in Europe. No good title, he proceeds to argue, can be derived from four hundred years of usurpation. The Porte would be perfectly justified in treating Mr. COMMOUDOUROS'S outrageous paradox as an admission that Greece would, even after an amicable settlement, be restrained by no regard for good faith or international law. Not to go farther back, Mr. COMMOUDOUROS has surely heard of the Treaty of Berlin, and of the territory which it guaranteed to the SULTAN.

There is probably no foundation for the report that the Turkish Government is disposed to enlarge its concessions in Thessaly on condition of a modification of the Greek demands with reference to Epirus. Arrangements of this kind would be objectionable in principle, because there is no reason why one district containing a Greek population should remain under Turkish rule that another might be liberated. It may be doubted whether any Turkish negotiator has voluntarily offered even contingently to surrender any portion of territory which had not been the subject of a claim. In discussing the line of the North-Western frontier the Porte may perhaps not be a free agent. The population in those parts is wholly or partly Albanian, and it may perhaps interfere in the disposal of its territory. The Albanian League was originally formed with the sanction of the SULTAN, as an auxiliary force, and, at the same time, as a pretext for rejecting troublesome demands. It was convenient to answer remonstrances on delay in performing the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty by the suggestion that the inhabitants of districts required to be ceded would not acquiesce in the transfer of their allegiance, and could not properly be coerced. The half-civilized Albanians seem not to have appreciated the motives which induced the Porte to promote their organization. They seriously disapproved of the surrender of territory to Montenegro, and they were perhaps surprised when DERVISH PASHA compelled them to obey the commands of the SULTAN. The League has not been dissolved; and the tribes now claim an independence which it may perhaps be difficult to withhold. They even threaten an alliance with Greece if their demands are refused, and it is possible that their overtures may partially explain the warlike attitude of the Greek Government; yet it would be dangerous to trust to their support, because the Turkish Government could at any time recover the allegiance of the Albanians by granting their demands. If Albania achieves local independence, it will be a troublesome neighbour to the new possessors of the neighbouring districts of Epirus. It is probable that the Greeks count on the aid of other allies in the Balkan peninsula; but they would not be well advised in assisting to destroy what remains of the sovereignty of the SULTAN. They are more likely to extend their influence in the decaying Turkish Empire than in the Slavonic principalities. In the present crisis an impartial judge between the litigants would give the same opinion which would be expressed by a prudent partisan of Greece. It is desirable to gain as much as possible in negotiation, and it can in no case be expedient to incur the risk of war. The clamour of the mob ought not to determine the policy of the nation.

THE DIGNITY OF THE BENCH.

THE meeting of the Bar called to discuss the proposed abolition of the two chiefships of the Common Law Division must have disappointed most of those who attended it, and all who only read its proceedings. If the Bar met for such a purpose and on such an occasion, it was to be presumed that it met because in a matter which interested it, and as to the merits of which it had special knowledge, it could urge something that was of real moment and that ought to exercise a powerful influence over public opinion. The Government has resolved on the abolition, a large majority of the judges has approved of it, the legal heads of both political parties think that it will conduce to the public benefit. Under these circumstances it was scarcely worth while for the Bar to come forward unless it had something very precise and pointed to say against the proposal, some new and telling arguments to put forward which might at the last moment convince the public and Parliament that the Government and the majority of the Judges, and Lord SELBORNE and Lord CAIRNS, were all making a serious mistake. But when the meeting got to work, it appeared that the Bar had no opinions to offer or arguments to put forward. All it could manage was a desultory chat. Mr. FORSYTH doubted very much whether some men would give up lucrative practice and a seat in Parliament for a puisne judgeship. Except to keep himself in harmony with the sentiment of mild perplexity which pervaded the meeting, Mr. FORSYTH need not have kept himself within the modest limits of a doubt on the point. Experience has long removed any doubt. Some such men will take puisne judgeships, and others will not. The next speaker had his own little question to put. What would be the use of Attorney-Generals if such offences were to be abolished? This was the kind of argument which Mr. FORSYTH, when forecasting the decision of the meeting, thought would make Parliament think once and twice, and even thrice, before it supported the Government. Even Mr. BIGGAR would hardly like to oppose the Ministry on the broad basis that the only possible use of Attorney-Generals was to get Chief Justiceships. Then came Sir GEORGE BOWYER, and his contribution was a delicate disquisition on the *onus probandi*. He thought that, if enough trouble was taken to work out the problem, it would appear that the *onus probandi* lay on those who supported the abolition. He spoke as if he had got a special curse in his pocket, which, if the meeting approved so awful a proceeding, he could pull out, and with which he could blight and blast every one. The meeting seemed to think the *onus probandi* had better stay where it was, and rambled off into general statements of incompetence to form any opinion at all. Speaker after speaker said that he did not know whether the abolition would do good or would do harm; but, as a gentleman and a man of some learning and much honour, he would not shrink from saying that, if he could be made to understand that the change would do good, he would support it; and if he could be made to understand that it would do harm, he would oppose it. This was the final expression of the opinion of the Bar in a matter which was supposed to be especially within its own province. After this meeting, the contest—if there can be said to have been a contest—may be treated as at an end. The abolition of the chiefships has been decided on, and will be carried out.

It would be scarcely worth while to recur to the proposed change which the Bar found certain beyond the possibility of all but the slightest doubt, and left certain beyond the possibility of all doubts whatever, had it not been that a much more formidable opponent of the change than any who spoke at the meeting has lately come forward. Mr. Justice STEPHEN has published his views in the *Nineteenth Century* on the bad effects of this and other recent legal changes. He does not, indeed, set any great importance on the retention or abolition of the two chiefships. What he objects to is their being abolished in pursuance of a general scheme of reform which he thinks bad, and thinks bad for the reason that it tends to lower the dignity of the Bench. Whatever Mr. Justice STEPHEN writes is sure to be clear; it is sure to be vigorous; it is sure to be free from such trivialities as the final cause of Attorney-Generals and the awful problem of the *onus probandi*. And when a judge utters a warning against so serious a

national evil as the lowering of the Bench, all that he says deserves attentive consideration. Nor can most people honestly say that what Mr. Justice STEPHEN urges is not new to them, or that they have heard and disposed of it before they read his article. The basis of his argument is that the highest qualities of a judge are called forth, not when he decides points of law, but when he presides over a jury. This is the task which gives him public standing and dignity. It is this that makes men admire, and reverence, and bow to him. Questions of law and questions of procedure are all settled in the background. It is only when he presides over a jury trial that a judge walks the stage with the recognized importance of playing a first-rate part. By the dignity of the Bench Mr. Justice STEPHEN means the dignity of presiding over juries; and he objects to the abolition of the chiefships because it tends to impair the dignity which presiding over jury trials alone can give. It is Attorney-Generals to whom these chiefships ordinarily fall; and that there should be such offices, and that there should be Attorney-Generals to take them, sustains the dignity of the Bench in two ways. It supplies a contingent of judges specially fitted to preside over juries, as Attorney-Generals have been in the habit for years of taking part in jury proceedings, and are generally not mere lawyers, but men of the world, accustomed to the bustle of Parliament, and fitted to play an imposing part in public. Then, again, the mere fact that places of the highest honour are conferred on judges of the first instance tends to maintain the dignity of the jury-presiding judges, and to make it clear that there is nothing in itself more dignified in hearing appeals than in presiding over trials. Really the balance of dignity ought to be the other way, and if the intrinsic merit of the two performances had alone to be considered, a judge ought properly to begin as a Lord Justice, and if he kept his health and did well, he ought to be promoted to a puisne judgeship.

There is, however, in the opinion of Mr. Justice STEPHEN, something better than the retention of the chiefships as a counterpoise to the Lords Justices, and that is to do away with the Lords Justices altogether. All judges below the House of Lords might be on the same level, and then, as there would be no invidious comparisons, the dignity of all would be increased. They could easily provide among themselves a subordinate Court of Appeal on which all would sit in rotation. And not only would this allow all judges to attain the only true eminence to which a judge can legitimately aspire, that of presiding with dignity over a jury trial, but it would furnish the only possible means of reconciling the jury system with a system of immediate appeal. For, if a new trial was moved for, the judge who had presided at the original trial could always be put on the rota of appeal which heard the motion, and thus he would be recognized as being as high as any other judge, and would not fulfil the humble office of a mere commissioner reporting to his superiors in the Appeal Court what he had endeavoured to do to the best of his power in some remote country place. There are many subsidiary observations, full of good sense and excellent in themselves, on the glaring defects in our present appellate system, but this is the main line of Mr. Justice STEPHEN's arguments. It all comes to this. The highest eminence of a judge is to preside over juries, and if this eminence is not distinctly recognized as the highest, at any rate let nothing be put above it. The majority of the judges do not agree with Mr. Justice STEPHEN, and the most convenient mode of criticizing a judge who differs from his brethren is to imagine the reasons which may have weighed with the majority. They may have observed that, although to preside over trials demands very high qualities, many men of different standing and power seem to do the work very fairly well. Few judges are appointed because they are great in their knowledge of and power over juries. They are mostly appointed because they have done leading business well, or are known as good lawyers. Even if they are as unaccustomed to jury trials as Chancery barristers used to be, they appear to learn very quickly how to get on with juries. In these days the Chancery Courts are more and more occupied with the *viva voce* examination of witnesses, and it may now be said that all leading barristers are being trained for jury work. No doubt presiding over juries is not only a dignified, but an instructive, office; and it is because of this that the judges of appeal, as well as the judges of the first instance, are made

to go Circuit. Of course every judge who sits as a judge of first instance is liable to be overruled on appeal; but there does not seem any reason why a judge who has tried a case with a jury should be more humiliated because he is overruled than a judge who has given a decision after hearing the oral evidence of witnesses. In fact, in so far as his work has been lightened by a portion of the burden having been cast on the jury, he ought in reason to feel less humiliated. Probably much of this supposed humiliation is a mere question of language. A judge who makes a mistake in law is said to misdirect a jury, and this seems as if he had done more than make a mistake in law, and had somehow not been quite up to his business. Every judge who makes a mistake misdirects somebody. If there is no jury, he misdirects himself; and the process is exactly the same, and involves no more reproach in one case than the other. In answer to the suggestion that all judges should be on an equality, and provide a Court of Appeal by rotation, the majority of the judges might have paid attention to the fact that the suitors would not like it. If they pay for an appeal, they want to have a strong Court of Appeal. Lords Justices BRAMWELL, BRETT, and LUSH have all been puisne judges, and they are now in the Appeal Court because they are the three judges whom, under Mr. Justice STEPHEN's system, suitors would wish to see on the rota when their case came on. It may also have occurred to the majority of judges to doubt whether the dignity and fame of judges is exclusively connected in public estimation with presiding over jury trials. If any one was asked who were the most eminent men of the present day both as advocates and judges, he would unhesitatingly reply, Lord CAIRNS and Lord SELBORNE, neither of whom probably has ever sat in a jury case. Such men give dignity to the Bench, and so do strong judges of appeal, and judges peculiarly fitted to preside over jury trials. All work, each in his own sphere, towards maintaining their common dignity, and so long as the right men are appointed, the dignity of the Bench may be expected to endure without much anxiety being expended on it.

SOUTH AFRICA.

IT is possible that an important or decisive action may by this time have been fought on the border of the Transvaal. As soon as the news of the revolt was received, Lord KIMBERLEY directed Sir G. P. COLLY to transfer to a deputy the administration of Natal, and to assume in person the political and military conduct of affairs in the Transvaal. Sir G. COLLY has thus far executed the order with remarkable promptitude. He thought it better to advance at once with the troops at his disposal than to wait for the reinforcements which have since arrived at Durban. He is strong in artillery, of which the insurgents have no provision; but his mounted infantry may perhaps scarcely be as efficient for purposes of rapid movement as the Boers who pass their lives on horseback. When the troops which have been disembarked at Durban arrive at the front, the inequality will be in some degree removed. It is satisfactory to learn from the published despatches that, on the first rising of the Boers, Sir G. COLLY thought that the force at his disposal was sufficient for the Transvaal, though a regiment would be required to replace the troops which must be withdrawn from Natal. The disaster which afterwards befel a part of the 94th Regiment on its march to Pretoria may have qualified his judgment; and there is reason to fear that the garrison of Leydenburg, forming part of the same regiment, has since been compelled to surrender. Civilians, and even military men, at a distance from the scene of action can form no competent judgment of the prudence of Sir G. COLLY's vigorous movement. Until the result is known, it is reasonable to repose confidence in the judgment of a skilful and experienced soldier, who has taken all the circumstances into consideration. The declarations of the Government in the debate provoked by Mr. RYLANDS are already known in the Transvaal, and are said to have produced a good effect. The small minority which voted for Mr. RYLANDS's motion would have greatly aggravated the danger if it had induced the Government to exhibit a tendency to waver. It is highly necessary to reassure loyal subjects and to convince the rebels that they must choose between submission and a resistance which is ultimately hopeless. At the beginning of the insurrection the leaders seem, in their ignorance of

political affairs, to have supposed that they could throw off the sovereignty of England without resort to actual war. Any illusion of the kind is now effectually dispelled. It is useless to conjecture whether the revolt was encouraged by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Midlothian repudiation of the policy of the late Government. He has now repudiated in the ordinary sense of the word the repudiation which it seems was intended only to express regret and disapproval. It is an equally unprofitable inquiry whether the progress and impunity of the Land League encouraged another body of disaffected agitators. The absurd report that a subordinate member of the Government has expressed treasonable sympathy with the rebellion may be summarily disregarded.

In a despatch of last November Sir OWEN LANTON opportunely reproduced the language in which the late President of the South African Republic explained and excused the annexation. The measure was, as the result has shown, detrimental to the interests of England; but it was honestly and on probable grounds intended for the benefit of the Transvaal. If Sir OWEN LANTON may be trusted, the great majority of the population continued to the eve of the insurrection to approve the policy which in the first instance received the unanimous, though tacit, sanction of the whole community. "Nearly every man I have conversed with has told me that the old form of Government was not only contemptible, but a source of danger, which he was glad had passed away; but still the same man will afterwards attend one of these mass meetings simply through the absence of all power of self-assertion and the lack of political self-dependence which is the outcome of an isolated life." At that time Sir OWEN LANTON thought that the leaders had no intention of bringing on open revolt; but he considered it necessary that the Government should take active measures to suppress the agitation. The methods of sedition vary but little in different parts of the Empire. In one case a party of Boers went to the Landroost, and informed him that they would not pay their taxes. Shortly afterwards, one of them returned and paid up all his dues, stipulating that the fact should not be made known. It is well known that the decrees of the Irish Land League have in numerous cases been similarly evaded. Mr. BURGERS illustrated in the speeches which he delivered immediately before the annexation the condition from which the Transvaal has been relieved at the expense of England. He asked the Volksraad whether the English could allow anarchy and rebellion to prevail on their borders. At that time Kaffir chiefs were in possession of farms from which they had with impunity expelled the Boer occupiers. Mr. BURGERS ridiculed the idea, which indeed had not been seriously entertained, of fighting for independence. "Let them make the best of the situation, and get the best terms they possibly could. Let them agree to join hands to those of their brethren in the South, and then from the Cape to Zambesi there would be one great people." Relying on such official statements, and supported by a force of twenty or thirty men, Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE proclaimed, without serious protest, the sovereignty of the QUEEN. It is admitted that, as an English officer, he exercised unsound discretion; but the benefits which he offered to the people of the Transvaal have been in great measure conferred, while the delay of establishing a representative Government is wholly caused by the obstinacy of the Boers.

For the first time since the settlement of the country there has been an efficient Government. The revenues have been applied to purposes of public utility, and justice has been regularly administered. At an enormous cost of English money and life the people of the Transvaal have been secured against the imminent hostility of native chiefs. The annexation was effected immediately after the defeat of the Boers by SECOCOENI, and at a time when the great power of CETEWATO was apparently about to be employed against the Republic. Since the annexation CETEWATO has been defeated and dethroned, his army has been disbanded, and his territory is distributed among a number of petty chiefs. SECOCOENI also has been conquered; and it is because they have been relieved by English arms from the danger of native hostility that the Boers are at leisure to organize a revolt. The morality of the Zulu war has never been established to the satisfaction of Englishmen; but the people of the Transvaal are estopped from objecting to a policy which relieved them from a formidable danger. It is difficult to suppress a feeling of regret that they had not the opportunity of encountering the Zulu

army without English aid. One of the causes of the war was the strained interpretation which, in the interest of the Boers, Sir BARTLE FRANKS gave to a territorial award which had been given against them in favour of the Zulu King. There is nevertheless reason to believe that some of the Transvaal leaders attempted to intrigue against English interests with both their hereditary enemies. Having secured the protection which they required, they would gladly have embarrassed by native disturbances the Government which had secured their peace and safety. It is said that during the present insurrection the Boers have in vain attempted to enlist in their cause the Swazis, who were formerly their allies, and some of the petty Zulu chiefs. If the accusation is true, they will have thoroughly alienated the sympathy of their former well-wishers at the Cape. Even the prejudiced and violent leaders of the revolt will scarcely venture to ally themselves with the Basutos.

The disfavour with which Mr. RYLANDS'S motion was received will probably prevent the renewal of ill-timed discussions in Parliament. The political issue is suspended during the continuance of hostilities. Any anticipation of the results of the campaign which is now beginning would be premature. It is only known that Sir G. COLLIER has assumed the offensive, and that he will soon be joined by considerable reinforcements. The beleaguered garrisons are said to have sufficient supplies, and they have little to fear from the assaults of an enemy who has no artillery, while that of Pretoria, at any rate, has been able to make a most successful sortie. As in all thinly-peopled countries, the large spaces to be traversed form the principal difficulty of an invader. The little towns or villages which are scattered over the country are for the most part loyal to the English Government. If the Boers suffer any early and considerable defeat, some of their number will probably declare themselves on the winning side. If, on the other hand, the English army meets with reverses, they must be redeemed, whatever may be the cost of the effort. Discussion as to the future settlement of the province is at present likely to do nothing but mischief. It may be hoped that no offensive Minister will think it necessary to make any more half promises to irresponsible philanthropists, native or foreign. It is highly probable that political reasons may both justify and require the permanent assertion of a sovereignty which seems at first sight unprofitable. It is a duty to protect the English and loyal Dutch of the Transvaal, and to secure the natives from oppression. It may also be necessary to keep alive a title which might hereafter be disregarded, if it had become obsolete, by some rival Power. It is possible that an ambitious Government might acquire Delagoa Bay, as a means of access to a large territory in the interior. The sympathy which some foreign journals express for the Boers is not incompatible with projects of aggrandisement. It would be undesirable to sacrifice one of the few advantages connected with the possession of South Africa, which consists in the absence of European neighbours.

FRANCE.

ENGLISH politicians have occasionally been accused of coquetting with the licensed victuallers, but none of them have ever identified themselves so completely with the publicans as M. GAMBETTA has lately thought fit to identify himself with the wineshopkeepers of Paris. The President of the Chamber of Deputies spent the eve of his re-election to the chair in taking counsel with these injured tradesmen how to temper the cruel severity of the existing law against adulteration. This is a fresh and striking instance of the subordination in which the French consumer stands to the French producer. It might have been expected that M. GAMBETTA, sitting for a working-class quarter of Paris, and leading a party in which the working-class element is exceedingly strong, would have been more anxious to secure sound wine for his constituents than to make it easier for the wineshopkeepers to dispose of the compounds which they too often substitute for wine. The two interests cannot both be consulted. The man who drinks wine and the man who adulterates wine are natural enemies. The one looks to the law for protection; the other thinks how to evade the law until he is able to deprive it of its sting. At one part of his speech M. GAMBETTA did seem to have the consumer in view. The wineshopkeepers, he said, are a very important class

in a society which contains large masses of workmen. "Labour creates thirst." The natural conclusion from this maxim would seem to be that the class which labours most, and consequently is most thirsty, is also the class which most needs the help of the law to ensure that the liquor with which it quenches its thirst should be genuine and, at all events, as wholesome as it is in its nature to be. But this is not M. GAMBETTA's conclusion. The inference he draws from the relation existing between labour and thirst is that it is the man who adulterates wine, not the man who drinks it, that needs protection. No doubt M. GAMBETTA admits that there are some forms of adulteration which deserve severe punishment. The cheers which followed this assertion on his part proved, what might have been guessed beforehand, that none of the wineshopkeepers who listened to him were prepared to deny the position when thus nakedly stated. In the lowest depths of adulteration there is probably a lower depth still; the man who puts strychnine into beer would be shocked at the suggestion that he should put in arsenic. The best test of the efficiency of a law against adulteration is the fact that those against whom it is directed are eager to get it made milder. The French law against the adulteration of wine seems to fulfil this condition. The wineshopkeeper who is convicted of selling for wine a compound which is not wine has his condemnation posted outside his shop and is deprived of his civil rights. This last penalty may very possibly be too severe, inasmuch as it leaves no place for repentance. But the former is exactly what the case demands. The best punishment that can possibly be inflicted for adulteration is loss of custom. Gain is the end for which adulteration is practised, and if its detection makes further gain impossible, or greatly reduces it, the adaptation of the punishment to the offence seems complete. M. GAMBETTA is shocked at the thought that a man may be ruined by merely adding something to the wine he sells. It does not seem to occur to him that the man in question might have avoided ruin by the simple expedient of being honest. When a dealer once understands what the law with regard to adulteration is, he deserves no pity if he comes within its grasp. If he had only chosen to be honest and sell his goods under true names, no harm would have come to him. Apparently M. GAMBETTA is of opinion that the workmen of Belleville will feel so much sympathy with men who break the law and suffer for it, that they will forget that it is they themselves who are injured by the breach of the law. Even under a Republican Government their hatred for the law is stronger than their love for honest liquor.

The PRESIDENT of the CHAMBER adopted a more dignified tone when returning thanks next day for his re-election. To English ideas his address to the Chamber would have been more in place if he had been either President of the Republic or Prime Minister. But this particular anomaly is one with which the French people have long been familiar, and, if they do not mind it, it would be idle in foreigners to criticize it. Englishmen would think it strange if the Speaker began the last Session of a Parliament by praising the House of Commons for what they had already done, and enumerating the Bills which it yet remained for them to pass. But then they would have thought it equally strange if Mr. GLADSTONE had shown his appreciation of his victory at the elections by taking Mr. BRAND's place. The whole situation is so anomalous that it is impossible to judge it by any English standard. It is of more importance to note that the assumption of authority on M. GAMBETTA's part was more marked than on any previous occasion, and thus entirely bears out the universal belief that the close of the present session will mark the term of his quasi-retirement from political life. In one way or another, it seems to be understood that, as soon as he is satisfied that the electors have returned him as obedient a Chamber as there is any chance of his getting, he will relieve M. FERRY of his post, and become in name what even during this present Parliament he has been in fact. It is satisfactory to find that M. GAMBETTA's tone grows milder under the sense of approaching responsibility. He complimented the Chamber on having spent its time to so much purpose, but he made no open reference to the ecclesiastical quarrels with which, under his influence, it has of late been so much occupied. Whether we may infer from this that M. GAMBETTA thinks the conflict has already gone on long enough it is hard to say, but it would not be surprising if the recent victory of the

Government at the municipal elections had brought about some such change. If it has been shown that the mass of the electors have no tears to spare for the dispersion of the religious orders, it has also been proved that the influence of the Irreconcilables, even in Paris, is very much less than was anticipated. M. GAMBETTA may consequently feel that it is no longer necessary to bid for their support.

The Republic owes to these same elections the adhesion of a somewhat conspicuous convert. M. DUGUÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE has resigned his seat, on the ground that, having been elected in 1877 as a Bonapartist, he has now ceased to be one. The letter in which he explains this conversion is marked by much good sense. The writer has at length satisfied himself that France is Republican, and that the disasters which have been expected to follow from that fact are merely imaginary. When the elections of 1876 returned a Republican majority, it seemed just possible that the result was due to surprise or misconception. But when the elections of 1877, conducted as they were under conditions extraordinarily favourable to the Conservative cause, gave the same answer, it was no longer possible to doubt that France wished the Republic to be given a fair trial. What was not then so certain was the issue of that trial. It might be that the definitive establishment of the Republic would lead to confusion and disorder; and the election of the next President seemed a most natural occasion for this result to manifest itself. But, when M. GRÉVY succeeded Marshal MACMAHON in the most ordinary way imaginable, and when, finally, the municipal elections made it evident that Republican ideas have gained the command even of those local bodies which have been hitherto the stronghold of the reactionary party, M. DUGUÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE could no longer resist the combined testimony of all these events. There is not now, he thinks, any middle term between the Republic and the traditional monarchy; and, as he cannot accept the traditional monarchy, he has made up his mind to become a Republican. He does not blame Bonapartists who take the opposite course, and seek to reconcile themselves with the Royalists; but he thinks that it is no longer possible to halt midway between the two. Bonapartism as a creed professing to find a substitute for Republicanism has ceased in his eyes to have any meaning. All that those who have till now held it have to determine is in what direction they shall turn their departing feet. M. DUGUÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE's view of the future of Bonapartism, properly so called, seems to be strictly true. It is another question what chances there may be for the democratic section of the party after they have frankly reconciled themselves with the Republic.

THE TAKING OF LIMA.

THE successes of Chili have been so great that the war seems virtually at an end. After the battle of Chorillos, in which the Peruvians are said to have lost 7,000 men and 70 guns, the Chilians advanced towards the capital and found that they had still another battle to fight. The President of Peru, PIEROLA, with an army of 25,000 men, was posted at Miraflores to make a last stand. As the Chilian army, which had landed with under 26,000 men, had already fought two battles and are said to have suffered heavily in the battle of Chorillos, the Peruvians at Miraflores must have had a numerical superiority. But the Chilian troops were of a much better quality, were flushed with victory, and had, it can scarcely be doubted, a much more formidable artillery, after the loss by the Peruvians of their guns at Chorillos. At Miraflores the Peruvians seem to have fought well, for they both suffered and inflicted heavy losses. Throughout the war there has been much hard fighting on both sides, and if the Chilians have won, it is partly because they were stronger in physique, better led, and better disciplined, but partly also because they have had the more powerful artillery. After their final victory, the Chilians entered Lima unopposed, and found that the Peruvian PRESIDENT had fled, apparently as a solitary fugitive, so that he has neither the means nor the wish to continue the war outside. A day or two after Lima was thus quietly taken, the fortress of Callao was surrendered, without any attempt having been made to defend it. The Peruvians have accepted the blow that fate has dealt them, and have recognized that a further struggle would be use-

is not much doubt that proposals of this kind will from time to time be made; but, however anxious a Minister, and especially a Minister not in the Cabinet, may be to contribute his share to the Statute Book, his success in doing so will be largely determined by the extent to which the public have been prepared for his measures. Every year the throng of Bills becomes greater and the available time for their discussion less. Private members have long ceased to have anything more than an occasional chance of carrying a measure through, and even Ministerial proposals have now to sustain a good deal of mutual jostling. No one Minister can look forward with any certainty to bringing his proposals safely out of the crush unless he is able to prove that people out of doors are expecting their introduction with evident interest. In this way, it may be hoped that Mr. FAWCETT will find his pamphlet really useful. It will help to set the public thinking what the Post Office now does and what it can be made to do. When they are once in this mood they will be very much more likely to give Mr. FAWCETT that kindly support in developing the system which will enable his proposals to survive the struggle for Parliamentary existence which is so often fatal to useful but unpretending legislation.

The success of Mr. FAWCETT's last experiment, the provision for deposits of one shilling by means of forms to which twelve penny stamps have gradually been affixed, shows that the difficulty which probably first suggests itself in connexion with the process of saving has no existence. No one seems to be really deterred from saving by the fact that he has very little to save, or that, when saved, it will bring him a very small amount of interest. To put by a penny at a time, and to look forward to the filling of the first form with postage-stamps as a goal to be slowly and painfully reached, implies a degree of poverty which would seem at first sight to make thrift impossible. It must be a long time before the sum thus put by can bring in any interest, inasmuch as twenty of these forms must be deposited with the Post Office authorities before the minimum at which interest begins is reached. Yet the experiment has proved that there are a large number of persons who are eager to lay by money, even under these disadvantages. Of course to persons thus painfully storing up coppers an interest which would seem unimportant to larger investors will have a real attraction. Whether interest begins to be credited when a pound has been accumulated, or whether this point is reached as soon as there are ten shillings in the bank, may seem a trifle. But to investors of the class whom Mr. FAWCETT has now succeeded in touching even threepence is not a sum to be despised. Supposing that a woman or a child is able to send in one of these forms each month, the selection of the sovereign or the half-sovereign as the point at which interest is calculated will determine whether it begins to be paid at the end of the first or not till far on in the second year of saving. At the other end of the Post Office scale comes the class which buys Consols, and this experiment also has already proved a thorough success. There seemed no very obvious reason why people who could already deposit their savings at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest in the Post Office Savings Bank should prefer to invest them in a security where the convenience of withdrawal was less, and the interest paid only very slightly higher. Perhaps it is the very absence of this convenience of withdrawal that makes the new process popular. Money lying in the Savings Bank may suggest the idea of removal too plainly, whereas money invested in Consols may be regarded as more completely raised beyond the vicissitudes of human things. It will be interesting hereafter to note, by a comparison between the purchases and sales, whether money laid out in the purchase of Consols is regarded as a more permanent investment than money deposited in the Savings Bank. If it should prove to be so considered, it will constitute a strong argument in favour of reducing the limit below which investments in Consols are not permitted. The more money saved comes to be treated as something put aside for old age, and not as something liable to the more frequently arising needs of a rainy day, the better the object of the State in providing these facilities will have been answered.

The department of Post Office thrift which gives most room for extension is that of annuities and life insurances. As yet neither of these modes of disposing of money is at all equal in popularity to that of simple deposit at call. As regards the latter, it is easy to understand why this

should be the case. The money invested in life insurance is altogether withdrawn from the control of the investor, and it provides against contingencies which do not come keenly home to the English poor. They are anxious about contingencies that may befall them at any moment, such as sickness or loss of work; and sometimes, though less often, they are anxious about old age. But the notion of realized wealth is too unfamiliar to them to create any strong desire to leave money behind them. That passion for saving for their children which is so strong in the French people is hardly known to them. Their idea of insurance is that of payments effected by present self-denial in order to secure a benefit that can never be realized until they have become unable to profit by it. As regards annuities, however, there is no good reason why they should not be popular. The very indifference of the English poor to leaving money behind them ought to dispose them to a mode of investment which secures that the investor himself shall reap the whole benefit of his savings. The figures referring to deferred annuities, in particular, are of a kind which seem very well calculated to attract purchasers. If a man of thirty has 50*l.* in the Savings Bank, that does not seem a very large sum to pay for an annuity of 20*l.* a year to begin when he is sixty. The comparatively easy savings of his youth may thus be made to secure their owner against want when he is growing old.

More perhaps might be done to make the purchase of deferred annuities, on the principle of the premiums being returned in event of death or inability to continue the payments before reaching the age of 60, better known. The example given in Mr. FAWCETT's pamphlet is that of a man of 30 buying an annuity of 10*l.*, to begin when he is 60, by an annual payment of something over 2*l.* If at 50 he dies, or ceases to pay any further premium, he or his representatives will be able to claim the money, just over 40*l.*, which he had paid up to that time. Considering how little store the poor seem to set by the interest accruing on their savings, it is surprising that this mode of using them is not more popular. The principal is not lost until the age of 60 is reached, and then it is only foregone in consideration of a proportionately large annuity. It is worthy of Mr. FAWCETT's consideration whether some further variations in the methods of purchasing annuities cannot be devised. The experience of the American insurance offices goes to show that the wants and circumstances of insurers are immensely various, and that the more closely the alternatives held out by insurance offices correspond to these wants and circumstances the more they attract purchasers. No doubt the Post Office is hampered by the low interest which, in comparison with private insurance societies, it is able to obtain for the money deposited with it. The American Companies owe most of their success to the large returns they make on their investments, and the correspondingly large offers they have been able to make to insurers or buyers of annuities. The Post Office can invest in nothing but Government Stock, nor is it desirable that an institution holding and giving a Government guarantee should be authorized to deal with more speculative securities. But something may be done to render the offers of the Post Office as attractive as variety can make them. Purchasers of annuities like to see that their individual wants have to some extent been consulted, and that, alike in the manner in which the premiums have to be paid and in the manner in which the annuities are to be enjoyed, the convenience of the annuitant has been kept steadily in view.

THE BURNETT FOUNDATION FOR DEFENCE OF THEISM.

THE debate in the House of Lords on Monday last on "Burnett's Literary Foundation" was of some interest in itself, and derives still greater interest from the subject to which it referred. Let us first briefly recapitulate the facts of the case, with which our readers may probably not be familiar. It appears that in 1783, Mr. John Burnett of Dens, in the county of Aberdeen, enacted a deed of endowment conveying to certain trustees rents to constitute a fund out of which, at intervals of forty years, two prizes should be given for the best essays in defence and confirmation of Theism, the choice of judges for deciding on their merits being left to the Principal and professors of the University of Aberdeen and the ministers of the town. These prizes were awarded in 1814 and 1854, and will, according to the existing arrangement, have to be again awarded in 1894, when the capital

sum, which is constantly increasing, will have reached 6,000*l*. The present Trustees of the Fund however—Mr. Grant Duff, Dr. John Webster, and Sir John Clark—have applied to the Home Secretary, under the Endowed Institutions (Scotland) Act of 1878 for powers to convert the fund into one for a course of lectures to be delivered annually on "The History of Religious Thought, with special Reference to Theism and the Sanctions of Morality." Against this scheme protests have been lodged by the Senate of the University and the ministers of Aberdeen. To the proposed diversion of the fund from prizes to be given for essays every forty years to the endowment of annual lectures they raise no objection, nor is it easy to understand what objection could well be made to a change so obviously reasonable. But they protest against the scheme on the ground of its providing no guarantee that the lectures might not be so framed as to aim at subverting the very theistic doctrines which it was the precise object of the founder to uphold. The Commission under the Endowed Institutions Act reported in conformity with their protest, but the Home Secretary nevertheless overruled their objection and restored the scheme to its original form, on grounds which do not certainly appear to be very conclusive. Dr. Webster stated, in his evidence before the Commission, that the Trustees did not consider it desirable "to continue the controversial and polemical theme" suggested by the founder, and Sir John Clark said that "his impression was very strong that, if Mr. Burnett were now living, he would almost certainly divert the fund to totally different uses from that to which he did apply it." This method of reasoning about the probable intentions of the pious founder, if he was now alive, is to say the least highly precarious, especially if it is meant to cover a proposal for diverting his endowment to purposes not only totally different from those specified by himself but directly contrary to them. The Duke of Richmond, who led the opposition to the scheme in the House of Lords, had no doubt a fully equal right to his own "impression that, if Mr. Burnett were alive now he would appoint neither Dr. Webster nor Sir J. Clark to act as his trustees." But there is really no need to enter on a discussion of these rival "impressions." Lord Rosebery, who defended the proposed scheme—which however the Government have withdrawn—expressly stated that it was no part of the design of the trustees to make the teaching of *theism* possible under it. All he said in favour of substituting an annual lecture for periodical prize essays was reasonable enough, but at that point no difference of opinion is alleged, and it is therefore superfluous to dwell upon it.

The force of Lord Rosebery's objection to maintaining such means of defending Theism, "when we have the great hierarchy of England, the great hierarchy of Scotland, and all the dissenting bodies that exist in the United Kingdom" is not quite so obvious, and what precisely is meant by "the great hierarchy of Scotland" we do not profess to understand. The Established Church of Scotland would indignantly disclaim having anything that can be called a hierarchy; there are indeed two hierarchies in that country, the Episcopalian and the Roman Catholic, but they have probably enough to do in attending to their own ecclesiastical affairs without specially devoting themselves to the work of theistic apologists. And the contention that, because Christian Churches—which did not by the by first come into being since Mr. Burnett's time—exist, there is a case in endowing essays or lectures for the promotion of piety and the upholding of religious doctrines is one that would prove fatal to good many established and unquestioned institutions besides the Burnett literary fund. Still more marvellous—in itself, though not in its origin—is the argument of the *Times* last Wednesday that "the world has long been in possession of the *a priori* arguments on theological matters, drawn from 'considerations independent of written revelation,' and there can be no addition made to the huge volumes in which they are all to be found," from which it is inferred that any fresh defence of theism is a work of supererogation. To most persons, not writers in the *Times*, it might possibly have occurred, first, that any argument for theism must from the nature of the case be based on "considerations independent of revelation," and that so far at least Mr. John Burnett had only shown his sound sense. Every revelation necessarily assumes at starting the reality of the Divine Being from whom it professes to emanate; it is worse than idle to rely on the wording of the message till you have some assurance who it was that despatched the messenger. And in the next place, a very moderate amount of information—and experience warns us not to be too exacting in that matter in our demands on the great Jupiter—might have sufficed to suggest that there are not many doctrines, philosophical or religious, deemed of any importance among mankind, concerning which the world has not "long been in possession of," not only "huge volumes," but whole libraries full of apologies. But to say that "no addition can be made to them" is to forget—that "the history of religious thought" abundantly testifies—that as long as each successive generation has its own way of looking at the questions which come before it, the same doctrines, however true and unchangeable in themselves, will inevitably require from age to age a different method of treatment, if they are to retain their place in the hearts and convictions of men. And if there is one tenet more than any other to which this remark conspicuously applies, it is that fundamental principle of all religious belief, which Mr. Burnett made it his object to uphold and perpetuate by the institution of his prize fund, and the importance of which in its bearing on the evidences of Christianity is increased rather than

diminished in the course modern controversy has taken. So far then nothing can be more rational and consistent than the argument for maintaining his foundation in its integrity, if any regard at all is to be paid to his avowed purpose in devising it, or more irrelevant than the objections urged against it. But it is another question whether the particular method of carrying out this design which approved itself to the founder's judgment a century ago is still the most suitable for the purpose. And here, we cannot but think that the Trustees have a very good ground for their proposed alteration. As it is now officially explained that they had no intention of permitting the lectures, which they desire to substitute for prize essays, to be made available for atheistic teaching, a slight verbal change in the definition of the subject matter would meet the, perhaps overstrained, objections of their critics. Suppose, instead of "The History of Religious Thought with special Reference to Theism and the Sanctions of Morality," the subject of the lectures was defined to be "The History of Religious Thought with a special view to exhibiting the Evidences of Theism and the Sanctions of Morality," all fair pretext for objection would be cut off, and the lecturer would still be left free to handle his theme in any manner he might prefer, so long as he did not turn it into an assault on the fundamental principle his discourses were intended to illustrate and recommend.

We are of course fully aware that the scheme of the Trustees, with this formal modification or rather explanation of its terms suggested above, would still involve a good deal more than a change from an occasional prize essay to a course of annual lectures, though even so it would be a decided improvement on the original design. The lecturer would no doubt have much larger scope left him in the treatment of the subject—larger both in extent and in kind—than is assigned to the essayist under the terms of Mr. Burnett's will. But we are entirely agreed with the present Trustees in thinking, for reasons which have been already indicated, that this would be a very great advantage. There are few points in which the speculative attitude of mind of the present day differs so widely from that of a century or two centuries ago as in its way of looking at the evidences of religion, natural or revealed, and especially the former. The original form of Mr. Burnett's bequest was indeed modified, or at least abbreviated, in a subsequent codicil to his will, which is less precise and stringent in its wording, but there is no inconsistency between the two documents, and it is only natural to interpret the shorter by the longer and more explicit form, as embodying his own mind on the subject. The earlier form, in which we have italicized certain words, runs as follows:—

That there is a Being all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom everything exists; and, as the power of the Deity is easily shown, in pointing out the consideration particularly by which, notwithstanding the pains we are often subject to, we may hope and trust in the goodness of the Deity, both in this state and in the reasonable expectation of a future one; and in taking notice of the comforts arising to mankind from these considerations, independent of revelation; and, further, in considering these as confirmed by the blessed Jesus sent by God.

The form finally adopted in the codicil is this:—

That there is a Being all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom everything exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity, and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written revelation, and, in the second place, from the revelation of the Lord Jesus, and from the whole to point out the inferences most necessary for and useful to mankind.

These directions unmistakably point to the familiar argument from final causes, with which Paley's name is specially associated, as evidencing alike the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, and that notoriously was the favourite argument of the Evidence writers of the last century on natural religion, just as the argument from miracles was their chief plea for revelation. One of the keenest intellects, and most uncompromising, not to say impassioned, theists living, Cardinal Newman, has again and again avowed his indifference to the argument for final causes, not to say his distrust of it. And to refer to a distinguished thinker of a very different school, J. S. Mill, who in spite of his studiously atheistic training cannot certainly be said to have had an irreligious mind, is so far from recognizing what seemed to Mr. Burnett and so many others of his age the palmary argument for theism that he considers it one of the great, if not insuperable, difficulties in the way of acknowledging "an omnipotent as well as perfectly just and benevolent maker and ruler of such a world as this." Our readers will recollect his tremendous indictment against the "hideous" and "ingenious cruelty of nature," which does every day almost everything men are hanged or imprisoned for doing, and his conclusion that "the order of nature is such as no being, whose attributes are justice and benevolence would have made," if he was also omnipotent. We are expressing no opinion here as to the value of these criticisms, but they serve to show how very differently arguments once felt to be the most persuasive strike men's minds in our own day. Kant in Germany, and Coleridge in England did much to discredit the old method of evidential reasoning, and to lead religious apologists, whether for theism or Christianity, to rely chiefly on moral and internal evidence. Kant himself insisted on the argument from conscience for the being of a God, and in this he has been followed, unconsciously most likely, by Cardinal Newman. Even in dealing with the proofs of Revelation modern apologists always lay special stress on the moral and internal evidence, as may be observed for instance in the recently published works of two distinguished divines, Dr. Barry's *Boyle Lectures on the Manifest Witness for Christ* and Mr. Wace's *Bampton Lectures on the Foundations of Faith*. The

Gospel generally, and its separate doctrines, are usually represented as expressing or illustrating great moral truths which give them their persuasive power. And it has accordingly come to be very widely acknowledged on all hands that the same line of argument, whether for attack or defence, will apply in great measure to the case both of revelation and of theism, and this of course gives to the controversy on the latter point a more crucial interest. Thus Mr. Mill considered that "the Christian religion is open to no objections, either moral or intellectual, which do not apply at least equally to the common theory of Deism; and the morality of the Gospels is far higher and better than that which shows itself in the order of nature." The questions therefore about which Mr. Burnett was interested have a yet deeper interest for thinking men in our own day, only we are disposed to approach them from a new point of view. And it is most desirable that in carrying out the spirit of his bequest this difference, which is partly an intellectual and partly an ethical one, should be taken into account; not because, as the *Times* strangely asserts, "no addition can be made to what has already been said on the subject," but for the precisely opposite reason.

FREE SALE.

THE final announcement, after many assertions and contradictions, that the five Irish Land Commissioners, Lord Bessborough, Mr. Shaw, Baron Dunsay, The O'Connor Don, and (with protests) Mr. Kavanagh, have recommended the adoption of a scheme which is practically the three F's somewhat modified, will surprise few people, though it may disappoint many. But it makes more urgent than ever the deliberate consideration of the meaning of the pances. We have already dealt with Fixity of Tenure—the subject of Mr. Gladstone's most effective denunciation ten years ago—and with Fair Rents, the most attractive, but perhaps the most practically unattainable of the triad. There only remains Free Sale. It is to no purpose probably—argument is usually to no purpose when it faces foregone conclusions—that Lord Dufferin has demonstrated the mutual antagonism, not to say the mutual destructiveness, of Fair Rent and Free Sale. The weighty, though little regarded, demonstration which Sir Robert Anstruther gave about the same time of the intrinsic harmfulness of the third F is the chief point which may be relied on still. The intentions of the Government as to their Land Bill are still in darkness, and, remarkable as the faculty for development has always been in Mr. Gladstone's case, it may be thought that even he, after denouncing the property of the tenant in his holding as a dangerous delusion, will hardly proceed to maintain it as a sacred right. But—with Mr. Gladstone at least—the unexpected always happens, and it has to be faced. Let us again, for the sake of argument, grant that Fixity of Tenure—if it can be attained with provision against the great evils of Irish farmer-life, subletting, subdivision, and, most wasteful, ruinous, and benumbing of all, the system of conacre—would be a good thing. Let us grant that the fair vision of Fair Rents, even if it be a thing which, as in Mr. Tennyson's poem, "fleets Down the waste waters day and night," would be still fairer if it could be caught up. It would still be demonstrable that Free Sale is in itself pernicious and calculated to destroy, or very greatly to reduce the productiveness, of the land, the main object upon which, according to land conservatives and land reformers alike, we ought to set our hearts.

The demonstration is twofold, and can be made to approach the subject both *a priori* and *a posteriori*. It is an axiom in modern farming that without capital the gods themselves need not attempt to take a farm in any part of the Old World. There is no longer in any part of Ireland, any more than in any part of England or Scotland, virgin soil which, for the mere trouble of scratching it and scattering seed upon it, will return thirtyfold, or sixtyfold, or an hundredfold to the tiller. What has been taken out of the ground must be returned to it in one shape or another, and the process of returning costs money. Again, the margin of agricultural gain is now so narrow, and depends upon so many circumstances, that an average of years is absolutely necessary to secure it. Now Free Sale even in England or Scotland would not be prejudicial on this score. The Free Sale system supposes that the incoming tenant has a double capital—one to be sunk in the purchase of goodwill, the other to be expended on the land. Does this double capital exist? It is perfectly certain that it does not. Except in the shape of a fine affecting his rent—that is to say, in a manner prejudicing the operation of fair rent—no experienced and reasonable tenant would give a heavy premium for the goodwill of the best farm in Norfolk or the Lothians, let alone the impoverished soil of the greater part of Ireland. He knows perfectly well that his predecessor, if he knows his business, will have got out of it what is to be got; if there be anything remaining, he is perfectly willing to pay compensation for unexhausted improvements. But compensation for unexhausted improvements is not in the least what is meant by Free Sale. And here we come to the second branch of the argument. Free Sale would have no existence in the fancy of Irishmen were it not for the almost insane desire on their part to make a living out of that land in some other way than by honest and straightforward labour. The land, it is an unfortunate truth, is the Irishman's *petite bourse*, his Monte Carlo, out of which he hopes to make a profit by shrewd gambling. Middlemen, subdivision, subletting, conacre, and, lastly, Free Sale are all the

result of this unlucky frenzy. But without Free Sale, and with prohibitions on the other devices, it is possible, though barely probable, that the plague might be stayed. With Free Sale, even if other limitations were strictly enforced, this is not possible. Debarred from subletting, forbidden to divide his holding, precluded from conacre—the plan of allowing a third person to crop the ground, or a part of it, for a single harvest—fixity of tenure would still leave Free Sale, if that were legally permitted, as a method for the transformation of the land into the subject of the transactions of a disreputable and unregulated Stock Exchange. For it must be remembered that the profits of land cultivation are essentially variable. Hardly the most experienced farmer who ever turned the storm-swept flats of Lower Moraysire into a garden, or helped to transform the Southern Scottish Lowlands from the worst cultivated country in Europe into the best, would undertake to say what the return of a given acreage will be in a given year. The unknown must always enter into the calculation, and where it enters gambling comes with it in the case of the Celt. Long leases, with strict observance of contract and no expectation of escape, on the one hand; yearly tenancies at will, with the understanding of handsome remissions in the case of good tenants, and more or less stern eviction in the case of bad ones, on the other, supply a check upon this tendency. The right of Free Sale, indiscriminately conceded, would be a direct encouragement to it. In the case of Ulster Tenant-right the evil—for even there it is probable that it is an evil—is minimized by the fact that the incomer's price, as a rule, represents something solid in the shape of benefits purchased by the outgoer for himself, and by the different nationality of those who enjoy it. In the case of the rest of Ireland the right of Free Sale would be a clear bonus conferred on the tenant in the shape of a stock in hand to gamble with. He would sell his holding for what he could get, and with the price he would speculatively buy another holding on the chance of getting by sale still more for that. Free Sale, judging from the experience of the past and from probability, means in the case of *bona fide* farmers the deprivation of the capital necessary for proper cultivation, in the case of land gamblers the substitution of mere land-jobbing for steady agriculture. Now the Irish have not the head for any form of jobbing. They will and must "plunge." A widespread bankruptcy, with the immediate consequence of a worse agitation than any yet seen is the consequence—the certain and sure consequence—of the extension of the right of Free Sale without consideration paid to the three southern and western provinces of Ireland. It is idle to say that this is mere arbitrary prophecy. We do not believe that a majority of any assembly whose members were acquainted with the facts and unpledged to party, could be got to affirm that it is not the most probable result of the plan.

A recently issued book, much of the material of which has been commented on in these columns as it appeared from time to time in the *Daily News*, confirms these views very remarkably. Mr. Bernard Becker, whose *Disturbed Ireland* Messrs. Macmillan have just published, has given a very entertaining and, on the whole, a very impartial view of the present state of things in Connaught and Munster. Mr. Becker seems to have started on his journey in an unbiassed frame of mind, and his conclusions exhibit the effect produced on such a mind by the events it had to consider very well indeed. The consistency which perhaps is itself only consistent with a *parti pris* is not indeed Mr. Becker's. He sympathizes deeply, and almost indignantly, with Captain Boycott, with Colonel O'Callaghan, with Mr. Townsend of Killinaue, with Mr. Bence Jones; but he roundly insinuates that the Boycott expedition was an electioneering manoeuvre; and he seems to regard the disinclination of the Irish to see anything specially sacred about rent as a rather sensible frame of mind. On this last point one is inclined to join issue with Mr. Becker, and perhaps on this point only because it involves little partisanship of any kind. Mr. Becker thinks that "there is no argument in favour of the landlord which every other creditor might not equally advance." There is this argument, which Mr. Becker forgets, that the value received from the landlord is a value intended to bear profit. When a man buys a pair of trousers or a loaf of bread he does not intend to make money out of those commodities; and if, before paying for them, he does make money out of them, by pawning or resale, Mr. Becker will find that, by the law of England at least—a law not objected to by the staunchest Radicals—he is subjected to very awkward consequences. The landlord is precisely in the case of the tradesman in these latter and exceptional contingencies. The tenant who, not paying his rent, nevertheless sells his crops, is exactly in the position of a man who buys a watch from A., and, before paying for it, sells it to B. Yet the law takes a milder, not a sterner, view of the tenant's delinquency. We have no desire to press this view against the author of *Disturbed Ireland*, because he very frankly admits that his book is a book of pure observation. But the fact is of considerable value in reference to another point, with regard to which we have specially cited Mr. Becker, the question of the Irish cultivator's attitude towards the land. Clearly, from what has been just said, our author is not prejudiced against the peasant. Yet Mr. Becker says, in so many words, that "the Western cultivator is far less a farmer than a cattle-jobber or gambler in stock"; and the whole of his book goes to prove that this now famous person is far less a farmer than a gambler in land and everything that can be got off or out of land. Much of Mr. Becker's book is one long jeremiad over the impossibility of getting a good day's work out of the peasant of the South and West. But his wits are tolerably sharp. He has the gambling

instinct, and everybody round him has it too. To such a man Fixity of Tenure and Free Sale are, as has been said, simply a stock in trade for gambling. The produce of his farm, which is the nominal stake, comes in such a case to be like the tulip bulb, *Semper Augustus*, a thing non-existent, and the existence of which is not considered though its market value grows higher and higher. It is said that eviction exists nowhere else in the United Kingdom. Is there any other place in the United Kingdom, it may be replied, where eviction is required? It is a sharp and rough spur, no doubt; but, if the horse is to be ridden, it is not clear what other means are to be tried. Instead of this, we are asked to take off bit and bridle, to give ample seeds of corn, and to leave the rider to sit as best he may. It may be said, according to modern jargon, that the objection to this overlooks the responsibility of Governments, which is to give happiness to the governed. To this we can only answer that such may be the duty of the Government of a *pays de Cocagne*, but certainly of no Government in this workaday world. Justice, equal laws, and the tools to the workman are all that can be required of a Government, not perpetual administration of gratuitous pap. The three F's are of the nature of this last, and therefore they are intrinsically objectionable. But if they were not of that nature, there would still remain the objection to them that they are certain to aggravate the disease they profess to cure, and to render a speedy and acute return of it certain. We may not be governed with much wisdom, and it may be hard to get our 650 chosen ones to look at anything with thirteen hundred reasonable eyes. But if a majority of those eyes look with favour on the three F's, then political blindness may be pronounced to be the rule among the temporary governors of England.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF FISH.

THE late Mr. Frank Buckland was, at all times, a most amusing writer; but probably none of his contributions to natural history are more brilliant and diverting than his posthumous book on *British Fishes* (S.P.C.K.) The results of Mr. Buckland's observations were widely different from those of Mr. Spencer's speculations. He did not believe in "evolution," and, in the preface to his charming work, says that he thinks the case for special creation and design is good enough to take before a jury of "the most eminent and skilful railway and mechanical engineers." We do not propose here to enter into an argument about evolution. One objection to that theory, at least in the hands of its most thoroughgoing advocates, is that it explains everything rather too easily. Things can scarcely be so simple as they are supposed to be by the kind of evolutionist that can account, in an hour or so, for the origin of anything you please, from the dagger in the tail of a sting-ray to the milk in the coconut. Mr. Buckland saw in the mechanism of fish "evidence of design and forethought, and a wonderful adaptation of means to ends." We propose to examine one or two specimens of the mechanism of fishes before going on to consider Mr. Buckland's countless anecdotes about the intelligence and the customs of these creatures.

Take the barbel, for instance. When the barbel is hooked, his first idea is to do what salmon very often do—to slash at the line with his tail. For breaking the line with his tail, the barbel has advantages all his own—that is to say, if he can turn himself round so as to bring his back fin to bear. The first ray of his back fin is cut into deep notches just like a saw, and a scrape with this saw would probably prove too much for the line, and set the barbel free. He has another use for this ray; he employs it, like the mast of a London barge, to keep his fin taut, when he wants to make way against the water. These advantages of the barbel your ready evolutionist could explain in the twinkling of an eye; but, as we have said, explanations are sometimes difficult to accept in proportion to the facility of their manufacture. The barbel is horribly nasty, but "the Jews eat him during their holidays," by way of handicapping their propensity to be too jolly, we presume. The little river bull-head, again, has peculiarities of a very useful sort. He has two very sharp spikes on each side of his gill-cover, and, when he is swallowed by a grebe, he acts like that boy mentioned, according to Bacon, by Busbequius, who "gagged, in a waggishness, a long-billed fowl." This is precisely what the bull-head does; as soon as the grebe gets hold of him, he shoots out his spikes, refuses to go forward or backward, and so kills the bird. In April, last year, Mr. Buckland received from Lord Radnor a grebe which had thus been throttled by a bull-head. "The fish was fixed so firmly in the bird's mouth, that I found it would go neither backwards nor forwards." Mr. Buckland knew two or three examples of bull-heads which had thus assassinated kingfishers, with pleasing circumstances of resolution and good taste.

Now the wild evolutionist asks nothing better than to account for this peculiarity of the bull-head. "Observe," he will say, "the configuration of the bull-head. Originally he was shaped much like a minnow, and coloured to match." The evolutionist always knows what existed "originally." As time went on bull-heads were almost destroyed by kingfishers and grebes. Those only survived who had large heads, and therefore could not conveniently be swallowed. Hence the enormous head and mouth and very small body of the bull-head. But, as kingfishers and grebes, by long inherited experience, acquired the art of swallowing bull-heads tail first, the fish were again in danger of extermination.

None escaped except the descendants of a bull-head which happened accidentally to possess two very sharp spikes on each side of his gill-cover. His progeny inherited these spikes, and, in the struggle for existence, naturally were more fortunate than the spikeless bull-heads. Therefore all bull-heads now have spikes; and grebes, finding them awkward to tackle, prefer to leave them alone." This seems a very fair piece of evolutionism, as times go. The same arguments naturally apply to the development of the sea bull-head, fatherlasher, or sting-fish. A man who was fishing with a shrimp-net caught a sea bull-head. Not being a fastidious person, he, "without thinking, tried to bite its head off. The fish gave a sudden kick, and slipped down the man's throat; it then expanded its gills, the spines stuck in his throat, and he was shortly suffocated." Probably primitive or Palæolithic man was always trying to bite off the heads of father-lashers, till, in the process of the æons, the fish evolved a repartee to that dirty trick, and men, as a rule, have dropped the practice.

When we turn from evolution to facts, Mr. Buckland's book is found to be full of odd and amusing pieces of information. For example, Mr. Buckland knew the London establishments where sprats and young herrings were made into whitebait, and where whitebait were made into anchovies. This is perhaps the most rapid and authentic example of evolution within the ken of science. In 1871 more than a hundred thousand anchovies were caught in Cornwall; and, as no one knew how to cure them, they were carted away to the fields as manure. Speaking merely by guess, we are inclined to think that a good deal of French polish is used in the curing of anchovies. Mr. Buckland mentions as a fact that thousands of sprats are sold in the form of anchovy paste. He rather indiscreetly gives minute directions for making anchovy paste out of sprats. Two pounds of salt are used, and a pound of saltpetre; what follows is very peculiar. Birth makes the anchovy, want of it the sprat; the rest is all mere cochineal and—prunella! Two ounces of prunella, with a few grains of cochineal, are the proportions. Pound in a mortar, and put in a stone jar alternate layers of sprats and of cochineal, salt, saltpetre, and prunella. Press hard down, and cover close for six months, when the mixture will be fit for sale.

A hideous fish called the angler, or fisher-frog, is happily rare on our coasts. His stomach holds a bucket of sawdust. The creature fishes for other and more natural members of the flock of Amphitrite with two short night-lines, which he wears in the top of his head. He opens his mouth, and hangs out his bait; other fish make a rush at it, and he sucks them down into the stomach that holds a bucket of sawdust. It must have taken the angler-fish some time to evolve this "aisy stratagem," as Captain Coitigan might have called it. Mr. Buckland examined the "cruel" of one fisher-frog, and found that the animal had made a very fair mixed basket. It had taken two mardy-soles, one common sole, one piked dog-fish (1 ft. 6 in. long), three moderate-sized crabs, fourteen five-fingers, and one whiting.

Worms and fish are kindred topics. Among the many queer fish he discovered, Mr. Buckland lighted on a man who kept a farm of worms for bait. They are caught at night, by people who go about the fields with lanterns. A short, fat man is no use at worm-catching, his steps alarm the quarry; but a long man, who makes use of his reach, can stand still and pick up all the worms within a considerable radius. Mr. Buckland had a tall friend who was backed to catch worms against him any night, starting from scratch, and giving Mr. Buckland a start of one thousand worms. But the match never came off. Talking of worms, Mr. Buckland is vexed with the cruelty of men who pack live eels tight in baskets, but he himself recommends a not very kindly French way of ground-baiting for carp. You take a piece of sod and stitch red worms all over it, with needle and thread, and then throw it into the pond. This is not a very merciful dodge.

Bleak are remarkable for being able to thrive in the Severn, "in water ink black from the waste dye of a manufactory." We can bear witness that very respectable trout preserve a silvery appearance where the polluted Teviot is inky below Hawick. Mr. Buckland says, "It was very satisfactory to find from the presence of the bleak, that this particular pollution could not be very injurious to salmon life." Perhaps not, but it is abominably hideous, and there is no pleasure, but the reverse, in fishing in, or walking beside, a river polluted by waste dye. Few people, probably, are aware that *Essence d'orient*, the stuff with which sham pearls are made, is manufactured from the scales of the bleak. The invention is due to one Jaquin, who made rosaries in Paris about 1680. Of all fish the chub is the hardest to catch, and the most useless when you have caught him, while the bream is the most unpleasant to handle, and is angled for with the most noisome and offensive bait. The basis of the ground-bait is "half a pailful of bullock's blood," and the rest of the composition would have disgusted the witches in *Macbeth*. Bream are the oldest inhabitants of many ponds. Mr. Buckland shows that the white mould which gives some carp a venerable appearance is not really the result of extreme old age, but of disease. He does not consider a hundred years out of the way for a carp's lifetime. The Welsh *Mabinogion* represents the salmon as about the most long-lived of animals, but it is very difficult to collect statistics about fish of migratory habits. Carp, in Ireland, have been mistaken for fairies by the gentle and romantic peasantry. The rings made by the fish, as they poke up their snouts and suck down air, were conceived to be the circles formed by the nimble feet of dancing elves. The cat, or wolf, fish might be mis-

taken for demons by the trustful, guileless natives of Connemara. The mice of the cat-fish are crustaceans, which it catches and crushes with teeth of unusual strength. Like the walrus,

Cet animal est très-méchant;
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

"Not unfrequently it enters the nets of the fishermen to plunder them, and when attacked fights like a lion." It is almost the ugliest fish that swims. The Germans call it the "stone-biter." Mr. Buckland thought the fish rather good to eat. It should be a favourite in Germany, for it tastes like veal-outlet. The Chimæra, or rabbit-fish, is not very pretty, but, still, a beauty compared to the cat-fish. Mr. Buckland was incorrect in his belief that the question as to the "Chimæra bominans in vacuo" was originally set for the edification of the Royal Society in its younger days. The puzzle is a good deal older than the Royal Society, and the Chimæra was suspected of being able to eat second intentions, not "to produce secondary causes." Mr. Buckland had in all respects a higher opinion of the perch than we have ever been able conscientiously to entertain. He thought that the perch gave good sport to the angler, was excellent to eat, handsome, and highly intelligent for a fish. In fact, the perch is in ponds what the Wise Man of the Stoics would be in society. We venture to differ from this flattering estimate. Perch are slow to fish for, bony when cooked, and so dull that we have known one perch to swallow the baits of two rods, and be simultaneously hauled out of the water by two anglers. Eels, in all countries, seem to respond eagerly to electric influences. "The first day that it thunders in March, the eel leaps in the pond, they say," in Italy. Mr. Buckland knew an old eel-fisher who habitually bent a drum to make the eels bestir themselves, under the delusion that there was thunder in the air. With this last anecdote we must leave the ways and habits of fishes, a topic on which Mr. Buckland probably knew more, and could discourse more amusingly, than any man whom he has left behind him. Science we have always with us, but science with high spirits and a strong sense of humour is difficult to find.

CURLING.

A FEW years ago there were grave apprehensions in Scotland that curling might become a forgotten art. Now that the old-fashioned winters have set in again with aggravated severity, all fears of the kind are dispelled in the meantime, and, on the contrary, the curling clubs have been spreading in parishes and districts that never used to know them. We remember a time when the roaring game was seldom played far to the north of Tay. Now it is common enough in the north-eastern counties; while the new proselytes have naturally made rapid progress, since keen and protracted frosts are specialties of their storm-beaten districts. A very good thing it is that it should be so, since the curling-pond does more than even the Southern hunting-field to promote sociability among all conditions of men. On the ice the best curler is the best man, be he laird or loon, as they say in Scotland. And a hard frost sets almost everybody free to "take his diversion" without any *arrivée pensée*. The Scotch countryman rarely indulges himself with a holiday; for in his expeditions to the nearest market-town there is more of business than pleasure. Yet no one enjoys a holiday more when he can go about his pleasuring with a quiet conscience, and his days on the ice come direct to him from Providence. The nights have been growing sharper and sharper, so that the farmer's labours of a morning have been delayed later and later. At last even the warmth of the wintry sun at noon scarcely suffices to melt the hoar frost in the shade. The fields are bound in iron, so that the ploughs must be "loosed" perforce, and the horses left eating their heads off in their stalls. The ditchers and drainers can do no more than their employers, and for all the wages they can earn abroad they may as well fold their hands across in the "ingle neuk." In short, out-of-doors work of all kinds is at a standstill, and the only man who is busy is the blacksmith, who is doing literally a roaring trade in the heat of his blazing forge. But the forge, though the general centre of attraction, comes to be only frequented after dark. The parish pond is bearing, and the curlers are out. As the morning mists are clearing and lifting, when the sun begins to show over the tops of the fir plantations, many a stalwart figure may be seen emerging from lonely farmhouse or humble cottage. In such circumstances, the sturdy Scotchman, though warmly clad, leaves as a matter of course the "big coat" behind him, which he would don were he to go out driving in his gig. But it is his habit to take especial care of his throat, which is roughly swathed in a coarse red comforter, the ends of which are crossed and buttoned away under his homespun shooting-coat. Armed with a formidable besom, cut from the "broom knowe" behind his house, he strides ahead over the crackling roads, with the air of a man somewhat late for business. Though the hour is early and he has breakfasted betimes, yet, knowing full well the keenness of his curling *confères*, he fears that the sides may be chosen before his arrival. After what may be a sharp walk of several miles, as he tops the crest of a commanding eminence, he sees figures magnified by the mists converging from all sides towards a rallying-point whence his listening ears can already distinguish the dull murmurs of distant voices. Taking the shortest cut down the hill and descending it almost at the double, he hurries across the intervening fields more quickly than before. A turn brings him in sight of the curling-

pond, which is an irregular sheet of water in a hollow, fed by a brook flowing through haughs and meadows that once were famous for snipe and wild duck, before draining and reclaiming had come so much into fashion. The skirts of the pond are crowded by all the parish "callants" and hobbledehoyes, either alighting or dashing about doubled up in most ungainly attitudes on rusty skates, or, more probably, on a single one. But the central parts are respectfully reserved for the "rinks," and there the curling notables of the neighbourhood stand clustered together in a group.

If our friend is famous among the men mighty with the stones; or, if, although but a moderate performer, he is distinguished for his social qualities, he is sure, while yet a long way off, to be greeted with friendly shouts. In fact, on the curling-pond, and on an invigorating day, everybody is ready to shout on the slightest provocation; and as one man must bellow against another in self-defence, curling may well be called the roaring game. Our friend's fears of being belated were so far delusive that he has turned up in the nick of time. The players for the first party are being picked; a great moorland farmer having to figure as skip on the one side, while the village shoemaker acts in the same capacity on the other. "The laird himself," to whom the farmer in question pays several hundreds of pounds in rent, is a good man on the ice so far as he goes, and as keen a curler as there is in the country. But, as his execution is scarcely so trustworthy as his judgment, he yields the places of pride to his weather-beaten tenant and the cobbler, falling modestly in with the rank and file. The stones have been forwarded already to the waterside, and the "tees," lines, and circles have been carefully described under the intelligent supervision of the parish schoolmaster. The worthy minister is on the spot to sanctify the sport with his presence were it needful. But to do the mixed party of players the barest justice, if the mirth is obstreperous, it is seldom coarse, and never blasphemous; though, now and again, frail human nature will rap out an oath under strong provocation. Time was, and not so many years back, when the minister would have been among the foremost in the active part of the fun; but now the good man is going down the incline of years and "sair troubled with a houst (or cough) in the pulpit"; and he has been solemnly warned by the friendly doctor that he must sacrifice his curling to the discharge of his duties. Yet his fingers itch, and he has something like a St. Vitus's dance in his arms when the first of the ponderous stones is sent smoothly gliding over the surface, and he sees his parishioners flourishing their idle brooms. Idle, indeed, when the ice is like glass, and the mercury a dozen degrees below the freezing point. The difficulty is to hold back the stones, heavy as they are—once started they will move onward by their own momentum. Should they go beyond the "tee"—the mark from which they are to be measured when the end is played out—they are wasted to all intents and purposes; while, if they come to a stop short of what is known as the hog-line, they are "hogs," and swept aside as out of the game. In the beginning the object is to play the stones short of the tee, so that they may be "promoted," or knocked nearer to it afterwards; and of course, when a stone has been advantageously placed and left where it is by the succeeding player on the opposite side, the urgent consideration is to "guard" it. It is to be guarded by placing a second stone so as to interpose between it and the succeeding players. The excitement becomes most intense when, the game being a close one, and drawing on to the finish, the stone that lies nearest to the tee is almost or altogether invisible. It might seem at first sight to the uninitiated that there is nothing left to be done except to play down the ice with tremendous force, trusting to change things for the better in the general convulsion. But a remedy so desperate is only had recourse to in the last resort, and it commends itself most reluctantly to scientific players. When the state of things is so delicate, you see the skip and his chief counsellors laying their heads together in rapid consultation. He corrects or confirms his decision by their suggestions, and then proceeds, with a grave sense of responsibility, to play the momentous shot. The fairway to the stone that should be his mark, as we said, has been blocked entirely. So he directs his own stone to the right or left, as the case may be, and apparently, gently played as it is, it has been despatched on a bootless errand. But, when it has glided straight forward for half the distance or more, you may detect a perceptible tremor in the handle. By a dexterous turn of the wrist in the moment of despatch the player has given it the necessary side; it comes softly and gracefully inwards, "curls" round the rim of one of the intervening stones, touches the side ("takes an inwick") of a second, and, shooting inwards, impinges on the object-stone, which it has actually displaced with most scientific accuracy. A *coup* so beautiful as that can be by no means very common; but it may be conceived with what frantic applause it is greeted. The chivalrous opponents, though mortified and disgusted, cannot withhold the signs of their irrepressible admiration; and their leader, who had already counted the game for his own, is growling confidentially into the folds of his comforter, "Hech, mon, but that was a most notorious shot." Such a master-stroke as that must always awaken vociferous enthusiasm; but perhaps the game as a whole is merrier when the ice is in somewhat less perfect condition. Then it requires even greater judgment as to the strength with which the stones must be played, and, of course, there is far more sweeping to be done. The men follow each successive stone in its course, dancing like so many demons. "Scoop her up, scoop her up." "Na, na, lat abee, lat abee." For everybody must have his say, or rather shout, though it is the skip who should give the actual word of com-

mand. And when the ice grows somewhat "dragged" in more or less of a thaw the labours of the game may become severe. Neck-wrappings and even coats are cast aside; strong arms are flung back to the furthest from the shoulder before the stone is delivered with a powerful effort; sometimes when a player is much overweighted the stone may even be turned over and sent trundling forward on its handle; and finally the feeble folk may be forced to withdraw altogether. But, whether the work be light and the air keen, or the air mild and the work heavy, cold and fatigue are alike forgotten when the players adjourn after a match for the merry curling supper. These jovial entertainments are marked with a white stone in the memories of quiet country-people who have but few opportunities of dissipation. The fare is as simple as it is abundant and substantial. Portentous quantities of beef and greens are despatched, to be digested by animated talk over the varied incidents of the day; by exciting recollections of famous matches in former bitter winters; by reminiscences of eminent curlers now sleeping in the neighbouring kirkyard; by songs, and jokes, and homely home-thrusts. All the time the kettle is singing cheerily on the fire, and the steaming tumblers are being replenished from the spirit-bottles, circulating steadily. With much kindly and hearty merriment, there is seldom any excess; the heads are nearly as strong as the arms, and the tone of the company is douce and discreet; and when the guests wake next morning, they are all the better for the game, and "not a hair the worse for the supper."

EDGAR POE AND NEW YORK.

THE City of New York is going to do itself the honour of erecting a memorial to Edgar Poe, the one poet of really original poetical talent whom the United States have produced. Perhaps it is the very fact contained in this sentence which has so long made Americans unjust to the memory and merits of their greatest literary champion in verse. The difference between Poe and all other American composers of verse has hitherto been so marked, and has been so much insisted on by foreign critics, that the acceptance of it seemed to imply a confession of inferiority for all the others. No doubt also the personal element, and some other elements akin to the personal, entered into the matter largely. Poe, though born in Boston, was half a Southerner and half an Englishman by race, education, and sympathies. He was all his life outside of the two great literary cliques of Boston and New York. He attacked his brother men of letters all round with ridicule, which, though it was generally very clumsy, must have been sufficiently annoying; with personalities more annoying still; and very often with perfectly just and acute criticism, which must have been most annoying of all. Although his moral delinquencies have been grossly exaggerated, he was in many ways a puzzle and a scandal to the orderly respectability of the Eastern States. In business relations, though perfectly honourable and trustworthy, he was irregular and capricious. His violent and demonstrative sensibility must have been nearly as trying to those whom he loved as his aggressive quarrelsomeness was to those whom he hated. He was not prosperous, and he lived in a community which insists that its members shall prosper, and regards it as in some way an outrage on the Bird of Freedom and the Setting Sun if they do not. When to all this was added the ingeniously malevolent mendacity of the official life which immediately after his death appeared as a preface to his works, it is perfectly easy to understand the attitude of the inhabitants of the Northern States towards Poe during the quarter of a century or so which followed his death. Literary misunderstanding and want of sympathy culminated in the remark made some five years ago by the most brilliant of living American novelists that the greatest poet, living or dead, of America wrote "very valueless verses." Even moral repulsion never got quite so far as this in its own direction, but until within a very few years a kind of Poe-myth existed which represented the author of "The Raven" as a drunken scoundrel, who would have been much more at home at the cart's tail than anywhere else.

All that, however, has been changed. In England Poe has always been rated high, both as a poet and a tale-teller, and English critical opinion still counts for something in America. In France, for which the literary men of the United States profess, if they do not feel, a still greater affection and reverence than for the mother-country, Baudelaire's wonderful translation established the tales in popularity. But neither French nor English critics for a long time troubled themselves much about the Poe-myth, except in so far as to build ingenious theories about the psychological puzzle which it seemed to propound. At last, chiefly owing to the efforts of an Englishman, Mr. Ingram, seconded by some of the poet's countrymen, the myth was approached in proper form, and shown to be a myth. Perhaps of late years there has been almost too much written about Poe's life, and he needs, like Villon, to appeal to the people from his too enthusiastic and inquisitive friends. But the labours of Mr. Ingram and others have at least solidly established a coherent history, instead of a fantastic legend. Instead of the drunken, dishonest, violent rowdy of legend, the history gives us a man very much like other men, subject to many infirmities of temper and physical constitution, abnormally sensitive, and yet hardly amiable, a persistent and honest worker, singularly unfortunate in the conditions of his work, yet struggling bravely against them, affectionate to those with whom he had most

to do, and honourable in his dealings with outsiders. An extraordinarily unhappy life Poe's certainly was, and a good deal of the unhappiness was his own fault; but, though he was somewhat wrong-headed, he was not bad-hearted, and the word "vicious" can only be applied to him by the most pharisaic disciples of Sir Wiffrid. For ourselves we confess that the fuss made about Poe's moral character seems to us to have been altogether gratuitous. But there can be little doubt that his evil reputation stood in the way of the enjoyment of his good work by some people, and no doubt at all that it stood in the way of his statue. The proposed monument, to the funds for which Mr. Edwin Booth has been a principal contributor by his professional exertions, is not indeed the first of the kind in America. For Baltimore, with which place the poet had special connexions, paid him this honour four or five years ago. But Baltimore is in no sense a metropolitan city, while New York is; nor had Maryland the same reason to make an *amende honorable* to Poe as those which ought to induce the Northern States to make it. Therefore the New York memorial, whether it take the form of a statue or of anything else, may be taken to be a kind of formal cancelling of Poe's moral attainder on the part of the United States, and a recognition of the fact that he has at last been judged on his merits, and that his merits are pronounced to be high. Their relative height we have already hinted at, and it would be ungracious to insist upon it any more at this moment.

We have, however, no doubt that, as time goes on, Poe's literary merit will be more and more, not less and less, recognized. For he was remarkable in three different ways—as a critic, a tale-teller, and a poet; and in each of these ways he had merits which are almost exclusively his own. He is indeed always unequal, and he is most unequal as a critic. It may be said deliberately that many of his scattered *dicta* exhibit an almost unparalleled acuteness of critical wit. His demonstration of the impossibility of long poems, his indication of the indefinite as an essential property of poetry, a dozen other things of the kind may be alleged in support of this. He was, moreover, a very painstaking as well as a very acute critic. Mr. Lowell has probably by this time repented his sneer at Poe's talking of "iambus and pentameters," and indeed it may be suspected that he was seduced into the sneer by some *latin* who suggested the ingenious rhyme wherewith he has accompanied it. Poe's education was certainly defective, yet he made the utmost of it in the service of his art. But, though he is often one of the most luminous, he is also one of the most untrustworthy, of critics. He was entirely devoid of humour, which is almost a necessity of the critic's equipment, and he seems to have entirely lacked what must be vaguely called taste—that is to say, the power of estimating the relative values of things. Perhaps no man of decidedly high talents ever made such a ludicrous blunder as the statement that "for one *Fouqué* there are fifty *Molières*." If he would only have indicated to us the whereabouts of the forty-nine! The truth is that Poe was positively deficient in the power of appreciating a good many things, and that he never suspected his deficiency. The romantic mystery of *Fouqué* appealed to him; the consummate knowledge of ordinary human nature, and the polished style of *Molière*, did not. This makes his criticism worthless as a guide; it makes it all the more interesting as an independent study. When he talks thus of *Molière*, of Mr. Carlyle, and of many other persons whom he did not understand, perhaps the best thing to do is to remember his unfortunate, but delightful, paper on "The Philosophy of Furniture." An honest but wholly uneducated soul, *ohne organ* of the particular kind required, here tries its hand at aesthetics. The bodily eye would involuntarily seek the shelter of its fringed curtains in Poe's awful drawing-room; but the eye of the mind, more catholic and tolerant, contemplates it with some pleasure and a good deal of instruction.

It is almost unnecessary to speak of the tales. They are not quite faultless, but they are almost without fault. In this direction Poe's hand was surest. He never, like his imitators, embroils an interesting plot only to huddle it up with an insufficient dis-embroidment. He rarely introduces a single jarring note. He very seldom over-steps—though it must be admitted that he sometimes does this—the narrow and perilously winding line which separates the sublime and horrible from the simply ludicrous and wearisome. His mere puzzle-pieces we care less for. "The Gold Bug," perhaps, is the only one which, from the vigour and animation of the narrative, deserves to rank in the first class. But "Ligeia," "The House of Usher," "The Masque of the Red Death," "The Cask of Amontillado," "The Descent into the Maelstrom"—these are all different and all perfect. They have at one time the vague and floating charm of the best German *märchen*; at another the sustained narrative interest of English story; at almost all the literary grace and careful proportion of the French *nouvelle*. Even the minor stories—always excepting the humorous ones, which for reasons given already are wholly worthless—would be masterpieces for any one else. But, indeed, the tales have so thoroughly conquered their place that that place needs little description. It is not so with the poems. Here Poe is as unequal almost as in his criticisms; as perfect occasionally as in his tales. In one particular respect it may be said that no poet has surpassed him—that is to say, in the power of setting words together so as to produce an indefinite, and indeed indelible, sensation of beauty in colour and form and sound at the same time. No one ever wrote in words a piece more thoroughly and suggestively musical than "Annabel Lee," no one has ever excelled the soft lapse of the trochees—we shall make His Excellency the American Minister "d—n metres" once more—in the

"Haunted Palace." All his strength and all his weakness may be seen in these two pieces, with "Ulalume" and "For Annie." Of the two horses which drew his poetical car, Sense and Sound, the former was terribly restive, though the latter was obedient enough, and occasionally he drives heavily. But, for the most part, the Sound is able to drag the recalcitrant Sense with it, and sometimes they keep step and time with the most marvellous harmony. Praise of Poe usually excites, in people who do not like him, a peculiar, but intelligible, feeling of irritation. It is credible, indeed certain, that the line from the "Haunted Palace"—

Banners, yellow, glorious, golden—

which is sufficient for a test examination of poetical critics, does actually strike some people possessed of a fair complement of intellectual faculties as nothing at all particular. To these persons admiration of Poe's poetry will always seem preposterous; as preposterous as admiration of Molière seemed to Poe himself. Does one incur the penalties of the Pharisee for thanking the Muses that one is able to admire both Molière and Poe? Let us hope not; and let us congratulate the inhabitants of the Empire City on having done, or rather on being about to do, a very sensible thing. The Northern States of the Union have already and quite recently produced, in Mr. Stedman's essay, the best critical examination yet published of the poet they so long undervalued; and the projected memorial fairly supplements that criticism and the biographical labours of Mr. Ingram. Poe has now got his Life, his *éloge*, and his memorial; it only remains that some one should give us a really well-printed edition of his poems, and perhaps his best tales. Mr. Ingram's edition of the works is exhaustive, but not beautiful; all the others are neither the one nor the other.

M. SARDOU ON DIVORCE.

THE Théâtre du Palais Royal was rebuilt last year during the unfortunate visit of the company to London. The operation has been performed so cleverly that, though not so much as a square inch of additional ground has actually been obtained, the theatre seems to have grown quite spacious. The old dinginess has disappeared; and, we may add with satisfaction, the old stuffiness also; the seats are comfortable, and not too close together, and the vulgar drop-scene, covered with advertisements of hats and sewing-machines, and a benignant demon offering all manner of wares at the cheapest possible rate, has been replaced by a handsome curtain. In the centre of the proscenium a particularly well-chosen motto from Rabelais has been inscribed:—"Mieux est de ris que de larmes écrire, par ce que rire est le propre de l'homme. Vivez joyeux." In exact conformity with the advice tendered in these lines, M. Victorien Sardou has supplied the first new piece, a comedy in three acts, called *Divorçons!* The title is suggestive; and, having regard to the known character of the theatre, where, provided people can be made to laugh until they can laugh no longer, authors and actors may say and do what they please, we expected a dish of exceedingly piquant fare, a sort of dramatic curry. That the author of *Dora* and *Daniel Rochat* should have stooped to this sort of work surprised us a little; but M. Sardou, though he is a member of the Academy, and, therefore, one of the privileged forty who are supposed to watch over the highest interests of French literature, is, above all things, a good mechanical playwright, and on occasion can write to order like humbler mortals. Moreover, we remembered a certain early piece of his, called *Les Hommes du Voisin*, the fun of which promised well for the mirth-exciting qualities of *Divorçons!* On that score the piece leaves nothing to be desired. We have rarely seen an audience laugh as they laughed that evening. That it was broad—very broad indeed in places, and seasoned with a salt that is not Attic—is a fact that the most indulgent critic cannot deny; but underneath the wild fun and boisterous extravagance of parts of it there lies a serious intention, which is handled so delicately and so ably as to give *Divorçons!* in our judgment, a considerable place, not only among the author's works, but among modern French comedies.

The question of divorce is one of the most burning questions of the day in France; and, though it has not as yet been brought formally before the Chamber, it may be considered as tolerably certain that it will be discussed there at no distant date. Meanwhile it has been treated at meetings and in pamphlets, and has furnished the groundwork of a dozen or more serious plays. Those who have followed the modern French stage are familiar with the advanced lady, of lofty aspirations and feeble morality, who, finding that her plain, but honest, husband is not the ideal being that her soul demands, takes refuge from domestic insufficiency in the arms of a stalwart youth, with golden, not to say "carrotty," locks, irreproachable manners, and a faultless coat. By and by the husband finds out the intrigue, and there is "an awful row," the result of which depends on the theatre at which the piece is played. Then comes the problem, What is he to do with his wife? Sometimes he shoots her then and there, which is no doubt a simple way out of the difficulty, but hardly one that could be generally adopted; sometimes they agree to separate, but then there are the children to be considered (for there is always at least one child in these pieces); and sometimes the scene is laid in Switzerland, where divorce is allowed, which gives opportunity for a pretty scene, and a good deal of sentimental talk about nature, and the nuptial knot is triumphantly untied to slow music and a distant view of

the Alps. In *Divorçons!* M. Sardou has presented the comic side of all this. The way in which he handled the civil marriage in *Daniel Rochat* showed that he can approach an important social question with becoming gravity; but that of divorce has hitherto been treated with so much priggishness, and overlaid with such a thick crust of false sentiment, that it was high time for an author of courage and talent to make the conventional presentation of it on the stage the subject of a brilliant, laughing satire.

The plain husband in M. Sardou's piece is a M. des Prunelles—short, stout, addicted to scientific and mechanical experiments, and eminently uninteresting to the outward view. He is no fool, however, as the sequel will show. His wife, Cyprienne, is the lady who, "according to custom," is yearning for the society of a being who shall comprehend her; but at the same time she is held back, as she herself laments, by an unworthy superstition that she ought to respect her plighted vows to her husband. "J'ai longtemps médité ce problème," she says, "comment respecter mes devoirs en les oubliant." Adhémar, her lover, is all that emancipated woman could desire; but there is that odious law between her and him. It must be swept away. The question of divorce is her favourite subject of study and conversation; the newest pamphlets that advocate it lie on her table, with the leaves turned down at the most important passages; and she has gathered round her a society of congenial female friends, who all think as she does, though some are neither so moral nor so circumspect as herself. There is an admirable scene between her and her husband at the beginning of the piece in which she puts the received arguments about woman's rights with a force that he, who has not always led a life that will bear close inspection, finds it difficult to answer. "You call me a 'femur délicieuse.' That is an epithet which implies comparison. Why are not we women to be allowed the same latitude as you men? 'Je veux mettre les maris en circulation. J'aurais plus de choix.'" Meanwhile Adhémar, who has no idea of waiting till the law is changed, being a young gentleman "who takes his license in the field of time," succeeds in persuading Cyprienne to grant him the usual interview at dead of night. He is to enter through the conservatory, when the household are all asleep. The husband, however, has anticipated the lovers, and, thanks to his knowledge of electricity, takes such precautions that no sooner has Adhémar closed the door behind him than every bell in the house is set ringing, and the guilty pair find themselves surrounded in a moment by their servants and their friends. We forgot to mention that Adhémar, in order to induce Cyprienne to agree to the aforesaid interview, had got a friend to send him a telegram announcing that the Chamber had voted in favour of divorce by an immense majority. In the second act, which is by far the best of the three, the husband accepts the situation thus traced out for him, though he knows, as well as Adhémar does, that the news is false. "Divorce will become the law of the land in a few months," he says. "You wish to be divorced. I have not the slightest objection. I am perfectly aware of my inferiority to this glittering creature, M. Adhémar; he shall be my successor; but I am not going to be made ridiculous. How far has all this gone?" Cyprienne, not to be outdone in frankness, minutely describes the whole affair. In a scene which is indescribably funny, and which has besides some of the highest qualities of comedy, she relates the origin and progress of her romance, and turning out her drawer of relics, tells her husband the story that is attached to each. Armed with these precious details, Des Prunelles has an interview with Adhémar, and lays down the conditions of their existence during the coming year. Presently, however, he admits to Cyprienne that he is going to dine at a restaurant in company with a certain lady. She at once becomes furiously jealous, forgets all about Adhémar, and upbraids her husband with not inviting her to any of those festive expeditions. "Will you come?" he says. The fact that the proposal directly contravenes one of the conditions determined upon with "the successor" supplies the spice of impropriety, the absence of which in simple pleasures has been frequently regretted, and Cyprienne accepts. She bids her maid tell Adhémar that she has gone to see an aunt, and hurries her husband out through the conservatory, exclaiming, "File, mon ami, file! il pourra nous rattraper!" Hardly have they gone when Adhémar enters. "Madame dine chez sa tante," says the maid. "Déjà!" he exclaims, as the curtain falls. The third act takes place in the private room of a restaurant. M. des Prunelles orders an appetizing repast, with plenty of champagne and burgundy. While Cyprienne has retired to take off her bonnet Adhémar enters in high dudgeon. He has followed Cyprienne to her aunt's apartment, to find that the aunt has been out of Paris for two months. "My dear fellow," he says to Des Prunelles, "I must put you on your guard against aunts. It's a well-known excuse, with which you ought to be made acquainted." "Ah!" replies the husband, "you have made a mistake. It was not *that* aunt, it was the other"; and he gives an address in a distant quarter of the city. Adhémar having departed to look for this apocryphal relative, Cyprienne and her husband sit down to dinner, and do ample justice to the succulent repast which obsequious waiters bring in. The result may easily be imagined. When Adhémar returns, drenched to the skin, covered with mud, and his umbrella turned inside out, he finds the pair perfectly reconciled, the lady reposing in her husband's arms, and quite satisfied that no better creature exists on the face of the earth than the partner whom she had previously despised. Furious at the sight, he completes Cyprienne's cure by making himself utterly ridiculous. He calls in the police, and demands the

arrest of Des Prunelles for abduction of the lady whom they have agreed to regard as a joint possession, and to speak of as "notre femme." The end of it, of course, is that Cyprienne sees her mistake, and in a few serious words admits as much before the curtain falls.

We have of necessity given a mere outline of the plot, and especially of that of the last act, which is broadly farcical in its details, some of which are—let us say Aristophanic—and might well be omitted, if *Divorçons!* is intended to be a permanent piece of literature; but that Cyprienne should surrender her aspirations for the emancipation of her sex under the combined influence of good cheer and conjugal endearments is only the logical conclusion to what has gone before, and is precisely what we might have expected from the flimsiness of her character. The introduction of the broader details that we have alluded to was probably thought necessary for the taste of the audiences at the Palais Royal. We can well imagine that when he began to write he thought only of amusing, and that the serious intention which seems to underlie the fun was developed afterwards, perhaps almost unconsciously. It is said, indeed, that *Divorçons!* was written as a pastime, in the intervals of the composition of a solemn oration which M. Sardon had to deliver before the Academy at the distribution of the *Prix de Vertu*, founded by M. Monthyon. Let us hope that the author was as much diverted as his audiences are.

The piece is admirably acted. Mme. Céline Chaumont, who plays the difficult part of Cyprienne, renders that lady's ridiculous enthusiasm, the midsummer madness of her extravagances, with a total absence of self-consciousness and a complete self-restraint. She knows exactly where to stop, and carefully avoids all exaggerations not specially required for the character she has to develop. She represents female enthusiasm gone mad, and nothing more. The result is a performance so irresistibly comic that the great artistic merit of it is likely to be overlooked in the hilarity that it provokes. M. Daubray is as good as she is in the far easier part of the husband. The actor who played Adhemar seemed possessed with a fatal notion that it was his mission to be funny. The small parts have all been entrusted to artists who understand the author's intention perfectly.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

THE non-scientific visitor who leaves the Zoological Gardens as the shades of evening are gathering over Regent's Park naturally thinks that with the closing of the gates the show is over, and animals and keepers alike retire to rest. As a matter of fact, the Gardens then present a new scene of activity, and fresh responsibilities are imposed upon the attendants. Some of the larger beasts of prey, such as the lions and tigers, have accommodated themselves to altered circumstances, and, having been on day-duty in the public service, turn in at night; elephants, who are always sensible persons, recognize that the night was made for repose; hippopotami, who have been sleeping nearly all the day, gladly avail themselves of the stillness and gloom, and take yet another forty winks; and even the monkey-house is in comparative quiet. But there are a large number of birds, animals, and reptiles who, having kept themselves in rigid seclusion during the day, issue forth in accordance with peremptory habit at night, and demand food and attention. These animals, of the greatest interest to the zoologist, are but little known to the general public, for the obvious reason that the Gardens cannot be thrown open at night, as the inmates, human and otherwise, must neither be deprived of their rest nor disturbed in their avocations. The salutary rule having been relaxed for us, we made our way as it was growing dark to the office of the Superintendent of the Gardens, Mr. Bartlett. The principal object of interest there was a lone little boy, who had been forgotten and left behind by his parents, and from whom an attendant was unsuccessfully endeavouring to elicit his address. This is a common experience at the "Zoo," the Monday visitors especially being often vague as to the number and nature of the *impedimenta* which they bring with them. The gigantic and vicious spider from the West Indies, which feeds on cock-roaches, was also housed there out of the cold; while on the branch of a tree, fixed up in the room adjoining, sat what was apparently a tame, fluffy miniature bear, eating dry leaves. This was the so-called climbing bear (Koala) of Australia, which is really a marsupial. Hundreds have been brought to this country, but hitherto the animal has never lived in captivity; and, although a boy is kept to pet it, and eucalyptus, or blue gum, leaves are brought from Kew and from Marseilles to feed it, the future of the present specimen is a source of great anxiety to the authorities: if, indeed, it has not already succumbed to the climate. The inmates of the Gardens require, as might be expected, constant attention, and night brings but little relief to the keepers. Many of those which are nocturnal in their habits can only be fed and attended to by night, while others must on no account be approached after dark. Even the docile elephant, the sleepy, stupid-looking hippopotamus, and the solemn rhinoceros become raging beasts if disturbed by the presence of a light. The elephant-house has furnished Mr. Bartlett with several patients on which to exercise his surgical skill. One of the Indian elephants some time since had the misfortune to wrench off a portion of its trunk which had got caught in a noose of rope, and the largest African specimen, whose huge proportions are well known to the

frequenters of the Gardens, met with an accident by which its tusks were broken off; the stumps subsequently grew into the cheeks, causing it excruciating pain, and necessitating an immediate remedy. The intrepid Superintendent undertook to perform the delicate operation and relieve the poor beast. Having prepared a gigantic hook-shaped lancet, he bandaged the creature's eyes and proceeded to his task. It was an anxious moment, for there was absolutely nothing to prevent the animal killing his medical attendants upon the spot, and to rely upon the common sense and good nature of a creature weighing many tons and suffering from facial abscesses and neuralgia argues, to say the least of it, the possession of considerable nerve. But Mr. Bartlett did not hesitate, and climbing up within reach of his patient he lanced the swollen cheek. His courage was rewarded, for the beast at once perceived that the proceedings were for his good, and submitted quietly. The next morning when they came to operate upon the other side, the elephant turned his cheek without being bidden, and endured the second incision without a groan. Another of Mr. Bartlett's exploits, the extraction of a hippopotamus's tooth, has been already related by the late Mr. Frank Buckland in his admirable *Curiosities of Natural History*. The Gardens have indeed a high reputation for the performance of animal dentistry. Certain Indian conjurers who some time since appeared in London brought over a number of cobras with them. It is instructive to those who investigate the subject of the snake-charmers of India, and consoling to the visitors to the Aquarium, to know that the *thaumatophidia* in question had their poison-fangs extracted at the Zoological Gardens shortly after their arrival. Cobras, however, are "kittle cattle to fash," and one of the keepers who incautiously took out a specimen paid for his rashness with his life. The authorities at the Gardens, practical as they are, know of no sure cure for snake bites; in cases where the sufferer does recover, it is by no means certain that he has been thoroughly poisoned, for a person may be wounded by a snake which has recently lost or expended the contents of its poison fang before the creature has had the time to secrete more, and will not of course be exposed to anything like the risk. One of the keepers in the Dublin Gardens being intoxicated, and having in that condition irritated the boa-constrictor, was bitten by the animal, and died in three days of blood-poisoning and shock to the nervous system. It is a moot point with those best acquainted with serpents whether even those most generally supposed to be harmless have not some power of secreting poison. Certainly the same glands exist in both the venomous and harmless species, and the moral would seem to be that snakes, like "Injuns, is poison wherever found."

But in a little compartment of the Ostrich House resided the principal object of our visit, that quaintest and most uncanny of birds, the Apteryx, or Kiwi-Kiwi, which was long thought by naturalists to be a mythical creature. It never comes out at all but at night, and even then, on this occasion, he had perceived our approach, and taken up his usual place of concealment among the straw. It is a round little nondescript with a long curved beak, no tail, the merest rudiments of wings, which are not visible through the plumage, and large powerful feet, with which it kicks in a very formidable manner, while it can, by striking them on the ground, make a tremendous noise quite disproportionate to its size. It lives chiefly on worms, and having its nostrils set at the very tip of the beak, can pry them out in its nocturnal rambles without the aid of eyes. Having discovered the whereabouts of a worm, it is said to entice them to the surface by stamping on the ground; we cannot vouch for this as a fact, and must confess that, if we were a worm, we should be anything but allured by such a burglarious clatter overhead. The most curious circumstance perhaps about the Apteryx is its egg, which is nearly as large as the parent bird, and is one-fourth of its weight. Several have been laid in the gardens of the Society by the present specimen, thus settling at rest all doubt upon the subject. It is a native of New Zealand, where it is now becoming very rare, and is closely allied to the Moa, or Dinornis, which is now extinct, but which, if we are to believe native accounts, existed within the last hundred years. The skeleton of the last-named extraordinary bird is by this time familiar to the frequenter of museums of comparative anatomy, and from its gigantic proportions recalls the fabled Roc of the *Arabian Nights*.

As there are no indigenous mammals in New Zealand, and man, being an omnivorous animal, is constrained occasionally to vary his diet of grain, vegetables and fish, the disappearance of these large fowl may easily be accounted for; but the prevalence amongst the Maori race of a taste for "long pig," as they euphemistically term man when used for edible purposes, would seem to argue that the supply of Moas must have failed some long time ago. The introduction of domestic animals on the island has done much to improve the moral tone of the natives, and makes it at length possible for a missionary to contemplate the possession of a healthy *embonpoint* with composure.

Amongst the other nocturnal creatures to which we were introduced were an Aard wolf, which is really a sort of hyena; the great ant-eater, with his magnificent bushy tail and ridiculous carrot-shaped head; a little sloth bear, which strenuously resented being taken away from his dinner to be hauded round for inspection, and several specimens of the Phalanger tribe. The Society's collection is rich in these and other marsupials, their kangaroos especially furnishing most interesting studies for the habits of such creatures. The kangaroo is born like any other mammal, but not fully developed, and its mother at once puts it in the pouch. Several females of this species have been closely watched, but the exact

moment and manner of depositing the young in this receptacle has not yet been observed. When they are old enough the mother throws them out of her pocket and leaves them to provide for themselves. So little penetration, however, does a kangaroo seem to possess, that one in the Gardens carried about a young monkey for some time under the impression that it was her own offspring, and occasioned the attendants considerable amusement by her air of surprise when her supposititious child put out his hand and stole the biscuits which were offered her.

The great ant-eater, mild as he looks, can be very troublesome at times; on one evening he had had his bath, of which he is inordinately fond, and refused to come out. The attendants remonstrated with a chair and a broomstick, when he stood on his hind legs, fought with his strong claws, and roared like a bear. Bears, by the way, are also a treacherous folk, and the keepers place but little faith in them, however tame they are reported to be. Three men have already been killed by these animals in the Gardens, and it is to be hoped that no one will have to repeat the hazardous feat of the gentleman who some time ago descended into the bear-pit to rescue a child which had fallen in, and brought up his charge unhurt. It is not always that beasts are so astonished as on this occasion, or so occupied with their own private disputes, as in the more memorable incident related by Schiller in his "Ballad of the Glove," as to allow an intruder to leave them scot free. One of the largest bears in the Gardens was the property of a Savoyard couple, who took it about performing in the street. The police, rightly deeming that so large an animal with so little restraint was dangerous, naturally objected, and the green-yard offering no facilities for his detention, Bruin was brought for refuge to the Gardens. The magistrates refused to allow the exhibition to continue, and it remained in the Gardens, a smaller bear being given in exchange. The lion "Wallace," who a few days ago nearly killed its keeper at Birmingham, is also to retire from public performances to the *otium cum dignitate* of the "Zoo." We are constantly being reminded by these and still more tragic accidents of the barbarity of allowing "Lion-taming" to continue in existence. Only last week a tiger in a show at Philadelphia killed his keeper before the audience. A well-directed revolver shot from one of the bystanders slew the beast, and enabled the attendants to draw out the mangled corpse of the Lion King, when the second tiger fell upon its prostrate mate tooth and claw, and the spectacle became so ghastly that the crowd beat a precipitate retreat. There is a vast difference between these debasing entertainments and the keeping of animals under such circumstances as in the Zoological Society's collection, where they are not only well cared for and happy, but where they afford great opportunities for scientific research and afford harmless amusement to thousands.

The crowds of mere holiday-makers who daily crowd the Gardens, when frost and snow have not hermetically sealed every out-of-door place of amusement, cannot be expected to realize the amount of patience, money, and skill required to satisfy the wants and restrain the caprices of so large a collection of animals of such widely different habits and requirements, and nothing better proves the competence of the Zoological Society's staff to carry out the task than a glimpse at the night side of nature at their establishment.

THE FALL IN SILVER.

THERE has been another fall in silver of late, and, although the price has somewhat recovered, there are very general apprehensions that the recovery will not be lasting, and that we are on the eve of a further and a very heavy fall. The decline, so far, has not been considerable. Having oscillated about 52 pence per ounce for a year or two, the price dropped some weeks ago to about 50 pence, and is now over half-way between those two quotations; but the market is not steady. Those who take a gloomy view of the future argue that Germany has now, for a long time, discontinued the sales of silver; that under the Bland Act the United States have been coining silver at the rate of 400,000*l.* a month; that there have been no further demonetizations of the metal; and yet that the price has not risen much above 52 pence, being a permanent depreciation of about 13 per cent. They urge further that now India has been taking less silver than of old; that there are rumours that Germany intends to begin selling again; that the United States Government is unable to get the silver dollars into circulation, and is consequently urging upon Congress the necessity of some alteration, and that it is evidently disposed to stop further coinage; and, lastly, that Italy, about to resume specie payments, intends doing so in gold, and not in silver, as had been expected. They conclude that the result is certain to be a very heavy fall in the value of the metal, which will probably induce further demonetization, and that, in its turn, further depreciation. This argument, it will be seen, rests partly upon fact and partly upon conjecture or rumour. Let us, before proceeding to consider its merely speculative part, inquire how far it is really supported by the facts.

The important point to notice is that, since the stoppage of the German sales of silver, the price of the metal has been pretty constant until quite lately, when several circumstances—of which the most important is the falling off in the exports to India—have caused a decline. India is essentially a country which exports more produce than she imports. The ideally perfect state of the

foreign trade of a country would be that in which the imports and the exports would balance one another. In such a State scarcely any money would pass between the country and its foreign customers, the goods one way paying for the goods the other way. But owing to the extreme poverty of the population of India, that country is able to buy much less than it sells. The consequence is that, in addition to the imports of goods, there has to be an import of specie to pay for the exports. For several years past the imports have consisted of commodities, of India Council bills, and of silver. Quite recently there has been an increase in the imports of commodities, and there has also been an increase in the India Council bills. The India Council bills consist partly of the price of commodities—as, for example, the materials for railway building—partly also of the interest upon debt, payable in this country, and partly of salaries and pensions due to Indian officials here at home. Every increase in these bills of course displaces a certain amount of silver, which would have to be sent if they had not existed; for it is more convenient for a person who wants to make a payment in India to buy one of those bills, which are neither more nor less than orders upon the Indian Treasury to pay a specified sum of money, and transmit the bill to the person to whom the payment is due. But, in addition to the increase in the India Council bills, there has been an increase in the imports of commodities. During the recent terrible famine, the people were unable to buy clothing as usual; but as soon as the famine passed away, and they found themselves once more in funds, they began to purchase more largely, so as to replenish their wardrobes. The consequence has been an extraordinary increase in the exports of cotton goods from this country. There can be no doubt, of course, that it is more advantageous that India should take cotton goods than that she should take silver, as it gives employment both to the capital and labour of Lancashire. Still, the larger import of cotton goods diminishes the import of silver, and consequently tends to reduce the price; but this exceptional augmentation in the imports of cotton goods can hardly be expected to continue. After a while the cotton market in India will be fully supplied, if not more than supplied; and then an increase will take place in the remittances of silver. We are not inclined, therefore, to regard this falling off in the demand for silver for India as a permanent, or even a serious, cause of depreciation.

Nor do we think that the rumours or reports of intended changes in other countries are deserving of much more consideration. No one can tell, of course, what the German Government intends to do. It may resume its sales of silver, it may adopt the double standard, or it may call in the old silver and re-coin the greater part of it as subsidiary or token coinage; but, so far, nothing certain is known of the matter beyond the fact that, for the present, the sales of silver are suspended. Even, however, if it should begin to sell again, we do not think that the permanent effect upon the market would be as great as is supposed. At the very outside, the whole amount to be disposed of does not exceed 17,000,000*l.*, and a large proportion of this sum will be required as additional token coinage. Probably, therefore, 12,000,000*l.* is the very outside amount to be sold. But India alone has often taken that much in a single year, and if any sudden cause stimulating the demand for silver for that country should arise, the sum would be disposed of in a very short time. As for the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and of the Controller of the Currency, it is to be borne in mind that these gentlemen have from the first been opposed to the Bland Act; that each year since it was passed they have been pointing out its mischievous effects; and that there is no more reason to suppose their recommendations will be attended to now than at any time since the Act was first placed on the statute book. It is true, indeed, that at the late elections the Republican party was successful, and that a Republican Administration will be more likely to carry its way with a Republican Congress than with a Democratic one. But, on the other hand, it is not to be forgotten that silver mining is a very important industry in the United States, and that the desire to protect native industry in all its forms has as yet lost none of its force, and, in fact, is stronger with Republicans than with Democrats. The silver party was powerful enough to have the Bland Act, and it may be trusted to oppose a very stubborn resistance to any proposal to repeal that measure. In any case, an early repeal is improbable. Congress will be more likely at first to recommend another conference with the European Powers, so as to see whether longer experience may not have induced Continental nations, if not England, to agree to some bi-metallist plan. Lastly, as regards the intention of Italy to resume specie payments in gold, we have to see whether she will be able to give effect to her intention. It is said that the Messrs. Rothschild have declined to bring out the loan necessary for resumption on the very ground that it would be impossible to get for Italy the gold she requires, and that the negotiations are in consequence going on on another basis. Whether the report be true or not, it is certain that it would be very difficult for Italy to obtain the gold she would require. England, France, and Germany would all take measures to protect their gold reserves, and Italy would thus be compelled either to pay an extravagant price or see her plans defeated at the very outset. It is only reasonable to assume that Italian statesmen who have shown themselves practical and sound will recognize that it would be an unwise course to adopt a gold currency, and, while remaining within the Latin Union, and therefore nominally maintaining a double standard, will really adopt a

silver currency. For Italy herself that would be the most advantageous course. The country is poor, and the incomes of her people are small. The mass of the transactions are in small sums, and silver would therefore be much more convenient for all exchange purposes than gold would be. Nor, even in international transactions, would there be any advantage in a gold standard. The purely silver countries have no real difficulty in settling their debts abroad.

It has been acutely pointed out by a writer in the *Statist* that perhaps the most potent cause in the fall of which we are speaking is one that has been scarcely noticed hitherto—namely, the increase in the value of money, to which we referred last week. Although silver is money in the silver-using countries, here in England it is only a commodity; and, like other commodities, its price tends to fall with every rise in the value of money, unless, indeed, there is a contemporaneous rise in the value of money in the silver-using countries. It would not seem, however, that there is such a rise at present; and naturally, therefore, silver tends to fall as gold tends to rise. If, as is generally expected, money is to become dearer for the next year or two, it is quite probable that the downward tendency in the price of silver may continue, unless the improvement in trade extends to the East, and money there also becomes dearer. Undoubtedly there has been a considerable improvement in Eastern trade. The disappearance of famine, to which we referred above, of itself is an enormous stimulus to trade. Still the improvement has not been of a character that would greatly enhance the value of money, and apparently there is no very marked alteration in the Indian money market; but, unless the country is visited by famine again, the progress of improvement will naturally bring about an increase in the value of money, and then silver will tend to rise, just as gold is tending to rise with ourselves.

ENGLISH MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

PORTRAITURE holds, as usual, a dominant place in the representation of the English school at Burlington House. The few artists of the last century who strove to establish in England a tradition of monumental design are rarely to be met in these annual gatherings of Old Masters, nor is their absence much to be deplored. We can more easily do justice to the aims of men like Barry, West, and Fuseli when we are not burdened with the heavy duty of examining the actual results of their labours. Barry, at least, worked with a noble ambition and in a spirit of the truest devotion to his calling; but both he and others who strove to introduce into painting an element of ideal beauty were carried away by a sentiment of extravagant hostility to the accepted modes of artistic practice. Nothing is more remarkable in the laboured inventions of these men than the total absence of those qualities which give such enduring charm to contemporary work in portrait. It would almost appear as though they had deliberately excluded from their view whatever the portrait-painter found worthy of his study. All suggestion of individual character is rigidly suppressed in obedience to a preconceived theory of the requirements of classic style, and forms and faces alike are reduced to a dull abstraction that scarcely keeps any sense of contact with living humanity. The contrast offered by these opposite schools of painting is indeed at first sight so striking and extraordinary, that it is difficult to realize that they belong to a single epoch. And yet the failure of nearly all attempts at imaginative art was as profoundly characteristic of the eighteenth century as was the brilliant success achieved in portraiture. A fine enjoyment of the realities of social life, with a corresponding keenness of appreciation for the most delicate distinctions of individual character, mark the literature no less than the art of the time, and whatever in either field strives for a higher reward is for the most part found to be infected by a pedantic devotion to classic models.

It is necessary to keep in mind these unfavourable influences against which all the higher forms of inventive art had to struggle in order to appreciate at its just value the genius of an artist like Flaxman, whose collected drawings occupy a gallery to themselves. Flaxman was endowed with the highest powers of design, and by the strength of his original gift he was saved from the failure that others had to confess. And yet it is not possible to examine any large number of Flaxman's drawings without being somewhat oppressed by the monotonous character of the forms and faces, and by the imperfect sense of humanity which mars the effect of his more elaborate compositions. That this, however, is the result rather of deliberate theory than of any lack of individual strength is sufficiently proved by the direct studies from nature which form so large a part of the splendid contribution from University College. By their help we may perceive how thoroughly Flaxman understood the true sources of beauty in abstract design, and if the finished performance does not always satisfy the promise of these simple studies, it is at any rate in all cases the result of a legitimate process of selection. Flaxman's elegant and balanced compositions are thus entirely free from the deformities and exaggerations which so often disfigure the ideal paintings of the time. He worked with ample knowledge, and with a cunning and practised hand, and his designs are therefore to be accepted as the most complete and satisfactory expression of the classical sentiment which inspired them. That sentiment, however, cannot be said to be so intimately related to the true

spirit of Greek art as was believed by those who laboured under its influence. Each age, as it inevitably recurs to the example of classic style, will produce of that style its own characteristic translation. The somewhat pedantic criticism of the time had established for the eighteenth century its particular conception of the beauty of Greek art, and of this conception Flaxman is the most accomplished exponent. But even those to whom its subdued and limited vitality offers no special charm will still find in these studies by Flaxman ample evidence of the greatness of his genius. Such students will be attracted less by the formal grace of the illustrations to Homer and Hesiod than by the artist's quick recognition of beauty in the ordinary incidents of domestic life shown in numerous groups of mothers and children represented in the ordinary costume of the time.

It is a sudden leap which takes us from the scholarly designs of Flaxman to the moral satire of Hogarth, and the still more homely pathos of Morland. Hogarth had struck the first note of original invention in English art; and, although his work affected none of the higher graces of style that other men sought to win, it appeals to us now as a strong and genuine product of the time. The liberty which he allowed himself in the presentation of vice and folly was rendered acceptable to his generation by the strongly didactic sentiment which flavoured all his work. In this respect he is to be distinguished from the Dutchmen of the preceding century, with whom in other matters he claims a close alliance. Like them, he was attracted by the common realities of life, choosing to interpret the facts that lay close at hand without any misgiving as to their insufficient dignity for the purposes of art. But, while the Dutchmen laboured in the broader spirit of comedy, Hogarth brought to these vulgar scenes the fierce temper of the professed moralist; and, with this special purpose in view, he was apt sometimes to lay deliberate emphasis upon the coarser incidents in his pictures in order the more strongly to enforce the lesson he had to teach. If we compare the one example of Hogarth in the exhibition—the telling composition entitled “The Lady's Last Stake” (55)—with the splendid Jan Steen from the Hope collection, we shall be glad to realize the full measure of the distinction to which we have referred. The merest glance at the Englishman's spirited design suffices to interpret his meaning. “The story I pitched upon,” writes Hogarth, “was of a young and virtuous married lady, who, by playing at cards with an officer, loses her money, watch, and jewels; the moment when he offers them back in return for her honour, and she is wavering at his suit, was my point of time.” All this is told as plainly upon the canvas as in the artist's own words, and is told in a way which shows that the interest of the story to Hogarth lay in the occasion it offered for the enforcement of an obvious moral. The picture by Jan Steen which, in the catalogue, is discreetly entitled “A Lady offering Wine to a Gentleman” (104), has a more sinister meaning more subtly expressed. The painter has been content to remain a quiet spectator of the intrigue which he has chosen to illustrate, and has given no loud hint of his meaning. His mode of interpreting the little drama that is in progress is, indeed, so subdued and restrained, that the significance of the picture has been wholly misunderstood. The critic of the *Times* accepts “The Glutton” as an appropriate title for the design; but it is not very difficult to perceive that the feast which the poor victim is enjoying is only an incident in the sure process of his ruin. The figure of Fortune with her foot upon a die which stands above the mantelpiece, the suggestive inscription carved below it, and the group in an inner apartment gambling at a table, sufficiently indicate the character of the house, while as for the actors in the play they have their characters stamped upon their faces. The old hag who kneels to the left, the youthful woman, with her over-modest air, who hands the wine, and the swaggering bully at the back of the scene; these, if we mistake not, are familiar types only not instantly recognizable because the painter has been at no pains to exaggerate the distinguishing traits of each for the sake of pointing a common moral. To what lengths of sentimental extravagance the didactic spirit may be pushed in weaker hands than those of Hogarth is to be learned from the series of designs by Morland illustrating the progress of “Letitia” from innocence to depravity. Morland was a painter of real talent, but he is here to be seen at his worst. More satisfactory specimens of his art are the Landscape (10), lent by Mr. Ames, and the “Night Scene, with Horsemen grouped around an inn door” (24), from the collection of Mr. Stanley Boulter. The few remaining examples of English painting outside the range of portrait and landscape are not of much interest or importance. The “Cricket Match” (6), by Francis Hayman, is curious rather than admirable, nor is Stothard's illustration to the *Faerie Queen* (52) a very remarkable or characteristic performance.

The great English portrait-painters are, as is usual in these exhibitions, amply and brilliantly represented. As often before, the spectator is again impressed by the larger and more varied grasp of character possessed by Reynolds as compared with his great rival Gainsborough; and yet, at the same time, he will be forced to admit that in moments of happiest inspiration Gainsborough could produce work of unapproachable excellence and beauty. The one rarely failed; the other, it is true, did not always succeed, but his successes were of a kind to far outweigh his failures. We may instance in the present collection three pictures by Gainsborough that would of themselves serve to make the reputation of any lesser artist. It would be difficult to surpass the graceful composition of “The Wood Gatherers” (172), lent

by Lord Carnarvon, though the painting here and there has suffered grievously. On the same wall hangs a full-length portrait of the Countess Ligonier (177), with a face of extraordinary vivacity and fascination, and in the first room is to be found a head of Miss Tryon, at the age of fifteen (38), where, apart from the convincing truth of the portrait, we may note the purely artistic qualities of a delicate scheme of colouring admirably worked out in tones of pink and grey. The works of Sir Joshua are on this occasion more numerous than those of Gainsborough. The fatal imprudence of the painter in the use of fleeting and destructive pigments is unfortunately only too evident in some of the best of the works from his hand. A richly coloured composition of a "Nymph, with Pan piping to her" (35), is cracked and scarred as though it had passed through a furnace. As a companion to this hangs the delightful group of "Master Angerstein and his sister Julia" (30), and in the large room, among several other contributions, we may distinguish in particular the portrait of "Lady Elizabeth Herbert, with her Child" (180).

THE THEATRES.

MR. BOOTH'S performance of Iago, a part which he is playing on alternate nights with Othello at the Princess's Theatre, fully justifies the high estimation in which it has been held by the best American critics. It is indeed a representation full of insight, grace, and force. The actor's Hamlet gave sufficient warrant that his Iago would be a carefully thought out and consistent piece of acting, executed with complete skill; and from his Hamlet, as well as from his other performances, it might have been safely predicted that Mr. Booth would not be wanting in force when it seemed good to him to indicate force. Nor could an actor of so much accomplishment and imaginative power as Mr. Booth possesses fall into any common mistake about the rendering of such a part as Iago. No known performance of any actor, however, can give the exact measure of what his success may be in a part in which he has not yet been seen. Broadly speaking, it may be said that Mr. Booth's success in Iago is complete. There are points, as there are points in every piece of acting, to which exception may be taken by individual judgment, but, on the whole, it can hardly be doubted that Mr. Booth's Iago will add materially to the high reputation which he had already attained with English critics and playgoers. In a general way, with of course some differences due to Mr. Booth's being an actor who thinks for himself, the American player's Iago corresponds to Hazlitt's description of that presented by Edmund Kean. He seems "a gay, light-hearted monster, a careless, cordial, comfortable villain. The preservation of character was so complete, the air and manner were so much of a piece throughout, that the part seemed more like a detached scene or single trait, and of shorter duration than it usually does. The ease, familiarity, and tone of nature with which the text was delivered, were quite equal to anything we have seen in the best comic acting. . . . The odiousness of the character was, in fact, in some measure, glossed over by the extreme grace, alacrity, and rapidity of the execution." Further than this, the parallel between the two actors seems to hold with less exactitude. Hazlitt goes on to complain with some diffidence of Kean's Iago not being grave enough, and Mr. Booth's Iago is certainly, at the judiciously rare moments when he drops his mask to the audience, grave and even terrible enough to satisfy any critic. One of the most impressive of these moments is found in a silent piece of acting in the scene of Roderigo's death. Cassio, wounded in the dark by Iago, has sunk on his knee. Iago, sword in hand, having seen to Roderigo's despatch, comes stealthily behind Cassio, and for a moment lets all the devilry of his nature appear in his face as he prepares to rid himself of Cassio also. Then his quick senses discern the approach of help, his sword appears raised to defend the victims against further possible attacks, and he is again "honest Iago," overcome with horror at the murder which he has been too late to prevent. This is admirably conceived, and is executed with admirable rapidity and closeness. Later on than the passage which we have quoted, Hazlitt gives a disquisition on his own conception of Iago's character, with most of which we are inclined to agree, and with most of which Mr. Booth's conception seems to fall in. For the sake of convenience we run together the passages which illustrate this conception, omitting some which dwell on points which Hazlitt thought faulty in Kean's performance and which do not appear in Mr. Booth's, and some to which we may presently recur. "Iago is an extreme instance . . . of diseased intellectual activity, with an almost perfect indifference to moral good or evil, or rather with a preference of the latter, because it falls more in with his favourite propensity, gives greater zest to his thoughts, and scope to his actions. . . . The general groundwork of the character, as it appears to us, is not absolute malignity, but a want of moral principle, or an indifference to the real consequences of the actions which the modding perversity of his disposition and love of immediate excitement lead him to commit. He is an amateur of tragedy in real life; and instead of exercising his ingenuity on imaginary characters or forgotten incidents, he takes the bolder and more desperate course of getting up his plot at home, casts the principal parts among his nearest friends and connexions, and rehearses it in downright earnest with steady nerves and unabated resolution. The character is a com-

plete abstraction of the intellectual from the moral being; or, in other words, consists in an absorption of every common feeling in the virulence of his understanding, the deliberate wilfulness of his purposes, and in his restless, untameable, love of mischievous contrivance." Mr. Booth's Iago bears throughout the impress of this "abstraction of the intellectual from the moral being"; a number of fine touches combine to convey the notion that he is always more amused with his own thoughts as to the probable result of exciting events than he is with the events themselves, even though he has brought them about. He seems, too, to take delight in the skill and readiness with which he moulds himself to whatever company he is found in. With Roderigo he is the brilliant and experienced man of the world, who knows the hollowness of things; with Cassio he is the "excellent good fellow and lively bottle-companion" that Kean, according to Hazlitt, seemed too constantly throughout the piece; and with Othello he is the thoughtful, observant, and devoted follower, whose honesty ever outweighs his inclinations. Speaking of this honesty Hazlitt observes, "He is repeatedly called 'honest Iago,' which looks as if there were something suspicious in his appearance, which admitted a different construction." This remark strikes us as purely fantastical, and we are, on the contrary, disposed to think that Iago might very reasonably and consistently be played throughout, except in the soliloquies, with that bluff, vigorous, and off-hand manner which is always supposed to be allied, and no doubt in many cases is actually allied, with honesty. Such a representation, however, would of necessity miss the constantly-changing interest, grace, and vivacity of Mr. Booth's performance.

In a performance which is for the most part of the highest merit, some points dwell especially upon the memory. Of these we may take first that one in which Mr. Booth disappointed our expectations. This was in the well-known lines

And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor,
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Mr. Booth's action at this point was, as throughout the play, full of grace, combined with meaning and force; but his tones and expression seemed to us to miss the exultation of the man who has just thought out his villainous scheme, and who delights as much in his own power of so thinking it out as in the probable success of the scheme itself. The thing was, purposely perhaps, too much subdued; it seemed as if Iago feared the interruption which, it is true, follows pat upon the words. But, as we take it, the speech has no suggestion of this caution; it works up through swift degrees of increasing invention and delight to the triumph of a perfected plot. For the rest, it remains only to call attention to those touches in the performance which struck us as being particularly fine, and first in natural order among these comes the "I am not what I am," spoken to Roderigo in the first scene. These few words seemed to carry with them, beyond their obvious and direct meaning, a sense of pleasure in the mystifying and misleading to his ruin of the fool whom Iago makes his purse. The cynicism of the following speeches delivered to Brabantio from a hiding-place under his balcony was quiet and demoniacal, while in the soliloquy which closes the act the spectator was for the first time let into the meaning of Iago's character and the working of his mind. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Booth marked with fine effect the youth (Iago is twenty-eight, according to his own showing) and impetus of the character, and here also he seemed to indicate that the notion of Emilia's infidelity is in the first instance merely an excuse for his own villany, with which Iago amuses himself, and which he deliberately employs to whet his purpose, while later on he is so carried away by his own inventions that he gravely affects to himself a belief in Othello's and Cassio's criminality with Emilia, and from this affected belief works himself into a true passion of revengeful hatred. Other fine points may be noted in the actor's delivery of the rhyming couplets ending with "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer"; in his intonation of "For Michael Cassio, I dare be sworn—I think that he is honest"; and in his silent hatred of Emilia in the second scene of the fourth act; and others might be multiplied upon these. Throughout the play Mr. Booth's technical skill is observable, and not least in the drinking scene with Cassio. The stage management is excellent, but the manner of curtailing the play is far from happy. It seems that at the first representations the scene between Othello and Iago was played in the same open space in which Othello's arrival in Cyprus is seen. This was clearly a mistake. By an odd coincidence the scene now employed corresponds almost exactly with the background for the same scene given by Ruhl in the plates to *Othello*, which are preserved in, among other places, the curious volumes called *Le Monde Dramatique*, to which we referred not long ago. Mrs. Herman Vezin's Emilia, and Mr. Ryder's Brabantio, are excellent performances, and the same epithet may be applied to Mr. Charles's Roderigo. Mr. Edmund has some not unhappy notions in Cassio's drunken scene; but these are completely marred by the same manner which he assumes throughout the piece—a manner which might sit well enough upon Lantier in *L'Assommoir*, but which is more than absurd when given to "a great arithmetician" who held a post of the highest honour under Othello. To Miss Milton's Desdemona it would be difficult to give praise. On the other hand, Mr. Forrester's Othello is a performance of much credit. Of Mr. Booth's Othello we may hope to speak on a future occasion.

The English and American stages have suffered a marked loss by the death of Mr. Sothern, a comedian whose great success in a part invented by himself stood in the way of his wider field of exceptional talent obtaining, in England at least, the full recognition which it deserved. Mr. Sothern's first actual appearance on the stage took place, if we remember rightly, in the Channel Islands; but, however this may be, his theatrical career may be said to have practically begun in America. The first real appreciation of his powers there was accorded to him in a line of character which in the height of his success he comparatively seldom undertook. The actor who was playing Armand in a version of the sickly *Dame aux Camélias* of the younger Dumas fell suddenly ill, and there was a difficulty about filling the part. Mr. Sothern knew the part, and played it with marked success. It was after this that he consented, under certain conditions, to play Lord Dundreary in Mr. Tom Taylor's *American Cousin*. The part was (according to a volume published in America concerning Mr. Sothern's career) in the original play an old man's part of about forty lines. What Mr. Sothern finally made of it we need not remind our readers. Of the difficulties thrown in the way of his artistic career by Mr. Sothern's exceptional success in Lord Dundreary we have often spoken, and we need now only reiterate our conviction that it was only an unhappy combination of accidents that prevented one of his latest performances on the London stage of a "character-part" from taking as high rank as, or in some ways an even higher rank, than Lord Dundreary. On the attractive ease and grace of manner, which belonged to him in public as in private life, and on the unforced indication of pathos which with these Mr. Sothern brought to bear upon David Garrick, and parts of a lighter kind of high comedy, it is needless to dwell. Looking back upon his theatrical career one can only regret that, while he did in certain and important ways so much for the stage, circumstances prevented him from giving scope to powers which were more versatile than the bulk of his admirers suspected.

In consequence of the lamented death of Mrs. Ateman the management of Sadler's Wells Theatre has passed into the hands of her daughter, Miss Isabel Bateman, whose efforts will surely be encouraged and supported by the same public which so fully recognized Mrs. Bateman's energy in providing them with good and wholesome dramatic entertainment.

REVIEWS.

THE PYRENEES.*

MR. BLACKBURN, well known as he is for possessing a pleasant knack of discomfiting about scenery, devoted his talent to a good object when he took up his pen to remind the exhausted denizens of London that the Alps were not the only playground of Europe. The propensity of tourists to move gregariously has seldom been more conspicuously shown than in the ignorance so prevalent in England that in the Pyrenees the grandeur and the grace of mountain forms may be found by those who care to seek. We wish that Mr. Blackburn's book, of which a new edition has just appeared, could have been issued with a title more accurately indicative of its scope. *The Pyrenees* seems to promise a description of that whole tract which unrolls itself in Spain as well as in France for two hundred and sixty miles; on the other hand, the second title, "A Description of Summer Life at French Watering-Places," appears to exclude that element of scenery which makes up much of the volume. Moreover, the choice provokes an inevitable comparison with M. Taine's brilliant *Les Pyrénées*. The framework of the English book is the quaint idea that the writer had applied himself to the study of that Parisian catchpenny, the *Moniteur des eaux*, with which, as summer comes on, the bored flâneur is taught how to lavish his hoarded napoleons. Mr. Blackburn turns in this valuable journal to the heading of "Pyrenees," and "under this title we find special mention made of Pau, Eaux-Chaudes, Eaux-Bonnes, Gouterets, Gavarnie, Luz, St.-Sauveur, Barèges, Bagnères de Bigorre, Luchon, and Biarritz, &c.;" to these places accordingly he bends his steps, and to the illustration of their humours and of their scenery his description is chiefly, though not exclusively, confined.

After all, the speciality of the volume must be sought in Doré's numerous illustrations. The sketches of scenery are clever—sometimes striking—but not exempt from the dashing artist's characteristic contempt for detail, and they fail accordingly in reproducing local effect. Many of them look like studies for glades in the Wood of Brancelionde, while not infrequently they are so dark as to be with difficulty deciphered. The caricature jottings often remind us of Doyle's immortal Brown, Jones, and Robinson, though far inferior in humour to that exquisite production. But more than one of them might well have been spared to give space for more solid letter-press. What, for instance, is the wit of "Invalids taking the waters"—namely, a string of about a hundred umbrellas shown upon an inclined plane, with no accessory to indicate whether the crowd concealed under their friendly shade were trooping into Covent Garden Theatre or some Pyrenean spring?

* *The Pyrenees: a Description of Summer Life at French Watering-Places.* By Henry Blackburn. New Edition, with One Hundred Illustrations by Gustave Doré. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

The double character of the illustrations reproduces itself in the letter-press, not much, we think, to the advantage of the volume. So long as Mr. Blackburn is describing the natural features of the country he is on his own ground, and gives us matter which repays the perusal. But the gossiping pages over the social humours of the watering-places are pale and tedious; they are devoid of genuine humour and visibly destitute of originality. The phrase which escapes Mr. Blackburn as describing his own work, after an earnest and well-written appeal to his countrymen not to neglect the Pyrenees, as they are far too apt to do—"following in the footsteps of M. Doré"—explains, we imagine, the anatomy of the volume. M. Doré following the footsteps of Mr. Blackburn would have been a better combination. It is natural that a Parisian artist should choose the *Moniteur des eaux* as his Mentor where an Englishman would rely on his Murray or his Packer, adding to them, if he possesses that knowledge of French which all educated Englishmen ought to, but too many do not, possess, the guide, exhaustive for the French slopes, contained in Huchette's series, written by M. Joanne, Vice-President of the French Alpine Club, and prefaced by an essay on the orography of the Pyrenees by M. Elisée Reclus. After all, the Pyrenees are very accessible. The man who leaves Charing Cross by the tidal train—say on this morning—can sleep comfortably in Paris, and find himself at the foot of the mountains by the following midnight. When he has done his tour, he will without doubt confess that, while the peaks, passes, and glaciers are inferior to those of the Alps, and lakes are almost absent, yet the range is full of grace, and often of grandeur, the Cirque de Gavarnie being, in the opinion of the highest Alpine authority, equal to anything in the Alps. On the other hand, the vegetation is far richer and the cookery infinitely superior.

Making for Pau as his starting-point, Mr. Blackburn was carried in the train by the old-world city, but still popular seat of seething mud-baths, Dax. When he talks of "the grass-grown and neglected old ramparts which form a sort of boulevard" for a town whose baths have been in high repute ever since the time of the Romans, he gives no hint that these ramparts are among the most interesting architectural remains of Europe, being veritable Roman walls, only just saved from destruction at the hands of Vandal authorities in the days of the Second Empire. The very name of the city tells its history, being merely a modification of De Aquis, and identical accordingly with that of Aix, Aix-les-Bains, and Aix-la-Chapelle, as well as with the Italian Acqui. With the Romans, who never intermitted the duty of bathing, the unusual quality of the water in these places was the fact which called for commemoration. To the less luxurious Teutons the mere fact of tubbing was the speciality; and so, not to mention the various Badens in their native land, they imposed the emphatic name of Bath upon Aquæ Solis, and knew the tepid spring in Derbyshire which the Romans had used by a title which has become Buxton, i.e. Bath's-town. With the Renaissance, at all events in England, drinking came to be the capital idea connected with mineral waters; so we had Tunbridge Wells, Bagnidge Wells, Bristol Hotwells, and so forth, till the high gentility of the eighteenth century replaced that homely term by the outlandish Spa.

Much as the present edition may have been rewritten, as the author explains that it has been, little regard has been shown for the changes which a few years have made in the rapidly developing sea-bathing resort of Biarritz, which has, like Brighton, gained in popularity by the eclipse of that distinguished patronage to which each place owed its first start. Its magnificent air, beautiful situation, and interesting scenery are enough to ensure the prosperity of Biarritz. We quite concur with Mr. Blackburn's depreciatory notice of the spot selected by its Imperial builders for the site of the Villa Eugénie; but it is an anachronism to talk of the two or three years' growth of the shrubs and trees planted round it, eleven years since its creators had even laid eyes upon it. All this time these have been growing, and the pine woods are now telling on the landscape. The Empress has at last sold her property to a Company for three millions of francs, and the sanguine purchasers have put out a jubilant prospectus, with an exulting proclamation that they are going to turn the residence into an hotel and casino; while they aver that by this speculation, and by cutting up twenty-two out of the thirty hectares of which the property is composed into villa lots, they may raise the value of their purchase to the impossible figure of nearly twenty-eight millions of francs. "The town of Biarritz," so says Mr. Blackburn, "consists of a number of irregularly built white houses, several large hotels, and a casino." All these features are still, no doubt, found there, as they were when he wrote, and among the colossal hotels the Hôtel d'Angleterre takes no mean place for comfort among the hostels of Europe. But Mr. Blackburn should have made account of the constantly-increasing multitude of luxurious villas of all sizes, with pleasures large or small, which are rapidly spreading in every direction, and will before long fill up the five miles which separate Bayonne and Biarritz, now distant, thanks to a local railroad, by only a quarter of an hour. In this lately obscure corner of Europe French, Spaniards, and Russians during the summer season jostle each other in the Atlantic, too often to meet again in the evening at the baccarat table. As soon as winter sets in Biarritz finds itself transformed into a quiet, sociable, and continuously augmenting English colony. Latitude places it on the line of North Italy. But, then, isothermal lines intervene, which an admiring American once described as things zigzagging from the Equator to the Pole, with perpetual snow

on one side and perpetual strawberries on the other. So the climate can best be described as a glorified Northern one, in which winter days feel as only some spring days do in England, not well suited for consumptive and delicate persons, but sovereign to recall the languid and the gouty to health and strength.

While other places lying at far greater distances from the mountains are noticed, although unrecorded in the *Moniteur des eaux*, it is strange that Mr. Blackburn should be absolutely silent about the historical and picturesque city of Bayonne, so famous in the final days of the Peninsular war. This old half-Spanish town, with its narrow streets, its site at the confluence of the wide Adour and the clear Nive, its fortifications, a masterpiece of Vauban, its shady public walks, its stately cathedral, and the background of the peaked Basses Pyrénées, might well be more familiarly known to the wandering representatives of the Water-Colour Societies. The cathedral, a fine building of the Middle-Pointed style, recalls in the bosses of the groined roof a chapter of French history not much relished across the Channel, for the Royal English arms proclaim who were for three centuries lords of South-Western France. The cloisters attached to this cathedral are of unusual size. Some three miles from Bayonne the fuzzy common of Mouguère offers a panorama of singular contrasts. To the south-east, far off gleam the snowy summits of the Hautes Pyrénées; southward, the dark-blue range of the Basses Pyrénées of varied outline, crasing the frontier of Spanish Basque land, and lost to the westward in infinite distance as it hugs the Atlantic: due west the ocean is decried over the rivers, the steeples, and the bridges of Bayonne; and, to the north, the broad, flat Landes spread beyond the gleaming line of the Adour. There was no obligation on Mr. Blackburn to notice St. Jean de Luz, at the mouth of the Nivelle; but, as he pleased to include it in the heading of his final chapter in connexion with Biarritz, he might have said something better worth recording than the thin persillage with which he puts off the students who may be anxious to hear something about a town of old seafaring fame, and noticeable in French history as the place where in its wide dark church—the most stately and developed specimen of Basque ecclesiastical peculiarities—Louis XIV. wedded Marie Thérèse of Spain. For one who was travelling so far along the famous *route d'Espagne* it is a strange omission not to have compassed a few more kilomètres, and carried his readers across the frontier, and bade them for some minutes appreciate in the carved stone mansions, the eves borne on richly worked wooden corbels, the half-ruined walls and castle, and the gaudily fitted Gothic church of Fuenterrabia (the Pontarabia of Milton and Scott), what are the artistic features of an unchanged Spanish town of the Renaissance, nestling under its shapely mountain upon the broad estuary of the Bidasoa.

We have referred to the peculiarities of Basque ecclesiology, and we may profitably explain in what they consist. The typical church of the French Basque land is a long hall devoid either of aisles or of marked chancel, generally with an apsidal east end slightly accentuated outside, and hardly at all so within. There are usually three altars side by side, conspicuously elevated; the floor of the church is quite open, and the apartment is circled on three sides with two, three, or four tiers of very narrow wooden galleries, presenting a curiously Jacobean effect. The women worship on the floor and the men in the galleries. We have not been able to ascertain how far back this specialty dates. Sundry of the churches are evidently wholly or in part of the mediæval period, particularly that of St. Jean du Luz, which belongs to the fifteenth century, the architecture being of a good quality; while that of Bidart is also Gothic, and the stern corbelled western belfry often found distinctly points to mediæval builders. On the other hand, the absolutely modern church of Ustaritz continues the tradition. The area of this peculiarity is identical with that of the Basque language; Bayonne and Biarritz are the border towns of the French language, and the cathedral and the parish church of the two places are respectively churches of the usual type of European Gothic; while in the adjacent parishes of Anglet and Bidart the Basque tongue prevails, and with it Basque ecclesiology. In fact, the village of Anglet, lying between Bayonne and Biarritz, isolates the latter place from the remainder of French-speaking France.

LORIMER'S INSTITUTES OF LAW.*

THERE is a certain satisfaction in reading a vigorous and well-written exposition of a theory with which one entirely disagrees. We can imagine an English student of jurisprudence, parched with the stern limitations and crabbed analysis of Austin, turning with interest, and even eagerness, to seek variety in Professor Lorimer's treatise. He would certainly not be disappointed in that respect. Almost the whole of Professor Lorimer's *Institutes of Law* deals with topics which, according to the English view, may be philosophical, or ethical, or political, but are distinctly outside the province of jurisprudence. In other words, our English school holds that the absolute law which is or should be the origin and pattern of all existing laws, *Naturrecht* as the Germans call it, either does not exist or does not concern lawyers more than any one else. What is here delivered from the Chair

of Public Law in Edinburgh is a book of *Naturrecht* from beginning to end. It contains in detail much good writing, much ingenuity, and not a little good sense on various political and social questions; the credit of all which belongs, in our opinion, to Professor Lorimer's person and in no way to his system. As to the impression made by it as a whole, we confess to feeling rather like the young man in Grimm's *Märchen* who went out to learn to shiver, and whose curiosity was finally satisfied—after the total failure of a haunted castle and other adventures—by the application of a pail of cold water from the brook with the little fishes in it. We have long known of *Naturrecht* as a thing existing in German books, but it had never come in our way to any serious extent. The German writers, for instance, who expound the Roman law for the benefit of practical students disclose very little of it. We have to thank Professor Lorimer for revealing the mystery in as good English as the nature of the subject admits. As we came to the last page we said to ourselves with a mental gasp and shiver, "Ugh! ugh! now we know what *Naturrecht* is." Natural law, as conceived by Professor Lorimer and his authorities, appears to cover a great part of what is commonly understood in this country by moral and political philosophy; the foundations of moral obligation, the extent of the power which the State ought to exercise over citizens, the duty of the citizen to obey the laws of the State, the nature of justice, the analysis of the political ideas of liberty and equality, the methods of political discipline and instruction, and much else which cannot here be specified. We find in addition a sort of introductory digression on ethnology and the history of religions, in which we observe that the discussion of Buddhism is not brought up to the existing state of knowledge on the subject. In our view it is also irrelevant, but not more so than the rest of the chapter in which it occurs. This, it is fair to say, is about the only point at which we have found anything to except to on the score of workmanship; for when Professor Lorimer's method allows him to come down to the region of tangible facts, he is generally accurate. Nor can we dispute his right to adopt, as he does in this chapter, Sir A. Grant's rather fanciful conjecture that the founders of Stoicism were of Semitic blood. A significant guide-post to the general direction and spirit of the work is the manner in which Professor Lorimer uses the term "positive law." To an English reader this means actually existing law, the law which the courts of justice and the executive powers of government enforce, or profess to enforce, at a given time and place. Professor Lorimer treats this usage as a mere aberration, and almost makes an apology for mentioning it. For him "positive law" is not the enforceable law which does exist, the law of Scotland, for example, as it stands at the date of this writing, but that which would exist if, the actual circumstances being otherwise the same, legislators and judges were perfectly wise. The law as it does exist is called "enacted law," and dealt with as on a quite subordinate footing. "Human enactments," we are told, "never attain to the full character of positive laws. But they possess the character of positive laws, more or less, in proportion to the extent to which they are, or are not, interpretations and realizations of the law of nature." In this nomenclature the law of employers' liability as modified by the Act of Parliament of last Session on the subject is only "enacted law"; the "positive law" is what an infallible Parliament would have made it—something, that is, theoretically ascertainable, but of which every man will have his own theory. In Professor Lorimer's own words, "though necessarily existent and discoverable, positive laws never have been, and probably never will be, perfectly discovered." This kind of "positive law" is, however, not coextensive with the law of nature. For the law of nature includes all moral duties without exception, and it is not to be assumed that a perfectly wise legislator would attempt to enforce all moral duties. Again, natural law is described as binding on all rational creatures, while the ideal "positive law" would, in Professor Lorimer's view at any rate, be adapted to the varying polity and circumstances of each State. For instance, the English and Scotch rules on a particular point might be different, though they were the best possible for England and Scotland respectively. Still more would this be the case as between countries in different stages of civilization.

This nomenclature shows of itself, as indeed the book shows wherever one opens it, that the school followed by Professor Lorimer concerns itself far less with law as it is than with law as it ought to be, or at least regards the consideration of law as it ought to be as forming the fit and necessary philosophical prolegomena to the study of law as it is. Our own view is a totally different one. We think it a mistake to preface the study of legal conceptions by an exposition of transcendental ethics, and not less a mistake to preface it, as Austin did, by an exposition of the principle of utility. We do not see that a jurist is bound to be a moral philosopher more than other men; though we do think it quite possible that a lawyer who happens to study moral philosophy may find a legal habit of mind and legal analogies of considerable use in clearing up his ethical conceptions. It is true that positive law (we must be allowed to use the term in the sense to which we, and probably most of our readers, are accustomed) assumes the existence of society and morality. There must be a body of men living continuously together, and there must be among them a fairly settled body of prevalent opinion as to what is right and wrong; which latter condition is not really an independent one, since if a settled common opinion about matters of conduct failed

* *The Institutes of Law: a Treatise of the Principles of Jurisprudence as Determined by Nature.* By James Lorimer, Advocate, Regius Professor of Public Law and of the Law of Nature and Nations in the University of Edinburgh, &c. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

to become established or ceased to exist, the society could no longer hold together. As a further condition for the existence of law as distinct from custom and morality, or, to speak more exactly, for the differentiation of law and morality out of custom, there must also be a general understanding that some rules of conduct are fit to be enforced by definite means of compulsion, and in the last resort by the whole power of the society, and others are not. And there must be some sort of common agreement, though it may be, and mostly is, a vague and rough one, and obscurely felt in the common sense of the average citizen, as to the boundary to be drawn between these classes of rules. Yet more is wanted before we can have a civilized and effective system of law. The commonwealth must assume and exercise a power beyond that of issuing commands for the purpose of repressing actual crime and wickedness and strengthening righteousness. There are many matters indifferent in themselves in the sense that they may be dealt with in one way as well as in another, but not indifferent in this sense, that it would be of great inconvenience if they were not dealt with in some uniform way. We may name the rule of the road as a simple and familiar case. On such matters the community lays down fixed rules, not to enforce this or that course of action as right in itself, but just for the sake of having a fixed rule. These rules, when made, are as much entitled to observance as those which add the legal sanction to what is already prescribed by morality; though we rather fail to see what account can be given of them by those who put their trust in the supposed law of nature, unless they come down for the nonce to a "question of what is vulgarly called expediency," as Professor Lorimer delicately puts it. Reflection shows that all positive law must have more or less of this arbitrary, or rather discretionary, element. For while the moral law says to an Englishman, as it did to a Roman, "Thou shalt not steal," the Roman law said, "If you steal you shall be liable to an *actio furti*," but English law says, "You shall not be liable to a civil action, but you may be tried by a judge and jury and sentenced to penal servitude." English law, moreover, defines with great elaborateness, and perhaps not with perfect reasonableness, what is and what is not theft. But in administration the substance of the law cannot be distinguished from the particular definitions and provisions in which it takes its form. For if this and that citizen were free to observe or not observe it at his discretion in this or that particular, it would no longer be law. And thus among civilized people, after the distinction between law and morality is fully established, it comes to be understood that it is a specific moral duty to obey existing positive law, not only when we cannot see the reason for it, but when we think the reason a bad one. This is subject to the exception of the extreme cases in which rebellion is morally justifiable; and the case of a serious claim of legal right as against a particular authority within the State, or a usurping power, is not an exception at all. But it is understood, or ought to be, that to refuse obedience to an existing law because one dislikes it is, as far as it goes, rebellion and nothing else. And even in exceptional cases persons who resist the *de facto* possessors of legal power do it at their own risk, and cannot complain of being treated as law-breakers or rebels if they fail.

We have thus set down with needful brevity what we conceive to be in a general way the moral data presupposed by the positive law of civilized nations. It will be observed that we have said nothing whatever about the historical or rational origin of morality, or the nature of moral obligation in itself. We have tried to say nothing inconsistent with Professor Lorimer's or any other transcendental scheme of ethics. We take the morality of men living together in settled societies as an existing and sufficiently ascertained fact. It is for the moralist and the metaphysician to analyse it if they can; enough for us that it is there. Even with this limitation we do not think that the statements we have made, be they right or wrong, are propositions of jurisprudence. The topics may be admissible as belonging to a sort of borderland or penumbra of legal science. An introductory sketch of the outlying affinities and analogies of a special subject is in many ways useful, and is common in the practice of teachers. But we deny that the jurist requires, as Professor Lorimer assumes him to require, "an absolute basis for his science." Why should he not, like other people, be content with a basis of acknowledged fact? Positive law exists. In other words, there are certain social institutions which are protected, and certain rules of conduct which are in various ways and degrees enforced, by the courts of justice of all civilized countries. The fact is notorious and intelligible to all men of all ways of thinking, whether they account for it by deduction from the law of nature or otherwise. If the jurist accepts it as for his purposes ultimate, he does only what all other students of special sciences do; we may add, what they did and must have done in order that those sciences might be constructed. Where would geometry be if the geometer were expected at the outset of his work to grapple with the metaphysical difficulties that beset our notion of space? Where would physics be if the physicist had to explain the existence of matter? We know very well that Kant himself expected nothing of this kind from men of science. And the cases appear to us precisely parallel. Geometry is the science of space, and physics the science of matter, in the same way that jurisprudence is the science of laws. Special sciences furnish the data of philosophy; they do not need a complete philosophy to stand on their own ground. If they did, we should be in but a sorry plight. Observe, too, the warning to be derived from the analogy. Dis-

cussion of the nature of space is rendered possible only by a highly developed geometry, rational discussion of the nature of matter only by advanced physical knowledge. And we may fairly contend, without prejudging the issue between transcendental and empirical theories of duty, that profitable discussion of the origin and nature of laws in general must follow, and not precede, the scientific study of laws as they exist. Whether that study can in the long run be conveniently exhibited as a thing apart from and theoretically preceding the study of any particular system of laws is a question which, we think, deserves attention. We said something about it last year in reviewing Professor Holland's *Elements of Jurisprudence*, the latest and, on the whole, the best representative of the English school. It does not come before us now, for the simple reason that Professor Lorimer barely gets to the threshold of the topics that properly belong to jurisprudence, general, comparative, or particular, as understood by Professor Holland and ourselves. To sum up our general criticism: the jurist or legislator, on Professor Lorimer's own showing (see p. 250), has to accept the laws of nature as facts. If, as facts, they are equally accessible to all rational men, and equally material to be known and acted upon, we cannot see why the jurist is bound to analyse them philosophically more than any other rational man. If in the knowledge of them there is anything peculiar to jurists or legislators, they seem to that extent to lose the universal character which is said to be a mark of natural law. So far as the *insti atque iusti scientia* from which the lawyer starts is something which he does not share with laymen, it is a special and technical piece of knowledge, a law of lawyers' nature at most, not of human or rational nature.

But after all, it may be said, writers are free to define their subjects in their own way. The University of Edinburgh and its professors have a perfect right to say that "Institutes of Law" shall mean the general prolegomena of politics and the theory of legislation. To this we reply that the same method which, in our opinion, leads to a misconception of the nature and scope of legal science no less appears to us to lead to waste and misdirection of power in the subjects actually treated by it under the name of legal science. It may be the radical perverseness of English habits of thinking, but in our eyes much of the work done by Professor Lorimer—and, as far as execution and expression go, thoroughly well done—arrives either by high-flying and circuitous roads at obvious general conclusions, or at more precise ones by a slenderly disguised appeal to the principle of "what is vulgarly called expediency." Thus the question is brought up of the State's right to inflict and regulate punishment, a question which, from the English point of view, has in jurisprudence no meaning. The solution comes round, however, to the position that for the individual citizen the State is infallible. "The fact that one form of punishment attains the object of the absolute law better than another must be proved; but the competence of the Legislature to determine the adequacy of the proof must be assumed as the hypothesis on which all positive law rests." More than once, indeed, we have a feeling that, while the voice is the voice of a teacher propounding transcendental *Naturrecht*, the hands are the hands of Hobbes. In Professor Lorimer's system right and might ultimately coincide; as they likewise do, be it observed, in Mr. Herbert Spencer's, or in almost any scheme which takes account of the progressive character of morality and civilization. Further, Professor Lorimer holds that we must act on that which appears, and that for many purposes might is the best or only evidence of apparent right. He fully accepts the position that "right to be" is measured by "power of being," and thus gives a hand back to Hobbes and forward to Mr. Spencer. As between independent nations, he lays down permanent success as the permanent test of right. Only righteous conquests endure, and all enduring conquests are righteous. And yet almost in the same breath Professor Lorimer makes the statement, to our Southern ears paradoxical, that laws cannot create rights, and calls to witness a famous passage of Burke's of which it is sufficient to say that Burke spoke not as a jurist, but as a statesman. In denying "the position that any body of men have a right to make what laws they please," he was really protesting against that very confusion of legal right with moral right, or political utility, which the transcendentalists bring back from the other side. What Professor Lorimer is doing is to state in the transcendental manner that laws will not work, or will work badly, if they are made without due regard to the facts. The matter is true, but the manner is itself a defiance of fact and usage. Laws made by the supreme power in a State, be they wise or foolish, do create claims which that power will, by the Courts and otherwise, do its best to enforce, and these claims are called rights by everybody save transcendental philosophers when they are philosophizing.

We have been unable to do justice to the considerable amount of acute and suggestive thought to be found in Professor Lorimer's book. As the systematic exposition of a theory and method which we believe to be erroneous, we must receive his work with respectful but absolute dissent. As embodying the reflections of an experienced and high-minded man on many things of practical interest, we can sincerely welcome it, and say that we are the better for it. One last word, not of criticism, but of pure sorrow. It appears from sundry references in Professor Lorimer's book that the students of Edinburgh who cultivate philosophy are still brought up on Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures. It is melancholy that the Philosophy of the Conditioned should still impose, or be imposed, upon anybody in the country which produced Ferrier.

THE SHAKSPEARE TAPESTRY.*

THIS book owes it to its title that it is not left in the mild obscurity proper to the body of minor verse. In quality it is perhaps lower than the average of that verse, but not so much lower but that it might well have escaped the critical eye save for its singularly bold ambition. We are accustomed to think that the world is growing drearier and wiser, and we need a little book like this to remind us every now and then that there still are some delightfully silly people abroad in it. *The Shakespeare Tapestry* is a grave and ambitious effort, and we shall endeavour to examine it with due gravity and care. In the first place, we are well disposed towards an author who does not write "Shakspeare," a form which we are delighted to see that even Professor Dowden has abandoned, and which is now left undisturbedly to the Now Nest of Ninnies. The scene of Mr. Hawkey's poem is laid at Clovelly, and the moment chosen is that in which the last beams of the sun pour through the oriel window of a mansion old and grey, where "lovingly they seem to rest on two young maidens side by side, whose sisterhood was self-confessed. The fairest portraits Fancy draws do not such charms display as theirs might claim if limned by Truth," and their names are Margaret and Ellenore. We must not linger over the upholstery of the baronial hall, except to say that its roof was carved in shapes "anticipative of the Darwinian theory." However, in spite of the rare state of preservation in which this agreeable old residence is found, in one respect the hand of the Vandal has been at work. The local 'Arry has torn down the famous tapestries of the great hall, and has whitewashed the spaces behind. Now Margaret and Ellenore are ladies of fine conservative feeling, and they determine to weave with their own lily fingers tapestries that shall fill the place of those which are lost. We are now told the date of the story, or at least we are told it within nine years. The action takes place at a time when Shakspeare's works were only to be obtained in the first folio. This limits us to the space between 1623 and 1632, so that the date of Mr. Hawkey's poem is what bibliographers call circa 1630. We are told "Light literature was then unknown"—we suppose at Clovelly, for there was plenty of it in London—at all events, the ladies Margaret and Ellenore had nothing to read except the folio Shakspeare, which they preferred to every sort of poetry except Homer, whom they probably knew in Chapman's version. So they determine to take the subjects of their tapestries from Shakspeare's plays, just as any modern young ladies of to-day might think of doing, and they each perform six, with a great deal of assiduity, and cheered by boundless mutual admiration. On the evening when the sun looks in at them through the oriel window, the work is just completed, and Margaret desires her sister to hold up what they both have done, that she may

pass just judgment on our stitchery,
In spite of thine and Shakspeare's witchery.

The first specimen held up is Ellenore's handicraft, and displays Prospero and Miranda on the seashore. Margaret describes it at great length in cheerful anbling verses, closing thus:—

"Your work suggests all this—and more;
Now read from Shakspeare, Ellenore,
The scene your needle has portrayed."
"Nay, Margaret, thou flattering maid,
So should thy bright description fade
As torches, when the night is done,
Sink in the splendour of the sun!
Rather unroll the next design,
And proudly thou mayst call it thine."

This proves to be the death of young Talbot, from the First Part of *Henry VI.*, and calls for no special remark from us, though Margaret—obscurely, and with the assistance of a learned note—compliments her sister on having produced in it "a Union pearl." Ellenore is then encouraged by Margaret, whose foible it is to be a little fulsome, to unfold her next piece of work, which is a scene from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, lyrically described in verses that all students of the seventeenth century will recognize as having the exact movement and stamp of 1630, the age of Drummond, Herrick, and Carew. Here is a specimen:—

Our queen alone is sleeping
Within her perfumed bower,
Where the honey-dew is weeping
Over every leaf and flower;
And we blithe watch are keeping
Until her waking hour.

There is a great deal more of this, which so delights the ear of Ellenore that she vows that the absence of the nightingale from Devonshire is explained at last—it is afraid of Margaret's supremacy, and knows the danger it would run of "expiring on the lute," just as other people of that time were shy of going to London for fear of expiring on the block. We must pass hurriedly over the scene from *Julius Caesar*, although it contains some delightful verses, in this form:—

"Hoping to warp a noble heart
To act a mean and treacherous part,
There Casca with his visage tart.

But we must hasten on to a tapestry that we fear will give a great deal of trouble to the commentators. The scene is taken from *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, and represents the famous shipwreck. But the difficulty here is that the folio of 1623 does not

include *Pericles*, which makes its first appearance in the third folio of 1664. How, then, did the young ladies get hold of it? Was a copy of the corrupt quarto of 1609 slipped into the folio by an injudicious friend? These are queries which Mr. Hawkey is bound to answer; and we must hope that he will contribute a paper on the subject to the "New Shakspeare Society." It is exceedingly curious to find so early a testimony to the spurious character of this play, and we invite Mr. Furnivall's attention to these remarkable lines:—

The scene is charming; but, alas!
It grieves me much that I must call
Th' authority apocryphal;
Since the best judges all conspire
Against the wandering Prince of Tyre,
Refusing *Pericles* the place
He claims as one of Shakspeare's race.

Nothing could be clearer than this, except the personal testimony of Ellenore; and so, after an interminable description of the tapestry, we come to this lucid statement, which, made as it was within a generation of Shakspeare's death, should be regarded as settling the question at rest for ever. We may say, without frivolity, "Dear Mr. Hawkey, *Pericles* and we owe you a heavy debt":—

Dear Margaret, *Pericles* and I
Owe you a heavy debt!
Safely in charge of memory
Shall all his tale be set:
But you've dethroned him—in my mind
He never more can be
A claimant worthy of a share
In Shakspeare's Royalty!
None of his characters require
To have their story told;
Memory hath wrought them in a web
Formed of the purest gold.

To this succeeds, in abject confutation of the sentiment of the last stanza, a tapestry in which the story of the *Comedy of Errors* is minutely told, and then Part I. closes.

The opening of Part II. is intended to be strictly Jacobean. The gifted sisters don their wimples and hie into the woodland, and we are treated to forty pages of their conversation during their moonlight walk, which was disturbed by the very rude way in which a night-jar and an owl behaved. In spite of the "inharmonious vigil" of these tiresome birds, the young ladies got through an immense amount of irrelevant talk, and finally settled down into recounting to one another the history of their own family. It is a vague tale of how a certain Arthur Hammeline and his wife wandered into the woods of Clovelly till the tempest—but we are not told what tempest—burst: how a certain Philemon was standing in the Sistine Chapel when he heard that the tempest had burst, and how he hied home, after a long gaze at the Cumean Sibyl; "Soon to Clovelly Court he came, and with him was a stately dame, his sister, Lady Arminell." Then we are introduced to a mysterious twin-brother, Reginald, who seems to be lurking somewhere about the place; the sisters join in singing a flat moral hymn, such as we can imagine being sung in Positivist places of worship, in this style:—

In its cold induration,
We find the human brain
Impervious to th'impressions
Which once it could retain.
With marvellous persistence
The soul's redundant power,
In the spring-time of existence
Weaves through each sleeping hour.

And then at last they go to bed. Next morning "the first to speak was Ellenore," who mentioned to her sister that the subject of the next tapestry occurred to her

When journeying over hills and dales
With Lady Arminell in Wales,

the rhythm of which verses is perhaps a little too closely modelled on that of a couplet by Mr. Roden Noel,

The blind man laughs when on the stairs
He hears his children playing at bears,

and so we are introduced to the story of Valentine and the Duke from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The next is taken from *Troilus and Cressida*, and deals with the parting of Hector and Andromache; but for some obscure reason Mr. Hawkey feigns that his heroines found it, not in Shakspeare, but in a black-letter MS. called the "Legends of Etolia, translated from the Greek, with notes and comments, by E.H." This might be an unknown production of Edward Hall, although the style of his existing remains suggests that a little judicious humanism was just the one thing lacking to him. But we hardly can fancy that he would have put so simple and so quiet a title to his translation. These ancient poems, however, from whatever source the young ladies have obtained them, are exactly in the manner of their own verses. It must be confessed that there is but little of the sixteenth century in such a stanza as this:—

'Tis evening now at Argos,
After a sultry day;
The dew is on the myrtle-leaf,
The heat has passed away;
And the fountain in the olive-grove
Is circled round and round;
There strains of music fill the air,
And happy voices sound.

* *The Shakespeare Tapestry woven into Verse.* By C. Hawkey. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

This is more the style we expect in a "black-letter manuscript":—

Now hasty Titan doth descend
On Argos' sunny shore,
And with his trickling dew doth wet
Leaves that were dry before.

The "Etolian Legends" then proceed to give the life of Diomedes, but we have really accompanied this very silly book far enough. That there should at the present time of day exist a person who thinks that he can improve or adorn the beauties of Shakespeare by retelling them in pedestrian verse which has not the slightest power of keeping up the illusion of antiquity seems to us a fact phenomenal enough to excuse us for having taken up so much space with the examination of the *Shakespeare Tapestry*.

THE BROTHERS WIFFEN.*

TWO years ago we drew attention to a small bequest of Spanish books which had then just reached the library of an Oxford college, and to the life and work of the retiring Quaker scholar to whom they had belonged. The only material then available for a sketch of Benjamin Barron Wiffen was to be found in a short notice of him prefixed to the *Bibliotheca Wiffeniana*, a collection of monographs on the Spanish Reformers, based upon Wiffen's notes, but undertaken after his death by the German scholar Dr. Edward Boehmer. The present small and unpretending volume contains all that this first sketch contained about Benjamin Wiffen, with a good deal of fresh matter, and includes also the life and original poems of Benjamin's better known brother, Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, the translator of Tasso. It would not be difficult to pick holes in the literary execution of the two memoirs. Neither of the lives can be said to be good as a biography. There are a good many slips of style and arrangement; there is a natural, but not the less provincial, exaggeration of the literary position of the brothers running through both; and there is no attempt to set the lives against the background of the time, and to show us how the great literary names, the great political and theological currents of the day, affected this quiet pair of Quaker students. We have a little talk of Rogers and Campbell, of Moore and Byron and Leigh Hunt, in connexion with one of J. H. Wiffen's rare visits to London; and Benjamin Wiffen, as became a Quaker, took an active part in one or two episodes of the Anti-Slavery agitation, and from this point of view appears to have been deeply moved towards the end of his life by the spectacle of the American war. But there is so little of the outer world in these biographies that either the two brothers must have been really outside the main current of things, or their biographers have omitted the material which would have enabled us to judge of their relations to the men and events of their time. Perhaps the latter alternative may be true in Jeremiah's case. He was apparently the more sociable, and certainly the more educated, of the two brothers, and we imagine that his position as librarian at Woburn, and the relations with literary men which his translation of Tasso brought him, must have modified the original Quaker *bourgeois* in him more effectually than the present memoir would suggest. But in Benjamin Wiffen's case, at any rate, we have a life passed in devotion to books and poetry, and yet at the same time in entire remoteness from the literary and antiquarian coteries and the central poetic tradition of his day. When he writes poetry it is in imitation of Cowper or Crabbe or Goldsmith; though he had made an early pilgrimage to Itald Mount, Pope is more real to him than Wordsworth, and of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, the sources of modern poetry, we have scarcely a word or trace. So with books. A person with his bent, in the natural course of things, finds a niche in some of our various antiquarian Societies. But Wiffen prides himself on the fact that he has been indebted to no Society for help in his biographical work; he collects books partly from religious motives, partly out of love for a friend to whose work and aims he rigidly subordinates his own, and partly, no doubt, from a vein in him of the true book-collector's passion. But the books he collects have no interest for anybody but himself and half-a-dozen like-minded friends. Nor does he ever imagine that they have; only he allows himself the enthusiast's hope that his unnoticed work will blossom and bear fruit in future times when he will be no longer there to see. It says a great deal for the quality of character in this isolated and narrow personality, that, in spite of all his prejudices and limitations, in spite of the strong leaven in him to the last of the provincial Quaker tradesman, there is yet an undeniable charm and attractiveness about Benjamin Wiffen which affects us even through the medium of a rather clumsily written memoir, and makes us grateful for the scanty store of fresh information about him which this book supplies.

We have already sketched in these columns the main facts of Benjamin Wiffen's life; his birth in 1794, his early love for and companionship with his brother, that brother's death in 1863, his meeting with the Spanish scholar Uzo y Rio in London, 1836, and his subsequent researches into the bibliography of the works of the Spanish Reformers which that meeting and the friendship which followed upon it brought about. Mr.

Rowles Pattison's memoir does not add much to our knowledge of these facts, but here and there we find fresh touches which enable us better to realize the man and the quiet intensity of his life. Up to his brother's death in 1837 Wiffen was pursuing the trade of an ironmonger in the little town of Woburn, reading whenever he could get time for it, discussing his brother's literary projects with him, but rigidly determined not to let any poetizing tendencies interfere with his own attention to business, which he regarded as his proper work. "The brothers had at first," said Mr. Pattison, "together cultivated the art of poetry; but Benjamin, finding that its pursuit was likely to lead him astray from the stern requirements of necessary business, deliberately abandoned it, and committed most of his previous efforts to the flames." But about a year after Jeremiah's death Wiffen gave up his business, and took his mother and sisters to live in a cottage on the hills above Woburn. Henceforth his life was filled with the quiet literary interests which, up to the age of forty-four, he had deliberately postponed to other duties. He seems at first to have turned to poetry; but he had no real poetic gift. His long poem on the Quaker Squire is worth notice as evidence of the cultivation which seems to be the natural heritage of the Friends, in whatever stratum of life, and contains passages which might be Cowper's. But, as a whole, his verse is feeble and undistinguished, and is not worth preserving for its own sake. The following verses are taken from what is perhaps his best poem, "The Church in Decay," a melancholy and rather striking reverie on the decay of the Society of Friends, which is interesting, moreover, as expressing a feeling which must have been common to many a devout Quaker during the last quarter of a century:—

The Presence past, the elders mourn,
All few, forsaken, and forlorn;
While works the progress of decay
Without the power to stem or stay.

The spot, once favoured of the skies,
Is now but rich in memories;
And chronicles record alone
The Fathers' virtues all their own.

Relenting Time, who something saves,
Leaves them now little but their graves;
A second death is on his wing,
For even these are vanishing.

The words of Ministry and Prayer
Evaporate to common air,
And souls that would in worship rise
Expire upon the sacrifice.

In tears there might be some relief,
For strength itself can grow in grief;
They cannot weep, the heart appears
Too spiritless for even tears.

Call it not Martyrdom to feel
The Inquisition's fire and steel;
This cold and heartless waste at home
Is Truth's most bitter martyrdom.

It was not in poetry, however, but in a kind of religious anti-quarianism, that Wiffen's later life was mainly passed. About the year 1836 he made acquaintance, as we have said, with Uzo y Rio, a Spanish gentleman of means, living at Madrid and outwardly a Catholic, but at heart a kind of Spanish George Fox, imbued with what in England would be called strong Evangelical principles, and absorbed in the desire to rescue and restore to currency the fragmentary and scattered works of Spain's small band of Reformers. Such a character, with such an aim, could not but attract Wiffen's sympathies, and a close and intimate friendship sprang up between the two men. Thenceforward Wiffen was Uzo's devoted helper and co-worker. For more than twenty-five years the two gave their whole time and energy to searching out what was almost an extinct class of books, and to reprinting and editing them, when found, with the most scrupulous and loving care. The libraries of London, Cambridge, and Oxford were ransacked by Wiffen, who also kept up a persistent hunt in all kinds of holes and corners, which was on one or two occasions rewarded with prey worth having. He also established relations with students and librarians on the Continent; and it is to one of these foreign friendships—that with Dr. Boehmer, of Halle—that the present German continuation of his work is due. His acuteness in tracing books and investigating details was very great, and he rendered Uzo invaluable service. The results of their joint labour are embodied in the twenty volumes of the *Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*, a book in which the remains of an all but forgotten chapter of religious history have been placed high and dry above the risk of future shipwreck. Throughout the whole of this long labour, Wiffen worked in modest and willing subordination to Uzo. At one time, filled with a book-collector's sense of the perils of the post, he hesitates to transmit a unique book to Uzo at Madrid. But, in the end, "I parted with the book I so much loved, sending it on the uncertainties of foreign travel to my friend Luis; for I had made it a rule of my conduct to sacrifice the choicest object to him, whose superior talents and learning I was well persuaded would make better use of it than I could." "The learning was his," he says, speaking of Uzo after his death, and of the series of the *Reformistas*—

The talent, the expense were his; mine the advantages of liberty and free action, and residence in a country which furnished the readiest means for the acquisition of this kind of knowledge. We both were favoured with

* *The Brothers Wiffen: Memoirs and Miscellanies*. Edited by Samuel Rowles Pattison. With Two Portraits. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1880.

leisure, we both had the simple and independent means of livelihood; we wanted no more. We both repudiated the thought of accepting assistance from any society or association, for our views were not mercenary, neither were they directed to immediate, but future results, because we firmly believed that these results would manifest themselves long after we had ceased to live.

In 1865 Uzoz died, and the effect of the loss on his surviving friend was very great. "His pleasant and instructive friendship for twenty-five years has been the charm of my life," writes Wiffen; "with him all our work seems ended." It was after Uzoz's death, however, that Wiffen brought out his only independent literary venture, the *Life of Juan Valdes*, prefixed to a friend's translation of one of Valdes's works. It appeared in 1866, but it had only small success. Wiffen did not possess sufficient original literary power to make up for the lack of ordinary classical and university training; and of composition, whether in prose or verse, he understood little or nothing. He could collect materials, but he could not put them into shape. He is best commemorated by such a book as the *Bibliotheca Wiffeniana* of Dr. Boehmer, which, though based upon his labours, and bringing his minute and patient industry into view at every page, owes its final shape to other hands than his. He died in the spring of 1867, and such of his books as had not passed into his friend's possession, or were not in use by Dr. Boehmer, came in 1878 to find a resting-place in the library of Wadham College. Wiffen, in one of his various visits to Oxford, had probably been attracted by a Spanish collection already existing there, and perhaps also by the Evangelical traditions of the College. However this may be, the books make a welcome link between the University and one who, without the aid of University training and University friendships, developed many of the student's best habits. A University training would have protected him against many obvious literary faults. Would it, at the same time, have extinguished his one gift—his love of patient and minute research?

The gift of sentiment and enthusiasm which, exercised now on his friend, now on his books, redeemed Benjamin Wiffen's uneventful bachelor life from dullness was still more evident in his elder brother. Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, who died suddenly at the age of forty-three, in the midst of what might have been a fruitful literary career, had perhaps no more original power than Benjamin, and he had received no education, in the narrower sense, beyond what the well-known Friends' School at Ackworth could give him. But he had more literary capability than his brother, and his industry, his devotion to books and poetry, his sympathetic, intelligent temperament, might have achieved for him in later life some considerable literary success. As it is, his work is forgotten. The translations from Garcilaso and Tasso are musical and fluent; but here again there is no distinction, nothing first-rate, just as there is nothing first-rate in the knowledge shown in the *Essay on Spanish Poetry*, or in his *Historical Memorials of the House of Russell*. What is really noticeable in both the brothers is, first, a sweetness and refinement of character of a peculiarly English, perhaps a peculiarly Quaker, type; and, secondly, the amount of cultivation to which they managed to attain wholly outside the London and University circles which fill the foreground of literary history at the time. This is scarcely enough to constitute a claim to remembrance beyond an immediate generation of friends and co-workers. Short of the highest literary achievements, what does contribute a claim to remembrance for any writer in these busy days? It is hard to say. But there are, at any rate, some classes and qualities of writing short of the highest which obtain it more readily than others. Clough, too, died in his forty-third year, and he, too, left an immature production—a promise rather than a performance. But in him there is the central permanent note. With great original capacity for seeing and thinking, he saw with his own eyes and thought his own thoughts. And for seeing and thinking of this kind no mere literary enthusiasm and sympathy, if real, can ever be accepted as a substitute.

THE BRIDES OF ARDMORE.*

THIS "Story of Irish Life" certainly comes before us at a most unfortunate time. We are weary of Ireland and Irishmen. We would willingly forget St. Patrick, Erin, and the green island for the rest of our lives. A people which once was associated in every one's mind with much that was humorous and pleasant, now raises in us all a sense of unspeakable dullness and weariness. Their nature may, for all we know, remain unchanged, but they have chosen for their representatives and spokesmen the greatest bores on the face of the earth, and by these they must be judged. At the last election for the School Board of London one candidate, it was said, owed his return to the fortunate fact that he was a Guardian of the Poor. His brother Guardians had been so greatly wearied by his long speeches that they all exerted themselves to the utmost to secure his election to the School Board. When he was once there they knew that they should be safe from him, while they were utterly indifferent to the comfort of others. We should like to believe that there was still humour enough left in the Irish character for them to have combined, in like manner, to banish their greatest bore to England. If this were the case, cer-

tainly no more successful practical joke has been played than sending Mr. Parnell and his followers into the House of Commons. Yet, we fear, that Ireland cannot claim the credit for so much humour, and that dullness and stupidity have become, like the potato, one of the staple productions of the island. We were not a little confirmed in this belief as we tried to read the story before us. We have been used enough of late to struggle through obstructions. We were out in the great snowstorm, and we stubbornly faced the furious east wind. We have plodded on over miles of roads on which the snow lay nearly a foot deep, and we have even managed to get through some very heavy drifts. The same resolution we have brought to bear on this "Story of Irish Life," but we have to confess that we have been hopelessly beaten. We tried it one evening, and after a quarter of an hour we laid it down in despair. We gazed at the book in a kind of trance, even our very limbs felt almost numbed by its hopelessness, stupidity, while our weary eyes scarce kept open. We roused ourselves with an effort. We thought of Ulysses and all that he had gone through. Like him, we smote our breast and exclaimed, "Endure, oh heart; also before thou hast endured worse things." We brought up before our memory all the sermons and speeches that we had heard, and all the old ladies' talk that we had listened to. We reminded ourselves that even the debate on the Queen's Speech has had an end, and that Mr. O'Donnell cannot speak for ever. Encouraged by these thoughts, with high-strung courage once more we resumed our task; but once more did we find that we had over-reckoned our spirit and our endurance. If we really meant to read the story through, there was, we saw, but one resource left to us. We ought to send over to Ireland for those newspapers which give full reports of the speeches of the Home Rulers. If we could only succeed in getting through one whole debate, we felt sure that, coming as a contrast, *The Brides of Ardmore* would really prove light reading. But was the result likely to repay the misery which we should have undergone? A story is told of an ingenious dentist who proposed to have a large spike let into the sole of one of his boots. When he was on the point of drawing a tooth he would, at the very moment that he gave the first pull, drive his spike into his patient's foot. The sudden pain, he expected, would so divert the sufferer's attention that the tooth would be extracted without his so much as noticing it. The experiment, we believe, has not yet been tried, and so we can say nothing about its efficacy. We however, after carefully considering the plan that we had thought of, decided that, on the whole, it was better not to waste time in trying it. We more than doubted our resolution to read a single Home Ruler's speech, and we felt sure that we should never be able to read as much as would be required to render the book before us an agreeable change. We have, therefore, gone through it as best we can, and have picked up as much of the story as can be learnt by one who has kept just short of reading enough to fall into a stupor. We cannot say that we have skimmed it, for such a book as this has not a surface that can be brushed lightly. One might as soon hope to skim an Irish bog, or one of Mr. Biggar's speeches.

It will be a relief to the reader to learn that, though the scene of this story is Ireland, yet its date is some seven centuries ago. Instead, therefore, of coming across Mr. Parnell and his crew, he has to begin by merely making the acquaintance of the heroine's great-grandmother. This admirable lady was the wife of "a wealthy Bo-aire, or gentleman-farmer, as he would be called in these days." She and her daughter lived such virtuous lives that they "should have been considered as two of the palatial corner stones" in the Church. The works of this great-grandmother were, indeed, excellent. "Many clerical families in the neighbourhood," we read, "had been supplied with good servants through her tuition." We are surprised to find, however, no mention of her having established Mothers' Meetings; or of her having distributed tea and temperance tracts. She had her trials, just as if she were a virtuous great-grandmother of the present day. The clerical families were not as grateful as they ought to be. "The advantages" of having well-trained servants supplied to them "were taken by them as a matter of course, it never once occurring to the lady members to place her labours on an equality of importance with their own." It is sad to think that even before the days of Strongbow gentlemen-farmers in Ireland and their wives were so snubbed by the wives of the parsons. It is little surprising that soon after this date the celibacy of the priests was enforced in Erin. Happily the great-grandmother's character "was too much tempered by humility for her to perceive" that she was slighted. Her daughter, the heroine's grandmother, cherished, we are told, a more far-reaching ambition. "Her rich intellect was as hoamy land which has lain far down in a valley." She took trouble to cultivate society, and "her suppers became celebrated not only for their culinary excellence, but for the flow of wit with which the viands were seasoned." In another passage we learn somewhat of these Irish suppers. There we read that "the viands were simple, but exquisitely cooked. A lamb and a sucking-pig roasted in honour of their guest, were flanked by loaves of wheaten bread, and balls of golden butter nestling among delicate watercresses." Butter—however golden it may be—does not, by the way, seem to go well with sucking-pig, however exquisitely it may be cooked. But to return to the heroine's grandmother. So charming was she that our author says "we may doubt if the great Co-arb of Patrick himself had a more sprightly circle round his hearth." We should better understand the force of the praise did we know what kind of a thing or person a Co-arb is, whether it be great or small.

* *The Brides of Ardmore: a Story of Irish Life.* By Agnes Smith, author of "Ella Maxwell," "Glenmaria," &c. London: Elliot Stock, 1880.

We presently arrive at the heroine's mother and maternal aunt. The aunt was "a very consequential little person, arrogating to herself the first place on all occasions." The mother happily was of a meek character, and "came at length to acquiesce in that view of things which placed her sister on a lofty and unapproachable pedestal." We have the following picture of their home:—

Theirs was indeed a happy home. All that could ennoble their young lives was present in full measure. The work of superintending servants, of instructing the ignorant of their own sex, and of economising in a way which had no savour of niggardiness, was but the necessary foundation on which their parents reared a structure of unbounded generosity. Amada was of a lively temperament; her husband no less so; innocent mirth and frolic were encouraged in so far as they did not trespass on the seriousness of work, or of religious duties. A cynical critic might have whispered that kindness to strangers was being carried too far; that the goods so lavishly bestowed on distinguished pastors might have been laid up for the girls' marriage portions. But Moriath and Grainé were too ignorant to cavil at this.

Our author before long takes us from gentlemen-farmers and the tuition of servants for clerical families to the great heroes of Ireland. We read of Brian Borumha, Turlough O'Connor, and Blathmac O'Mannahan. We are next introduced to a long succession of bishops. But by "bishop," she informs us, "is meant, not the magnificent dignitary who now bears that title, but a member of the class to which it was applied by the Irish of the first eleven centuries." When we reach them we have nothing more to do with the gentlemen-farmers; for, so far as we can make out, all the young ladies marry bishops. The heroine's father was a very good bishop, and the heroine's maternal aunt's husband was another bishop, though not quite so good a one. When she herself grew old enough for a lover two bishops wooed her. One was Ardal, the good hero, and the other was Fergus O'Mannahan, the villain. The latter of these reverend gentlemen would seem to be the model after which not a few of the Irish orators of the present day have trained themselves. He talks as much flowery nonsense as if he were an Irish member of Parliament. "He was not only magnificent in the pulpit," says our author, "he was the cynosure of all eyes in social life. . . . He was, indeed, eminent." He almost turned the heroine's simple heart. One evening she had gone "in quest of her usual supply of milk." He came suddenly upon her, looked at her with peculiar tenderness, took the can from her hand, and said, "Thou hast a step like Venus when she vanished from her perplexed son. Thy ringlets, too, scatter ambrosial fragrance on the breeze." Happily for her, her virtuous lover Ardal was not deficient in counter attractions. He had not only an air of distinction which set off his handsome figure to advantage, but he could boast of high birth; for he was the only child of Turlough O'Brien's marriage with Tualath, daughter of O'Faolain, Prince of the Deisi. The day after he proposed to her she dressed with alacrity, and went out for the milk herself. "The very cows turned round their sleek heads, as if they saw something new about her. . . . The sky had never looked bluer, nor had the fleeting grey clouds which speckled it assumed a more exquisite contour." He soon marries her; and, though she has to own "that he can be authoritative when he likes," yet they lived happily together for a time. Unfortunately, their peace of mind is disturbed by one of those prophets who always flourished a certain number of centuries ago. One day they passed a well-known pond. "Its surface seemed to heave as they drew near, and from beneath a mass of yellow floating vegetation emerged a figure of uncouth aspect." This figure was always lifting a long bony finger, and peeling out in a deep sepulchral voice cries of "Woe! woe!" In the end the English invasion begins, and the heroine and her lover at last get drowned, to the unspeakable relief of the reader. The only pity is that the waters of the river did not swallow up, not only the wealth of the heroine's blonde hair, but also the history of her life.

ARROWS OF THE CHACE.*

THE consent, and, in a way, the concurrence, of the author of such a collection as this passes, at least in some degree, out of the province of the critic. *Arrows of the Chace* is a collection of Mr. Ruskin's letters *de omnibus rebus* to the periodical press and to private persons during the last forty years. Such things in everybody's case more or less, in Mr. Ruskin's case very much more, are informal expressions of the writer's personality rather than deliberate utterances of what he desires to communicate to the world. After the writer's death they are *publica materies*, open—in taste, if not in law—to whoever will to publish as side-lights on the character of their author. The consent and concurrence of which we have spoken relieve their actual editor, whoever he may be, of the charge of impertinence which would otherwise lie. And it may be presumed that the person principally concerned wishes them to be treated no otherwise than if that event, which we all hope may long be deferred, had actually occurred. Against the principle of such publications, indeed, it may still be permissible to register a faint protest, but the individual instance escapes, or almost escapes, censure. Mr. Ruskin tells us in his author's preface that all he feels inclined to do is to "pay himself some extremely fine compliments on the quality of the text." That is to say, he acknowledges his solidarity with that text; he has nothing

to withdraw, and nothing worth speaking of to correct. Therefore we are justified in dealing with the book as if it had appeared in the natural course of things, and in observing the principle, which is one of Mr. Ruskin's own favourites, *De mortuis nil nisi justum*, instead of the amiable convention which imposes in other cases.

Concerning the contents of the first volume, which is wholly given up to matters affecting art, there is likely to be comparatively little serious difference of opinion. A few points of detail may arouse a languid historical interest of a slightly polemical kind. But the paradoxes of one generation are—it is itself a commonplace—the commonplaces of the next; and such a collection as this would be sufficiently interesting if it did no more than supply a curious and interesting illustration of the fact. Some of the letters here reprinted, and bearing on the once hotly-debated question of the conservation of pictures in the National Gallery, have perhaps something more than a merely historical and illustrative interest, though the more important of their recommendations have long been carried out. Turner has, of course, a considerable section to himself; and the letter which Mr. Ruskin wrote to the late Mr. Walter Thornbury when he planned his life of the artist will always remain a testimony to what perhaps some people may think not Mr. Ruskin's strongest point—the power which he at one time possessed of seeing the defects as well as the merits of things and persons that he likes. The group of studies on John Leech, Ernest George, and Frederick Walker in the same way shows a catholicity which might also be denied to the author by hasty or second-hand judgments; while that headed "Architecture and Restoration" deals with a question which is still burning, and which therefore may have an additional interest for not a few readers. Of course, even in these art-letters the intolerance of the contrary opinion and the outrageous dogmatism which are wont to exasperate Mr. Ruskin's opponents make themselves to some extent felt. But in many of the points touched upon, time and the writer have proved themselves a match for any two, and possibly the undecided points may come to no very different settlement.

The most curious and important portion of the book, however, is, beyond all doubt, the second volume, in which the utterances of the author on all sorts of questions unconnected with art are, in accordance with his practice for the last twenty years, recorded. The strength and the weakness of his literary character and method are here made, not indeed clearer than they are already to the attentive reader of his multifarious books, but clearer than they can be to any one who has not gone through a complete course of the *opera* which are now so formidable in bulk and so inaccessible to the modest person who likes to have in the shelves of his own book-case the books which he likes to read. It is not an insignificant fact that the series opens in 1859. That year was notably the year in which Mr. Ruskin, quitting the province in which, after many battles, he had generally come to be acknowledged as a supreme authority, embarked on all sorts of alien speculations, in which he spoke, at any rate from his own point of view, with authority at least as great, though his most fervent admirers would hardly contend that he spoke with equal knowledge. A series of letters on the Franco-Austrian war opens the volume. In these epistles is at once apparent the curious confusion of view and the lamentable irrelevance of utterance which have since rejoiced Mr. Ruskin's enemies and given pain to his friends. A dim consciousness is visible in these letters—a very much clearer consciousness is visible in the subsequent but much more definite letters on the Danish war and the Jamaica Commission—that the *summa dias* of England for a time—let us hope not also the *ineluctabile tempus* for all time—had come. But Mr. Ruskin's deliverances, especially on the earlier quarrel, are such as it is impossible for any one to suppose likely to convert opponents, and such as would be very little likely to strengthen dubious friends. The merits of the Austrians and the French and the Italians are compared and set together from no general political or historical standpoints, but from purely private and *idiotic* standpoints. Mr. Ruskin has known several nice Austrians, and he says a good word for them. He is aware that Italy is the Mecca of his own particular faith, and he has a good word for the tribe of Koreysh. He thinks that the cession of Savoy is "only a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," and so he has nothing to say against that. He does not like the Papacy, and so he has a sneaking kindness for whatever tends to weaken the Papacy. So the letters remain cryptic and insoluble, presenting no resting-place for the foot of any one who is disposed to place his foot where Mr. Ruskin tells him to place it. Of directly political letters there are not many more here until we come to the famous Glasgow correspondence of the other day, in which Mr. Ruskin informed the world that "I hate all Liberalism as I do Beelzebub," and that "with Carlyle I stand, we two alone in England, for God and the Queen." Possibly Mr. Ruskin might have advantageously remembered a certain story of the Prophet Elijah, and have recognized the possibility of there being a few persons who have not bowed the knee to Baal besides the two illustrations of Brantwood and Cheynes Walk. Certainly he would by so doing have escaped the still more famous "Obesterfield letter" had he not written this. The spirit, however, is sufficiently obvious if only by degrees and in gradually increasing measure from the rather evil day when he first took to political economy and other political things. Very many of the epistles here reprinted appeared originally in the *Daily Telegraph*, a periodical for whose peculiar style Mr. Ruskin appears to have an inscrutable affection. To congratulate the *Daily Telegraph* on its admirable articles and

* *Arrows of the Chace*. By John Ruskin. Edited by an Oxford Pupil. 2 vols. Orplington: Allen. 1880.

to quarrel with the *Pall Mall Gazette* were apparently for a long time favourite occupations of his; and though most people have probably a dim remembrance of most of these communications, it is rather surprising to find how numerous they were between 1865 and 1875. One set of letters (which are, indeed, not new to us) we are extremely sorry to see reprinted, though they contain some good and sensible things. This is the set which, serving originally as a commendatory preface to a crotchety and rather unsavoury little pamphlet about the morality of schoolboys, contained an expression which gave deep, and we think just, offence to a very large number of readers. We are not disposed to perform memorial rites in honour of the late Mr. J. S. Mill. But every one, whatever his political, philosophical, or religious creed may be, must feel that to speak of the author of the *Logic* as "a poor cretinous wretch" is utterly indefensible, let who will have been the speaker. The admiring editor of these papers himself offers a kind of excuse and a very insufficient explanation of the outrage, but the cancelling of the phrase would have been the only valid apology. It would be idle to attempt, in a review of any moderate dimensions, to give an account of the farrago of topics treated here, and including almost as miscellaneous a collection as *For* itself. The reader may very likely generally be in sympathy with the view which Mr. Ruskin wishes to take, though he may often feel compelled to dissent very strongly from the actual positions advanced, and still more with the arguments used to support them. It is characteristic, for instance, that in Mr. Ruskin's onslaught on railway shareholders he uses the Post Office as a parallel, forgetting, or not caring for, the fact that the Post Office makes a handsome profit. To make a profit out of carrying passengers is abominable; to make a profit out of carrying their letters seems to be legitimate enough. But, then, we do not look for consistency in Mr. Ruskin, or, if we do, we certainly do not get it.

Therefore, to return to our beginning, these *Arrows of the Chace* ought rather to have been denominated *Boomerangs of the Chace*, for they almost invariably return and smite the bosom of the archer. They contain many *dicta* which are separately admirable as literature; and many which express the absolute truth on important matters of all kinds with consummate felicity,

τό δ' ὄνλον ἐπέυχεται εὐρεῖν Παῦρος.

Mr. Ruskin holds himself up boastfully as a Conservative of Conservatives; but it is questionable whether any one who, with a clear comprehension of history and human nature, sets himself to work to do his own little possible on the Conservative side of the great battle, will find in him a more satisfactory support than any one who is of the opposite persuasion, while the latter person will find innumerable handles for attack. The entire want of political perspective in Mr. Ruskin's political views, the inurbanity of his expression, the will-worship and crotchety of his attitude, make him rather more dangerous as an ally than as an enemy. He is generally right in principle, and perhaps in the majority of cases right in the particular applications which he makes of that principle. On the one subject where he speaks with sufficient knowledge—the department of art pure and simple—he seldom errs, or errs only by a pardonable exaggeration. But in every other department, and in the department of politics most of all, he speaks with a knowledge almost entirely insufficient, for the simple reason that he does not care to supply what he lacks. He is a prophet, and if the people will not hearken to the words of the prophet so much the worse for them. He tells us in his preface that he finds himself less copiously supplied with metaphor and simile than he did in his youth. Those who see in him a kind of literary guerilla on the right side, but constantly bringing the right side into discredit by his eccentricities, may wish that self-will had permitted him to recognize this deficiency in his chief methods of argument as a warning to cease arguing.

TEMPLE'S INDIA IN 1880.*

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE possesses two exceptional qualifications for the task which he has undertaken in interpreting India to English society. On the one hand, his experience is long and varied; on the other, he is an adept in the art of exposition. So far as Indian matters are concerned, no man has seen more, or knows better how to put the results of his observations into a form which an uninitiated reader will be able to understand. Indian officials are too frequently deficient in both respects. Each man knows well enough the details of the tiny segment of the huge administrative wheel in which his lot has been cast; but he fails to grasp its connexion with, and its relations to, the rest; and he is unable to communicate his ideas except to persons who have fathomed the meaning of technical words and phrases with which he has been all his life so familiar that the idea of their being unintelligible to the world at large never occurs to him. The consequence is that many a man whose knowledge might be of real value in the solution of difficult questions is, for all practical purposes, inarticulate. If he attempts to explain a subject to an outsider, he falls at once into technicalities which are simply bewildering, and unconsciously assumes knowledge on the part of his hearer when all is the blindest ignorance. A grim official joke has described such men as resembling the cuttle-fish, extruding an inky

fluid for the purpose of concealing their meaning; and it is certain that a lamentably large proportion of the huge mass of Anglo-Indian literature has tended, so far as the outside world is concerned, to intensify the obscurity of what was already sufficiently perplexing, and to deepen the despair of the enterprising intruder who might venture among the mysteries of Indian officialdom.

Sir Richard Temple is the exact opposite of this order of official. His employments have been so numerous and so varied that he has been forced to appreciate their relative importance and their connexion with one another and with the whole machine of Government; and, at the same time, to learn by practical experience how hopelessly unintelligible a special subject is to all but the specialists who have made it their particular study. The consequence is that he has produced a book in which the entire range of Indian administration is explored, and all the complicated structure of the various great State departments satisfactorily explained, but which is, at the same time, from first to last a triumph of lucidity. No one who chooses to read his volume attentively need be troubled any longer by the disagreeable consciousness that India and its affairs constitute a real "Asian mystery," which defies his best efforts at solution and plunges him, whenever any Indian topic presents itself, into bewilderment. The extravagant assertions and unsound inferences of writers like Mr. Hyndman, such crude proposals as those which the Government recently thought it necessary to expose and demolish in the case of Mr. Caird, and the monstrous blunders into which English politicians almost invariably fall when they take an Indian subject in hand, are really the necessary result of a great and difficult subject being allowed to remain imperfectly known and understood by those who feel called to think or speak or write about it. Yet it has been hitherto far easier to expose and denounce this inadequate knowledge and understanding than to point out any quarter in which trustworthy information might, without a disproportionate expenditure of time and research, be obtained. Colonel Chesney's admirable volume on Indian polity has now for more than a decade been the one standard authority on all questions relating to administration; but it deals with details, which only those immediately concerned in the government of the country would find interesting, and it has become to a certain degree obsolete from the fact that many of the reforms which Colonel Chesney recommends have been, since he wrote, carried into effect. Sir R. Temple writes evidently for a more general audience, and consults the tastes of a wider class of readers. Nothing apparently comes amiss to his inappreciable appetite for knowledge and the indefatigable zeal and interest with which he explores the wide field of observation which India opens to willing and well-instructed eyes. From finance to art, from Buddhist archaeology to projects of public works or agricultural education, from speculations as to the obscure past of primitive social forms or tottering creeds to descriptions of mountain scenery or sporting adventure—in all alike he is vivid, eager, intensely interested, and not a little pleased with the work which the English are effecting in the country. If any one wished for an explanation of the enormous revolution which the presence of Englishmen in India is effecting in the ways, thoughts, and beliefs of native life, he could not find it better set forth than in the vigorous, resolute, hopeful, and, on the whole, complacent spirit which breathes throughout Sir R. Temple's entire volume. He makes no secret of his belief in his country's destiny as the regenerator of Indian society and its pioneer to higher forms of national existence than any yet attained. He sees everywhere schemes of improvement patiently worked out to successful results, and he is naturally and justly more occupied with these results than with the occasional mishaps and mistakes by which they have been marred or by which their accomplishment has been delayed. He speaks with a caution and guardedness which contrast strangely with the violent confidence of less experienced and less responsible observers; but, as to the general result, he is unhesitating in his verdict that the British rule in India is efficacious for enormous good, and that such dangers as there are—dangers which are not to be ignored—may be met with confidence and hope. Misery, no doubt, there is, and must be, wherever a vast aggregate of 250 millions of human beings is exposed to the vicissitudes of an uncertain climate and to all the long list of calamities which afflict partially civilized communities. Disease, want, and death all operate with a potency which is shocking to the philanthropist and alarming to the statesman who fails to see in them the necessary concomitants of a rude and comparatively early stage of national existence, from which the human race can be rescued only by that gradual and often tedious process of general improvement which it has cost many centuries to accomplish in Europe, and which will certainly not be accomplished in India without the defeats and disappointments incidental to all human efforts. Meanwhile, it is reassuring to be told by so careful and experienced an observer as Sir Richard Temple that there are, after all allowance has been made for occasional miscarriage, substantial grounds for believing that the process is being hastened—so far as human skill and energy may suffice to hasten it—by the administrative measures of the Anglo-Indian Government and by the personal exertions of Indian civilians. Since Mr. J. S. Mill wrote his famous apology for the East India Company, nearly five-and-twenty years ago, no such forcible argument in favour of British rule has been adduced as that which Sir R. Temple's volume must present to every unprejudiced understanding.

It is a satisfaction to find that Sir R. Temple entirely confirms the view as to the finances of India which has been so frequently

* *India in 1880.* By Sir R. Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I., C.I.E. London: Murray.

maintained in these columns against those prophets of evil who found in the alleged bankruptcy of India a convenient topic with which to work on the feelings and arouse the alarm of an un-instructed audience. Speaking with the authority of an ex-Minister of Finance, and evidently with the sedulous accuracy which might be expected from such a witness, he adopts the conclusion that the revenues of India have, on the whole, since the Mutiny, more than sufficed to meet all its outgoings of every sort except the expenditure on Productive Public Works; that the interest on those works is more than covered by their net earnings; and that, owing to the increased profitability of their undertakings, and the improved credit of the Indian Government, the total annual charge for interest and public-works expenditure of every kind is considerably less now than it was ten years ago, notwithstanding the outlay of many millions of capital on railways and canals. One very ingenious calculation puts the effects of the Productive Public Works in a new and striking light. It has been contended, the writer says, by some critics of Indian finance, that the expenditure on these projects, whether in the form of guaranteed capital of the railways or direct outlay by the State, ought to be regarded as a part of the national indebtedness, and be added accordingly to the public debt. This way of stating the account, whether correct or not, would, Sir R. Temple points out, be highly favourable to the Indian Government. If the debt be taken at 149 millions, and the guaranteed capital at 97, the total on which interest is payable would be 246 millions. But, if the net earnings of the Public Works be deducted from the interest charge, the net interest payable would be 6½, 5½, and 4 millions for the years 1878-9, 1879-80, 1880-1 respectively, or at the rate of 2½ per cent. for the first of the three years, 2½ per cent. for the second, and less than 1½ per cent. for the third; in other words, the Indian Government has laid out 123 millions in the development of the country to such good effect as regards its own treasury as to reduce the rate of interest on its whole public debt below that of any other country in the world. Yet these are the works which Mr. Hyndman a year ago was denouncing as the "hare-brained projects" of reckless and self-opinionated officials, and which Mr. Fawcett congratulated himself and his supporters on having brought to a partial standstill.

It is impossible in the short compass of a review to do justice, even in the way of enumeration, to the topics with which Sir R. Temple deals, still less to the manly spirit of loyal enthusiasm, energetic zeal, and courageous hopefulness that characterizes his treatment of every one. In an age when patriotism is too often regarded as a foible, and when writers in magazines complacently demonstrate the inutility of England's maintaining her place among the great nations of the world, it is refreshing to meet with a writer proud of his country and of his countrymen, and of the great work which they are accomplishing in the East, deeply interested in showing how real and substantial that work is, and anxious to promote the calm and rational discussion of the means for its further advancement. Sir Richard Temple's name is already honourably associated with valuable official works, great administrative ability, and untiring zeal for the interests of the Government and the public; he has added to the long list of his public services by showing in a compendious and intelligible form what the British administration of India really means, and by enabling the world at large to form an intelligent estimate of the degree in which it can be regarded as successful, and of the means by which still further successes may be achieved.

DIMPLETHORPE.*

DIMPLETHORPE may be best described as a very pretty story. There is but a slight plot, as there are no strong sensations; and the scenes are entirely confined to a dead-alive little town in the Eastern counties, which lies aside from the busy highways of traffic, although within thirty miles of London. The characters lead singularly uneventful lives; the most dramatic circumstances in the hero's career consist in his rising steadily from the smallest beginnings to some reputation as an artist, under the patronage of kindly and appreciative neighbours; while the most formidable dangers to which his hopes and happiness are exposed arise out of a foolish, though mild, flirtation. But the story is told with a quiet simplicity which makes it agreeable, if unexciting, reading; and, in the limited range of life which she describes—we imagine that *Dimplethorpe* must be the work of a lady—the author gives proof of keen observation. All the people appear to be drawn closely after nature, although by no means servile copies of their originals; and there is generally a softness and harmony in the pictures of scenery and persons that impresses them upon the memory.

Dimplethorpe is mainly a love tale, but its hero is more human than romantic. Mr. Philip Hathaway, familiarly styled Phil by those who knew him best, though, upon the whole, a respectable and deserving young man, is by no means a model of heroic perfection. He is somewhat weak, though not wicked, and his head has been partly turned by his social success, while his vanity is very easily flattered. He had a precocious boyish fancy which, as we might have imagined, was intended to leave its mark on the whole of his life. In his attic, under the

humble roof of his grandfather the osier-weaver, he had ventured to lift a reverential pair of eyes to little Audrey Ferguson. Audrey, the daughter of his first patron and benefactor, seemed so far above the ragged little worker in the willow beds that it appeared almost sacrilegious in him to make prize of a bit of blue ribbon of hers, though it was to be treasured jealously as a relic. But Philip climbs the ladder, thanks to his artistic gifts and pleasant manners, till he gets on a level with the daughter of the Dissenting minister or passes her. Then his head is turned by the footing on which he is placed with his superiors; while his senses are intoxicated besides by a passing flirtation. It is true that he returns in the end to his first love; but he comes back not only in the character of a penitent, but to ask forgiveness for sundry offences which have been decidedly of the shabby order. Philip is none the worse artistically on that account; on the contrary, he is all the more lifelike. For his shortcomings are exactly those we should expect to find in the peasant *parvenu*, who, in spite of decided genius and a happy way of adapting himself to the habits of gentility, has rather more of the coarser clay than of the finer porcelain in his composition. What we feel is that, although he is to make his way in the world, and may die an Academician of considerable distinction, he is scarcely worthy of such a girl as Audrey Ferguson. He has succeeded, however, in inspiring her with a devoted attachment. It is true, indeed, that Audrey had no great choice of admirers in Dimplethorpe; and we know besides that fascinating women in all ages have lavished their love on undeserving objects. And we remember, moreover, that Audrey, like her lover, though in a different sense, has been slowly developing from the chrysalis stage into that of the full-blown butterfly. She was not one of those beautiful and lively-witted children who compel society in general to pet and spoil them by the sheer force of their brilliancy and good looks. When she stole into the heart of modest little Phil Hathaway, we are left to suppose that it was owing to his quick artistic perceptions, with some secret sympathy between their souls. She was a placid child, consistently "sat upon" and pushed aside by a bustling and notable mother, who, though she loved the quiet little girl in her own peculiar way, greatly preferred her more showy sister. But little Audrey is a born lady, which the other children in the minister's household are not. She has a more congenial companion and a good teacher in her henpecked, but clever and gentlemanlike, father; she is thoughtful, and educates herself by self-reflection; she is imaginative, and learns to elevate and refine herself in communings with her own graceful fancies. The progress of her development in its various stages is brought out with great skill and probability. For Audrey, although undemonstrative and disposed to be submissive, especially towards those to whom she has cause to be grateful, has an unsuspected strength of character which lends her dignity and presence of mind on occasion. Her behaviour to the vain and volatile Phil is very ingeniously conceived, because it is so true to what we find we might have expected of her, when we have come to know her as well as he will. So long as she fancies herself sure of his heart, she is docile and humble almost to self-abasement. She is ready to consider his humours, to make allowances for his foibles; she is fond and almost forward to a fault; and, in short, will persist in regarding him through a pair of love-tinted spectacles. She is very slow to suffer the truth to dawn upon her. But when at last she is compelled to realize that he is ashamed of her family, if not of her; that even as to herself he is shaken in his allegiance, and has probably a fancy that he might easily do better for himself, she is stung to the quick in her self-respect, and her maiden dignity is up in arms. Strengthened by the recollection of the humiliation which she has half invited, she has torn Mr. Hathaway from her heart, so far as all appearances go. She has left her birthplace and all her friends, and gone to take up her residence in London. When she subsequently meets her former lover on her flying visits to Dimplethorpe, she makes no sign in answer to advances which are at first assured, and afterwards humble. Yet it turns out, when we come to the explanations and the reconciliation which we see all the time to be inevitable, that Audrey had only taken to flight in the consciousness of her own weakness. She knew well that she was passionately in love with Phil, and she feared she might have betrayed herself, had they been in the habit of meeting. The protracted separation under such painful and doubtful circumstances has purified and strengthened her nature and made her still more valuable as a prize to be won, while Phil's somewhat tardy display of constancy has thus brought him a double reward. He receives the precious pledges of Audrey's affection, while, as for himself, he has been driven to go through a discipline of humiliation and self-denial which he sorely needed, and which will probably prove the making of him. So the first acts of the love-play come to a close with a reasonable prospect of their wedded happiness.

Phil and Audrey are always in the front of the stage, filling the leading parts, as they ought to do. But the author has by no means concentrated her attention on them to the exclusion of subordinate persons. Audrey's mother, Mrs. Ferguson, is excellent in her way; and, if she fills her station as a wife and housekeeper with credit, is the very woman to make an uncongenial home for so refined and retiring a girl as the eldest daughter. Of course a residence under Mrs. Ferguson's roof would be intolerable to any quiet young man of delicate feeling; and we can sympathise with Hathaway's declining to take lodgings there, even when he professed to be "keeping company" with Audrey, and ought to

* *Dimplethorpe*. By the Author of "St. Olave's," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

have been delighted to be so near the young lady. We feel sincere sympathy with the worthy Mr. Ferguson, who must have had bitter cause to regret a precipitate and unsuitable marriage; we experience a wicked satisfaction when the crushed worm turns, and when he insists upon extending his protection to Phil Hathaway, in the face of his wife's remonstrances and commands; and when at length he is gathered to his fathers, we are sure death must have been a blessed release for him. Nevertheless, Mrs. Ferguson is not a monster, nor are we permitted to dislike her so much as we are disposed to do. For, although she has no refinement of feeling, she has a good heart, and she shows strong, though perverse, motherly instincts when she thinks that Audrey, who, after all, is her child, is being "put upon." Had there been any excuse for Phil's playing fast and loose with his engagement, it might have been found in the prospect of Mrs. Ferguson for a mother-in-law; nevertheless, for once we appreciate that lady's coarseness and bluntness when she very frankly gives a piece of her mind to that spoiled young "beggar on horseback." In striking and effective contrast to the Dissenting minister's wife is Miss Burnaby, a warm-hearted, elderly spinster, who, as she has taken Phil Hathaway by the hand, has also done much towards forming Audrey. Miss Burnaby, a polished, somewhat formal, but free-spoken lady of the old school, lives with that veteran bachelor, her brother the General, in an old-fashioned manor house in the outskirts of the town. After having rejected various matrimonial offers, more or less ineligible, she does not yet deem herself beyond the age of being made love to by some well-mannered, well-connected gentleman of respectable years and position. So she feels all the deeper personal interest in the worrying love affair of her favourite Audrey; and, using the privilege given by the many kindnesses she has bestowed upon Phil, even Mrs. Ferguson herself could hardly be more candid in setting his iniquities and follies before him when he has been gradually estranging himself from Audrey and been made a fool of by a coquette of fashion; the difference being that Miss Burnaby lectures like a lady, while the minister's wife "flies out" like a scold; and the discrimination between their different styles of invective is nicely indicative of their respective characters and positions. But there is always shrewd discrimination, and generally subdued humour, in all the people whom the author introduces, even in such serious-minded gentlemen as the lamented Mr. Ferguson, who, as we are perpetually reminded, might have been a happy man had he remained a bachelor or been more fortunately mated.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE annual Report on the currency (1) presented to Congress at its meeting in December is of more than usual interest. The reduction in the rate of interest upon which the Comptroller dwells is already familiar to our readers; what may not be equally well known is the strange variation of the rate between different periods of the year and different localities. At one time it was possible to obtain money at call in New York upon the best securities at something less than three per cent.; but the rate latterly has been four to four and a half for first class mercantile paper. It is strange in the face of such a fact to find how greatly the rate is increased by comparatively short distances from the central market. At Boston and Baltimore—cities occupying in the United States the commercial position of Liverpool or of Glasgow—the average has been five, at Washington seven, at St. Louis—the Manchester or Birmingham of the West—from five to seven; at Cincinnati, a day's journey eastward of St. Louis, from six to seven; at St. Paul and Omaha from eight to ten; in the South, from seven to ten per cent., except at New Orleans, where it has been but little higher than at Boston. It is curious to find how little public confidence in paper has been shaken by the prolonged depression of the Treasury notes after the war, following as it did upon a still longer period when paper money issued by all sorts of banks had a value uncertain and various in the extreme. Such is the reliance of the people upon the good faith of the Government and the security of their present banking system, resting as it does mainly upon Government credit, that paper is actually preferred to gold or silver, except for purposes of hoarding. The quantity of money hoarded, especially by negroes in the South, is reported to be very large, though upon this point the Comptroller offers no distinct information. It is perhaps due to the preference for paper as the more convenient form of currency that the Silver Coinage Act has done so little harm. On the natural mischief of that measure the Report has some strong and sensible remarks. Everything, we are told, is at present favourable, but the tendency of laws now in force is to continually reduce the amount of gold, and increase that of silver, held by the Treasury. In trying to force silver upon the holder of maturing bonds or of legal tender notes presented for redemption, the Government might any day substitute silver for gold as the practical money standard, which would at once enhance all prices, and raise gold to such a premium that, as the Comptroller holds, an investment therein at par would be at least twice as profitable as in United States bonds. The inconvenience and peril of such a situation need no comment. Another interesting public document is, as usual, the Report of the Massachusetts Board of Education (2). The taxation in that State is a subject upon which the Comptroller of the Currency to Congress, December 22, 1880. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) Forty-third Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Education, 1876-79. Boston: Rand, Avery, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

State for the support of public schools exceeds eight hundred thousand pounds sterling; the aggregate expenditure, exclusive of the expense of repairing and erecting school-houses and cost of school-books, is nine hundred thousand. We may recommend to the especial attention of those interested in the subject that part of the Report which deals at some length with the condition of the institutions for the education of deaf mutes, partly supported by the State, partly by public and private endowments. Two other characteristic State Papers deal, the one with foreign systems of naval education in general (3), the other with the special training of seamen in England and France (4), chiefly with the training-ships of the two countries. The latter gives high, but, we believe, only deserved, praise to the training-ships for the Royal Navy under the control of the British Admiralty as far surpassing in results, and at no unreasonable cost, any of their rivals or competitors.

The biography of Governor Andrew (5), of the State of Massachusetts, has the merit of moderate length which is so rare in American memoirs. Mr. John A. Andrew was not a very prominent figure among the American statesmen of his day; but he commanded a degree of respect and confidence in his own State which many more active and generally better known personages failed to obtain. His absolute integrity, personal and political, was beyond question; a certain simplicity, accompanied, as is not unfrequently the case, by a peculiar willfulness upon a few special subjects whereon his convictions were too deeply rooted in his individual personality to be affected by reasoning or by authority, no doubt added to the charm he appears to have exercised over many of those who came into personal contact with him and to his popularity with his neighbours and constituents. During the war of secession, wielding the power of his State, he exercised a greater influence than is generally known, the more, perhaps, on account of a certain similarity of temper which brought him into sympathy with President Lincoln rather than with the more practised and cultivated statesmen who surrounded him. The constitutional loyalty of Governor Andrew was as unimpeachable as his political sincerity. The first half or two-thirds of his biography will be found to be well worth reading, and to make no unreasonable demand on the leisure even of an English student of American politics. The rest of the book is filled up with addresses, orations, and memorial speeches, which no one except the immediate constituents of Governor Andrew will, we think, now care to preserve.

The Life of Dr. Hodge (6), Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, a gentleman as much inferior in importance and in the popular interest of his life to Governor Andrew as the latter was to President Lincoln or Mr. Seward, occupies six hundred closely printed pages, containing at least ten times as much matter as the biography of the Governor. It is possible that, despite its extravagant length, the book may be attractive to some of Dr. Hodge's co-religionists, but the contrast presented by the two works is certainly instructive; we wish it could be hoped that American biographers in general would profit by the example. The memoir of the practical statesman tells all that the world can care to know about one who really affected the fortunes of a great nation at the greatest crisis in its story. The elaborate account of the professor contains an enormous mass of letters and memorabilia of no interest whatever to any but his own immediate family and *entourage*; and all that was worth recording for the information of the public might have been compressed into fourteen of the 140 modest pages devoted to the story of the simple straightforward man who ruled the Puritan commonwealth during three or four critical years.

The memoir prefixed to the household edition of Poe's works (7) is considerably longer than that last-mentioned, though it contains not a fourth part of the matter or rubbish with which the biography of Dr. Hodge has been padded. Here, again, proportion has been well observed. No one will think 200 octavo pages too much for a really new and thoughtful biography of one of the most interesting personalities in the history of American literature. Mr. Stoddard endeavours to do true justice to the memory of his subject, differing almost as widely from the eulogistic tone of his recent defenders as from the spiteful and malicious temper which appears to have animated his original biographer. That Poe was perfectly innocent of many of the sins ascribed to him by the latter, has, we think, been made clear beyond question. That his career, hard and difficult as it was, was ruined rather by his own weaknesses than by the harshness of others, Mr. Stoddard, has, we think, sufficiently established. Poe's was one of those peculiar temperaments upon which certain common temptations act with especial force, but which cannot yield to them without paying a penalty more immediate and far more terrible than much greater vice, much more

(3) Report on Foreign Systems of Naval Education. By Frederick J. B. Soley, U.S.N. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(4) Report on the Training Systems for the Navy and Mercantile Marine of England and the Navy of France. By Lieutenant-Commander F. E. Chadwick, U.S.N. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(5) Memoir of Governor Andrew, with Personal Reminiscences. By Peleg W. Chandler. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

(6) The Life of Charles Hodge, D.D., LL.D. By his Son, A. A. Hodge. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(7) Select Works of Edgar Allan Poe, Poetical and Prose. With a New Memoir by R. H. Stoddard. Household Edition. New York: W. J. Widdleton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

reckless indulgence, entail upon less sensitive organizations. Mrs. Stowe has done some service, despite her deliberate malignity and wanton or reckless injustice to the memory of Byron, by showing how fatally his education and circumstances exposed him to the temptation of indulgence in wine, and how fatal that indulgence was to his peculiar temperament. Poe more resembled Shelley than Byron in the delicacy alike of his organization and of his fancy. Unfortunately he had Byron's susceptibility to temptation without Byron's physical energy and recuperative powers. He was tried far more sorely than, but for his own youthful errors, Byron ever need have been; he was almost driven to the consolation which ever tells with most terrible effect upon such natures as his; and excesses which might hardly have injured an ordinary man seem to have ruined alike his physical health and his intellectual power. The more carefully we study his story, as told by various writers from the most different standpoints, the more we find one and the same inference forced upon us. Gifted with very extraordinary and exceptional powers, but powers strangely and somewhat narrowly limited in their sphere, Poe might under favourable circumstances have been a great and a happy man. Happy, indeed, for a short time, even under very severe trials, he seems to have been. With less marvellous intellectual gifts, and a somewhat stronger self-control—his power of will for some time and in certain directions was very exceptional—he might have been a distinguished and a useful citizen, a contented and dearly loved husband and father. He was placed in circumstances most certain to bring out the weak points of his character, he was tried by afflictions beyond his strength, and he yielded to temptations which had for him in such afflictions an almost irresistible attraction. No thoughtful reader, we think, will close Mr. Stoddard's memoir without the profoundest pity and sympathy for its subject, without a somewhat bitter and angry contempt for those who have presumed to judge or to blame him.

Mrs. Weitzel's *Sister and Saint* (8) is what she modestly calls it—a sketch, and no more—but a sketch of a life which cannot be touched even in outline without exciting interest and sympathy, if not precisely of that sort that a fuller study of her subject has called forth in the authoress herself. The character of Jacqueline Pascal was one of those truly feminine characters which few, whether men or women, can observe even across the distance of generations without being touched by its sweetness and gentleness, and interested by the earnestness and sincerity of its self-devotion. But her career will seem to most English readers a complete mistake, and a mistake due to her weaknesses, amiable and womanly as they were, rather than to her not less striking virtues. Her connexion with her eminent brother and with the society that gathered round Port Royal gives its chief interest to the story, and has enabled Mrs. Weitzel to enhance that interest by sketching more than one of the characters with whom her heroine was brought into contact. Mrs. Van Chenoweth's *Stories of the Saints* (9) is a work of altogether inferior quality. It seems a mistake fatal to the whole purpose of the book to mix up the legends of champions like St. George, St. David, and St. Denis, with poetic stories like that of St. Christopher, with real characters like those of St. Catharine, St. Francis of Assisi, or St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and St. Patrick.

We have two works on the theory of evolution written from exactly opposite standpoints, and each calculated to excite in readers at all familiar with the subject, and not very deeply prejudiced on either side, a feeling of antagonism rather than of disposition to agree with the conclusions of the writer. Mr. Mott answers the question "Was Man Created?" (10) in the Darwinian sense with a confidence which, we think, Mr. Darwin himself would pronounce to be altogether exaggerated. Mr. Mott's book, despite the curious information it contains and the minuteness and clearness with which, both in the text and the illustrations, the supposed descent of man is traced to the Ascidian or to the primitive protoplasm through every one of the supposed links, can only tend to mislead a reader who takes it up without having first carefully studied all that Wallace and Darwin have written, and something also of what adverse critics have had to say upon the subject. Professor Chapin deals with the same question from a theological point of view (11). That the quarrel between Cain and Abel represented the contest between nomad and agricultural races or impulses, that the first murder represents the victory of a higher over a lower civilization, and that Cain, in short, was the primeval benefactor of mankind, and the founder of arts and author of social development, may be news to the orthodox world, outside, at least, of the congregation to which Dr. Chapin dedicates his volume.

Mr. Coffin's narratives of old colonial days (12) deal with times and topics that have furnished material for elaborate histories, for school abridgments, for collections, anecdotic, bio-

graphical, and legendary, for grave lessons and exciting stories, to innumerable American authors. There is nothing with which Americans are from childhood made so familiar; no subject perhaps in the world upon which so little truth has been told, upon which such innumerable fictions are universally current, except the history of English rule in Ireland, and indeed of Ireland generally. That the colonists, especially of New England, were all saints and heroes is a part of the received creed of every American schoolboy and schoolgirl. It follows consequently that all their enemies, Indians, French, English, all with whom by their own act or that of others the Pilgrim Fathers and their friends came into collision, were cowards, savages, brutes, and fiends. In this respect Mr. Coffin's book is not very much better or very much worse than the average of its competitors. No one who reads between the lines will be likely to find any strong sympathy for the men who, after murdering hundreds of Indian women and children, often burning them to death by surprise when they stormed and fired an undefended village, came home to dwellings in ashes, to find their own wives and children dead or captive. The savage brutality of the American Puritans truthfully told would afford one of the most significant and profitable lessons that history could teach. Champions of liberty, but merciless and unprincipled tyrants, fugitives from persecution, but the most senseless and reckless of persecutors; claimants of an enlightened religion, but the last upholders of the cruel and ignorant creed of the witch doctors; whining over the ferocity of the Indian, yet out-doing that ferocity a hundredfold; complaining of his treachery, yet, as their descendants have been to this day, treacherous with a deliberate indifference to plighted faith such as the Indians have seldom shown—the ancestors of the heroes of the revolutionary and of the civil war might be held up as examples of the power of a Calvinistic religion and a bigoted republicanism to demoralize fair average specimens of a race which, under better influences, has shown itself the least cruel, least treacherous, least tyrannical of the master races of the world. We do not say that this picture would not be a one-sided one; we do say that it would show a side which hitherto has been studiously concealed, and that side by side with the descriptions of Mr. Coffin and his thousand congeners it might give the Americans of to-day a fair idea of the Americans of two hundred years back.

No such exception can be taken to Mrs. Arr's graceful, homely, quiet sketches of old-time childhood life (13). The only fault we need find with this relates solely to the title. There is less of the author's own child-life than of the people she knew in childhood and the scenes with which she was then familiar, described from the standpoint and in the tone of middle life.

General Brisbin's *Beef Bonanza* (14) is a lively, practical, but very readable, sketch of the life and prospects of a cattle-breeder on the plains of the Far West. Some of his facts are a little startling. It is difficult, for instance, to believe even on his assurance that a little more than a square mile of pasture will support a herd of four hundred cattle with their young in a climate where stall feeding is recommended for at least two months of the year, and where hay is the only winter food. Mr. E. H. Leland's *Farm Homes* (15) is a manual of house-building, house-furnishing, and house-keeping on American farms, from the first breaking of the sod to the cooking of the last thanksgiving feast.

(13) *Old-Time Child-Life*. By E. H. Arr, Author of "New England Bygones." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1881.

(14) *The Beef Bonanza; or, How to Get Rich on the Plains*. By General J. S. Brisbin, U.S.A., Author of "Life of General Grant," &c. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(15) *Farm Homes, In-doors and Out-doors*. By E. H. Leland. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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(8) *Sister and Saint: a Sketch of the Life of Jacqueline Pascal*. By Sophy Winthrop Weitzel. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(9) *Stories of the Saints*. By Mrs. C. Van D. Chenoweth. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(10) *Was Man Created?* By H. A. Mott, Jr., E.M., Ph.D., &c., Author of "Chemist's Manual," &c. New York: Griswold & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(11) *The Creation and the Early Development of Society*. By J. H. Chapin, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(12) *Old Times in the Colonies*. By Ch. C. Coffin, Author of "The Boys of '76," &c. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

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THE CLOTURE.

SELDOM during the present generation has more interest been felt in the proceedings of the House of Commons than during the present week, and never, perhaps, has that interest been rewarded by proceedings of a more dramatic nature. A forty-one hours' sitting, an intervention of an unprecedented character on the part of the **SPEAKER**, a proposal revolutionizing the system of legislation and of a kind entirely new in the long and eventful history of Parliament, and finally the successive suspension of nearly enough members to make an ordinary House, make up a sufficient list of important occurrences, while the detailed chronicle of the week offers not a few other subjects for reflection and criticism. The conduct of the Government is naturally the first of such subjects, for of the conduct of the chief disturbers there can be only one opinion, especially after the exaggerated and melodramatic violence of their behaviour on Thursday. In the difficult circumstances in which Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues were placed great allowance must be made for them; but exception may fairly be taken to much of their conduct, both in action and in abstaining from action, during the debate, and certainly it may be taken to the remedy they proposed to apply to the evil which has now reached such an unbearable height. It is noteworthy that the task of vigilantly watching offenders and of invoking the terrors of the **SPEAKER** upon them was for the most part left to the Opposition leaders. When, owing to the unfortunate indecision of Dr. PLAYFAIR, the efforts of Sir RICHARD CROSS and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE were frustrated on Tuesday night, it was with the utmost difficulty that the Government, in the not very effective person of Mr. CHILDERS, could be got to support these right honourable gentlemen; while afterwards Mr. BRIGHT seemed to take a pleasure in announcing that the Government way of dealing with the matter was something quite different, and that in this case, at any rate, they did not intend to be content with "the ordinary law."

It is no secret that some of the forward party in Parliament and in the Cabinet are extremely anxious for the cloture pure and simple, and it is natural that they should be so. They find themselves, or think themselves, to be in a great majority of the present House, and their chief speakers and organs avow, with some simplicity, their intention to make it impossible for such a misfortune to befall the country as the translation of their majority into a minority. That is to say, when this troublesome Irish business is finished, the franchise and the constituencies are to be manipulated so as to give to the Radical party as long a lease of power as may be practicable. This intention at once makes them anxious for the cloture and free from any anxiety as to its application. The cloture would help them to pass the measures which would make it extremely unlikely that it could soon be used against them. Now the opposite party would fully deserve the famous attribute of stupidity if they were not quite aware of these facts, and a disinclination to offer their own throats to the knife is very obvious among them. It has been openly said, and some journals which might be expected to be more thoughtful have echoed the saying, that if the Opposition had opposed the cloture, or the modified form of it which the Government propose, the responsibility of encouraging obstruction would rest with them. That this is wholly unjust

the demeanour of the Conservatives during the forty-one hours' debate, and the cordial support given to the Government and the Chair on Thursday, abundantly showed. With insignificant exceptions they refrained entirely from contributing to the mis-called discussion; but their leaders, as has been said, matured, and, but for the half-heartedness of the Government and the faint-heartedness of the **DEPUTY SPEAKER**, would have carried out, a plan which would of itself have sufficed to vanquish Mr. PARNELL and to render obstruction of the merely wanton kind extremely unlikely in the future, while it would not endanger the just influence of a large and respectable minority. The plan which Sir RICHARD CROSS, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and Mr. W. H. SMITH pursued, which was defeated by Dr. PLAYFAIR, and the efficacy of which was abundantly shown on Thursday night, cannot be abused, because the debate must have continued for a considerable time, and the evidence of obstructive conspiracy must be clear, and must have accumulated largely, before it can be applied. Now the cloture, or the declaration of urgency, unless it be so carefully guarded as to be scarcely effective, is a weapon eminently susceptible of abuse. What is especially repugnant in the cloture and similar plans to English Parliamentary procedure is the necessary stipulation of a certain number by which they must be carried, and the consequent recognition of a mere brute majority as the deciding power, not merely in the last resort, but in the first. It cannot be too often repeated that it is not because the Irish members are few that their obstruction is regarded as indecent, but because they have absolutely nothing in the way of argument to bring forward for themselves. It is the manner and machinery, not the fact, of their resistance which is disgraceful and intolerable. Now the contrast between the plan which the Government wishes to apply and the plan which the Opposition endeavoured to pursue is just this, that the latter deals with the manner of resistance, the former with the fact only. Unless a speaker, or number of speakers, are clearly convicted of obstruction for obstruction's sake, he and they cannot be silenced as Mr. PARNELL and others of his band in rapid succession would have been silenced but for Dr. PLAYFAIR. There are moments when a bare substantive majority of the whole House, still more a two-thirds majority, or three-fourths of members present, might be sufficiently intoxicated by party zeal to stop the mouths of their opponents in the teeth of right and justice. But, even though the House be not what it was, it is to be hoped that there are few moments in which the **SPEAKER** could be induced to detect, or the House to recognize, evidence of deliberate obstruction, where such obstruction clearly did not exist.

The events of Wednesday morning and Thursday night, and the motion of Mr. GLADSTONE for the committal of extraordinary power to the Speaker under certain limitations, can only strengthen the regret which must be felt that the method previously suggested by the Opposition leaders was not carried out. That method having been declined, there was probably nothing to do for the time but to act as the **SPEAKER** acted. His action has been called a *coup d'état*, and, in so far as it is incapable of justification by any written order, statute, or precedent, it certainly was such. Probably, after the momentary sense of relief from the tyranny of the Home Rulers which was at first experienced, no member of the House felt altogether satisfied

It was in the circumstances, perhaps, making a bad job, because after the refusal of the Speaker to adopt a legitimate and certain mode of removing the plague, there was absolutely nothing else left to do. It is, however, quite clear that the Speaker cannot and ought not to be expected to interfere constantly in this way; and the fact of his having intervened once makes it all the more necessary to devise for the future a regular course of proceeding. Perhaps better than Mr. GLADSTONE's plan, even limited as it is in the direction of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's amendments, would be a co-ordination of the new rules already adopted for the purpose, with perhaps some added precaution. The forty-one hours' sitting of this week may be pardonably taken as exhibiting obstruction at its very worst. Yet, had it been impossible for Dr. CONNORS and Mr. SEXTON to make their two and three-hour harangues, and had the plan of suspending each member when it became obvious that he was merely repeating himself of set purpose been adopted, that obstruction could have been defeated in half the time without any *coup d'état* at all. As for Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal, it is so far satisfactory in that it puts the powers which it confers rather in the hands of the Speaker, who is presumably impartial, than in the hands of the leader of the majority. But there can be no doubt that, in order to render it a safe power to entrust even to such an official—and it must be remembered that partisan Speakers are not absolutely unknown in the past or impossible in the future—amendment, in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's sense, was necessary. Mr. GLADSTONE's form not merely armed the Speaker with dictatorial power in regard to a particular measure, but in regard to the whole business of the House, for an indefinite period; Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's confines—though, in the shape in which it was accepted, not so definitely as might be desired—the period of urgency to the passage of a particular Bill. With the former it would be possible for a strong Government, in collusion with a servile Speaker, to spring upon the House a whole series of revolutionary measures which would have to be considered under duress. With Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's the House would have already formed its judgment on the merits of the measure which, and which alone, it would then give powers to accelerate. The reduction of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's demands first for an absolute majority of the House, then for a majority numbering at least three hundred, to a three-fourths majority of a House containing the latter number was perhaps unfortunate; but it still provides against a snatched division far better than Mr. GLADSTONE's original proposal. Lastly, the suggestion that the House should be permitted to free itself from the state of urgency, instead of remaining absolutely in the Speaker's hands, is a clear improvement, as is the proviso that a Minister of the Crown shall give reasons for "urgency." It would be too much to say that the proposal, even as thus amended, is one which can be regarded with great satisfaction, but it is at least free from some of the dangers which would otherwise attend it, and which attend all plans of suddenly and finally burking, not an obnoxious or ill-believed individual or group of individuals, but the whole body of opponents or defenders of a particular measure or a particular right.

THE LAND LEAGUE AND THE CABINET.

THE audacious denial of the existence of outrage by the Land League members, and by such advocates of their cause as Mr. LABOUCHÈRE and Mr. C. RUSSELL, is sufficiently answered by the column of Irish news in every number of the daily papers. The same sheet in which Mr. RUSSELL's speech was reported contained a short account of an application to a Court in Dublin for substitution of service of an ejectment or other legal process on a tenant who refused to pay his rent. Affidavits were produced to the effect that a force of eighty policemen had been driven back by a mob when they attempted to protect an officer in serving the notice. It was added that no sheriff's officer would encounter the risk, and the plaintiff consequently applied for leave to serve the notice by post. Three or four other cases of outrage are reported on the same day; and it is stated that in many towns no tradesman can buy or sell unless he is provided with a certificate of membership of the Land League. In a case reported in Thursday's papers, the Queen's Bench Division, in Dublin refused an

application for bail on the part of the ringleaders of a riotous mob, which demanded the reinstatement on a farm of the descendants of a tenant who surrendered his holding thirty years ago, after receiving full compensation for his interest in the land. A branch of the Land League remonstrated with a priest who had bought some land in Cavan, on the ground that the tenants would prefer to purchase for themselves, of course at a price determined by the absence of competition. At a meeting, said to be attended by 7,000 persons, a priest complained that the Government grudged the possession of arms to the people, because it knew that they would use them against their enemies the landlords. The obstructive Irish members, though they neither disbelieve nor probably disapprove such outrages, have no hesitation in reiterating again and again the statement that Ireland is perfectly tranquil. The advantage to be gained by disputing notorious facts is not immediately obvious; but the first propounder of an untrue statement makes the task easier for those who follow; and the fiction, or unwarranted negation, like more unreal paradoxes, gradually passes into a commonplace. Mr. PARNELL and his associates might perhaps have rallied to their cause a larger number of adherents if they had not made themselves gratuitously odious to the House by their practice of obstruction. It may have been desirable to annoy their enemies, but they have by the same process alienated such friends as Mr. HORWOOD, who says that he intended at the beginning of the Session to vote against the Government Bill. His irritation against the obstructives has reconciled him to the unwelcome task of protecting life and property. The arrest of Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT is a satisfactory proof that the Government is not to be deterred from enforcing the law. In this case there is no question of conviction, as the Crown can at the discretion of the Ministers revoke a ticket-of-leave.

It is to be hoped that the two Ministerial speeches of last week may admit of a satisfactory interpretation; but some uneasiness was excusable when Mr. BRIGHT dwelt on the comprehensive character of the Land Bill, and when Mr. GLADSTONE carefully extenuated the stringency of the Bill for the Protection of Life and Property. He was equally solicitous to explain that the provisions of the Bill would not interfere with the organization of the Land League, or with its meetings if they were properly conducted. Probably all friends of order agree in the opinion that an exactly opposite result of a Bill for the protection of respectable Irishmen would have been more desirable. The professed object of the Land League is to induce tenants to reduce their payments for rent to a point fixed either by themselves or by the League. The whole purpose of the system is as dishonest and as lawless as the methods by which its objects have been attained. It is a caricature of constitutional cant to boast, in Mr. GLADSTONE's words, that the Ministerial Bill will allow of the most revolutionary and subversive proposals. It may be a question whether the measure should have been so framed as to prevent dangerous agitation, but it is not the business of a Minister to invite the exercise of license by ostentatious promises of impunity. One of the clauses of the Protection Bill seems to have been framed for the express purpose of at the same time rendering the other provisions inoperative, and providing superfluous facilities for Parliamentary obstruction. Every warrant issued under the Act by the Lord Lieutenant is at once to be laid before Parliament with the statement of the grounds of arrest. Either it is intended that the House of Commons should be a Court of Appeal from the Irish Executive, or the proposed enactment is a product of simple imbecility. It is perhaps but a secondary evil that the obstructive gang will have a plausible excuse for debating at length every arrest which may be made. Mr. FORSTER has hitherto, with imperfect success, answered questions on Irish judicial proceedings by declining to give information on matters under the consideration of the proper tribunals, but the new enactment will penetrate his judicious reserve. If documents are required to be laid before Parliament, it must be inferred that Parliament is to form a judgment on their contents, and the reasons or the evidence on which every arrest is founded will become proper subjects of debate. If a conspirator has been arrested for an offence committed in prosecution of a secret plot, all his confederates are to receive public notice of the substance of the information which may have been confidentially furnished to the authorities; and the malcontent Irish members are to have ample opportunity of airing the

also by selecting the culprits, and their accomplices. Mr. Chamberlain went out of his way to announce that the execution of the law would be subject to the review or supervision of Parliament. His meaning at the time was imperfectly understood, for it was impossible to suppose that the Bill would contain an absurd and suicidal clause. It may perhaps not be too late to correct a mischievous blunder; but the Land League and its organs in Parliament will not fail to take advantage of the admission of a false and vicious principle. It is difficult, though it may be necessary, to repose even a qualified and tentative confidence in a Cabinet which is capable of inviting the House of Commons to review the warrants of the Lord Lieutenant, and which announced in the Queen's Speech a measure for establishing authorized Land Leagues or little rebel Parliaments in every county in Ireland.

Mr. BAKER's confident and repeated assertions that the Land Bill will satisfy the Radical party were not a little alarming. The provisions of the measure, which are now approximately known, may perhaps justify his description. One of the many peculiarities of the present Government is that it cannot keep a secret, whether the revelation is made through indiscretion by the QUEEN'S Printer, or more deliberately in the columns of a semi-official newspaper. The *Standard* has for some time past occupied a singular position as the organ in one of its departments of the Conservative party, and in another series of articles of the Birmingham section of the Ministry. In its semi-official character the *Standard*, some time since, undertook to reassure the advocates of spoliation by a statement that, although the Bill would not directly establish fixity of tenure, it would effect the same object by circuitous methods. A few days since, in confirmation of its former statement, and in vindication of Mr. BRIGHT's accuracy, the *Standard* explained that due manipulation of fair or arbitrated rent and of freedom of sale would practically put an end to evictions. It is not known whether the rest of the Ministers approve of the communicative propensities of their Birmingham colleagues; but a contemporaneous statement made by the *Daily News* that the Land Bill would be explained before the final stage of the Protection Bill serves to imply that the announcement of the *Standard* was at the most premature. The object of the indirect form attributed to the forthcoming measure might, perhaps, be to evade a flagrant contradiction of Mr. GLADSTONE's declarations and arguments of 1870. He then exploded the fallacies which are used in support of fixity of tenure, and a congenial exercise of ingenuity in defending the system which he formerly condemned would depend on the condition that the transfer of ownership should assume some other name. It is proper to add that the *Daily News*, reasonably jealous of the confidence reposed in a political interloper, contradicts the statement of the *Standard*. The conflict between two journals of high character probably represents a division of opinion in the Cabinet, either as to the substance of the Land Bill, or as to the most convenient mode of presenting it to Parliament. Even if the Government overlooks the condition which Lord HARTINGTON suggested, that the measure should be just as well as comprehensive, it will be denounced by the agitators as insufficient; but the tenants will not permit their leaders to reject a large and perhaps extravagant boon. The managers of the Land League will console themselves for any moderation which they may be compelled to observe by the reflection that reduced rents settled by a Court may be as easily and as safely withheld as if they had been regulated by contract. The inability of landowners to resist partial confiscation will not increase the security of the residue which may be left them by law. The demagogues will find it more difficult to deal with the landless half of the rural population, which they will have deprived both of employment and of all hope of obtaining a share in the land. Vague promises of regard to the interest of the labourers will not be an adequate substitute for wages.

THE CHECK IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE disaster at Laing's Neck is the more alarming because it implies that there must have been strong reasons for incurring a great and obvious risk. Sir GEORGE COLLEY cannot but have known the nature of the ground,

and the probability that he would be largely outnumbered by the enemy. It is said that, with a reserve of 1,000 men, he could have forced the pass; and a much larger force was, as he knew, on its way to Durban. It may, therefore, be assumed that he thought the urgency of the case sufficient to justify an immediate advance at all hazards. The object was probably the relief of one or more of the garrisons which are now besieged in the Transvaal. There would indeed have been a great advantage in crushing the rebellion at the outset; nor is it impossible that a victory at Laing's Neck might have induced the insurgents to negotiate; but the chance of shortening the war would scarcely justify a movement which, as the result has shown, was in a high degree dangerous. One writer who gives an account of the action oddly contends that the repulse was not a defeat; yet the advance is delayed for an indefinite time; the number of killed and wounded amounts to a fifth of the whole number engaged, and the loss of officers is so disproportionate that the 58th Regiment has been, rightly or wrongly, reported as commanded by a sub-lieutenant. Sir G. COLLEY, as might be expected, makes no attempt to disguise the real state of affairs. With an artillery to which the Boers have nothing to oppose, he with good reason feels confident of holding the camp to which he retreated after the combat. If he had thought fit to wait in his present position without fighting until his reinforcements arrived, he would have been in little danger of attack. The enemy will now make every effort to compel the surrender of some or all of the garrisons before Sir G. COLLEY is strong enough to resume his advance. Pretoria can be in no danger if it is true that the fort is provisioned for several months, and that the garrison had in a sortie taken a camp or fortified post several miles from the town. A force commanding the adjacent country is not likely to suffer from the interruption of the water supply; but it is not safe to rely on unauthenticated rumours.

The officious attempts which are made to promote agitation in Holland and Germany in favour of the insurrection furnish additional reasons for vigorous action. The time has not yet come for permitting the intervention of foreigners in quarrels which only concern the Empire and its dependencies. The interference of Dutch sympathizers, though it ought to be summarily repelled, is more excusable than the intrusion of German philanthropists or traders. One or two commercial associations have thought fit to protest against measures which, as they allege, would tend to exclude German manufactures from South Africa. Even if such considerations could properly be imported into a political question, it might be answered that in English Crown colonies the products of all nations are admitted to perfectly equal competition. The converse would not hold if the Transvaal became directly or indirectly a dependency of Germany. English annexations, however wicked they may be deemed by foreigners, invariably expand the area of commercial freedom. Even Portugal is threatened with a proposal that its Government should make an impertinent tender of mediation. The pretension, if it were advanced, would be founded on the possession by Portugal under a German award of Delagoa Bay. Mediation would perhaps tend to a commercial connexion of the Transvaal with Portugal which commands the most direct access to the sea. It may be hoped that the Government will have spirit enough to reject without entering on details all suggestions of foreign intervention. The convention with the Transvaal Boers in 1852 was concluded on the understanding that the Republic should have no foreign relations except with the paramount Power of South Africa. It may not then have been thought necessary to stipulate against transactions which could not have occurred to either party as practicable. It was only on the eve of the annexation that Mr. BURGERS attempted to enter into negotiations with Germany, which were peremptorily prohibited by Lord CARNAVON. The danger of similar intrigues may perhaps have been one reason for annexation.

The official documents and the statements and arguments of journalists which are published in the Transvaal are not calculated to encourage the sanguine hopes of a peaceable settlement which are entertained by a small party in England. The three persons who have formed themselves into a Provisional Government are not careful in their narration of past transactions to restrain themselves within the limits of truth or of probability. On former occasions they professed to have believed that, in

transmitting their remonstrance to the Government at home, Sir BARTLE FRERE encouraged them to hope that their petition would be granted. They now invent the absurd statement that he stated in a letter which accompanied the memorial that he had artillery at his disposal to blow the assembly of Boers away. Sir BARTLE FRERE had really said that, if he had known of the turbulence prevailing in the Transvaal, he might have applied to Lord CHELMSFORD for additional troops. One of the first duties of the ruler of a province is to discountenance any insurrection which may seem possible or probable by a due exhibition of force. As might be expected, Mr. PRETORIUS and his colleagues describe the act of Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, which was undoubtedly hasty, as wanton and malicious. They refer neither to the desperate condition of the province at the time, nor to the language of Mr. BURGERS; and they are careful to forget that the annexation was not supported by any English force. They are equally silent as to the benefits which the country has since derived by the regulation of its finances, by the absolute security afforded against native enemies, and by the establishment for the first time of a just and regular Government. It is not, indeed, to be expected that they should furnish arguments against themselves, but it is necessary to check and correct inaccurate and incomplete statements. In the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* Sir BARTLE FRERE gives a full and instructive history of the circumstances of the annexation. He is not only a competent authority, but an impartial witness, as the transaction was completed before he assumed the government of South Africa.

The insurgent leaders deny the charge, which is nevertheless generally believed, that they have intrigued with the native opponents of the English Government. On the contrary, they allege that they were strictly neutral in the Zulu war, although they received overtures from CREWAYO. The war was, in fact, undertaken in the interest of the Transvaal more directly than for the benefit of any other province. The unfriendly feeling which the Zulu King had lately displayed to the English authorities was principally founded on his conviction that since the annexation of the Transvaal the English Government had identified itself with his enemies the Boers. It was true that Sir BARTLE FRERE had largely modified in favour of the Boers the territorial award which had recognized the right of the Zulus to disputed lands. The great army which had for two or three years been destined for the invasion of the Transvaal was destroyed or disbanded at a heavy cost of life and money, without the smallest co-operation from its intended victims. It is too much to boast, even if the assertion were true, that the people of the Transvaal were neutral in a quarrel which was essentially their own. The organs of the rebel Government are, as usual in such cases, more outspoken than their principals. They undoubtedly supply a conclusive reason for suppressing the revolt in their accusations and threats against their English neighbours. They assert that English shopkeepers have sold arms to the natives; and the charge is probably so far well founded that all the trade of the country is in English hands. It is not alleged that the traffic is unlawful, nor is it known to have attained large dimensions. The chief native market for arms was in the Diamond-fields, which are far from the Transvaal. Other menaces and expressions of ill-will are not even provided with an excuse. "Woe to the English" is denounced if they fail to join the insurrection to which they are unanimously opposed. It is the duty of the English Government to profit by the warning and to render the threat innocuous.

It is to be regretted that the Ministerial answers to vexatious questions about belligerent rights were not more simple and direct. It would have been easy to decline all discussion on the subject, and at the same time to explain the rules by which the conduct of the commanding officer will be guided. On a subsequent day Mr. CHILDERS furnished all the information which can reasonably be required in the form of a statement that the Boers will be admitted to the ordinary courtesies practised in warfare, including exchange of prisoners. It is satisfactory to learn that Sir G. COLLEY has thus far no reason to impute to the enemy any violation of the ordinary rules of warfare. The members who were anxious to know whether the Boers are rebels or belligerents probably entertained no doubt that they would practically be

regarded as parties to a regular civil war. The only purpose of the questions was to entangle the Government in some embarrassing admission which might either hamper its action or render the war unpopular. It is only in England that modern democracy seems to obliterate all sense of patriotism. Americans and Frenchmen holding extreme opinions court popular favour by affecting especial zeal for the honour of the nation. The corresponding political sect in England always sympathizes with rebels and with foreign adversaries. Forgiveness of personal enemies may be laudable, but extreme tolerance for the enemies of the State is more likely to proceed from feelings of disaffection than from charitable enthusiasm. In the present case the malcontents have thus far obtained little success. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GRANT DUFF appeared to be puzzled on the point of belligerent rights; but the rapid despatch of reinforcements to South Africa is the best practical reply to foreign and domestic remonstrances. The Boers are belligerents in the sense that they are engaged in a war of their own seeking, which the English Government is prosecuting with satisfactory vigour.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

A CORRESPONDENT, who styles himself not inappropriately an "Unfortunate English Resident," has written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to describe the sufferings which he, as an Englishman, is undergoing under the persecutions of the German press. He finds that England and everything English are at a sad discount in Germany. Every day papers of all shades of opinion unite in vilifying the English Government, both English parties, English policy, English manners, and all Englishmen and all Englishwomen. The special charges on which the chief reliance is placed to sustain this indictment against a nation are that the English are stirrers-up of strife and are great tyrants. To prove the first charge it is pointed out that England has not turned round on Greece with the suddenness which has marked the termination of the fleeting friendship of France. To show how tyrannical England is, nothing more is needed than to watch her shooting down the Boers merely because they wish to be free. When Germans take a fit of national passion they are apt to go thoroughly to work. They are excited, and give free vent to their excitement. They are good haters, and like to let their hatred be known. They used to write just in this way against the French, then against the Russians, and then came the turn of the Jews; now England is the mark of German scorn, and this fashion will last its little day. The English Resident cannot be wholly mistaken as to a plain matter of fact, and there is, no doubt, much ignorant and vulgar abuse poured on England by German journalists. But the English Resident is unfortunate, not only because he lives in Germany at a time when England is being abused, but also because he does not seem to be quite the man to live in Germany at all. Life in a foreign country is intolerable unless the resident foreigner is prepared to make the best of those with whom he is thrown, to see their virtues as well as their vices, and to pass over bursts of momentary nonsense with a kindly smile. The writer of this lamentation appears to be disposed to see everything German in the darkest colours possible. If the Germans hate the English, he wishes those whom he meets daily in the intercourse of business or pleasure to observe that there is at least one Englishman who hates the Germans. The primary cause of the present animosity is, in his eyes, the foolish and excessive praise which Englishmen have in recent years been heaping on Germany. They have taken us at our word, have been puffed up by our homage, and have been seduced by us into an honest belief that they are the first, the noblest, and the greatest people in the world. They are, indeed, so puffed up that they cannot brook a rival near the throne. England comes a little too near them for things to be quite satisfactory. Accordingly they cannot look on England without envy. This is the root of the whole matter, the German envy of England. And in the case of England they can express what they feel, for England cannot very directly hurt them, whereas they have been obliged to give up writing against France, for the remodelled French army is now so strong that they dare not provoke it to try its

strength. A man who thinks the Germans a poor set of overpraised people, who can see no motive to account for adverse criticism on our military experiences except a stupid envy, and who believes that the French army keeps German journalists from abusing France, may be very excellent in other ways, but he certainly does not seem well qualified to pass his life in Germany.

England is always being abused now here and now there; but Englishmen, as a rule, bear this abuse with calmness, because, in the first place, they are accustomed to free criticism, and, in the second place, because they have learned not perfectly, but still in a great and increasing degree, to take foreign criticism in conjunction with the special circumstances of the country in which criticism adverse to England is passed. We are always criticizing everybody; other countries take up criticism by fits and starts. Every day we find column after column in our papers in which Correspondents describe everything that is going on abroad only to show how much better and wiser they are than those whose doings they describe. Nothing is too high or too low for us. We can detect an error in Portuguese policy almost before it is made; and we are let into the minute secrets of M. GAMBETTA'S mind. We watch the policy of Prince BISMARCK towards the Church or the Socialists with as much ready interest as if the ecclesiastical contests of Germany were going on in the diocese of London, or as if the Socialists with whom he has to do lived at Northampton. We are flooded with all this information, and feel all this attraction to what is going on abroad, partly because England is really much more intimately connected with foreign countries than any other country is, and partly because our journalism is much further advanced. It is older, richer, more independent of hack writers, much more widely read than the journalism of any Continental nation. Through long practice, and favoured by circumstances, our journalism has become tolerably fair. Our criticism on foreign countries is often mistaken, but it is in the main honest, and in proportion as criticism becomes honest it becomes guarded. It is not the malignity or the pettiness of our foreign Correspondents, but their air of almighty wisdom, which makes us feel every now and then, when we read what they write, that we are not in very safe hands. And we have got into the habit of discounting criticism and taking something off attacks on foreign Governments and statesmen, because experience has shown us that criticism, however honest, is sure to be inclined to take the outside and obvious view of things, and to save itself the trouble of going deeper than the surface. Every Englishman accustomed to the habits of critics knows perfectly well that it would be the most difficult thing in the world to bring ourselves to do complete justice to any other country which was in the circumstances in which we now are. It is the nature of criticism, unless it be deliberately friendly, to attribute the worse motive rather than the better; and there is always room for the attribution of the worse motive in dealings such as ours for the most part are, the dealings, that is, of a strong and civilized country with weak and half-civilized antagonists.

Then, again, when we consider the value and meaning of German criticism, we must take it in connexion with the special circumstances of Germany. German literary criticism is old, and has its special merits, which are universally recognized. It is always profound, and in the days of GOETHE and HEINE was brilliant. But German political criticism is very young. There are, of course, exceptions; but, as a rule, it may be said that German journalism is poor stuff, and is mainly the work of hack writers. The Germans are perfectly aware of this, and are as much ashamed of their "reptile press" as any people could be. They are never sure why people write what they write. It is always open to conjecture that any one may be secretly inspired by the Government. Even the abuse of England is supposed to be secretly inspired by Prince BISMARCK; and the apprehension that possibly Prince BISMARCK wishes things to be said makes it seem a patriotic duty to welcome them when they are said, and gives an opening to the humblest reader to think that, if he applauds what he finds in his journal, he is taking his part in the furtherance of German foreign policy. Probably the truth is that there is some reality in these bursts of national feeling now against France, now against Russia, now against England, and

that Prince BISMARCK gently stimulates them, partly as a safety-valve for political sentiment, and partly because they happen to fall in with his wishes for the moment. Far from fear checking them, it is fear that gives birth to them. The Germans know what war means, even to the conquerors, and they always fear the nation from which they think that a beginning of war may come. As France is now eminently and Russia seems determined to stay her hand, they cannot find any source of danger but England. Any sort of suspense is painful to them; and they think that, if England would but join heartily in quenching the hopes of Greece, there would be at least a temporary lull, and they might feel happy for a moment. Their abuse of England is merely, if not wholly, an expression of their own ardent longing for rest. Great allowance must be made for a people which is always on guard in a camp. Perhaps most Germans would theoretically adopt the teaching of Count MOLTKE, that war is a great purifier of society, but they would prefer that just now the moral benefits of war should be enjoyed by other people. It is needless to say that fear of this sort is quite consistent with the highest personal courage. The bravery of the nation that fought the triumphant war of 1870 is alike beyond question and beyond praise. But united Germany is something so new and so far beyond expectation that those who have won it can scarcely believe that they will keep what they have won. A generation must pass away before Germany can be quite sure of its own existence; and those who are happily more secure may bear with equanimity the petulance, and even unfairness, of a people which scarcely knows whether the dawn has really broken for it, and whether the sun of its empire may not yet be obscured.

THE HOPES OF THE GREEKS.

THE balance of probability for the moment, perhaps, inclines in favour of peace between Greece and Turkey. In answer to Mr. TRICOURIS, who, in his present state of greater freedom and less responsibility, is naturally penetrated with patriotic impatience, Mr. COMMODOUROS gave vague assurances of the military activity of the Government without pledging himself to any definite course of action. It is not necessary that the Greek Government should take part in the negotiations which now seem likely to begin at Constantinople. M. ST-HILAIRE'S project of arbitration came to nothing because neither of the principals in the dispute could be persuaded to invite the intervention of the proposed tribunal. The Turks insisted on knowing beforehand the substance of the intended award, and the Greeks were not inclined to surrender their supposed rights under the decision of the Conference of Berlin, unless they were assured of some substantial equivalent. They were especially and not unreasonably anxious to ascertain whether the Powers which took part in the arbitration would undertake to enforce the award. As they could obtain no answer, they confined themselves to military preparations, either for the purpose of actual war, or as the most effective mode of applying pressure to the European Governments. The present negotiation may not improbably share the fate of many previous diplomatic experiments; but in a question of peace or war there is generally an advantage in gaining time, and perhaps the Turkish Government may during the discussion indicate the probable limits of its future concession. The Greeks have, it appears, partially failed to raise the loan on which they relied for the purposes of the campaign; their transport and commissariat are not yet in an effective condition, and the last reserves are not called out. During some of the late discussions members of the Government of Athens have affected to believe that war might tend to their advantage, even if it began with a defeat; but no statesman in his senses would order an army to cross the frontier in the belief that it would be beaten at the outset of the war. There can be no doubt that as far as the menaces of Greece are serious they imply a conviction that the brunt of a conflict with Turkey will be borne either by European protectors or by allies in the neighbouring provinces. The intimation made in the course of last summer by the English Minister that his Government would no longer discontinue the mobilization of the Greek army was probably interpreted as a promise of aid. At that time the English Cabinet were prepared

to extend the objects of the naval demonstration to the settlement of the Greek frontier. Down to the present time England, though concurring in the decisions of other Powers, has always been somewhat more backward than France or Germany in considering proposals tending to a compromise.

Within the last week the Greek Government has probably hoped that a change in its favour was about to occur in France. The debate in the French Chamber and the unanimous approval of the Ministerial policy will perhaps dispel a lingering illusion. M. ST. HILAIRE has been more explicit than the Minister of any other Power and than his own predecessors in explaining to the Greeks the positive determination of his Government to withhold material aid in the event of a war with Turkey. His arbitration project was, from the first, obviously destined to failure; and some of the arguments by which he enforced moderate counsels on the Greek Government were calculated to produce an opposite result. It was scarcely judicious to warn those who were eager to fish in troubled waters that the disturbance on which they calculated would be general and profound. M. ST. HILAIRE's exposition of the scope of the various Berlin decisions might be just, but to a Greek Minister it could scarcely be persuasive. Mr. COUMOUNDOURIS was probably gratified by the publication in one or two semi-official French papers of criticisms on M. ST. HILAIRE's diplomacy which might well be construed as warnings. The journals which are believed to express M. GAMBETTA's opinions, after long silence began to censure and ridicule the Greek policy of the FOREIGN MINISTER. The fall of M. WADDINGTON and the dismissal of M. DE FREYCINET were preceded by similar intimations; and M. GAMBETTA's power over French Chambers and Cabinets has thus far given no sign of decay. The inspired articles may perhaps have been addressed rather to the Porte than to M. ST. HILAIRE, for they have since been disavowed or explained away, and the late vote is decisive. It would be scarcely dignified on the part of the French Government to add another change of policy or misunderstanding to several previous vacillations. The Yellow-book, which has just been published, records with amusing fidelity the gradual withdrawal of the French Government from the position of patronage of Greece which had been assumed by M. WADDINGTON at the Congress of Berlin. Before his retirement from office M. WADDINGTON himself suggested a compromise by which the possession of Janina would remain with Turkey. Soon afterwards the present English Cabinet devised the plan of a Conference at Berlin to which M. DE FREYCINET readily assented. Notwithstanding M. ST. HILAIRE's recent arguments, the parties to the Conference never doubted that its sentence would be authoritative and final. To this extent the Greeks are fully justified in their present contention; but the truth is that Europe, for once unanimous, committed a flagrant blunder, which it is now determined to correct. A partial exception may perhaps be taken in favour of England. Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE probably intended to compel the submission of Turkey; but their error consisted in their neglect to ascertain, before they arranged a nominal European concert, that none of the other Powers were disposed to resort to force. The other Governments seem to have assumed that England and France had assured themselves of the submission of Turkey. Whatever was the cause of the general misapprehension, there is no doubt that it occurred.

Immediately after the close of the Conference the naval demonstration was organized at the instance and under the direction of England. The credit of success at Dulcigno must be placed to the account of the Government which would have been responsible for the failure of a doubtful enterprise. When the Montenegrin question was at last settled, Lord GRANVILLE politely communicated to M. DE FREYCINET the wish of the English Government that France should take the leading part in the next operation of obtaining the transfer of Thessaly and Epirus to Greece. The French Minister, with equal courtesy, positively declined to interfere with the precedence which had with honourable ambition been already assumed by England. Lord GRANVILLE's project of European concert had been professedly intended to secure the execution of the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin with respect to Montenegro, Greece, and Armenia. There could, he said, be no doubt that the second and

third undertakings devolved on the Power which had already accomplished the first. He might have added that England had, before the session of Delcœur, proposed the occupation of Smyrna for the purpose of securing all the required concessions from the Porte. It may be remarked that, in his formal and elaborate disclaimer of the right and duty of settling the boundary question, M. DE FREYCINET remarked that Greece had acquired an irrefragable title to the position defined by the Conference at Berlin. The discovery that the functions of the Conference were merely consultative, was reserved for a later stage in the controversy and for another French Minister of Foreign Affairs. French statesmen were eager to escape from the responsibility which M. WADDINGTON, probably for the purpose of asserting the importance of the Power which he represented, had undertaken at Berlin. The object was accomplished by Mr. Gladstone's scheme of European concert which was the first act of the new Cabinet. Domestic difficulties fully account for the recent acquiescence of the English Government in the pacific policy of France and Germany. It is highly improbable that M. GAMBETTA should urge any French Government to resume the direction which may have passed from the hands of England. According to a late rumour Germany and Austria disapprove of a demand made by the English Government that the Porte should at once announce the extreme concession which it is prepared to make. In diplomacy it is seldom expedient to insist at the beginning of a negotiation on the delivery of an ultimatum. It is certain that the Turkish Government will make a hard fight for Larissa, and that it will in no case surrender Janina. It may be doubted whether it would be for the interests of the Greeks to occupy a town which has long been considered the capital of Southern Albania.

RAILWAYS AND COMMONS.

IT is necessary again to call attention to the plans which certain Railway Companies have in view for spoiling such of the Surrey commons as the progress of metropolitan improvement has left uninjured. The Guildford, Kingston, and London Railway Bill and the Wimbledon Common Railway Bill are both before Parliament; and, in the present inability to gain a hearing for any question that is not connected with Irish crime or Irish obstruction, it is quite possible that they may slip through some important stage without being noticed. A letter in the *Daily News* of Tuesday describes very well what Wimbledon Common is, and how these interesting schemes propose to deal with it. A good deal of trouble has been taken to secure these thousand acres, with the singularly varied landscape enclosed by them, for the public use. In 1871 a composition was made with Lord SPENCER in consideration of his making over his interest as lord of the manor to a body of Conservators. One of the functions of these Conservators is to resist any encroachment upon the Common, and they are forbidden to give their consent to the alienation of any part of it. But what Parliament has done Parliament of course may undo, and though it would be useless for the enemies of the Common to assail the Conservators, there is nothing to hinder them from asking Parliament to override the powers it has given to the Conservators. This is what the promoters of these two railways are now about to do. The Guildford, London, and Kingston line is to be carried, according to the writer in the *Daily News*, across "about a mile of the Common, in an open cutting, destroying some of the prettiest copse wood, and severing a large area, which will henceforth be almost useless." The Wimbledon Common Railway proposes to take nearly as much of the Common, together with a portion of Richmond Park. The Guildford and Kingston Railway has the further demerit of spoiling several of the more distant commons on the London side of the North Downs. In this respect a third line, promoted by the London and South-Western Railway Company, is equally a sinner. For the moment, however, we shall confine ourselves to the proposed encroachment upon Wimbledon Common.

The Guildford and Kingston line is probably one of that class of railways which hoped to create the demand by creating a supply. As regards the two towns which it is principally to serve, neither can be said to be badly provided with the means of communication either with

one another or with London. There is an ample service of trains between Waterloo and Guildford, and an almost continuous service between Waterloo and one or other of the stations at Kingston. Whether, however, there is any reasonable prospect of an adequate traffic growing up between the villages which would be served by the new line between Kingston and Guildford is a question we shall not attempt to answer. It is no business of ours if people like to throw away their money on schemes for giving a railway of its own to every secluded village in Surrey. All that we contend is that this accommodation should be provided at the cost of the shareholders and not at the cost of the public. If the promoters think that it will pay them to carry passengers and goods between Guildford and Kingston by a route which has no visible advantage over the route which already exists, they are welcome to try the experiment. Apparently, however, they do not think that it can be made to pay, except they can induce the public, as represented in Parliament, to grant them a subsidy out of its own pocket. For this, and nothing less, is what is meant by the proposal to take the railway across Wimbledon Common. The promoters of the Bill may be entirely acquitted of any desire to spoil the Common for the mere pleasure of doing mischief. They wish to spoil it that they may have less money to lay out in compensations. The writer in the *Daily News* says that they have "deliberately deflected from their straight course" in order to cross the Common, rather than cross the private land bordering on the Common. The reason is that if a railway Company takes land from a private owner, it is obliged to pay him the value. Where the land belongs to the public, it is seemingly considered to have no value—at least the public gets nothing when it is appropriated. Thus, a fact which ought to serve as a special protection to a common really works the other way. Common-land ought to be held specially sacred against railway encroachment, because there is no means of compensating those who lose by its destruction. Supposing that Parliament were to say that the same compensation must be paid for taking Wimbledon Common as for taking the same amount of private property, the insuperable difficulty would present itself that there is no one to pay it to. The Conservators are only trustees; the Wimbledon ratepayers are scarcely more; the real *cestui que trusts* are the multitude of Londoners who walk or lounge there in the course of the summer. They cannot be compensated for the loss of the Common; they can only be either confirmed in the enjoyment of it or simply and nakedly robbed of it. It is to this last alternative that the consent of Parliament is about to be asked, and such a request is tantamount to a proposal that the public shall be compelled to subsidize the new line. Whatever the difference may be between the cost of carrying the railway over Wimbledon Common and the cost of carrying it over land abutting on Wimbledon Common is so much taken from the public and put into the pockets of the promoters. A common of a thousand acres is not so large that it is essential to take a line across it rather than alongside of it. Even if a deflection from the straight course had to be made in order to avoid the Common, no inconvenience would be caused to travellers comparable with the loss inflicted on the public by the destruction of the Common. In this instance the deflection is to be made not to avoid the Common, but to include it; the loss is to be inflicted on the public, not for the convenience of travellers, but for the profit of the shareholders. Shareholders are excellent people in their way, but we are not yet inclined to vote them a grant in aid.

The important thing at this moment is to ensure that the demerits of these two Bills shall be thoroughly threshed out in Parliament. If they are passed, it will probably be because those who will be injured by them are not conscious in time of what is going on. There are enough members of the House of Commons to take up the argument if the subject can be forced upon their attention, but with so much else before them it is scarcely to be expected that they should have much attention to spare for it, unless it comes to them recommended by a strong popular support. To large parts of London Wimbledon Common is at least as accessible as Hampstead Heath; there are already three stations from which it may be easily reached; and, in consequence of this, the number of persons who will be injured by the proposed

railways is very large. We do not profess to know how the opinion of these people can best be brought to bear upon Parliament; but the natural course would seem to be that the Commons Protection Society should at once organise public meetings and petitions in various parts of London. Possibly Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. SHAW LARSEN may feel themselves unable to lead the opposition to these Bills now that they are in office; but, if there is no Ministerial tradition to this effect, they are the natural persons to be applied to. As soon as the resistance to the designs of the Companies becomes serious, we shall probably be told that the object of making the new line is really to bring the Common within reach of many who now find it too far from a station. It is this, it will be said, and not any base thought about money, that has suggested the idea of carrying an open cutting across the Common. The worth of this assertion may be tested by a very simple experiment. If the new line is to be constructed in the public interest the shareholders will not mind making their benevolent intentions still more effective by substituting a tunnel for an open cutting. It will be more costly; but people who go out of their way to become public benefactors will not grudge the additional outlay that is needed to make their gift complete. If the railway remains invisible, there can be no objection to its bringing passengers nearer to the Common. All that need be required is that the trains shall not be aboveground for a single second of the time that they are traversing land belonging to the public.

M. GAMBETTA'S SELF-DENIAL.

IF to be the object of continual speculation is one of M. GAMBETTA'S desires, he has been richly rewarded for his self-denial in contenting himself with the post of President of the Chamber of Deputies. If he had preferred to become Prime Minister, he would only have been talked about in virtue of his own acts. Being what he is, he is equally talked about in virtue of every one else's. Not a deputy or a senator rises to be a Minister, not a Minister sinks once more into being a deputy or a senator, without M. GAMBETTA'S part in the transaction being as closely scrutinized as though he himself had undergone the change. Nobody dreams of assigning any other reason for a Cabinet crisis than some change in M. GAMBETTA'S purposes. Whether it is M. DE FREYCINET who falls, or M. FERRY who succeeds, or M. ST-HILAIRE who is weighed in the balance, it is all traced to the same quarter. In the eyes of the public, to be the maker of Ministers is more than to be a Minister. Power exerted behind a veil is more attractive than power exerted in the open day.

Two eminent Paris journalists, M. WEISS and M. SCHERER, have lately been amusing themselves with criticizing M. GAMBETTA'S position. M. WEISS has defended it on the ground that it is not formally irregular. There is nothing in the Constitution that prevents the President of the Chamber of Deputies from being wire-puller-in-chief at the same time. M. SCHERER does not dispute this contention. M. GAMBETTA'S position may be as regular as M. WEISS maintains it to be; all that M. SCHERER cares to maintain is that it is a highly inconvenient regularity. He supposes by way of illustration that the representatives of the Great Powers are in communication with the MINISTER of FOREIGN AFFAIRS. The Minister makes such and such declarations as to the policy of France, and the Ambassadors find that these declarations are entirely in accord with the views of their own Governments. They feel, however, that this discovery does not carry them very far, and so, though they would like, for the sake of politeness, to declare themselves perfectly satisfied, they are obliged as men of business to ask whether M. GAMBETTA'S views are identical with those of the Minister. In this way they make it clear that it is of much more moment to them to know what M. GAMBETTA thinks than to know what the men who nominally govern the Republic think. A Government which has to put up with this sort of treatment, and cannot resent being postponed to M. GAMBETTA by the representatives of the Great Powers because it knows that such a postponement is strictly borne out by the facts, is necessarily in a state of paralysis. This is the price the country pays for the privilege of being governed by an occult influence, and in M. SCHERER'S opinion it is a very high price. It is singular that even

the boldest commentators on the mysteries of M. GAMBETTA'S conduct decline to hazard any explanation of it. M. SCHERER contents himself with stating the questions which any one giving such an explanation must be prepared to answer. Why has M. GRÉVY never called upon M. GAMBETTA to form a Cabinet? How has he been able to find Ministers who will accept office under all the disadvantages which M. GAMBETTA'S attitude imposes on them? Why has the Chamber of Deputies continued to elect M. GAMBETTA as its President, and to put up with a succession of Cabinets which have no other recommendation than that of occupying a place which belongs of right to M. GAMBETTA, but which he does not choose to fill?

The answer to all these questions is easily found; but, when found, it suggests a further question, to which M. SCHERER does give something like a reply. The reason why neither M. GRÉVY, nor his Ministers, nor the Chamber of Deputies, has put an end to the present anomalous state of things is simply that M. GAMBETTA prefers that the present anomalous state of things shall continue. The country wishes to be ruled by M. GAMBETTA, and, in order to gain its desire, it consents to be ruled by him on his own terms. It is part of this understanding that he shall not be asked to take office until such time as it suits him to take it, and the question upon which the situation really hangs is at what time it will suit him to take it. To this inquiry M. SCHERER has nothing new to say. M. GAMBETTA will take office, he thinks, after the general election in the present year. The present Chamber was not elected on a sufficiently personal basis. It was returned in order to put an end to Marshal MACMAHON'S attempt to overthrow the Republic. Any candidate that presented himself was good enough for this purpose, provided that he avowed himself in sympathy with it. With the men of the 16th of May in power there was no inducement for a man to call himself a Republican unless he really was one. Before M. GAMBETTA takes the Government into his own hands he desires to have a Chamber which has been returned for the specific purpose of supporting his administration. M. SCHERER'S practical conclusion consequently is that, though it is very inconvenient to have things going on as they are, it is an inconvenience that will not have to be borne much longer.

It may seem presumptuous to differ from M. SCHERER upon a point like that under discussion. We cannot but think, however, that to attribute M. GAMBETTA'S distaste for office entirely to his distrust of the present Chamber is to press an explanation a little hard. Whenever the deputies have found themselves on a different side from M. GAMBETTA they have been quick to retrace their steps. If it turns out that a vote which they thought would please him has had a contrary effect, they make haste to rescind it. If he gets tired of a Minister, they leave him in a minority; if he changes his mind and wishes a Minister kept in, the minority speedily becomes a majority. If they are ready to do all this when M. GAMBETTA is not in office, it may be presumed that they would not have been less ready to do it had he been in office. We should be inclined, therefore, to look for the motive of M. GAMBETTA'S refusal to have the form of power even when he is most plainly enjoying its substance in another direction than that suggested by M. SCHERER. Why should not the explanation be found rather in the character of the work which the present Chamber has had to do than in the character of the Chamber itself? There is no need to go into the question why M. GAMBETTA should have thought it necessary to encourage the deputies and the Government to undertake the ecclesiastical legislation of which so much has lately been heard. It may be that he thought it indispensable that certain former pledges of his should be redeemed either by others before he took office, or by himself after he took office, and that he preferred the former alternative. It may be that he did not wish to quarrel too soon with the Extreme Left, and that the attack upon the Church offered him a means of postponing the inevitable severance. It may be that he himself overrated the strength of the Extreme Left in the country, and that it was not until the recent municipal elections that he felt completely at ease upon this point. Any one of these hypotheses will make it intelligible that M. GAMBETTA should wish certain things done without assuming the full responsibility of getting them done. By refusing to take office until after the next elections he has probably accomplished this. The

ecclesiastical legislation of the last two years and the ecclesiastical administration which has been invoked to fill the gaps in ecclesiastical legislation are not specially associated with M. GAMBETTA. M. FERRY was the author of the Seventh Clause; M. FERRY'S was the will that carried into execution the decrees dispersing the religious orders; it is M. FERRY who has given France the Bills which secularize elementary education; it is to M. FERRY that she will owe the law making military service compulsory on young men in training for the priesthood. If M. GAMBETTA hereafter finds it convenient to disown the author of these various measures, he will not have much difficulty in so doing. He will only have to fall back on Mr. GLADSTONE'S distinction between the various senses of repudiate, and disapprove of M. FERRY'S legislation while continuing to carry it out in practice. In this way, if it should suit him to play the part of a moderator in the dispute between the Church and the Republic, he will approach the task under much more favourable conditions than if his name had been publicly associated with the measures of the last year or two. Whether such a part will suit him only the future can show, but there are not wanting indications that it may do so some day.

SPAIN AS A GREAT POWER.

IT sometimes happens in England that a town becomes suddenly alive to its own importance, and, casting about for a way to make its nascent eminence known to the world, proclaims that it ought to be represented in Parliament. It counts up heads and shows that it has quite as many, or nearly as many, inhabitants as some other town that enjoys the benefit of Parliamentary representation. It dilates on its respectability and resources. So stable are its municipal institutions that its Mayor has been twice re-elected, and so high is its credit that it has at least been able at some period to borrow more largely than any one could have expected. It might not be any special benefit to Parliament to have a new member, or any very clear gain to the town itself to send one; but it would like to have its pretensions publicly recognized. One Ministry might reject its claims, but another might be more favourable; and there is always a hope that some Ministry or other may be got to see that its own interests are at stake, and that it would be very foolish not to back up a town that would be sure to send the right sort of man to vote in the right way. Spain appears to be haunted at present with a similar ambition. She thinks that it would be very delightful if she could but be recognized as a Great Power. She would like to sit in the councils of Europe, and considers she has very nearly as good a title to the distinction as Italy. She counts up her population, and shows that her millions are not so very much fewer than the millions of Italy. She has also now been for five or six years under the same form of government, and feels naturally proud of something so rare and so creditable. If she does not quite pay her debts, she does not quite leave them unpaid. Why, then, she asks, should not she be represented when Europe meets in council? One answer would appear to be that, except in population, she is as unlike a Great Power as a State can be. She is poor and backward; she has taken no part in the formation of recent European history; she has no external interests to defend; she contributes little to the material, and still less to the intellectual, stock of European wealth. Italy has fought Russia in the Crimea, and Austria in two campaigns. Her fighting may not have been very successful, but still she has fought. Italian commerce out of Italy is pushing and widely spread. Spanish commerce out of Spain or Spanish colonies is simply non-existent. Italy has in recent days produced great men, not only the late KING and CAVOTI, but crowds of men with the knowledge and instincts of statesmen. Spain has recently produced, to put it briefly, the persons whom it has produced. Italians pay up honestly; they explore, colonize, write. They are engaged in really great experiments in education. They are Europeans in the midst of Europe. The Spaniards are almost out of Europe geographically, and are still less in it in politics, arms, literature, and commerce. All that can be said for them is that they can show a total of seventeen millions of population, and have now been five or six years without a dynastic revolution.

It is said, however, that it is not so much Spain that wants to be recognized as a Great Power as Germany is.

combination with Austria that is pushing on Spain to ask for this recognition. Spain is looked on exactly as a town is looked on that it is thought might have Parliamentary representation given it. Germany would like to have a safe vote, on which it could count. In these days of arbitration and forced decisions dependent on the vote of a majority, the European council is becoming exactly like a representative assembly, and Prince Bismarck, with the votes of Austria and Spain safe in his pocket, could be as successful a boroughmonger as the famous Duke of Newcastle. England or France would be quite powerless unless they acted together; and, if they did act together, they would have to get both Russia and Italy to vote with them in order to obtain a majority, while Germany would only have to get one or the other over to its side. It is no doubt true that actual voting is very rare in the annals of diplomacy, and is perhaps merely an offshoot of the modern scheme of the European concert; but there is always some work of a European kind going on, and the admission of Spain to take part in this work would make anything like the effectual carrying on of this work almost impossible. It is bad enough that six Powers should all have to consult each other before anything can be done, and it would be much worse if seven had to consult each other. But it would not be merely that there would be a seventh Power. This seventh Power would be Spain. To necessary delays would be added unnecessary. The diplomacy of Spain is as dilatory as that of the Porte. It would be always to-morrow that Spain would be inclined to begin. Lord GRANVILLE said that he could not carry the European troop faster than the pace of the slowest rider in the band. If Spain was added to the corps, the pace of the slowest rider would be the pace of the animal that could only go uphill by standing still. If anything could comfort an English Foreign Secretary under this infliction, it would be the reflection that now foreigners would have an opportunity of understanding what obstruction means. Not that Spanish obstruction would be of the vulgar or insolent sort. It would be merely obstruction of that decorous, dull, hopeless sort which sets in when an Irish member begins to read a Blue-book. No European concert could stand perpetually such a strain, and some day the presiding Power in the council would have to declare that Spain must sit down, and that the main question must be put at once.

Those, however, in whose hands the destinies of Europe are placed, think, not only of inevitable despatches and discussions, but also of possible action. Prince BISMARCK, above all men, never forgets the possibility of action; and he is said to have not thought it worth while to conceal that he hopes to find in Spain a check on Republican France. To make even a faint claim to be recognized as a Great Power is to proclaim a willingness to fight in the last resort. Spain would be expected to pay its footing in the European council by taking part in the next war. As she has no navy worth speaking of, she can only go to war with France, or with England as the ally of Portugal and the holder of Gibraltar. With the utmost frankness, Spaniards confess that they really have, and can have, no proper foreign policy except so far as they would like to take Portugal and retake Gibraltar. If they search very hard for something else to seem interested in, they make the most of their tiny possessions on the coast of Morocco. But as to Portugal and Gibraltar, they own that, although success, if it could be achieved, would be most brilliant and desirable, yet a war with England would be simple madness. For Spain has colonies which she values very highly, and which she could not retain for a month in presence of the English navy. She has therefore no choice, and, if she makes war, must make war with France. It was the perception of this that animated the late Emperor of the FRENCH to object strenuously to the proposal to place a Hohenzollern on the throne of Spain; and so far, from the point of view of French interests, he was quite right, although he subsequently placed himself entirely in the wrong. It is impossible that any Spaniard should think with a light heart of a real war with France. But, on the other hand, a war with Germany, into which Spain might be easily drawn, even against its will, by its powerful protector at Berlin, is a prospect that to French eyes is not without its very serious side. Italy, which has everything to lose and nothing to gain by a war, has at least this advantage, that she can sell an alliance worth having to either of the probable combatants.

Spain has no choice. If she attacks any one, she must attack France, and the alliance of Berlin is indispensable to her. Nor could she hope to keep out of war altogether. She may indeed confidently rely on being able to do this so long as she retains her present modest position; but, if she offers herself as a Great Power, she also inevitably offers herself as a Power that is ready to fight. All this is too obvious for Spaniards not to see it, and the rapture excited by the new dream of greatness is by no means universal. There are still men in Spain whom prudence has not altogether deserted, and who think that the glory of keeping an English or French Foreign Minister waiting months for an answer to a despatch would be dearly purchased by the risk of a great war being forced on a country with a poor and backward population, an untried army, and most disordered finances. It is to the interest of all Europe that to the other difficulties of the European concert there should not be added that of having to face the interminable delays of Spanish diplomacy. It is still more to the interest of France that Germany should not plant a new thorn in her side. But it is most of all to the interest of Spain herself that she should rest contented with the position suited to her, and should desire nothing more than the ease and security of a modest and unpretending life.

THE RIVERS CONSERVANCY BILL IN THE LORDS.

THE Rivers Conservancy Bill did not meet with an entirely favourable reception from the Lords. Before it was read a second time, the usual ominous suggestion of referring it to a Select Committee had been made by one or two peers. Where questions of rating are involved, a Select Committee is the familiar friend of legislation, and it usually behaves as the familiar friend does in the Psalms, and lifts up its heel against the Bill. It is impossible to apply any adequate remedy to floods, if no one but those immediately affected is to contribute a penny towards their repression. If the burden is thrown exclusively on the holders of the land which is periodically covered with water, it usually turns out that they have neither the means nor the will to bear it to any good purpose. They probably know too well to what the prevalence of floods in later years is attributed to be inclined to relieve the more fortunate landholders who live beyond the reach of the mischief from doing their part in keeping the river within bounds. It is now universally understood that the improved drainage of the land in a river basin is the main cause of floods. The rain is no longer suffered to lie where it falls. Before it has soaked into the ground it is carried from one drain-pipe to another, and from smaller brooks to larger, until in no very long time it reaches the river into which these brooks empty themselves. The river has no means of disburdening itself of these superfluous contributions except by throwing them back upon the land. In this way those who live on its banks suffer by reason of the excellent drainage applied to the estates lying on a higher level. It is bad enough to have to submit to this when it comes as a natural calamity, but it is more annoying still when it comes in the form of taxation. There are many people probably who would stand any amount of loss by the overflow of a river rather than prevent that loss at their own sole charge. The destruction done by the water irritates them less than the sense that, though the higher lands are equally guilty as regards the mischief done, they are not to be charged with any portion of the outlay necessary to ward it off for the future.

The objection taken to the Bill by the Duke of SOMERSET—that, since every farm in England is either upland, midland, or lowland, the Bill gives the Local Government Board power to tax every farmer—is hardly marked by its author's usual ingenuity. There are a great number of farms which in reference to floods cannot be said to come under any one of these heads. They are too far away from any river to stand in any real relation to its overflow. In fact, it is only by using the term with an exaggeration of geographical precision that they can be described as lying in a river basin at all. There seems no reason therefore for the Duke of SOMERSET's alarm lest every farm, no matter what its situation, should be included in some basin or other, and so forced to contribute towards the expenses of the Act. That a good number of people will be forced to

contribute who now repudiate their liability is likely enough. But, so far as they are benefited by the improved drainage of late years it is strictly fair that they should contribute. The floods, which often make the cultivation of the low-lying lands a dead loss, are partly caused by the withdrawal of the water from the higher lands. As these latter are rendered much more profitable by the process which does injury to their less happily-placed neighbours, it is a matter not of kindness, but of justice, that the possessors of the uplands should bear their part in the outlay which is necessary to prevent their gain from being the loss of others.

It is a better-founded objection to the Bill that, while it taxes the owners and occupiers of the lands which the floods injure, it does not tax the owners of the mills and dams to which much of the injury done is really due. Lord CAMPERDOWN pointed out that the Bill is so far from making this class of owners bear their fair share of the burden, that it actually proposes to compensate them for any loss they may incur by the removal of their dams at the instance of a Conservancy Board. Unfortunately, there are few questions upon which experts seem more hopelessly divided than the operation of artificial obstructions to the course of a river. They are alternately represented as the principal cause of floods and as the one thing which has prevented floods from being much worse than they have been. Possibly the Government have satisfied themselves that the arguments on each side are not equally balanced, and that there is more reason for exempting millowners than there is for including them. In that case they ought to be prepared with conclusive evidence in support of their opinion; for it certainly is not one that they are likely to find taken on trust.

It is difficult to follow Lord CAMPERDOWN's argument that the storage of water is a purpose that ought not to be included in a Bill for the prevention of floods. To us the two objects seem connected by the most natural tie possible. It will be the business of the Conservancy Boards to be created under the Bill to get rid of the superfluous water brought down by the rivers over which they severally have jurisdiction. The most natural and obvious way of carrying out this end will be to enable the river to carry away the water as rapidly as possible, and with this view the Conservancy Board will naturally do all it can to deepen the bed and quicken the current of the stream. But this very water which is a nuisance at one season of the year may be eagerly coveted at another season. The same perfection of drainage that has contributed to winter floods has equally contributed to summer droughts. The rain is carried off before there is time for it to soak in, and the result is that the springs are deprived of much of the water that used to find its way to them. Under the Bill as it stands the Conservancy Boards are enabled to remedy both forms of the evil; under the Bill as Lord CAMPERDOWN would make it they would only be able to deal with one of them. If they are not to have any power of providing for the storage of water, they must necessarily be accessories to its waste. They will have to decide what shall be done to prevent it from flooding the lands in the basin of a river; and, if they are not allowed to keep it in some safe place until it is wanted, they will be compelled to send it on to the sea with all the despatch they can command.

In the present state of public business, the most fortunate Government measure cannot count upon becoming law this Session. But, as the Bill is before the Lords, it is much to be desired that it should receive very careful attention. There is no reason to suppose that from this point of view a Select Committee has any superiority over a Committee of the whole House. As, however, the Government did not feel themselves strong enough to disregard the suggestion, there is no more to be said. We must only hope that what promises to be a useful Bill will not come out of the ordeal so changed that its own parents will be unable to recognize it.

MACHINE GUNS.

THERE can be no doubt that as we multiply new weapons of destruction, and as the possession of some at least of these in abundance and perfection by an army in the field becomes increasingly necessary, we are gradually being brought to face one of two alternatives. Either the carriage accompanying an army must grow to alarming proportions, or everything will have to give place to transport of man-killing material. In the latter case

all that is, not absolutely required for immediate use must be stored at the base, or at some early stage of the operations. But we are at once arrested by the difficult question as to the mode of transport of soldiers' personal effects. A soldier carries with him proportion to his mobility—the mobility of individuals. A soldier standing in heavy marching order on parade impresses one with any idea rather than that he is, when thus equipped, in good condition for doing prolonged active work. He is evidently gored by what he has heaped on his back, stretched to his sides and stuck on here and there in front. The soldier shows his thorough appreciation of this fact by pitching all but bullet and bayonet right and left when the tug of action approaches. Some persons, therefore, advocate consigning his knapsack and kit to his waggon, and would load him instead with extra cartridges, three or four days' ration, and an entrenching tool or part of one. Others say, if the men's kits were carried for them, they would not get them when wanted, and that, at any rate, the measure would add to the already heavy encumbrance of the transport train. One thing, however, is certain—that, after providing for the men's mouths, everything else should give place to the necessity of supplying them with means for destroying their opponents. They must never be separated from their reserves of ammunition, nor from their entrenching tools, which are almost as valuable as rifles; they should be able to carry their three or four days' prospective rations, and they require waterproofs for the bivouac. But the subject of readjustment of burden as between men and waggon, or pack animals in the matter of carriage of soldiers' personal effects, provisions, entrenching tools, becomes of minor importance when we look to the growing wants of armies in the matter of the *matériel* of destruction. Various devices are now used for the compressing of food, both for men and animals. A tiny block of stuff having the appearance of granite, and almost as hard, expands in boiling water into succulent vegetable. Other little blocks resolve into nutritious soup. Sausage-meat is jammed together till it really becomes what is termed in culinary science "forced-meat balls." A large quantity of hay is compressible into a very small space. All these expedients bring relief to the transport train, and, what is equally important, allow of a soldier carrying upon his person several days' rations. That which is to preserve life, then, is becoming more portable; at the same time, that which is to destroy is ever demanding increased carriage. The multiplication of methods of destruction entails corresponding provision to allow of various action, rapid use, incessant wear and tear. Formerly there were guns and muskets of simple pattern and slow action, to supply which with enough powder and shot was a comparatively easy matter of calculation. In front of earthworks more formidable guns are now needed; larger projectiles will take up more room; there will be a far greater abundance of these, seeing that fire is now opened at much longer ranges. Breech-loading and repeating rifles make away with a colossal total of cartridges; and it may be said, without exaggeration, if the advocates of extreme long-range infantry fire have their way, it will entail the carriage for a single brigade of as much ammunition as would have sufficed in "Brown Bess" days for a whole army. Again, we have not only the old arms improved, but others of a new type—machine guns in various disguises. Batteries of these take up space on the line of march; the carriage of their reserve ammunition will absorb nearly as much transport as that of field batteries; for mitrailleuses and revolving cannon expend at a furious rate. Were a battery of Gatlings to fire away for one hour, it might easily get rid of three hundred thousand rounds. Then the Hotchkiss revolver shell-gun for field service has, when mounted on its carriage, about the same weight and size as an ordinary cannon. A battery of such in action might discharge, without using, over haste, each minute over 400 lbs. of iron. All these instruments require space, and they require transport; animals must drag the batteries and animals must draw ammunition for resupplying them, and these beasts must be fed from carriages drawn by other beasts. It is evident that, just as we want to reduce our incumbrances, the necessity becomes greater for adding to them—that is, if it is necessary to provide armies with all the latest fashions in inventions. Hence it becomes a matter of primary consequence that we should ascertain which instruments serve our purpose best, that we may discard others which take up equal room and much transport. If we can get the value of one gun out of another, let us not be encumbered with both. At any rate, we shall be rid of the inconvenience, often attended with confusion, of having to provide at the right time and place different ammunition for different systems. Inventors are much given to pointing to railroads as the ready means of conveying and distributing their productions. We are told that rapid-firing guns and rapid means of transport go hand in hand, and there is truth in this remark. But armies move away from lines of rail, and lines are blocked or destroyed, and when in working order have plenty to carry without conveying one set of instruments when another would do better.

The possibilities of the mitrailleuses have long ago been ascertained; but as some of its advocates back it so stoutly it may be as well very briefly to compare machines of that type with revolving guns, with which latter we are here more immediately concerned. The great practical difference between the two is that, while the second propels shells which burst at certain distances, the first discharges solid shot. The mitrailleuse delivers a hail of balls of small size utterly destructive of all upon their path. However scattering motion may be given the volley of bullets, the balls only take effect along their line of flight. The revolver-gun dis-

charges successive single shells, the fragments of which on explosion fly more or less like radii to the rim of a circle. Though the mitrailleuse sets several barrels simultaneously in action, and the shell-gun only one at a time, yet, from the shell revolving itself into many pieces, to get in the same interval an equal number of missiles with the mitrailleuse, this gun must be manipulated with far greater rapidity.

There are several patterns of machine guns of which perhaps the best known are the Reffye, Montigny, Gatling, Hotchkiss, and Nordenfeldt. They are designed with variations for different uses; some being for field service, some for employment afloat, others for employment in fortifications. The Nordenfeldt is not on the revolver principle; the Gatling is an improved mitrailleuse; the Hotchkiss is a revolver-cannon. The latter piece has five parallel, or practically parallel, barrels of Whitworth steel, grouped about the same axis. When the mechanism is started the barrels are in turn brought round in front of the apparatus, which successively loads, fires, and takes out the spent cartridge. That is to say, a simple turn of the hand—the machinery being worked with the ease of a barrel-organ—suffices to load one barrel, fire another, and extract a cartridge-case from one more. It would appear at first sight as if the action of the piece must be necessarily slow, but the speed at which it may be worked depends less on manipulation that gives the rotary motion than on a constant supply of cartridges being at hand. When the gun is "fed" quickly, but without hurry, some sixty shots per minute may be easily fired. The missiles vary with different requirements. In the navies of several foreign Powers solid shot is fired from the Hotchkiss. For field service an explosive shell discharged with percussion fuze is used, and canister may also be employed. On board ship it is necessary to have missiles possessing perforating power for employment against boats, especially torpedo-boats, rather than those which scatter over a wide area. What we require in a land fight are missiles with disseminating action, missiles which will resolve into fragments numerically sufficient to search out all within a certain zone, and yet not too minute. Each fragment should be powerful enough to substantially maim man or horse, not necessarily to kill outright. It pays better, as has been said, to maim than to kill, for a wounded man requires looking after. The claim made for the Hotchkiss one and a half-inch revolver is that one of these will fire at least sixty shells in the minute, each bursting in some twenty or more pieces having size and momentum sufficient to materially damage, and of course often destroy, both man and horse. A battery of these guns—a battery of thirty barrels—would be able then to disseminate in one minute about eight thousand shell-fragments; and, with ammunition at hand and well served, there is no reason why a continuous discharge should not be maintained. The effective range is up to 3,000 yards.

Some of the advantages urged for the Hotchkiss over the ordinary mitrailleuse may be briefly summed up thus:—The former uses explosive shell, which creates a striking moral effect, and the destructiveness of which is spread over a wider area; the mechanism is simpler; the machinery does not require rapid manipulation; and it stands wear and tear well. Moreover, a less amount of ammunition is required to produce the same effect. The shock of discharge also is better distributed; or, rather, it is concentrated so as to bear upon the mass of the piece itself, and not upon the machinery—an important point this when the sequence of shocks is incessant and rapid. Opponents and rivals of the system we have touched upon above urge, on the other hand, various objections to it. The Hotchkiss fires one shot at a time; true that is a bursting shell, but it is the discharge of a single barrel, and it is argued that volleys of bullets from multiple barrels have a wider parallel of effect. Then it is said the solid bullets of hardened steel give more penetration than fragments of shell; but this objection is of minor importance in the field, seeing that shell-morrels or bullets would serve equally well for maiming and disabling, but would neither of them do appreciable damage to material. Again, the advocates of the Gatling say that a small gun on that system will up to 1,200 yards secure more hits in the same time than any Hotchkiss of whatever size. And a defect is alleged against the machinery of the latter, that if the extractor which takes out exploded cartridges, failed to act by drawing off the head of the cartridge, the machine would be brought to a standstill till the obstructed barrel was cleared, the other barrels not being capable of separate manipulation. The defect, however, is very soon remedied. Furthermore, the Gatling people assert that, when all is said the Hotchkiss reproduces with but some small variations the leading features of their own system. Dr. Gatling was, we believe, the first patentee of machine guns, which he introduced nearly twenty years back. He was the first, if not to entertain the idea, at least to produce a gun capable of continuous firing from barrels practically self-loading. He may fairly, therefore, lay claim to have set other persons' wits to work, and if they improve upon his invention, it does not detract from his credit, and they deserve all of them. No invention, of whatever merit or utility, is of such finished perfection as that some one coming after may not add some touches. Especially is this the case with first inventions of their kind. Inventors, however, seem haunted by a dread that the "chance" will be taken out of their innovations if any one adopts them with a difference and pushes the design a bit further. The truth is, that the greater the number of clever people who swoop down upon an invention and try to create a patent for themselves by giving it a novel twist, the more is the credit which is due to the man who sug-

gested to these clever people their occupation. Dr. Gatling's reputation speaks for itself; but it is also distinctly creditable to some others that they should have foreseen and provided for the necessity of having machine guns of larger calibre than he had suggested, or, at any rate, had made. Moreover, the Hotchkiss gun has striking points of difference from the Gatling and most other machine guns; one of which—the distribution of shock on discharge—we have referred to; and another is that all the barrels in the former are worked by one set of mechanism, but in the Gatling, at least, each barrel has its own machinery.

What the public is interested in is not the degree of merit attaching to one inventor or another, but the amount of profit to be derived from adopting one or other, or all, of their inventions. The question here is not one of calibre, but of system. Guns may be built up of any calibre on any system. There is nothing to prevent Dr. Gatling constructing a bigger machine than the largest produced by Mr. Nordenfeldt or Mr. Hotchkiss, and either of these gentlemen might then turn the tables on Dr. Gatling. But which system may be expected to give us greater results, or must we utilize both, or need we adopt either? Shall we take a piece concentrating in itself as many rifles as would fire continuously a thousand rounds a minute, or do we think the rifles can dispense with its aid and give of themselves more varied effects? Must we adopt the revolver cannon when field artillery gives us a larger shell and further range? But, first, as regards shell *versus* bullet.

It is plain that when employed against scattered formations the shell would be more efficacious than the hail of bullets; on the other hand, the latter would plough a lane through any closed body. But where are we likely to come across closed bodies? The tendency everywhere now is towards open formations. What is needed, therefore, is dissemination of missiles. The shell strikes out right and left, the solid bullets go straight ahead. Over a limited area like the deck of a vessel we can readily believe in a storm of bullets being much more certainly destructive than a shell with an equal number of fragments; but a field of battle is a wide space. The occasions must be rare where the fire of a skirmishing line would not, with the same expenditure of ammunition, create much more effect than would a mitrailleuse. There are cases, of course, when the latter might be used with grand results—for instance, against cavalry in closed bodies, on men rushing together to storm, on columns at a distance which had not resolved themselves into units, on a baggage train in enfilade. The question is, whether to meet these cases it is necessary that a force should be equipped with mitrailleuses or any gun propelling a mass of solid bullets, or whether we have not in cannon and rifles what will suffice for all emergencies. As to revolver-guns, their case stands upon a different footing. It was observed they meet one exigency of modern war—the necessity of scattering projectiles in order to meet scattered formations. But field-guns firing shrapnel do vastly more damage at every range than revolver-guns can possibly effect. What special advantages, then, can be urged on their behalf? First of all, a revolver does not require so many men for its service. It presents, therefore, a smaller mark. Its ammunition is more portable, more compressible, more manageable. Its fire is far more rapid. The big guns, however, must always be the principals, the small ones taking minor parts; while the former have the length and breadth of a vast square under command, the latter will serve admirably to fill up the interstices. *Qui brille au second s'éclipse au premier*, and many inventors would gain more lasting credit than they do if, instead of puffing their productions into a higher position than they can maintain, they would exhibit them in those aspects where their advantages are undeniable. It is the same with theorists who push doctrines to extremes. We remember well how after the Crimean war enthusiasm was extravagantly aroused about the effects of the Enfield rifle, and young officers fresh from the musketry course at Hythe declared loudly that artillery was "done for." It was of little use to urge that the introduction of rifled cannon was the logical deduction from that of rifled muskets. Two years later found rifled cannon in actual use in a great war. And now some persons would have us believe long-range infantry fire is to accomplish everything.

It would be worth the while of any who have doubts as to the part artillery will play in war to refresh their memory by the perusal of Dr. Russell's ever-memorable story of the battle of Sedan. Again and again does the writer revert to the effects, moral and physical, wrought by the crushing cross-fire of the German guns. The French cannon fire was reduced to impotence, while their infantry, brave as they were, cowered and quailed before the ceaseless storm. It is not only that men pounded with cannon, searched out by shell fragments even behind *épaulements*, suffer actual loss, but they become incapable of using their own weapons with effect. Since Sedan rifles have improved a little, but guns have improved a great deal more. The truth is that so many changes for the better are being effected in all connected with artillery—with the piece, its weight for power and abatement of recoil on discharge, with the cartridge, the shell, the powder, the range, attainment of accuracy at great ranges—that it is a question not how guns shall meet rifles, but rather how the latter may be improved to meet perfected artillery. With this latter arm we must now, we think, associate the revolver-cannon—not necessarily the Hotchkiss, though it must be allowed the system of that inventor is at present unsurpassed. As regards calibre, it should unquestionably be very moderate for field work. The gun is in no sense to be looked on as a rival to the ordinary field-gun. It is

simply and solely the complement of that piece. Skirmishing riflemen, supports running up to reinforce these, scattered troopers, marks which the big guns would be too occupied to notice, or be above noticing, all such the revolver is well calculated to take account of; while within its more limited range it would cause serious losses among any formed body. Of the several problems which the next European war holds in store for solution there are few more curious and more important than what is to be the result of vertical rifle fire as against that of the perfected shrapnel combined with the revolver shell. Where so much is uncertain, it is absurd to dogmatize, and the most we can do is not to begin with a theory, but work up logically by slow steps till we arrive at one. We ourselves have got little further than the recognition of two facts in the controversy—one of which is, that both cannon and revolver-cannon have a greater reach than rifles; and the other, that at distances where rifle fire can only be delivered with the vaguest idea of the locality where the bullets will descend, the former can still plant their shells with very destructive accuracy.

An army equipped with field-cannon and revolver-cannon can scarcely need the aid of any sort of mitrailleuse. The interstices of a battle-ground are sufficiently well filled without it. Solid bullets from machine guns propelled straight ahead, or with only slightly scattering action, are excellent against masses within their parallel of action; but we want that parallel to lie the other way—right and left, left and right—and we get much of this effect with the revolvers shells. The former weapons are luxuries, rising to the dignity of necessities perhaps in other places, but, in our view, may safely be dispensed with in a *bataille rangée*. And, as was observed above, the incumbrances of an army must be reduced to a minimum if that army is to possess due mobility; in that minimum it would be difficult to find a valid reason for including any sort of mitrailleuse firing solid shot.

AMERICAN AMENITIES.

AMERICA has sent us several accomplished actors. It is commonly supposed that criticism thrives where art is successful, and therefore we might expect to find excellent criticism of the stage in the country of Mr. Booth and Mr. Jefferson. And yet, when we read the American theatrical critiques, we seem to miss that delicacy and urbanity, that fine reflectiveness and precision, which it was natural to look for. *Nym Crinkle's Feuilleton* is the name of an American journal, devoted to the best interests of the stage, which lies before us. The title is a little odd. We readily see what Nym has to do with the whole art and mystery of publishing as practised in the United States. "They will steal anything, and call it—purchase," as the Boy says of Nym and his companions. As to the name of Crinkle, we fail to see the humour of it. But a paragraph in *Nym Crinkle's Feuilleton* tells us "what Forney thinks about it." Forney thinks that "*Nym Crinkle's Feuilleton* ought to succeed. The stage should support such a paper as Mr. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle) publishes. He holds the very first rank among New York critics, and is, perhaps, the most brilliant writer of them all." If Forney thinks this it must be all right, and we are justified in regarding Mr. Orinkle as the foremost of the critics of the American stage.

So brilliant is Mr. Orinkle that the coruscating radiance of his style dazzles the mere European, even if he has accustomed himself to the gorgeous manner of the theatrical critic of the *Academy*. That writer appears to have excited some envy in the breast of Nym Crinkle. "Poor Oghlan," says Nym, "has been mangled in the London *Academy* for his representation of Corrado in *La Mort Civile* (*sic*), for, says the merciless critic, 'it is hardly to be accounted either faultily faultless, or icily regular.'" This is immense criticism; but Mr. Orinkle himself uses language which seems beyond even the opulent resources of the London *Academy*. He has to complain that the newspapers did not notice a certain performance of Miss Anderson's. "Every daily paper dodged it. Even William Winter, Esq., could not stretch his taffy sufficiently to cover its magnificent unfitness, and so gave up the job." This is like the obscure glow of the style of Tertullian, which has been compared to the polished darkness of ebony. There is no mistake, however, about the significance of a friendly notice when it appears in the *Kansas Times*. Thus we read that "Emma Abbott is coming this way—pretty, cosy, lovable, vivacious, bewitching, kissable little Emma Abbott. She is coming with her bird-like voice, her sunny face, her fair hair, her sweet smile," and a great deal more. The catalogue becomes, like a suppressed volume of *Saint-Beuve's*, as described in a bookseller's catalogue, *étonnamment intime*. In spite of this favourable notice in the *Kansas Times*, *Nym Crinkle's Feuilleton* takes a sterner view of Miss Abbott, whom it calls "the gushing proxyssmal Emma." We have always supposed hitherto that the most personal and unsparring criticism in the world was that applied by sporting reporters to the individual members of the University crew. "Five feathers abominably under water," "three does not pull the weight of his boots, and is a mere passenger." But actors and actresses are frankly told by Nym Crinkle that their playing is "vile."

Even when players are off the stage, Mr. Orinkle "stretches his taffy," as he would say, so as to bring them within the range of that instrument; for "taffy," we presume, is a New York scientific term for a telescope. Thus, in writing about Shakespeare and the

modern stage, Mr. Orinkle has to mention what he takes to be the opinion of Mr. McCullough. This is how he does it:—

If ever you should meet John McCullough late at night at Delmonico's, eating deviled lobster with the gusto of a Gosh, and the gentility of a god, he will tell you, with inimitable suavity, and delightful confidence, that the people flock to his performances because of their love of Shakespeare.

If Mr. McCullough can preserve his suavity and modesty in a country where the most brilliant critics write in this style, it is impossible for any circumstances to spoil him.

The Greek philosophers thought that a city should never be so large but that all the citizens might be personally acquainted with each other. Large as the American democracy is, the citizens seem all to be on the most familiar terms with every one. The aristocratic title of "Mr." is dropped in the newspapers, and all men and women are spoken of by their Christian names or nicknames. This affectionate familiarity is extended even to natives of the old European States, where people are not so truly brethren, and do not so frankly regard each other as children of one great family. The *Feuilleton*, for example, has several columns of paragraphs, each paragraph being headed by the name of the person concerned. Thus we read:—"SARDON.—Victorien Sardou is wintering at Nice." Here, again, is information about Mrs. Olaxton's public engagements and private sorrows, conveyed in this delicate and sympathetic manner:—"OLAXTON.—Kate Olaxton is billed for Albaugh's Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, next Monday. Poor Kate Olaxton is still overwhelmed with the loss of her only child, who died in Albany on New Year's Day." His Majesty the Democracy's servants are not treated with very tender consideration:—"NABBY.—Petroleum V. B. widow, the relict of the late Bedott, will exhibit herself nightly at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, under the protection of Col. Haverly." This bereaved lady is spoken of with no more gentleness than—"KNOX.—The learned pigs of Professor Knox have been a feature at the New York Aquarium." And what can be meant by the dark saying that Herr Sontag is "an actor full of vim"? As to a lady now playing with much applause in London, we are informed by the brilliant Orinkle that "she has dropped the Countessship gag." After reading these paragraphs, and others which we do not reproduce for very good reasons, we find out what Mr. Orinkle thinks of what he calls "Esthetic criticism." "Esthetic criticism is not a science. No one has ever succeeded in formulating its laws. Current criticism is the expression of individual taste," and we have seen the freedom of the individual taste of the untrammelled Mr. Orinkle.

The *Feuilleton* is not very particular; but American journalism is no longer what it was. The press of that country is, we imagine, becoming "Europeanized," and personal remarks are no longer so common or so malignant as of old. We have recently chanced to pick up a brief history of the American press, a statistical and detailed account of the fights and floggings of American editors, which is not disagreeable reading. The first American newspaper duel was fought as long ago as 1785. Matthew Carey met Colonel Oswald; they fought with pistols, near Philadelphia, and Carey was severely wounded. In 1804 Cheetham, of the *American Citizen*, challenged Coleman, of the *Evening Post*. Coleman not only wanted to fight, but proclaimed his martial eagerness in his newspaper, thus inducing the police to prevent the battle. This conduct caused Captain Thompson to praise Coleman for his Christian meekness. Coleman could not endure being called a Christian, and the parties met in a snow-storm. The failing light made it impossible for them to see each other distinctly at ten yards' distance, so they gradually advanced, till Thompson, exclaiming "I've got it," fell mortally wounded, and left the victory to the Christian warrior, Coleman. In consequence of a newspaper row, Mr. Pettis challenged the shortsighted Major Biddle. Biddle refused to shoot at a longer "rise" than five feet, and both fell at the first discharge. When the intrepid Cumming encountered the aristocratic M'Duffie, the former wore a light blouse and trousers of cotton, while the latter was dressed in silk. M'Duffie's bullet entered the ground within four feet of his own toes, but Cumming's was more skillfully directed, and struck M'Duffie under the short ribs. When the lamented Oiley, again, in consequence of newspaper criticism, fought Mr. Graves, the weapons selected were rifles. The men were posted at a distance of ninety-two yards, and, at the second discharge, Mr. Oiley was shot through the body. Colonel Webb, of the *New York Courier*, was hit by Marshall in the leg, and was afterwards put into gaol. Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, sent Webb (an old enemy) a box of cigars, but Webb, in spite of the bullet in his leg, kicked the weeds out of the room. Woods, of the *Kansas Democrat*, libelled young Levi Coleman, a minister of the Methodist persuasion. Woods also assaulted Coleman in the street, kicked him, and pulled his evangelical nose. All these insults at the editorial hand Coleman bore with Christian patience. What happened? Why the Methodists of Little Rock, like one believer, deserted and boycotted their lately respected pastor. He was coldly dismissed by a young sister to whom he was betrothed. The bruised Methodist will turn, and Coleman accepted a challenge from Woods, then esteemed the most dangerous pistol-shot on the American press. Pistols were the weapons, an "unusually large and coarse assembly" to see the parson shot, and the Methodist killed the newspaper bully at the first fire. The Rev. Levi Coleman was now admitted to the best society of Little Rock. But his victory lowered his moral tone; he became a literary capable writer, and

an adept in the use of the pistol. Frost, of the *New Orleans Crescent*, fought Colonel Hunt with double-barrelled shot-guns, at forty paces. The newspaper man was hit, and died within half an hour. Much satisfaction was expressed, in San Francisco, when Alderman Cottage "put over" the editor of the *California Herald*. What we think a very unfair duel was fought by two newspaper editors near New Orleans. The conditions were that the men should be put up at fifteen paces. They were to draw for first fire; the man who won was to shoot, so to speak, from "scratch," and his opponent, if not disabled, was to walk in ten paces, and fire. Cohen, who drew the lot which entitled him to first fire, missed, when his opponent marched up ten steps, and shot him through the body.

People who gave their minds to the subject determined that flogging, not duelling, was the proper treatment of disagreeable editors. "A member of the New York Legislature lately attempted to pass an Act to legalize the flogging of editors, in certain cases, with the proviso that no bones should be broken in the operation." So says a historian of the American press, who adds that "the very instrument of correction, be it a blue cow-akin or a hickory cudgel, becomes an object of affectionate interest." In 1836 a Colonel Webb assailed the late noted editor, Mr. Bennett, and "cut a gash in my head" (says the sufferer) "one inch and a half in length, and through the integuments of the skull." Nine thousand extra copies of the *Herald* were sold—thanks to the touching description of what seems to have been a sufficiently cowardly assault. On a second encounter with Webb the gallant editor's "casualties" were a scratched finger and three buttons missing. "His loss is a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the ruffian forty dollars." Here is another account of a newspaper row. "Laseter repeated," says Mr. Dwyer, an able editor, "that we were a liar and a blackguard, whereupon we did take our inkstand from the desk, and hurled it in his face." A fight ensued in the office, and a gouging match in the street. A Mrs. Lyons horsewhipped the publisher of a Cincinnati paper called *Town Talk*. Judge Blair poked his umbrella into the eye of Pickering of the *St. Louis Union*, but Pickering shot the learned judge in the leg. Lastly, as an instance of the resentment of a tragedian, be it said that Mr. Edwin Forrest knocked down N. P. Willis and beat him with a whip. And yet theatrical criticism in America seems still to lack delicacy and refinement.

TEL EL AMARNA.

STUDENTS of religious history are acquainted with numerous attempts to prove that the ancient Egyptians were monotheists. The course of reasoning pursued in these essays is somewhat as follows:—The Egyptians worshipped everything; everything is singular; therefore the Egyptians were monotheists.—Q. E. D. If this syllogism fails to convince the sceptic whose common sense is above logic, the name of Amen is introduced, and he is silenced by a demonstration that Amen was the supreme deity of whom all the other gods were mere aspects or attributes, and that if Romanists and Mahometans, with their worship of saints, can be called monotheists, the cult of minor objects of veneration cannot be considered a violation of the great principle of monotheism. To this, however, many answers may be given. The writers who advance such arguments have not sufficiently defined their terms. What do they mean by "ancient Egyptians"? An Egyptian monarchy was founded by Meny or Menes at a very remote period, and subsisted during the reign of six dynasties of kings, after which period it disappears from history. If this Menian kingdom is intended by the phrase "ancient Egyptians," we may assert positively that there is no trace of monotheism among them, although Pharaoh is worshipped as supreme among the gods, and that Amen is not so much as named in any of their inscriptions. Some five centuries at least after the fall of the Menian monarchy a new kingdom, known as the Twelfth Dynasty of Manetho, arose. Its religion differed in many respects from that of the former monarchy; but, though the name of Amen occurs, there is no trace of monotheism, and Amen is not very widely worshipped, though, under the form of Amen-Chem, a temple at Karnac is founded in his honour, the earliest temple erected to any but a king of which the remains have come down to us. The more striking differences between the religions of the two kingdoms are these:—first, that the king is no longer venerated as the supreme deity under the Twelfth Dynasty, as in the early period; and, secondly, that images of the gods are permitted. If these, then, are the "ancient Egyptians" of the monotheistic argument, it is plain that the theory will not square with the facts. The Twelfth Dynasty fell, and we have little or nothing to guide us for another dark period of five centuries, when a new monarchy was founded by the kings of the so-called Eighteenth Dynasty. This new monarchy has the advantage over its predecessors in that we can approximate to a date for it; and, though that date is enormously remote, yet it is tolerably certain. The beginnings of the Eighteenth Dynasty must be placed more than seventeen centuries B.C., or soon after the time of Joseph, according to the Ussherian chronology. Are these the "ancient Egyptians"? What is their religion? Does it present monotheistic features? To put the answer briefly, it does. But these monotheistic features are very different from the pantheistic ideal of the essayists to whom we have referred. The

old religion was not revived, though the names of many gods were retained. A new doctrine of a future life was taught. The name of Amen was united with those of the principal divinities worshipped. The great "Osirian myth" was formed. Temples and images were frequent. The king, still called divine, was now rather a priest than a god. In short, if these are the "ancient Egyptians," it is barely possible to trace, partly in the numerous attributes of Amen, and partly in the similarity, or it may be the confusion, of the different deities, a kind of rough monotheism. But before the end of the Eighteenth Dynasty a real and unquestionable form of monotheism was introduced, and one of the most singular revolutions which history records took place. Its monuments are to be found at Tel el Amarna.

Amenhotep IV. was the ninth king of the new monarchy. His family was firmly seated on the throne—so firmly, that when his father, Amenhotep III., brought home the beautiful foreign maiden Thya to be his queen, he was able to make her the partner of his power, and to leave her the reins of government at his death. As guardian of her son she was supreme in Egypt. No one who has seen the fragment of her white marble bust discovered under the floor of the Osiride Hall at Karnac, where no doubt it had been cast in contumely after the fall of her posterity, can doubt that she was, not only lovely to look upon, but a woman who could rest content with nothing short of absolute power, and who was eminently capable of attaining her ends. There is only the face left. The crown is broken off. The neck is almost gone. But the marvellously expressive face is intact. When the iconoclasts came into the sanctuary of Amen-Chem and cast down the graven images of the heretic Queen and her son, and brake in pieces their carved statues, we can imagine that even fanatical hate spared to strike the face; and, after the lapse of three-and-thirty centuries, it smiles on the visitor to the Boolak Museum, as Thya smiled on Bek and Putha when they submitted to her the plans and adornments of the new city which her son was about to make the capital of Egypt. Thebes was to be disestablished. The gods of Thebes and of Memphis were to be disendowed. The Queen had succeeded in the great object of her life. She had humbled the proud priests and discouraged the filthy rites of Chem. A purer faith, the worship of the Sun, was to supersede the old idolatry of birds, beasts, and fishes—the gods against whom a few centuries later Moses protested, the things in heaven, and in earth, and in the waters under the earth. The sculptor has caught her expression in the hour of her triumph.

Whence Thya brought the worship of the sun's disk has not been ascertained. She was not an Egyptian, but we know not what she was. The old superstitions must have been very deeply ingrained in the race, or the effort to throw them off would have been more successful. Modern Egyptologists have attempted to divide the gods into triads by way of simplifying the mythology; but the attempt has not been very successful, to judge by Dr. Birch's list in the British Museum Catalogues. He enumerates several "local triads," but makes each of them to consist of four deities! Nor is the attempt in the same work to divide the Egyptian gods into orders much more fortunate. We are told that there were eight gods of the first order at Memphis, and nine are enumerated. We are told, further, that there were eight at Thebes, but eleven are named. "The gods of the second order were twelve in number; but the name of only one, an Egyptian Hercules, has been preserved. The third order is stated to have comprised Osiris, who, it will be seen, belonged to the first order." So says Dr. Birch, and it may be as well to confess that his words fall on our ears like idle tales. They convey no meaning, no impression but a confused one. If the chief Egyptologists of England can make no more than this of the mythology of Egypt, we need not feel surprised that to bring order out of disorder must have appeared hopeless to Thya and her contemporaries. The young King, her son, to judge from his portraits, must have been weak, vain, possibly half-witted, and she was able to do with him as she pleased. The triads and the orders, "the Egyptian Hercules," and the double Osiris, all were swept away at a stroke, and Egypt became monotheistic. Had Amen been a god, in the ordinary sense of the word, he might have retained or at least sought for his place. If the object of the Queen was to get rid of the multitude of gods, he, as supreme, might have sufficed for her. But it is extremely doubtful whether Amen was looked upon at that time as a personal divinity, and much more likely that he was merely the idealized expression of some attribute characteristic of all the gods. The Hindoos have thus deified prayer, and Amenhotep IV., in the early days of his orthodoxy, may have seen no trace of monotheistic doctrine, or anything like it, in the addition of this name to the older names of a hundred idols. Yet we read in numberless books that the priests of Amen were offended at the reformation; that Amen of Thebes revenged himself on the family of Thya, and so on. There was, however, as a matter of fact, no such god as Amen of Thebes at that time, but both Noom of Thebes, the ram-headed god, and also Chem of Ggypt or Coptos, had temples there, and were respectively worshipped as Amen Chem and Amen Noom.

There has been a good deal of speculation as to the identity of Amenhotep IV. with Shoo-en-Aten, or the "Slave of the Disk," but the chief authorities believe the two names to relate to the same person. His very peculiar physiognomy, his "unnaturally long chin," his Jewish nose, and thin, slight, effeminate figure—to quote Mr. Stuart's description—are sculptured at Tel el Amarna with a fidelity to nature verging on caricature. The stiffened canon of proportion under which the Memnon in the plain of

Thebes, and the reliefs of Dair el Baheri in the Lybian mountain had been produced, is here thrown aside. Bek, "an artist and teacher of the King himself"—we quote from Dr. Brugsch's translation—"an overseer of the sculptors from life," has left us a series of most remarkable scenes from the Court of Shoo-en-Aten. They are to be found sculptured on the walls of some rock-out tombs in the mountain behind the site of Shoo-en-Aten's capital. The King's own tomb has not yet been found. When it is, we may expect to see Bek's work at its best. But in the two or three grottoes now we have Shoo-en-Aten reviewing his troops, blessing his courtiers from a balcony, receiving ambassadors, inspecting public works, and, particularly, receiving with befitting ceremony his august mother, the beautiful Queen Thya. By him stands his wife, and, behind her, four daughters, all destined eventually to succeed to the throne of Egypt, and to confer on their respective husbands the dangerous and fatal title of king. A few years later Shoo-en-Aten's family is extinct. The descendant of a junior line, Hor-em-heb, has brought back the old worship. Amen Chom has avenged himself upon Aten. The priests of Thebes have triumphed, and hammer out the hated cartouche of Amenhotep IV. from the sculptures of Karnac. They pull down his obelisk and use the pieces to build a pylon. They overturn his mother's statue, and set up in its stead the statues of the hundred gods destroyed by her and her son. Hor-em-heb had "a hundred images made, one for each of them, of like form, and of all kinds of costly stones." The city, Shoo Aten, disappeared as quickly as it had arisen. The tombs were filled up with sand. The temples became heaps, and the very memory of the revolution was blotted out until the recent diggings at Tel el Amarna revealed the strange story to the modern world. The tourist on the Nile too often omits to call at Hadji Kandeel—such is the Arab name of a wretched village on part of the site of Shoo Aten. The mounds are close by, and about three miles off, across a flat desert plain, are the dark spots on the pink sides of the eastern hills, which betray to the experienced eye the existence of the tombs. The walk to them is very easy, the desert being hard under foot. The road is marked by rows of stones. The grottoes, of which a few only are accessible, are very interesting from their size and extent as well as their decorations.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE DIVE BOUTEILLE.

WE have before us a document which it is neither an exaggeration nor an affliction to call an extremely melancholy one. It purports to be a return of the exact amount of *tonneaux* of claret produced by each of the classed vineyards of the Médoc district during the years 1875, 1878, 1879, and 1880 respectively. The earlier year is taken as the last instance for the past six years of a good and abundant vintage, while from 1878 to 1880 things went from bad to worse; 1878 was not a bad vintage, but it was far from being an abundant one; 1879 was very much the worst on record for many years, both in quantity and quality; and last year, though believed to be fairly good in quality, was, in point of quantity, almost worse than its miserable predecessor. Nor is there at the present moment much hope of things looking better. Bad seasons may pass, and the number of *tonneaux* of Latour and Mouton may present a less disquieting proportion to the number of mouths that would like to drink them. But the phylloxera is altogether a different host to have to reckon with. Good year may be replaced by bad year, and bad year by good, but where the phylloxera passes, there is desolation. Already the number of acres thrown out of viticulture by this abominable pest—for which two hundred remedies and not one cure have been prescribed—is counted by hundreds of thousands. Departments such as that of the Hérault, which used to produce more than any others, have been most heavily stricken; famous vineyards such as that of Côte Rotie and Châteauneuf du Pape, have almost or altogether ceased to be. The Médoc has suffered less than the wine districts of the South and centre, and there is one faint hope for claret drinkers. Inundation seems to be the only phylloxera cure that is not altogether futile, and most of the Médoc is so close to the estuary of the Garonne, that inundation may be at least in some places applicable. It is pretty certain that any practicable remedy will be tried. A man who has a vineyard which will bring him in of a good year some hundreds of hogheads, which are worth from fifty to eighty pounds apiece, is not likely to spare expense in dealing with it when it is a question of life and death.

But even if the phylloxera should, after the singular fashion of such pests—and especially of its predecessor the oidium—suddenly cease to trouble, it will take a good many seasons to make up for the last five years, of which, as has been said, only 1878, and perhaps 1877, did its duty fairly in point of quality, and none in point of quantity. The figures of our table are abominably eloquent. For some reason—let us hope it is not the phylloxera!—Haut-Brion, the least fashionable, but far from the least good, of the four proud growths that head the list, does not figure here. Concerning the merits of the other three opinions will always differ. Those whose ideal is a light and graceful liquid will vote for Margaux; those who like Bacchus in his majesty rather than in his grace will prefer Latour. Between these, the popular favourite exhibits the good fortune of a happy mean; for Lafite undoubtedly combines the merits of both its companions, though perhaps these merits are not so eminently

present. Now the figures for Lafite are, in 1875, 244 *tonneaux*; in 1878, 177; in 1879, 97; in 1880, 99; the yield of the last two years being as nearly as possible half that of 1878 and one-third that of 1875. The figures for Margaux are very nearly the same, and observe the same ratio; while the yield of the Latour vineyard, the smallest of the three, sank from 150 *tonneaux* in the first year to 52 in the last. With the more numerous, and sometimes hardly inferior, second growths things are as bad, or worse. The famous Mouton Rothschild, which is sometimes confounded by the unwary with a modest fifth growth, Mouton d'Armailhac (a very good wine, too, in its way), and which at its very best yields to no claret that ever descended a human throat, kept level in 1875 and 1878 at 150 *tonneaux*, but sank in 1879 to almost half that number, and last year to 65. The three Léovilles—the Barton being perhaps the best—gave a total of 625 in 1875, of 164 only last year—that is to say, about one-fourth. The admirable Rauzan-Ségla gave its proprietor all but a hundred *tonneaux* in the one year, and a bare thirty in the other. Larose, the lady of clarets, suffered less than most, losing in the five years not more than sixty per cent. Pichon Longueville, one of the most imposing, and Ducru Beaucaillon, one of the shyest but most insinuating of the group, suffered equally; and, at least in the case of the '79's, there is the unlucky afterthought that the vintage was for the most part bad as well as scanty—a vintage for Château bottling and cheap wine-merchants, not for the faithful drinker. Only it is fair to remember that such vintages, as in the case of 1871, sometimes turn up trumps in the most remarkable way when they have been despised for years. The tale of the third growths—wines not to be despised by any one—and of the fourth and fifth—which are not to be despised by anybody who is sensible—is very nearly the same. The curiously regular procession noticed in the case of Château Lafite, which made the produce of the three years 1875, 1878, and 1880 stand to each other nearly as three, two, one, is observed pretty steadily. Of the two most general favourites of the group—Château Lagrange and Château Langon—the first exhibits it almost exactly; while the latter, one of the pleasantest of clarets for those who are not wedded to "body," did not last year give more than a fourth of its 1875 yield. One of the few cheering things in the table is the recovery of at least one vineyard, that of Château Malescot St. Exupéry, from 60 *tonneaux* in 1879 to over a hundred in 1880. Château Giscours, a better wine still, also made a slight recovery. Of the fourth growths, Latour Carnet fell to a fifth of its 1875 yield; Branaire Duluc, a capital wine, to a fourth; Camarsac, also much to be commended, to a third; Beychevelle, justly placed by most people at the head of the class, to a third likewise. Of the fifth, Pontet Canet, which of late years has had much vogue, maintained itself, on the whole, better than any other wine in any class, giving last year a full half of what it gave five years ago. The before-mentioned poor relation of the Mouton family also held its ground fairly, and generally these wines seem to have suffered less than their betters. Yet Camarsac, a most delicate wine, fell from 45 to 12, Château Batailley from 170 to 63, and others in proportion. When these things are taken into consideration, when it is remembered that a hoghead of a first growth wine in a good year sells at least ten or twelve years before it can be drunk at some eighty pounds, and that bad wine will not keep at all, Sir Henry Thompson's dictum, that we ought to be very much obliged to the wine-merchants who will let us have good wine for our money becomes a most reasonable one.

It is impossible, however, when one looks at a table of this kind and hears the "gloomy porcupines" of science admitting that the phylloxera is too much for them, to avoid the questions, Will those of us who have thirty or forty years to live see claret a thing of the past, and, if so, what shall we drink? For observation with extensive view, surveying the atlas, really does not know where to pitch upon a substitute. All wines are good—that is, all good wines—and there are times when they seem to come as a welcome change; but somehow they are not suited to nineteenth-century man as claret is. It does not give one gout-like champagne, which moreover has by the operation of fashion ceased for the most part to have any taste of wine at all. If it be a moot point whether Château Latour or Romanée-Richebourg is the most perfect gift of Bacchus, it is still certain that the Gironde is safer and pleasanter, in Desdemona's words, "to live with" than the Côte d'Or. Besides, the enemy is attacking the East quite as fatally, and, indeed, more so than the West. Our fathers who were before us have settled it for us that we shall not drink port, not by drinking it all themselves, but by presenting us with constitutions with which port does not agree. Much the same may be said of Madeira, not to mention that the island is threatened with a second devastation. Sherry in its heroic forms—the old golds and the browns *Recoler Indes*—is equally impossible, and in its simpler varieties it is useful, but unpoetical. It is not of dry sherry, even in its second and admirable forms such as Tio Pepe and Amontillado, *Amigos*, that the famous commendation of "your excellent sherry" can be repeated. White wines, indeed, of all kinds, seem somehow to be things for occasional use only. From this immemorial in France itself white wine has been a thing, supposed to be drunk chiefly when the drinker is ill, and it may be acknowledged that Château Courbet or Montrachet, or White Burgundy—not to mention the champagnes which are permitted to state of wine—are not unpleasant medicines. But the stoutest and most fondly turns to the liquid which grows, indeed, in France, but

which England—save for a lacuna in the eighteenth century, when we suffered deplorably in taste and creative power in consequence—has always drunk, and for which we doubtless acquired the taste once for all in the days of our hold on Gascony. It is the "measure most uncommon" of the wine-list, a thoroughly respectable wine. You can have it to suit all purses, and if you will take the trouble to select it, in default of Sixty-four Mouton—it may be as well to mention that claret is no good after twenty years, and that the Fifty-eights which fetch absurd prices are really obsolete; a three-year-old ordinaire—which is not this wine or sour wine blanc, dyed with fuchsine or unripe Lavradio imported from Lisbon—will quench the thirst in a manner wholly satisfactory and even, in its modest way, gratify the palate. Nor does it require that extraordinary trouble should be taken with it, though it is needless to say that people who put their wine with its back to the kitchen fire cannot expect it not to show some slight signs of temper. In dealing with claret you need not "sit up with a thermometer," a variety of insomnia which may be recommended to Mr. Postlethwaite, and which was once described to us as the nightly practice of an enthusiastic and most meritorious importer of the capricious wines of the Côte d'Or. It will go with almost anything, fish, flesh, or fowl, though not—let it be observed with some sternness—with sweet rubbish or with tobacco. Of the results of its intimate and prolonged companionship, one is afraid to speak in these degenerate days. But, as one whose name is still revered in England has it, "In the drinking of good Bordeaux wine there is a point—I do not say a pint—at which men arrive, when all the generous faculties of the soul are awakened and in full vigour, when the wit brightens and breaks out in sudden flashes, when the intellects are keenest, when the kindest affections come out and shake hands with mankind." There is no need to continue the quotation, for everybody ought to know it; and if any reader does not, let him take down his *Virginius*, turn to Chapter xxxi., and find it. To this beatific state the messengers from the Peninsula between the Garonne and the Atlantic have the pass-key, and if anybody misuses it and forces them to let him into quite another state, that is not their fault. But it would be sad for humanity if fete and the phylloxera combined to punish its sins by taking the pass-key away altogether. The whereabouts of the Pais de Lanternois is painfully obscure, and the oracles of its priestesses were none of the most intelligible. But if the very palpable and intelligible representatives of the *Dive Bouteille* which come to us from Bordeaux were to cease, there would be nothing for it but a fresh quest for instruction before resigning ourselves to Zoedone or Australian wine. It is true that things have not come absolutely to the worst in Médoc; but that they have gone so far must be held to be what another poet of our own, who also held right views as to the proper use and purposes of wine and water respectively, would assuredly have described as "one of the innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the Devil."

FIRES.

LESS than two years ago Lord Granville called attention in the House of Lords to the small means of protection against fire which London possesses as compared with other great cities. The noble Lord, whose zeal was stimulated by the fact that his own house had recently been on fire, obtained his information from a Report of a Parliamentary Committee, in which it was stated that, while Paris with a population under 2,000,000 had 1,548 firemen, and New York and Brooklyn, with a population of 1,350,000, no less than 2,300 firemen, London, with a population of 3,500,000, has only a minute force of 406 men. The weakness in point of numbers of the Fire Brigade was, however, far from being the only deficiency, as the Committee stated the system of defence against fire was in several respects bad. The Fire Brigade was dependent on the turncocks, who were the servants of Water Companies, and not under the orders of the Metropolitan Board. The Companies were under no obligation to give water, and that very important body the Salvage Corps was entirely independent. The natural result of a numerically weak staff and of defective organization was shown, by the Committee to have followed. In London there was three times the proportional loss of life and property that there was in Manchester, where the arrangements for defence against fire had been carefully considered and systematic arrangements made.

It is to be feared that things have not improved much since the time when the Committee made this statement. It appears from the Report of the Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade that last year there were 1,871 fires in London, of which 162 resulted in serious, and 1,709 in slight, damage. In 1877 there were 159 cases of serious, and 1,374 cases of slight, damage. Of the loss of life no comparative table is given, but it is satisfactory to learn that in 1880 only 33 deaths were caused by fire in the metropolitan area. When the population of London is considered, this must certainly be accounted a very small number, painful though it be to find that thirty-three people died so horrible a death. With regard to the loss of property, it is clear that fire does as much damage as ever, and it is little likely that its ravages will be checked while the principal evils pointed out by the Committee remain. There is too much reason to fear

that they are not likely to be diminished for some time. Londoners know to their cost what powerful corporations the Water Companies are; and, in spite of the constant talk of taking away the monopoly, it seems not improbable that the old adage about threatened men will be found to hold good with regard to threatened institutions. The Fire Brigade, though slightly increased, still remains miserably weak in numbers for so vast a city as London; and no such substantial increase as should be made is apparently contemplated. Those who govern the metropolis are willing that it should remain without adequate means of protection against fire, and it seems little likely that anything but a great calamity will rouse them from their apathy. It is, however, only fair to say that all that individual zeal and skill can do is done to make the most of such means of defence as exist, and that, with the very small means at his disposal, Captain Eyre Shaw does wonders in combating the enemy of great cities. How small those means are is best shown by giving his own statement of them in his Report. He says:—"The strength of the Brigade at present is as follows:—52 land fire engine stations; 5 movable land stations; 117 fire escape stations; 4 floating stations; 3 large land steam fire engines; 35 small land steam fire engines; 73 six-inch manual fire engines; 37 under six-inch manual fire engines; 135 fire escapes and long scaling ladders; 3 floating steam fire engines; 1 steam tug; 3 barges; 17 horse carts; 15 vans; 2 trollies; 58 telegraph lines; 170 miles of telegraph lines; 6 fire alarm circuits, with 40 call points; 485 firemen, including chief officer, superintendents, and all ranks." It seems almost incredible that 52 stations, 148 engines, and a total force of 485 men should be considered sufficient for London; but happily it is nearly as surprising to find how much this small body of men are, under their admirable chief, able to achieve. Although the amount of serious damage done in London is greater than it should be in a civilized city, it must be considered small when the numerical weakness of the Fire Brigade is taken into consideration. Since 1870 the proportion of serious to slight injury has never been above eleven per cent., and in 1879 and 1880 it was only nine per cent. As need hardly be said, a fire brigade cannot prevent fires. Its work consists in preventing small fires from becoming great ones, and this work Captain Shaw and his little band do in a marvellous manner. It is unpleasant to reflect on the small means of defence against fire which London possesses; but it is not a little gratifying to see what courageous men, commanded by a thoroughly competent officer, have been able to achieve. It may be assumed for certain that, out of 1,871 fires, a large proportion would have resulted in considerable destruction if it had not been for the exertion of the firemen, who must have prevented a huge loss of property, and who were also able to save many lives. They rescued last year 127 persons from a horrible death, and of the 33 unfortunate people who perished, 14 were taken alive from the burning buildings. That the service thus bravely rendered was not without danger may well be imagined. Captain Shaw says:—

Our list of wounds and other injuries for 1880 is unfortunately very large, but, considering the energy and fearlessness which the men display in the execution of their duties, the number of mishaps is not surprising; and, so long as this spirit continues to animate them, the many and various casualties which the nature of their work obliges them to incur are not likely to diminish. The risks to which the officers and men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade are liable are undoubtedly greater and of more frequent occurrence than those of any other public body.

There have been during the year 333 cases of ordinary illness and 78 injuries, making a total of 411 cases, of which many were very serious and three resulted in death.

It does not appear whether these deaths were the result of ordinary illness or of injuries from fire, but in any case it is clear that the work of the firemen was dangerous in the extreme, and that the greatest courage was shown; and it is not pleasant to reflect that this intrepidity has not received any due recognition. The world, or at least the English world, knows nothing of its bravest men, and apparently does not want to know anything about them. The heroism of the Lamsgate lifeboat crew has of late attracted attention, but as a rule the splendid services of the crews receive little notice, while those of the firemen—who, by the way, are, for the most part, sailors—receive none at all; and yet some of these men must show a heroism which, if displayed on the battle-field, would gain the Victoria Cross. To prove this, it is only necessary to give Captain Shaw's list of the firemen commanded for special service during the past year:—

DATE.	NO.	RANK.	NAME.	NO. OF LIVES SAVED.
1880.				
April 17	72	First-Class Fireman	Philip Reuby and William Metcalf	8
"	277	Fourth " "	Isaac Gooch	
April 21	192	Third " "	William G. Jouning	3
May 24	337	Fourth " "	William T. Emanuel	5
Sept. 6	308	Fourth " "	John M. Scott	4
October 26	394	Fourth " "	William Wright	4
Nov. 23	377	Fourth " "		3

It may be assumed without any great presumption that the names of Mr. Philip Reuby, Mr. William Metcalf, and Mr. William G. Jouning are unknown to the mass of the world, and yet these men have achieved what should give celebrity for a lifetime, and they should certainly have received some public reward. As it is, the two firemen who at a fire rescued eight people from a

hilloons death, and the man who, single-handed, rescued five, have probably received some commendation from their superiors and some small extra pay, and with this their guerdon has ended. Undoubtedly, as a rule, men should not be made heroes of for doing their duty; but achievements which indicate exceptional valour should be rewarded by some kind of public recognition. It is impossible to suppose that all these lives were saved without very great risk, and it is painful to think that what these brave men did has been ignored by the public, and has received no further notice than is shown by a brief record in an official report.

The zeal of the firemen, of which such splendid proofs have been given, is, no doubt, in part due to the fact of their having an able commander, who is himself full of zeal, and does all he can to render the service as efficient as possible. As is well known, Captain Shaw has spared no pains to improve the system of defence against fire. He has constantly striven to make it more efficient, and last year only he succeeded in introducing an important innovation. He has established, he says, "6 circuits of fire-alarms with forty call-points, which very considerably reduce the distance to be run by persons giving alarms of fire, and consequently the time of our getting information." This mode of communication has already worked well; but, unfortunately, it may have to be abandoned in consequence of the mischief done by vicious idiots who think it a joke to give a false alarm. Thirty-three false calls have been made, with the necessary result of greatly harassing the firemen and of casting doubt on the value of all messages received from the street call-points. If these ingenious pleasantries are continued, the system of street-calls will have to be abandoned; but Captain Shaw is not without hope that the practice may be checked. He says, with justifiable exultation, that in the one case in which a man has been detected in tampering with a fire-alarm the magistrate sentenced the offender to fourteen days' hard labour, without the option of a fine, and that this has had a most beneficial effect. We venture to think that the offence should be visited with a different kind of punishment, which we believe would have a yet more beneficial effect. Those who behave like very silly and very mischievous schoolboys should be punished as silly and mischievous schoolboys are. The instrument which Sir William Harcourt admires so much should be called into operation, and they should be well flogged. A few sound castigations would put an end to pranks the inevitable result of which must be to destroy an existing safeguard against the dangers of fire, and consequently to increase the chance of people being burnt alive.

At what time there is most risk of being burnt, or of losing all household goods by fire, is a question which must interest all, and to it Captain Shaw gives an answer. In the concluding paragraph of his Report he shows the months, days, and hours at which fires were most frequent during the past year. Strange to say, the greatest number was not, as might have been expected, during the frost, when houses had to be warmed throughout, but in what used to be humorously called the merry month of May. The smallest number of fires was in February. Saturday, it seems, was the most unlucky day, and Tuesday the most safe. The twentieth week in the year was the most disastrous and the twenty-fourth the least. Taking fires by hours, the smallest number has been between seven and eight in the morning, and the largest between nine and ten in the evening. It is this last fact which is the most important. Captain Shaw says that "the figures for the weeks, months, days, for the last twenty years, although not varying materially, have at certain periods undergone considerable fluctuations, but those for hours are quite constant, the largest number being between nine and ten o'clock at night, and the smallest between seven and eight." Why the last-named hour should be the safest is not easy to understand, but it is not difficult to see why the other is the worst. Taking into account the habits of all classes, the hour between nine and ten is probably that at which the greatest number of fires without any one to attend to them are burning in London. From one of the tables given with the Report, it appears that more fires were due to "sparks from fire" than to any other cause. Curiously enough, therefore, Captain Shaw's figures exactly confirm the old opinion, now very commonly scouted, that an open fire with no one to attend to it is always more or less dangerous, and that when people go to bed they should be careful to hang on the fireguard. We doubt whether this precaution is now so generally taken as it was; but Captain Shaw's figures show it to be most necessary, and indeed it is more necessary in these days than it formerly was. Modern grates project more into the room than the old ones did, and there is in consequence far more chance of sparks flying on to the floor. Clearly, therefore, if people do not want to run the risk of being burnt, or of having their property destroyed, they should not neglect the old-fashioned precaution, and we trust that, owing to Captain Shaw's Report, it may be more generally observed, and that at some future time he may have to record that the number of evening fires in London has largely diminished.

THE THAW AND FLOODS.

THE inhabitants of cities and their suburbs have been suffering terribly from the plague of waters that has come upon them with the melting of the snows. We had been treated to many ingenious calculations, roughly made, we may presume, as to the

number of cubic yards of snow that had accumulated within the bounds of various municipalities; and we were warned that the hastily organised brigades of labourers set to work at shovelling out of charity, could make comparatively slight impressions on those masses. Judging by the spectacles that presented themselves in the wonderfully sudden dissolution in the warmth of the thaw, we should say that the most liberal of the calculations must have been well within the mark. Nature has been charging herself with the lion's share in the work of removal, and lending her assistance almost too vigorously. Drains were choked and cellars flooded; streets on declines were turned into rushing streams, while the backwater stood inches deep on the levels in a substratum of muddy slush. In many places rivers dammed back by the drifting floes of floating ice have overflowed their banks and spread wider desolation. The water in low-lying quarters of the towns mounted into the rooms of the lower stories, forcing the doors, breaking the windows, and giving the families of unfortunate tenants peremptory notice to quit. Minor miseries there were in abundance. With pavements left thickly covered with a mixture of mud and slush; with crossings turned into such hopeless sloughs of despond as paralysed the efforts of the most energetic sweepers, and an atmosphere overcharged with unwholesome moisture, the weak points in frail constitutions and poverty-stricken wardrobes were searched out, and indifferently shod pedestrians went about in saturated stockings. Colds were epidemic; there were choruses of coughing in public places of assembly, that drowned the notes of singers on the stage and damped the eloquence of divines in the pulpit. It was not only the poorer classes who suffered. Well-to-do valetudinarians, and the people who have really flaws in their physiques, had to choose between keeping themselves close prisoners at home or trusting themselves to the doubtful chances of cabs with damp cushions and ill-fitting glasses. Diners-out determined to keep their engagements, and daring visitors to the theatre were surprised to find the leading West-End thoroughfares in almost total darkness, thanks to the sudden extinction of the gas; while their coachmen had to thread their way between the snowheaps, through thickening fog and under a moonless sky, where collisions would be the penalty of careless driving. But it is an ill wind, as we know, that blows good to nobody. There were people, on the other hand, who had cause to congratulate themselves on the multitude of domestic mishaps and grave individual inconveniences. Of course the thoroughgoing thaw gave a fresh impulse to the employment of able-bodied labourers out of work, who must otherwise have been thrown back upon poor relief, and kept with their families in a state of semi-starvation. The chemists must have done an excellent stroke of business; and the receipts of many of the popular doctors can only have been limited by the difficulty of getting about with considerable deductions for horse-hire. For, besides the cases of the immediate victims to throat and chest complaints, there was universal panic among invalids and aged people, and by no means without reason. In spite of the skill and attention of the faculty, there was an extraordinary rise in the rate of mortality; while the lengthening columns of advertisements of deaths in the papers showed that all classes of society must have been suffering in common. But undoubtedly, in the whole range of professions and trades, no body of men did better than the plumbers. In the general bursting of pipes they became everywhere absolute masters of the situation, picking and choosing in a crush of customers. And all the time, as the water came soaking through ceilings and staining wall-paper, it was running up heavy future bills with house decorators and upholsterers which will have to be met sooner or later.

It is true that these troubles are lamentable enough; but with time, patience, and an unwelcome expenditure of money, people may hope to pull through most of them. As for the poor families who have been swamped, and who have seen their little property wrecked or damaged, it is to be hoped that they will be helped by the public benevolence; and, though many deaths may be laid to the door of the weather, it is probable that in most cases where it can clearly be brought in guilty, it has only precipitated the imminent and inevitable. In times of extraordinary floods like the present, it is certain of the residents in country districts who are most to be pitied. For the risks they run, both personal and pecuniary, are more serious than any that ordinary townfolk have to face, although we must add that in many cases they run the risks with their eyes open. It would be startling, were it possible to obtain trustworthy statistics, to find how many houses and cottages in our islands have been built in situations that are notoriously dangerous. Actual loss of life is happily not very frequent, since in the places where the danger is likely to be the greatest, and to come most suddenly, some means of escape are usually provided. A boat is secured to the bank of the river that threatens the isolated farmhouse with its rising waters; or a punt is moored somewhere in the bed of rushes that have been crushed down under the load of snow in the dreary marshland. But the periodical destruction of valuable property is a matter that is confined to the chapter of accidents; though an actuary spreading the risks over a number of years might make a fair approximation to what would be prohibitory rates of insurance. Or rather, perhaps we ought to say, that an actuary might have done so formerly. For of late years the chances in favour of flooding have been steadily increasing in the dangerous districts; and it is that circumstance, indeed, which is the best excuse for so many habitations left

standing on sites that are apparently the most obviously unsuitable. It is our improved drainage that has been aggravating the mischief. In the old days of rough-and-ready farming there was hardly any such thing anywhere as deep subsoil draining. When the floods fell or the snows melted they filtered away very gradually. Now, with a perfect network of scientifically adjusted pipes, thrust everywhere under land that will yield a return on the investment, things have changed most materially. With a rapid rise in the temperature after a heavy snowfall, each separate drain, as you put your ear to the ground, may be heard murmuring like a small subterranean water-course. The drains fill to overflowing the ditches that communicate with the rivulets. The brooks change the small streams into torrents, and the rivers, again, that are fed from those smaller streams, where there is any considerable fall in their valley-beds, come down in swift and impetuous flood; "roaring," as the Scotch say, "between bank and brae." The tenants of the farms or cottages standing low on the banks, or beneath their level, ought to be fully alive to the danger. Yet they live on there, the passive creatures of habit, as their fathers or predecessors lived before them. For there are few sensational traditions of catastrophes in the olden time; and perhaps the worst that the old men about the place have to tell of is of being reduced to wading in place of walking. So the occupants have never cared to shift their quarters, or even to take additional precautions in the way of throwing up new bulwarks against the flood or giving additional height and solidity to such embankments as there are. Not that they have not in their own time had repeated warnings, which one might have imagined they would have laid to heart, seeing that they show, when it comes to driving a bargain, that they are well acquainted with the value of shillings. But, like the fishes in the holes under the roots of the willows and alders, they seem to have got used to being washed out from time to time. Repeatedly they have seen their wheat-ricks and hay-stacks go floating down the bosom of the turbid stream, with pigs, poultry, and perhaps a cow or two, in company. They have seen their lighter furniture bobbing about in the kitchen on a ground-swell that made wild work with the crockery; and possibly they may have escaped themselves from the upper windows in the lightest of costume, when their safety depended on the ladder and the boat that fortunately proved to be promptly available. Nevertheless when the floods have subsided, they have settled back with the acquiescence of stolid resignation, as if they had been the victims of circumstances beyond their control. In saying so much, we are by no means speaking at random, or drawing an over-coloured fancy picture. Cases of the kind have come under our personal knowledge; and we have remarked moreover that these people appear to be the more doggedly determined to tempt their luck once more when it has played them an especially ugly turn. Experience ought to have assured them that, sooner or later, they must in all human probability suffer again. But, even if they were content to put up with the periodical losses which swallow the profits of many a prosperous year, they might consider that it may be a question of life as well as property, and that the pitcher may be carried to the wall once too often. An old house has in all likelihood been substantially built; but it was never intended to have its foundations sapped and shaken by these repeated floodings; even a slight examination would probably show rifts in the brickwork, and almost certainly some partial subsidence of the soil. One day the tenant may come to such grief as was predicated of the foolish man in the parable who had chosen to build his habitation on the sands. Short of the chance of such a signal calamity, having one's house upon a river below the flood range must necessarily involve serious contingent expenses; while the occupants must be of enviably phlegmatic temperaments if they are not disturbed by poignant anxieties in the beginning of such a thaw as that of last week. We are satisfied that the other day there were thousands of residents in lonely country places who were firmly persuaded that they might have to flee for their lives in the course of the next day or two. In not a few instances we learn that their apprehensions have been realized; though happily, in the great majority of instances, they appear to have escaped better than they deserved. Often, with tardy prudence, they had to set themselves to face the trouble and expense of moving their goods to a place of security. Yet we know well that, after being flooded out or scared for the time, they will return to their houses to go on as before, though they may have lasting reminders of the perils they have passed through in the shape of an aggravation of their chronic agues and rheumatic attacks. When such warnings are unheeded, though literally brought home to them, we suppose it is of little use to preach. We have always wondered at the indifference to danger that habit has bred with these Sicilian peasants, who live tranquilly in their villages on the slopes of Etna, though that formidable volcano has the disagreeable habit of throwing out new craters in fresh places at each successive eruption. Yet there can be no question that, on a calculation of the chances, the Englishmen who quietly await the floods of which the periodical advent is morally certain are in reality by far the more foolhardy of the two.

THE STATE AND THE FREE CHURCHES.

IT has become much the fashion of late, since the Liberation Society has been so busily engaged in preaching the gospel of disestablishment in season and out of season to all and sundry, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear, to speak of the Dissenting or Nonconformist communities as "the Free Churches." By this is meant, we believe, primarily that they are distinguished from the Established Church by their freedom from all legal trammels, though a further sense is attached to the phrase by many of their admirers to the effect that they are also free from the bondage of formularies and creeds. But the claim of Nonconformist bodies to the title on this latter score will appear on close inspection to be more than questionable. In the first place most of them have doctrinal tests or standards of their own of some kind, which are usually to the full as stringent as the Thirty-nine Articles or the Creeds. The Westminster Confession, for instance, which is binding on all Presbyterian ministers, established or unestablished, would prove to ordinary digestions at least as tough a morsel as the decrees of Trent. And even were it not so the numerous readers of Mrs. Oliphant's *Chronicles of Carlingford* will not need to be reminded that there is an irresponsible lay despotism, far more narrow and exacting in its theological requirements than any written code, to which all Dissenting ministers are expected to succumb. The great buttermilk of *Salem Chapel*, who almost deserves to take rank with Mrs. Poyser, is a typical portrait. But that is not all. The freedom of the Free Churches is not only limited by the dogmatic control of—if Mr. Matthew Arnold may be trusted—a not very intelligent laity; it is also by no means exempt, as is apt somewhat lustily to be assumed, from the control of the law. There is a real difference no doubt in the relations of the State to Established and non-established Churches, but the difference does not consist in the latter having no relations to the State at all. We have more than once had occasion to refer to this subject already, and have pointed out the curious illustration afforded by a century of American religious history of the practical working, or rather the practical unworkableness—*sic venia verbo*—of the theory of an entire separation of Church and State. It has received a fresh illustration of another and more direct sort in the decision reported last Wednesday, after seven days' argument in court, of the Ramsden Street, Ilkley, Chapel Case by Vice-Chancellor Hall. And it may be considered a somewhat crucial illustration, for the Congregationalist or independent community, of which the defendant, Mr. Stannard, is a minister, differs, if we are not mistaken, from the great majority of Dissenting bodies in having no doctrinal formularies binding on its ministers, as a whole, but leaving an exceptional latitude both of faith and worship to its separate congregations, whence indeed it derives the name by which it is commonly known. But the only result of this general laxity appears to be a particular stringency in the management of each separate chapel. The Congregationalists, as a body, having no doctrinal standard, each Chapel or congregation finds it necessary to make one for itself, in the shape of a trust-deed restricting the doctrines to be preached in its pulpit to those specified in a schedule duly annexed. How close a similarity, in form or substance, may prevail among these various trust-deeds we are not able to say; but if the schedule of doctrines annexed to that of the Ramsden Street Chapel, dated March 27, 1849, may be taken as a fair average specimen, they cannot be said to err on the side of excessive elasticity or reserve. The Evangelical Alliance has, if our memory serves us, nine articles in its confession of faith. The document Mr. Stannard was called on to subscribe has ten, which oddly enough contain not a word about the Incarnation, regarded by most Christians as a fundamental tenet of their belief, but is very explicit on certain minor points about which Christians have fiercely disputed, or have consented to disagree, from the days of St. Augustine to our own. This remarkable formulary runs as follows—

1. The Divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures and their sole authority and entire sufficiency as the rule of faith and practice.
2. The Unity of God with the proper Deity of the Father of the Word and the Holy Spirit.
3. The universal and total depravity of man and his exposure to the anger of God on account of his sins.
4. The sufficiency of the atonement which was made for sin by our Lord Jesus Christ, and His ability and willingness to save all who come to Him for salvation.
5. Free justification by faith, and by faith alone, in the Lord Jesus Christ.
6. The necessity of the Holy Spirit's influence in the work of regeneration and also in the work of sanctification.
7. The predestination according to God's gracious purpose of a multitude which no man can number unto eternal salvation by Jesus Christ.
8. The immutable obligation of the moral law as the rule of human conduct.
9. The resurrection of the dead, both just and unjust.
10. The eternal happiness of the righteous, and the everlasting punishment of the wicked.

The particular details of Mr. Stannard's quarrel with the majority of the trustees of his Chapel need not detain us long. There was it seems a Broad Church and a Low Church, or as it called itself orthodox party in the congregation, eleven of the trustees, who were the plaintiffs in the recent suit, belonging to the latter, and ten, who sided with Mr. Stannard, to the former party. When in 1875 Mr. Stannard on his appointment as "co-pastor" of the Chapel was called upon to sign the schedule of doctrines he wrote a letter making certain reserves as to three of the articles in which he virtually repudiated the Calvinist view of original sin and predestination and the doctrines of eternal punishment. His statement was accepted by the trustees at the time as a sufficient compliance with the requirements of the trust

THE THREATENED STRUGGLE FOR GOLD.

IN writing lately of the probable value of money during the current year we referred to the apprehended scarcity of gold, and since then fears have begun to be entertained by men of business that before long the principal commercial nations will be engaged in a struggle for gold. So soon after the great gold discoveries a fear of this kind seems strange; but when it is recalled to mind how immense during the last thirty years has been the growth in population, wealth, and in the activity of trade, it will be seen to be not quite so strange as at first sight it appears. The first cause of the scarcity of the metal was the adoption by Germany of the single gold standard at the close of the Franco-German war. Since then that country has coined about 84 millions sterling of gold, and no sooner had her purchases ceased than the United States began to prepare for the resumption of specie payments. During the past four years the United States have retained the whole production of their own mines, and, besides, have imported very large sums from Europe. According to the official Mint statements it appears that at the end of December last the gold coin circulating in the United States, the gold imported from Europe during the last six months of the year, and the gold bullion fresh from the mines received at the Mint, amounted altogether to very nearly 100 millions sterling. A portion of this large sum had, no doubt, all along been held in the country, for it is to be borne in mind that in California and the neighbouring territories gold never went out of circulation; and, even where the inconvertible paper currency was alone used as money, gold doubtless was very largely hoarded. Still, if we allow 20 or 30 millions sterling on this account—which seems a very liberal allowance—we find that at least 150 millions sterling have been taken by the United States and Germany within the last few years. And now it is said that Italy, which is preparing to resume specie payments, intends to adopt a gold instead of a silver currency. The Bill laid before the Chambers has not yet become law, and the question, therefore, is not finally decided. Besides, when the Italian Government comes to negotiate the great loan which it must bring out to carry through the measure, it may find it impossible to get the gold which it requires. But, however that may be, the intention at present apparently is to resume in gold, and, if this should be done, the new demand will certainly press very heavily upon the gold reserves of the world. So far we have been dealing only with the new demands which have come into existence since 1870; but it is to be borne in mind that the wear and tear of coinage in all old gold-using countries requires a very large annual supply, and that, moreover, the steady increase both in wealth and population in those countries every year necessitates an addition to the circulation. For all these reasons it is certainly not improbable that we may have a very great scarcity of gold before long, leading to a determined struggle between the chief banks of the more advanced nations to preserve their own reserves.

While the demand for the metal has thus been growing, the production has been steadily falling off. At present the production of the American mines is somewhat under 7 millions sterling, while that of all the Australian mines does not exceed 8½ millions. Victoria, which was by far the richest of the colonies in the ore, now yields but about 3½ millions, instead of 12 millions formerly yielded. Some of the other colonies, however, have become much more productive, and, in consequence, the aggregate yield may be set down at about 8½ millions; as we have just said, making, with the American production, about 15 millions sterling annually, or little more. The Russian mines yield probably another 3 millions sterling; but none of the produce finds its way further west than Germany, the whole being absorbed either by that Empire or in Russia itself. So far as the world generally is concerned, therefore, the whole production at present does not very much exceed 15 millions sterling; and, as we have seen, the United States for four years running have retained the whole produce of their own mines. For all the rest of the world, consequently, there remain only the 8½ millions yielded by Australia, and the small supplement given by other countries, such as Japan and South America. At the very outside, therefore, the gold-using countries outside the United States and Germany have to depend upon an annual production of about 10 millions, which is barely sufficient to make up for the wear and tear of existing currencies. If, then, Italy insists upon having a gold currency, a struggle for the metal seems inevitable.

It is to be observed, however, that the United States are probably now fully supplied with gold. The increase of the currency, including therein not only the coinage, but also the greenbacks and the bank-notes, during the past two years has been little short of 60 millions sterling. And, making all allowance necessary for the enormous growth of population and wealth, and the extraordinary prosperity of the country at present, it seems scarcely credible that a further increase is necessary. Next autumn, indeed, as in the two past autumns, there may again be an export of gold from France and England; but in the dead months of the summer there will no doubt be a reflux to Europe of a considerable amount of the metal. We do not anticipate, therefore, that the coinage of the United States will be very much more increased. We should rather look forward by and by to the recommencement of gold exports to Europe. It is also possible that, as we have remarked above, Italy may find gold too dear for

her, and may wisely decide to resume payment in silver, or, at least, to maintain the double standard already legally in existence. Still, it is not to be supposed that a great reduction in the American currency will take place, and as the United States at present have the command of the markets of the world, it will not be possible to get back much gold thence except at very high prices. No doubt gold, like any other commodity, can be obtained at a price; but the price may be a very heavy one. It is also possible that, should the struggle become severe, Germany may decide to adopt the double standard already legally existing in the countries of the Latin Union. It is known that the Imperial Bank of Germany holds a very large part of its metallic reserve in silver, and the Bank cannot afford to incur the loss which would be entailed upon it by the sale of that metal. But, of course, the Government would indemnify the Bank for aiding to carry out a great Imperial policy. The German Government, however, is not fond of expenditure incurred without a clear prospect of gain; and it is quite possible, as we have said, that it may decide to retain the silver in circulation. However, these are all matters of speculation upon which no sufficient information exists to enable us to come to a conclusion, and, in any case, it is quite clear that gold must become scarce if all the present gold-using countries decide upon retaining gold as their single standard, unless fresh gold mines are discovered. Indeed, if the Bank of France should determine to recover some of the gold which it has allowed the United States to take from it during the last two years, the struggle may become very severe; for the Bank of England will take the most vigorous measures to protect its own reserve; and, as we have just been observing, America is in a position at present not only to keep what gold it has, but to take more if it should desire it, and, therefore, will part with any that may be needed for Europe only at a high price.

If nothing should be done to re-monetize silver, and if no great reforms should be introduced having for result the economizing of coin, it is quite clear that gold must tend year by year to become more scarce, even if the struggle which is talked of should not actually take place. But a tendency in gold to become scarce means a tendency to become dear; or, in other words, a tendency to fall in the gold prices of all other commodities. A general fall of prices would be of decided advantage to all persons having fixed incomes, but to the producing classes it would be decidedly disadvantageous. Persons with fixed incomes would find that those incomes would really be able to purchase a larger quantity of other things than they do at present, and would therefore in effect, though not in name, find their incomes very considerably increased. The producing classes, on the contrary, would receive less sums for the commodities they produced, and would, therefore, be worse off than they are now. The tendency of a scarcity in gold would thus on the one hand be to discourage production, to act as a kind of damper upon trade, and on the other to increase the well-being of all persons with fixed incomes. In trade, as in everything else, imagination plays a very great part, and people receiving lower prices for their goods would consider themselves poorer, would fancy that their business was less profitable than it used to be, and would have, therefore, less heart to engage in new ventures, and less hope to speculate. The tendency clearly, therefore, would be the very reverse of that of the great gold discoveries of thirty years ago, supposing that the scarcity were to last for a considerable length of time. As regards the immediate effect of a gold scarcity, Mr. Giffen, in the remarkably able paper which he has just contributed to the *Statist*, as a review of the past year's trade, suggests that it would probably be beneficial just now when we have entered upon one of those great commercial cycles in which trade goes on steadily improving and prices rising until they end in what is called inflation. The natural course of such a movement is to lead up to a great monetary crisis. Wages and prices rise, until the circulation of all the more advanced countries expands to such an extent that the banks find their reserves insufficient for the obligations they have incurred. In consequence, money becomes exorbitantly dear, and some accident occurring to create general uneasiness or alarm, a panic ensues and ends in disaster. Mr. Giffen suggests that, if a struggle for gold amongst the principal countries should now begin, money would become prematurely dear, speculation would be checked before it had reached its extreme limit, the banks would take measures to protect themselves before serious danger was incurred, and thus disaster would be averted, a crisis being substituted for a panic. And the experience of the period 1870-73 lends support to this theory. It will be recollected that the reform of the German coinage was going on during these years, and that in 1872 and 1873 Germany took immense amounts of gold from the market. The consequence was that money became dear sooner than it would have done in the natural course of trade improvement, and that the inflation period was cut short. In 1873, therefore, though there was panic in Vienna and in New York, there was no panic in London. We had a series of crises, and a long period of trade depression; but we had no real disaster. If this experience should be repeated now, the gold struggle with which we are threatened would not be so mischievous as many people are inclined to think, but would indeed be rather beneficial.

MR BOOTH'S OTHELLO.

MR. BOOTH'S Othello is, to our thinking, a greater, if a less complete, performance than his admirable rendering of Iago. That it should be in some sense less complete is not surprising. It was only to be expected from Mr. Booth's previous performances that he should be "totus teres atque rotundus" in his own conception of Iago, and we have already expressed our general agreement with that conception. On the other hand, while the American player had given evidence of possessing a poetical imagination and a fine insight, the bursts of passion displayed in his former representations had been more or less isolated, and there was nothing to show conclusively that he was equal to the terrible strain put upon an actor of Othello from the time when Iago's poison begins to work to the end of the play. In our judgment Mr. Booth has proved himself equal to meeting this strain. Here and there, as may be guessed from what we have said, his power of expression flags; his voice loses the ring with which he has begun a passage, and assumes a certain deadness as the speech comes to an end; and, on some few occasions, the method which marred some of his effects in Hamlet makes itself disappointingly apparent. The accounts which we had heard and read of the performance had, however, prepared us for far more disappointments than these, and we came away with a feeling of agreeable surprise at having witnessed what struck us as a singularly fine and powerful rendering of one of the finest and most difficult of Shakspeare's parts.

Mr. Booth takes the poetical view of Othello, the view which has always seemed to us the true one. Unless the romantic nobleness of the character is insisted upon, it surely becomes difficult to find any acceptable explanation either of Desdemona's love for the Moor, or of the complete confidence placed in him by the Seignoury, who regard him, it may be noted, not only as a first-rate soldier, but also as a man fit above all others in their service to be entrusted with the dictatorial command of Cyprus at a time full of trouble and danger. That he was meant to be represented as such a man as this, not as a violent savage, can, we think, be shown without any pedantic driving of words into a toil or going about to recover the wind of detached passages. One instance alone speaks strongly enough for this view. Iago, who hates the Moor, and is not given to take the highest estimate of his friends and acquaintance, says in soliloquy that "the Moor—howbeit I endure him not,—is of a constant, loving, noble nature." The collocation of the three epithets in a speech delivered by Iago in communing with himself seems to point clearly enough to the fact that Othello was not, and could not be, the mere savage overlaid with a thin veneer of acquired civilization which he has been too often represented as being. Passage might be multiplied on passage to support this view, but we prefer to rest upon what seems to us the strongest and most convincing instance. We may here refer to an opinion expressed, with amusing dogmatism, by Hazlitt (who, of course, was not infallible, but with whose judgments one more often agrees than not), that "Othello was tall, but that is nothing; he was black, but that is nothing. But he was not fierce, and that is everything." Mr. Booth's Othello is neither black, nor, in Hazlitt's sense, fierce. He has thrilling bursts of passion, but it is the passion not of a demi-savage carried away by the inflamed temper of his blood, but of a noble nature led astray by the diabolical wiles that work upon its freedom and openness to believe that it has been wronged to the uttermost and must exact, not blind vengeance, but the uttermost penalty. This at least is the mood of the last act. The cries of "I'll tear her all to pieces," and "Blood, Iago, blood!" are of course the result of a momentary and overmastering passion, and are only remotely connected with the semi-judicial attitude of the killing of Desdemona. It was in the scene in which these cries occur that Mr. Booth might not unnaturally have been expected to fall somewhat short of his purpose; he played it with a piercing intensity of passion, of which the effect was increased by the many indications that the giving way to such passion was repugnant to the soul of the valiant Othello. There are two points at which players of Othello have more or less agreed in thinking some such indication necessary—the moment after the burst of rage with Iago, and the moment after Othello has asked him to set on his wife to observe. In the first-mentioned of these passages, Mr. Booth, giving unrestrained sway for an instant to the passion which devours the Moor, draws his dagger upon Iago, and in the very act of striking flings it away, and falls upon a kind of garden seat in the middle of the stage in a reaction of horror and shame in which he manages to lose nothing of the general's dignity. So it is also with the other passage. The shame is more acute because the thing done has been more shameful, but the greater agony of remorse which follows it marks the natural nobleness of a man who has been driven into a deed which is abhorrent to his contemplation the moment that he has done it, but which he still will do in pursuance of what seems to him the just discovery of a vile crime. It would be easy enough to dwell at greater length upon the finely imagined and forcibly given effects which Mr. Booth produces in this scene; but it is time to say something of his performance in the earlier part of the play.

We quoted just now a sentence of Hazlitt's in which he asserts that "Othello was tall." There is nothing in the text to prove that he was tall, and argumentative use might be made of the passage about "this little arm"; but, no doubt, Othello had an imposing presence, and Mr. Booth, who is not tall, gives to him

a stately air of repose and conscious command which is entirely in harmony with the spirit of "Keep up your bright swords"—a speech which he delivers with admirable dignity. We have on former occasions dwelt upon Mr. Booth's extraordinary command of graceful and varied gesture; and it is interesting to note how, while nothing of grace is lost, the whole nature of his gesture in Othello is different from that which he employs in Iago. In the one case one sees the mobile dexterity of the super-subtle Venetian; in the other, the decision and freedom of the great Moor who still thinks lovingly of his unhoused free condition. The dignity shown in the first scene is kept up in the great speech in the Sagittary until the end, and at the end comes one of the actor's worst mistakes. Mr. Booth here descends to the stagy trick of "making a point" out of "and I loved her that she did pity them," and deliberately sacrifices the meaning of the fine line, "This only is the witchcraft I have used," to the gallery applause bestowed upon what is a common and time-dishonoured device. In the Cyprus scene, as in that of the council chamber, we have nothing but admiration for Mr. Booth's expression of the deep and chivalrous tenderness which he evidently thinks, and which we think with him, was the essence of the Moor's love for Desdemona. In the interruption of the brawl and the subsequent rebuke to Cassio, the actor gave another proof that dignity and command are not necessarily associated with a big physique. In this and in other passages that "power of the eye" about which so much nonsense has at times been written is proved by Mr. Booth to have a definite existence. We have already referred to the most important points in the "temptation scene," and we need now only repeat that while, with some comparatively unimportant shortcomings, it is full of a thrilling passion, it is throughout consistent with Mr. Booth's idea, which we take to be the right one, that Othello was a noble creature, whose description of himself at the supreme moment of the play is accurate, "Not easily jealous, but being wrought, perplex'd" (not savage) "in the extreme." On the line suggested by these words Mr. Booth's last scene is played, and played with a concentration of passion and restraint—a restraint evidently not due to any want of power—which comes as a welcome surprise after the great effect produced by the preceding scenes. Here and there the performance is marred by the same inclination to long-drawn sobbing which was observed in Bertuccio, but we have no wish to dwell on the shortcomings of a performance which seems to us charged with truth, chivalry, and passion.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF JOHN, LORD CAMPBELL.*

ALTHOUGH the autobiography, strictly so called, only extends over a portion of Lord Campbell's life, the narrative which has been compiled with remarkable skill and judgment by Mrs. Hardcastle is entirely of his own composition. It fortunately happened that his father and his brother, with both of whom he was on terms of affectionate confidence, lived at a distance from London. The Rev. Dr. Campbell, a clergyman of high character and of local reputation, was minister of Cupar in Fife. Lord Campbell's older brother, afterwards Sir George Campbell, spent his earlier years in the medical service of the East India Company, and after his retirement settled at Edenwood in the same county. The future Lord Campbell left Scotland to seek his fortune in 1797, at the age of eighteen; and his letters for many years contain a minute account of his daily life, of his projects, and of his hopes and fears. The published letters evidently form a small portion of the whole number which he must have written; but they are so arranged as to make an almost continuous story. Those addressed to his brother, though not fuller of detail are more unserved in the expression of anxieties and doubts, which he probably wished to keep from his father's knowledge. It has happened to but few men of eminence to admit the world at large to so complete a knowledge of their lives and characters. Still fewer could have borne the test so well, for every successful step in Lord Campbell's career was the result of his own merits and qualities, including the power and the habit of unremitting labour. The contrast between the obscure and narrow circumstances of his youth, and the uninterrupted prosperity which followed, is the more interesting because the change was the natural result of unfailing industry and self-denial, giving scope for the display of remarkable ability. It is true that he had considerable advantages in the circumstances of his early education. His father, who was more highly cultivated than ordinary Scotch ministers of the time, had wished his son John to become a member of his own profession; and from eleven to eighteen the boy, in conformity with national custom, was educated or allowed to educate himself at the University of St. Andrews. His love of reading enabled him to acquire a considerable, though desultory, knowledge of English literature; he learned to read Latin with ease and pleasure, though he lamented through life his ignorance

* *Life of John, Lord Campbell, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain; consisting of a Selection from his Autobiography, Diary, and Letters.* Edited by his Daughter, the Honourable Mrs. Hardcastle. 2 vols. London: John Murray.

of quantity, and he knew enough of French to be able in later years to travel on the Continent with ease and advantage. To the Scotch ministry he had no distinct objection; but he eagerly welcomed the opportunity of going to London as tutor to a young man of fortune. Not long afterwards a debate in the House of Commons, in which Pitt, Fox, and Wilberforce took part, convinced him that it would be intolerable to devote himself, as he said, to the business of writing sermons and fattening pigs. By judicious abstinence from direct opposition, he gradually smoothed the disappointment to his father, who nevertheless hankered after the familiar ease and security of a benefice and a manse when his son had already begun to rise at the Bar. Soon after his arrival in London Campbell obtained occasional literary employment, and in two years, through the introduction of a fellow-student at St. Andrews, afterwards Serjeant Spankie, he was employed by Mr. Perry as a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*, with a salary sufficient for his modest needs. He now resigned his place as tutor, and formed the design, from which he never deviated, of becoming a member of the English Bar. After a time he exchanged the unwelcome function of reporting for the higher position of a contributor, especially in the department of dramatic criticism and of a branch of composition which was denominated wit. He states, with apparent seriousness, though probably not without a sense of humour, that, to prevent misconception, he always caused the point of a joke to be printed in italics. Some grotesque stories which were told about his supposed dramatic blunders have not even the merit of being caricatures. The only misadventure which he records is the publication of a criticism of a performance for which, in his absence, another play had been substituted. His own knowledge of dramatic literature and of the history of the stage was highly respectable.

In 1800, two years after his arrival in London, Campbell entered himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn. Four years more elapsed before he became a pupil of Mr. Tidd, whose name still survives as the first special pleader of his time. Although the autobiography is strictly and properly confined to personal history, incidental mention of contemporary circumstances is always interesting. The engagement with Tidd was delayed by the preparations of Bonaparte for the invasion of England, and by the consequent necessity that Campbell should attend to his military duties as a member of the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Volunteers. About the same time he records, for the information of his brother, a strange experiment which he had witnessed of a theatre brilliantly lighted by a kind of inflammable air passing along pipes to burners provided for the purpose. "The man pretends to extract gas from smoke, together with large quantities of other valuable products. He proposes to supersede the use both of coal fires and of candles, and to supply every house in London with gas, in the same manner as they are now supplied with water from the New River Company. I understand he is merely a copier of Le Bon, a French chemist, who abandoned the plan as impracticable and absurd." Notwithstanding Campbell's industry and frugality, he would not have been able to pay Tidd's fee of a hundred guineas but for the willing and liberal aid of his brother, who now possessed a competent income. George Campbell's bounty was received in as generous a spirit as that in which it was given, and the money could not have been better invested. At the end of his first year of pupillage Campbell was engaged by Tidd at a small salary to superintend his business for two years in the absence of the principal. It was by this opportunity of study and practice that he acquired the profound knowledge of law which was the foundation and support of his subsequent fortunes. The advantages which he enjoyed would have been comparatively wasted on a student who had not the special aptitude for law which is as peculiar and almost as rare as all the higher intellectual gifts; but it was fortunate for him that he was able to master the minutest niceties of practice before he was exposed to the competition of the Bar. He had found it necessary to discontinue his connexion with the *Morning Chronicle* in accordance with a rule of etiquette which then prevented barristers from contributing to newspapers. The consequence was that, but for the liberality of his brother, he might have been compelled to pause at the threshold of his enterprize.

Campbell was called to the Bar in the November term of 1808, and he joined the Home Circuit as the least expensive; but, after three years, finding that there was no immediate prospect of an opening, he migrated to the Oxford Circuit, where he soon rose into practice both at the Assizes and at Gloucester Sessions. He earned a small sum by writing anonymously a part of Watson's book on Partnership, and in 1807 he began his celebrated Reports of Lord Ellenborough's *Nisi Prius* judgments. "There certainly," he says, "never was such a judge for a *Nisi Prius* reporter. He was not only laborious and indefatigable, but he was acute, rapid, bold, decisive, ratiocinative, and eloquent." He adds that Lord Ellenborough ought to have been grateful to his reporter for suppressing many wrong decisions. He had, according to his own account, a drawerfull of bad Ellenborough law, which was afterwards destroyed in the fire at the Temple. The Chief Justice was habitually rude to the rising counsel, who more than reciprocated his dislike. The incessant wrangling which ensued was the principal drawback to the pleasure of early and progressive prosperity. After five years' practice Campbell was making 1,000*l.* a year, an income which soon increased threefold. After that time he ceased to report to his correspondents the amount of his earnings. His practice was in his earlier career chiefly confined to commercial

business, and to the difficult legal questions which interest lawyers, and which escape the notice of ordinary readers of newspapers. He had consequently some difficulty in persuading his father that he had acquired an enviable position when he had the largest business of any counsel of his standing. The excellent minister was profoundly indignant with the *Cupar* bailies who had disloyally neglected to retain their rising townsman in support of a little private Bill which they had occasion to promote. It was in vain for Campbell to explain that the advantage of holding a brief in Committee would have been trivial, and that "he was otherwise fully employed. The families of prophets are more impatient than themselves of their ordinary failure to obtain honour in their own country. In after years the Scotch, including probably the inhabitants of *Cupar*, were abundantly ready to welcome back the Attorney-General or Chief Justice who had crossed the Border long before as a penniless youth. It is only while the prophet's inspiration has not yet been officially recognized that it is overlooked by local scepticism. Lord Campbell would perhaps have been less popular with his countrymen if they had read the many passages in his letters and diaries which express dislike and contempt for their prominent defects, and especially for their dialect. He would rather, he declares, dine at a house where there is bad wine than at a house where Scotch is talked. Even his warm affection scarcely overcomes the disappointment with which he finds that, after eighteen years spent in India, his brother has come back with the accent and pronunciation of *Kife*. His own speech indicated by a certain peculiarity of tone, which had probably once been artificial, the successful efforts by which he had taught himself to talk like an Englishman.

From the moment at which he first put his foot on the ladder Campbell never ceased to ascend. For the ascetic solitude to which circumstances had condemned him during his earlier years in London, he found ample compensation in his marriage with the daughter of Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger. Throughout life he was singularly fortunate in his family relations. His union with his wife, which lasted for nearly forty years, seems to have been uninterruptedly happy, and his devotion to his children was fully reciprocated as they successively grew up. As he gradually acquires a higher social and professional position he sometimes informs his Scotch correspondents with natural complacency, and with a laudable wish to give pleasure, of his dinners in company with peers and Ministers and Royal dukes; but he seems not to have sedulously cultivated the arts of society. His domestic attachments both in earlier and later life appear to have rendered him comparatively indifferent to other forms of intimacy, though he was of course familiarly acquainted with the leaders of the Bar and with his colleagues in offices and political associates. Some of them he mentions with respect, and many with sarcasm, but none with affection. With Lyndhurst and Brougham he maintained for the last thirty years of his life an incessant wrangle which was not incompatible with more or less friendly relations. To his father-in-law, whom he was anxious to treat with regard and deference, he was constantly opposed in professional conflicts, and afterwards in politics. It was not without hesitation that he chose his own party as he advanced into the first rank of the profession. After an earlier defeat he was returned in 1830 for the borough of Stafford, with an amount of bribery and treating which, as he candidly confesses, might have unseated the whole House of Commons. Although he had always inclined to Whig opinions, he wished well to the Administration of the Duke of Wellington, in which Sir James Scarlett was Attorney-General. His disposition was so uncertain that he was obliged to request the Ministerial Whips to discontinue the circulars which they had begun to send him. The Duke's rash declaration against reform determined him to adhere definitely to the Whig party, but he was alarmed and disappointed by the sweeping character of the Reform Bill. It is probable that more than half of the overwhelming majority which ultimately carried the Bill would, like himself, have greatly preferred a more moderate measure; but in political life it is necessary to choose, not among many courses of action, but between the measures of the hostile parties. Campbell soon became a zealous and earnest supporter of the Government, in which his professional rank and the services which he rendered to the Government in Parliament soon entitled him to take a place. When, in 1832, Sir Thomas Denman became Lord Chief Justice on the death of Lord Tenterden, there was a scheme for the removal of Horne, the Solicitor-General, to the Bench, and for the promotion of Campbell at one step to the post of Attorney-General. It was finally arranged that Horne should nominally succeed to Denman, with an understanding that the Solicitor-General should be in reality the principal law adviser to the Government. Sir John Campbell now exchanged the costly and disreputable borough of Stafford for the more respectable constituency of Dudley; but two years afterwards, on becoming Attorney-General, he found, like many another candidate or member, that comparative purity is often associated with political caprice. After remaining out of Parliament for a few months, he had the satisfaction of obtaining in the city of Edinburgh a seat which he retained till his advancement to the peerage. In 1836, on the death of Sir John Leach, the Great Seal, which had been for some time in commission, was given to Pepps, who became Lord Cottenham, and Brougham, with the title of Lord Langdale, was appointed Master of the Rolls. Sir John Campbell admitted the right of the Prime Minister to select a Chancellor; but he declared that the Attorney-General had an unquestionable right to the Rolls, and announced his determina-

tion to resign if his claim was not admitted. His scruples were overcome by a general promise of future promotion, and by an immediate grant of a peerage to his wife, who assumed the title of Baroness Stratheden. In one point of view the irregularity might be thought a compliment, as the Government was reluctant to lose the efficient services of the Attorney-General in his office and in the House of Commons; but it is well known that some of the Ministers were under the delusion that Lord Langdale would be a match for Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords. The Attorney-General watched not without complacency the total Parliamentary failure of both the rivals who had been preferred to himself. Many years afterwards he asked Brougham what Cottenham did with himself since his retirement from office. The answer was ready:—"He knits stockings and sells them at threepence a pair, which he can afford, as his time is of no value." The same reproach could not be addressed to Lord Campbell, who, in or out of office, was never idle. He retained the most laborious and most lucrative office in the Government till the eve of the change of Ministry in 1841. He was little inclined to resume the ordinary practice of the Bar, though he was certain to make a large income. On his consent to become Chancellor of Ireland without a right to a pension, Lord Plunket was summarily superseded in circumstances not creditable to the Government. The outgoing Chancellor seems not to have blamed his successor, as he only revenged himself by expressing a doubt whether during his passage of the Irish Channel in rough weather Lord Campbell would throw up the Seals. After sitting once or twice in Court, the new Chancellor was compelled to retire with his colleagues, who at that time had no early prospect of a return to office.

Lord Campbell, now at the age of sixty-three, projected and accomplished a remarkable enterprise. There can be few examples of a successful literary career begun at such an age, after a life of uninterrupted labour in other fields of activity. The conception of the *Lives of the Chancellors* was felicitous, and the execution was in a high degree successful. If the biographer was not uniformly accurate, he was always amusing, and his discussions of the many legal points which he had occasion to notice were sound and instructive. The severest critics could not dispute his claim to the character of a popular writer. His later enterprise of the *Lives of the Chief Justices* had the same merits and the same defects. The vigour of Lord Campbell's physical and mental constitution was still more remarkably illustrated when he became Chief Justice of England on the resignation of Lord Denman in 1850. He was now seventy-two years old; he had retired from practice nine years before, and he had no judicial experience except in the House of Lords and the Privy Council. The interval had been spent in the sinecure office of Chancellor of the Duchy, with a seat in the Cabinet. He felt some regret at this separation from his colleagues; but he entered on his new and arduous employment with cheerful energy. During nine years' tenure of the office he established the reputation of a great judge, which he still retains in the estimation of the Bar. Every competent member of the profession would place him far above his dignified and upright predecessor, and his brilliant and accomplished successor, who never affected to be a profound lawyer. Lord Campbell's advanced age seemed wholly exempt from infirmity; and to the last his authority was acknowledged both by his colleagues and by the Bar; but he had not yet accomplished his singular destiny. Lord Palmerston, on the formation of his Ministry in 1859, offered him the Great Seal, which he accepted. At the age of eighty he immediately began to study the Equity Reports, and to refresh the general knowledge which he possessed of Chancery practice. He held office for two years, not without credit, and then he died in harness. On the 19th of June, 1861, he sat in Court at Lincoln's Inn, and attended a meeting of the Cabinet, after which he walked home to Stratheden House and wrote a judgment. He had a party to dinner, including Sir David Dundas, to whom he remarked that there ought to be a petition in the Litany against lingering illness. Early the next morning he was found dead in his arm-chair, "honourably released," according to a saying of his own, "from the labours and anxieties of the Great Seal." It has been impossible in a limited space to notice the details which throw light on Lord Campbell's character. The biography will fully supply the omission by the vivid representation of the character and history of a strong, resolute, laborious, and essentially kindly man.

WARD'S ENGLISH POETS.*

(Second Notice.)

THE third and fourth volumes of Mr. Ward's selections from the English poets, completing the undertaking, are now before us. From Addison to Blake, and Wordsworth to Dobell, is a long journey, in the course of which the reader is taken along some of the duller flats ever traversed, and up some of the extreme heights ever scaled, by English verse. We begin with the conventional trimness of an age whose literary aim was to reduce life to an epigram, and which is already further from us in thought and sympathy than the times of Shakespeare, and even of

Chaucer. We end with work more distinctively modern in its tone, and more recent in its actual date, than much that has been done by masters whom we may still see in the flesh. The writings of living poets are excluded by the design of the collection; we are not sure that the spirit of the rule might not with advantage have been carried further. A less extended view of our poetical history, but a juster one as far as it went, would have been obtained by drawing a line at a certain time, and admitting only those writers whose *floruit* could fairly be dated before it. Almost exactly the space of a generation lies between us and the middle of the century, and that date might serve well enough. It might have been still better, as giving a fixed and effective rule to the same purpose, to stop before coming to writers born within the present century. We should have thought it not unfitting to see the roll of major poets closed for the present at Landor. The true moderns, such as Mrs. Browning, Clough, and Kingsley, belong to a generation which in great part is still with us. They breathed the same air with Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning, and others whose voices have not yet ceased. The student of literature (and for such, we conceive, this book is chiefly intended) who should consider their work without reference to the powers still present among us which influenced it would consider it much amiss. The presentment of our recent poetry determined by the accidents of human fate is likewise one-sided. Not only does it perforce ignore the best of the new strength which has arisen in the last fifty years, but it does a kind of injustice to one of the great founders or restorers of our poetry of the nineteenth century. The romantic, the speculative, and even the so-called spasmodic school have their champions here. But no evidence is put forth that the noble gravity and sober purity of Wordsworth's English have left their special mark in a tradition carried on by worthy hands. The happy circumstance that the names of Henry Taylor and Aubrey de Vere are yet for us as for our fathers the names of living men forbids its production. Mr. Ward has indeed done the best thing he could next to giving specimens of Sir Henry Taylor's own work. It is Sir Henry Taylor who here introduces to us Rogers, Southey, and Campbell; he tells us how in past days he sat himself at Southey's fireside, and copied verses fresh from his pen. There is something reverend and touching in these links between the generations of men, not the less deserving of pious memory for having slight matters for their occasion, and those are benefactors who put them on record. Sir Henry Taylor is a veteran critic, too, as well as a veteran poet; and his terse and restrained judgments compare not unfavourably with the ampler and more curious commentaries of our newer writers. How happily turned, for instance, is that one sentence in his introduction to Campbell where he speaks of the old heroic couplet "stumping along as if with two wooden legs." But we are following methodical guides, and must not desert their method. Let us start with them in due order from the reign of our sometime sovereign lady Queen Anne, when satire delayed not to pick and choose its weapons, and political difference was an ample justification for imputing to harmless and amiable persons every sort of public and private infamy.

A considerable part of Mr. Ward's eighteenth-century volume—we should think about half—is at this day, it must be confessed, but weary reading. The worst of dead levels in literature is a level of artificial mediocrity. So thoroughly and mercilessly was it occupied, explored, and laid out in every possible detail by the poetical engineering of the last century that, in looking over this volume, we feel the infliction as even now barely tolerable. The splendours of that day of which Blake was the morning star are for the moment effaced and out of mind. We are choked by the petty fluency of our so-called Augustan age, and pricked to death by its pitiless neatness. We walk in the valley of the shadow of shams, with people who call a cold bath a *gelid cistern*, or in their grief (and a sincere grief too) for a friend buried in Westminster Abbey *range the gloomy isles*, and console themselves with the thought that their occupation is a *sad luxury to vulgar minds unknown*. Tickell's elegy on Addison, a better specimen of the current workmanship of the time than most, shows us how the reign of frigid convention had its reward in the Nemesis of vulgarity, that extreme vulgarity which plumes itself on being above the vulgar. What is more, the narrowness and bad taste of that time have left their mark of permanent injury on the English language. We have lost, indeed, less than the French. We are not so forbidden to draw on the stores of the Elizabethan vocabulary as the modern Frenchman is forbidden to draw on those of Ronsard or Montaigne; we have escaped an Academy. But our Augustan writers did by their persistent misuse attach a certain flavour of the ludicrous, not only to several phrases and turns of speech in themselves innocent, but to one or two perfectly good and honest English words, such as *swain*. Who dares to speak of a swain now? Pope's "conscious swaine," in his gaudy travesty of Homer, sum up the worst characteristics of the school of which, for good and for ill, he stood at the head. Such an age of conscious and, after its lights, conscientious mannerism there never was before in English letters, and one trusts there never may be again; though we are not without apprehensions as to what the twentieth century may think of a great deal of the critical prose of these latter Victorian days.

Mr. Ward's fellow-workers gallantly do their best to find saving merits in the minor poets who apostrophized the muses and "Great Anne" or (as the case might be) "Great George" in alternate numbers. But their efforts, gallant as they are, seem to

* *The English Poets: Selections with critical Introductions, &c.* Edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward, M.A. Vol. III.—Addison to Blake. Vol. IV.—Wordsworth to Sydney Dobell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

be against the grain. Armstrong, he of the "gelid cistern," is discovered by Mr. Saintsbury, ever fertile in resource, to possess a certain starched grace which is not unattractive. Beattie would have been a poet if he could, and what more could man do? And when he comes to Blair's *Grave* the same critic, among other topics of ingenious and modest commendation, takes up the solid and impregnable position that its shortness is very much in its favour. Of Christopher Smart we are bound to believe on Mr. Ward's authority that the "Song to David" is his masterpiece at any rate. And in truth it has elements of speed and fire, striving with a clumsy form, which hardly belong to the eighteenth century. But when we find David "remembering, when he watched the fleece, how sweetly Kidron purled," we cannot admit without qualification that the eighteenth century has nothing like it. As refreshment in the desert it is enough to be thankful for. We must not leave the minor poets without giving a word of acknowledgment to the delicate care which Mr. Gosse has bestowed on presenting several of them to the best advantage. Their ghosts, if there be any gratitude in ghosts, will scramble to shake hands with him in Elysium. Before we pass on to the greater names we will offer a conjectural, but, we think, fairly certain emendation of the last line of Prior's poem, written from the Hague, and entitled "The Secretary." It is printed, "So blessed as the Englishen Heer Secretar" is. Surely Prior wrote in one word *Secretaris*, the proper Dutch form.

The strength and the limits of Pope's mastery are set forth with impartial felicity by the Rector of Lincoln. But the contributions which will excite the keenest interest are those of Mr. Swinburne on Collins and Mr. Matthew Arnold on Gray. Collins is exalted to a height as yet hardly thought to belong to him by any of his readers; certainly not by Mr. Arnold, who, standing in Gray's place, seems to look on him as a kind of pale companion at . . . That Gray, as a lyric poet, "is simply unworthy to sit at the feet of Collins" will be a startling judgment to many. But, if we do not stay to question the measure of expression, we cannot easily take exception to it. In truth and directness, in clearness and serenity, in the "sofly austere and simply tender gravity," which, as Mr. Swinburne points out, is so curiously akin to the work of the French landscape-painters of our own time, Collins must be allowed to stand apart. Mr. Arnold's essay on Gray is one of those artlessly artful studies in which he takes up, as if by accident, the hint of a word or phrase which in its own place is run over with no second thought, and makes a burden for his discourse of it. We shall not reveal here the pass-word he has chosen this time. Of Chatterton we have a high estimate, but not too high, from Mr. Theodore Watts; of Blake, an account from Mr. Comyns Carr, which, good as it is in all essentials, yet somehow to our mind falls short by just a hair's breadth of what is Blake's due. For Blake's merit is not only that before Wordsworth he broke the spell of so-called Augustan conventions in poetry; he broke it greatly. To match him not only in freedom and simplicity, but in actual lyrical genius, we must go right back to the Elizabethans. The song beginning "My silks and fine array," if Blake had chosen to pass it off as a rediscovered piece of Shakespeare's early time, might well have deceived a more critical age.

In the fourth volume we have to do with the full strength of modern English poetry. First comes Wordsworth, introduced by the Dean of St. Paul's in an essay which, among other merits, carefully points out the relation of Wordsworth's actual work to his ethical view of life and his deliberate theory of what poetry ought to be. Coleridge is handled by Mr. Pater in a style which for him is restrained. Mr. J. A. Symonds shows with fine insight how Lord Byron's greatness has become a stumbling-block to many English readers of later times by the very qualities which have made his renown more than English:—

Byron's work is too primitive, too like the raw material of poetry in its crudity and inequality, to suit our Neo-Alexandrian taste. He wounds our sympathies; he violates our canon of correctness; he fails to satisfy our subtlest sense of art. . . . As a man, as a thinker, as an artist, he is out of harmony with us. Nevertheless, nothing can be more certain than Byron's commanding place in English literature. He is the only British poet of the nineteenth century who is also European.

Mr. F. W. Myers puts himself in the position of those who on common-sense principles cannot see how Shelley deserves to rank as a great poet, and expresses their objections with all the force of which they are capable, in order to exhibit by way of reply his own view, which is substantially the artistic and only truly sensible one. Mr. Matthew Arnold, with a certain earnestness and even severity of tone, vindicates for Keats, as against unfortunate appearances and injudicious praise, the higher and more enduring qualities of a true poet's character. Landor, a poet who wrote for scholars, and whose fate is to be esteemed rather than loved, save by a very few, is brought before us by Lord Houghton, himself a scholar and a poet. The Dean of Westminster's characteristic notes on Keble, whose poetry, in the Dean's view, bears unconscious witness against his theology even when it is most theological, form an appropriate sequel to what he has said of the Wesleys in the third volume. Of later names space forbids us to say anything; only in the selection from Clough we mark a strange omission. The "New Decalogue," one of his best known and most brilliant shorter pieces, is not there. Still more strangely Thackeray, who stands clearly first among our modern writers of humorous and half-serious verse—far above Præd, for example—is not represented at all.

HIRAM GREG.*

IN Mr. J. Crowther Hirst we have one more victim to the theory of three volumes and the circulating libraries. Many of the novels that come before us would be worthless, however much they were cut down. In their case, all that could be gained by abbreviation would be a saving of time to the reader. The time that he still gave to them would be utterly thrown away, but the waste would not be quite so great. It has been said that no use has ever yet been found for the snippings of leather. Some ingenious and enterprising man tried to turn to account the vast heaps that are formed in the shoe-shops of Northampton. But when he had found that they could not even be employed in the manufacture of black-currant jam, he gave up the attempt in despair. The heaps, we believe, remain as large and as worthless as ever. A barrowful is no better than a cart-load, and a handful is as bad as a barrowful. It has no essence which can be extracted by boiling down. Such are Mr. Biggar's speeches, and such is one class of three-volume novels. Both alike are the despair of all who have either to listen to them or to read them. But the case is very different with another class of speakers and writers. They have something worth telling, but they have not always art enough to separate it from matters which are too dull for anything but silence. Your orator, indeed, is free from one temptation to which the luckless novelist is exposed. No one is unwise enough to insist that he should take three hours to say what he could say equally well in one. His want of brevity is his want of art. Old-fashioned persons used, indeed, always to divide their sermons into three parts, but even from the pulpit that superstition has pretty well departed. But, though sermons are free, novels are still subject to a miserable bondage. Efforts are from time to time made to break through it, but they do not seem to succeed. We continually find stories published which, we are forced to believe, have undergone expansion in spite of the author's taste and judgment. Publishers, or the owners of circulating libraries—we know not with which of the two the blame lies—seem to look upon a story as a balloon. It must be puffed out to a certain bulk before it can hope to rise. A young author who has written his best is told, we can well believe, that his story has only one fault. It is a good volume and a half too short. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but it is not the soul of the novel that is to circulate. Should he look perplexed, and ask how he is to lengthen a story that is complete in itself, he is told that he must fall back on episodes. He can give the heroine a couple of lovers if she has only one already, or three if she is already provided with the almost orthodox number of two. After all, what is easier than to change the whole plot of a story, and yet to leave it very much the same? It was our good fortune once to fall in with the enterprising proprietor of a cheap but harmless magazine. He explained to us that he had always three stories running at the same time—one close on the point where the wicked hero met a violent end, and the good heroine is thinking of ordering her wedding-dress; another at that middle point when everything seems hopeless for the virtuous, and villainy is triumphant; and the third in the opening scenes, when everything is at present peaceful, but dark clouds may be discerned gathering on the horizon. He added that it was one of his principles that the heroes of the three stories that were running together should not belong to the same profession. He had no difficulty in enforcing this rule. He would merely return the manuscript to the author, and tell him that he quite approved of his tale, but that it was not the turn, say, for a curate hero. He must either, therefore, wait or change his curate into a gallant soldier, or, it might be, into an extravagant but warm-hearted young baronet. Authors, he said, very rarely found any difficulty in making the alteration, and in a week or so returned him the story quite ready for publication.

When we come across a novel of a new writer that has really considerable merits, and shows no small power of a certain kind, we cannot but greatly regret that either the mischievous fashion of the libraries, or the bad examples set him by his brother authors, should have led him so far astray. In *Hiram Greg* there is a great deal that we have read with interest and pleasure, and there is, we fear, almost as much that we have skimmed with weariness and vexation. Happily the good and bad parts are marked out by such clear divisions that the reader has very little difficulty in keeping to one and avoiding the other. The scene of the story is laid in a manufacturing town in Lancashire. So long as the author is telling of the factory hands and using the Lancashire dialect he never fails to interest his reader. It is curious, by the way, that while we have so many admirable tales of Lancashire life, we have so few of the life of the working people of other towns. Mr. Hirst's descriptions of the life in the town which he calls Millvale will be acknowledged to be uncommonly true by all who knew Lancashire a quarter of a century or so ago. For all we know it may not be quite so true now. The poorer folk, and also those of the lower middle class, he hits off wonderfully well. The moment he passes a step or two higher, and comes among those whose talk is not provincial, he becomes commonplace and dull. His heroine is really a dreadful young lady. She is the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer, the mayor of the town. She witnesses a riot, gives evidence against the hero, who was a mill-hand, by her evidence gets him convicted though he was innocent, and in

* *Hiram Greg*. By J. Crowther Hirst. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.

the end of course marries him. All this is, no doubt, very natural and proper, and can be brought about with the greatest ease. The author had merely to involve her father in rash speculations, to pass him through the Bankruptcy Court, to kill him off in a penitent and pathetic manner, to turn the poor hero into a well-to-do, if not a wealthy, man, to give the young people a chance of meeting, and then to marry them off as soon as the proper amount of love-making had been gone through. All this, indeed, our author does, and does fairly well. But there is an episode in the heroine's life as long as it is dull and ridiculous. Long before she had conceived the slightest attachment for the hero—at a time, indeed, when he was in Australia—she grew disgusted with her home-life. It was utterly commonplace, and she was a genius. Moreover, her parents wished to force her to marry a cold-blooded villain. She fled, in the belief that she could gain, not only a livelihood, but distinction, as an actress. We are introduced to a company which would be very tiresome even if we had not read *Nicholas Nickleby*, but which, with our recollections of Mr. Vincent Crummles's leading tragedian and low comedian, becomes insufferably dull. It is not only here that the heroine tires us; in almost every scene she is equally stupid. She certainly improves towards the end, when she becomes poor and lives with poor people. But even at her best she makes us pity the unfortunate hero who wins her. The author is not unwise in lifting the veil at the end of the story, and showing that, after seven years of married life, the poor fellow was still quite happy. He was however, we must remember, living in the wilds of Australia. With little else to contemplate but kangaroos, sheep, and gum-trees, even the heroine might prove not unattractive.

She certainly has one good point about her. She serves as an admirable foil to those characters in which our author is really strong. These characters are by no means few in number, and yet they are all distinct and clear. The sketch often is but a slight one; yet, so far as it goes, it is true to nature. We do not say that all the characters are original. There are signs in the story that the author knows Mrs. Gaskell's works. Yet there is originality more than enough to free him from any charge of mere imitation. There are some very pleasant humorous touches which go a great way to make up for—if not to excuse—the fine writing of other parts of the book. Thus we have an admirable description of the family of a mill-hand in those years of great suffering which came just before the abolition of the Corn Laws. The old grandfather was failing in his mind, and was wont to have long intervals of inattention and silence till something suddenly roused his attention, when he would bring out a quotation from the Scriptures. The son was a Chartist—and a violent one—believing that through riots and intimidation lay the path to justice and general prosperity. His wife was sick of politics, and wanted her husband to stick only to his work. He would burst out into a passion whenever he was contradicted, to the perplexity of the old man, who was roused up by hearing him angrily bang the table, and would always exclaim, "Isaac's a hot temper, but he's a good lad at th' bottom." One day the wife with some reason replied, "Th' bottom seems to get further an' further deawn every day then." The following passage will give an example of the merits of our author's writings when he is among his poor folk. Isaac's daughter, dreading her father's anger, had been wishing that "fowk 'ud be quiet." Her mother replies:—

"That's reet enow; but wishes niver made onybody's porridge. Did they, feyther?"

The old man shook his head and smiled as he answered, "No, no."

"I could wish, if wishin' were wanted," continued Mrs. Briggs, as she drew the table near to the large armchair, in which old Mr. Briggs was seated, "I could wish 'at Isaac 'ud let all this Chartist bother be. Someb'dy 'll be i' trouble thro' yesterday's doin's, an' if work's stopp'd for long we'at be hard set. Wishes isn't very nourishin' food."

"I have been young, an' now am old," began old Mr. Briggs, in a reedy voice—

"That's true," muttered his daughter-in-law, admiringly.

"—Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

"He were more lucky nor common, then," commented the literal-minded Mrs. Briggs. "You've knowed worse times nor these, haven't you, feyther?"

The whole description of the Heather Street Chapel—the good minister, the poor congregation, their efforts at bettering themselves in soul, mind, and body, the Sunday School teaching—all this is very well done indeed. No less excellently described are two old maiden sisters, who add greatly to the happiness of their neighbours, and to the enjoyment of the reader. There is, indeed, in these three volumes so much that is good that we cannot but greatly regret that the story is not just one-third of the size. Mr. Hirst had materials for an admirable tale of moderate length. He has chosen, or he has been forced, to follow the fashion, and he has gone very far towards spoiling what ought to have been an excellent beginning in authorship. Nevertheless, with all its faults—and they are serious enough—*Hiram Greg* deserves to rank higher than four out of five of the novels which it is our fortune to have to read.

THE ENGLISH WORKS OF WYCLIF.*

IT is next to impossible for any one to write of Wyclif entirely dispassionately, even though there should be few who would

endorse all the extravagant praises that have been lavished on his memory by Protestants, or would subscribe to the condemnation pronounced upon him by all Catholic writers as a heretic against whom the indignation of God was signally manifested in his being struck with paralysis in the act of serving at Mass. The editor of this volume has steered clear of any extreme view, though it is easy to see on which side his prejudice lies, and has made a very fair defence of his *protégé* against the charge of fanaticism; but he has said not one word on another charge which is less easily disposed of. We hear a good deal in these days of clergy eating the bread of the Church whilst they preach and uphold doctrines not sanctioned by the Church. Now the most remarkable feature in Wyclif's life is that he should have continued to say Mass till the last week of his life, when it is plain that he did not believe the doctrine of the Church in which he was a priest either on this point or on many others.

We gladly welcome this volume as being really an important contribution to the history of the Church. For Catholics and Protestants alike must admit that Wyclif was in the truest sense the precursor of the Reformation. It is not so much that his doctrines tended to bring about the reformation of the sixteenth century as that they gave it in this country the particular form which it took. Any one who has looked with any care over the list of martyrs whose names figure in Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* must have been struck with the very advanced views advocated by nearly all of them, and people will, we suppose, eventually come to understand how it was that Lutheranism never had the slightest hold over the Protestant mind in England, and how it came to pass that after the separation from Rome Calvinism was dominant in the Church of this country for nearly a century. These doctrines are an inheritance directly descended from Wyclif's teaching, and the only surprising point in the pedigree is that we hear so little of them during the time which intervened between the death of Wyclif and the early part of the sixteenth century. This is one point which this well-edited volume of Wyclif's tracts will help to make plain to English readers, and for this purpose it is of little consequence whether the tracts contained in this volume are actually Wyclif's, or only reflect his teaching at second-hand. They are at least of the school of Wyclif. In other respects, we must admit that there is some disappointment at being told of almost all of the twenty-eight treatises, published under the title of "The English Works of Wyclif," that they are of very doubtful authenticity. The editor has left nothing to be desired in his brief account prefixed to each one of the tracts, but we had hoped that the expression with which the first introduction commences, "I can give no decided opinion as to authorship," would not have been repeated so often in the course of the work. But some such expression, or else a judgment more unfavourable to the genuineness, such as "I do not think this tract is by Wyclif," prefaces most of them. There are, in fact, only five or six tracts that the editor ventures unhesitatingly to ascribe to Wyclif, but the tone of all is such that any of them might have been his. There is, in fact, no marked distinction either in style or matter in any of the treatises. None of them give the reader an exalted idea of the intellectual power of the writer. Nevertheless, in illustration of the point of which we have been speaking, we prefer quoting from those which are certainly, or almost certainly, genuine. We say, then, that the characteristic marks of nearly all the heretics of the sixteenth century who were tried, and some of whom recanted, whilst others were condemned and executed, according to the barbarous law which enacted the punishment of burning for heresy, was this. The denial of the doctrine of the Mass, the assertion of the equality of priests and bishops, the objection to confession, the belief that the Pope was Antichrist, and the claim of liberty to believe or disbelieve as they found things, proved or not proved, in Scripture. Besides these points, the doctrines of election and reprobation are prominent in the works of later English reformers. And all these may be found in full bloom in one or more of these treatises of Wyclif's. The invectives against the conduct of the priests of the time are common to nearly all the treatises. With these we are not concerned here, but, after allowing largely for exaggeration, they reveal a state of wickedness which is quite appalling; and it is not to be wondered at if the judgment which people were forced to form of their ecclesiastical superiors should have ended in a prejudice against the doctrines which they professed.

The tract on Confession, which is the twenty-third printed in this volume, is described by the editor as being decidedly by Wyclif. It consists of a tirade against the law and practice of the Church of that day as regards this point, on the ground that it is a device of Antichrist, and against reason and greatly liable to abuse; and, as it was not used in the primitive Church, if the new law that enforces it is good, Christ must be to blame for not having instituted it. The remedy proposed is curious. The author admits that private confession has done good as well as harm, and suggests that confessions when made should be made to two priests, as two witnesses are better than one, and the shame of the confession would be the greater. The prevailing idea of the tract that private confession to a priest is permissible, but ought not to be compulsory, so far as it goes bears out the editor in his defence of Wyclif against the charge of fanaticism, and establishes the claim of moderation which he urges on his behalf. We need not, however, go beyond the limits of this treatise to produce evidence of Wyclif's disbelief in the doctrine of Transubstantiation. The editor observes that the attack on this doctrine at the

* *The English Works of Wyclif hitherto Unprinted.* Edited by F. D. Matthew. London: published for the Early English Text Society, by Trübner & Co. 1880.

end of the tract proves that it was one of his later writings. It is as follows:—

If thou be a priest of Christ's sect hold thee paid of his law to teach this people Christ's gospel, all if thou feignest thou no more power. For Christ hath given power enough to his priests to teach his church, and enjoined them such office that giveth them not occasion to sin. And this power that priests have standeth not in transubstanting of the host nor in making of accidents to stand by themselves. For this power granted not God to Christ nor to any apostle, and so Christ hath specially power to do away men's sin; and these miracles that be feigned, that no men may see nor know, as they waxen without profit, so they have no ground in God.

The editor has called attention to a passage in the same tract which he thinks illustrates Wyclif's predestinarian doctrine; but the expression is somewhat rhetorical and capable of an orthodox sense. It would have been more to the point if he had noticed in the same sentence an expression which implies a belief that the baptism of John and our Saviour were the same in effect, for here he was the forerunner of the English Reformers, all of whom appear to have believed this, this being the burden of every note in the Edwardian editions of the English Testament which could possibly be saddled with a note to that effect. There is another passage, however, in the same tract which might have been quoted, where he argues against priestly absolution on the ground that the priest may possibly have been "ordained to be damned." However, it is not worth showing, as the point will hardly be contested that Wyclif on this doctrine anticipated the horrible doctrine that is commonly associated with the name of Calvin.

In the following tract, on "Faith, Hope, and Charity," which title Mr. Arnold and our editor consider to be authentic, there is an expression which implies that there were already persons in that age who adopted Antinomian opinions. The editor says he should not have expected to find such opinions prevalent amongst Wyclif's hearers. But it is wonderful to see how Calvinistic doctrine has always developed rapidly, accordingly to the character of its victims, into a gloomy piety or a rampant Antinomianism such as Wyclif describes as issuing in the avowal, "Let me sin enough, for God will never lose that he hath dear bought." If this tract is Wyclif's, it is decided on other grounds to be one of his later productions, and, if so, we may say that he lived long enough to see the fruits of his own teaching.

We must not conclude this article without noticing the style of editing, which really leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Matthew has sufficient appreciation of his author to enable him to do his work thoroughly, and sufficient impartiality to judge him fairly. Probably his estimate of Wyclif's excellences is widely different from ours, but his introduction gives us all the information that can be gathered about the author. He says that his object has been to complete the publication of Wyclif's English works. He has not only done this, but he has prefixed to each of the twenty-eight treatises included in the volume a brief history as well as a summary of its contents. There is added a marginal analysis, which will be of great use to those who are not accustomed to the style of writing, which, it must be admitted, is difficult to make out. At the end there are some notes, with illustrations, from Wyclif's works as well as from other sources, and last of all a Glossarial Index, by which is meant apparently a glossary and index all in one—part of it consisting of explanations of unusual and obsolete words, and part being really an index of reference. We have, however, looked in vain for an explanation of one of the counts on which Wyclif was indicted. Amongst the ten heretical opinions which are charged against Wyclif on his citation before Courtney, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the Grey Friars in London, the sixth is "That God ought to obey the devil." Three of Wyclif's adherents in answering to these charges give very shuffling and evasive answers, and from their answer to this which is the sixth we are unable to gather any satisfactory account of what the charge really meant. Collier in his history tells us that "their answer to the sixth conclusion being judged insufficient, they were interrogated whether any sort of obedience was due from God to the devil; they replied there was in a qualified sense, that is, an obedience of charity as they term it; because, as they farther explain themselves, the Supreme Being loves that apostate spirit, and owes him a duty of punishment." That this answer is a mere evasion is quite evident. The real meaning of the expression that "God ought to obey the Devil," we conjecture to be that, as God had by an eternal decree con-signed certain persons to reprobation, He must as a necessary consequence consent to such methods as the Devil should adopt in carrying out that decree. However, we hear nothing of this opinion in the treatises printed in this volume, and we suppose that the editor did not feel bound to criticize all Wyclif's opinions because he had undertaken the office of editing his hitherto unprinted works.

BOOKBINDINGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BOOKBINDINGS are becoming almost as highly prized as Oriental porcelain or Limoges enamels in the *bric-a-brac* market. No articles seem much less beautiful or desirable, to the untrained eye, than old bookbindings. Very often, when the book is worthless, the boards raise its price to as much as 100*l.* Boards of leather, yellowish in some places, faded green in others, stamped with a plate of the Crucifixion, and adorned with death-

heads, were eagerly competed for three years ago at a public auction. The book they contained was a hopelessly dead piece of casuistic theology, but it had belonged to Henri III., and was esteemed as a relic of that great monarch. Rarity, age, and certain qualities of style are the points in a binding which the modern amateur requires. It is also necessary, or highly desirable, that the work should have belonged to some famous collector of old time. There is a kind of reason in this caprice. Grolier and De Thou, Isabella d'Este, and D'Hoyrn and Longepierre took great pains to see that books were in the best possible condition before they had them bound in liveries of morocco or limp vellum. The Elsevir Cicero which belonged to D'Hoyrn, for example, has been in many hands during the last fifty years, and at every change is likely to fetch a higher price, because it is an undeniably beautiful book. The fashion of collecting historical bindings has thus a practical and a sentimental explanation. In the first place, the books of the old fanciers are almost certain to be clean and "large." In the second place, there is a certain obvious pleasure in being surrounded by the volumes of famous students. It is like being admitted into the best literary society of the past. Your Greek classics may be Aldines, printed on the largest paper, and once carefully handled by Grolier or Maioli. Your old French histories may have been among the treasures of De Thou, and may be blazoned with one or other of his three successive coats of arms. Your Molières of the first edition may even bear the south-east of Louis XIV. M. Paul Lacroix picked up a *Tartuffe* in this condition for a couple of francs. Here it should be said that all books stamped with the Royal arms need not necessarily have been in the Royal library. The stamp seems to have been sometimes impressed on prize-books in certain of the French schools. But to return to our old bindings, it is possible to procure the *De Imitatione Christi* stamped with sacred emblems, and with the arms of Mme. de Maintenon. This is the copy which contains the engraving of Mme. de Maintenon saying her prayers at Saint-Oyr, when the roof of the chapel miraculously opens, and a heavenly voice exclaims, "This is she in whose beauty the King is well pleased." The engraving and its legend were soon suppressed, being thought a little indiscreet. There are a hundred such examples of books the student would like to have. Bossuet's Molière is in existence somewhere, we believe, and the well-bound Rabelais of Mme. de Pompadour. The lover of Greek pastoral poetry, if rich and fortunate, may secure the Theocritus which Longepierre, the translator of bucolic verse, had bound and stamped with his golden fleece. The golden fleece of the Argonautic expedition, by the way, was only a book on the transmutation of metals, bound in sheepskin, and coveted by Jason and other Greek fanciers of the period. This at least was the theory of the learned Suidas, according to Mr. Cundall, whose work, *Bookbindings, Ancient and Modern*, we have too long delayed to approach. Our object has been to show the kind of interest which old bookbindings possess, and to justify, as far as possible, the ways of the collector to men. It is scarcely necessary to add that in book-binding as in all the crafts, the old work is the better, sounder, and more cunningly ornamented. Derome and Duseuil, Eve and Le Gascon, lived before the evil days of machinery and aniline dyes.

In writing on bindings, Mr. Cundall begins at the very beginning, like the author of the famous tract *De Bibliothecis Antediluvianis*. He cannot, like that writer, tell us much about the libraries of Seth and Enoch, but, in revenge, he is acquainted with the Assyrian style. The Assyrians bound their clay tablets by enclosing them in clay receptacles, which had to be broken before the contents could be reached. A long account of the Roman way of arranging MSS. is given, and, with its smooth red cover, its gold bosses, its gold cylinder, its perfumed illuminated leaves, a presentation copy of Catullus must have been a very beautiful object. We almost wonder that no rich modern bibliophile has distinguished himself by "getting up" a few classical MSS. in the classical style. It is scarcely necessary to say that Roman, like modern, binders waged unrelenting war against margins and rough edges. What is there in our fallen human nature that makes a binder miserable if he does not crop a book to the quick? Binders must know by this time that it spoils the value of their work. But they will do it, and we can only suppose that there must be some secret joy in the process. And so it was with the Roman bibliopæga. "His first operation was to cut the margin above and below perfectly even, and the sheets at the beginning and end square." One can imagine Cicero or Lucullus imploring the binder to leave the rough edges, and imploring in vain. But a Roman could do what is out of our power. Binders were often slaves, and an angry amateur would throw the cropper to feed the lampreys.

Medieval bindings were generally of carved ivory, of metal, or of wood covered with stamped leather, adorned with bosses of gold, with gems, and with precious stones. Mr. Cundall publishes a photograph of a remarkably beautiful ivory cover of the Gospels, executed in the ninth century. The drapery of the Virgin in this work is still classical, more so, indeed, than are the draperies in the Milan Iliad, some four centuries earlier. The upper parts of the flying angels are designed with much grace and science. Books bound in ivory, in metals, or in covers with bosses could not be kept on shelves like modern volumes; they would have scratched each other. Each therefore had its golden cabinet, or at least its embroidered silken case, called *chemise* in old French. Leather covers, when used at all, were stamped, and this is perhaps the oldest sort of printing. So Mr. Cundall says, quoting M. Libri.

but classical cases of stamping readily occur to the mind. With the introduction of printing, regular bookbinding in the modern sense of the word began. People still used wooden covers and stamped pigskin, but the Italians of the early sixteenth century introduced a lighter style. When all artists were fond of decorative work, designs for tooling were quickly supplied. The volumes for Aldus at Venice set an example, and Italian tooling soon reached the perfection which we admire in work done, first for Mailli and then for Grolier. The decoration of books has always followed, more or less closely, the lines laid down by the artists who worked for Grolier. Beginning with varied geometrical patterns (as decoration always does begin), artists gradually filled up the empty spaces with representations of flowers, with line traceries, and with the dotted arrangements called *dentelles*. The taste of the French Court in the time of Henri II. and of Francis I. introduced graceful and romantic devices, such as the blended initials of Henri and Diane; the crescent, the bow, and the quiver: the *marguerites* of Marguerite, the salamander of Francis I.; the funeral symbols of Henri III. In the age of Louis XIII., Le Gascon executed bindings with decorations of less meaning, but of more beauty. In the reign of Louis XIV. it became usual to impress a volume with the arms of its owner, a useful sort of mark, but not so elegant as the rich tooling of Le Gascon. The eighteenth century was one of opulent decadence—a glorious sunset of art. Mosaics of various-coloured leather were invented, and one of the most sumptuous bindings extant was devised to cover the Regent's copy of *Daphnis and Chloë*. Mme. du Barry had an improvised library of cheap books appropriately bound in rose morocco. Some good plain bindings of that age are always attributed by English booksellers very much at random to Derome. The Revolution ruined the art of binding. Morocco was thought culpable aristocratic luxury, and coats of arms, of course, were an insult to the Republic. Bozérian in later years had a high reputation, which he has since lost. There lies before us an Aldine *Justinus* bound by him in red morocco, which is all very well, but Bozérian has lined the inside with orange silk! This is almost as ugly as the gold paper which once threatened to supersede marbled paper. Books *doublés* with morocco seem to have been almost unheard of before Le Gascon bound the famous *Guirlande* for Julie de Rambouillet. The most famous of all binders, M. Bauzonnet, is but lately dead. We think Mr. Cundall too generous in his praise of modern English binders. Time will probably deal hardly with their work. Roger Payne was of another school. Payne is almost the only English book-binder who has acquired true fame. He was industrious, honest, but illiterate and not very sober. "Barley wine my British Muse inspires," he declared. We may quote, from Mr. Cundall's book, one of Payne's characteristic letters:—

Venerit Prædium Rusticum Pangus MDCLXXIV. Bound in the very best manner, in the finest Green Morocco, the Back Lined with Red Morocco.

Fine Drawing paper & very neat morocco joints inside. There was a few leaves stained at the foredge which is washed and cleaned, o. o. 6.

The subject of the book being Rusticum, I have ventured to put the Vine Wreath on it. I hope I have not bound it in too rich a manner for the book. It takes up a great deal of time to do these Vine Wreaths. I guess within Time I am certain of measuring and working the different and various small Tools required to fill up the Vine Wreath that it takes very near a days Work in finishing the two sides only of the book. But I wished to do my best for the Work—and at the same time I cannot expect to charge a full and proper price for the Work, and hope that the price will not only be found reasonable but cheap, o. o. 18 o.

Modern English bookbinding, like other decorative crafts, suffers from the competition of machinery. Our cloth-covered books, just as they come from the publishers, last so well in many cases that no binding is absolutely necessary. French stitched books soon fall to pieces; therefore binding prospers better in that country.

WOLTMANN'S HISTORY OF PAINTING.*

PROFESSOR SIDNEY COLVIN introduces this massive volume to the English public with a brief but eulogistic preface. It cannot be said that the original work is by any means well known in this country, where the earlier compendium of Dr. Kugler still enjoys considerable prestige, and a circulation that does not seem to have diminished, although the book itself has become antiquated. It takes some time for a work on so huge a scale as that now before us to gain the confidence of the public, and this new history of painting labours under the disadvantage that its author has died, leaving only a fragment behind him. Dr. Alfred Woltmann, who was Professor of Fine Art at the University of Strasburg, was an unrivalled authority on certain branches of mediæval art. We believe that he had no equal in his knowledge of the history of miniature painting down to the middle of the fourteenth century. In beginning the great work he set himself to execute, he was sybaritic enough to begin with the epoch he liked the best and had studied most lovingly, and, in bringing out the first volume of his history, confided half of the work—namely, those chapters which deal with Egyptian, Asiatic, Greek, and Roman painting—to his friend, Dr. Karl Woermann,

of Düsseldorf. His own share of the work was concluded as far as Meister Wilhelm in Germany and Spinello Aretino in Italy. Unhappily he died in the spring of 1880, and no more of his book has appeared. We learn, however, that a continuation is being produced by Dr. Woermann, which, if pursued in the same leisurely manner as the first instalment, promises to constitute one of the largest books in existence. We are, however, far from denying the value of such compilations. The researches of the present day are so wide and so minute, their results are concealed in so many ephemeral publications, and the difficulty of surveying them is so extreme, that the man who unites them in a single work, however bulky that work may be, deserves well of all who study his subject. Still, since Dr. Kugler's day is over, and he is relegated to the garret and the dust-bin, we must be malicious enough to observe that he wrote in a very much more agreeable manner than Dr. Woltmann, who is a miracle of lumbering Teutonism. In revising the translation, which is clear and serviceable, Mr. Colvin remarks that "he has considered it within his province to venture upon an occasional abridgment," and in the mouth of so conservative an authority we take this acknowledgment as meaning a good deal. Mr. Colvin pleads almost passionately for a recognition of Dr. Woltmann's merits, and claims for his book the credit of being "the most complete and trustworthy History of Painting yet written." No one is more competent than he to judge whether this is so or not, but it seems a pity that the standard work on a most fascinating subject should be one so exceedingly dull. A treatise may be too full of knowledge and research; "on hasarde de perdre en voulant trop gagner," and a more eloquent volume might have been more welcome—such a volume, may we dare to say, as Mr. Colvin might very well have written with the secret assistance of the laborious Dr. Woltmann.

Either Dr. Woermann is a more pleasing writer than his late colleague, or the subjects with which he deals have more general interest, for we have not found the same languor in his pages as awaited us in those of Dr. Woltmann. The chapter in which he sums up what is known of Greek painting is especially interesting, and should be read in connexion with Mr. Murray's late contribution to our knowledge of early Greek sculpture. It is strange to learn that the contemporary popularity of the painters whose work is so completely lost for us was at least as great as that of the sculptors of whose style and general principles of design we can form a very just idea. The old story of the maiden who drew the outline of her lover's shadow on the wall is given as the beginning of the art of draughtsmanship, and step by step the progress of elementary painting is recorded. Much later on a certain Kimon of Kleonai is supposed to have invented drawing in profile, although this seems to go against all probability. The original silhouette of the lover must have been a profile, and the salient points of a face seen from the side present much less difficulty than the internal detail of a front view. It would be more intelligible if we were told that it was Kimon who first thought of designing features within the oval of a front face, and of expressing emotion by the direction of these features. What is further recorded of Kimon tends to this view, for he is reported to have introduced the drawing of folds in drapery, and veins—or rather, surely, muscles—in human limbs. Kimon is supposed to have flourished as late as the time of the Persian wars, and the earliest painter who seems to have reached anything like technical accomplishment was a contemporary of Pheidias, Polygnotos. He and his pupils carried out the great mural paintings with which the public buildings of Athens were decorated during the supremacy of the statesman Kimon; one of these pupils was Pausanias, a near relative of Pheidias himself. It would be extremely interesting to us to be enabled to form some definite idea of the style of these great artists, whose work has entirely vanished. Pausanias has left a description of the frescoes executed by Polygnotos in the Leschê of the Knidians at Delphi, and this description has tormented the curiosity and ingenuity of modern critics. An Athenian, Apollodoros, who flourished at the beginning of the Peloponnesian wars, was the first painter who attempted to carry out the modern idea of perspective, or who understood the principles of chiaroscuro. Hence he was known as the shadow-draughtsman, *σκιαγράφος*, a word which has been contorted in modern Greek into the name for a person who sketches in outline. The men whose names we have mentioned, together with an obscurer person, Agatharchos, form a school that has been called the Archaic Attic. The full development of Greek painting took place, not at Athens but in Asia, and is connected with the illustrious names of Zeuxis and Parrhasios. Zeuxis was an Italian by birth, who formed his style under Apollodoros, and who then went over to Ephesus and settled there. His love of display and personal grandeur reminds us of Rubens. At the Olympic festival he wore a garment into the hem of which his name was woven in gold letters. It is worthy of remark that he was the first person who ever exhibited his works of art and collected entrance-money at the door of the show. That he was not above applying to "alliteration's artful aid" is proved by his motto,

μυμήσεται τις μάλλον ἢ μίμῃσται.

"Easier to carp at than to copy." In all that we read about Zeuxis we find evidence of a creature "great in heart and brain, that did love beauty only," and to whom the magnificence of his own powers and originality came like the intoxication of new wine. He was full of a sort of naïve exultation at his own genius, and was admired without stint and without criticism by his

* *History of Painting.* From the German by the late Dr. Alfred Woltmann and Dr. Karl Woermann. Edited by Sidney Colvin. Vol. I. Ancient, Early Christian, and Mediæval Painting. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

wondering contemporaries. He pronounced himself unsurpassable, and at last he died of the ungovernable laughter caused him by the humour he had thrown into the expression of an old woman in one of his own pictures. After so sublime a vanity, the self-satisfaction of Parrhasios, who boasted that his painting had deceived even Zeuxis himself, appears tame and ordinary. We should perhaps be in better humour with these conceited Greek painters if their posterity had contrived to save a single specimen of their actual work for us to admire. As it is, the attempt to rebuild their productions and to recover their style is almost as hopeless as to find out what song it was that the Sirens sang to Ulysses.

After having restored, as far as can possibly be done from tradition, the biographies and the styles of these and the other important ancient painters, closing the list with the name of the decorator Ludius, the only very original designer that Rome seems to have produced without the aid of Greece, Dr. Woltmann retraces his steps and examines the existing remains of ancient painting, the figured vases used in sepulchral ceremonial, the so-called Pelasgic ware which presents us with this art in its most archaic form, down to the delicate Athenian funeral vases painted in colours on a white ground, and the Apulian vases of late Italian style. From the consideration of these he is led to what seems to us, from existing specimens, to have been a more accomplished art, that of engraving on bronze toilet-cases and mirrors, and particularly to the examination of the Ficoroni cista, now preserved in the Museum Kircherianum of Rome. It is a pity that only one fragment of the beautiful designs lavished upon this ornament has been given among the illustrations. In dealing with what is certainly the antique example which gives us the best idea we possess of the powers of the ancients in mere draughtsmanship, it would have been very interesting to supply a series of reproductions from the cista itself. The subject chosen for illustration is a portion of the chastisement of the giant Amykos, and the figure of the young man who watches the scourging from the deck of his ship is, as the editor remarks, in every way worthy of the finest Italian drawing of the fifteenth century. A great deal of the later Pompeian painting that is best known as archaic art to the public, is so imperfect in composition and draughtsmanship that it is extremely valuable to have this proof that, in the third century B.C., at all events, the graphic powers of the Greeks were in no way inferior to their plastic powers.

We must not, however, do injustice to those laborious chapters in which Dr. Woltmann has inscribed his extraordinary knowledge of mediæval art. We can but roughly indicate the progress of his disquisition. He begins with the first shy flirtation of the early Christians with mural painting in its rudest form. He traces the development of Christian symbolism, and its ossification into those hieratic types which are roughly called Byzantine. It is curious to note that, rude as the art of the catacombs was, it was yet an art of decline, that it deteriorated with the decadence of classical culture, and ceased to move altogether when the classical tradition ceased to exist. From the paintings in the catacombs and the first dawnings of work in gilt glass, we proceed to the use of mosaics in the churches, and are introduced to the great schools of mosaic at Rome and at Ravenna. The Italian decline and the rise of what is more exactly known as Byzantine work is then examined, and this chapter closes with a bird's-eye view of art in the Roman Empire after the days of Justinian. The next chapter is dedicated to the discussion of that subject which Dr. Woltmann had more particularly made his own, and in which no one has pursued investigation further than he. The earliest practice of the art of miniature and illumination of MSS., Greek, Western, and Syrian, are carefully gone into; while the curious result to art of the iconoclastic schism between the Greek and Latin churches, and the new style which presently resulted from the contact of barbaric elements with the latter body, gradually lead us on to what may more properly be defined as the mediæval period. Mural painting and mosaic now give way to miniature as the ruling art of the Christian world, until the patronage of Charlemagne enlarges the field to a wider ambition. After a careful critical survey of the Carolingian age, we return to Byzantium, and chronicle the singular revival in art which occurred there in the ninth and tenth centuries. From the final decline of Byzantine painting we return to Western Europe, now advancing into the Romanesque period of mediæval art, and from this point Dr. Woltmann conducts us through tracts less dark to the ordinary art student down to the comparatively light and familiar regions of the thirteenth century, and so, with a brief summary of early painting as it existed among the Mahomedan races, we are brought to the close of an exhaustive volume, which we have no doubt will, in spite of its bulk, be of very wide service to a large class of readers.

AMY WYNTER.*

THE three-volume novels of the present day may be roughly divided into three classes. There is the work of the practised author, very generally a lady, who spins it out to the medium regulation length with a facility which is more remarkable than the fertility of invention. There is the novel that has covered the indispensable distance with difficulty, showing, by its widely-printed lines and

broad margins, how hardly the writer has been driven to eke out invention with verbiage. And there is the novel, usually the production of a novice, which sins on the side of length and discouragement, though showing conscientious workmanship and decided talent. We place *Amy Wynter* in the last of the three categories. Mr. Pinkerton presents himself to us on the title-page as the author of *Crossford*, and therefore we must assume that he has had some preliminary experience. He strikes us, nevertheless, as a promising novice, who, with practice and careful self-education, will probably do superior work. *Amy Wynter*, though inconsequent and unduly prolonged, is by no means a dull novel. There are well-conceived scenes and amusing chapters; while on subjects more immediately connected with country amusements and field sports the author is evidently at home. But he is something more than merely a lively sporting writer. He gives proof of cultivation, of literary research, and of having digested what he has read. We cannot say that he shows a natural genius for fiction, though he possesses talents and capabilities which he may develop and improve. We take no exception to there being no particular plot, since it seems to us that the existence of a plot nowadays is the exception rather than the rule. But he has not acquired the habit of self-control; he indulges recklessly in digressions which may be entertaining in themselves, but are linked by almost imperceptible threads to the story; and when he has conceived a creditable character, he loses the grasp before he has made his readers realize it, so that we have to interest ourselves in his personages very much at haphazard, and some of them who are intended to be subordinate impress us by far the most favourably.

After what we have said, it will be readily assumed that the characters are crowded and somewhat confused. A brief prologue, dated eighteen years before the beginning of the actual story, prepares the way ingeniously enough for the jumble of incidents that are to follow. Wynter and Basil Stillingwood are discussing the domestic circumstances of the former gentleman in all the freedom of confidential friendship. Wynter, a man of good family and fortune, has married a few months before for love, and is already beginning to repent it. A vain and weak man, and intensely selfish, he insinuates his intention of adopting a course of procedure which scandalizes and shocks his more generous friend. He is beginning to suffer from incompatibility of station, if not of temper, with the humbly-born woman who had caught his fancy. He has discovered that there was a legal flaw in the ceremony that united them; and he half urges that, in her interests as well as his own, it might be well for them to avail themselves of the *locus penitentie*. They might arrange to separate quietly, and nobody need be any the wiser. If Wynter had wished to feel the pulse of public opinion in the tentative suggestions he has made to Stillingwood, the attitude of his friend was sufficiently decided. But, unfortunately for the infant who is yet unborn, Wynter is as obstinate as he is weak, and the strongest point in his nature is its selfishness. He covers an awkward retreat with an ebullition of insolence, which almost leads to a definite quarrel. He does not positively put away his wife; but, as it appears from the sequel of the story, he never does her justice by formally repeating the marriage ceremony. Yet he cannot afford to break with Stillingwood, and he has contrived to impose on his kindness. When we meet Basil again he is a middle-aged man, and acting guardian to the fascinating heroine of the novel. Amy Wynter has grown into a pretty girl of eighteen, who is living on the easiest terms of intimacy with Stillingwood and his nephew and presumptive heir. According to all appearances, her sisterly affection for Clement would have ripened into a warmer feeling; and the marriage that Basil seems to expect must have cut the novel short in its inception. But the long absent Wynter turns up unexpectedly, and comes sailing one fine morning in his luxurious yacht into the little harbour of Shelston. And we must say that our old acquaintance as he reappears, is very cleverly and artistically represented to us. The selfish and careless young man, who had life and all the world before him, is become very much what we should have expected after eighteen years of idle self-indulgence. Free-living has naturally made him a valetudinarian. He is wedded to the egotistical habits on which his existence has been regulated; and, when he shows himself civil or affable to anybody, we may safely set it down to interested considerations. But he has become more dogged than before in standing on his rights; judging others by himself, he suspects self-interested motives in the most improbable quarters; and any resolution he may come to is recommended to him by the circumstance that it is likely to be disagreeable to somebody else. Gratitude is a virtue to which he makes no pretensions; and possibly he has never forgiven his old friend Stillingwood for the frankness of his language at a very critical moment in his career. So he asserts his claim to his deserted daughter Amy, with an unyielding but courteous *aplomb* to which Stillingwood is forced to give way. Why he should have decided to saddle himself with Amy at all; why he should have been induced at that particular moment to take up his abode in his ancestral halls, and bore himself with uncongenial county society are questions which it is difficult to answer. We can only suggest that the author, having a story to tell, compelled the unbending Wynter to bow his cap to its exigencies. Be that as it may, Wynter exchanges a life on the ocean wave for the restraints of his seat of Oakwood, and Amy receives "the route" with brief time for packing up. Now, as that young lady plays the part of leading heroine, we had hoped to see her in transports of despair. Basil Stillingwood had been more

* *Amy Wynter*. A Novel. By Thos. A. Pinkerton, Author of "*Crossford*." 3 vols. London: S. Tinsley & Co. 1880.

than a father to her, and Clement his nephew had apparently touched her heart. But Amy, with her bright and volatile nature, shows more than the proverbial fickleness of her sex; and her conduct is not at all what we should have looked for in a young woman who gives her name to a book. She goes dutifully with her cynical and wealthy father, accommodating herself to the humours of that middle-aged voluptuary. She consents to give up all constant intercourse with Basil Stillingwood, though she greets her adoptive father with smiling affection when they do chance to come across each other. And finally, in the familiar American phrase, she quickly gives poor Clement Stillingwood "the mitten"; while he, on his side, seeks consolation elsewhere. She has been happy in finding another admirer in Squire Michelmore, a noble specimen of muscular humanity, and the pair are not unsuitably matched. By this time, by the way, the elder Stillingwood, through force of circumstances, has been replaced in the thankless office of guardian; and it is consistent with the genial elasticity of his nature that he encourages the new aspirant to Miss Wynter's hand. Amy has become a great heiress, and Mr. Michelmore, though nominal proprietor of a good estate and representative of an old county family, is many years her senior, is heavily embarrassed, and is a gentleman who has sown his wild oats by the bushel. But the good-natured Stillingwood encourages his diffidence when Michelmore is making his slow and cautious approaches; so that, when he contemplated a protracted siege in form, he finds the place handed over to him without conditions.

We have disentangled the leading thread of the story from a maze of digressions that are inextricably involved. Without, as we believe, intending it, the author is decidedly communistic in his intermingling of the various grades of society. The scene of the tale gives him exceptional opportunities in this respect. Shelston is a rising, or rather a struggling, watering-place; and the country residences of Messrs. Wynter, Stillingwood, and Michelmore chance to be situated in the immediate neighbourhood. It is true that Mr. Wynter holds himself somewhat aloof; but then we know that he was naturally a misanthrope. Mr. Basil Stillingwood, on the contrary, shows his sociability and easy good nature by making himself hail-fellow-well-met with all ranks and conditions of men. He drops into the commercial room at the inn, making friends with any casual customer. So that we are less surprised than we should otherwise have been to find him hobnobbing with a voluble French bagman over the bottle of champagne which he has generously "stood" to that intelligent foreigner, and chopping political economy with the stranger, who speaks a most fantastic jargon of broken English. Received on terms of equality at Squire Stillingwood's house are a Mrs. and Miss Langdon, who let lodgings, and sometimes condescend to wait upon their lodgers. Julia Langdon, who happens to be extraordinarily handsome, has captivated the heart of Clement Stillingwood; and the uncle, who has encouraged her intimacy with his wealthy ward, Miss Wynter, logically approves the engagement with his heir. No doubt Mrs. Langdon's husband had been by birth a gentleman, who had broken away before the marriage beyond the confines of Bohemia, and gone upon the London "boards." But we do not believe that his antecedents would have been much of a recommendation to his widow and children in the somewhat straitened circle of an old-fashioned county coterie. Chief among the cleverly drawn subordinate characters we have referred to is "Dicky Yeoland," the Rector of Shelston; but Dicky, after filling a disproportionate space in the pages, is suddenly shipped away to the antipodes most improbably and unceremoniously. He is the son of a rich *parvenu*, who has purchased the living as an investment, thereby placing his son in an impossibly false position; for the nominal incomes are 900*l.*, and Mr. Yeoland, senior, who is known to be almost a millionaire, has placed the revenue under stoppages to the extent of 700*l.* Nevertheless, Dicky, with only 200*l.* to spend, with an expensive rectory house and costly grounds to keep up, and with the many claims to satisfy that come inevitably upon a clergyman, manages somehow to keep up appearances on this miserable margin. The humorous side of Dicky's false situation is that, while professionally a parson, he is at heart a farmer; and, indeed, had been arbitrarily taken from the plough to be forced into the pulpit. He detests things ecclesiastical and all appertaining to them; he never addresses his congregation without a tremor; and on the only occasion when he made a hit he had discoursed to them practically on the parable of the Sower. Still it was carrying his agricultural predilections rather far to drop the gown from his shoulders at a moment's notice and renounce the reversion of an unencumbered living for the post of manager with a probable partnership on a sheep farm in New Zealand. But the Rev. Mr. Yeoland's clerical career, with its summary *dénouement*, is a fair specimen of the mixed matter of the novel. There is a blending of the clever, the incoherent, and the commonplace, which undoubtedly tries our patience from time to time, but which carries us with tolerable satisfaction to the end of the story.

GEIKIE'S PREHISTORIC EUROPE.*

IN *Prehistoric Europe* Professor Geikie goes necessarily over much of the ground traversed not long ago by Professor Boyd Dawkins in *Prehistoric Man in Britain*, the wider scope of the

survey bringing at the same time more systematically under view the relations between our existing island group and the continent of which it once no doubt formed a part. The general agreement between these eminent palæontologists may be taken by the public at large as a sufficient testimony to the solidity of the basis on which has been built up the comparatively recent science of prehistoric archaeology, and to the trustworthiness both of the materials and the methods which have combined to make up the fabric. The vastly enhanced range of time to be assigned to the life of man in comparison with the limits allowed even by geologists of a generation back; the proofs of man's having had for contemporaries within our own era manifold forms of animals believed till lately to have been limited to widely different ages and climates; the clear lines which have been made to mark the successive waves or marches whereby distinct tribes of mankind have made their way from the primeval centre or fount of population, bringing with them the implements, weapons, and other tokens of art and skill which now serve as an index to their respective stages of progress—these stand as elementary propositions or axioms, not less fixed than the fundamental periods, the determination of which half a century ago gave to the study of the earth's crust the dignity and authority of a science. It seems only the other day when everybody thought he knew the year of the creation of man. There were even adventurous chronologists who gave out the day of the month as well as of the week when Adam first saw the light. Now the critical question for chronology has become, whether it is by the million or by the hundred thousand that we are to measure the span of man's existence upon the earth. We find widely scattered over our globe relics of human workmanship without number, with not a few fragments of man's bony frame, which beyond reasonable doubt belong to a time so far removed from our own that neither history nor tradition tells us anything about them. It is from these relics themselves, from their position and the local conditions under which they are found in and upon our soils and subsoils, that we have to discover what we can of the life-history of the people to whose presence they testify, and to picture to ourselves the external conditions under which these early races lived, with the changes that the aspect of the earth has undergone since they passed away. Towards the solution of this problem Professor James Geikie brings a connected and well-nigh exhaustive summary of the evidence accumulated by the widest and most recent research. In seeking to classify the relics of antiquity which have come to light from burial places, primitive dwellings, forts, and camps, archaeologists have agreed upon the elementary basis laid down. Prehistoric time has by common consent been divided into three periods, known respectively as the Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron Age. In these we recognize simply so many distinct phases of civilization, not necessarily divided in time, for stone, bronze, and iron may have been, as they are now, in use contemporaneously in different parts of the earth or even of one continent. The transition from the Stone Age to that of Bronze in Western Europe may be held with reason to have been the most sudden and strongly-marked, metallurgical knowledge having been brought hitherwards with one of those great folk-waves which Professor Geikie pictures as successively sweeping over Europe. It is not, however, with the periods marked by the use of the metals that the present inquiry is mainly concerned; for, from a geological point of view, the Europe of the later Bronze period at least was very much the same as it is to-day. No great alteration in the earth's surface or in the distribution of land and water has taken place within that range of time, and the pages before us are consequently occupied chiefly with the climatic and geographical changes which supervened during the true Stone Age.

The area of our author's special research is still more narrowly defined by the line sharply to be drawn between the earlier and the later Stone Age. Before passing on to consider the cause of this vast gap or hiatus, the change of climate being beyond doubt the most important fact in the problem, it is needful to take note of the points of evidence which clearly mark off palæolithic man from his successor of the neolithic type. Nearly all the palæolithic implements, for instance, are formed of flint or chert, most commonly of the former, the neolithic consisting of many varieties of hard stone; flint at the same time being retained for arrow heads or implements requiring a cutting edge or a sharp point. Bone and horn were also in use from the earliest known time. Palæolithic man was beyond question a true troglodyte, the caves in which he lived being very numerous, and exhibiting marked traces of his habits and condition. His early grasp of art is shown in the expressive outlines of contemporary animals—the mammoth, the elk, the horse, the bear, and the human form itself rudely scratched upon fragments of bone found in France, Switzerland, England, and elsewhere. That the superior art of workmanship like this necessarily attests a later stage of palæolithic antiquity is a matter rather of inference than of proof. No such principle of classification is to be accepted as trustworthy. Relative progress of this kind may have been due to local conditions quite as much as to lapse of time. The artistic stone folk wandered sometimes far afield. Drawings of seals and of a large cetacean have been discovered in certain caves in the Pyrenees, and far inland have been found sea-shells, some from the Atlantic coast, some from the Mediterranean, brought back probably by the reindeer hunters from their traffic with the coast-dwellers. Of the people themselves but few skulls or fragments of skeletons have been preserved. Professor Geikie's list soon exhausting the remains of our palæolithic ancestors. Within the period of their occupation

* *Prehistoric Europe: a Geological Sketch.* By James Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S., of H.M. Geological Survey of Scotland, &c. Maps and Illustrations. London: E. Stanford. 1881.

of Europe, extraordinary changes of climate are proved to have taken place, with the extent and the consequences of which the bulk of Professor Geikie's able and interesting work is taken up. To these changes the fauna and flora of the Pleistocene period, to which this earliest traceable stage of human life was limited, alike bear witness. Beginning apparently with a singularly mild and equable range of climate, that period came to a close under conditions of extreme severity, after alternations of no slight extent, though of no known duration, giving rise to great migrations and numerous extinctions or modifications of species, determining in great measure the present peculiar distribution of living forms. With the close of the Pleistocene, which corresponds, as our author's proofs go to show, in the main with the Glacial age, the European climate may be regarded as having settled down to its historical and existing average. That age began when the genial climatic conditions of the Pliocene were passing away. In the interglacial beds which betoken the changes of temperature within its range, as in the Pleistocene river-gravels, lignites, travertines, loams, and cave-accumulations, the plants and animals are associated with the relics of Palæolithic man in the rudest form. In the equable and genial climate prevalent at such intervals in Western Europe, animals now relegated to widely-separated zones lived throughout the year, and the hippopotamus, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the Irish deer, and the bison ranged with the horse and the ox from the borders of the Mediterranean as far north as mid-England and Northern Germany. That animals of what we are accustomed to call sub-tropical races kept these northern haunts all the year round, instead of migrating southwards for the winter, is a point upon which palæontologists have hitherto been by no means so strongly convinced as our author avows himself to be. May there not have been from our latitude a retreat to more southerly winter pastures whilst Great Britain still maintained its connexion with the Continent, the result of the breaking down of this bridge being their extinction through the effects of cold? At all events, whatever may have brought to an end the whole class of sub-tropical fauna in Northern Europe, overwhelming evidence points to a period of intense cold having supervened towards the close of the Pleistocene period. The facts adduced by our author lead him to conclusions which would have seemed beyond belief to the geologists of a generation ago, and may be not a little startling to less advanced students of nature even now. In Professor Geikie's survey of the Glacial period the northern ice sheet is seen extending as far south as Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus. That it failed in Britain to reach, as he allows, further south than the valley of the Thames can hardly have been due to the mitigating effect of the sea upon the climate of our southern shores, our insular condition not having then existed. We could wish for some more definite consideration of this point, as also of the strange hiatus in our author's reasoning when he writes, "At present the winter temperature (January) of Gibraltar is 54° 7' F., while that of Malta is 54° 5' F., so that it is not unreasonable to suppose that during the Glacial period heavy snow in winter may have covered the more elevated parts of Malta, and hard frost may have ruptured the rocks in the same manner as at Gibraltar." By what process of reasoning are we to account for the immense transition from a winter of Arctic severity to one more than twenty degrees above the freezing point? Our author does not believe that elevation or depression of the land had much to do with these extreme alternations of climate. He would interpret the striking series of glacial phenomena observed by him and Professor Ramsay at the Rock, not as indicating a quondam Alpine distribution of mountain and valley like that of Switzerland or the Himalaya, with glaciers in the hollows, altogether independent of the temperature due to latitude, as well as of the climate prevalent to the north or south. His picture of Europe seems rather that of an extended Greenland, the northern ice-sheet spreading in an almost unbroken level to the confines of Africa. In the map appended to his work it is true the southern limit of the glaciated areas is drawn through the latitude of London and hardly lower than that of Dresden and Krakow, curving northwards along the Ural Mountains. But the phenomena of the true Ice age are in his view of a character wholly apart from the effects of mere mountain elevation, and for the causes which brought them about, and in turn led to their dissolution, we must look to wider and more exceptional agencies. The retreat of the great European ice-sheet was to all appearances neither rapid nor continuous. There are evidences of mild interglacial epochs during which the Pleistocene mammals above mentioned are shown by their remains to have had a wide existence. We have proofs, our author maintains, in the sections of Pleistocene river gravels and cave deposits of no fewer than four glacial periods in England, separated by intervening ages of mild climatic conditions, during which man was an occupant of English soil. That man had his habitation here before the advent of the first glacial epoch, and even made his footing in Europe in Pliocene times, is, he considers, far from improbable. That Palæolithic man, driven southwards by the extreme severity of the closing stage, once more made his way back to these latitudes is not so likely as that he was supplanted by the more advanced Neolithic man; who in turn, about the time when Britain was severed from the mainland, was followed by the race who brought with them the use of metals. That the men of the old and the new Stone periods may have struggled for a while in the South of France at a time when the glacial was still living in the valleys of the Pyrenees, has indeed been rendered likely by the researches of M. N. Quatrefages

and Hamy, but that a wide interval on the whole separates the Palæolithic from the Neolithic ages everywhere in Central and Northern Europe is one of the conclusions which Professor Geikie holds it one of the main results of his work to have made good.

With respect to the causes of these extreme alternations of climate our author sees no reason to add much to the views put forth in his *Great Ice Age* in general accord with the theory of Mr. Oroll. Subject to such modifications as have been suggested by Professor Boyd Dawkins, as well as to the standing protest of astronomers against tampering with the obliquity of the ecliptic, there is felt by geologists at large to be in these views a trustworthy basis for the calculation of the climatal and geographical changes involved. At the same time, nothing herein established need set aside the fundamental conclusions of Sir C. Lyell and the English school of geologists in general as to the sufficiency of changes in the distribution of land and sea to explain the vicissitudes of climates. It is through such changes that the effects of varying eccentricity would to a great extent make themselves felt, such as the vast augmentation of the polar ice cap, the consequent alteration of the sea level, and the increased intensity of the polar currents of water and air. Even now the arctic-sheet comes down as far as the extremity of Greenland, within a degree or so of the parallel of latitude at which the group of the British Isles begins, and the former region remains in consequence as yet under the Great Ice Age. With no great extension of the geographical causes to which this phenomenon is due, Scotland, and perhaps all England, might be once more wrapped in the Palæolithic glacial sheet. To the influx of the warm equatorial current or gulf-stream we have in all probability been indebted for our release from the bondage under which our first human representatives were frozen up, and judging from the present gradual shrinkage of the Alpine glaciers, it is to the same genial breath that Europe might within no extreme range of geological time owe its riddance of the last vestiges of the Great Ice Age, and witness the closing scene of the long struggle with nature first waged with the imperfect weapons of Palæolithic man.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MANY Englishmen have had the courage to confess their indebtedness in point of historical knowledge to Shakespeare and Scott, and it may be suspected that a good many Frenchmen, if they spoke with equal frankness, would make similar acknowledgments in favour of Alexandre Dumas. Certainly the pages of *Le vicomte de Bragelonne* have supplied the ordinary reader with most of his ideas about the flirtation of Louis XIV. in the early days of his reign with Mazarin's niece. Nothing could exceed the horror with which trueborn Frenchmen, and, still more, trueborn Frenchwomen, viewed the King's fancy for "ces petites harençères de Rome," so long as it seemed not improbable that the matter might actually end in marriage. No doubt, first Olympe, and afterwards Marie Mancini, very nearly brought the susceptible Louis to this point; but neither succeeded. In this volume (1) M. Chantelaux gives the whole story from authentic documents, many of which have not yet been quoted, or have not been quoted fully. It is a story of considerable historical interest, for political issues of great moment were concerned, and of still greater interest of a personal kind. Marie Mancini was not beautiful, indeed she seems to have been positively ugly. But she must have had much of the charm which somehow belonged to all her family, and which made her sister Hortense the idol of everybody who had anything to do with her. She seems, too, like not a few others of his favourites, to have had a genuine affection for the King, whose unlimited belief in himself appears to have imposed on others far more than the cynical amiability of his cousin, Charles II. To her, too, appears to have been due in great part the taste for literature to which Louis afterwards owed so much. Thus she makes not an unworthy heroine for a volume which is a very fair specimen of its kind, fulness of historical information being accompanied by, but in no way sacrificed to, interesting presentation of the story from a literary point of view.

The work which M. Wallon has undertaken is beyond all doubt one of the most important contributions that have recently been made to the history (2) of the French Revolution. As he observes, the institution of the Revolutionary tribunal was "the great crime and the great blunder" of the popular party. By a curious accident, or, if it be preferred, by a just revolution of poetical justice, it has so happened that the tribunal has had very few friends. Its abominable procedure was directed by turns against the representatives of every party, and thus each party, in apologizing for its own idols, has perforce been obliged to expose the iniquity of the manner in which their doom was inflicted on them. The very occasion of the institution of the tribunal—the ill-success of Dumouriez in Belgium—gave a sinister indication of its probable conduct, and the failure of the Girondins to prevent its institution may be taken as the first definite sign of their approaching downfall. M. Wallon has given a most careful account of the successive exploits of the terrible Court, and the titles of his chapters—"Charlotte Corday," "Cousine," "Marie Antoinette," "Les Girondins," "Égalité," "Bailly"—indicate of themselves its

(1) *Louis XIV et Marie Mancini*. Par E. Chantelaux. Paris: Didier.

(2) *Histoire du tribunal révolutionnaire de Paris*. Par E. Wallon. Tomes 1, 2. Paris: Hachette.

author has prefixed to his work a preface which has evidently been carefully weighed, and which is likely to give not a little offence to the Extreme Left in France. We are told, the very least, that the terror is a thing of the past, not likely to return—"Et nous avons eu la Commune." Certainly a history fuller and more impartial than any previous one of the Revolutionary tribunal comes not inopportunistly at a moment when, both in France and in England, the Commune finds apologists and defenders, and when the intolerance of which the tribunal itself was only an audacious expression has been adopted as the order of the day by the French Government.

The work (3) of which M. Franck now publishes the second part—the first devoted to the middle ages and the Renaissance having already appeared—is one of those which may be called illustrations of history rather than directly historical works. The word "réformateurs" in the title perhaps gives an extension to the plan which the author has not, and indeed could not, have carried out in practice. To notice all the Reformers of Europe would take a library full of volumes. "Publicistes de l'Europe" by itself would perhaps have been a better appellation. It is needless to say that the special part of the subject contained in this volume is an exceptionally interesting one. At no time were the questions of political philosophy more eagerly theorized upon, or by more distinguished persons, than in the seventeenth century. M. Franck's volume has five "books." The first deals with what he calls the School of Resistance, including Suarez, Mariana, and Selden—a trinity of which the third member would perhaps hardly have cared to find himself associated with the others. Then comes a chapter devoted to the Utopists of the time—notably, Campanella and Harrington. The next section deals with Grotius and his followers, the promulgators of the law-of-nature theory. The fourth book, containing the opponents of this doctrine, again shows us how oddly systems of classification may work, Bossuet and Fénelon finding themselves side by side with Hobbes and Spinoza, while the excellent Filmer—a dwarf among the giants—also appears. Lastly, Leibnitz has a book to himself, though a short one. It was scarcely to be expected that M. Franck should be able to make a lively volume on such a subject, but he has made a solid one, and one which with its companions is likely to make a very useful compendium of the history of political philosophy.

In point of size, at least, the first rank among the numerous publications which the Jubilee of Belgian Independence has called forth may probably be assigned with safety to the history of the Belgian Parliament (4) during its fifty years of life. Five stout volumes, closely printed in double columns, and in one case extending to nearly a thousand pages, contain the *faits et gestes* of the Belgian legislators. The method adopted is that of sessional divisions, in each of which matters are arranged dictionary fashion. The book is therefore of the utmost convenience for reference, but not suited for continuous perusal. M. Hymans deserves much credit for the immense labour which such a work must have imposed on him.

An essay (5) on the relations of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany, reprinted from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is, as might be expected, strongly anti-German, but speaks very highly of Marshal Manteuffel.

We do not quite know whether the historians of the future are to be congratulated or condoled with on the immense mass of matter relating to the war of 1870 and its sequelæ which is being accumulated for them. M. Duret's work (6), the present volume of which deals with the Commune, appears to be itself carefully compiled, but shows no great narrative vigour, and lacks precision of detail.

Every one has heard of the Prix Montyon, or Monthyon, for there is a great controversy as to the proper method of spelling the name, but perhaps few Englishmen know much about the founder of these curiously French endowments. M. Fernand Labour (7) gives full information on the subject in a pleasant style. M. de Montyon was one of the many wise and good officers of State who redeem the *ancien régime* from the indiscriminate discredit thrown on it by ignorant persons. As Intendant at Aurillac he did even more than Turgot did at Limoges; and when the Revolution came, it was very much against his will that he was made an *émigré*. But he preserved a very large fortune; and it was with this that he founded his prizes, rather to the disgust of his tenants and dependants at Montyon. The good man, benevolent as he was, seems to have had a tolerably clear notion of the rights of property and a determination to exercise them.

Mme. Carla Sérénia (8) is going, it would seem, to make ten or twelve volumes out of her travels. These began in 1874, and seem to have lasted several years, chiefly in the countries of Russia and Turkey. We cannot say that the first volume promises very well for the other nine or ten. Mme. Sérénia occupies herself chiefly with telling us how very polite all kings, emperors,

staff officers, governors, &c., were to her; how they were astonished at her audacity in travelling, and so forth. This was certainly intensely interesting to her, but is less interesting to her readers.

The lectures and essays which M. Paul Bert has here reprinted (9) are full of scientific ardour and Republican zeal. We could have spared the (*vifs applaudissements*) which the learned professor has conscientiously reproduced, and we could also have spared much of his text. But M. Bert is an eloquent person enough, and the discourses to schools and colleges in which he encourages young France in the soundest doctrine of democracy and vivisection are models of their kind. Whether insults to the fallen and misrepresentation of everybody who does not agree with the speaker are good lessons for youth is a point on which we shall give no opinion.

M. Pillaut's *Instruments et musiciens* (10) is a pleasant collection of essays, partly on the different instruments which compose a modern orchestra, partly on a few composers.

There are several good books already about the *Précieuses* (11), but M. de Barthélemy's fairly deserves to be added to the list. His chief subject is "la Grande Mademoiselle" as she may perhaps be called, from this point of view, Mlle. de Soudéry herself, but many others of the society come in for notice.

A new edition of the *Roman comique* (12), and one of the prettiest we have seen, though Scarron's famous book has had its full share of reprints lately, has been added to the "ancient" series of M. Lemerre's *Petite bibliothèque littéraire*.

MM. Marmier and Soldi have given in their joint volume (13) a useful selection from the works of two of the most famous playwrights of Denmark, with good introductory memoirs. Oehlenschläger is represented by *Hakon Jarl*, *Axel and Valborg*, and *Correggio*; Holberg by *The Pouterer*, *The Busybody*, and *Ulysses*.

The December number of the *Revue des arts décoratifs* (14) is fuller than usual, and includes an interesting *compte rendu* of last year's Exposition de l'Union Centrale. The separate illustration of the number gives two candlesticks and a clock. One at least of the former is admirable.

M. Danewsky's pamphlet (15) is a counterblast to M. Martens's olive branch to Russia and England. M. Danewsky thinks that there can be no peace between "la politique humaine et loyale" of Russia and the terrible selfishness which characterizes the foreign, and especially the Eastern, policy of England.

The sixty-third volume of the *Bibliothèque utile* (16) is at least ambitious. M. Paul Boudois aims at giving a brief résumé of the principal facts of European history by nations from 1789 to the present day. In two hundred pages he has really achieved a remarkable instance of the literary compressed vegetable.

The railway guide is a characteristic product of the latter days, and, to do French publishers justice, nowhere has it been better done than in France. The maps and pictures of the Riviera given in the *Atlas du chemin de fer de Marseille à Gènes* (17) are of great excellence, and they are accompanied by letterpress which confines itself strictly to matters of fact.

L'Album des pensionnaires du Louvre (18), due to M. Louis Leroy as penman, and to M. Paul Renouard as pencilman, is a very amusing book. A certain brutality, inseparable apparently from French comic portraiture, may be charged against it. But laughter being, according to one of the greatest of psychologists, "a passion of sudden glory," brutality is perhaps inseparable from it.

We have to give account this month of some books of French verse—theory and practice both—which are unusually instructive. M. Théodore de Banville's *Petit traité de poésie française* (19) is, it need hardly be said, the best work extant on the subject. No one in eight hundred years has shown himself a greater master of the formal part of French poetry than the author of *Odes funambulesques*, and no one has shown himself better able to teach the art in so far as it is teachable. The book may be specially recommended to English readers, because there is a singular ignorance in England of the most ordinary rules of French prosody. Even the rule of the mute *e* is frequently violated by English amateurs. This and other solecisms cannot be better corrected than by a perusal of M. de Banville's pleasantly written and scholarly work. Nor would it be easy to find a better practical example of the excellences and the limitations of modern French poetry than in the republication which M. Lemerre has given of the selected works of Louis Bouilhet (20), accompanied, as it is, by the charming essay in which Gustave Flaubert—now, alas! gone to rejoin his friend in the ranks of the majority—introduced that friend's

(9) *Leçons et conférences*. Par Paul Bert. Paris: Charpentier.

(10) *Instruments et musiciens*. Par L. Pillaut. Paris: Charpentier.

(11) *Sapho*. Par E. de Barthélemy. Paris: Didier.

(12) *Le roman comique*. Par Paul Scarron. 2 vols. Paris: Lemerre.

(13) *Théâtre choisi d'Oehlenschläger et de Holberg*. Traduit par X. Marmier et David Soldi. Paris: Didier.

(14) *Revue des arts décoratifs*. Décembre 1880. Paris: Quantin.

(15) *La Russie et l'Angleterre dans l'Asie centrale*. Par W. Danewsky. London: Dulau & Co.

(16) *L'Europe contemporaine*. Par Paul Boudois. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(17) *Atlas du chemin de fer de Marseille à Gènes*. Paris: Hachette.

(18) *Les pensionnaires du Louvre*. Par Louis Leroy. Dessins de Paul Renouard. Paris and London: Librairie de l'Art.

(19) *Petit traité de poésie française*. Par Théodore de Banville. Paris: Charpentier.

(20) *Œuvres de Louis Bouilhet*. Paris: Lemerre.

(3) *Réformateurs et publicistes de l'Europe*. 17^{ème} siècle. Par Ad. Franck. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Histoire parlementaire de Belgique*. Par Louis Hymans. 5 tomes et table générale. Brussels: Bruylant-Christopho.

(5) *L'Alsace-Lorraine et l'Empire germanique*. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Histoire de quatre ans, 1870-1873*. Par Th. Duret. Tom. 3. Paris: Charpentier.

(7) *M. de Montyon*. Par F. Labour. Paris: Hachette.

(8) *De la Baltique à la mer Caspienne*. Par Carla Sérénia. Paris: Dreyfous.

remains ten years ago. The essay, among other things, shows the vast gulf which lay between the author of *La tentation de St. Antoine* and those who now falsely call themselves his pupils. The poems show the strength and the weakness of the school of poets who were the epigoni of the great romantic movement. Chronologically M. Bouilhet belonged to the intermediate set who—between the days of 1830 and the *Parnasse*—followed the banners of Victor Hugo, the set who will be represented in literary history by Baudelaire, by M. Leconte de Lisle, by M. Théodore de Banville, and, in a lesser degree, by M. Josephin Soulayr. He falls far short of the first three, and, unlike M. Soulayr, he was not fortunate enough to confine himself for the most part to one political field or allotment. His work is generally irreproachable in point of form, and from this point of view it compares very favourably with most English minor poetry. It is rarely trivial or wholly commonplace, but it somehow fails to justify itself by positive excellence. Of the more modern verse which the men of the present generation have produced, the two volumes (21, 22) now before us are very good examples. M. Nardin is one of the strictest sect of the *Parnassiens*, descending from Théophile Gautier through M. Théodore de Banville. M. Grandmougin has gone further afield for his models, and has something of Musset and the other guerillas of the romantic movement, as well as of the regular soldiers.

In *Le moulin Frappier* (23) Mme. Henry Gréville has had recourse to Normandy, the fertile mother of novels, and has written a book which is somewhat different in plan and style from any of hers that we remember. She has, however, been very successful. Considering the well-known adoration of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen for their mothers, it is rather curious that the worst side of the matronly character at a somewhat advanced age should be so frequently selected for exhibition by them in their novels. Mme. Victoire Beauquesne, the nagging mother-in-law in *Le moulin Frappier*, is one of the most detestable of those brawling women who make even a wide house uninhabitable, and the sordid character of the French peasant—a character respectfully suggested for consideration to those who hold him and his status up to the admiration and imitation of England—is capably shown both in her and in her husband. The volume which Mme. Gréville's chief rival (24) has just produced is not only slighter in texture, consisting only of three short stories, more or less connected by the similarity of theme indicated by their general title, but also weaker in style and of distinctly less literary value. The stories are, however, pleasant enough tales, as indeed, being the work of their author, they could hardly help being.

M. Burty has attained so high a reputation as an art critic that his venture (25) into another kind of literary work is at once perilous and interesting. The result is perhaps not very different from what might have been expected. The composition of the book is fairly good, it is excellently written, and there are detached passages of description which are capital; but, on the whole, we are afraid that M. Burty has not *la tête nouvelle* or *romancière*, whichever may be the proper phrase. *Pylade* (26) is a pleasant book of a style not too common in modern French fictitious literature, and recalling both by scene and manner rather M. Sandeau than any of his rivals. The hero is one of the few Frenchmen—are the Englishmen of the same stamp very numerous?—who thinks of others before he thinks of himself, and he is rewarded amply and satisfactorily. *La comtesse Mourenine* (27) tells us in its second title, *Une scandale russe*, pretty plainly what we must expect. It is M. Feuillet crossed with M. Cherbuliez, and we think that, on the whole, we prefer the originals. It is a curious subject for discussion whether English novels, as a rule, recall the works of living English masters so remarkably as French novels do. The moral of *Le baiser d'Odile* (28) is admirably enforced by the illustration on its cover. It is that it is not safe to indulge in effusive displays of illicit affection before an open window. Perhaps, however, this moral does not require the reading of a not very lively novel to enforce it. We ought to mention that one of the characters, the Abbé Moritz, is rather better than most of the personages of the average novel. M. Ulbach pursues, in *Le mariage de Pouschkins* (29), his task of *romaniement* applied to the novels of the Hungarian romancer Jokai. *La mort d'Eva* (30) is one of the funny books in which the manners of Anglo-Indians—always a subject of deep and intriguing interest to Frenchmen—are unveiled. Lord Sir Guy Richardson is a terrible Briton, who fights a duel on horseback with carbines, and drops his adversary with a silver bullet. In *Le roman d'une bourgeoise* (31), M. Guillemot endeavours to offer an amendment to the famous *Tue-la*, by suggesting, instead of execution, forgiveness after a sufficient probation. There is a good deal of art in the way in which—without playing fast and loose with morality—he makes his criminal's

crime as venial as possible. The three next books on our list are all specimens of the provincial novel. This used to choose its scenes in the West and North; now—perhaps under the influence of M. A. Daudet—it goes southwards for them. *Cœur de neige* (32) chooses Gascony, *Le berger du Béage* (33) the Vivarais, *Misé Féréal* (34) Provence. They are all fair specimens of their class. M. Louis Depret (35), the one Frenchman who has valiantly endeavoured to naturalize Charles Lamb in France, comes before us with a volume of humorous tales, which at least serve to show that he is endeavouring to live up to his ideal. Perhaps he has not quite succeeded, but the intention, if not everything, is at any rate something.

(32) *Cœur de neige*. Par P. Ninous. Paris: Charpentier.

(33) *Le berger du Béage*. Par F. Fortiault. Paris: Didier.

(34) *Misé Féréal*. Par J. Vincent. Paris: Plon.

(35) *Mademoiselle Delyvoir*. Par L. Depret. Paris: Didier.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

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- (21) *Les horizons bleus*. Par G. Nardin. Paris: Charpentier.
- (22) *Nouvelles poésies*. Par C. Grandmougin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (23) *Le moulin Frappier*. Par Henry Gréville. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.
- (24) *Amour perdu*. Par Th. Bentzon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (25) *Giève imprudence*. Par Ph. Burty. Paris: Charpentier.
- (26) *Pylade*. Par A. Récoiffert. Paris: Plon.
- (27) *La comtesse Mourenine*. Paris: Plon.
- (28) *Le baiser d'Odile*. Par E. Siebecker. Paris: Dreyfous.
- (29) *Le mariage de Pouschkins*. Par L. Ulbach. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (30) *La mort d'Eva*. Par H. Cauvain. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (31) *Le roman d'une bourgeoise*. Par G. Guillemot. Paris: Charpentier.

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THE LAND LEAGUE.

IF it is true that tenants who had been coerced into dishonesty are beginning to pay their rents, and if the Land League is relaxing its hold on the fears and sympathies of the people, the change for the better is due to the prospect of improved legislation, and to the increased energy which the Government has displayed since the meeting of Parliament. Thus far the alarm professed by the obstructive members lest the arrest of DAVITT should precipitate an outbreak has not been justified by experience. It was alleged with a certain literal truth that the chief agitator had warned his followers against immediate insurrection; and it was consequently assumed as a reason for tolerating his seditious language, that on his withdrawal a check on popular violence would be removed. Even if DAVITT intended that his ostensible counsels should be followed, his only argument against revolt was founded on the probability that it would be unsuccessful. While he stimulated the passions of the populace to the utmost, he appealed, with perhaps greater effect, to their fears. The Government is not likely to be regarded as less formidable because it has used its powers to silence a dangerous demagogue. At the same time the disaffected Irish learned that the dreaded Protection Bill would not be much longer delayed. The ruffians who execute the lawless decrees of the Land League are probably thinking by this time of providing for their own safety before the Habeas Corpus is suspended in those districts which will be immediately proclaimed. Defaulting tenants perhaps foresee that no Land Bill will relieve them from their debts; and that even fixity of tenure will be conditional on the payment of a stipulated or arbitrated rent. Any improvement which may be discerned in the state of Ireland will tend to illustrate the truism that force is the only remedy for lawlessness.

In some cases labourers who had been forbidden by the Land League to work for their employers are beginning to feel the inevitable pressure of want. Their numbers will be swelled by others of the same class whom impoverished landowners have against their will been forced to dismiss. Agitators, lay and clerical, may perhaps for the moment persuade them that their interest is on the side of the mutinous occupiers. If any disturbance should unfortunately occur, the ranks of disorder will be largely recruited from the poorest section of the community; but in time the labourers will not be satisfied with an agrarian system which would dry up the source of wages. The Land League undoubtedly owes a portion of its temporary triumph to the one-sided extravagance of its fundamental doctrine. The small farmers might not have been so strongly tempted by offers of moderate rents, or even of security of tenure, as by the promises of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. DAVITT that landlords should be abolished. They may be slow to learn that their project is impracticable; but in the meantime it is true that the rights of landlords have been suspended; and the labourers will profit by an experimental illustration of the consequences to the landless population which may result from the approximately equal division of property. The working of the Encumbered Estates Acts had already thrown light on the comparative advantages in such a country as Ireland of large and small estates. Purchasers for investment have been unable rather than unwilling to extend to their tenants the indulgent laxity

to which they have been accustomed under great proprietors. Even Mr. BRIGHT's admirers allow that he was mistaken when he was tempted by his prejudices into the statement that the agrarian evils of Ireland are mainly to be attributed to the existence of large estates. The ten thousand landlords who are incessantly taunted by agitators and theorists with their numerical weakness may perhaps hereafter be regretted by the sub-lessees who may occupy land under middlemen created by fixity of tenure.

The Land Bill, whatever may be its provisions, will, in the first instance, be received by the agitators with real or simulated indignation; but the advocates of justice and of sound economic principles have more to fear from the extreme Liberals, including the less violent section of Home Rule members. If the Government had accepted the suggestion that the Land Bill should take precedence of the Protection Bill, the division of opinion would have been so profound and so inveterate that it might have been difficult to secure approximate unanimity in the legislation which is necessary for the restoration of order. The Parliamentary obstruction which was at last with difficulty checked, produced an opposite and beneficial effect. The spectacle of lawless turbulence in the House of Commons confirmed the belief that the same demagogues were engaged in the promotion of social anarchy. Proposals to modify the provisions of the Government Bill were received with little favour. The present Ministers cannot be suspected of excessive severity or vigour. It is but reasonable to assume that Mr. FORSTER has sufficient reasons for making the provisions of his Bill retrospective; and it is not desirable to provide for the impunity of malefactors who may happen not to have committed any known crime within the last few months. The proposal that a future judicial inquiry should determine the guilt or innocence of persons arrested under the Lord-Lieutenant's warrant is utterly inadmissible. The power of acting on well-founded belief in default of legal evidence is absolutely essential to the efficacy of a preventive measure. The lists of outrages which are published in a tabulated form in the Blue Books account for the universal prevalence of terror. If the fact were not otherwise, however, it might be taken for granted that the recipients of the threatening letters and the victims of nocturnal outrages would not venture to give evidence in public against the offenders, though in some instances they might be willing to furnish the police with a clue. It is true that the Government will be, in some degree, dependent on secret information; but the accuracy of statements made by injured persons will be, as far as possible, strictly tested. The conspirators who intimidate the peaceable portion of the community must bear the consequences of the silence which they have imposed on the sufferers.

The arguments for the Bill and the declamation against it had been so largely anticipated during the discussion of the past month, that the debate on the second reading of the Bill was devoid of novelty. The amendment which purported to defeat the Bill was appropriately moved by Mr. BRADLAUGH, though some votes may perhaps have been lost to the opponents of the measure by their remarkable selection of a leader. Those who sympathise with the rural tyrants of Ireland are consistent in refusing to interfere with their evil practices; but it was more than once pointed out during the course of the debate that the only part of

the public on the fact, that the declaration of that state has, owing to Sir STAFFORD NORRIS and his followers, been fenced and safeguarded by not a few regulations in the first instance.

There are, however, others of the rules which, if they follow with equal logic from the conversion of a Speaker into a Dictator, jar more harshly still on the reader, and exhibit still more fully the surrender of liberty which the House has made. Such is the provision that at any time when it seems good to the Speaker to put the question, he may do so forthwith, provided he obtains a three to one majority in that sense. Here there is no proviso as to the number of the House which may be present, nor any necessity for notice, nor any power of deliberation or delay. Again, it is provided that, if not more than twenty persons challenge the decision of the Speaker, that the ayes or noes, as the case may be, have it, the ceremony of a formal division may be omitted altogether. This amounts to an admission in the crudest possible form of the omnipotence of numbers. It does not necessarily follow that a minority is not worth attending to because it is numerically small, especially as in a very possible case the majority in whose favour the decision was given might be no larger. So, too, the rules intended for the guidance of the House during Committee may be divided into two classes, one of which is only objectionable in so far as it is the natural result and concomitant of urgency, while the other exhibits the unpleasant features of that state in a somewhat newer and more vivid light. It has already been pointed out by more than one critic of the rules that the restriction imposed on repeated speech in Committee would tend in practice to stifle many valuable suggestions, and that it indeed strikes at the root of the importance and use of Committee as an institution. But, on the whole, it is probably useless to comment in detail on the unpleasant features of these regulations which cannot be altered, which have been by implication accepted, and which merely translate into precise terms the power committed to the Speaker, and indeed exercised by him before it had been so committed. No exercise of autocracy here detailed exceeds in arbitrariness the silencing of the malcontents on the morning of Wednesday week, and perhaps few exceed in arbitrariness the summary interruption of Mr. DILLON the next day. In one way the stringency of these rules, supposing them likely to be adopted as a precedent, may have a good effect in making the House all the more unwilling to declare urgency in the first instance. But the die is cast; the example set. For the time the House of Commons has ceased to be a place of free discussion, and the opportunities enjoyed by its members of endeavouring to delay what they think unjust, or of endeavouring to bring round their fellow-members to what they think to be just, have been grievously curtailed. The Irish members have been copious with tongue and pen on the subject of the treatment they have brought down on themselves. They do not, however, seem to have observed that, while they have done the worst for the cause they profess to have at heart, they have done the utmost for that which they strenuously repudiate. They have disabled themselves from further serious opposition to the Coercion Bill; but they have succeeded in lowering the privileges of the House of Commons and in injuring its prestige. To some of them this may possibly be a consolation. Impartial critics may be perhaps allowed to regret more and more that Dr. PLAYFAIR's irresolution, or his obedience to the programme of his chiefs, prevented the Opposition from defeating at once obstruction and the closure.

THE SPEAKER'S RULES.

THESE are only two classes of persons who can be conceived as likely to read the SPEAKER'S new rules for the conduct of the business of the House of Commons with entire complacency. The first class consists of avowed enemies of Parliamentary government. The second consists of that much larger body of well-meaning, but somewhat shortsighted, people whose ideal of cookery is the method of HO-TI, who would gladly burn their house to roast their dinner, and who, provided the immediate object that they have at heart is attained, care little or nothing for the consequences. It is needless to say that no blame attaches to Mr. BRAND for the roughness of the gag which he has forged. He has been more or less deliberately commissioned to save Parliamentary society, and saviours of society must be allowed their platoons and their artillery, their Cayenne and their Lambessa. But any one who reads the rules and reflects a little on some of the occasions on which they might conceivably again come into operation may be allowed to indulge in a few wry faces. The first rule, extemporized a week ago, is open to little objection; and, generally speaking, the provisions having reference to the adjournment of the debate are necessary corollaries of the power summarily entrusted to the Speaker by the declaration of urgency. Perhaps the same may be said of the clearing away of all obstacles to going into Committee, to the consideration of Bills as amended, and the like. It is perfectly clear that in many cases the gag might act unfairly and prejudicially; but that matter must be supposed to have been contemplated in the admission of the state of urgency as such, and there is nothing left to do but to congratulate the House and

the public on the fact, that the declaration of that state has, owing to Sir STAFFORD NORRIS and his followers, been fenced and safeguarded by not a few regulations in the first instance.

There is one point of no small importance which has hitherto been but little noticed. There may be thought to be a reasonable fear lest the effect of the change should be to lower the character of successive Speakers. No one has any fear that, so long as Mr. BRAND holds the office, the vast powers which have been, and may again be, entrusted to him will not be exercised with judgment and with justice. In the first place, too, and so long as partisan Speakers are unknown, the possession by the Speaker, rather than by the momentary majority, of the power of the gag may be an advantage. But it is evident that this advantage would be turned into a disadvantage in the event of a Speaker being a partisan; and, what is more, it does not need a very great deal of consideration to show that the new system has a tendency to make the Speaker a partisan. Hitherto, though the idea of the Speaker being a special patron and protector of minorities

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and of individuals, was rather a pretty theory than an actual fact. It had considerable foundation in reality; just as on the rare occasions of using his casting vote he was supposed to resist innovation, so he was generally supposed to lean towards the side of precedent and of established right and privilege. He had but little opportunity of doing one party or another a service or an injury; his decision, except on points of order, could be challenged by the most insignificant minority which could muster tellers; and he was powerless to shorten or stifle debate. The new arrangement has changed all this. Though the limitations introduced by the leader of the Opposition have interposed difficulties in the way of the Speaker entering on his dictatorship, when he has once entered upon it there is hardly anything to control him, and the assistance which he can lend to the side which he favours is simply enormous. It has become, therefore, a point of vast importance to secure a probably favourable Speaker, and the election, instead of being, as it has for years been, half a matter of form, may be expected to be more and more keenly contested on purely party grounds. It is difficult to believe that this can present itself to any one as a desirable thing, or one to be contemplated without some dismay. Taken in conjunction with the most remarkable feature of the new and enlarged constituencies, their tendency to run *en masse* to alternate extremes, it is specially disquieting. In Parliaments composed of narrowly matched parties, a Speaker is pretty sure to be impartial, and his partiality would not do much harm. In Parliaments composed of a large majority and a comparatively small minority, the impartiality of the Speaker and the absence of any temptation inducing the majority to make sure of his assistance are things of vital importance. It may be repeated that, if the Parnellite party are as anxious to do mischief as they are sometimes represented to be, they certainly have attained their wish.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THERE may probably be some foundation for the rumour that Irish malcontents have aided in instigating the revolt in the Transvaal; but it is immaterial whether they have promoted an insurrection to which they could render no effective support. The contribution of Irish conspirators to an untoward occurrence must be confined to example, which was scarcely needed, and to the diversion of force caused by the necessity of preventing rebellion in Ireland. Common enmity naturally tends to alliance; but in proceedings which may be thought to resemble the operations of the Land League the Boers are not necessarily plagiarists, for similar causes produce in South Africa as in Ireland their natural results. A considerable part of the population of the Transvaal, including a minority of the Dutch farmers, is either well affected to the English Government, or opposed to the policy of armed resistance. The insurgents consequently practise the same methods by which the Land League promotes ostensible unanimity. The dissentients are threatened with death or expulsion if they decline to join the armed Boers. Some of the English settlers are tenants of the Dutch proprietors, occupying portions of their large estates. The condition of society so far differs from that of Ireland, that physical force, and the opportunity of applying it to purposes of coercion, are in the Transvaal on the side of the landowners. When the revolt began, parties of armed Boers visited the settlers whose disposition was either doubtful or adverse to their cause, and informed them that three parties, or loyalists, rebels, and neutrals, would no longer be tolerated in the country. They must accordingly either go to Pretoria, at that time the head-quarters of the English authorities, or attend the meetings at which the rebellion was organized. The inhabitants of English blood are not believed in any instance to have taken part in the insurrection; but the friendly and neutral Boers may probably have thought it prudent to join their countrymen. If the battle at Laing's Nek had resulted in a defeat of the insurgents, the dissensions in their ranks would probably have resulted in the secession of their unwilling confederates. One of the many evil consequences of defeat is the more thorough intimidation which the insurgents will be enabled to exercise. In one of his despatches Sir G. COLLEY tells the SECRETARY OF STATE that the loyal inhabitants are in so many ways

dependent on the Boers that they cannot be expected to oppose them. If the opportunity occurred, the English inhabitants would gladly seek protection against the harsh treatment to which they will probably be exposed.

Although the revolt would in any case not have been long postponed, there is some reason to believe that it was precipitated by casual and unfortunate occurrences. The first occasion of dispute was the refusal of some of the inhabitants, including members of the provisional Legislature, to pay taxes which were due. It was not until process was issued that armed resistance was offered; and in one case, at least, the officers of the Government appear to have made a mistake. A Boer, of whom 27*l.* was demanded, offered 14*l.*, which, as he contended, was the amount of his debt. A waggon belonging to him was taken in execution for the larger sum; and, when it appeared that his original tender had been correct, a dispute was raised about costs. The waggon was forcibly retained or recovered; and the first defiance of the law soon afterwards merged in systematic resistance. Sir OWEN LANTON argues at great length that the disinclination to pay taxes had begun not less conspicuous under the Republic. It is certain that Mr. BURGERS repeatedly remonstrated with his constituents and countrymen on their refusal to supply him with the means of discharging his duties as Governor. The inference appears to be that great allowance ought to have been made for unwilling subjects who had not been accustomed to pay obedience even to their own indigenous Government. As a general rule, it is the duty of official persons to enforce the law without regard to persons; but, immediately after so revolutionary an act as annexation, it would have been desirable to incline as far as possible to indulgence. Higher personages than the Administration of the Transvaal appear in the published correspondence to be deficient in the power of adapting themselves to circumstances. In the course of last November the German Ambassador requested Lord GRANVILLE to take measures for the protection of some German traders and missionaries, whose lives or properties were liable to be endangered by a war which had broken out between some natives in the neighbourhood of the Cape Colony. The Colonial Government had, in fact, no jurisdiction over the territory, and had determined not to interfere in the quarrel between the Damaras and Namaquas. The inability to interfere was bluntly stated as a conclusive reason for not complying with the request of the German Government. It would have been more judicious, especially in regard of possible complications, to undertake that English influence should be used as far as possible for the protection of German residents. In a much more important matter, tact and courtesy might perhaps have postponed the collision in the Transvaal. Mr. KAUFEN, who always professed a desire for a peaceable settlement, alleged that hostilities were forced upon his party by the rigid enforcement of the law.

The latest accounts from the seat of war are in no respect encouraging. The rainy weather which renders the roads almost impassable will soon pass away; but it is unsatisfactory to learn that the Boers had interrupted the communication between Durban and Newcastle; and also between Newcastle and the English camp. In the northern districts of Natal the Dutch settlers are numerous; and it is probable that some of them may have given information and assistance to the enemy. The account of the second action which has been fought is not a little alarming. Finding his communications with Newcastle interrupted, Sir G. COLLEY marched on the 8th of February southward to protect an expected convoy, leaving only an insignificant garrison of three hundred men to defend his camp. Being attacked on his march by a force of Boers, evidently much superior in number, he succeeded in holding a position which he had occupied; and in one account it is stated that he repelled the enemy with great slaughter. It is more certain that he was unable to penetrate to Newcastle, or to reach the convoy, and that he lost out of his little army one hundred and fifty men killed and wounded. The action has been absurdly described as a victory; and it is certain that two or three such victories would leave Natal open without defence to invasion. No explanation has yet been given of the rash attempt to force the pass at Laing's Nek. The garrisons in the interior of the Transvaal seem not to have been in urgent need of relief, as they are still holding out. The report that Lydenburg, with a portion of the unfortunate 94th Regiment, had been taken has been since contra-

dicted. It may be hoped that reinforcements have by this time arrived at the front; but the difficulty of the enterprise is rapidly increasing. It is said that the alternative road into the Transvaal through the territory of the Free State is fortified; and it is suspected that a part of the force with which Sir G. COLLEY was engaged on the 8th of February consisted of volunteers from the other side of the border. The approaching Session of the Volksraad in the Free State causes reasonable anxiety. Mr. BRAND, the President, has hitherto maintained neutrality, and there is no reason to doubt either his integrity or his friendly feeling to the English Government; but it is well known that many of his countrymen sympathize with the insurgents; and it is feared that, if they command a majority in the Legislature, they may force the Republic to join in the war. It was perhaps prudent to overlook as long as possible the irregularity which has apparently been committed of allowing the Boer troops which have lately been operating in Natal to pass through territory belonging to the Free State, though a similar permission accorded to the English troops might have obviated the disaster at Laing's Nek by supplying an easier mode of access to the Transvaal. The Government of the Free State is probably powerless to restrain the movements of the Boers, or to prevent the complicity of its own subjects. Too urgent a remonstrance would be likely to strengthen the party which is unfriendly to the English Government; but it may not long be practicable to affect ignorance of hostile acts. It is asserted that the insurgents have made overtures of alliance to some of the native chiefs; but, according to the same accounts, they are all loyal to the Government which, as they well know, is their most trustworthy protector. If the war continues, the border tribes will almost certainly profit by the absence of the Boers in the field to commit depredations on their cattle. It would not be difficult to enlist their services in the struggle, but the civil and military authorities rightly refuse to employ savages against Europeans. The Zulus, who formerly threatened the Transvaal, are now peaceably disposed under their numerous chiefs, and some of them are beginning to take service as labourers in Natal. If they should again be organized as a military Power, the Boers may have reason to regret that they have alienated the goodwill of the English Government. Much anxiety is felt as to the disposition of the Dutch colonists at the Cape; but only agitators and alarmists predict a general conflict between the two races for the sovereignty of South Africa. Although the Dutch, including settlers of French and German descent, form a majority of the population, political preponderance seems to be on the side of the more active English population. The present Ministry, which still retains a Parliamentary majority, represents the English rather than the Dutch element; and the war against the Basutos which now approaches a successful termination is mainly conducted by English levies. The burgher force which lately took the opportunity of retiring from the army in the middle of a battle will not have acquired a claim to colonial gratitude or confidence. There is reason to suppose that the Ministers and the Parliamentary majority at the Cape have little sympathy with the Transvaal insurgents.

RUSSIA AND CANDAHAR.

THE Duke of ARGYLL is not a person whose expressions command universal assent, but few people are likely to quarrel with his statement of the effect likely to be produced by the publication of the documents discovered at Cabul. Perhaps the persons who have been most disquieted are those who had been confidently asserting that there was absolutely no cause for disquiet. The eggs of the Cabul mare's-nest have proved to be very authentic eggs, full of most curious meat. We were told before the exhibition of these documents to be careful about their dates, which would of themselves remove all anxiety; and we were told that Lord BEACONSFIELD had completely whitewashed Russia by some remarks in December, 1878. The chances of anticipatory comment in political matters are indeed sad. On the assumption of the accuracy of the documents as published, dates establish all, and more than all, the contentions of the party adverse to Russia, and they further show that, when Lord BEACONSFIELD spoke, he was in ignorance of the details of the transaction here disclosed. The Russian intrigue revealed in these docu-

ments was not, as has sometimes been claimed for it, an answer to the Mediterranean expedition from India. It was an answer to the Berlin Treaty. It was begun after the secret agreement between Lord SALISBURY and the Russian Envoy; that is to say, after peace was virtually assured. It was continued long after the definitive treaty was signed, and after official intimation of that signing had reached the Russian actors in the transaction. Nor was it confined to half-irresponsible satraps, doing what was right in their own eyes. Some of the letters were sent to Livadia, the palace of the Czar himself, who is represented as receiving them personally. We have no intention of indulging in any indignant comment upon this curious correspondence, which can only surprise novices in history and politics. But two things may certainly be said of it. The first is that, if any one after reading it fails to see that the unhappy war with Afghanistan was unavoidable, his courage and consistency as a party politician are worthy of all praise, which must, however, be paid him at the expense of his capacity for judging evidence. If any one after the perusal has the slightest faith in future understandings on the subject of Afghanistan, his generosity in the same way deserves credit at the expense of his discretion. It would be interesting to hear an authoritative explanation of the reasons which prevented the late Government from publishing these documents. Such abstinence out of mere chivalry would have been quixotic; it may have been statesmanlike if the object was to avoid reopening the just healed sore.

It is impossible that any practical person in reading these documents should not look to the future rather than to the past. Mere partisans may be delighted, and very excusably delighted, at the complete vindication of the Afghan war of which these letters are the *pièces justificatives*, or may sorrow and wonder over their suppression by the late Government before the general election. Such feelings are natural, but not wise. The justification of the past is a matter for historians rather than politicians, and he who thinks that the English nation in one of its periodic fits of political intoxication would pause and become sober if one spoke to it from the dead must have little experience and a superabundance of hope. But it is sufficiently obvious that the present affairs of that province of Turkestan which skirts the northern frontier of our troublesome neighbour are again being made the subject of understandings, tacit or overt, between Russia and Great Britain. With the reticence which is the chief characteristic, and apparently the main political weapon of the present Ministry, Lord HARTINGTON and Sir CHARLES DILKE, each in his capacity and manner, have hitherto avoided giving any explanation of the subject. The cavalry of General SKOBLEFF are daily approaching nearer, not merely to Merv, but to Herat. For a remarkable method of relieving English panic about the shadowy city on the Murghab has just been resorted to by some defenders of Russia. The English, they say, think that Merv is the key of India, but this is quite a mistake, for there is a much better way to Herat direct from Askabad. In other words, we need not trouble ourselves about the key, for the lock is picked already. The value and substantial accuracy of this encouraging argument are matters with which we do not propose to deal. But such arguments do not make one regard with any more complacency Lord HARTINGTON's stolid refusals to give the slightest account of the reasons which have led the Government to order the evacuation of Candahar, or Sir CHARLES DILKE's polite information that the Russians have given no undertaking not to proceed to Merv, but that the Government have reason to believe that they will not proceed there. Meanwhile, while the Government "have reason to believe," General SKOBLEFF marches, the Turkomans submit or retreat, and the invisible world of Russian diplomacy is displayed agreeably in General STOLIEFF's recommendation to the unhappy SHER ALI to "make peace openly and in secret prepare for war," and in General KAUFMANN's information to the same luckless prince that "the EMPEROR has caused the British Government to agree to the continuance of Afghan independence." This last sentence has a curious bearing on the affairs of the moment. How many Indian princes will believe that Russia has "caused Lord HARTINGTON to retire from Candahar"?

We are not of those who have taken up a dogmatic and irreconcilable attitude about the occupation of the

Southern capital. That question is a very complicated one; it depends on military, financial, and political considerations almost equally, and the experts who can speak with equal authority on all three are, to say the least, not numerous. The singular and stolid reticence which, as we have already observed, has characterized the attitude of the Government on the matter, their avowed neglect of the contrary opinions of the greatest military authorities without cause assigned, are the chief things which turn the balance against them. We are not ignorant that authorities of hardly less weight, though, we believe, fewer in number, approve the Government course. They say that Candahar is not a good place to occupy, supposing that some post of vantage is necessary; that it would be a perpetual provocation to the Afghans; that it would be a perpetual challenge to Russia. There is force in these remarks—much more force than in the financial argument which has of late found favour with the partisans of the Government. But it must be pointed out that time has been unkind to these opponents of the Candahar occupation. We believe we are justified in saying that their opinions were for the most part formed and enunciated before the events of the latter part of last summer; it is needless to say that they must necessarily have been formed before the capture of Geok Tepe. These two events cannot be left out of the calculation. It is idle to say that Geok Tepe was sure to fall some time or other. Perhaps at the present moment we may not inappropriately remark that, if England had been Russia, and if we had acted as Russia acted two years ago, it never probably would have fallen at all. But it has fallen, and the Russian scouts are far on the road to Herat. Again, it is idle to say that AYOUN's march was nothing wonderful, and that it was repulsed. It is a fact; it showed Afghanistan and India how easily the outworks of the latter country might be reached from the North; how an invader might anticipate our calculations and blind our organs of information; and, lastly, how such an invader might, under very unfavourable circumstances, be checked by the walls of Candahar. We do not say that, if it were possible to revert to the conditions of two or three years ago, when Afghanistan had not been first debauched by Russia, and then thrown into anarchy, or when the troops of the Transcaspian army lay defeated and demoralized in the cantonments of Tchikislar, or when a march from Herat to Candahar was still regarded as itself something arduous and unlikely, that the occupation would have been a wise thing or a desirable thing. We do not say positively that it is desirable now, because there may be alternatives; though we confess that as yet we have seen no alternative which seems on the whole preferable. But what we do say is, that the events of the last twelvemonth, following on those of the twelvemonth preceding, have altogether changed the situation; and that neither the Government nor any defender of the Government has yet vouchsafed to recognize the change. Most of the arguments against the retention of Candahar—and some of them, as we have admitted, are weighty—deal with the question as if it were still in the air, as if Russia were not on all but the last stage to Herat, as if agreements were likely to keep her back, as if Indian opinion as to the withdrawal from a country where so much Indian blood and treasure had been spent could be safely neglected. When we find these points seriously dealt with, and the opinion of Lord NAMIER and of General ROBERTS and of others fairly weighed, the question may be re-opened. Perhaps the promised debate in the Lords may see for the first time some evidence of consciousness on the part of the Duke of ARGYLL and his colleague that a reiterated panegyric of the wise, statesman-like, and far-seeing policy of 1873 is scarcely a sufficient vindication of the policy of 1881. Hitherto the opponents of the retention of Candahar seem to us for the most part to be dealing with ancient history.

DIVORCE IN FRANCE.

THE question of divorce seems to be an exception to the general unanimity of the Republican party in France. After all, M. SARDOU is not so far behind his generation as has been supposed. A dramatist may be forgiven if he declines to rush in where M. BRISSON fears to tread. That the Moderate Left should be opposed to divorce is natural enough, nor is it necessary, in order to

account for it, to suspect them of any lurking kindness for Catholicism. Even an advanced Atheist is not forbidden to take actual facts into consideration, and among the actual facts that bear upon this question an important place must be given to ecclesiastical statistics. France is still for many purposes a Catholic country, and divorce in a Catholic country is a very different thing from divorce in a Protestant country. There is considerable practical inconvenience in a marriage law which brings the provisions of the Civil Code into direct conflict with the religious convictions of the majority of the population. The introduction of divorce into France would undoubtedly have this result. The Roman Catholic Church holds marriage to be absolutely indissoluble; the husband or wife who intermarries with a third person during the lifetime of the other to be living in adultery, and the offspring of the second marriage to be illegitimate. It is easy to see what an occasion for strife would thus be given in every community sufficiently small to make the doings of individuals a matter of public concern. When a man or woman obtained a divorce and married again, one-half at least of their neighbours would refuse to hold any further intercourse with them. Such a state of things as this would not tend to the promotion of peace and goodwill among the inhabitants, nor would it reflect any credit on the Republican Government that they had been instrumental in getting divorce made legal. The case of a Protestant country affords no real parallel to this. In England, for example, though the Divorce Act was strenuously resisted, it was not unpopular with the great body of the nation. The clergy of the Established Church were divided on the question, and the mass of the laity were more or less in favour of the change. More than this, the idea of divorce had been made familiar by a long succession of private Acts of Parliament, and the change was very commonly regarded as nothing more than the simplification and cheapening of a recognized procedure. If the religious difficulty had been likely to be at all generally felt, it is probable that no English politician of any weight would have proposed to make divorce legal. In France the religious difficulty would be very generally felt. Every Roman Catholic must be opposed to the recognition of divorce, and a majority of the French people are still Roman Catholics. The recognition of this fact as exercising a decisive influence on the reception to be given to a Divorce Bill implies no opinion on the merits of the question. A man may have the firmest conviction that facility of divorce promotes the happiness of mankind, and yet shrink from introducing it into a country in which this facility is commonly called by another and harsher name.

The fact that the Advanced Left, equally with the Moderate Left, is of two minds upon this subject seems to need further explanation. Among this section of Frenchmen such commonplace and business-like considerations as those which have been mentioned do not usually meet with much attention. That a particular measure will irritate Catholic feeling is held, for the most part, to be no obstacle to its adoption. The *Times*' Correspondent suggests one reason why some members of the Advanced Left should hesitate before voting for the Divorce Bill, and M. BRISSON suggests another. The *Times*' Correspondent finds the explanation in the unpopularity in which their support of such a Bill would be likely to involve them. Divorce, he says, is immensely disliked by women, because, "however fenced round with precautions, it will 'always seem to them a DAMOCLES' sword.'" Upon a question of this kind women in France have still considerable influence. The electors like to be on good terms with their wives, and one easy way of remaining on good terms with them is to oppose measures which the wife dislikes while the husband has no special motive for liking them. There is separation enough on religious grounds between the French peasantry and their wives already, and for the husbands to widen the division still further by becoming partisans of divorce would be to court home discomfort for no adequate motive. The peasantry are not at all anxious to avail themselves of the liberty which M. NAQUET and M. LÉON RENAULT want to give them. Their advocacy of divorce would be purely speculative, and as such it is not likely to be maintained when it brings family discord with it. If this is the view taken by the peasantry, it will in many cases influence their votes. At all events, as between one Republican candidate and another, they will support the one who is hostile

to divorce rather than the one who is friendly to it. Consequently it behoves even the Extreme Left to be cautious how they commit themselves upon the question. Some of them may be certain of their constituents' support whatever line they take in the Chamber, and others may have ascertained that their constituents approve M. NAQUET'S Bill. But others again may feel a reasonable doubt which way their constituents will go, and in that case it will naturally occur to them that the satisfaction of passing a measure which will be very annoying to Catholics may be bought too dearly.

M. BRISSON'S objection to the Bill is of a more statesmanlike order, though here also considerations connected with party prospects are probably not far off. He rests his opposition in part on the difficulty of founding permanent political and social institutions in a country where a large portion of the population no longer recognizes the sanctions of religion, and the consequent importance of not abandoning any of those purely legal sanctions which to some extent fill the place which was once filled by religion. On this theory divorce is dangerous in France, not because the population is still largely Catholic, but because it has largely ceased to be Catholic. Even if it were largely Protestant, M. BRISSON would have no objection to allow divorce, because in that case the religious sentiment, though not altogether opposed to divorce, would be opposed to its undue extension. M. BRISSON is evidently afraid lest, when liberty of divorce has once been conceded, it should shortly be carried to extremes. Men and women to whom divorce is not forbidden, either by religion or law, will naturally be led to ask why it should be subjected to any restraints whatever. If marriage is nothing more than a contract, why should it not be dissoluble at the pleasure of the parties? M. NAQUET'S Bill proposed to make marriage dissoluble by consent, but it surrounded this permission with several conditions, avowedly designed to make the use of it irksome and consequently rare. But when once the permission had been given, it would be a very proper matter of inquiry why the use of it should be thus hampered. When a similar question has been asked at other times and in other countries, no good answer has been found to it. Divorce has been made easier and easier, the notion of any special sanctity attaching to the marriage contract has disappeared, and the relationship has tended to become less and less distinguishable from that of concubinage. M. BRISSON probably thinks that the growth of such a state of things as this in France would not tend to the happiness of the nation. But he may also think, and think with very good reason, that it would not tend to the permanence of Republican institutions. Forms of government are sometimes unfairly credited with the evils that have grown under their shelter. In the nature of things there is no special reason why lax views of marriage should not be just as prevalent under a monarchy as they are under a republic; but if they are re-introduced into Western Europe at the instance of a Republican Government, it is Republican institutions that will have to bear the blame. Social license is, after all, the luxury of a few, and when it is once traced rightly or wrongly to a particular form of government, the day in which that form will be upset is probably not far distant. From this point of view M. BRISSON'S opposition to divorce is perfectly consistent. He has no wish to give any occasion to the enemies of the Republic to blaspheme, particularly when their blasphemy might take the practical and unpleasant shape of a successful counter-revolution.

The extent to which the Chamber of Deputies halts between two opinions is shown by the divisions taken on successive days. On Monday it decided by 254 votes to 211 to go into Committee upon M. NAQUET'S Bill. On Tuesday it rejected by 247 to 215 the clause repealing the law at present in force. The majority on this latter day included 109 Republicans. The question now stands over for the Session, which in this case means that it will have to be dealt with by the next Chamber. This will now be the fate of every proposal as to the popularity of which the least doubt is felt. The Deputies are keenly alive to the peculiarity of the conditions under which they were elected, and to the consequent uncertainty how far they represent the views of their constituents upon questions which were not in issue in 1877.

TUNIS.

TUNIS has recently been the scene of events which it was feared might lead to some conflict of interests or authority between England and France. KHEREDINE PASHA, who left Tunis to figure for a time as Grand Vizier at Constantinople, was the owner of estates at a place named Eufida, about fifty miles south of the city of Tunis. These estates had been given him by the Bey, and before he left he parted with them to a French Company established at Tunis, and known as the Société Marseillaise. The right of the new purchasers to take possession was, however, contested by an English subject of the name of LEVY, who also had estates at Eufida, and whose estates were contiguous to those of KHEREDINE PASHA. By the Mahometan law the owner of adjacent property has a right of pre-emption, and it was this right which Mr. LEVY claimed to exercise. The French Society had, however, as it is alleged, adopted a precaution by which the right of pre-emption was rendered nugatory. A tiny strip of land on the border of Mr. LEVY'S estate had been excepted from the transfer, so that Mr. LEVY'S land did not actually touch the land transferred. Whether, under Mahometan law, this device would effectually bar the right of pre-emption is a question which cannot be answered except by Mahometan lawyers. But, if it were held to bar the right, there would be nothing to surprise those who have had any practical acquaintance with the working of Mahometan land laws. These laws are seen to introduce in many directions rights which it is found very difficult to adjust practically; and the ingenuity of Mahometan lawyers has been devoted to the discovery of devices by which the law, which is too sacred to alter, has been made inoperative. Theoretically, there is no reason why there should be a right of pre-emption; but, if there is such a right, there is no reason why a device for barring the right should not hold good, although it belongs to as infantine a conception of law as the right itself. Mr. LEVY, however, was advised that his proper course was to take possession of the land after a tender of the purchase-money, so that he might occupy the advantageous position of defendant, and only be turned out if the device of excepting the strip of land was held to be good. The French Company was equally alive to the advantages of possession, and equally resolved to be the first to assert its rights. But Mr. LEVY got the start, and when the agents of the French Company arrived on the spot, they found that the cattle and servants of Mr. LEVY were already established on the estate of KHEREDINE. The local authorities would not interfere to turn out the representatives of Mr. LEVY, and therefore the French Company called to its aid a band of Algerian Arabs whom it keeps in its pay, and finally took possession. Mr. LEVY appealed to the French Consul, and was informed that the estate was now French property, and that he should uphold the rights of French citizens. Mr. LEVY then determined to appeal to his own Government, and left for England, to lay his grievances before Lord GRANVILLE.

This is the outline of the story; but the French Company insists that there was more behind. They say that the present PRIME MINISTER of the Bey, and one or two of his associates, were at the bottom of all the opposition to them. They had hoped that the Bey would confiscate, according to the usual custom of the country, the estates of a fallen Minister, and give them to his new favourites. When they found that simple confiscation had been rendered impossible by the transfer to Frenchmen, they made use of Mr. LEVY and his rights of pre-emption. Every impediment was, it is said, put in the way of the Company. The Government officials took the transfer dues tendered by Mr. LEVY at once, but were not equally prompt in accepting those tendered by the Company. Mr. LEVY and his legal advisers got the start of his opponents because the gates of Tunis, which were open to him, were shut to them. When the agents of the Company arrived at the estate, they found that the cattle placed there to signify the possession of Mr. LEVY were really the cattle of the PRIME MINISTER and his friends, and the local authorities failed to act simply because they were afraid to thwart persons so highly placed. The Bey has lately shown signs of a disposition to emancipate himself from French control; or, as the French would say, to slip out of his position as a petty chief protected by France, which he is well aware is the position he ought

property to hold. He has shown himself far too friendly to Italy and the Italians, and has seemed prepared to play off his new friends against his old. The French Consul saw in the opposition to the Marseilles Company a new and dangerous sign of this tendency. It was really, as he chose to consider it, not a question between a French Company and an individual who happened to be an Englishman, but a question between France and the present advisers of the Bey. He had to deal with what he pictured to himself as a sort of rebellion, and he was lifted to a height above all ordinary legal rules. He sanctioned by his presence the employment of a band of foreigners—for in Tunis Algerian Arabs are merely foreigners—to take by force what the local authorities would not give, and he calmly informed an English subject who thought himself aggrieved that he, the French Consul, had settled everything, that the estate was now French property, and was therefore placed altogether beyond the jurisdiction of the local authorities.

This adventurous Consul was technically so entirely in the wrong that it was impossible his Government should uphold him when what had taken place was calmly discussed at London and Paris. Whether, if Mr. LEVY had been an Italian, there would have been much calmness in the discussion of his case at Paris may be doubted; but France has not the slightest wish to quarrel with England, and would never think of quarrelling on a point where reason was so manifestly against her. The French, however, were as much excited about the wrongs of the French Company, and the audacious resistance of the Bey to the French protectorate, as in their present mood they can be about anything that may take place outside the boundaries of France. To fall in with the popular humour, the French Government ordered two men-of-war to leave Toulon, and go to Tunis. On hearing this Lord GRANVILLE very properly ordered two English men-of-war to go to Tunis as a counter-demonstration. The legal rights of English subjects in foreign countries cannot be suffered to be at the discretion of French captains. But a very slight interchange of ideas sufficed to bring about a complete understanding. The French vessels were recalled to Toulon; the English vessels were told that they need not call at Tunis; and the two Governments agreed that a point of local law must be left to the local tribunals. The French Government had really no choice. It could not adopt as its own the line taken by its Consul. When French private persons and English private persons residing in a Mohammedan country quarrel as to a point of Mohammedan law their claims must be left to the judgment of the tribunals of the country to which they have chosen to go. The French Protectorate of Tunis is really a pleasant fiction. It is something that does not exist, but which the French wish should exist. It has never been brought to the notice of any European Power as existing; and Lord GRANVILLE had nothing to do with it. But, even if it did exist, the French would not be entitled to say that a question of local law should not be referred to the local tribunals while they remain the only tribunals that can take cognizance of such matters. The French Government could not take up a position which was demonstrably wrong, and this time it had to deal with England. But it is obvious that the French will soon find some better pretext for asserting what they conceive to be the rights of the protectorate they desire to set up, and that they will take care that their foreign opponents are not Englishmen, but Italians. Every month the relations of France and Italy in Tunis become more strained, and it is at the expense and to the humiliation of Italy that a French protectorate will be established if it is established. The commerce of Tunis is much more with Italy than with France, and, if the territory of Tunis borders on Algeria, the city of Tunis faces the neighbouring shores of Sicily. A joint protectorate like that of France and England in Egypt is out of the question, as France, which is ready enough to be on an equality with England, would never consent to be on an equality with Italy. That France at the first opportunity will assume a protectorate over Tunis is as certain as anything can be in foreign politics, and the English Ministry which may happen to be unfortunate enough to have to decide between acquiescing in the self-assertion of France and the defence of the legitimate claims of Italy will have a painful and difficult task.

THE GREEK DIFFICULTY.

TWO or three days ago Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS assured the Greek Chamber that the army, including the reserve, consisted of 74,000 men ready for war, and that the Government would not accept any compromise restricting the rights acknowledged by the Treaty of Berlin. If these statements at Athens are to be accepted as literally true, the contemporaneous negotiations at Constantinople are destined to be abortive. The only possible ambiguity is in the reference to the Treaty which contemplated a cession of Turkish territory, and not to the Conference which two years later defined the exact frontier; but the Greek Government has always contended that the protocol appended to the Treaty was as liberal in its recognition of Greek claims as the report of the Conference. Some additional risk of war may arise from the present condition of Thessaly, where Greek brigands, who are perhaps indistinguishable from patriotic volunteers, have of late sometimes come into collision with Turkish detachments. It also appears that the Turkish authorities, anticipating their own early retirement from the province, are extorting taxes not yet due, and otherwise oppressing the population. Such statements are not without internal probability; and, on the other hand, they are not to be implicitly believed as long as they rest on Greek testimony. It is probable that the war party is promoting agitation in Thessaly for the purpose of producing collisions between the hostile parties. The condition of the inhabitants is probably in the meantime highly uncomfortable; but there is no doubt that most of them earnestly desire incorporation with the Greek kingdom. The local feeling in parts of Epirus is more doubtful, for the resistance of the Albanians to the Turkish Government has probably no relation to the claims of Greece. The tribes desire total or qualified independence; and, even if they were subdued or temporarily conciliated, they would be troublesome subjects to Greece. Their loyalty to the SULTAN might at any time be revived by the concession of their demands.

If the Turkish Government has, as the Ministers assert, 100,000 men in Thessaly and Epirus, it may set invasion at defiance. More trustworthy informants estimate the force at a third of the number; and even 35,000 men, occupying the strong places and acting on the defensive, would be a match for 60,000 inexperienced troops. In the correspondence which has lately been published by the French Government, the Turkish Ministers more than once announced that they would make no use of their superiority at sea; but that, having repelled the Greek attack, the Turkish army would march straight on Athens. OSMAN PASHA has acquired his reputation exclusively on the defence of a strong position; but he might be more willing to conduct an offensive campaign against Greek enomies than against Russian regular troops. In other communications the Turkish Ministers professed to entertain no doubt that the Albanians would, even without assistance, be able to defend their country against any force of which Greece could dispose. Little attention is to be paid to either of the two parties while, like Homeric heroes on the eve of a combat, they exchange menaces and boasts. In a single-handed war the Turks seem to have the better chance of success, at least as long as they defend themselves against invasion; but it is not certain that, if war breaks out, the Greeks may not find allies in the neighbouring States and provinces. There is some ground for the warning that it may not ultimately be for the interest of Greece to increase the power of Slavonic rivals at the expense of Turkey; but the immediate aggrandizement of the kingdom by adding to its territory an area equal to half of its present extent might be thought to overbalance many political inconveniences and dangers. Even if the aggrandizement of Servia and Bulgaria were injurious to Greece, it would be ruinous to Turkey.

The Ambassadors who are conducting the negotiation at Constantinople cannot attach implicit belief to the warlike declarations of the Greek Government. According to the latest rumours, they have now some hope of succeeding, although the Porte has not yet been induced to state the utmost limit of its voluntary concessions. It is arranged that, if a settlement is found possible, all the Ambassadors shall address identical reports to their respective Governments. The harmony which renders the opening of the negotiation possible appears not yet to amount to unanimity. It is not yet known whether Mr. GOSCHEN in his interviews with Prince BISMARCK and Baron HAYMERLE

arrived at a distinct understanding as to the policy of the three Governments. It was remarked that he made no stay at Paris, probably because the French Ministry has deliberately refused to aid in enforcing the Greek claims. Rome would have been far out of his way, and in all recent negotiations England and Italy have acted together. Prince BISMARCK perhaps referred to Greece in a late public declaration that there was no danger of any war in which Germany would be engaged. Austria and Germany are still so closely united that Mr. GOSCHEN had little to learn at Vienna in addition to the information which he may have acquired at Berlin. It would seem that the close understanding which existed between France and Germany has lately been relaxed, probably in anticipation of M. GAMBETTA's approaching accession to office. England, at the same time, has become less able than formerly to co-operate with France, because Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE retain the Greek sympathies which are renounced by M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE. It is a secret whether Austria and Germany are disposed in any degree to assume the championship which is repudiated by France. It is supposed that the English Government must have withdrawn the opinion that the Powers ought to insist on the execution of the decree of the Berlin Conference. As it is known that Turkey will not submit to the terms, except under compulsion, the negotiation at Constantinople must be directed to some other object.

Though the concert of Europe is still nominally maintained, the Turks fully understand that, while some of the Powers object to coercion, the remaining Governments will not act alone. It is practically understood that the decision of the Berlin Conference will be so far modified that Janina is to remain under Turkish sovereignty; on the other hand, the possession of Larissa is thought indispensable to the occupation of Thessaly by Greece, and the main diplomatic contest is likely to turn on Metsovo. There can be no doubt that it would be better for Greece to obtain Thessaly and the rest of Epirus without risk or expense than to fight for the acquisition of two places, however important. The hesitation of the English Government in assenting to a modification of the frontier as defined by the Conference has probably been founded on the belief that any change would invalidate the title, such as it is, on which Greece relies. There is no doubt that all the Powers understood the last Berlin settlement to be final, although France has since explained that the decision was inoperative, and although some at least of the other Powers are not prepared to enforce it. As long as the English Government could hold its allies to their own admission, it was perhaps judicious to insist on full compliance with the terms of the award. It may be added that, in advocating the claims of Greece, England was consulting the best interests of the population of the disputed territory; and that even Turkey would suffer no injury, except perhaps in the doubtful case of Janina. The concert of Europe which was to effect these legitimate objects was also in itself desirable. It is now time to recognize the impracticability of entire success.

If it should happily be found possible to settle the Greek question without war, the English Government will do well to suspend for a time its activity in the East. Montenegro has been aggrandized in accordance with the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, and mainly by the efforts of England. Any advantage which Greece may obtain will be largely due to the same agency. M. DE FREYCINET a few months ago expressed his confidence that the beneficent activity of England would next extend to the remedy of maladministration in Armenia. It is highly expedient that Asiatic as well as European provinces should be relieved from oppression; but it is not so clear why the whole burden of redressing abuses should devolve upon England. Mr. GLADSTONE some years ago imposed upon himself another *trinoda necessitas*, not of diplomacy or of war, but of domestic legislation. He accomplished two of the objects which he had proposed to himself, but the third branch of the upas-tree proved to be too hard for amputation. In the same manner, he may perhaps find Armenia more difficult to deal with than Montenegro or Greece; and it is evident that in the regeneration of Asia he can obtain no support from the European concert. It is not at present necessary to dwell on the objections to exclusive co-operation with Russia. It was never a part of the policy of the present Government to enforce the execution of the Treaty of Berlin on any other State but

Turkey. The influence of England is consequently at its lowest point at Constantinople; and there is little probability that the SULTAN or his Ministers will listen to benevolent advice. If the pending negotiation fails, and if war consequently breaks out, it will be impossible to attempt for the present any other diplomatic operation at Constantinople. If, on the other hand, the SULTAN should prove unusually pliable, he will probably resist more obstinately the next demand which may be preferred.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

THE Army Estimates are never very pleasant reading. It is not that we pay a great deal of money every year, and that these Estimates are the "little account" which reminds us that the time for payment has again come round—that, if we get value for our money, ought to be no annoyance to a great and wealthy nation. It is not that the amount of protection we obtain against dangers, real or imaginary, is very small—that, if the cost were small in proportion, might be due to a deliberate conviction that it was best to husband our resources, except in the immediate presence of an unmistakable demand on them. It is that the method we adopt gives us the faulty part of both these alternatives. We spend a great deal and we get very little for it. Put them how we will, the figures which bring this conclusion home to us cannot be satisfactory. We have an army which is neither large enough to make up by its numbers for want of readiness for immediate service, nor perfect enough in its preparation and equipments to make up for its want of numbers by the promptitude with which it can be sent to any part of the world. For this army we pay not perhaps enough money to get a better one, but certainly almost enough money to get a better one. The premium is sufficiently high to make a very serious item in the national balance-sheet; yet the policy in consideration of which it is paid does not insure us against danger abroad nor against anxiety at home. To put it plainly, what is wanting is our old friend the pennyworth of tar. With that the ship would be all right; without it it is, if not spoiled, at least in danger of being seriously injured on some of its many little voyages.

The figures in the Estimates for 1881-2 are in one respect satisfactory. They provide for an increase in the infantry of the line of 2,792 non-commissioned officers and men. By this means Mr. CHILDERS proposes to give us twelve battalions with a strength of 950 rank and file each; four with a strength of 850, four with a strength of 650, eight with a strength of 500, and forty-three with a strength of 480, rank and file. It is to be hoped, though it does not appear from the Estimates, that these figures imply a regular progress from the lower strength to the higher—that whenever any of the first twelve battalions is sent on foreign service, one of the next four will step into its place, and immediately be raised to its maximum strength; that the place thus vacated in the next four will be filled up in the same way from the four that stand third in order; and that in this way the battalions first on the roster for foreign service will never be allowed to drop below their full strength. The country has had enough of calls made for instant help in a sudden emergency, and responded to three weeks after date. A battalion ought not to embark for the seat of war with half its strength made up of volunteers from other regiments, so that the officers have to go into action neither knowing their men nor being known by them. If the addition to the infantry of 2,792 men can enable Mr. CHILDERS to prevent this from happening again, the increase in the pay will be willingly borne. Unfortunately the gain to which we may look forward under this head is not without its compensating loss. The Government seem to have had two objects in view in preparing the Estimates—greater efficiency as regards the infantry regiments, and an outlay as nearly as possible the same as last year. As the net increase is only 119,200*l.*, they may be said to have come within measurable distance of this result. In order to achieve this, however, the strength of the army has had to be lessened in other respects. A real addition of 2,792 men is more than the English nation could contemplate without being unduly lifted up, and to prevent this the artillery and the cavalry have both been reduced in strength. If the only choice given to us were between an increase of 2,792 men in the infantry, with a

decrease of 569 men in the artillery and 549 men in the cavalry, and the retention of all arms at their present strength, it might, for anything we know, be right to prefer the former. That is a point upon which only experts can have an opinion. But even civilians may feel that there is not the slightest need to limit our choice in this way. The only ground upon which a decrease in the strength of the artillery and the cavalry can possibly be justified is a positive excess in the supply over the demand. The need of saving on one item in order to balance increased outlay on another is purely imaginary. England can afford to have as many soldiers as she needs of all arms, not merely of one arm out of three. Mr. CHILDERS may of course be able to show that our present establishment of artillery and cavalry is larger than necessary. But he will have antecedent probability against him, and, we fancy, military opinion also. The comparative strength of the different arms of the service ought to be determined in part by the comparative difficulty of increasing their strength at short notice. In this respect the artillery and the cavalry stand on a very different footing from the infantry. A recruit can be made of some value as a foot soldier long before he can be made of any use at all either as an artilleryman or as a trooper. The English army has been generally supposed to be unduly weak in both these respects. It is certainly unfortunate that Mr. CHILDERS should have found himself compelled to make our condition a little worse in respect of artillery and cavalry as the only means open to him of making it a little better as regards infantry. This, we may presume, is the price the country pays for having a great financier at the head of affairs. An increase of 119,200*l.* on the army is the largest sum which has been found consistent with the symmetry of Mr. GLADSTONE's next Budget. Perhaps, indeed, we ought to be thankful that Mr. GLADSTONE allowed the difference between the Estimates this year and last to appear in the increase column at all.

There is one other vote that calls for notice, not for any particular change that it has undergone, but merely because of the tale of disappointed hopes which it uniformly tells. Year after year we look for the Reserve which was in some sort to put the English military system on a level with the military systems of Continental nations, and year after year the object looked for is so infinitesimally minute that it almost escapes observation. In the Estimates for 1880-1 the number of men provided for in the First-class Reserve was 23,000. In the Estimates for 1881-2 the number of men provided for in the First-class Reserve is 24,000. Even this latter magnificent figure does not quite come up to the idea which the advocates of short service did their best to get accepted. Putting aside the defence of India and the Colonies, the short-service theory is a very sound one. What England wants is an army that is small in peace, but capable of great and immediate expansion in time of war. A long service cannot answer to this description, because it keeps a man with the colours all the time that he is really efficient. Consequently the army can only be increased in the event of war by the enlistment of new recruits, who cannot be made into good soldiers except after a considerable interval. The short-service principle is designed to meet this difficulty. It aims at passing as many men as possible through the military mill, and then dismissing them to civil life with proper securities that they can be recalled to the colours at short notice. In this way, at the approach of war, the army can be raised in a moment from its normal strength to a strength which shall include all the men who have served for a certain number of years back. This system has now been in operation since 1871, and the First-class Reserve consists in 1881 of just 24,000 men. Unless some better result than this is to be shown in future years, short service and Reserve must be set down as merely twin delusions.

THE JUDICIAL CHANGES.

THE debate on the Irish Protection Bill was interrupted on Thursday to give time for a discussion on the proposal to abolish the two legal Chiefships. On the same evening a motion was made by Lord DENMAN in the House of Lords for an address adverse to the proposal, but after a few words from the CHANCELLOR it was withdrawn. The Lords, therefore, declined to interfere with the proposal, and their refusal cannot fail to make a strong

impression on the public. The House of Lords contains many lawyers of the highest repute, and every Law Lord is, under modern arrangements, concerned in the habitual administration of justice. They know the profession to which they belonged during the most active time of their lives, the judicial body of which they form a part, and the needs of suitors with whom they are brought into contact. That no serious opposition should have been made by them to a considerable change is a strong testimony to the wisdom and necessity of the change. It was not in any way a party question. The change proceeded from Lord CAIRNS quite as much as from Lord SELBORNE, and although this made successful opposition hopeless, it made it easier for any one who disapproved of the change to say all he wished to say against it. In the Commons two Liberals supported an address against the proposal, and were countenanced by three Conservatives. The opponents of the change in the Lords appear to have been convinced beforehand of the hopelessness of opposition. A testimony of considerable strength is that of the Incorporated Law Society, which presented a petition expressing the general opinion of a large body of solicitors that in the interest of suitors the change was in the highest degree salutary, not to say indispensable. When the judges met in council, twenty-one out of twenty-eight were in favour of the proposal; and the only noteworthy demonstration against the change was that of a meeting of the Bar, from which nearly every Common Law barrister of eminence was absent, half of which did not vote at all, and in which those who did vote candidly confessed that they knew very little about the matter on which they were voting. In the Commons Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD afforded a solitary specimen of a barrister of eminence who was adverse to the proposal. In such a matter the public must look to the amount and quality both of the support and the opposition which a proposal receives as to the merits of which scarcely any one who is not a lawyer can pretend to have an opinion. Discussion and suspense are now at an end. Parliament has given its decided approval of the abolition of the Chiefships, and in a very few days two new *Justices* Judges will be appointed. But, as it is notorious that some persons whose opinions are entitled to respect have thought that the remodelling of the High Court would draw with it consequences disadvantageous to public interests, it is just as well that the change should have been supported by all the Law Lords, three-fourths of the judges in council, the general body of solicitors, and, with some exceptions, all the eminent barristers of the day.

The debate in the Commons, although chiefly supported by those who knew that they were arguing against a foregone conclusion, was not without interest. Mr. FOWLER recalled to the memory of his hearers that not many years ago most of the leading members of the present Government, including Mr. GLADSTONE himself, were strongly in favour of retaining the offices of Chief Baron and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. With some Ministries, had they changed their opinions, the strongest reasons for the change might have been inferred. But as the debate proceeded, the actual reasons for their now supporting what they formerly opposed were revealed. When the new system of judicature was established, it was thought that the three divisions of the Common Law judges might be advantageously retained. If there were to be three divisions, there might very properly be three chiefs of division. In course of time experience showed that the retention of separate divisions hampered the administration of justice. Suitors were kept waiting until their division could take up their case, and when it did sit, the division thought it due to its dignity to come out in respectable strength and make an imposing figure before the public. Delay was thus caused in two ways. Suitors had to wait until their division could attend to them, and two or three judges were told off to do work of which one judge could have disposed. The first step towards a new state of things was taken when it was decided that a single judge should sit whenever possible, and a further step was taken when it was decided that divisions should be altogether abolished. The second step was a necessary consequence of the first, for it was impossible that a single judge should sit when the customs of divisions required that, as often as their special functions should be called into play, there should be two or three judges to do the work. It is so evident that the new judicature system cannot work unless the divisions of the Common Law

Bench are abolished, that those who wished that the Chiefships should be retained were obliged to admit that there could be no division in existence over which they might be invited to preside. Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN was the man of greatest eminence who wished the Chiefships to be retained; but, then, he was also strongly in favour of retaining the divisions. Such a man could never rely on arguments in favour of which there was not much to say, and Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN presented one mode of viewing the administration of justice with singular force. It was a mode of viewing the working of the law which was not only plausible in itself, but was countenanced by the long traditions of the country. According to this view, the test of excellence in a judicial system is not so much the despatch of business as the inculcation of a respect for the law. What is really important is, not that every suitor shall get a hearing, but that the fortunate few shall get such a hearing as will impress the public with a sense of the dignity, the ability, and the impartiality of English judges. Suitors, in fact, should be allowed to go only to one race a year, but then that race should be the Derby. In process of time business increased, suitors grew clamorous, and, what was more important, could make their voice heard in Parliament. The Legislature, impelled by public opinion, decided that the despatch of business should be the test of the goodness of the judicial system. Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN fought hard for the old view, but the times were against him. Sir HENRY JAMES only embodied the new view when he said that the first thing to be considered was the interests of the public; and that those interests demanded that the interposition of divisions should not delay justice, although these divisions might give additional dignity to the office of a judge and additional liveliness to the favourable impression which judges make on the public.

Mr. FOWLER put, as well as they could have been put, the views of those who are obviously in favour of the single judge system and of the abolition of the divisions of the Common Law branch, but who would have liked to see the Chiefships retained as prizes for the Bar or as supports of the status of Puisne Judges. If special honour is in some way given to two judges who do exactly the same work as Puisne Judges, men of greater eminence would accept the position, and all the Puisne Judges would get a reflected glory from its being made evident that even Attorney-Generals would on certain terms be content to do the same work as their less fortunate brethren. The work of a Puisne Judge is in itself, it is argued, as arduous and as important as that of a Judge of Appeal, but it gets an undeserved discredit if there are a set of Appeal Judges over the Puisne Judges who are better paid, more highly honoured, and are thought by a misguided public to be wiser and cleverer. The way to stop this mischievous injustice is to give high pay and special titles to one or two judges, who will be in all other respects like Puisne Judges. What may be the titles given to these more illustrious Puisne Judges is in itself a matter of indifference, but as there happen to be two ancient titles, the memory of which still hangs about Westminster Hall, these old titles may as well be preserved, although, of course, with a new meaning. To be called a Chief Baron would not indicate that the bearer of the title was a chief or a baron, but would indicate that the person so called was an illustrious Puisne Judge. From this point of view it is not necessary to insist in any great degree on the Chiefships as prizes for the Bar. What with the Law Lords, the members of the Judicial Committee, and the Justices of Appeal, there are now so many great legal dignitaries that advocates of the highest eminence will always find something worth taking, if they wish to give up the Bar for the Bench. Attorney-Generals have plenty of places to attract them when they are tired of the House of Commons and of a lucrative practice. The question which agitates the minds of Mr. FOWLER and of those who think with him is not whether Law Officers will get sufficient promotion, but whether as good a class of Common Law barristers will accept puisne judgeships as at present, if they no longer have ex-Law Officers doing as they do and working as Judges of First Instance. This is the real point, the only point that has survived discussion in or out of Parliament. No one doubts that Chancery barristers, of equal eminence with those who are now judges, will continue to accept puisne judgeships as freely and contentedly as

ever; but then it is said that this is because they have never been used to the glory of having Chief Barons and Chief Justices of the Common Pleas associated with them. Common Law barristers, on the other hand, will feel that there is a sort of new blank in the life of a Puisne Judge, and will shrink from it. No one can prove that these anticipations are either right or wrong. Time alone must show. But it may be observed that both the present and the late CHANCELLOR, who must be as well acquainted with the inclinations of the Bar as any two men can be, have not the slightest apprehension of finding any new difficulty in persuading proper persons to become judges. Every one who is acquainted with eminent barristers will allow that a barrister who, after giving full weight to considerations of money, home interests, health, age, and intellectual tastes, would accept a puisne judgeship, but who would finally decline it because he has not a purely titular Chief Baron to keep him company, must be a man of a more curious and exquisite nature than is generally associated with success at the Bar.

THE STATIONERY OFFICE.

IT is really a pleasure in these days of self-assertion to find a public department in which the virtue of modesty has been consistently practised for nearly a century. The appearance of a First Report of the Controller of Her Majesty's Stationery Office naturally suggests that the office is one of recent creation. In that case a year or two of silence is neither unnatural nor infrequent. The chief and his subordinates have alike to learn their places, and before they can write about their work to any purpose they must know something of what they have to do. The reticence of the Stationery Office is of a nobler kind. It has been in existence for close upon a hundred years, and in all that time it has never used the material it distributes for the gratification of its own vanity. Though it can trace its origin to the Administrative Reform Act carried by Mr. BURKE, when Paymaster-General under the ROCKINGHAM Administration, it has not presumed on its birth. Even now it is not for its own gratification that it has come before the world. It is only "in accordance with the desire expressed" by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury that Mr. PIGOTT has departed from the traditional reserve of his predecessors, and consented to lay before Parliament an account of the "establishment, duties, expenditure, and receipts of Her Majesty's Stationery Office."

It is possible, indeed, that the reserve displayed by this Office in times past was in part due to the consciousness that it was not very economically managed. The present Report enumerates quite enough savings to give the reader an idea of how differently things were managed before the appearance of that bright occidental star of economy, the late Mr. JOSEPH HUME. The old theory was that a Government should go about its business handsomely. It was the Government of the Sovereign, and all its acts ought to be characterized by a certain air of Royal magnificence. One example of this was the use for all Government purposes of the best hand-made paper. Blue-books were printed on it, and the whole correspondence of the public departments was written on it. When it is remembered that this correspondence included the invitations to supper interchanged by junior clerks, the most determined enemy of choeseparing will not regret that, "except for purposes of permanent and important records, the use of hand-made paper has been abolished." It took over ten years to conquer the practice of treating waste paper as an unrecognized perquisite of office-keepers and messengers. Since 1852 it has been regularly sold for the benefit of the public, and the receipts from this source now average 10,000*l.* a year. The contracts under which work was done for the Stationery Office were equally of a kind which was not likely to court revision. The savings effected since 1875 now amount to 55,000*l.* a year; "in other words, the cost for the work executed and supplies obtained through the Stationery Office would have cost at the rates in force before 1875 about 55,000*l.* more than would be paid for work and stores of the same quantity and quality under the contract now in force." This represents a considerable percentage on an annual expenditure of 460,000*l.*, which is about what the public have to pay for the printing, binding, and publishing of the books

and papers required for their use, and for the supply of writing materials to the public offices. Under the head of Printing the most costly item is also the least interesting. The forms required by the public offices are all supplied by the Stationery Office, and no office can fairly be charged with parsimony in the use of them. A correspondence with a public department always involves a vast expenditure of what, to the untutored outsider, seem to be forms without meaning. Nor is there any chance that this item will decrease. Good government and blank paper seem to go hand in hand. As we get rid of social and political abuses, we become more the slaves of routine. The one comfort that an economist can administer to himself is that money has been saved on the outward man of these forms. They are not nearly so magnificent as they used to be. The size and cost of the paper has been reduced, the use of coloured inks has been given up, and the monotony of the prospect is no longer relieved by strange and expensive varieties of type.

About 63,000*l.* are yearly paid for Parliamentary printing, including under this head the sums paid for printing papers presented to Parliament by HER MAJESTY'S command, and for printing votes, proceedings, and papers ordered by both Houses. There can be no doubt that a good deal of the matter printed under both these heads is little better than worthless. Mr. PIGOTT says that every member of the House of Commons "who served through the" last Parliament and drew all his papers, received, according to a moderate calculation, about a ton of printed "matter." The chances are that of all this heap of statistics and reports not a hundredth part was ever looked at either by the member or any one else. It is printed for no other apparent reason than to save the public offices the trouble of deciding what shall be printed and what kept back. As regards reports, whether from Select Committees or Royal Commissions, no retrenchment can be made. It is useless to appoint a Committee or a Commission unless its report is made public, useless, by printing the report and suppressing the evidence, to leave the world in doubt as to the soundness of the conclusions drawn in it. But there is a vast amount of purely statistical matter which would be all the better for judicious boiling down. The remarkable faculty which Mr. GIFFEN now brings to bear on the construction of a few isolated tables might be extended with great public benefit to the whole masses of figures which are chiefly valuable for their totals. It is not only on the score of saving money that a reform of this kind is desirable. It is even more so on the score of saving time. So long as Parliamentary papers remain what they are, many things of interest that lie hid in them will go altogether unnoticed. Except when a Blue-Book commands exceptional attention, it commonly gets none at all; and when it gets none at all, the end of its preparation and publication remains unfulfilled. Hopes of an improvement in this respect have latterly been held out, and it is time that something was done to give them definite shape. If the whole mass of papers were edited on a uniform plan, and some care taken in the choice of matter, the fifty or sixty folios which are now annually added to the shelves of the great public libraries might be brought down to a very much smaller number. The Reports of Inspectors, which form a constantly growing element in Parliamentary papers, might in many cases be merely searched for telling passages, instead of being printed in full, and officials of all kinds might be made to do a good deal in the way of suppressing their private opinions, and giving nothing but ascertained results. Of course there are cases in which an official opinion may be extremely valuable. But it should be the business of an editor to find this out. What is done without difficulty by a hundred private agencies may surely be done by one public agency.

The only other point that calls for notice in Mr. PIGOTT'S Report is his remarks upon "confidential printing." Under all the chief printing contracts the contractor stands bound to exclude all strangers from the printing-office, and to adopt every precaution suggested by the Controller to ensure that nothing printed for Government shall fall into hands not entitled to receive it. Besides, however, this general provision in favour of secrecy, there is some "confidential printing" which is separately charged for, and it is with the cost of this that Mr. PIGOTT is disposed to quarrel. Confidential work, if executed at the Foreign Office, costs about 27 per cent. more than confidential work

executed at another public office, and about 41 per cent. more than ordinary work executed on the printers' own premises. This is a large discrepancy, and it is not wonderful that Mr. PIGOTT burns to bridge it over. It is necessary, however, to bear in mind that there is very much more temptation to betray Foreign Office secrets than any others—except occasionally budget secrets—and consequently that very much greater care has to be exercised, in order to guard against betrayal. The sanction by which secrecy is ordinarily secured is simply the loss of the contract that will follow upon any failure to observe it. The contractor is in turn protected against incurring this loss by reason of any misconduct on the part of his workmen by their knowledge that, if they betray any secrets, they will at once be dismissed. But where Foreign Office secrets are concerned, something more than this is needed. Betrayal of confidence must not only be punished, but be made impossible, and this can only be done by the employment of picked workmen. Honesty, like all other useful qualities, has its price, and an economy which made its attainment doubtful would be a very certain loss.

MR. CARLYLE.

THE death of Mr. Carlyle will have caused, notwithstanding his advanced age, a widespread feeling of regret. Not only his friends, but those who knew him only by his writings, found themselves connected with him by a kind of personal association. Other men of genius put the best of themselves into their works, which thenceforth possess a detached and independent existence. Carlyle, though he was, in the opinion of many capable judges, the greatest writer of his time, always seemed to be a living teacher, or, as he has often been called, a prophet. His revelations were, like the chapters of the Koran, occasional and fragmentary, always characteristic and essentially consistent, but containing no body of systematic doctrine. He has inspired and modified the mode of thought rather than the opinions of one or two generations; but the imitators of his mannerism are not to be counted among his genuine disciples. More than one thoughtful essayist has within the last few days attempted, with more or less success, to define his theological and ethical convictions. They undoubtedly derived their form, and in some degree their substance, from the Calvinistic belief of his early youth; but it was not his habit or the tendency of his intellect to embody his creed in formal propositions. Though his conception of the moral order of the world may be called dynamic, unfriendly critics who accused him of deifying force were wholly mistaken. He was never tired of asserting the right of a hero to compel the obedience of ordinary men, but always on the condition that he was a hero, and not a vulgar despot. His own judgment in the selection of heroes was not infallible, but it excluded mere tyrants and usurpers. His contempt for the claim of license to do wrong blinded him in some degree to the advantages of liberty. His ruling principle is perhaps best expressed in the old formula *τὸ κρείττον ἐπὶ κρείττονι*, a phrase which cannot be at the same time literally and adequately translated into English, because the Greek word means at the same time better and stronger. Carlyle entertained little respect for the first Napoleon, who was the most perfect modern representative of material force. Napoleon III. in the height of his prosperity and power always appeared to Carlyle a vulgar charlatan. His admiration for Cromwell and, in a less degree, for Frederick the Great was but incidentally connected with a disposition to glorify success. In his estimation a martyr might be the equal of the best of conquerors. One of the most eloquent passages in his works is the imaginary description of the canonization of Edmund, the East Anglian King and martyr. "In this manner did the men of the Eastern Counties take up the slain body of their Edmund, where it lay cast forth in the village of Hoxne; seek out the covered head and reverently reunite the same. They embalmed him with myrrh and sweet spices, with love, pity, and all high and awful thoughts; consecrating him with a very storm of melodious, adoring admiration, and sun-dried showers of tears; joyfully, yet with awe (as all deep joy has something of the awful in it), commemorating his noble deeds and godlike walk and conversation while on Earth. Till, at length, the very Pope and Cardinals at Rome were forced to hear of it; and they, summing up as correctly as they well could, with *Advocatus Diaboli* pleadings and other forms of process, the general verdict of mankind, declared that he had in very fact led a hero's life in this world; and, being now gone, was gone, as they conceived, to God above and reaping his reward there. Such, they said, was the best judgment they could form of the case, and truly not a bad judgment." The apotheosis of the semi-mythical St. Edmund may be set off against some capricious eulogies of such despots as Frederick William I. and the Dictator Francia; and it may be admitted that Carlyle was not always superior to the temptation of paradox. His political sympathies became less and less revolutionary as he grew older. In *Sartor Resartus* there is a strong tendency to Communism, and in *Chartism* he still regards universal suffrage as a right, if not as an expedient arrangement. In later years he

often distrusted the judgment of the multitude, which, in his opinion, needed guidance and discipline much more than political power. His estimate of men was often extraordinarily sagacious, though the severity of his judgment was not unfrequently qualified by the influence of social relations. His dislike of Sir Robert Peel, whom he had ungraciously ridiculed as Sir Jabesh Windbag, was exchanged for sincere respect and esteem when he made his acquaintance in a house where they both were frequent guests. His feelings towards other statesmen of his time may probably have been affected by similar circumstances, for he was the most genial, though not the most tolerant, of men.

There are still many persons, not without literary cultivation, to whom Carlyle's manner is distasteful; and it may be admitted that he would in many cases have done better in adopting a pedestrian and ordinary style; but the habit of regarding all things from his own special point of view had become inveterate, and his language accurately represented his imagination and his humour. The Lowland Scotch, which was his mother-tongue, was the basis of his well-known diction. He borrowed some of his peculiarities from German, though the influence on his method of Jean Paul Richter, who was himself through one or two descents a follower of Sterne, has sometimes been exaggerated. Of Carlyle, if not of other writers, the saying is true, that the style is the man. That it was perfectly natural was sufficiently proved by the fact that he spoke exactly as he wrote, though, if possible, with more uniform brilliancy and force. Those who had the good fortune to be admitted to his society are almost unanimous in their opinion that his powers of conversation, or rather of familiar speech, were in their experience unequalled; yet it is intelligible that Luttrell, a witty diner-out of a past generation, should have been unable to appreciate Carlyle's originality. If he sometimes engrossed a large share of attention, the freshness of his fancy and the flow of his humour were alike inexhaustible. His imagination was so plastic that he could scarcely describe the commonest object without notice of some characteristic feature or picturesque peculiarity. It is to be hoped that some of his friends have preserved reminiscences of his descriptive or epigrammatic language; but it would be impossible to reproduce his spontaneous abundance of illustration. He denounced one of his friends who, with a purpose as humorous as his own, challenged him by affecting a tone of moral indifference, as fit to be President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society. He assured a member of Parliament who, with a similar object, excused a vote on the pretence of deferring to the wish of his constituents, that at the day of judgment the excuse would not serve. "It will be you that will be damned, and not your constituents." He once interrupted a eulogy which he considered excessive on an eminent economist, for whom he had nevertheless a sincere regard, by declaring that he was "an inspired bagman who believed in a calico millennium"; but isolated fragments of talk accidentally retained in the memory are little better than fragmentary specimens of some great work of architecture. In conversation, as in literary composition, he sometimes caused an irritation which was scarcely justifiable by steadily declining controversy. His hearers or readers were welcome to learn what he had to tell them; but he neither answered objections nor engaged in discussion. Those who differed from him were at liberty to hold their own opinions, but not to extract from him reasons which were inseparably connected with his feelings and his character. It would have required some obtuseness of perception not to recognize in personal intercourse his intellectual and moral elevation. His friends would sometimes have gladly received an interpretation of the meaning of the oracle; but they were compelled to be content with the responses. They could always count on turn on his ready appreciation of their thoughts, and on his hearty laughter.

Carlyle's rank as a moral teacher and a humorist has sometimes interfered with the recognition of his laborious study of historical facts. His minute industry is most remarkably exhibited in the Memoirs of Cromwell and in the Life of Frederick the Great. The plan of the Life of Cromwell was borrowed from Mr. Spedding, though the Life of Bacon was published at a later period. The scheme is exhaustive, but it has a tendency to be tedious; and, as a rule, the historian ought not to submit the raw material of his studies to the reader. The Remains of Cromwell are, fortunately, limited in bulk, and they receive a meaning and a kind of unity from Carlyle's suggestive comments. Even the chaotic, but not frivolous, speeches of the Protector are strangely illuminated by occasional interpolations, such as "Hear, hear, your Highness." It is true that the biographer is not exempt from an idolatry which suggests and justifies a certain scepticism in accepting his conclusions; but no other historian has made the character of Cromwell so consistent and so intelligible. For his later hero Carlyle's sympathy was far less perfect, and the history of Frederick's early years is told in unnecessary detail, while the twenty years during which he survived the Seven Years' War are skurged over in a few pages; but the history of Prussia in the first volume is an admirable specimen of concise narrative; and scarcely any writer has described battles so intelligibly, though Carlyle was otherwise unacquainted with military affairs. He has scarcely communicated to his English readers his own qualified admiration for his hero; but it must be remembered that all patriotic German feel an enthusiasm for Frederick and even a certain gratitude to his unattractive father.

The merits of Carlyle's prose epic on the French Revolution are of a different and of a higher order. The only copy of the first volume of the book was destroyed by an accident, and Carlyle

always believed that the version which he was compelled to substitute was inferior to the original. But it is difficult to believe that the brilliant and pathetic narrative which we now possess has been surpassed. There are fuller accounts of the Revolution, but many students remember the principal events most vividly by reference to the history which made them more interesting than scenes in a romance. His half-serious excuse for the people which always found itself baffled on the verge of an expected Paradise is perhaps the best apology for the crimes and follies of the Revolution. His admiration for Mirabeau is more justifiable than his characteristic tenderness for Danton. The chief author of the massacres of September was perhaps to be preferred to his successful rival; but the narrow pedantry of Robespierre, which excited the contemptuous aversion of Carlyle, was a venial aggravation of the guilt of the most murderous of tyrants. The *History of the French Revolution* first made Carlyle popular, and perhaps taught him his true vocation; but before and after its publication he exercised a wide influence by his contributions to literary criticism. His Essay on Voltaire displayed a remarkable power of appreciating both the merits and defects of the most typical of Frenchmen. The review of Croker's edition of Boswell has finally exploded the shallow prejudices against Johnson and his biographer which culminated about the same time in Macaulay's shallow and paradoxical criticism. The study of German literature in England has been more effectually promoted by Carlyle's early writings than by any other single cause. His devotion to the person and genius of Goethe is difficult to reconcile with his later predilections, for he was in after life not an enthusiastic admirer of poetry, or of literary eminence; and Goethe's sublime indifference to national interests and to other disturbing elements might have been thought uncongenial to the temperament of his devoted admirer. The impression produced by the great German writer was as permanent as it was profound. Long after he had entered on other fields of intellectual activity, Carlyle retained his original reverence for his master. Some correspondence had passed between them; but Goethe received coldly the overtures of his young admirer, who would willingly have made a pilgrimage to Weimar. No modern English writer is now so well known in Germany, which Carlyle always seemed to regard as a second mother country. Foreigners are probably less sensitive than English readers to the peculiarities of style. On the other hand, they are more likely to overlook or misinterpret his incessant employment of humour. In common with some other authors, he received general recognition in America earlier than in England; and his only successful imitator is a popular American essayist. In other copies his manner, denuded of his humorous imagination, becomes tedious and distasteful. It would be idle in a limited space to attempt even imperfectly to analyse Carlyle's peculiar and original powers. He had happily time and opportunity to indulge his genius to the full. His simple habits enabled him to choose for himself in dignified seclusion the subjects of his indefatigable literary labours. Whatever is incomplete in his works corresponds to the instinctive or deliberate limitations which he imposed on himself. It may be repeated that Carlyle was not a philosopher, but a prophet.

CURATES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

II.

DR. JOHNSON on his tour in the Highlands was entertained by Mr. M'Aulay, the Minister of Calder, who seems to have availed himself of the opportunity of a visit from an English guest to speak slightly of the lower English clergy. It was an attack not to be let pass without such a retort as the moment suggested. The Doctor gave him a frowning look, and said, "This is a day of novelties. I have seen old trees in Scotland, and I have heard the English clergy spoken of with disrespect." The Scotchman's charges were founded on hearsay. The standing of curates out of the way of preferment, ill-paid and over-tasked, was not one to excite popular respect, nor yet self-respect in men who live by the rule of what is expected of them. Yet not only were there exemplary curates who have left a name behind them, but a very slight consideration shows that the class offered a most sturdy resistance to the free-thinking liberalism of the day, and helped to furnish an effectual barrier against attacks on the Church's defences which were carried on in one way or another throughout the century. The literature and records of the eighteenth century show one continued assault upon creeds and articles. From Tillotson's time attempts were constantly made to adapt the Liturgy to modern tastes and ideas and to the scruples of various forms of nonconformity. Sanguine hopes of success under the patronage of such men as Bishop Hoadly, and, later, Bishop Watson, continued to attend these efforts; but at the end of the century (1796) the *Monthly Review*, the organ of the aggressive party, confesses defeat. In a notice of a sermon entitled "The Liturgy of the Church of England recommended," by the Rev. A. Macaulay, Curate of Claybrooke, we read—"The design of farther reforming the Church of England and improving its ritual, which has at different times attracted the attention and caused the exertion of many learned and able men among, not only the clergy, but the laity, and concerning which in the earlier period of our labours we had frequent occasion to express our sentiments, appears now to be altogether abandoned." The great body of the clergy, especially it may be the clergy of

read dispassionately from the illustrations of the day, effected the necessary assistance. That strikes for their part in it we may learn from the record left of one sturdy example of the class, whose ministry extended through the first half of the century. The Rev. John Bold, who was ordained to the curacy of Stony Stanton in Leicestershire in 1702, and held it till his death in 1751, was probably of a temper opposed by nature as well as principle to change. The stout Church principles on which he began his ministry were only strengthened by time. The man who, well born, a scholar and of literary power, could settle down deliberately for life on a salary of 30*l.* a year, his whole dependence (it was never raised), and could live contented and honoured upon it for fifty years, was not one to follow a tide of newfangled ideas. The record of his life, as gathered from the recollections of the parishioners by a rector of Stony Stanton, is a short one, but impresses one by the earnestness of the writer and his veneration for his subject:—

To say that Mr. Bold was an able and orthodox divine, a good writer, an excellent preacher, an attentive parish priest, in the smallest part of his praise. He appears from the early age of twenty-four years to have formed his plan of making himself a living sacrifice for the benefit of his flock; and to have declined preferment (which was afterwards offered to him) with a view of making his example and doctrine the more striking and effective by his permanent residence and labours in one and the same place. His ministerial labours were such as I apprehend his own sense of the pastoral office, of its high importance to the salvation of mankind, directed. . . . He read the Fathers and the early writers of the Reformation—what they prescribed he fulfilled. During the whole of Lent, on holidays, and on every Wednesday and Friday, he had service in the church, and he had engaged the people to attend so generally and regularly that it is related of one farmer particularly, that whenever he was absent from his business he was to be found at church.

The account goes on to give details of his life and personal habits, which of course explain his extraordinary influence upon his flock. Living and associating with them, his character never lost its weight and authority; and this under considerable difficulties, for the humblest particulars of his private life were open to his parishioners. He lodged with a farmer; at first paying 8*l.* a year for his board, then 12*l.*, at last 16*l.* His daily food consisted of water-gruel at breakfast; a plate from the farmer's table at dinner; after dinner, his only luxury, half a pint of ale of his own brewing; his supper, milk pottage. In summer he read and wrote in his own room; in winter by the family fireside. His dress, an ample decent gown which folded over and was bound round the waist by a sash, no doubt added to the reverence of his presence. But no more rule or garb can win influence. Manner and speech, and the heart that moulds and dictates them, can alone do this. Mr. Bold's influence was proved in a very practical fashion. "Except," we read, "in the case of a discharged soldier, who was guilty of robbing, I cannot learn that any felonious act was committed in the parish for half a century." And one particular instance is given of the effect of his teaching and example, and its hold on the memory, where the writer describes the religious and exemplary course of an old labourer of eighty-nine, whom he visited in his decline:—"Ah, Sir, that was a rare team I drove when I was young; but, Sir, whenever the church bell rang at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon I always left my team, when at plough, and came to Mr. Bold to be catechized, and then went back to plough." Goldsmith, we see, need not have been thrown on imagination for his picture of the ideal village pastor.

Such a pastor would certainly not approve of interference in his proper field. Nor did Mr. Bold. In the distribution of his income—we really hope that the management of it, the lavish charities, the making it do more than thirty pounds ever did before, was a personal pleasure to him—he laid by a sufficient sum to endow a sermon to be preached yearly in Lent on the duty of the people to attend to the instructions of the minister whom the bishop of the diocese should set over them. "This bequest, it is explained, seems to have been occasioned by the rise and progress of the fanatic teachers of Methodism." Yet, no doubt, Methodism in its rise was one material barrier to the encroachments of liberalism. The tone of attack on it explains the real grounds of objection to the language of the Prayer-Book. Whoever accepted this language incurred the same measure of satire and abuse. Thus, in a criticism on a sermon on the Eucharist by Samuel Hardy, Curate of St. Clement's, Ipswich, we read:—

If the famous proposition of the late pious Dr. James Foster be true, that *where mystery begins, religion ends*, then is Mr. Samuel Hardy a very irreligious writer, for he is a most zealous stickler for these mystical notions of the Sacrament, which have been so justly exploded by several eminent and judicious modern writers. The worthy Bishop Hoare's *Plain Account* he styles an *infamous* book, and gives his own tract as a full and complete answer to it.

The Jesuits are suspected by these critics to be at the bottom of the language and teaching of the Methodists. St. Francis Xavier's life was indeed brought forward by a Methodist writer as an example of the missionary spirit, and the reviewer sees no difference between the two manifestations of enthusiasm. Fanatics of all religions are the same. The expelling of the "six enthusiastic students" from St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, meets with derisive exultant approbation. The same determination to stamp out enthusiasm with the strong hand is applied to orthodoxy—identified with High Church worship—and Methodism.

No stronger contrast can be found than that between the two curates of the eighteenth century, each remarkable in his way, who stand as specimens of their class—namely, John Bold and the more celebrated John Newton, whose name, though a curate only sixteen years (from 1764 to 1780), lives as Curate of Olney, where, in conjunction

with Cowper, he brought out a volume of hymns which was long a household book. At one time it would have been superfluous to give an outline of this noted religious leader's strange career; but time dims such records, and many persons not unfamiliar with his name may yet not recognize him under his own favorite title of the African Bismarck. His autobiography certainly shows wonderful power of some sort. A sense of this power may have smoothed the task of confession—if we may call it such—as he conducts his readers from scene to scene of a dissolute course redeemed by a tinge of romance and strange adventure. His birth and childish training were those of a better class, his father being captain of a trading vessel. He went to sea at eleven years old. Presently we find him impressed into the navy, and there, through his father's influence, made midshipman. But to his temper of utter insubordination, aggravated by a fit of infidelity "into which he plunged with all his spirit," restraint was unendurable. At last, when at Plymouth, he went ashore without leave, was caught, led through the streets like a felon, carried back to the ship, put in irons, publicly stripped and whipped, and degraded from his office. From the navy he is presently changed to a merchant vessel which lands him on the Guinea coast, and he spends months as a sort of slave to a black woman, who fed him with the broken meat from her table. His misconduct gets him into these depths of degradation, and his cleverness gets him out of them. He describes himself as alternating fits of outrageous wickedness with short periods of religious conviction. He broke every Commandment, he tells us, but the Eighth, with a high hand. As for his oaths and blasphemies, all the stormy energy of his character spent itself on them. Two captains of slaving vessels charged him with being the Jonah who had brought the tempest upon them. But our space only allows us to seize a point here and there of this disgraceful course. Yet through it all there ran a thread of sentiment. At the age of seventeen he had seen a girl of fourteen, daughter of a family friend, who made an indelible impression upon him. Not a day passed in his wildest excesses that he did not think of her. Eventually she became his wife. The marriage took place in 1750, when he was twenty-five, and his conversion accomplished. After this event he took three voyages as captain of a slaving vessel, having, he says, never entertained a scruple as to the lawfulness of the traffic, and the trade being considered a "genteel" calling at once respectable and profitable. In these voyages he taught himself Latin, as on the Guinea Coast he had got up the six books of Euclid. In 1754 he settled down at Liverpool, and from that time became known as a distinguished convert. In 1764 he was ordained to the curacy of Olney. We see in him, under this charge, certain high qualities—sincerity, zeal, and consistency of life and conduct, strong sense, humour, and the qualities that make a friend. He must have had in a fair degree the manners of a gentleman to be the chosen companion of Cowper, Hannah More, and other noted names. The self-complacency with which he dwells on the favour of heaven to so great a sinner is scarcely tempered by as much shame and contrition as the reader desires; but the high Calvinism of his creed did not require this. Besides his autobiography, he wrote books which had great success. He was a light of his party; but as a curate he failed. Probably he would not have thought much of those tokens of a successful ministry which followed on Mr. Bold's teaching; but at any rate they were decidedly wanting at Olney. He had entered on the curacy under the auspices of Mr. Thornton, who supplied him with means for all necessary expenses. "Be hospitable," were his words, "and keep open house for such as are worthy of entertainment. Help the poor and needy. I will stately allow you 200*l.* a year, and readily send whenever you have occasion to draw more." And he was as good as his word. Mr. Newton was a zealous preacher, but his doctrine did not suit his flock; more especially as it was no doubt illustrated by confessions such as we have hinted at. In fact, his devoted biographer has to admit utter failure, and confesses that the Gospel he preached was to the people of Olney a savour of death unto death. His successor, Thomas Scott (the commentator), while recognizing the fact, does not throw all the blame on the hearers:—

Many pious and even eminent ministers have so humoured and indulged their people as to render them captious, self-conceited, and ready to take offence at every faithful and needful reproof and exhortation. Good Mr. Newton, than whom few stand higher on many grounds, had erred in this respect at Olney to that degree that he could not preach a plain and practical sermon without exciting inquiries through the town, "What has been the matter? who has been telling something that led to this subject?" By this and other concurring circumstances, though exemplary, meek, and loving in the highest degree, he became an Eli at Olney, and really could not keep his station, having lost almost all his authority and influence. And when it was known he was about to go, it seemed the determination to thwart and oppose him in all his plans for their benefit. Olney, when Mr. Newton left it, swarmed with Antinomians; and when I a year after became curate of the parish, most of the professors of the Gospel were Dissenters, and I had to attempt raising a new congregation in opposition to Antinomianism and anti-Churchism which prevailed. In a population of 2,500 people, often not one hundred got together on a Sunday morning till nearly the end of the service, and half of these from other places.

Probably Mr. Newton was better placed at St. Mary Woolnoth, where he ended his days at a great age. His hearers might not make such practical application of his doctrine. Rustic and agricultural congregations require a less varied experience in their pastor; a steady course of well-doing fits their ideas best. Quite another class of curate is also characteristic of the latter part of the eighteenth century—the elegant dilettante scholar who, either from something in himself or his circumstances, stands out of the way of preferment, but still possesses gifts to cast a mild illumination

on the remote spot in which destiny fixes him. There was a vast deal of literary activity in that day which had no field for its display such as our time furnishes. Yet an accomplished man was not without a sphere wherever he was placed. It was a sociable age; a scholar well read in modern literature—especially, let us say, in the Italian poets—was an acquisition at every table within his reach. There were more literary circles in out-of-the-way places then than there are now; people had more patience with each other's effusions in verse and prose. Letter-writing was cultivated as a pursuit; and, where roads were bad, and the post weekly instead of daily, letters were tolerated of a length which could not now be borne. We find of this class a memoir of the Rev. P. Cunningham, curate of Eyam, in the Peak of Derbyshire, a living held by the Rev. Thomas Seward, father of the authoress. He wrote to his rector letters of a portentous length, which were so far appreciated that they have found their way into print; letters of five and a half closely-printed pages, in which are collected thoughts, criticism, quotation, and narrative which in these days would all have found their way to the magazines. Nothing can exceed the harmony of feeling and universal appreciation that pervades the record. Mr. Seward preaches to the people of Eyam a splendid eulogium on their newly-appointed curate; and the curate sends the passage which contains this notice to his relations at Deal, and to the Archbishop of York, who had recently ordained him. He lavishes on his flock an effusion of feeling in return for "continually receiving from the parishioners the most affecting and expressive demonstrations that my continuance in my present station is essential to their happiness and contentment. One grasps my hands so vehemently, as a mark of cordiality, that it is a mercy for me neither the gout nor the rheumatism are lodged there; another takes them *con amore religioso alle labbra*; a third prays for blessings on my head as I go along the street," &c. We do not quite understand the action conveyed in the Italian quotation—a Peak rustic actually kissing hands. Possibly the borrowed phrase gives the *intention* only. Elsewhere, in expressing his feeling for the starry sphere to which the Derbyshire hills raise him nearer, he declares himself an *amateur* of the great works of nature. He tells the church, "I have the inexpressible satisfaction to observe your church more crowded than I am assured it has ever been remembered during this season of the year. No more Methodist teachers appear at the chapel at Eyam." These transports so early in his career led us to anticipate a collapse of some sort; but ten years seem to have produced no coldness. In spite of little affectations, he had a strong sense of duty. He was evidently in his right place, and an example of contentment, as was many an elegant scholar of the time, under circumstances which would not in duller men have excited the feeling.

Local history gives us glimpses of life in the Church which by no means justify the complacent notion now prevalent of universal apathy and deadness. It is a mere accident when good work in remote scenes of labour outlives the memory of the witnesses of it.

MR. HAWEIS ON LIBERALISM IN THE CHURCH.

WE have heard a good deal of late about claims for greater freedom in the Church of England. Only the other day two petitions were presented to Convocation by the Archbishop of Canterbury from different parties in the Church, the one—far the most numerously signed—praying for a policy of toleration and forbearance in ritual matters, the other deprecating it. It is due indeed to the signatories of the latter or Evangelical petition to say that they disclaimed any desire "to narrow the comprehensiveness of the National Church, or to abridge reasonable liberty," and they in fact proceed at once to vindicate this liberty for their own rubrical irregularities; but they were careful to explain that it must not be extended to any ceremonies expressive of "doctrines which we believe to be unscriptural." But there is unfortunately so much diversity of sentiment, both within and without the Church of England, as to what is scriptural teaching, that those at whom the document is aimed will hardly derive much comfort from the explanation that it only denounces rites which their opponents think unscriptural. It might indeed fairly be urged by Dean Church and his co-signatories that the doctrines symbolized by the incriminated ritual, whether scriptural or not, have at least been ruled by the Supreme Court of Appeal—and this in an undefended suit—to be consistent with the Anglican formularies, and that they are therefore only claiming liberty for the clergyman to give ceremonial expression at the altar to beliefs he has confessedly full liberty to teach from the pulpit. It is a very different kind of liberty which is claimed by Mr. Haweis in an article he has contributed to the *Contemporary Review* on "Freedom of Thought in the Church of England; its Limits, what they are, and what they ought to be." A foot-note informs us that this paper was "originally read before the Clergy of the Diocese of London at St. John's College," and we cannot help suspecting that it must have pretty well taken away the breath of that grave and reverend assembly as they listened to it. Mr. Haweis, as everybody knows, is a high authority on "music and morals," and he has drawn around his pulpit a circle of curious or admiring hearers who can enjoy a style of eloquence, more educated perhaps, but no less sensational, than that which has made the City Temple and the Surrey Tabernacle famous. But we had yet to learn that he aspired to be also an authority on Christian doctrine. He has

something however to tell us about it which is not exactly new—for the same sort of thing has been said before by Dean Stanley and others in more cautious language—but which possesses a certain novelty, if not exactly a charm, from its manner of utterance. Certainly, if Mr. Stopford Brooke had sat at the feet of Mr. Haweis, he would have had no temptation to leave the Church of England; he would have been taught first to claim a liberty far beyond what he needed as already "belonging" to him, as an Anglican minister, and secondly to "ask for more." It is difficult indeed to know whether to be most amazed at what Mr. Haweis "claims," or at his thinking it necessary, after his modest claim is established, to "ask" for anything further. One is reminded, to be sure, of a familiar example in the old Latin Grammar—*Quo plus habent eo plus cupiunt*. And it is possible in this case that some lingering doubt about the security of the *habent* may have helped to stimulate the cupidity for further acquisitions. Mr. Haweis is perhaps after all not quite so sure as he would fain persuade himself that the limits of his present liberty "are" what he says they are, as he is of what "they ought to be." But it is time to let him speak for himself.

The paper opens with the modest formula already referred to. "First, let us claim what belongs to us. Secondly, let us ask for more." The only remaining restriction on the liberty which "belongs to us" is "that rag and tatter of subscription, the Act 28 and 29 Vict. c. 122":—

This is the rag:—

"I, A. B., do solemnly make the following declaration:

"I assent to the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion and to the Book of Common Prayer and of the Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; I believe the Doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland, as therein set forth, to be agreeable to the Word of God; and in Public Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments I will use the form in the said book prescribed and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority."

Some, it is observed, "think this only a degree less binding than the old form," and Mr. Haweis must of course remember how confidently that argument was pressed on objectors when the change was made only fifteen years ago. "But"—the argument has done its work and may be discarded now—"that is a mistake. The old was a good round confession of belief, but this rag and tatter binds us to believe neither [the italics are his own] the *Articles* nor the *Doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland*." Does it then mean nothing at all? Not, perhaps, quite that—to assent to anything is to acquiesce in the fact of its existence, just as "several M.P.'s who are avowed Republicans assent to the monarchy, but do not believe in it." It is obvious that in this sense an avowed atheist might "assent" to the 39 Articles and the Book of Common Prayer quite as fully as the strictest Anglican. And as for believing the doctrine of the Church to be "agreeable to the Word of God"—well, let us assume for the moment that the Word of God means the Bible, though Mr. Haweis is "not personally fond of confounding" the two; but what then?

After seeing what the "vigour and rigour" of a professional theologian can do for the Thirty-Nine Articles out of the Bible and what rival sects have habitually done for their own tenets, there is evidently no quantity or quality of doctrine which cannot be shown, with a little judicious severity in the handling of texts, to be agreeable to the Word of God.

The declaration of belief therefore merely amounts to a statement that the Bible, which has been interpreted in a thousand different ways by as many jarring sects or individual readers, may be so interpreted as not to clash with the 39 Articles. Clearly any one who scrupled to make this declaration must be scrupulous almost to monomania. If indeed it meant that the Articles supplied the only natural and proper interpretation of the Bible—a view which might quite conceivably be held by Mr. Bradlaugh—that would not at all prove their teaching to be true, for we may fairly claim that, when a clergyman is required at his ordination to profess his unfeigned belief in all the canonical Scriptures, it is only in the same sense as a man "unfeignedly believes in the British Museum," that is to say "he masters the contents as well as he can, and believes all that the best and wisest authorities can tell him about them." That is precisely the process the author of the *Age of Reason* tells us that he applied to the Bible, by which he arrived at the conclusion that it was all "fabulous," and in that sense, which on Mr. Haweis's showing is a sufficient one, he "unfeignedly believed it." There remain, it is allowed—for Mr. Haweis is resolved to do full justice to the force of the adverse argument—besides "the rag and tatter of subscription" certain "rubrics which have the force of statute law." They deal chiefly however with ritual, and "where they bind ritual they are systematically broken, and where they bind doctrine they are commonly ignored."

So far then the case appears simple enough, and the liberty already existing so complete that nobody need be excluded from the Anglican ministry by the existing subscriptions who would not equally be excluded by being asked to subscribe the first axiom of Euclid. But still the writer does not somehow feel quite at his ease. There is a sort of current prejudice that, after all, subscription to formularies must mean something, and "doctrines will resolve itself into doctrines, and these doctrines are contained in creeds and formularies." And so we are brought back to the old question, "Do you believe them or do you not?"

Abolish subscription, relax the rubrics, yet, as long as the Prayer Book is assented to and used, this is the question which every clergyman has to face—Do you, or do you not, believe the creeds and formularies of the Church of England?

Opposed—That no forms can be devised to which any large number of persons can agree without reservations. Still Conscience asks, *What reservations?*

That some expressions become obsolete in time. Conscience asks, *What expressions?*

That different interpretations can be put upon the same words, and that non-natural interpretations may be allowed to the Broad Church, as they have been granted wholesale to the High Church party. Still Conscience asks, *What interpretations?*

That great latitude is admissible in accepting the Bible and the Prayer Book, which is founded upon the Bible. Still Conscience asks, *What latitude?*

That doctrine is different from doctrines. Conscience asks, *What is the difference?*

Here then at last we seem to touch on firm ground. "*What freedom in doctrine do we claim?*" But if the question is a plain and downright one enough, the answer is not a little bewildering. "*Freedom to separate in each doctrine the substance from the form*"—the italics are still the writer's—"or, in other words, freedom to re-state the substance." Since the magical "*dis-tinguendum*" which made such havoc of the first principles of morality in the Jesuit casuistry so mercilessly exposed in the *Provinciales*, no more potent instrument for making a silk purse out of a sow's ear—or the reverse—has ever been devised. What is form and what is substance? Mr. Haweis proceeds to illustrate the distinction by examples. "*Do you believe in the miraculous?*" Yes, certainly, "*the miraculous underlies the whole Bible, the whole Church, the whole of history sacred and profane*"—the italics here are ours—but the writer personally would "have great sympathy with those who resolved all physical miracle into misconception, or inspired vision, or even hallucination"—that is, the substance of the doctrine. At the same time he does himself believe in miracles both in and out of the Bible, but not in all of either class. A more searching question follows, "*Do you believe in the Incarnation?*" Once more the magician waves his wondrous wand. What is the "substance" of the doctrine? Only that "the human side of God—moral sympathy and love—always was, that it did not begin to be when Jesus was born, or at any other time." We need hardly observe that in this "substance of the doctrine" Tom Paine was a firm, and even enthusiastic believer, though he tells us he "revolted" at Christianity. In the same way belief in the "Day of Judgment" merely means that "we shall be tried on principles intelligible, humane, and just"; belief in eternal punishment means belief "in penalty proportioned to guilt"; and the resurrection of the body means "the immortality of the soul." The same powerful solvent of distinction is to be applied to all other creeds and doctrines, and notably to "the Trinity, the Atonement, the authority of the Bible, justification by faith, and the Sacraments." Happily want of space, or perhaps some latent instinct of reverence or good taste, has withheld the magician in this case from repeating the transformation scene before our eyes. He adds however, before quitting this part of the subject, one very important rider—namely, that each successive age must rediscover for itself what is form and what is substance, and thus even the meagre doctrinal residuum left for this generation may evaporate in the next. The "substance" e.g. of the immortality of the soul may be discovered by our children to be simply the perpetuity of the race, and "a stream of tendency" may be the residuary substance of theism. There is indeed a geographical as well as a chronological variation here; "a form of doctrine, outgrown in London and requiring re-statement may still be current coin in Wales." The bodily resurrection may for the present remain true for Welsh miners, though it requires substantial "re-statement" for the denizens of Belgravian drawing-rooms.

Once again we thought the magician's task was done. He has provided a dissolving medium by which creeds and doctrines may be transmuted into their opposites as readily as ever the old alchemists hoped to transmute all things into gold. But yet he is not quite satisfied. Facts are stubborn things, and from the midst of these pleasant theories *surgit amari aliquid* in the shape of the Prayer-book, with its obsolete dogmas not yet "re-stated," and the clergyman has to read it. And thus the old difficulty crops up again, "*How shall we face in the reading desk the old wording?*" The late Bishop Hinds, if we recollect rightly, published a pamphlet in his old age—as did Lord Amberley in his youth—arguing that if a benighted clergyman became a convinced atheist, he not only was not bound to resign his preferment, but was bound to keep it and preach his new convictions from the pulpit. Whether Mr. Haweis would go quite that length we cannot say. What he tells us is that the Broad Churchman should inform his bishop, at ordination, and his congregation afterwards, that by the resurrection of the body he means the immortality of the soul, and that he unfeignedly believes all the canonical Scriptures in the same sense as he unfeignedly believes in all the British Museum. Nor will they have any reason to be surprised at the explanation:—

Let us compare small things with great. In daily life every one makes reservations which most people understand. A man was never so surprised in his life, when he has been as much surprised scores of times. Another signs himself your most obedient servant, whilst refusing everything you ask. Another is not at home, and nods to you out of the window. Reservations which your servant can understand you can understand; and reservations which a clergyman can understand a congregation can understand, if they are properly explained. The illustration is trivial, but the principle is important.

It is important enough certainly, if it means that the most fundamental doctrines of Christianity need only be considered true by those who are solemnly pledged to teach them in the same sense as a

man may be truly said to be "not at home" when he is too busy to receive visitors. With this almost unlimited freedom already secured to him one hardly sees why our ideal Broad Churchman should ask for more. And it must be allowed that, compared with what he already claims, the writer's fresh demands are insignificant, with the exception of the last, and that he had a few pages before claimed to possess now. He desires "no alteration in the Prayer-book, merely additional rubrics, optional forms, and optional omissions," to spare him, we presume, the trivial but gratuitous inconvenience of "facing in the reading-desk" what he is about to contradict—we mean "re-state"—in the pulpit. The new demands are thus tabulated:—

Repeal of the Act of Uniformity (which only dates from 1562, and is already widely neglected).

Abolition of subscription (unknown to the early Church, and which, under the Act of 1865, is almost a dead letter).

Religation of certain creeds which do not stimulate devotion to manuals of instruction.

Optional use of alternative forms in both sacramental services.

Optional omissions in other services.

Optional selection of prescribed lessons.

Additional qualifying and liberating rubrics.

And lastly, that freedom of re-statement in the pulpit which would naturally follow from these concessions.

Let it not however for a moment be imagined that these claims and demands are propounded in the interests of a party, though it be, as the writer intimates with that exquisite modesty characteristic of his school, the party which has an unquestioned monopoly of enlightenment and love of truth. "Spiritual edification" is the keynote of Evangelicals, and "Sacramental order" of High Churchmen; "the Liberal keynote is neither; it is Truth." But the interests, if not the survival, of the Church herself are at stake. "She can ill bear the strain of these prosecutions for ritual, popular with the emotional; and heresy, dear to the enlightened." She must become so "wide and simple in general affirmations," so "elastic in ritual," so "fearless and honest" in teaching that besides "her noble breadth and sympathy" the narrowness and bigotry of sects shall wither away, and the whole nation be embraced once more in "the National Fold." It is truly a charming vision, but there is one little hitch about its realization which the writer's ardour of Liberal enthusiasm has led him to overlook. Granted that he and his friends have, as he repeatedly assures us, all the "Truth"—with a big T—to themselves; still there are a large number, probably a large majority, of believers in the Church of England, and in most other Christian Communions, who cherish a warm attachment—bigoted and narrow, if you please—to the "form" as well as the "substance" of the particular truths they have been taught to prize, and are not yet "enlightened" enough to be willing to see them thrown into the smelting pot of the Broad Church alchemist. They are apt to be suspicious of "re-statement," as old-fashioned moralists were suspicious of the Jesuit *distinguendum*, and are rather offended than edified at the novel spectacle of Agnosticism masquerading in a surplice. No doubt they are behind the age. But, as Mr. Haweis himself reminds us, in italics, "*we must be left free to grapple with facts*," and these retrograde religionists are a palpable and obtrusive fact. We are afraid they would not quite appreciate the Church of the Future which is to embrace every one in its comprehensive arms, and while all the generalities and elasticities and sympathies were flying in freely at the open windows of the great National Pantheon, the vulgar and inelastic multitude of national believers would be tramping out of the door. "The past policy of exclusion and excision is suicidal." Be it so, but suppose the result of the modern policy of universal comprehension should be to create a solitude and call it peace.

VALENTINES.

PERHAPS the old manner of choosing valentines is not less worthy of restoration than a good many other things for the restoration of which a passion seems to exist. Our modern valentines are dull and mechanical, purchased articles, little better than Christmas cards. The expensive valentines are gaudy chromolithographic objects, fluttering in a fuzz of paper-lace. The humorous valentines, as a rule, carry personal satire up to Pescennine limits. By careful investigations in the back streets and slums, a collector will learn much of the popular taste in airy banter. He will find that the charge of monstrous ugliness is quite compatible with that of moral obliquity and conjugal infidelity. In short, there is not much, either of sentiment or of sport, to be got out of the modern manufactured valentine. Some amusement has, indeed, been derived, on an historical occasion, by the despatch of two hundred valentines at once to a Cabinet Minister. This is not a joke to be played twice. Besides, we learn from the papers that Mr. Gladstone's letters are now opened by his private secretary. This is discouraging, both to malignants who would like to send explosive epistles, and to admirers who find their best expression in "hamatory song." The old custom of valentines was much more diverting, and offered occasions for flirtation, and for the display of a generous disposition. Ladies and gentlemen would sup together; their names were then written out on scraps of paper, and were placed in two bags. The ladies drew at random out of the men's bag, and the men obtained the valentine that fate allotted from the bag of the women. Then the papers, as in Papal

elections, were thrown into the fire. On this topic the author of *The Rescue* (1672) wrote appropriate verses "To Mrs. D. O.," whose name being left after drawing valentines, and cast into the fire, was snatched out—

I, like the Angel, did aspire
Your Name to rescue from the fire.
My zeal succeeded for your name,
But I, alas, caught all the flame!
A meager offering thus sufficed,
And Isaac was not sacrificed.

This was a good beginning, and the interchange of verses and gallantries went on through the year. From a passage in *Pepys's Diary*, it seems that another custom was sometimes followed. The lady who first saluted a man in the morning of St. Valentine's Day was his Valentine. This appears to have been the manner in Scotland, if Sir Walter is right in his description of the wooing of the Fair Maid of Perth and of Hal of the Wynd. A more notable example is Ophelia's song, especially if we read,

Good-morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's day,
All in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

An early meeting between Valentines seems to have been an essential part of the arrangement. Thus Pepys writes (February 14, 1665):—"This morning comes betimes Dicke Pen to be my wife's Valentine, and came to our bedside. By the same token I had him brought to my side, thinking to have made him kiss me; but he perceived me and would not; so went up to his Valentine; a notable, stout, witty boy." Pepys seems to have preferred small boys as Valentines for that lovely toast, Mrs. Pepys. Perhaps fortune favoured him in the drawing. On Valentine's Day, 1666, he writes:—"This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her Valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But," adds careful Pepys, "I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me 5*l.*; but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines." Thus the money's worth was kept in the family. It seems, from an entry in 1667, that Pepys was to be his wife's Valentine every year, with no prejudice to other Valentines on both sides. In 1667 he found this favour "likely to cost 4*l.* or 5*l.* in a ring for her, which she desires." Gay says that among country people the first acquaintance of the opposite sex met on St. Valentine's Day was the destined swain or nymph:—

There first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune, shall our true love be.

Speaking of presents, the learned Moresinus avers that the women receive them from the men. But in canny Scotland the presents were reciprocal. Brand quotes from the *Connoisseur* an odd piece of folk-lore. A lady is the speaker, and she describes how, on Valentine's eve, she pinned four bay leaves to the corners of her pillow, and one to the middle, and all that she might dream of her lover. Nor was this her only sleight of magic. She boiled an egg hard, took out the yolk, filled the hollow with salt, and devoured the egg, shell and all. She then went to bed in solemn silence, dreamed of Mr. Blossom, and, sure enough, drew that favoured swain for her Valentine. Herrick, not usually a purist, seems, very unreasonably, to have limited the privileges of Valentines to unmarried girls. Thus he writes of a bride:—

She must no more a-maying,
Nor by Rose-buds divine
Who'll be her Valentine.

What pretty poetical customs, and how merry an England that was in which they flourished! Now we divine not by rose-buds, but, at most, buy flimsy cards or French sweetmeats. Now we never go a-maying; and, indeed, only the most hardy would be capable of such exercises, and they must needs be dressed in ulsters and sealskin raiment.

Valentines seem to be pre-eminently an English custom. We have never observed the usual decorative love-letters in the stationers' windows in France at this season of the year. The "love-divinations" which used to be practised on the Continent at Advent had nothing to do with St. Valentine, and rather corresponded to our practices at Candlemas. Miason, when he described our old habit of drawing Valentines, seems to have regarded it as a custom peculiar to England and Scotland. "Les Valentins donnent Balas et Cadeaux, portent pendant plusieurs jours sur le cœur ou sur la manche les billets de leur Valentines, et asez souvent l'amour s'y boute."

The origin of the custom of St. Valentine's Day would be more easy to discover if we had means of tracing the rites over a wider area. As a rule, it may be said that popular festivals are older than the rise of the great mythological religions, those of Greece and Rome. They were adopted by the Olympian rituals, and, once more, were adopted by the Catholic Church. Christmas, and the Summer Solstice, and All Souls' Day are honoured among savages, and were honoured by the civilized ancients with rites which still survive. But we have no such guides to the significance of St. Valentine's feast. Wheatley observes, and we have no reason to dispute his evidence, that "St. Valentine was a man of most admirable parts." He was also famed for his "love and chastity"; but these qualities have no obvious connexion with an old English custom. Bishop Hall attributes to St. Valentine singular chastity; "Valentine's self, or some as chaste as he." Thus it is rather odd that St. Valentine's feast should almost coin-

cide with that of Faunus in the Roman Calendar. Faunus, according to Ovid, was a rather licentious god. The poet, however, in the *Fasts*, mentions no Roman observances on the feast of Faunus which even distantly resemble the innocent mirth of the day of St. Valentine. Perhaps the Folk Lore Society may be able to throw some light on a somewhat difficult subject, which, to the best of our knowledge, has never been properly investigated. The author of some verses prefixed to a little pamphlet, "Ye Old Style Valentines" (Falkner and Son, Manchester), says that

The custom rules, which had its birth
In Roman times.—They cast by lot,
That each might know the maid he'd got.

But this is not evidence, and we do not know where the evidence is to be found. Probably the Fathers, who generally rail at all pleasant old "heathen" customs, have something to say on the subject. But the Fathers were rather copious writers, and we have not time to investigate their many and meritorious productions.

The publication of Messrs. Falkner contains some pretty lines from our old writers, which might be adopted by lusty Valentines whom the gods have not made poetical, even in the measure of Sam Weller. Thus Drayton writes (and who is to better Drayton?):—

Each little bird this tide
Doth choose her loved peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year;
As Nature is their guide,
So may we two be true
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.

Drayton also

Laughs at them that choose
Their Valentines by lot.

But we hardly believe that the lots were fairly dealt. Too much was at stake, and love goes so often by cross purposes, that the old wooers, if it was at all in their power to correct fortune, would not have given him this chance. The prettiest, we think, of all valentines is that by Donne, which rivals the bird's own music:—

Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choirsters
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halycon—
This day, more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

Were the old springs warmer than ours, or is it only that the hearts of the people were less easily chilled, and they foresaw the summer before the daffodils come, and while the snow is still at war with the snowdrop? February seems cold weather for wooing, and the ingenious novelist is right who holds that August is the dangerous month, and that love "waxes cold" with October, and dies when the hunting-season has fairly begun. Are there no maids and bachelors to revive the old custom, with the old furniture and faded colours, and to reverse, with verses and posies, that "saint of admirable parts, and singular love and charity, St. Valentine"? Probably the custom in its right form is obsolete now; but some thought it obsolete in 1660, yet it long survived that year of grace.

GREEK WIT.

IN whatever terms we frame the definition of wit, it must, we think, be accepted that in no nation has the possession of the quality of wit enjoyed such just fame as in ancient Greece, and our opinion is supported by reference to a small brochure of one hundred and twenty pages, comprising some four hundred sayings, *bons mots*, and *ana*, put forth by one of our most eminent Greek scholars, Mr. Paley. These have been collected by him, put together with as much abbreviation as was practicable in the course of reading, and accommodated to the perusal of general readers with some taste for scholarship, so as to introduce them to a field little traversed in school reading.

A good many of the best anecdotes are referable to *Ælian's Varia Historia*, in fourteen books, the work of a Roman of Hadrian's date who was, however, keenly fond of the Greeks and Greek literature and oratory. To him we owe a saying of Themistocles, that "if some one were to show me two roads, the one leading to the devil and the other to Parliament, I would choose the former." Comparing the English of this repartee with the original, we find it nearly literal, and it affords us an opportunity of noting the discrepancy between modern and ancient taste on the appreciation of the pleasantest of clubs. Another gives a saying of Anaxarchus, who ridiculed Alexander the Great's fancy for calling himself a god. The King was ill, and his physician ordered him a pudding. "All the hopes of our god," said Anaxarchus, "lie in this pudding." Another saying is ascribed to the name of Plato by the same anecdotist, *Ælian*, concerning the people of Agrigentum. He observed that they had costly houses and gave costly banquets, and thereupon remarked that they built

as if they were to live for ever, and dined as if they would be dead for ever. According to another version of the same saying we find that one interpretation of the last part of it supposes the Agrigentines to dine as if they were to die next day. A truly didactic saying is attributed by Ælian to the Spartan magistrates. "When certain persons from Olazomenæ had come to Sparta and smeared with soot the seats on which the Spartan magistrates sat discharging public duties; on discovering what had been done and by whom, they expressed no indignation, but merely ordered a public proclamation to be made, 'Let it be lawful for the people of Olazomenæ to make blackguards of themselves.'" A very large number of apothegms, proverbs, or sayings of more or less wit, occur up and down the collected works of Plutarch, although Schneidewin does not hesitate to attribute these to some impostor usurping his name. At any rate, they are handily classified, and form a bulky addition to Mr. Paley's translated specimens. Here is a brief and bright saying which this writer attaches to King Archelaus, when a talkative barber, trimming his beard, asked him "How shall I cut it?" "In silence," replied the King. The anecdote recalls one of Charles II.'s bragging barbers, who boasted to him he could cut His Majesty's throat when he would—a boast for which he was only dismissed, though for a like rash vaunt, according to Peter Cunningham, the barber of Dionysius was crucified. To return to Plutarch, he tells the following stories, both good in their way, of Philip of Macedon. In passing sentence on two rogues, he ordered one to leave Macedonia with all speed, and the other to try to catch him. No less astute was his query as to a strong position he wished to occupy, which was reported by the scouts to be almost impregnable. "Is there not," he asked, "even a pathway to it wide enough for an ass laden with gold?" Philip, too, according to Plutarch, is entitled to the fatherhood of an adage which retains its ancient fame about "calling a spade a spade." When some Olynthians denounced Philip's courtiers to him as traitors, they were, he said, "rude and illiterate, τὴν σκάρην σκάρην λέγοντας." Another sample of a witty saying from Plutarch's mint is that attributed to Themistocles, that his son was the most powerful man in Greece. "For, said he, 'the Athenians rule the Hellenes, I rule the Athenians, your mother rules me, and you rule your mother.'" We must cite one or two other of the many examples from Plutarch. This is attributed by him to Leotychnidas, son of Aristo. "A snake having twined itself round a key, which was declared by the seers to be a portent, Leotychnidas remarked, 'It would have been more of a portent if the key had twined itself round a snake.'" Others are connected with ornithology, like the apothegm of one who plucked the feathers from a nightingale, and finding it a very small bird, exclaimed, "You little wretch, you're nothing but voice" (φωναί τις ἐσσι καὶ οὐδὲν ἄλλο); and again, the repartee of a Lacedæmonian to a man of Sparta, who twitted him with being unable to stand as long as himself on one leg. "No!" replied the other; "but any goose can." This *bon mot*, as it is called by Urban Chovreau in his *Ana* (vol. vii., p. 8), is told with reference to persons who set great store on very frivolous accomplishments; but neither in the Greek nor in the translation have we lit upon a reference to evidence of the fact which the repartee seems to assume. "When Demades the orator remarked, that the swords of the Spartans were so short that they could be swallowed by conjurors, Agis the younger king of that name replied, 'We find them quite long enough to reach the enemy.'" Here the wit exerted is of a truly Spartan tenor, but the anecdote of Cleomenes's oath to give the Argives a truce for seven days, and excusing his perfidious slaughter of them in their sleep on the third night—"It was a truce for seven days"—is surely not wit, but subterfuge. Elsewhere, as for example, in some extracts from Lucian (we except the extracts from his tract on Demonax), it is not very easy to see the point so clearly as to justify their admission into the area of Greek wit. The story of Hippocleides, the devil-may-care son of Tisandrus, with the remark of Agariste's father, "O son of Tisandrus, you have danced away your bride"; and the undignified dancer's reckless reply, "Hippocleides don't care," perhaps belong rather to humour than to wit. Others of Mr. Paley's drafts on Herodotus come more easily into the prescribed area. An anecdote of Strabo gives a vivid picture of the clashing of a harper's performances with the sounding of a bell for opening of the fish market. All the audience vanished at once save a little deaf man. The harper expressed himself unutterably flattered at his having resisted the importunity of the bell. "What!" cried the deaf man, "has the fish bell rung? Then I'm off too. Good-by!" One excellent saying from Plutarch has been as yet overlooked. It is tacked on to Pelsistratus, one of the most genial figures among the ancients. "When minded to marry again he was dissuaded by his sons, who asked whether 'he was dissatisfied with them.'" "Certainly not, my dear fellows," he replied, "I wish to have more like you." In the rare hoard of anecdotes preserved in Athenæus occur many admirable *mots* and witty sayings which have been culled once and again; many also doubtless which have hitherto escaped translation. No Greek scholar needs to be told that a great Aristophanic exercise of wit consists in the figure *παρὰ προσδοκίαν*, the surprise of some ludicrous substitution for the idea naturally expected. The lively fish tattle enshrined in the pages of Athenæus abounds in instances of this. Here is one attributed to Theocritus of Chios (another than the Syracusan or Alexandrian idyllist), and addressed by him "to one Diocles, a fish-glutton who had lost his wife and was cramming-in fish at her funeral feast,

whilst at the same time he shed tears." Theocritus said to him—"Weep not, you can do no good by—fish-eating" (Ath. 344 p. B.) Another story occurs to us, which we may quote in illustration, of a wit who, when told that the "ray" was a good fish, said, "Yes; about as good as if a man were to eat a boiled cloak." The name of Stobæus recalls to us another famous collector of valuable and instructive sayings, whose date is uncertain, but probably later than that of Hierocles; it is also pretty certain that he was a heathen. Of his two works, the *Eclogæ* and the *Florilegium*, the latter has been of great service to modern anecdotists. From the tenor of many of the stories we are led to accept the account that he compiled them for the guidance of his son. A thief excused himself to Demosthenes by saying, "I did not know it was yours." "But you did know," said the other, "that it was not yours." Another records that Simonides used to say "he never once regretted having held his tongue, but very often he had felt sorry for having spoken." According to the same collector, Zeno held the same teaching from experience when he said to a talkative youth, "Young man, nature gave us one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear just twice as much as we speak."

Since we have expressed, under some reserve, an opinion that much that is preserved in Lucian is hardly to be classed as Greek wit, it is but fitting to cite one or two exceptions. Here is one from his treatise "De Saltatu," ii. p. 309, which presents two witty apologues. The people of Antioch were in the habit of criticizing the personal appearance of the actors on the stage. When a short man came on to act the part of Hector, the audience called out, "Where's Hector? You are only the boy Astyanax!" When a very tall one was to play the part of Capaneus scaling the wall of Thebes, they exclaimed, "Step in! Never mind the ladder." In his *Life of Demonax* the same famous satirist and humourist tells succinctly how Demonax, when a sorcerer boasted that he could, by his potent charms, make people give him just what he liked, said, "Follow me; I have one simple charm that will do as much as any of yours." Going to a baker's shop, he produced a penny, and said, "Give me a loaf." Ridiculing the pedantry of such as affect archaic words, Lucian makes this same Demonax say to one who was guilty of so doing, "I asked you, my friend, a question in the language of the day, and you answer it as Agamemnon would have done." But a mine of wit still lies in divers other collections, hardly yet unearthed so as to be *publici juris*.

THE REVOLVER AGE.

IT has always pleased historians of the picturesque kind to divide the periods of history in some more striking manner than by humdrum numerals. We beg to suggest to the next historian of this kidney the title of this article as a neat and appropriate designation for the last quarter of the nineteenth century. There are mysteries in it of the most profitable kind to the devout explorer; the mechanical perfection and practical inefficiency of the revolver, its capacity of "making all men alike tall," or rather short, its unheroic character, &c. &c., all offering texts for improvement by the expositor. But at present we do not speak tropically, but literally. In *Tiberim deflavit Orontes*; the Ohio and the Mississippi have made a junction with the Thames, and the shops and pockets of London overflow with revolvers. A peaceable Londoner of thirty years ago would have been aghast at the stacks of little boxes containing Deringers, the artlessly strewn piles of "bulldogs" which offer themselves to him now in the public streets. There was a time when a single "Colt" in a gunsmith's window was something for a loungee with nothing to do to stop and gaze at; now the weapons of this kind lie heaped, like currants or a new importation of the finest Tullat dates, in every twentieth shop or so. Neither can it be said that it is a mere idle display. The mild Londoner of ancient days who has just been described walks down a secluded street in St. John's Wood, and he learns that a young person "foolin' around" with a plaything of this sort has shot herself. To settle his nerves, he enters what a French traveller once described, with politeness and truth, as "those *cafés* of London, whose decorations are violent, whose accommodation is insufficient, and whose consummations afflict the throat with a singular thirst"; and, as he enters, a salvo of revolver bullets greets him. He seeks the western quarters of the town, and a still more interesting sight is to be seen. From a stately mansion there bounds a burglar, pursued by a fair damsel in the garb of servitude. Several policemen and a postman chase the burglar, even as Thompson of Angel's was chased by the Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley. But the parts on this occasion are reversed. The Bald-headed Snipe "ran and occasionally shot"; the policeman and the postman run, and occasionally are shot at. Two revolvers grace the person of the burglar, and, having disabled his pursuers, he seeks the shelter of the unfinished house so dear to burglars, and is seen no more, except dimly, and in a legendary manner, buying hats in Portland Road, and demanding to be driven to finish the day at the Grecian Theatre. If the frightened spectator flies from the capital of England to that of Scotland, a remarkable variation of the same scene meets him between Edinburgh and Leith; while, as for the third metropolis of the United Kingdom, it need hardly be said that in Dublin the revolver is the usual accompaniment of the breakfast-table and the bedroom to sleeping and waking man and woman. The revolver *pernoctat* with the Irish gentleman, *peregrinatur, rusticatur*,

especially *rusticator*. If he is wise, he is followed by a servant with a double-barrelled gun; Winchester repeaters lie on his table, and for carriage company a carbine smooth-bored and loaded with buck-shot is believed to be a superior protection. But the revolver is, as it were, additional to all these. What with Land Leaguers in Ireland, footpads in Scotland, and burglars in England, the gun-makers of Her Majesty's dominions ought to be driving a roaring trade.

The Cromwell Road burglary is perhaps chiefly remarkable because of the number of the weapons which the evasive burglar carried. Its circumstances *qua* burglary were familiar to the attentive student of the burglarious art. A neighbourhood where inhabited and uninhabited houses are arranged after the fashion of streaky bacon, and where yet other houses in an unfinished state occur, is the burglar's paradise. The uninhabited house is for him not merely a place of rest and meditation, but the easiest and safest mode of entrance to the inhabited house. The unfinished dwelling is a refuge, a kind of Malepartus in which Reynard defies his enemies. The unfinished house or carcass is a delight to burglars and to boys, but a fearful place of traps to the hasty pursuer. Its rooms, floorless or furnished only with some narrow strip of floor with a yawning precipice beside it; its stairs, non-existent or unramparted, and all its other mysteries, are puerile to the expert, but likely to bring the rash intruder to complete grief. The valour of Lady Harborton's housemaid—for it seems that it was a housemaid, and not the more experienced and generally elder cook—is pleasant, but not wholly novel. That several unarmed policemen—on the principle of an aged but noble-minded constable in the Channel Islands, who once remarked, "Oe n'est pas la force, monsieur; c'est l'autorité"—should be set to catch a very well-armed burglar, is also an old story, and as for the postman, his probable fate is nothing new. In the ordinary course of British officialism that postman, having obeyed the immemorial duty imposed on all Her Majesty's subjects, of assisting in thief-catching at the risk of his life and the loss of his blood, will have his pay stopped while he is in hospital, will be reprimanded for absence, and perhaps fined for not having completed his delivery. We say in the ordinary course, for it is possible that Mr. Fawcett may prevent things taking this turn. But what is really new is the apparition of the two-revolvered burglar. Samurai with two swords all men know, and there was a period when the British sailor, out of the spoils of Frenchmen and Spaniards, invariably carried two watches, which in a frolic he occasionally fried because of their likeness to eggs. But two revolvers are something new; even one is a comparatively recent addition to the equipment of the complete burglar. It is not known whether before the days of the late Mr. Pence any one had thought of attaching the weapon by a strap to the wrist that so the hands might be free, and the pistol always available. Perhaps Pence invented the strap. But even that departed hero is not recorded to have armed himself with the Circassian luxury of two revolvers. Probably some rival of the hatless theatre-goer of the Grecian will now perform his works, his daily tasks of burglary, with three, and so by degrees we shall return to the days when, on the authority of *The Pirate*, gentlemen of another branch of the profession suspended pistols by pairs, and almost dozens, about their manly frames, in sashes and scarves of elegant pattern. As there must be many burglars in London, this will be a great set-off to the present dull uniformity of masculine habit, and will improve the appearance of the streets not a little.

The first impulse of the householder is, of course, to go and do likewise, and he has been known in the last few days to take counsel with his friends on the best method of arming. A cursory allusion has already been made to differences of opinion as to the best armament for a threatened man of peace. Some authorities recommend the old-fashioned duelling-pistol, single or double, loaded also on the old-fashioned principle, with loose powder, a wad-pierced and plugged with more powder say the very cunning ones—and plenty of rather large shot, or one leaden bolus of the old ounces-of-lead pattern. For the mere purposes of annihilating the burglar, there can be no doubt that this would be most effective, while for the purpose of disabling him at a distance, the Irish plan of double-barrelled carbines or shot-guns is commendable. But those whose nerves are not heroically strung see more safety in the multiplied resources supplied by the revolver, as well as more merit in its handiness, cheapness, and so forth. Perhaps they are not wholly wise. Most revolvers from their extreme shortness of barrel and want of equipoise are very difficult to shoot straight with; the copper cartridges usually supplied for them have but little range and less penetration, and the very number of reserve shots is, as expert students of military history and human nature know, likely to encourage wild firing. Besides, there are revolvers and revolvers, and many of those commonly sold are instruments probably useless and certainly dangerous. Belgian and American gunmakers have for many years turned out these things at a surprisingly low price, and probably Birmingham has not been far behind. Now a cheap revolver can by no means be a good one. The mechanism requires to be carefully made and of good material, while most of the best movements and actions are protected by patent. It was said by an expert in a recent trial—when, as it was thought, murder, but, as it appeared, probably unintentional suicide, had resulted from the before-mentioned "foolin' around" with these awkward toys—that some revolvers are so flimsily adjusted and so badly poised that, in the mere holding of them by an unskilled person, the drag on the

hand might set the trigger free. Besides this, cheap revolvers are always jamming, while, weak as the charges usually are, the breech-piece not unfrequently proves insufficient to resist it. If, therefore, any one determines to procure a revolver for the use of himself or his housemaid—this could not be regarded as a badge of slavery like the once-hated cap, because toy revolvers appended to châtelines are by no means unknown ornaments, though very ugly ones—it is suggested to him that he should get a good one, that he should have himself moderately instructed in the use of it, and that, above all, he should keep it well out of the way of others.

After all, however, the simultaneous girding of revolvers to all sides is a thing by no means to be wished. It is clear that, if burglars take to them—as in all seriousness they seem to have done—the police must be armed with some weapon more effective than the truncheon. This might be the heavily-shod staff which has been suggested, and has been actually tried with good effect in Liverpool. In some cases it would almost certainly have to be the revolver. To make a fuss about an "armed police" is nonsense. If a policeman can be trusted with a truncheon, he can be trusted with a revolver, and the dangerous part of him to the public is not his pistol or his truncheon, but his tongue. But Sir William Harcourt's answer in the House of Commons the other night seems to show that the Government are seriously thinking of taking some steps to put down the revolver in the case of "civilians." As everybody knows, a good many suggestions have been made, such as a stamp duty on revolvers, a licence duty for carrying them, or even a positive prohibition of them in public places without good cause shown. These and other suggestions are excellent in intention, but a little difficult to carry out. The revolver is in its nature a pocket instrument; and a compulsory searching of all pockets, say at 12 o'clock every day, would be costly and difficult in the first place, and might be unpopular in the second. Probably the imposition of penal servitude for life on every burglar found armed with firearms, whether he used them or not, and of a heavy penalty on any one using revolvers in a public place, whether harm came of it or not, might have some effect. Meanwhile, there is somewhere about a Ørested—though at one time hatless—Jay Hawk of the Mountains, who has two revolvers, and is a very good shot while he runs. With a view to him Sir Edmund Henderson repeats the plaintive cry, "Look to your fastenings." He does not say "Look to your revolvers"; nor, on the whole, do we feel inclined to say so, though it may be admitted to be scarcely fair that a policeman with a truncheon, or a householder with a hair-brush, should be expected to meet on an equal terms a burglar with a Colt's double-action, self-extracting .380, or an Irish Constabulary "bulldog."

LA PRINCESSE DE BAGDAD AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

SINCE the production of *Daniel Rochat* last spring, the Comédie Française has been content with one novelty and one revival—exclusive of the brilliant performances of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and *L'imromptu de Versailles*, on the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the theatre. The novelty was an ambitious one—a five-act play in verse, called *Garin*, by an untried author, M. Paul Delair. We have no space for a detailed account of this production, which had only a limited success. The revival was the play by M. Vacquerie mentioned above, *Jean Baudry*, originally acted in 1863. Had the title been "A Spoilt Child," the object of the four acts of this tiresome piece would have been exactly described; for the author has set himself to portray the humours of a certain Olivier, one of the most disagreeable persons that can be imagined, whom Jean Baudry, out of pure benevolence, has taken into his house and educated. The ill-tempered, self-conscious youth is played with extraordinary skill by M. Worms; and M. Got throws all his usual ability into the character of the mistaken philanthropist, Jean Baudry. No talent, however, could make such a piece interesting; and we wonder that it was thought worthy of reproduction while hundreds of far better plays, old and new, remain unperformed. There was at one time some thought of playing *La Moabite*, a biblical drama, by M. Paul Deroulède, whose fine play *L'Hermann* was successful at the Odéon a short time ago; but, after the piece had been accepted, the author received an intimation that he would do well to withdraw it. M. Deroulède prides himself on being at once a Liberal and a Christian, and would have us believe that his opinions were distasteful to some who hold high political offices. It has been whispered—and we have reason to believe with absolute truth—that it was rejected in favour of *Jean Baudry* in order to please the most advanced section of Republicans. From what we have already said, it will have been seen that this miserable piece of time-serving has met with its just reward. *Jean Baudry* has been unsuccessful; and the theatre has lost the credit of producing a piece which had sterling merit, though it might not have pleased everybody.

At last, however, a novelty has made its appearance. M. Alexandre Dumas has produced what we may term, in the language of science, a pathological, or even a teratological, drama; for it deals with the morbid mental condition of three persons, who are all utterly abnormal. The piece, which is in three short acts, is called *La Princesse de Bagdad*, in reference to a name which has been given to the heroine in a certain

est, in order to indicate discreetly the fact that she is of royal descent. Scandal, in the person of an old, and for once well-informed and accurate, *roué*, called Godler, admirably acted by M. Thiron, records that her father came to Paris in 1853, when he was Crown Prince; that there he fell in love with the pretty and not too scrupulous daughter of a shopkeeper, who was hastily married to a complaisant nobleman, the Marquis de Quansas, to conceal the royal indiscretion. The scene in which these secrets are communicated by Godler to a young friend, M. Trévalé, is one of the most brilliant that M. Dumas has ever written. The dialogue, sparkling with wit, and barbed with malice, derives additional point from being spoken in the house of the Princess herself, where there is thunder in the air; and the interlocutors, though they affect to be intimate friends of herself and her husband, are really exulting over the impending catastrophe, and pause every now and then to rally each other on personal peculiarities and piquant details, like medical students at a post-mortem examination. For the Princess, Mlle. Lionnette de Quansas, had made a love-match with the Count Jean de Hun, seven years before the piece begins. They have one child, a boy. Her extravagance has ruined them, and the curtain rises on an explanation of the pecuniary situation given to the Count by his man of business. They owe, or rather she owes, 1,107,127 francs 52 centimes, to defray which the only visible asset is the value of their house, some 800,000 francs. There is, however, one way of obtaining a sum which, if added to this, would pay everybody. Her father had promised her 1,500,000 francs, which were to be remitted to her after his death by a certain Baroness Spadetta. Two millions were left to this lady by will, with the following note:—"I am certain that Mme. de Spadetta will make good use of this money." Her own view of the bequest was that she should keep the whole herself; in consequence of which resolution Lionnette and she had quarrelled. After a while, however, she proposed to Lionnette to accept 500,000 francs, on condition of returning all her father's letters. Lionnette, with characteristic vehemence, had scornfully declined the bargain. The lawyer, M. Richard, asks why she attaches such importance to these letters:—

LIONNETTE.

Vous le demandez, Monsieur Richard? Pourquoi tient-on aux lettres d'un père qu'on aimait, qui vous aimait, qui était l'homme qu'était mon père et qui est mort?

RICHARD.

Qu'est-ce que vous comptez en faire?

LIONNETTE.

Les garder, les relire, comme cela m'arrive de temps en temps, lorsque les vivants m'ennuient ou me dégoûtent; et quand je mourrai, les emporter avec moi pour les lui rendre, à lui, s'il est vrai qu'on se retrouve dans la mort quand on s'est aimé dans la vie. Qui sait? après avoir été si paisant sur la terre, il n'aura peut-être que moi au ciel; il faut bien que je garde quelque chose pour me faire reconnaître—là haut—puisqu'il n'a pas pu me reconnaître ici-bas.

JEAN à Richard.

Comment ne pas adorer cette femme-là. (Il lui prend la tête dans les mains et lui baise les cheveux.) Tiens... tiens.

RICHARD, prenant le main de Lionnette.

Le fait est qu'elle a de la race, et qu'on vous a bien nommée en vous nommant Lionnette—petite lionne—mais malheureusement ce n'est pas avec ça qu'on paie les créanciers, et je vous ai offert le seul moyen qui vous reste.

LIONNETTE.

Dieu a donné, Dieu donnera; s'il n'y pense pas, au petit bonheur.

In the lawyer's last speech the clue is given to the complex nature of the Countess; she has inherited a royal nobility from her father; reckless extravagance from her mother. After the scene of which we have quoted a passage the Count and Countess are joined by their guests, Godler, Trévalé, and Nourvady, all somewhat disconcerted by the introduction of business into a social gathering. Nourvady, a man of boundless wealth, takes an opportunity when the Countess is alone for a moment to walk up to her, and calmly and quietly to inform her that she is ruined; that he loves her; and that he has bought and furnished for her a certain house in the Champs Elysees, which she can take possession of at any moment. In a cabinet there she will find the title-deeds; and on a table a casket containing a million in gold—"frappé exprès pour vous; c'est de l'or vierge, tel que doit être l'or que vos petites mains daigneraient toucher." This inventory of the advantages of the proposed residence being terminated, he hands the lady the key of the back door, with the further assurance that he will pass the whole of the following day there. Her only reply is to throw the key contemptuously out of window, and she passes Nourvady to join her other guests. Her husband, however, has learnt from the lawyer that all her debts have been paid by the mysterious millionaire, whose attentions to his wife he had already noticed, and in a scene of the utmost violence of language and gesture he accuses her of being Nourvady's mistress. "Imbécile!" she exclaims as the curtain falls. The next act takes place in the house that Nourvady has purchased for Lionnette. The stage is empty when the curtain rises; but presently Lionnette enters, closely veiled. She has come to ask Nourvady, whom she dares not invite to her own house, his reasons for thus dishonouring her—an innocent woman—in her husband's eyes; at least, this seems to be the only possible explanation of a step that, on the conditions laid down by the dramatist, appears to us almost inexplicable. The scene that follows is one of those strange exhibitions of abnormal passion that are so characteristic of M. Dumas's later plays. Nourvady admits that his course of action has been deliberately adopted, as much from hatred of the husband

as from love of the lady. He is a skilful duellist, and hopes to kill the Count in the meeting which he knows to be inevitable; but, in the event of a contrary result, he has made a will, by which he leaves his millions to the son of the Count and Countess, whom he protests that he hates nearly as much as his father, because he is the living proof of the love that the Count had felt for his wife. Can any refinements of hatred be imagined more cruel or more diabolical? Lionnette walks to the casket that contains the gold, opens it, and, as she turns over the glittering hoard with which it is brimming over, speaks a very curious and characteristic tirade which is too long for quotation. While she is still speaking a loud knocking at the door is heard, with a demand to open in the name of the law. Lionnette, looking out of the window, sees her husband, accompanied by the police. She at once comprehends the situation. Nourvady bids her conceal herself. Indignant at the odious interpretation which she knows will be put upon her presence in that house with him, she not only refuses to move, but tears off her veil, lets her hair fall over her shoulders, and standing thus in an attitude in which her husband had declared she was most beautiful, demands of Nourvady, in her desperation, if he really loves her. He, with passion equal to hers, protests the sincerity of his love, while the blows, directed by her husband's orders, whose voice is heard without, redouble on the door. To her lover's appeal "Dites moi quo vous m'aimez," she answers despairingly. "Hé! ouï! Je vous aime, puisqu'il le veut," as the door gives way and Jean enters, attended by the Commissaire de Police, whom he has brought with him to prove the fact of his dishonour. The scene that ensues is easy to imagine, though the brutal frankness of the language may never before have been equalled on the stage. Lionnette, seated on the couch in the centre of the room, in an attitude of defiance, first declares that she is in her own house, and that therefore no one has the right to find fault with her—in proof of which statement she signs the title-deeds which the officer finds in the cabinet; and, secondly, that her husband's worst suspicions are true, witness the gold on the table, some of which she suggests that he had better appropriate.

The end of this act is cleverly managed. The officer dismisses first Nourvady, then Lionnette, and lastly Jean, advising the latter not to be seen leaving the house in his company, because "Les Français n'aiment pas les maris qui font surprendre leurs femmes par le commissaire de police." The third act takes place in the afternoon of the same day, in the house of the Count. In the opening scene we find him explaining his conduct of the morning to Godler and Trévalé; or rather trying to do so, for we find his reasoning the reverse of conclusive. It was possibly the author's intention to show that his conduct did not admit of defence. To him enters his lawyer, M. Richard, who explains that the Countess has returned home, and that the whole affair remains secret—a statement surprising enough to an audience who had been informed in the preceding act that a great crowd had gathered round Nourvady's house, attracted by the spectacle of a forcible entry on the part of the police. The lawyer, intent on setting matters right, has next an interview with Lionnette, who is preparing in her despair to fling herself helplessly and hopelessly into the arms of a man whom she despises, only to get away from another whom she despises equally, if not more. He tries to induce her to see her child, but she refuses; and, though he can see that she is disguising her real feelings, he cannot shake her resolution. While they are still speaking, Nourvady comes to fetch her, as coolly as though he were paying an innocent morning call. Lionnette, resolved to carry out her destiny, puts on her bonnet, and is about to go away with Nourvady, when little Raoul comes in. A pretty scene ensues of fondness on his part, and affected indifference on hers, which Nourvady contemplates with growing excitement. At last, when the child has placed himself in front of his mother, and tells her that she shall not go away from him, Nourvady loses all patience, and pushes the child aside so roughly that he is thrown violently to the ground. Lionnette—the one good passion in her heart aroused at last—hurls herself upon Nourvady, whom she seizes by the throat, as though she would strangle him, exclaiming, "Miserable! miserable! partez! partez!" Leaving him, she flings herself down beside her child, in a passion of repentance, as M. Richard enters. The astute and kindly lawyer, seeing that his introduction of Raoul at the critical moment has had the desired effect, bids Nourvady take himself off, a bidding which that worthless person obeys with much precipitation, leaving Lionnette still weeping over her child, who is more frightened than hurt. Reassured as to his condition, she sends M. Richard for her husband, of whom she begs forgiveness, and the lawyer sums up the whole situation in a sentence:—"Un cri d'enfant! cela suffit. Quand tout est bien désespéré, Dieu a de ces moyens-là." And so the curtain falls, leaving the audience to ask various questions. How did the Comte and Comtesse de Hun get on afterwards? did the Count call on M. Nourvady? what was the result of the duel? what became of the "million en or vierge," and of the remaining thirty-nine of the forty that he was said to possess? what did "society" say of the Count, who got his wife's debts paid by a stranger? These and various other problems equally perplexing remain unsolved.

The position of M. Dumas in the world of letters has made us analyse at length his latest production, for which, however, we find it difficult to say one word of commendation, or even of excuse. Immoral it is not; vice, in the person of M. Nourvady, is the reverse of attractive; no one can sympathize with Lionnette in her excursion to the brink of a moral precipice, and the husband is so

colourless that he is hardly worth notice; but as a picture of contemporary society (which it professes to be) it is a coarse and vulgar daub. No doubt the author will presently publish an elaborate preface or pamphlet, in which he will demonstrate that *La Princesse de Bagdad* is animated by a high moral purpose, which the public are too blind or too wicked to discover for themselves. Meanwhile, we are of the opinion of the distinguished audience who received it on the first night with a storm of disapprobation the like of which has not been heard within the walls of the Comédie Française for many a long year.

The performance is throughout excellent. Mlle. Croizette has seldom had a part that suited her so exactly. She is a very lioness, or more justly a very tigress, in the scenes with her husband and her lover, and she is intensely pathetic in those with her child. M. Worms invests the repulsiveness of Nourvady with a sort of mystery and fatality that raises him above the ordinary stage-lover of a married lady; and M. Febvre does all that art can do for the husband. We have already spoken of M. Thiron, and he is well seconded by M. Baillet as Tréville. Great praise is due also to M. Sylvain for the way in which he impersonates the Commissaire de Police. Two scenes have been provided sufficiently rich and elaborate to save almost any piece. There is a transparent ceiling of coloured glass, wonderful furniture, and a view of the Champs Elysées, representing the exact houses that would be seen from a villa in the position of that in which the action is supposed to take place. But even with these advantages we shall think more meanly of French taste than we wish to do if the piece has more than a *succès d'estime et de curiosité*.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

SINCE the beginning of the year the Stock Markets have been somewhat depressed. There has been no great fall in prices, though the movement has been steadily downwards; but speculation has been dormant; the public have abstained from buying, and what transactions there have been have generally been sales. A reaction of the kind was inevitable after the long and extraordinary rise that has proceeded, almost without interruption, for the past eighteen months. Up to a certain point that rise was legitimate. The extreme discredit that followed the City of Glasgow Bank failure caused an exaggerated fall in all kinds of securities, and when it gave place to a more sanguine spirit, an upward movement was a necessary consequence. Furthermore, when it became clear that the improvement in trade continued, and promised to go on for a considerable time longer, an additional rise was seen to be justified. An improvement in trade means, of course, a greater number of transactions of all kinds; a larger amount of goods conveyed from point to point, more money changing hands, larger profits realized, more people travelling, whether for business or for enjoyment, and, consequently, it means increased receipts for the railways, and therefore better dividends. But better dividends naturally justify higher prices for the stocks. So, again, with regard to the banks. If they do a larger business, and realize handsomer profits, their shares are worth more money. A general rise accordingly in the shares of commercial and industrial Companies of all kinds was manifestly justified. So, also, was a rise in the bonds of those countries which had suffered during the trade depression, and now share in the revived prosperity. Better times would bring larger revenues to the Governments, and consequently more means for paying interest on their debts. But this justifiable rise was exaggerated by the awakening of the speculative spirit, and it was still further stimulated by the excessive cheapness of money. When the improvement in trade began, a year and a half ago, the interest of money in the short loan market in London scarcely exceeded $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. In other words, the banks were unable to use profitably the immense funds which they had collected, and they welcomed eagerly the speculators on the Stock Exchange who applied to them for loans with which to operate. As long as the rise continued, speculators were not only able to borrow cheaply and easily, but, as the value of the securities they offered to the banks was steadily increasing, the security itself seemed better and better. In this way the cheapness of money, which always exists at the beginning of a trade revival, stimulates and exaggerates the rise in the prices of Stock Exchange securities, which is the most notable circumstance of the revival. But of course a rise cannot go on for ever. At a certain point it is seen that railway bonds and shares and other securities of the kind are as high as the circumstances warrant, if not higher; and then the speculators look about them for some new stocks on which to operate. They found what they were seeking in the bonds of defaulting foreign States, such as Turkey, Mexico, and some of the South American Republics. It was plausibly argued that the European Powers could not allow Turkey to fall to pieces; and that, if Turkey is to be kept alive, it is necessary to put her finances in some kind of order; which would mean, of course, the recommencement, at some time or other, of the payment of interest to the bondholders. The bonds being exceedingly cheap, and there being thus, in Stock Exchange slang, "something to go for"—that is to say, a sufficiently plausible argument that the bonds by and by would be worth more than they are at present—speculation took them up actively. In the case of Mexico, again, it was pointed out that the country is naturally very rich, that the Americans are interesting themselves in its material development, and that, if

once railway communication is established between the two Republics, the United States would be in a position to impose their will upon Mexico, and thus to compel greater honesty towards the bondholders. In this way a speculation was got up in these and the bonds of other States of a similar kind.

In the meantime the more far-seeing and cautious capitalists, who had eagerly joined in the speculative movement as long as it remained within reasonable limits, began to see that prices had now attained a point at which a fall was much more probable than a further rise; and they prudently began to realize the profits made. Constant and heavy selling thus checked the rise which had been so rapid and continuous hitherto. In some cases, the object was simply to employ the money thus obtained in loans upon the Stock Exchange. The magnitude of the speculation naturally produced a great demand for loans, and, as many of the speculators were themselves without the means of paying for what they had bought, and were also in but very mediocre credit, they were naturally obliged to pay very heavy rates of interest for the advances made to them. In this way capitalists were able to obtain 5, 8, 10, and even 15 per cent. in some cases, for loans, whereas the investments in which the money had been previously sunk probably had not yielded them anything like the lowest of the figures named. A new influence now began to make itself felt in the increasing value of money. We have recently referred on two occasions to the effect of the trade improvement in enhancing the value of money, and we need not now go over the ground which we have there travelled. It will be sufficient to say that, as trade expanded and those engaged in it found it necessary to extend their business and enlarge their plant and premises, they deemed it expedient to sell out of the securities in which they had invested their surplus funds during the trade depression. This was a further check to the rise in prices, both by diminishing the monied holders of stocks, and by withdrawing the funds previously employed upon the Stock Exchange. The steadily increasing demand for money for trade purposes, by drawing away the idle money employed in the shape of deposits and bankers' balances in London, further tended to increase the rates charged to speculators to enable them to carry on their operations. In all times of slack trade it is usual for the country banks to keep large balances in London which they are unable to employ in their own districts. When trade is active, and merchants' and manufacturers' demands for money are consequently incessant, the banks in the trade centres find it easy to employ at remunerative rates all their funds; but when trade becomes depressed, they find the local demand falling off, and consequently send up the balances they are unable to employ at home to be used in London on the best terms they can obtain. One of the effects of a trade revival is to lead to the withdrawal of these balances, and thus diminish the funds which the London banks lend out to speculators. In these three ways, then, the rise in prices on the Stock Exchange itself and the improvement in trade tended to check a further rise. Firstly, the magnitude of the rise tempted many holders of securities to sell, and thus realize in time the great profits offered them; secondly, business men, needing further funds for the extension of their business, sold out of the securities in which they had invested when the trade depression compelled them to contract their business; and, thirdly, the country bankers, finding the demands for loans and discounts increasing at home, withdrew, and are still withdrawing, balances which they had kept during the slack times here in London.

The effect was to leave inflated stocks in the hands of persons without large capitals of their own and without very great credit. The monied men, as we have just seen, had hastened to realize as soon as they considered prices had nearly reached the highest point at which they could be maintained; and the gradually diminishing funds in the hands of the bankers compelled these latter to charge increasingly higher rates for the loans they made to the speculators just at the very time when the stocks were going into the hands of what are called "weak holders"—that is, persons without much capital and without very great credit. That credit itself was being somewhat severely tested by the fact that money itself was steadily rising in value. Bankers, finding a steady outflow of currency to the provinces, began to grow alarmed at the magnitude of the speculation, and they decided about Christmas last that it was time to do something to check it. Accordingly there was a combination amongst the great London bankers to raise their rates for Stock Exchange advances to such a height as would give a warning to speculators that they must contract their operations; and towards the end of the year rates were charged in some cases to the speculators varying from 10 to 20 per cent., and even upwards. At such rates as these of course the chance of profit speedily began to disappear, and the speculators found it necessary to sell out. Accordingly, sales have been going on ever since, not in very large amounts, it is true, but still continuously, and sufficiently to depress the markets and to give them the appearance of want of life and animation. The investing classes, too, have preferred to lend their money rather than to buy themselves, hearing that such enormous rates were being charged upon the Stock Exchange. Still, in spite of all that is said of the weakness of speculators and the magnitude of speculation, it is remarkable how very little has been the fall in prices. The bad weather of January was most unfavourable to them, for the stoppage of almost all out-of-door occupations, and the loss of traffic by the railways, were most discouraging, and would have been almost sufficient of themselves to cause the

drop in prices; yet the fall in home railways has scarcely reached 5 per cent. What might have happened, indeed, if there had been the appearance of sudden and imminent war upon the Continent we will not undertake, to say; but certain it is that, with bad weather at home, a formidable agitation in Ireland, an unpleasant state of affairs in South-Eastern Europe, renewed disturbances at the Cape, and dissatisfaction with the Afghan policy of the Government, the course of the Stock Markets has been extraordinarily steady. We are inclined to think, therefore, that the alarm of the banks was exaggerated, if not premature; that the speculation in itself, though large no doubt, was not at all so great as was generally reported; and that the trade improvement is so steady, and promises to last so long, that a further and considerable rise in prices may yet be looked for. In confirmation of this opinion we may point to the greater ease in money during the last week or two, when the Bank of England has been unable to employ its funds at the very moderate rate of 3½ per cent. It has been obliged, therefore, instead of sending and discounting, as is its proper business, to invest its surplus funds in securities, and only last week it bought up a million and a half of Treasury Bills, yielding it no more than 3 per cent. per annum. Moreover, at the Stock Exchange settlement, which has taken place this week, the rates charged for advances on the Stock Exchange have been very much lower than those at the previous two or three settlements, varying from about 4 to 5 per cent.; showing again that the joint-stock banks and the private banks have been unable to maintain the rates they had been charging. No doubt, as we have said, there have been very many sales, and speculation has been effectually checked; but it has not been so diminished in volume as in itself to account for the greater cheapness in money.

THE THEATRES.

THE success of *The Colonel* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre would seem to indicate a reviving taste for farcical entertainment. The three-act farce has long been familiar to the French stage, but the appetite of the English playgoer for this kind of work has usually been satisfied within narrower limits. It is possibly out of a feeling of respect for this tradition of our theatre that Mr. Burnand has bestowed the dignified title of comedy upon his diverting performance. Or it may be that he has thought it due to the author of the French piece from whom he has borrowed the lines of his plot that the original description should be religiously preserved. But, although Mr. Burnand has confessedly adopted the framework of a comedy, he has completed the structure in the spirit of the broadest farce. In so far as he ventured at all into the region of comedy, he rather endangers the success of his work. The third act of the *Colonel* is felt to be dull because there, for the first time, the author attempts to be serious. The rollicking burlesque of the earlier scenes is suddenly exchanged for a display of misplaced and ineffective sentiment. The æsthetic wife, instead of joining in a breakdown with her quaintly-attired companions, in order to celebrate her recent emancipation from high-art dogmas, begins to murmur some nonsense about repentance and regret to her ridiculous husband. The audience is quite gravely asked to believe that this outraged Mr. Forrester has been driven to the verge of conjugal infidelity by the contemplation of a sage-green wall-paper; and poor Mr. Burnand, whose boyish high spirits have served him so well in the two first acts, is driven, by the plan of his work to abandon pun-making, and assume the inappropriate pose of the moralist. The effect is much as though the clown in the pantomime were suddenly to lay aside his hot poker, and discourse pathetically of the moral delinquencies of the pantaloon. It suggests, indeed, the awful suspicion that Mr. Burnand has been for once the dupe of his own humour, and that he seriously believes in the existence of the grotesquely amusing creatures with whom he has peopled the earlier scenes of the play. In this respect *The Colonel*, as a comic presentation of the extravagances of æstheticism, must be pronounced inferior to *Where's the Cat?* in which the spirit of boisterous laughter is successfully maintained to the close of the piece. They are both, indeed, deeply indebted to an authority that is in neither case explicitly acknowledged. Mr. Albery admits that he has borrowed from the German, and Mr. Burnand confesses his obligations to the French; but what really arrests the attention of the audience in these amusing performances is bodily appropriated from the work of Mr. Du Maurier. The types of character, the ludicrous situations, and even the exaggerated vocabulary of æstheticism, are all derived from Mr. Du Maurier's admirable caricatures in *Punch*. It is in virtue of his skilful designs that the personages of the drama appeal to the audience with the force of familiarity, and that their idiotic proceedings produce a certain sense of illusion. On the occasion when we witnessed the performance of *The Colonel* there was a young gentleman in the stalls who inquired incredulously of his elder sister whether such grotesque creatures existed in real life? "Oh, of course not," was the reply, but "haven't you seen them in Mr. Du Maurier's drawings?" It must be admitted, however, that the artist's invention somewhat suffers in the process of translation to the stage. The fun loses much of the fineness of its flavour from the fact that it has to be taken at second hand. Mr. Burnand's high animal spirits do not induce much subtlety or discrimination in the method of his satire; and, although

he lays about him lustily, the blows are not always very skilfully directed. Mr. Du Maurier had, as an artist, the advantage of thoroughly understanding the phase of life that he chose to ridicule. But the rougher quality of Mr. Burnand's humour is perhaps a certain advantage in appealing to the mixed audience of a theatre; and, it must be added, in justice to the dramatist, that the unflinching wit of his dialogue serves to attract a large number of his hearers who take no particular interest in the Maudsles or Postlethwaites of the artistic world, and have no intimate knowledge of their eccentricities. Even the occupants of the stalls are not always quite sure of their ground. When, in the last act, Miss Amy Roselle appears in a somewhat remarkable ball-costume, intended, as we may suppose, to illustrate the healthy laws of fashion, as opposed to the foolish extravagances of art, an audible titter might be heard, which was, however, speedily checked when the audience realized that this was not what they were intended to laugh at. The contrast designed by Mr. Burnand might indeed have been more effectively expressed by those who have had charge of the decorations of the piece. What is meant to be a bright and cheerful apartment inhabited by the gay widow Mrs. Blyth is but a sorry specimen of the fashionable decorator's handiwork, and it surely argues a strange ignorance on the part of all concerned that the scene-painter should have been allowed to introduce upon the walls the hated features of dado and frieze. But, if the piece is imperfectly mounted, it is in many respects admirably played. The Colonel of Mr. Coghlan is a highly-finished and most artistic performance. It is the only rational character in the play, and it is impersonated with a strength and reticence of style which suggest a regret that it is not placed amid more serious surroundings. The American accent has not often been given on the stage with such entire freedom from exaggeration. Miss Myra Holme, as the æsthetic wife, enters with becoming gravity into the wild extravagance of Mr. Burnand's creation, and her invention of sentimental pose and gesture is often highly humorous. Mr. Buckstone, who plays the sickly painter, has evidently less knowledge of the abnormal artistic development which he has to present, and the same comment may be made upon the Lambert Strejko of Mr. Fernandez. Even the most praiseworthy attempts at the grotesque are of little avail without some perception of the particular form which they should take. Mr. Buckstone suggests with fidelity his previous career as a chemist's assistant, but of the artistic life to which he is supposed to aspire he has evidently no perception. In this respect his performance compares unfavourably with that of Mr. Beer-bohm Tree at the Criterion, who very successfully interprets the afflictions of Mr. Du Maurier's Postlethwaites.

The production of *Masks and Faces* at the Haymarket Theatre can scarcely be regarded as a novelty. It is, in truth, a revival of a revival, for before Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft quitted the little house in Tottenham Street they had already made the work of Messrs. Reade and Taylor familiar to the public. We have to note, however, some important changes in the cast, accompanied by greatly increased luxury of costume and decoration. The drama is now put upon the stage in a manner that leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. Mr. Lewis Wingfield, who has designed the costumes, has brought to his task full archaeological knowledge and a fine artistic taste, and the scene in the second act where Vane entertains his guests in Queen Square stands out as a brilliant picture of *genre*, complete in every detail.

Upon the merits and defects of the play itself there is now no need to enter. The strength and interest of the situations which it contains have always been held by the public to outweigh whatever shortcomings may be found in the presentation of individual character. But these imperfections of portraiture must always be taken into account if we are to judge fairly of the actor's share in the performance. It is difficult, for example, to conceive of any rendering of the part of Peg Woffington which would be entirely satisfactory. The sudden changes of feeling from careless gaiety to serious and almost tragic passion afford effective material for the display of an actress's varied capabilities, but the keen interest that is awakened by her sufferings is arrested by the incomplete development which the authors have given to their theme. If we allowed ourselves to follow the fortunes of Peg Woffington, we should quickly lose all concern for the trials of Mabel Vane. The conflict between these two characters is so conducted as to leave the play without a real centre. Our sympathies are distracted just when they are most deeply aroused, and the ultimate reconciliation between husband and wife is felt to be a somewhat hollow and unreal conclusion to a serious struggle. Mrs. Bancroft's rendering of the principal part is familiar to all playgoers, and it has lost nothing of its acknowledged charm. We must confess, however, that the defects of the play receive additional emphasis from the greater strength of emotion which she now strives to impart to the character. The fragile structure will hardly bear the very serious method which Mrs. Bancroft now imports into her interpretation, nor do the essential excellences of the actress's art show to such advantage under the more severe strain that is put upon them. Mr. Conway now takes the part that was formerly entrusted to Mr. Coghlan. His performance is eminently graceful, and it is perhaps no great matter for regret that the heartless villany of the character is less prominently expressed. Among the less important rôles we may particularly notice the Snarl of Mr. Kemble and the Soaper of Mr. Brookfield, while the character of Colley Cibber, supported alternately by Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Cecil, is in either case in safe hands. The Triplet of Mr. Cecil is another of the novelties of the production. It is admirably made up

and very carefully elaborated; but it misses, to our thinking, that element of hopeful vanity which gives the keynote to the character. Triplet, as Mr. Cecil plays it, seems as melancholy an object to himself as he appears to the spectator. He is buoyed up by no illusions; from his first entrance on the scene he presents a broken and dejected appearance; and it is almost impossible to realize that he has any sort of belief in his own intellectual powers. In short, Mr. Cecil, while he presses too heavily upon the pathetic side of the character, deprives it of all its humour. Mr. Bancroft, on the other hand, while he succeeds even in a more marked degree than he did a few years ago with the pathetic side of the character, by no means neglects the humour which is closely allied with the pathos. He renders with fine insight and skill the self-deception of the poor struggling creature, and he enlists sympathy for Triplet throughout, in spite of his absurdities.

At the Gaiety Miss Litton has withdrawn the *Country Wife* in favour of Goldsmith's comedy of the *Good-natured Man*. The play, in spite of some excellent acting, proves less attractive in representation than in the reading. The action is desultory, and the characters assume an air of exaggeration. We may particularly mention as special features of the representation the Croaker of Mr. Lionel Brough and the Lofly of Mr. Everill.

REVIEWS.

PROVINCIAL LETTERS OF PASCAL.*

MR. DE SOYRES deserves the thanks of English scholars for giving us what is curiously enough not only the first critical edition, but the first edition at all, of the French text of the *Provincial Letters* published in this country. Of English translations there has been an abundance, the first of which appeared within six months of the issue of the eighteenth Letter, and was rapidly followed by a translation of the replies by Father Annat, the King's confessor, and Nouet. But translations of a work whose chief abiding interest is due to the style, which made its author "the first to establish the French language as it now is," are a poor substitute for the original. The Letters began to be published in January 1656 without any name, but Pascal afterwards adopted the sobriquet of Louis de Montalte. The fourth and last edition published during his lifetime appeared in 1659, with numerous corrections, which Mr. De Soyres—for what seem sufficient reasons—judges to be authentic, and he has therefore adopted the text of this fourth edition, appending the various readings of the earlier ones in footnotes. He tells us in his Preface that he had a twofold object in bringing out the present edition, to supply students of French literature with an accurate text, and students of theology with materials for investigating one of the most important pages in ecclesiastical history. With the latter aim he has prefixed an Introduction of much interest and value, though theological accuracy is not its strongest point. The notes appended to the Letters are for the most part useful and unpretending, but it is a pity that the controversy has been allowed to blend with the critical and historical element in them. When Mr. De Soyres speaks of the *Provinciales* in his preface as the author's "masterpiece" he is referring, we presume, to the style, for he has on the previous page designated the *Pensées* "his greater work," as it certainly was. In this matter indeed the verdict of posterity has remarkably, though very intelligibly, reversed the judgment of contemporaries. It was for their substance rather than their form that the Letters were devoured by readers of all classes on their first appearance, though it was even then the inimitable style which constituted the secret of success. To quote from the admirable sketch of the Port Royalist affair in Mr. Jervis's *Gallican Church*, "A dry ecclesiastical controversy, hitherto confined to the cloister, the school, and the Sorbonne, suddenly converted into a theme for plaisanterie and badinage, was a spectacle inexpressibly diverting to the Parisian mind," and accordingly the immediate success of the Letters was almost unexampled. The first three of them as well as the seventeenth and eighteenth on the Jansenist theory of predestination are addressed, so to speak, *ad clerum*, and roused but a comparatively languid interest beyond purely theological circles, though the two last cost the author so much time and trouble that he is said to have rewritten the eighteenth Letter no less than thirteen times; and they contain, to say the truth, a great deal of special pleading, more ingenious perhaps, but hardly more ingenious, than that which he charges with such terrible force on his opponents. But the remaining Letters, from the fourth to the sixteenth inclusive, are addressed *ad populum*, and written in a language very plainly "understanded of the people." The fourth Letter, which opened the attack on the Jesuit casuists, transferred the discussion at once from the study or the cloister to an arena open to the general public. It is true that Pascal had little really new to tell—the materials had been already collected and published in Arnauld's *Théologie Morale* and elsewhere—but he had an entirely new way of telling it. He made for the first time "a popular appeal, written in the language of society to the educated public," and it was rather to his advantage for his immediate purpose that he was himself no theologian. He hit the

Jesuits and hit them hard, and Parisian society, which half feared, half detested, and was compelled to tolerate them, cheered to the echo. Even those who could appreciate little of the piquancy of his satire and the refined graces of his style, were equally scandalized and amused as it was shown by extract upon extract from the fashionable manuals of casuistry how priests might say mass immediately after committing a crime, and how monks expelled from their convents were *ipso facto* relieved from their vow of obedience; how valets, by properly "directing the intention" might hold ladders for their masters and carry their love letters, and, if they thought their wages insufficient, recoup themselves by judicious theft; how a judge might take bribes and give sentence against his conscience, and a bankrupt might fraudulently reserve money enough to live at ease; how the rich might be robbed by the poor, if they considered their necessity serious, and how somehow or other restitution never need be made. The *Pensées* would appear tame reading indeed after such an exposure; yet the *Pensées* retain their permanent value, while the *Provinciales* have become the property of linguistic critics or Exoter Hall divines. Why is this?

Many good reasons might be given. In the first place the interest and excitement of the Jansenist controversy—which really involved questions of deep social and political, no less than religious, interest for France—has long since passed away. And in the next place the Jesuits, if no less keenly hated in some quarters still, are no longer an object of terror except to a few fanatical visionaries here and there; nor—it must in fairness be added—could the same charges be plausibly alleged against their current teaching now. And there are two further considerations, one of general application, the other applying specially to Protestant readers, which must be allowed to deduct seriously from the weight of the indictment brought against them by Pascal at the time. We have hinted already that he was too hasty or too prejudiced to be always trustworthy in his treatment of the Jansenist controversy. He made a telling point against his Thomist assailants in his exquisite raillery at the *pouvoir prochain* which was never used, and the *grâce suffisante qui ne suffit pas*, but he failed entirely to establish any distinction intelligible either to the theological or to ordinary apprehension between the Jansenist theory of predestination and the Calvinist. And so too the accuracy, and indeed the good faith, of his criticisms on the Casuists were not always unimpeachable. Several cases of misquotation and mistranslation, and more of deliberate perversion of the meaning of his authorities, were urged, and some were proved against him. The Protestant Schoell calls the *Provinciales* "a partisan work, where opinions are attributed to the Jesuits which they have long since disowned, and certain extravagances of some Spanish and Flemish fathers are charged on the whole Society." It is moreover notorious that the science of casuistry was not the invention of the Jesuits, and had been accounted a special branch of study for the Roman Catholic priesthood long before the birth of Ignatius Loyola; it was, in fact, in some shape or other, inseparable from the use of the confessional, which had been for centuries a recognized institution, and which Pascal, who loudly and no doubt sincerely insisted on the Catholic orthodoxy of his clients as well as his own, never dreamt of calling in question. It is fair indeed to remember that many of the writers and opinions he most severely lashes were eventually condemned at Rome; yet Protestants at least can hardly help feeling—though Mr. De Soyres tells us that De Moulin was the only Protestant divine engaged in the controversy who took this line at the time—that Pascal's attack, whatever becomes of particular details, was an impeachment of the entire system of casuistry or moral theology, and therefore virtually of the confessional. And this necessarily weakens the force of his argument as addressed to the Jesuits. It has the fatal flaw of proving too much for its purpose.

Mr. De Soyres has divided his Introduction into five sections, dealing respectively with the Catholic Reaction of the seventeenth century, the Free-will controversy, the Casuists, the publication and the text of the *Provinciales*. He tells us he had originally contemplated prefixing a complete biographical sketch of Pascal, but this was rendered superfluous by the recent publication of Principal Tulloch's monograph. But it does not at all follow that all readers of the present volume are in possession of Principal Tulloch's works, and a similar method of reasoning would have made the remaining portions of the Introduction equally superfluous. Ranke has composed an "admirable monograph" on the Catholic Reaction, far more widely known than Principal Tulloch's book, and there are plenty of excellent works to be found on the Free-will controversy and the Casuists. However we are rather disposed to thank Mr. De Soyres for what he has given us than to quarrel with him for what he has omitted, though we could wish he had confined himself more exclusively to the historical, and meddled less with the theological aspect of the Jansenist controversy, of which he has a very imperfect comprehension. We will not criticize his sweeping identification of St. Augustine's teaching with that of Calvin, Jansen, and Edwards; he has no doubt a right to plead the high authority of the late Professor Mosley for that view of the case. But he seems wholly unaware that there is by no means a universal agreement among competent judges in his interpretation of the meaning of that most voluminous and not always consistent of the early Fathers. Both here and in his account of what he designates "the Primitive doctrine, afterwards called Semi-pelagian," a little more reserve, not to say diffidence, of tone

* The *Provincial Letters of Pascal*. Edited by John De Soyres. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1880.

would at least have been appropriate. It is a graver error, and one which betrays a complete misapprehension of the theological bearings of the controversy, to speak of "the doctrine of *opus operatum*, or, in other words, that the duly administered rite acts as a charm," in contrast to "the necessity of subjective fitness in communion," as the main-point in dispute between the Jansenists and their assailants. In the first place his definition of "the doctrine of *opus operatum*" is quite a wrong one, and in the next place there were no doctrinal differences whatever on that point between the rival schools. Both were alike agreed in the Tridentine doctrine that the sacraments work *ex opere operato*—that is by virtue of their divine institution, and not by virtue of the subjective dispositions of the recipient—and both would alike have admitted in theory, whatever laxity may be charged on Jesuit practice, that right dispositions are an indispensable condition of their beneficial operation on adults. Mr. De Soyres has fallen into the common mistake of supposing that, because the Jansenists were disaffected towards Rome, or at least towards those who represented Roman authority in France, they were at bottom Protestants. They were nothing of the kind, as neither are their descendants, the Old Catholics of Utrecht, now.

It would be out of place to dwell here at length on the general history and principles of the Port Royalists, or the interminable, and to modern notions unprofitable, discussion of *le droit* and *le fait*. That "the Five Propositions" are contained in substance, if not in actual terms, in the *Augustinus* no impartial critic at the present day would think of disputing, and as little will any reasonable man, of whatever creed, maintain the justice of extorting an acknowledgment of the fact by the extremest ecclesiastical and civil penalties from those—many of them ignorant women—who were, however, unreasonably, convinced of the contrary. The appearance of the *Provincials* coincided, happily for the Port Royalists, with the famous miracle of "the Holy Thorn," which occurred March 24, 1656, just two months after the publication of the first Letter, and contributed not a little to their practical success. For a time all further attacks on the doomed community were checked. And Ultramontanes would do well to remember—what Sir James Stephen justly points out in his attractive essay on the Port Royalists—that of all the alleged miracles of ecclesiastical history there is scarcely one for which such apparently conclusive evidence can be produced as the prodigy of *la Sainte Epine*. "The greatest genius, the most profound scholar, and the most eminent advocate of that age (Pascal, Arnauld, and Le Maître) all possessing the most ample means of knowledge, all carefully investigated, all admitted, and all defended it with their pens." The storm of indignation already raised against the Casuists was sensibly increased; Father Pirot's reply to the *Provincials*—a feeble and vulgar tissue of abuse—was condemned by the Sorbonne and by most of the French bishops, and denounced by the Jesuit Society itself; it was eventually censured by the Roman Inquisition. But meanwhile the *Provincial Letters* also had been placed on the Roman Index, and on October 14, 1660, were publicly burnt in Paris by order of the Council of State. Two years afterwards Pascal died, not long after his sister, the noble-minded Jacqueline, whose mental anguish, after she had been induced to sign the obnoxious "Formula" in July 1661, brought her prematurely to the grave. From that time forward to its close the history of Port Royal is the history of a persecution as ruthless as it was iniquitous. The short respite lasted only till the death of Cardinal Mazarin, when Louis XIV. began to act, or to profess to act, for himself, which meant practically that the Jesuits and the royal mistresses, through whom they ruled, governed France. Thenceforth the whole machinery of Church and State was put in motion to exterminate the hated sect, and no mercy was shown them. One of their Jesuit assailants, in his reply to Pascal, had called them "vermin," and as such they were treated. Madame de Maintenon did her best to egg on their persecutors while she derided the sufferings of her victims. Years afterwards, when all was over, and the aged monarch was tormented on his deathbed by a late remorse, he bitterly warned his Jesuit guides that on them must rest the whole responsibility of the inhuman policy they had induced him to pursue. But Jansenism did not expire with the fall of Port Royal, and Jansenists, alienated by over a century of cruel wrongs, took a prominent part in the earlier scenes of the French Revolution. They were avenged at last on the monarchy and Church which had proscribed them.

It is obvious and common enough to compare the *Provincials* with the *Letters of Junius*, but the comparison can only be admitted with many grains of salt. Both works have enjoyed a vast and lasting popularity, and have exercised a powerful influence on the subsequent literature of their respective countries, and both were largely indebted for their popularity at the time, and almost exclusively for its survival, to their brilliancy of style. But there the similarity ends. In temper, tone, and object no two works could well be more unlike each other. The style of Junius, telling and biting as it is, is laboured and vicious, while that of Pascal is the transparent and elastic medium of his thought. The *Letters of Junius* manifest no spark of generous feeling, no evidence of lofty principle or nobleness of aim, no sign of superior knowledge or desire to communicate it, while the invective throughout is as extravagant and unscrupulous as the vanity and egotism of the writer are inordinate. The character of the *Provincials* is in all these respects just the reverse. We may or may not sympathize with Pascal's views, and may think that his zeal not unfrequently outran his discretion and sometimes overpowered his candour, but of his honesty of purpose and un-

selfish loftiness of aim there cannot be two opinions. If his work is chiefly valued now, and justly valued, for its unique position among the classics of the French language, that would in his eyes have seemed the least worth considering of its merits. He wrote, not for fame or popularity, but to expose with the genuine irony of passionate conviction what to him was a sacrilegious abuse of all he held holiest and most dear, and to vindicate the just claims of an oppressed minority, whom he knew to be cruelly outraged and believed to be the solitary witnesses of divine truth. And we may safely add, without pronouncing any judgment on the theological questions at stake between the Port Royalists and their consors—in which probably few religionists of the present day will be able to sympathize entirely with the former—that, if in that last age of the old Gallican Church the salt did not wholly lose its savour, it was mainly the influence of the despised and persecuted Jansenists that preserved it.

SYLVESTRA.*

MRS. ELLIS—for once we are spared the perplexity in which lady authors are apt to involve us, since she either is rightly so styled now, or would so have been at the period to which she carries us back—has a great deal to say of a time concerning which the present generation has a great deal to learn. The form in which she could best say it was a question for her own decision, and we doubt whether she could have decided it better than she has done. "The golden threads of true tradition were to shine among the subdued colours of my fiction." The metaphor may be more prosaically varied, and the story regarded as the string upon which the beads of true tradition are strung. The string may be somewhat too long, and may show gaps here and there; or the new beads "made to match" the old ones may recall the blue and brown novelty of the outside; but these are points which need no more than a passing notice. "I aimed at putting on paper some things which had been said and done, among many more which might have been said and done by people who might have lived in the latter half of the last century." To do this in any effective way a writer must have some real insight into the spirit and character of the time; and such an insight, though it may be quickened by books, is not to be gained from them. Lord Nelson's telescope was no doubt an excellent instrument; but he did not see the signal. True tradition requires the living voice, and Mrs. Ellis's "good fortune of time of birth brought her, when very young, among some who could remember" the quiet days of the earlier, the hazy signals of the later, portions of the period which she describes. A similar good fortune may, in her judgment, be held as some qualification for a critic.

It may reasonably be maintained as a thesis, subject of course to the test of argument, that this century knows less by tradition of the last than any former century in English experience has known of its predecessor. The decay of local tradition is a fact as manifest as its causes are obvious. We have other things to talk and think about; and while the elaborate exactness of Eastern orthodoxy forbids the hypothetical "Peter" to marry "Theodora, seeing that she is the great-granddaughter of Maria," his first wife, and even extends the prohibition to "Helena," who is Theodora's daughter, the more practical English Table of Degrees is content with the initial rule that "A man may not marry his grandmother." For, "*salvo semper jura Regine*," it is not usually given to English folk to be on very intimate terms with their descendants or ancestors of the third generation; and it is not now common, as it was formerly, for the older members of a family to talk much to the younger of the days before their own. Perhaps the more correct way of stating this proposition is that the younger sort would not be much disposed to listen. As a consequence, the time separated from our own by eighty or a hundred years becomes too far off for memory, while it is too near—save where marked by some towering events—for history, and the lessening twilight of that which "our fathers have told us" appears to be gradually consigning to utter darkness everything that lies outside the range of personal memory. Mrs. Ellis was a good listener to some "who had felt the fervour of their times," where the times were fervent, and the quiet of the preceding times, which had been tranquil, and "against which some of them declaimed as torpid." Those whom the now middle-aged remember as old, and who were born "when there was nothing new under the sun, or under the grandson"—in the later days of George II. or the earlier of George III.—began life in a time of strange calm. From "forty-five" to "eighty-nine" there was no change, except the change of style, at home. America was a long way off. Even dress, if we may trust to history as sung to us by young ladies in ringlets whose granddaughters are now "thatching" their foreheads by way of added grace, was stationary:—

Fashion then was so dull, you could scarcely discern
The minute flow and ebb of her tides;
And a dowager's dress, though unturned, served in turn
Three or four generations of brides.
Like the family jewels, the family gown
Was reserved for their gala displays;
And a ruffled old lady looked placidly down
On a ruffled young girl, in the days
Of my great grandmother.

* *Sylvestra: Studies of Manners in England from 1770 to 1880.* By Annie Ralph Ellis, Author of "Marie," "Marianne," &c. London: Bell & Sons. 1880.

More than once Mrs. Ellis quotes a saying of Talleyrand, "They who did not live before 1789 knew not the sweetness of life." In England, sentiment died down with the fallen fortunes of the Young Pretender, and did not revive—we do not speak of religious feeling—till it burst out in trembling horror when the execution of the French King and Queen seemed to realize the prophetic vision of a sun darkened and a moon not giving her light.

"Sylvestra"—scarcely, we think, "the mate of Sylvanus," since "Old Moore" of the year following, to whom we have appealed, duly places "Silvester" in the Calendar—was born in 1776. But her biographer sets out from a date some twenty years earlier, when the Tenth of June, which was not the Eleventh, although near enough to drink the King's health upon, till both days in their turn gave place to the Fourth, afforded occasion to the Oxford undergraduate to deck his Colia or his Molly with a white rose. We think that the basis of true tradition upon which Mrs. Ellis has founded her narrative may be approximately recognized. Her home and "mother-city" is Durham, and it is in her pictures of the life of the "Bishopric" and ecclesiastical principality in its central city and church that the historical value of the volumes consists. Traditions of Oxford are necessarily associated with the cathedral body of greater and minor dignitaries; and we may assume a subsidiary personal association with Gloucester. The Abbey-Cathedral which watches by the Severn is known to her as homes are known where we have made long visits to relations; the Church which "huge and vast looks down upon the Wear," as our own. Diaries, pocket-books, and old letters may be taken as having supplied much of the genuine matter, and "Aunt Delicia's" memory may have been trusted over her knitting as lately as 1860, when it would still be clear for long-past events, though little tenacious of recent experience. Among the genuine facts of the later pages we are afraid that we must include the misdoings "of young folks of her own blood," who varied "the titles of her favourite tracts" at their own indiscretion, and exorcised her soul with "Mouldy Ornaments from Dark Cupboards," or "Proposals for the Stamp-out of Sunday Schools." There is a savour of true confession here which suggests as a date, let us say 1845, when "a novel-reading niece" of sixteen may have seen something of Mr. Paget's stories. But Aunt Delicias are forgiving, and as to such misdoings forgetful, at eighty. We think that Delicia Ashmead may have been drawn from actual life. She is Sylvestra's twin sister, who does not marry, and whose character is moulded by the movement which developed out of the early "Methodist" into the subsequent "Evangelical" form. Without such a type, which was to be found in most educated families of the middle class, a picture of the life of a century since would not have been complete; and such a type must almost certainly have been exhibited, or evoked, in contrast to the dignified ecclesiastical "worldliness" of the wealthy "Close" of Durham. Mrs. Ellis presents the reflection of this pontifical society with a sort of tender underlying regret. She does not justify guinea-points at prebendary whist, or the blank lines which may occur in decanal conversation; but it was all very pleasant, very stately, and very calm. The disuse of the Durham copes bore witness to no Protestant scruples in Chapter, but simply to the intrusion of an ill-tempered though mitred prebendary, who "roughly refused to wear his at the Sunday's service, because its stiff gold thread fretted his irritable neck and set his testy fingers scratching." This was Warburton, who held the first stall at Durham, together with the see of Gloucester. But, on the whole, Prince-Bishops, Deans, and Prebendaries were as gods condescending to and protecting the modest yet well-furnished homes of Minor Canons, who managed in various ways to look after the interest of their relations, and who, with a fair share of hard work in outlying vicarages, found very comfortable provision in the distribution of Chapter patronage. Dr. Blaise, "a learned and accomplished man and a skilled musician," whom we have rhymed, if not reason, for supposing to have been the Professor of Music at the time, was a favourite of Oxford society, where he brought up a large family, including several pretty daughters. A Whig Dean had taken favourable notice of a young Blaise, and given him a minor canonry. Dick Ashmead, when he came up as a freshman from Dr. Blaise's shire, found "one friendly house open to him" for the sake of his father and mother, and nothing was more natural than that, after a twelve years' engagement, and when Molly Blaise was thirty-six, James Blaise should write that "Dick must come to Durham. The Dean will find him enough to live on until a minor canonry falls vacant." Accordingly, "in 1770 Mr. Ashmead went to Durham," "where Oxford held the greater share of the twelve stalls":—

Why [he writes] 'tis but meeting Christ Church and Balliol, Corpus and Pembroke, in a city set on a hill that it cannot be hid. Our old King's Greek Professor is no less testy here than in Oxford, but they who suffer the most are his partners at whist. The Dean has again been but indifferent. His physician came from Newcastle to see him. Saith the Doctor to the Dean, "Now you've been to that—Cathedral again!" . . . Tell my brother, and those of my friends who would still have me try my own diocese, that the smile of the Bishop of Durham is worth the whole patronage of Gloucester.

At Durham, in 1771, while keeping good company, Mr. Ashmead could still "be boarded and lodged for six pounds ten shillings by the quarter"; and the 100*l.* a year upon which he married on St. Mark's Day, 1771, bringing his bride from Oxford to Durham after spending 20*l.* on his wedding expenses, more than a mere pittance where coal was cheap, although

the stipend was at first only "earned as a curate serving so many churches as the hours of the day and the pace of his horse would permit." Molly carried her quiet charms and her popularity from Oxford ecclesiastical circles to those of Durham, and prudently left off "wearing her white cockade on Charles Edward's birthday." "Men she had known as fellows of colleges, who were now bishops or deans as well as prebendaries of Durham, brought their headaches and heartaches to the tender beauty, sitting in her 'armed' chair by a fire that was always clear and crackling."

The picture of Mrs. Betty Brackenfield, the old attached family servant, half nurse, half housekeeper, half cook, and all friend, is probably drawn from tradition of the reality. Beginning as "Ashmead's Betty," and then passing through "Betty Ashmead" to "Mrs. Betty"—the fact that she has a surname being less evident than the fact that she has a "property" of her own and a "solicitor," and that she will not part with the first, though flirting decorously with the butlers of the Close, or lose control over the second till it passes by her will to the adopted "childer" of her love—she is a type of a real class now, we imagine, dying out. Her recipes are probably genuine; her letters, with variations, possibly so. But when in the later portion of the story the Gloucestershire cousin, Jem Rundell, has married a comfortable wife who cossets him in his gouty troubles, and who turns out to be a great authority on cookery, we believe in the coincidence little, and like it less.

Mrs. Ellis has no particular love for Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, or Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, but we do not exactly see what these gentlemen have to do with "studies of manners in England from 1770 to 1800." Padding of such a kind is apt, even in a pleasant book, to try the patience of the reader, and still more that of the conscientious reviewer who will not skip; and we commend to Mrs. Ellis's attention the wisdom shown by the authorities of the reign of James I. in relation to Mr. Townsend of Bow Street:—

But as he wasn't living then,
They nothing knew about him,
And so they did the best they could;
That is, they did without him.

Sylvestra was thirteen when the world was created again in 1789, and the Year One of a new era was proclaimed. By the time she was seventeen she had embraced, not to say formulated, opinions which, if she had lived long enough, she might have developed into those of some of the modern philosophers or politicians whom her biographer does or does not name. But, like a sensible girl as she was at the bottom, she did nothing of the kind, but merely married the new love—a Blaise, as it need scarcely be explained—as soon after being off with the old one as her feelings could permit. The old love was one Mr. Nathaniel Ashmead, a character for which, though it is life-like enough, the author may have costumed a younger model. Yet even her disguises are careful; and *Sylvestra* has the merit, in which so-called historical novels are often lamentably deficient, of faithfully representing the life, conversation, and thought of the people of its time. The author has not sought to translate her own ideas into sham archaisms, but has successfully carried out her "wish to record the impression left on her mind by what she saw of their century in her friends."

PALMER'S KORAN.*

OF all the Sacred Books of the East which are being translated under Professor Max Müller's direction, not one has been awaited with more curiosity than Professor Palmer's new version of the Koran. The Mohammedan Scripture bears a more close and personal relation to us than most of the Sacred Books; it enters perplexingly into our schemes of Oriental reformation, and meets us alike in the prejudices and in the virtues of our fellow-subjects in India. It possesses, moreover, the attraction of unity of authorship. Whatever attraction belongs to the character of Mohammed is transferred in some degree to the book of which he alone is the author. The Koran is not merely the collection of what is best in the thoughts of a people; it is the record of what was best and what was worst—of passing emotions as well as deep-rooted convictions—in one man; and in this lies its peculiar fascination.

But the interest which a new translation of the Koran would in any case excite is considerably increased when Professor Palmer is the translator. There was not, it may be said, an imperative call for a fresh rendering. Sale's version, if clumsy, is fairly accurate; and Mr. Rodwell's, though less known, is both accurate and eloquent; whilst Lane's Selections leave little to be desired for a popular edition of the best part of the Koran. Mr. Palmer, however, is so well known for his remarkable power of adapting a forcible English style to the requirements of literal translation from the Arabic that great things were expected of his work upon the Koran. It was felt that he, of all English Orientalists, was the one man for the task of setting the Sacred Book of the Moslems worthily before the eyes of the unlearned; that his version would probably make the Koran an English as well as an Arabic classic. The circumstance that he was known to entertain peculiar views on many points of Koranic interpretation induced a hope among scholars that Professor

* *The Qur'ân*. Translated by E. H. Palmer. (Vols. VI. and IX. of the Sacred Books of the East. Edited by F. Max Müller.) Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

Palmer's translation might throw a new light on some of the difficulties of the text, and prove a suggestive model of the true manner of representing the ancient Arabian classics in English. The expectations excited by the announcement that Professor Palmer was engaged to translate the Koran were, in fact, so high that it is not surprising that they are not completely realized. He has certainly produced a remarkable version, one that the dullest reader could not fail to find impressive and striking; but it is not altogether equal to the standard which Mr. Palmer's own reputation has set up. Far more literal than Sale and Rodwell, closely retentive of the Oriental tone and colour of the original, this new translation must henceforth be regarded as the standard version of the Koran in English—but only until a better rendering is made. The present cannot be taken as a final work which need never be done again; it is an advance on previous translations, but it does not attain to that degree of perfection which discourages subsequent attempts to better it. It is a work which will be highly prized by the Arabic scholar for the valuable suggestions it throws out on the interpretation of difficult constructions. It will be invaluable to the beginner in the language as a literal translation of the whole of the greatest Arabic classic. It will teach Orientalists the merits of simplicity in translation, the forcible effect of using primary in preference to tropical meanings of a root, and expressing them in homely, rugged English with as few Latin derivatives as may be; and it may also teach them the danger of carrying these principles too far.

In the matter of scholarship Mr. Palmer need fear little criticism. He has no rivals in England and few abroad in his intimate knowledge of Arabic as a living tongue, and probably there is no one who can enter so fully into the genius of the language and the spirit of its speakers as he can. Commentators and lexicographers have too long insisted on treating the language of the Koran as an extinct species, and reasoning about it as though it died immediately after the production of its chief ornament. It is true enough that Arabic did, indeed, suffer considerable corruption in the course of Muslim conquest; but its spirit survived, and after allowing for certain additions in meaning and vocabulary and losses in inflexion, the language of the Koran may be heard in tolerable purity spoken in the present day by the descendants of those who first heard the Koran recited by their prophet. The speech varies considerably, no doubt; there are numerous dialectal varieties; the pronunciation is often different; some tribes speak bad Arabic and some good; but, on the whole, the old language is still living, and the same kind of man speaks the same character of language in modern Arabia as in the Arabia of Mohammed's time. It is Professor Palmer's high merit to have perceived and emphasized this fact; and it is his application of modern uses of the language to the interpretation of the Koran that gives him an undoubted advantage over rival translators. His intimate acquaintance with the spoken language enables him to understand colloquial phrases and desert idioms in the Koran which perplex those interpreters whose knowledge of Arabic is purely grammatical, and who have learned from books rather than from men. Such may perhaps find fault with some of Professor Palmer's renderings; but for ourselves, we are content to believe that he is perfectly competent to judge of the few really important points in which he is at issue with other translators, and that his judgment is generally just. In some cases, however, it seems possible that he has scarcely given sufficient consideration to the rendering of a passage, and in a few instances we fail to understand his reasons for deviating from the usual interpretation. In chap. ii., verse 16, for example, he renders three plural epithets by the words, "Deafness, dumbness, blindness"; instead of "[they are] deaf, dumb, blind," which is the grammatical and more intelligible translation. Again (in ii. 172), the rendering, "gives wealth for His love"—i.e. for the sake of God, although it gives an excellent sense, seems questionable in accuracy; we doubt whether "*alā hubbihi*" can be rendered "for His love," since "*alā*" has not usually the sense of "for." The usual translation is "in spite of his love of it"—i.e. in spite of his avarice. There are not, however, many instances in which Professor Palmer's rendering is open to such criticisms as these. It is only to be wished that he had given his fine scholarship fair play, and had not allowed so many traces of haste, and even carelessness, to deface his pages. It is not difficult to discover many instances of a want of due deliberation and efficient collation. In chapter iii., v. 15, the words "and the charitable" are omitted; in v. 25, the words "and dost bring forth the dead from the living," are omitted. Similarly, in xxv. 65, the word generally rendered "prostrate" is left out. The total omission of a word by a revision translator of the Bible would astonish every one; and may we not demand equal care and accuracy in a translation of the Koran?

But our main disagreement with Mr. Palmer is on the score of a theory of translation which he explains and defends in his introduction. In p. lxxviii. it is stated:—

I have translated each sentence as literally as the difference in structure between the two languages would allow, and when possible I have rendered a word for word. Where a rugged or commonplace expression occurs in the Arabic I have not hesitated to render it by a similar English one, even where a literal rendering may perhaps shock the reader. To preserve this closeness of rendering, I have had in several instances to make use of English constructions which, if not incorrect from a strictly grammatical point of view, are, I am aware, often inelegant. Thus a peculiarity of the Arabic is to use the same preposition with a passive verb as the active and transitive verb required; for instance, *ghazaba 'halāhi*, "he was angered against him;" in the passive *ghuziba 'halāhi*, "he was angered-against;" and the preservation of this construction is often absolutely necessary to retain the force of the original.

It is not unlikely that some may be found to deny this necessity; and to show how such a denial can be supported we will only call Mr. Palmer's own book in testimony against him. We presume that his aim as translator is to produce on the modern reader as nearly as possible the impression which the Koran produced on its original audience. That audience was composed chiefly (at first) of low-class Arabs and negroes—in any case uneducated and semi-barbarous people. Mohammed naturally expressed himself in language they could understand; and the Koran abounds in rough and ready words and phrases, which, if they occurred anywhere else, would be called slang. Such phrases produced no feeling of surprise or amusement among the original audience; it was their own tongue they heard, and they could understand no other. But because Mohammed sometimes talked Arabic slang to Arabs who spoke Arabic slang, is Professor Palmer justified in writing what is very like English slang for English readers who do not speak, and would rather not read, English slang? The following are a few instances of Mr. Palmer's literal method, omitting those very striking, but less presentable, examples which illustrate his views as to needless prudery in translation. A famous parallel between the unbelievers and those who have lighted a fire in an unknown country, and are left in perplexity by the sudden extinguishing of their fire, is rendered by such phrases as "God goes off with their light" and "would go off with their hearing," and "the lightning snatches off their sight." We are told that "God will not catch you up for a casual word," that some "swear off from" pleasures, and others "knock about in the earth"; that God may "leave you in the lurch"; and that there are some "who bog off" from punishment on the last day. "Those who were before them were crafty too, but God's is the craft altogether," in xiii. 42, reads like Irish. "Come on, then, with your witnesses," in vi. 151, is only less inelegant than a similar expression employed by Zuleikha. Mr. Palmer's theory of verbally literal translation leads to the frequent employment of phrases of this sort; whilst the number of merely inelegant sentences produced by the rule of retaining as far as possible the order of the Arabic is very great. "Verily God on what ye do doth look," "Verily God of what ye do is well aware," and many like phrases occurring throughout the work, are intended to show that the verbal noun in the original comes at the end of the sentence. Do we insist on translations from the German retaining the German arrangement of the sentence? And if not, why should Arabic literature be subjected to this disadvantage? Yet, if it must be so, let it be done always. Why do we find "Thou art mighty over all," and "God is powerful over all," when the adjectives come at the end of the sentences, which should be "Thou art over all mighty," and "God is over all powerful." Again, if literalness be the prime object, why is the verb so often substituted for the verbal substantive or epithet? Why is "Thou hearest prayer" substituted for "Thou art the Hearer of prayer," which is the literal version? Why "He o'er everything keeps guard" instead of "He over everything [is] guardian"? Why, in the parable of the two gardens, is one man made to say "I am more wealthy than thee" (*ac. thou*) for *aktharu minka mdan*, when a few lines further on a precisely parallel sentence is rendered "I am less than thee [thou] in wealth"? Such inconsistencies, which might be multiplied indefinitely, would be trifling matters if Mr. Palmer did not insist so strenuously on the necessity of a literal translation. His inconstant but prevailing affection for word-for-word rendering diminishes the force and eloquence of page after page of really admirable translation. The passion for literalness seems sometimes to be alloyed with the desire for novelty which few translators are able to withstand. Thus the fine passage in chap. vi., "The eyes see Him not, but He seeth the eyes," is arbitrarily changed into "Sight perceives him not, but he perceives men's sights," although "men's" is not found in the original, and the strict rendering of the word *al-abshār* is not countenanced by the later translation of it as "eyes" in xxiv. 38. In the same way the celebrated Throne-verse (ii. 256) loses its effect when it is expressed in such phrases as "Slumber takes Him not," "It tires Him not to guard them both, for He is high and grand." The very happy indication of the termination in the phrase "In that ye have a sign" (instead of "In that is a sign") appears unfortunate when it occurs again in *Dhālikum ulāh*, "There is God for you!" Throughout Mr. Palmer's Koran there is a constant endeavour to translate words by their primary rather than secondary meanings. As we have said, the principle is excellent so long as it is kept within bounds; but Mr. Palmer does not so keep it. In many cases the retention of the original meaning is very happy; for example, in the phrase, "take their stand between the two" extremes of extravagance and miserliness (*beyna dhālika kawāman*). At times, however, the principle results in obscurity; and as Mr. Palmer very seldom gives explanatory notes, or supplies the words necessary to make the sense clear, it is often difficult for the uninitiated to gather the meaning of a sentence. In iii. 39, the want of a note or supplied word renders it doubtful whether "thee" refers to Mary or Mohammed; and in ii. 34, "one of you the enemy of the other" seems to refer to Adam and Eve, whereas it clearly foreshadows the strife between Cain and Abel. But whilst often refusing to explain ambiguous and obscure passages, Mr. Palmer frequently inserts words of his own which are not in the text of Flügel, but hardly ever indicates by brackets or otherwise that such words are the translator's. He might also with advantage have taken more pains in the division of sentences, verses, and paragraphs, and in the rendering of conjunc-

tions. *Wa* is translated "and" and "but" almost at random, and the point of chap. xciii. is lost by substituting "but" for "then" or "therefore." It would also have been satisfactory if he had maintained some more fixed principle in rendering the Arabic tenses. It is true they present difficulties to the English translator which have never yet been thoroughly overcome, but it is perplexing to find the Arabic past tense rendered by the English present, preterite, and perfect, in one page. A little more care, too, would have prevented such a sentence as "men whom neither merchandise nor selling divert from the remembrance of God" (xxiv. 33), and such words as "*ginna*" in Arabic and "*angelism*" in English.

The first half of chapter lvi. will serve as a fair example of Professor Palmer's translation, its merits and its faults:—

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
When the inevitable * happens; none shall call its happening a lie!—
abasing—exalting!
When the earth shall quake, quaking! and the mountains shall crumble,
crumbling, and become like motes dispersed!
And ye shall be three sorts;
And the fellows of the right hand—what right lucky fellows!
And the fellows of the left hand—what unlucky fellows!
And the foremost foremost! †
These are they who are brought nigh.
In the gardens of pleasure!
A crowd of those of yore,
And a few of those of the latter day!
And gold-wreath couches, reclining on them face to face.
Around them shall go eternal youths, with goblets and ewers and a cup of
flowing wine; no headache shall they feel therefrom, nor shall their
wits be dimmed!
And fruits such as they deem the best;
And flesh of fowl as they desire;
And bright and large-eyed maids like hidden pearls;
A reward for that which they have done!
They shall hear no folly there and no sin;
Only the speech, "Peace, Peace!"
And the fellows of the right—what right lucky fellows!
Amid thornless lote-trees.
And tall trees with piles of fruit;
And outspread shade
And water outpoured;
And fruit in abundance, neither failing nor forbidden;
And beds upraised!
Verily we have produced them ‡ a production.
And made them virgins, darlings of equal age (with their spouses) for the
fellows of the right!
A crowd of those of yore, and a crowd of those of the latter day!
And the fellows of the left—what unlucky fellows!
In hot blasts and boiling water;
And a shade of pitchy smoke,
Neither cool nor generous!
Verily they were affluent ere this, and did persist in mighty crime; and
used to say, "What, when we die and have become dust and bones,
shall we then indeed be raised? or our fathers of yore?"
Say, "Verily, those of yore and those of the latter day shall surely be
gathered together unto the trust of the well-known day."
Then ye, O ye who err! who say it is a lie! shall eat of the Zakkûm
tree! and fill your bellies with it! and drink thereon boiling water!
and drink as drinks the thirsty camel.
This is their entertainment on the judgment day!
* *I.e.* The day of judgment.
† *I.e.* The foremost in professing the faith on earth shall be the foremost
then.
‡ The celestial damsels.

Two points deserve more notice than can now be given to them. Mr. Palmer has preferred the orthodox and unscientific arrangement of the chapters of the Koran to Nöldeke's chronological order. In the present uncertainty as to the exact place of most of the chapters, and the difference of opinion about the position of many of them, he was perhaps justified in evading the difficulty. Yet it must be admitted that in the common arrangement the Koran loses half its personal interest as the record of Mohammed's life, and also much of its intelligibility. Professor Palmer might at least have arranged it in those chronological groups about which there can be little doubt.

The other matter which calls for notice is Mr. Palmer's Introduction. As a collection of facts about the Arabs of Mohammed's time, the life of the Arabian Prophet, and the character of his religion, it will be found a serviceable preparation for the study of the Koran. It lacks, however, that charm of style which is usually conspicuous in Professor Palmer's writings. It is, moreover, in the Introduction that the system of transliteration, arranged by Professor Max Müller for the Sacred Books of the East, is most glaring. The adoption of this system is not Professor Palmer's fault, and it is easy to see that it does not come readily to his pen. His introduction is full of inconsistencies of orthography, and when he comes to Omar he fairly refuses to write him 'Humar. Who would recognize Ali under the guise of 'Haliy, or Khalid as 'Hâlid, or Othman as 'HuTHimân, or Koreysh as Qurâis? It is no wonder that the same name is seldom spelt twice in the same way in Professor Palmer's introduction. If he had reduced his prolegomena and compressed his work into one volume he would have made a more serviceable book of it. As it is, these two handsomely printed volumes are placed at a certain disadvantage in comparison with other translations of the Koran. The new version, if less clear than Sale's, less eloquent as a whole than Rodwell's, less suitable for general reading than Lane's, yet possesses a freshness and originality, a true savour of the East, and a certain rude air of the desert, which are difficult to describe, and which we seek in vain in other translations. It needs an Arabic scholar to appreciate Professor Palmer's version, and Arabic

scholars will undoubtedly study it closely and learn much from it. But we doubt whether those for whom this series of the Sacred Books of the East is designed—people of ordinary education, interested in comparative religion, and desirous of gaining a clear idea of the nature and contents of the Koran—will understand a large part of the new translation of "the Excellent Book."

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.—WORDSWORTH.*

OF the authors of this series it may be said, with somewhat unusual truth, that *quisque suos patitur moros*. They are supposed, according to the terms of their contract, to give such an account, both of the lives and works of their subjects, as will enable persons who have not the time or inclination to read the works or elaborate biographies for themselves to attain some not absolutely false conception of the truth about both. The possibility of this is sometimes doubted; the desirableness of it is doubted still oftener. These previous questions, however, may be supposed not to trouble the man who has actually undertaken the office. But, as is indeed unavoidable, a curious difference of estimate of the task proposed is visible in the actual performances of that task. Some of Mr. Morley's authors have devoted themselves almost wholly to the life of their heroes, giving very little attention to literary criticism. Some of them have written critical essays of varying merit, abandoning the life with a very speedy treatment. In some cases it may be said that unequal attention to the two parts of the programme was absolutely inevitable, and Wordsworth's was certainly one of these. His life was extremely uneventful; and, unless Mr. Myers had chosen to sweep *ana* and gossip out of the numerous biographies of persons who have had to do with his hero, he could not have hoped to fill his hundred and eighty pages with personal details. On the other hand, of purely literary criticism of Wordsworth the world has, at any rate for this generation, had almost enough. The Wordsworthians may take one view, the anti-Wordsworthians another; and between these two extremes there is room for a vast number of middle terms, from the estimate of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, professing himself not a Wordsworthian, nevertheless places Wordsworth above every European poet except Goethe since the third quarter of the seventeenth century, to the estimate of those who, seeing grievous faults in him, and too frequent descents to a level of tiresome prose, nevertheless acknowledge that at his best he has reached one of the solitary peaks on which at different elevations perhaps, but all above the snow-line, the great poets sit each apart and by himself.

Mr. Myers has hit upon a kind of middle course which is in a way not unhappy. He has rather made a *conférence* about Wordsworth than a regular biography of him with critical interludes. He is obviously himself almost, if not altogether, a Wordsworthian of the straitest sect, and the essence of a Wordsworthian of the straitest sect is a tendency to preaching. Mr. Myers has preached, and let us hasten to say that we should be very well satisfied if we never heard worse sermons. He has, to his credit be it spoken, moderated his sometimes exuberant style not a little. Every now and then it bursts its bonds, and we come upon passages in which he is precious rather than praiseworthy. For instance, let us take the following upon Wordsworth's London stay:—"He never made the attempt to trace the passion and the anguish which whirl along some lurid vista toward a sun that sets in storm, or gaze across silent squares by summer moonlight amid a smell of dust and flowers." This is elegant writing certainly, but we are half inclined to think that Wordsworth himself would have been immensely puzzled by it, and we confess frankly that we are. We have tried it by the most approved rules of criticism, as proposed by a master of the art for such things. We have changed about the clauses as Thackeray did with a passage in the late Lord Lytton's *Sea Captain*, and one variation "to gaze across dust and flowers by summer moonlight amid a smell of silent squares" seems to us rather nice. But, considered as a sentence intended to enlighten the ordinary man on the subject of Wordsworth in London, it still appears to us a little vague. The same must be said of an extremely eloquent passage which closes the sixth chapter:—

And if it be answered that, however truly philosophic, however sacredly pure his happiness may have been, yet its wisdom and its holiness were without an effort, and that it is effort which makes the philosopher and the saint; then we must use in answer his own Platonic scheme of things to express a thought which we can but dimly apprehend; and we must say that, though progress be inevitably linked in our minds with struggle, yet neither do we conceive of struggle as without a pause; there must be prospect-places in the long ascent of souls; and the whole of this earthly life—this one existence, standing we know not where, among the myriad that have been for us and shall be—may not be too much to occupy with one of those outlooks of vision and of prophecy which

In a season of calm weather, &c.

In one sense we may say that in this sentence Mr. Myers equalled in the length of Wordsworth's life by his style, *μακρόν γὰρ ἐγένετο*. In another a plain man may perhaps complain that he is left floundering among the Prospect Places—a name unhappy, suggestive of Ramegate, where also the mighty waters roll ever more—and that he would on the whole prefer that even a person so sure of myriad past and present existences as Mr. Myers would

* *English Men of Letters*. Edited by John Morley. Wordsworth. By F. W. H. Myers. London: Macmillan & Co.

confine himself to the expression of thoughts which he apprehends otherwise than dimly.

Although, however, we can by no means pass by without comment these indulgences in a style which is one of the worst curses of the literature of the present day, and which will probably make much of that literature unreadable before half a century has passed, we should be very sorry to be understood to speak evil of Mr. Myers's book on the whole. A great affection for his subject, a familiarity with other literature, and a considerable faculty of writing could not possibly produce a bad book on such a matter, and when the reader has got over his inevitable *chair de poule* at its occasional preciousness, he will probably be inclined to pronounce the book which Mr. Myers has written a very good one of its kind. He is by no means unmitigatedly laudatory; indeed, he seems to us to be rather hard on some poems, which at any rate in their own style deserve not a little commendation. In not a few of his digressions, when he lays his gown aside and speaks naturally on subjects of practical interest, the vigour and force of his remarks are worthy of all praise. A very notable passage of this kind is to be found towards the close of the book, *à propos* of the letters on the projected railway into the Lake District. We do not remember to have seen the plea for national places of rest and refreshment, bodily and spiritual, as distinguished from national tea gardens, better put. Nor again would it be easy to expound Wordsworth's political views better or more appreciatively than Mr. Myers has done, though we should imagine that he himself is very far from taking anything like the standpoint of the poet. In short, by a curious and at first sight paradoxical process, Mr. Myers is best when he deals with the things in which he apparently has least interest. When he touches Wordsworth's literary achievements, he is alternately gushing and unsympathetic; when he attempts his attitude towards the things of everyday life, he writes with equal force and appreciation. After all, perhaps the thing is not so surprising as it seems. Enthusiasm is an excellent means of influencing one's fellow-creatures *vis à vis*; it is a very doubtful means of reaching them by the "cold spurt of the pen."

Mr. Myers, assisted by some valuable unpublished documents, submitted to him by friends of his own and of Wordsworth's, has given an excellent account of the poet's life, such as it was, and a running commentary on his principal works. He has not, and it may be freely acknowledged that it was quite within his discretion to comply with or to disregard an old and half-obsolete, though rather convenient, custom, given any regular peroration or summary expression of his view of Wordsworth's poetical or literary position. We have, as has been said, plenty of such summaries, yet perhaps it is not easy to appreciate the attitude of a critic unless he chooses to pose for us quietly and deliberately. As on the one hand there has been of late a recrudescence of Wordsworthianism, and as on the other much of the prevailing practice in poetical composition is singularly opposed to the Wordsworthian tradition, it might perhaps have been instructive if Mr. Myers had added his mite to the list of regular judgments. There can be little doubt that the popular judgment, favourable and unfavourable alike, is right in considering the author of the *Excursion* as exclusively the "poet of nature." But how far this is a limitation and an objection, how far it is a panegyric, these are questions upon which every critic who deserves a hearing at all ought to have his say. Mr. Myers evidently thinks that Wordsworth's abstinence from the display of purely human passions was the result of choice, not of necessity. He quotes, not without approval, the curious reported speech of the poet to the effect that, had he been a writer of love-poetry, "it would have been natural to him to write it with a degree of warmth which could hardly have been approved by his principles, and which might have been undesirable for the reader." It is difficult to repress a smile at the idea of Wordsworth incarnadining the cheek of the young person, nor can we avoid joining this odd fancy with the belief of certain great writers that they ought to have been great painters, and of Wordsworth himself that he ought to have been a Wellington or a swayer of the fierce democracy of France. In truth, he was not given to think meanly of himself in any capacity, and was as likely as another to have taken command of the Channel fleet with a complete self-confidence. But that his silence on not a few of the themes which have been in the case of others most fertile of poetry was the result of a want, not of deliberate abstinence, is hardly to be doubted. The criticism of Hazlitt—a criticism often random and ill-aimed, but which, when it does strike home, always pierces to the joints and marrow—is heavy upon him here. "In Wordsworth there is a total disunion and divorce of the faculties of the mind from those of the body." This is very strong, but it is hardly too strong. No doubt this spiritual celibacy and asceticism has produced a kind of prophetic strain of contemplation and meditative rapture. But, somehow or other, some of the strings of the lyre seem to have been cut away, and one hand of the combatant seems to be tied behind him. The defect is not one of simple negation, but in the strict logical sense of privation. It is illegitimate doubtless to find fault with a poet merely for not being something other than what he is. But here the question is whether he is or is not destitute of something which he ought to have. Mr. Myers has occasionally approached this curious and interesting subject, but he has never fully dealt with it, and it is, indeed, generally shirked by all panegyrists of Wordsworth, from De Quincey downwards. But no criticism which does not face it can be said to face the whole subject fully; and we have a right to demand that criticism shall do this. Of the famous triad of

epithets, "simple" is the only one that suits the poetry of Wordsworth as a whole. It is sometimes passionate, but only with the passion of contemplative rapture. That this is a possible means of attaining the poetical temperature is certain, but it is an arduous one to employ; and the comparative rarity with which Wordsworth himself uses it successfully is the best proof of this.

MARRIAGE LAWS OF THE AUSTRALIAN BLACKS.*

HERE is a book on an extremely difficult and complicated subject, which has the misfortune to interest but few readers. The nature of marriage laws, and of what we may call here, for the sake of clearness, "prohibited degrees," among the backward races, is a topic of equal importance and perplexity. We fear that it is impossible within the limits of a review to make the matter clear to readers who have not already given it their attention. The details with which we have to deal are only familiar to specialists. At the same time, Messrs. Fison and Howitt's book contains plenty of information which will interest all readers of folk-lore. We are obliged to differ from Mr. Fison on many points, but we have to thank him for a spirited, though, we think, unsuccessful, attempt to elucidate the marriage customs of the Murri, or Australian black fellows.

In the first place, we must regret that Mr. Fison wrote his book with certain confessed prepossessions. "The chief object of this memoir," he says, "is to trace the formation of the exogamous intermarrying divisions which have been found among so many savage and barbaric tribes of the present day, and to show that what the Hon. Lewis H. Morgan calls the Punaluan family, with the Turanian system of kinship, logically results from them." It seems a pity that Mr. Fison has intended to make his book the support of Mr. Morgan's theories, which are neither very logical, very consistent, nor very satisfactory in their terminology. However, it is as a disciple of Mr. Morgan that he writes; and we must briefly explain the doctrines of the master. In 1871 Mr. Morgan published a book called *The Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Race*. This volume contained a large mass of facts concerning the modes in which the various backward races count their relationships. Mr. Morgan did not adhere closely to his explanations of these singular customs in his later work, *Ancient Society* (1877); so it will be better to accept what we conceive to be his most recent views, those published in that volume. There he distinguishes "five different and successive forms [of the family], each having an institution of marriage peculiar to itself." Those which concern us are:—1. The Consanguine family, founded upon the intermarriage of brothers and sisters, own and collateral, in a group (*A. S.* p. 384). Mr. Morgan says that this kind of family is no longer found in existence. He infers its existence in the past from what he calls the "Malayan" system of counting kindred. In that system, for example, "my mother's sister is my mother." In the "Consanguine family" Mr. Morgan supposes that this nomenclature would have an obvious explanation—my mother's sisters are my mothers, because they are, along with my mother, the wives of their brothers. But how weak is this argument! *Ex hypothesi*, the members of the "Consanguine family" are acquainted with the nature of "blood-ties," and have even built upon them a regular "institution of marriage," not wedding out of the circle of brothers and sisters, own and collateral. Could they then be so dull as not to perceive the fact of the maternal relation? could they actually confuse mothers and aunts? Mr. Morgan reasoned (*A. S.* p. 409), "It is impossible to explain the [Malayan] system as a natural growth upon any other hypothesis than the one named, since this form of marriage [the Consanguine] alone can furnish a key to its interpretation." But this circular logic is not justified, nor is this necessity of thought established, for Mr. McLennan (*Studies in Ancient History*, pp. 372-407) has furnished another explanation of the "Malayan" system of counting kindred.

According to Mr. Morgan, the Consanguine marriage was reformed out of existence. "In course of time the evils of the first form of marriage [Consanguine] came to be perceived. . . . Among the Australians it was permanently abolished by the organization into classes, and more widely among the Turanian tribes by the organization into gentes" (*A. S.* p. 409). The organization that followed was "the Punaluan family," "produced by the gradual exclusion of own brothers and sisters from the marriage relation, the evils of which could not forever [']tis a single word, our rude forefathers thought it two['] escape observation" (*A. S.* p. 424). The Punaluan family, again, was formed by excluding own brothers and sisters from marriage; this reformation changed the Consanguine into the Punaluan family. The chief reason for believing in the Punaluan family is like the reason for believing in the Consanguine family. As the historical existence of the latter would (Mr. Morgan thinks) explain the Malayan system of counting kin, so the historical existence of the Punaluan family would partly explain the "Turanian" system of counting kin. The word Turanian is here used quite at random, and includes Hindoos. But, through the "Punaluan" family, we reach Mr. Fison. His master, Mr. Morgan, after examining the "Australian class system" came to the conclusion that "its

* *Kamilaroi and Kurnai: Group-Marriage and Relationship, and Marriage by Elopement*. Drawn chiefly from the Usage of the Australian Aborigines. Also the Kurnai Tribes; their Customs in Peace and War. By Lormier Fison, M.A., and A. W. Howitt, F.R.S. With an Introduction by Lewis H. Morgan, LL.D. Melbourne: George Robertson, 1880.

primary object was to exclude own brothers and sisters from the marriage relation, while the collateral brothers and sisters were retained in that relation." That is to say, the Australian class system was instituted to reform the Consanguine into the Punaluan family. And here we are where we started—namely, at Mr. Fison's "chief object," to show that Mr. Morgan's Punaluan family and Turanian system of kinship result logically from the Australian class-system. To prove this would be to do Mr. Morgan's theory great service; for students in this country are disinclined to accept his account of the development of the family. We must now explain, as far as explanation is possible, the nature of the "Australian class-system" dealt with by Mr. Fison.

It had long been known, from the researches of Sir George Grey and Mr. Gideon Scott Lang, that marriage laws like those of the Red Indians, the people of Ashanti, and many other backward races, prevailed among many tribes of the Australian blacks. They were divided into stocks, each of which was named after some animal or plant. No man might marry a woman who bore the same stock-name and the same cognizance. A man of the Kangaroo stock might not marry a woman of the Kangaroo stock, but he might marry an Emu woman, or a Wombat woman, and so forth. Children took the stock-name and cognizance of the mother. These cognizances are now usually called "Totems," from their Red Indian name. In 1853 the Rev. Mr. Ridley, a missionary among the Kamilaroi (a numerous tribe residing north-west of Sydney), gave a lecture in that town on what he called the "castes" of the Kamilaroi. I from that hour to this Mr. Ridley (who received some of his information from Mr. Lance) has been the chief authority on what he now, after Mr. Morgan, calls the "classes" of the Kamilaroi. These classes, according to Mr. Morgan and Mr. Fison, are the more or less modified results of the reforming movement which originally excluded own brothers and sisters from marriage. Mr. Fison's book contains plenty of information from other observers about other tribes. But we venture to think that, after his interest has for thirty years been directed to the subject, Mr. Ridley should have not the worst acquaintance with the topic. Now we must ask the reader to attend to this question of evidence. Mr. Fison, for his own part, is "hopelessly puzzled" on various points, and finds the terms used by natives "exasperatingly puzzling to an inquirer who is ignorant of the language" (p. 59). We propose to show that Mr. Ridley, Mr. Fison's authority, has also been "hopelessly puzzled," and that his statements cannot be accepted as conclusive evidence. The arrangement of "classes" is, therefore, still a mystery, and, so far, is of no service to the theories of Mr. Morgan or of any one else. Mr. Ridley's original statement was:—

There are four names of men—Ippai, Murri, Kubbi, and Kumbo—and four of women—Ippata, Mata, Kapota, Buta. Every black has one of these names by birth. . . . In one family all the sons are called ippai, the daughters ippata; so that if you find a black man's name is ippai, you may be sure all his brothers are ippai, and his sisters ippata.

And so on. As to marriage rules, Mr. Ridley said:—

Ippai may marry an Ippata (of any other family), or any Kapota. Murri may only marry Buta. Kubbi may only marry Ippata. Kumbo may only marry Mata.

Mr. Ridley then showed how the names alternated among the children of these marriages. Here the Ippai are obviously the privileged clan. Here, too, there is no sign of "totems," and of the usual prohibitions to marry within the totem name. Mr. Ridley altered some of these statements in 1871. He had now discovered the existence of "totems" among the Kamilaroi. For example, all Ippais, and all Ippatas, were of the Emu, Blacksnake, or Bandicoot totem. All Kubbis, and all Kapotas, were of the Opossum, Kangaroo, or Iguana totem. But, oddly enough, Mr. Ridley found only two totems among the Kumbos and Butas—namely, Emus and Blacksnakes—and only two among the Murris or Matas—namely, Iguanas and Kangaroos. This statement Mr. Ridley adhered to in his book (*Kamilaroi*. London: Triibner, 1875). At first sight this seems impossible. All children of an Ippata (they follow the mother's totem) are called Kumbo and Buta. Now the mother Ippata may be either an Emu, a Blacksnake, or a Bandicoot. Therefore her children Kumbos and Butas should be either Emus, Blacksnakes, or Bandicoots. But, in one table, the Bandicoot, according to Mr. Ridley, is not represented among Ippata's children. From Table D it appears, however, that there may be Ippata Bandicoots, when a Kubi marries an Ippata. Were it not so, when the Buta children in their turn became Ippais and Ippatas, the Bandicoot would have vanished from the class, and all Ippais and Ippatas would be Emus and Blacksnakes only. What is more remarkable, in Table D (also given by Mr. Ridley) we find a new totem among the Kumbu and Buta—namely, Bandicoot, which has no place in the list of 1875; and among the Murri and Matas we find Opossum, which in 1875 was apparently not recognized. In a contribution to *Nature* (October 29, 1879) Mr. Ridley wrote, Ippai-Emu may marry Kubbotha-Emu. Now, on his own showing, there is no Kubbotha-Emu. He added, "a Murri may marry a Buta of the same totem." On his own showing, there is no Buta of the same totem. Perhaps it will now be conceded that Mr. Ridley's evidence is not consistent enough to form the basis of a theory. We do not dream of blaming him; the difficulties of the subject are his sufficient excuse.

We have not done with the question of evidence. In the case of the Kamilaroi, according to Mr. Ridley's most recent

statements the "classes" do not exclude men from marrying women of the same class-name. For example, Ippai Blacksnake may marry Ippata Emu, and Ippai Emu may marry Ippata Blacksnake, as may Ippai Bandicoot. Except that no Ippai may marry Ippata or Bandicoot, any Ippai may marry an Ippata not of his own totem. Here, in fact, the totem prohibition is the rule, the "class" prohibition the singular exception. This is the case, though Mr. Fison, who admits it on page 45, denies it on page 44. Well, all this is very inconvenient for Mr. Morgan. Here is the "reformatory movement" not preventing a man from marrying a woman of the same class name as his sister. Mr. Fison gets out of this difficulty by saying that the Kamilaroi are an exception to the general rule which, among other native tribes, makes it impossible for a man to marry a woman of the same name as his sister. He declares that the simplest, and probably the earliest, form of the class division among the Australian aborigines, is the separation of a community into two intermarrying classes, each having a distinct title, which is taken by every one of its members. As an example, he gives the Mount Gambier tribe, divided into two classes, called Kumite (female Kumitegor), and Kroki (female Krokigor). And these are the names used by Mr. Fison in an elaborate attempt to prove that the "Turanian system" of counting kin would result from this organization. Now, we ask, how do the totems work here? Mr. Fison says on Mr. Stewart's information, that they do not work at all. But he adds that Mr. Stewart's words are not conclusive. The Mount Gambier tribe, with its Kumites and Krokis, has been reduced in thirty years from nine hundred to seventeen members, and is "compelled to make such matrimonial arrangements as it can." Now Mr. Stewart's evidence (p. 30) is only of yesterday. He regrets that his attention was not directed to the matter ten years ago! But what is his evidence about the classes worth? If in thirty years Mr. Ridley, a scholar and student, knows so little, how can we rely on the most well-meant endeavours of Australian country gentlemen to collect information from decayed tribes?

We have one or two other remarks to make at present. On pp. 40, 41 Mr. Fison states his opinion that what he calls the "primary divisions"—that is, Ippai, Kumbu, and the like—were originally totemistic. "In some places the primary divisions are distinguished by totems at the present day. Probably they were so distinguished everywhere in ancient times." Mr. Fison does not see that here he has thrown up the ethnological sponge. His contention, and that of Mr. Morgan, is that the "primary divisions," the "classes," are the result of a moral reformatory movement. For example, Mr. Morgan believes in the "truthfulness" of a so-called legend that brothers and sisters intermarried promiscuously "until the evil effects of these alliances" (what language for a native legend!) "became manifest, and a council of chiefs" (Mr. Brough Smyth says the natives have no chiefs) "was assembled to consider in what way they might be averted." On the next page Mr. Morgan, with his usual logic, contradicts himself, and says:—"It is not supposable that savages design consciously reformatory measures in the strict sense of the term." However, *Ancient Society* is all builded on the hypothesis of conscious reform. Very well, supposing this view to be correct, why were the "primary divisions," as Mr. Fison says they were, totemistic? The totemistic divisions, wherever we know them, do all, and more than the "primary divisions" could effect. Further, how is the origin of totemism itself to be explained? This lies behind the primary divisions; and, if we are right in believing that the origin of totemism had no connexion with morality or reform at all, why should we suppose that "primary divisions," confessedly of a totemistic character, were moral? In short, Mr. Fison says the primary divisions were moral, and reformatory, and totemistic. Why were they totemistic? This is what he has to explain. We might select an hypothesis advanced by him on p. 70 as a singular example of inability to deal with historical evidence, in this case the evidence of Herodotus.

Once more, we must assert our objection to the loose employment of words like *gens*, *curia*, *phratry*. The primary organizations are possibly "phratrics" with Mr. Morgan (Preface, p. 9). Again, "the Gens of the Greek and Roman peoples, the Gens of the Iroquois, the Scotch clan, the Divisions of Kin in Australia named after animals, are unquestionably the same organization." Mr. Fison throws in the *curia*. In point of fact, all these associations, whatever they may have of common origin, vary in detail and in stages of evolution. One might as well say, "The Fishmongers' Company, the 54th Regiment, and the Carlton Club are unquestionably the same organization."

We may recur on another occasion to Mr. Fison's book, of which we have not nearly exhausted the interest. In the meantime, we think we have shaken Mr. Fison's evidence.

FROM POVERTY TO WEALTH.*

THIS novel is an extreme instance of its class, and suggests some curious reflections. The historian of the future might, by a freak of fortune, come across it, and treat it as another *Lady Rabelia*; as the superlative expression of the realistic, as that was

* *From Poverty to Wealth. A Novel. By William Theodore Hickman. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.*

of the fashionable and romantic, school of fiction. Of that great work, it will be remembered, only one or two priceless sentences have been preserved, by the courtesy of Mrs. Wittitery; but we have no need to complain, since the student of literature can restore it from those traces as completely as the geologist reconstructs the megatherium from the joints of a great toe. In like manner, if *From Poverty to Wealth* were lost, a cunning hand could easily restore it from almost any one of its pages. Throughout them meanders the same gentle stream of sentiment, scarcely swaying the blades of grass that hang over into it from the rich and featureless meadows of domestic life; from the first leaf to the last nothing occurs to break the monotony of uprising and down-sitting, of digging in the garden and of walking in the lane, and of all the pleasant conjugal insipidities that make up life in an English novel of the latest realistic school. We should despair of finding one passage more or less trivial, conscientious, and exact than another, so we give the very first at which we open one of the volumes:—

Perhaps it was the constant handling of the pencil and the brush, which gave the omelette-maker such accurate constructive power, for it requires an artist's touch almost to make a good sweet omelette, or perhaps it was the power that comes from practice; but as Arthur Westdale placed the jam within the omelette and gently covered it, it might be truly said that few could have excelled him in results.

A bright little cover is placed upon the dish, and then it is taken to the parlour.

The tea is made, and the salad and the bread and butter all look tempting and fresh. The little one sits upon her mother's lap, and drinks her milk with that loud sucking noise which is so attractive to the parent's ears; but she will have her portion of the omelette or know the reason why. "Dere, dere!" she cries, with the tiny forefinger pointing to the tempting dish. "Wait a minute, Molly; just let me eat this hunch of bread-and-butter," says the father; and thus the meal progresses, more liked and beneficial than though it had consisted of rich viands, with old and costly wines to wash them down.

If the reader has the patience to run his eye over these few, but tiresome, sentences he will get a very good idea of the style and intention of a whole class of novels with which our circulating libraries are just now being flooded. If he will be so complaisant as to read them twice they will give him as much insight into the mode of composition and the fallacy of taste which they display as the study of a dozen volumes. It is not more easy to conjure by the staff of Jan Steen than by that of Salvator Rosa, and perhaps it is rather less easy. Talent and training are wanted even to describe a family group seated at the tea-table, and these qualities are not to be dispensed with by the trick of copying slavishly a scene that passes daily before the writer's eyes. In M. Gustave Droz's delightful story in *Entre Nous*, no other incident is described than just this over which Mr. Hickman has expended several pages—namely, the making of an omelette, but M. Droz has contrived to serve up his fragrant dish with so much humour and picturesque detail and tender pathos that the story remains with the reader in spite of the triviality of the theme. This, indeed, is the only, while it is a perfectly sufficient, reason for chronicling small beer. The intrinsic flatness of the draught must be conduced by the sparkling way in which it is presented and by the momentous occasion on which it is produced. The beverage is of no importance in itself, but it forms a salient point round which emotions and events can cluster. But Mr. Hickman's omelette leads to nothing. It is made, it is eaten, it is forgotten in favour of some fine spring onions, which are slowly collected, washed, eaten, and forgotten, and these in their turn give place to other viands, consumed as deliberately and leading to no result whatever, not even to an indigestion. "Better the savage in his dance," better the Minerva Press in its wildest hysterics, than this tame and colourless record of nothing in particular.

The realists, however, may turn upon us and reply, "We, and the class of readers for whom we cater, disapprove of the exciting, disbelieve in the supernatural, and disdain the importunities of romantic youth. We desire truth and truth alone, the facts of life, the agreeable and bloodless struggle of commonplace people after wealth." To this we reply that their method is only duller, not more exact; that their characters do not behave more credibly, but only more stupidly, than those in old-fashioned stories of the types of Kotzebue and G. P. R. James. If we are to be realistic, let us be realistic; let us bend our minds to some of the trifling habits of men of business. Now, in the very outset of *From Poverty to Riches*, we have a person presented to us who had a mania for constructing bricks by an absurd process, the details of which are given again and again, but which need not detain us here. This person possesses no income at all, but starts in life with a capital of eight hundred pounds. The novelist wishes to point out that if he had been a prudent man, as he was married, he would have placed this generous fortune in the Funds or have otherwise invested it, and have lived upon the proceeds, which would have amounted to something less than forty pounds a year. Instead of taking this wise step, he squanders his money, as the soldier in *Punch* was afraid of doing with his fourpence, and it is the particulars of his prodigality which we desire to lay before our readers as an instance of the new realistic method. He possesses, as we have said, 800*l.*; he buys and pays for a plot of ground in the immediate neighbourhood of London, namely, at Turnham Green; on this plot of ground he builds a house and a kiln, and fits up the latter with all the necessary machinery. As he is a scrupulously honest man, he pays his way all along, with no other means than the capital above named. His kiln is an absolute failure, he makes no bricks at all; he lives for some years in the house, and one or two children are born to him. As he has earned

nothing since he arrived at Turnham Green, his wife begins to get anxious about their future, as well she may, and it is discovered that when all their debts are paid there remains of their capital exactly half—that is, 400*l.* No sordid details, no minute pretension in little things, can possibly blind us to this central absurdity, on which the whole evolution of the plot depends. When the action of a romance takes place in an enchanted forest the heroine may turn into a winged porcupine if she chooses; our faith in the narrative may survive the shock. But when we read of a gentleman of our own day who buys a plot of ground at Turnham Green, builds a house and kiln upon it, and supports a family for a year or two on four hundred pounds, all expenses included, no amount of omelettes will carry us through the narrative. As the French princess said of one of Crébillon's stories, all the guimauve in the universe will not persuade us to swallow it.

Of course the whole book is not made up of solecisms of this kind; there is proof in it of a certain limited habit of observation, some slight flashes of humour, a scarcely articulate vein of feeling. But these qualities, possessed, if they are possessed at all, merely in embryo, are by no means sufficient to justify the existence of the book. Sound views on the relation of eggs to district-visiting, and the power of commenting flippantly on the partiality of a curate for hons and pigs, even if the former gives occasion for some agreeable painting in the Dutch manner, and the latter to a scene that is genuinely amusing, are insufficient equipment for the production of a novel. Such writing as is aimed at by the new realistic school in England, even when it displays far more talent and skill than are expended by the author of *From Poverty to Wealth*, is in itself essentially needless, unless it make triviality of circumstance a platform on which to bring before us some of the large and weighty problems of human life. We are far from denying that for certain purposes in fiction the careful study of domestic detail is desirable. The French understood the art of chronicling small beer to perfection, before they went too far the other way, and repelled us by the cold brutality of their inventories. But when the worst has been said of contemporary French novels, they cannot be placed so low, as mere compositions, as those English novels which try to dance the same mad waltz, with their foot-steps carefully fettered by ignorance, decency, and a healthier national instinct. The one deserve the same consideration which we give to a clever and unscrupulous enemy; the others are simply dull and blank. That they should respond to any want in our reading class, and it is to be feared that they do, is an unfortunate proof of a very general taste, existing somewhere, for mere insipidity. We can only hope that *From Poverty to Wealth*, which is the poorest example we have come across, may mark the low-water level to be reached by the wave of domestic realism.

WALLACE'S EPICUREANISM.*

OF this sketch of the Epicurean philosophy, issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, we can speak as highly as we spoke of Mr. Douglas's volume on Confucianism and Taoism (*Saturday Review*, March 13, 1880). The latter belongs to the series which deals with non-Christian religious systems; the former to a series treating of the chief ancient philosophies. But these ancient philosophies were to a large extent religious as well as intellectual systems; and Epicureanism is almost as strictly a religion as the system of Pythagoras. It takes away, indeed, all that in the general belief of mankind can serve as the foundation of any real belief in a divine ordering of the world; but, along with an ethical code thrown into a dogmatic form, it provides a cultus not unlike that of modern Positivism, and professes to furnish an outlet for the religious emotions as well as for the social instincts of humanity. Nothing but good can come from the careful and impartial examination of these systems, whether of philosophy or of religion; and in Mr. Wallace's volume the reader who comes to it with little or no previous knowledge of the subject will find, not merely a clear exposition of Epicurean teaching in all its aspects, but an excellent sketch of the social and political conditions which marked its origin and fostered its growth, of the documentary sources which furnish such information about it as we possess, and of the influence which it has exercised on the thought and practice of more recent ages.

Perfect fairness and a judicial impartiality, it need scarcely be said, are the first qualifications for such a task; but we are guilty of no unfairness to Epicurus, or to any one else, as a teacher whether of religion or philosophy, if we bring out clearly and sharply the radical differences between his system and any other which we may be comparing. If it be the case that Epicurus leaves absolutely no room for the conception of a single conscious mind as the source and the preserver of all being, and if, shutting out any such belief, he goes on to speak of certain beings, of indescribably attenuated matter, who have nothing whatever to do with human affairs for either good or harm, and to whom he chooses to give the name of gods, then it seems useless, and perhaps mischievous, to represent Epicurus as speaking at all about God. The introduction of the noun in the singular number can be legitimate only when we are addressing those for whom the existence of a creator and ruler who knows

* *Epicureanism*. By William Wallace, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1880.

that he is creating and ruling is a reality. It matters not whether such a man believes further in the existence of a multitude of beings to whom he gives the name of gods; for these fade away into distance when the worshipper rises into the serener region in which Sophocles (*Œd. Tyr.* 862) saw only the eternal purity and holiness of the everlasting God. But to a man who utterly shuts out this belief we cannot ascribe any opinions about God without introducing confusion of thought into the mind of the general modern reader. In truth, it is not easy to see what is gained by the use of such language for any class of readers whatever. Mr. Wallace is perfectly well aware that Epicurus would have nothing to say for the idea of a divine father and judge of all mankind, and he states this plainly; but, having done so, he speaks elsewhere of the sense of divinity which pressed even Epicurus to express some sort of belief in God, and by so speaking he weakens, as we believe, the impression which he would otherwise have left on the student's mind. If, then, the reference be to the term with its modern connotation, Epicurus was beyond doubt an atheist, and we cannot suppose that he would have had a moment's hesitation in so declaring himself. Hence those who describe him as such are not necessarily, as Mr. Wallace (p. 202) styles them, careless; and he does but confuse a tolerably clear matter when he adds that "the existence of the Gods is what Epicurus never denies; but what he, on the contrary, asserts as a fundamental truth." It is hard to see how any truth can be fundamental on which no other truth is made to stand, and no one could show better than Mr. Wallace that the ideas which it pleased Epicurus to put forth about his so-called gods were simply worthless fancies. Their abode is in the vacant spaces between the worlds; they have nothing to do with men, with their thoughts, their words, or their deeds; they are material and corporeal. They are, as Mr. Wallace puts it, "neither weak enough to be biassed by human offers nor malicious enough to seek to injure man." But the important point in this belief or fancy of Epicurus was, that whatever the malice might be, they would be impotent to carry it out. "Man need have no fear of the gods. They are powerless equally for hurt or help." In short, they might at the worst be compared to Edward the Confessor, who could tell an offender that he would hurt him if he could. But to say of such a fancy as this that it still leaves "the godhead worthy of all worship" (p. 207) is to use words almost without meaning. We have here, in truth, no godhead at all; and the best excuse for Epicurus is to be found in the fact that the popular traditional dogmas were so oppressive and so degrading as fairly to justify his unbelief.

In thus unduly toning down his language Mr. Wallace somewhat weakens both the vigour of his sketch and his hold on the attention and interest of his readers. Visions of the night and dreams of the waking hours are caused by wandering atoms, infinitely attenuated husks of material bodies, whose complete form these poor fragments have the power of presenting to the mind. But, while Epicurus insisted that these were to be generally distrusted, as resting solely on the deliverance of the senses, he yet maintained that they were the only possible means by which men became acquainted with the existence of the gods. The philosopher is treated with more than equity when Mr. Wallace speaks of him as "recognizing this avenue of ideas solely on account of its theological bearings without intimately discussing or weighing its evidential worth" (p. 226). On the whole, his way of dealing with the weak points, or rather, it might be said, the glaring follies and absurdities, into which Epicurus allows himself to wander, is too indulgent; and this is the more to be regretted because he is dealing with a system which has been misunderstood to a degree beyond most other systems. In Mr. Wallace's words, "misconstruction and misrepresentation have made it their victim"; but the victim is one which deserves no great compassion. The misconceptions of its opponents have scarcely ascribed to it errors much more mischievous than those into which it actually ran. The causes which favoured its growth also shaped the opposition which it encountered. Mr. Wallace cites the sharp comments of Lactantius, who speaks of it as flourishing because it tells the ignorant that they need study no literature, and releases the niggardly from the duties of public beneficence, forbidding the loungers to serve the State, the sluggard to work, and the coward to fight, telling the godless that the gods are indifferent, and assuring the selfish and malcontent that they need give nothing to any one, because the wise man does everything for his own sake. We can scarcely deny that Lactantius is describing what in a certain sense is a gospel for many classes of mankind, if not for all, when he goes on to tell us that, from Epicurus,

The recluse hears the praises of solitude; and the miser learns that life can be supported on water and pottage. The man who hates his wife is presented with a list of the blessings of celibacy; the parent of a worthless offspring hears how good a thing is childlessness; the children of impious parents are told that there is no natural obligation upon them. The weak and luxurious are reminded that pain is the worst of all evils; and the brave man, that the sage is happy even in tortures. Those who are ambitious are bidden to court the sovereign; and those who shrink from worry are directed to avoid the palace.

This clever summary of Lactantius is rather an exaggeration than a misrepresentation, nor is even the exaggeration great. It describes fairly enough the isolation which is perhaps the chief characteristic, as it certainly is the groundwork, of the system of Epicurus. It is not true to say that the philosopher attracted disciples by the bait of sensual self-indulgence; and probably no one ever believed that he did, for the fancies of those who know nothing about the matter cannot be taken into account. For a long series

of generations the impression which the system left on outsiders was that of a somewhat repulsive severity. If we may take as genuine one of the letters given by Diogenes Laertius, the Epicurean Pleasure may be defined as the absence of pain in the body and trouble in the soul (the second condition corresponding to the *quietude*, or *Ataraxia*, of the Stoic), or as "sober reasoning, searching out the reasons for every choice and avoidance, and banishing those beliefs through which greatest tumults take possession of the soul." The system thus involves a very troublesome introspection, which is perhaps made the more disagreeable because it has no necessary reference to the condition of any one but the thinker. The condition of the thinker, if sound and healthy, will or may promote indirectly the good of others; but it is on his own good exclusively that his mind is to be fixed. It is, therefore, no exaggeration if we speak of Epicurus's teaching as reducing the life of man in theory to an absolute solitude, and as limiting the period of dreary exile strictly to the present life. On this point there is no room for doubt. Plato may use language which at one time upholds and at another discountenances the belief that man has more before him than some threescore years and ten; but Epicurus takes care to nip all such fancies in the bud. "Death," he says in the same letter, "is nothing to us, seeing that when we are, death is not yet; and when death comes, then we are not. It is nothing, then, either to the living or the dead, for it is not found with the living, and the dead exist no longer." It is only when we take this dogmatic denial of continued existence along with his fancies as to the existence of life-enjoying gods in some chinks and crevices of the universe, and his certainty as to the absence of any supreme controlling mind and will, that we appreciate fully the absolute atheism of the man. For the mystic there may be an attraction in even those aspects of the Buddhist Nirvana which approach most nearly to the common idea of annihilation; for Nirvana is at its worst (if the term may be used) a state which the soul has attained as the consummation of life-long effort, and in which it is absorbed into the infinite thought of the universe. But, according to Epicurus, there is no thought into which it may be absorbed, no mind to which it may return as a child to its parent.

It might have been well if Mr. Wallace had brought these two features of the Epicurean system more closely together, and thus have shown with greater clearness to how large an extent it was dependent for its growth and power on particular political and social circumstances. It might have been better also if he had made more prominent the plethora of assumptions in the Epicurean philosophy, which, when the attention is fixed exclusively upon them, may not only satiate, but disgust, the inquirer. The habit of assuming facts, and especially facts which are fundamental to the theory, belongs to all ancient and to not a few modern systems of thought; but, as compared with the practice of Socrates or of Plato, that of Epicurus is absolutely reckless, and in no other part of his system has he assumed a wilder licence of assumption than in his theory of atoms. This theory, Mr. Wallace urges, has had many hard things said of it. It has been styled, he says, "a conception which destroys the beauty and grandeur of the universe, which substitutes mere chance for a cosmical plan, and mechanism for organic life." These charges, he adds, are chiefly due to a misunderstanding. "They express what is largely a grievance of the sentiments and the higher emotions, and under-estimate the necessities of scientific explanation. All science in its abstract processes of investigation must take up a position at times antagonistic to the poetic and religious tendencies of our nature. The analyst must break up the unity into its ingredients, split the whole into its fractions." This is scarcely so clear as it should be. There is no repulsion in the minds of any who may fairly be called thinkers at all for the splitting up of a whole into fractions, however small, which are yet cognizable by some method of human observation. The infinitely little in the universe is as amazing as the infinitely great, and perhaps even more overwhelming. It is only when the smallest cognizable fragments are used as a basis for inferring the existence of fragments infinitely more minute, and lying confessedly beyond the reach of human ken, that some who do not care to submit to arbitrary dictation raise a protest against a method which seems to travel beyond the bounds of legitimate scientific process. There is nothing to frighten those who believe that the Cosmos is upheld by Mind in the many-shaped atoms of Epicurus, some catching others with their hooks and claws, others repelling them from their rounded and impenetrable sides, so long as these atoms can be scientifically made known to us. It is only when the philosopher bids us follow him across a border beyond which all scientific instruments known to man are wholly useless, that such thinkers demur to the demands made on their powers of belief or credulity; and their objection may take, and fairly take, the form of strong protest when this speculation has for its goal a conclusion which banishes the Creator from His universe altogether. The atoms of Epicurus may be left to their movements in the wide domain of the Cosmos until the modern analyst endows certain ultimate atoms among them, more dead and dull and impenetrable than the rest, with the promise and the potency of all life. The demand for an explanation of the source of this power or potency is perfectly legitimate; and not less legitimate in the absence of such explanation is the inference that the extension of an analytic process beyond the bounds of the known and the ponderable is not legitimate. Mr. Wallace's comments on the changes which the Epicurean theory of atoms has undergone in the hands of modern philosophers are excellent and

instructive. But he certainly falls into no sin of excess when he tells us that

The real advance of modern atomism, as seen in the speculations of Kant or of Bosovich, is in the substitution of forces for hard points. Matter is looked upon as constituted by centres of forces, in a complex set of relations, dependent one upon another and yet resisting each other's influence. The appearance of extension and solidity is pronounced to rest upon the reciprocal attractions and repulsions of their active centres. But, after all, when forces have been substituted for extended atoms, the ultimate difficulty still remains. Why are these forces so located, and these atoms so arranged in the world? And the only possible answer to this question, other than a re-assertion that such is the given fact, is to refer to an underlying power which divides its energies in their diverse seats of force.

When the modern analyst speaks of certain ultimate atoms as endowed with a potency of life, he is, in fact, referring to an underlying power, the difference between himself and Bosovich being that he asks us virtually to admit that the power which bestowed this potency has vanished away, while Bosovich holds that it is nothing less than the will of the ever-present God. But, like many other philosophers, Epicurus was far better than his system and his supposed beliefs; and of Epicurus as a teacher and a friend Mr. Wallace has given a picture as genial and attractive as it is vivid and true.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has written a very lively and interesting account of Rossini for the series of "Great Musicians" (1) published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. There is perhaps something too much current of this kind of biography; but we are not disposed to quarrel with the system so long as it leads to our getting such pleasant and interesting writing as Mr. Sutherland Edwards has given us in his "Rossini." The writer starts with a modest introduction, which to those who did not know how capable he was of dealing with his subject—of making his study at once sound and attractive—might give little hint of the pleasure and instruction which are to be got from his work. Mr. Sutherland Edwards is a musician, and a musician of a judiciously catholic taste. It is not his way to assume that because A. writes good, B. writes bad, music; and this is apparent in spite of his wise avoidance of controversial writing. His appreciation of Rossini is especially welcome at a time when one cannot but note the existence of a class of literary and artistic dabbles who think to show their "consummate" understanding of music by senseless sneers, expressed either in writing or conversation as chance may serve them, at what they are pleased to call the old-fashioned Italian school. Mr. Edwards's book is full of instruction for such as these, if they would but take it. He has, apart from his keen and unassuming critical remarks, given a capital sketch of the growth and final development of Rossini's character; and his volume is skilfully sprinkled with anecdote. We do not wish to pick out the plums of this kind, and therefore quote only one story. On a certain occasion Rossini was compelled by his contract to write music for a hopelessly absurd libretto. "The task he now set himself was to compose to his ridiculous libretto music more ridiculous even than the words. Tenor music was given to the bass, who, to execute it, had to shout at the top of his voice. The soprano, on the other hand, had been furnished with a contralto part, which made demands only upon the lowest notes of her voice. A singer of notorious incompetence was provided with a most difficult air, accompanied pianissimo, so that his faults might at least not be concealed. Another singer, whose burlesque appearance never failed to throw the house into convulsions, had to sing a sentimental melody of the most lackadaisical kind. The orchestration was quite as remarkable as the writing for the voices. One of Rossini's great merits consists in his having introduced new instruments into the operatic orchestra of his time; and in scoring *Il Figlio per Azzardo* he wrote parts for instruments of percussion never before and probably never afterwards employed. These were the tin shades of the candles with which the desks of the players were furnished, and which, in one movement, had to be struck at the beginning of each bar." The joke was apparently unperceived or tolerated for some time by the audience, but in the end Rossini had to make his escape from the theatre.

Of a widely different kind is the editor's first contribution to the series (2). Apparently Mr. Hueffer has not troubled himself to read Mr. Edwards's volume. He was of course safe in trusting to Mr. Edwards's knowledge and literary skill, but he should have read "Rossini" if only to save himself from the monstrous and utterly unfounded statement that "it requires, indeed, all the patience of an English audience to endure nowadays the performance of *Semiramide*, or any of Rossini's serious operas, except *Guillaume Tell*." It would not be too much to call this sentence absolutely unimportant nonsense, but for the reflection that the writer has the advantage of describing facts without being prejudiced in any direction by intimate knowledge of them. A judgment formed in this way has, no doubt, its own value, which readers may be left to estimate as they will. As to Herr Wagner Mr. Hueffer has

many commonplaces to utter, and he finds or makes an opportunity for descending through several pages upon the metaphysics of Schopenhauer. We now pass on to give a few specimens of Mr. Hueffer's style. "The Titan was again progressing in enormous strides towards Utopia." "Europe by this time had got tired of the pompous seriousness of French declamation. It lent but too willing an ear to the new gospel, and eagerly quaffed the intoxicating potion which Rossini poured forth." "The recitativo secco is treated by him (Rossini) with all the dryness which that ominous name implies, and the melodious structure, founded mostly on dance-like rhythms, verges often on the trivial. Only rarely does the swan of Pesaro rise with the dramatic power of the situation to a commensurable height of passionate impulse." If anything could set people against Herr Wagner, who at present admires him without thinking him the only possible composer, it would be such stuff as Mr. Hueffer has written. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hueffer will be as judicious in future cases with regard to non-interference as he has been in the case of Mr. Edwards; and it may be hoped at the same time that he will in future confine himself to purely editorial duties.

Mr. Copinger's work on the law of Copyright (3) has reached a second edition, in which it has received considerable additions and improvements. It is a diligent and useful treatise, though somewhat old-fashioned in style; Mr. Copinger quotes more or less hackneyed lines of Horace, for instance, on very slight provocation. The book establishes a certain claim to literary as well as legal interest by giving a sketch of the history of the subject in England prior to the statute of Anne which has been the groundwork of our modern legislation. The facts are clearly enough given; but the discussion—where discussion comes in—is not quite satisfactory; possibly because it is handled in a rather summary way, as a digression from the author's more practical objects. Mr. Copinger seems to us to argue a little too confidently from the monopoly and privileges of the Stationers' Company to the general existence of copyright at common law, which, if it existed at all, must have been perpetual. On the other hand, he is quite right in calling attention to the curious fluctuation of judicial opinion on the point. In the last century the weight of authority was certainly in favour of the common law right, on grounds not so much of legal authority as of policy and abstract justice; and on these grounds the question of principle is still much debated, and perpetuity of copyright is not without strenuous advocates. Almost every possible argument on either side may be found in the evidence taken before the recent Copyright Commission. We cannot say that Mr. Copinger throws much new light on the controversy. At the outset he seems to adopt the language of those who take the high view that copyright is property in the fullest sense, and ought to be as absolute as any other property. But in a later chapter he cites with approval the first Napoleon's objections to perpetuity, as recorded by the framers of the French codes. In dealing with the rule that courts of justice will recognize no copyright in libellous or immoral books, Mr. Copinger misses, we think, its real ground and criterion; it was equally misused, however, by Story, from whom he cites a more than usually nebulous paragraph. The true reason for protection being refused in these cases is not merely that the book is considered immoral or the like, but that the publication is, or is supposed to be, an actual offence punishable by the criminal law. Mr. Copinger cites (without reference, and we must say that he is not unfrequently loose in the matter of references) a recent Scottish case, in which it was decided that a certain book was not blasphemous for being Unitarian. If the account given is correct, the Sheriff-substitute overlooked the circumstance that Unitarianism is no longer proscribed by statute, the statute of William III. "for the more effectual suppressing of blasphemy and profaneness," having long since been repealed as regards persons denying the Trinity. The collection of foreign laws at the end of the book will be found convenient for reference, and the design of adding a chapter on the relations between authors and publishers is in itself a good one. The treatment of this topic, however, falls rather short of the mark of present practice. Nothing is said of the agreement on the footing of a fixed royalty on every copy sold, or on every copy beyond a certain number, which is rapidly superseding agreements involving an account of profits, such as the common "half-profits" form. The same observation applies to the collection of precedents for agreements with publishers which is given in the appendix. Most of these appear to be copies of actual agreements printed in reported cases, which, of course, is no security for their value as models. Indeed, the better a document of any kind is drawn, the less likely is it to come into court. And in fact these are with few exceptions clumsily drafted, redundant in trifles and obscure in essentials, and, on the whole, fitter for warning than for example. Several of the leading publishers now use printed forms adapted to the most usual types of agreement, and copies of these, one would think, might have been obtained with moderate trouble. In one precedent we find the obsolete verbiage "lawful money of Great Britain," which for many years has been without the shadow of excuse, and in a new book ought to have been struck out. We may add that any one who delights in curious specimens of the French of Stratford-at-Bow may find one in Mr. Copinger's Appendix E, being the form used at Stationers'

(1) *The Great Musicians*. Edited by Francis Hueffer. *Rossini and his School*. By H. Sutherland Edwards. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(2) *The Great Musicians*. Edited by F. Hueffer. *Wagner*. By the Editor. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(3) *The Law of Copyright in Works of Literature and Art, &c.* By Walter Arthur Copinger, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1881.

Hall for the registration of foreign works under the International Copyright Act.

There is a good old game of "Lights" at which everybody ought to have played. So if our readers have not done so, we will not help them to its laws. "Lights" have their great, because undeterminate, value in the long game of the world's progress, and in particular in the pursuit of technical arts and sciences. We may give emphasis to this postulate in reference to that historical development of European and Christian architecture which the Gothic school first placed upon its true basis, and with which the wooers of Anna Regina have in much later times so prettily toyed. Mr. Bernard Smith's dashing *Sketches Abroad* (4)—namely, in more precise language, in Germany and in Switzerland, but in no region of the Latin race—range from public buildings and churches in Nuremberg and Lübeck down to drinking-vessels and prickets in the Berlin Museum, and cast some decidedly sparkling lights upon the art which they are intended to benefit. The author has the humorous prudence to launch his bark upon the world without a word of explanatory letterpress beyond a short preface and a prominent table of contents. The bent of his mind, however, is sufficiently evident without the necessity of any explanatory label. Varied outline and aspiring skyline arrest his pencil, and in his collection such specimens of the Renaissance as he exhibits range themselves as caprices founded on mediæval precedent, and not as retrocessions to the simpler lines of classical architecture.

Mr. James Parker, who is confessedly author as well as publisher of this brochure, has reprinted in a portable form his articles upon *The Ornaments Rubric: its History and Meaning* (5), which originally appeared as a series of papers in the *Penny Post*. In these he has, with much logic, research, and acuteness, and, at the same time, in popular phraseology, discussed a question which ought to be (as it usually is not) handled, like any other problem of history, with a simple passionless intention of arriving at the truth. The absolute meaning of the Ornaments Rubric found in the Prayer Book of 1662 is one question. Its present legal value is another one. The moral and social desirableness of ornate ceremonial is a third and very distinct consideration, and the policy regarded under the lights of worldly wisdom, tact, and towardness of modern Ritualism and of its opponents is a fourth matter of legitimate debate. These are all different controversies, and yet they are all of them too frequently jumbled together. Mr. Parker's business is primarily with the first of them, although he deals with it in reference to the second; and we must confess that the conviction to which he induces us to lean is that, whether the chasuble be a wise or a foolish, a graceful or an unsightly, garment, it is, at all events, a legal one within the Reformed Church of England, so far as it may not have been repressed by the "superior force" of the Judicial Committee.

The Kasidah of Hâjî Abdû el Yezdi: a Lay of the Higher Law (6), is a fanciful attempt to evolve a new system of philosophy out of a heterogeneous mass of materials, consisting chiefly of scraps of learning picked out from translations of works in the various Oriental languages. It is written in somewhat prosy couplets, and is attributed to a native of Yezd, in Persia. It is a pity that the learned author should have committed an unpardonable solecism in the Oriental title, which he has ostentatiously printed in Arabic characters on the cover of his work and repeated on the title-page. We would call the Hâjî's attention to the fact that *Al Kasidah Hâjî Abdû* is not Persian, and is still less Arabic. But perhaps he has a language as well as a philosophy of his own.

Mr. Wace has written a "prefatory note" to his life of the Laureate (7). In this he writes that "care has been taken to exclude whatever would offend good taste." It is not improbable that many people will agree with us that, if the good intention thus expressed had been adequately carried out, there would have been nothing issued of Mr. Wace's book except the two covers.

We are perhaps somewhat surfeited with books which tell us what to do in order to be perfectly healthy; or, in other words, to avoid the inevitable (8). Books of this kind have appeared of late like the Three Bears—in big size, in middle size, and in little size. Mr. Corfield's belongs to the Little-Bear class, and has the merit of being thoroughly clear and thoroughly practical. It is hardly necessary to say that there is no one better qualified than Mr. Corfield to discourse on this subject. He is neither utopian nor pedantic. All that he has to say is well founded and worth attention, and when he feels it necessary to put his case strongly he does it with a moderation which is in pleasing contrast to the repellent dogmatism of some writers, who would like, or who affect that they would like, to see everybody living according to hard and fast rules. Mr. Corfield suggests rather than commands; and his suggestions are founded on practical experience and knowledge.

(4) *Sketches Abroad, made whilst Travelling Student of the Royal Academy, 1870.* By Bernard Smith. High Holborn: Batsford.

(5) *The Ornaments Rubric: its History and Meaning.* A Series of Papers contributed to the "Penny Post," rearranged. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1881.

(6) *The Kasidah of Hâjî Abdû el Yezdi: a Lay of the Higher Law.* London: Quaritch.

(7) *Alfred Tennyson; his Life and Works.* By Walter E. Wace. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

(8) *The London Science Class-Books.* Edited by G. C. Foster and Philip Magnus. *The Laws of Health.* By W. H. Corfield. London: Longman & Co.

For an instance of his skill and method we may refer readers to his paragraph on "Times for Meals," in p. 73 of a volume the size of which is in inverse proportion to its value.

Messrs. Bentley have issued an edition of *Ingoldsby Lyrics* (9), several of which make their appearance for the first time in print, and all of which will no doubt be gladly welcomed by the admirers of the "Legends."

Mr. Taylor's *First Principles of Euclid* (10) seems to us an excellent little work. The author's scholastic experience taught him the existence of certain serious difficulties in the way of beginners at Euclid. Euclid "constructed his work on a plan which is logically consistent, but altogether wanting in that gradation which is so essential to beginners. . . . The various editions of Euclid do not help the learner to apply any power of geometrical reasoning he may attain. True, they generally contain deductions to be worked out; but these are given at the end of Euclid's text, and need some intermediate exercises to give the pupil power over them." These difficulties Mr. Taylor has met and combated most successfully, and boys who are allowed to learn Euclid after Mr. Taylor's fashion will be a great deal better off than their predecessors.

Four thin volumes of unique interest have been issued by Mr. Batsford (11). Their nature will be best explained by a few brief quotations from the preface of Mr. Dickens, who has done his work admirably, both as introducer and translator. "In these hundred sketches," Mr. Dickens begins, "of Fujisan, the Master has sought to portray the Peerless Mountain, with the varying aspect and environment under which the grandest object of surrounding Nature was familiar to his fellow-dwellers in the capital of the Eastern Provinces. . . . Of the Master himself but little is known." Hickusai, who was born, it is supposed, in 1756, "was, undoubtedly, even according to a Western standard, a man of true genius. He belonged to the 'ukiyo-ye' (passing-world picture)—that is, realistic genre school, and founded a division or offshoot of it, known among the writers of his time as the Katsushika school." Mr. Dickens goes on to make some very interesting and valuable remarks on Japanese art in general. "The young student rarely, if ever, draws from nature; he merely copies from the flat until his hand attains the requisite flexuous dexterity, and he becomes thoroughly imbued with the traditions of his foregoers. He learns, indeed, to write rather than to draw his sketches." The method adopted prevents any effacement or retouching; if a slip is made, the whole thing has to be begun again. The art is based entirely upon conventionalism, but it is conventionalism "of a high and unforced type, sincerely natural, and devoid of all rigidity."

The reader who is already acquainted with Mr. Dickens's curious and interesting volumes will the more readily appreciate the rare beauty of the designs (12) which appear in Mr. Outler's work on Japanese Ornament and Design, an admirably got-up book, which is full of interest in every page, and of which we may have more to say upon a future occasion.

The admirable essay (13) which Mr. Comyns Carr wrote as an introduction to the Catalogue of the Old Masters' Exhibition held at the Grosvenor Gallery some time since, and with which many of our readers are doubtless familiar, is now republished separately in a handsome volume, with illustrations taken from the best examples in the Exhibition.

(9) *The Ingoldsby Lyrics.* By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. Edited by his Son. London: Bentley & Son.

(10) *First Principles of Euclid.* By T. S. Taylor. London: Relfe Brothers.

(11) *Fugaku Hissaku-Kei; or, a Hundred Views of Fuji (Fusi-yama) by Hokusai.* Introductory and Explanatory Preface, with Translations from the Japanese and descriptions of the Plates, by Fredk. V. Dickins. London: Batsford.

(12) *A Grammar of Japanese Ornament and Design.* By Thomas W. Cutler. London: Batsford.

(13) *Drawings by the Old Masters.* With an Introductory Essay by J. Comyns Carr. London: Remington.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SPEAKER'S NEWEST RULES.

THE issue of a supplementary code of restrictive rules by the SPEAKER has justly occasioned a feeling, not only of surprise, but of irritation, which will last long beyond the present period of "urgency." The House of Commons had already submitted to very considerable restrictions, not merely on its own liberty, but on the action necessary for safeguarding the public welfare. It submitted to these because a certain temporary pressure was intolerable, and on the faith of the advice of its responsible chiefs. If, however, these restrictions are to be constantly drawn tighter by new and ever-new strains, it will become—indeed, it has already become—a question whether the remedy is not worse than the disease. The latest innovation tended not merely to prevent lengthened debate on amendments in Committee, but to prevent the introduction of amendments at all. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE only did his duty as a leader of the Opposition in raising this objection, and the SPEAKER's official immunity aggravates the difficulty. It is obvious that, under the new rule, it is possible for suggestions of great value to be not merely rejected or insufficiently discussed, but to be refused a hearing altogether, for very much the same extinguisher as that which had been put on them in Committee can easily be reapplied on the report or on the motion for recommitment. This rule, it must be remembered, is an actual edict, and it can only be reversed by the SPEAKER's will or by the House freeing itself from its state of urgency altogether, as, thanks to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, it can do. This extreme course is not likely to be resorted to, but it must be a matter for very serious consideration with the Opposition and with independent supporters of the Government what course they will pursue, not only now and during the progress of the present Bill, but at a later period also. The discussion in Committee has indeed been unduly prolonged; but it is unfortunately the fact that much of this prolongation might have been avoided had the conduct of affairs in the Chair been surer and more decided. It was irresolution and want of leadership which necessitated the original *coup d'état*; want of leadership and irresolution are now requiring continual additions to the arbitrary powers granted after that *coup*. When it is remembered that not merely is the effect of some of the new rules most problematical, but that every encroachment of the kind weakens the chance of orderly and regular management, out of urgency, in the future, the situation becomes exceedingly grave. Upon the conduct of the Opposition in reference to this question there depends more than has for many years depended on the conduct of a minority.

IRELAND.

TIME will show whether a partial payment of rent, voluntarily or under compulsion, indicates any real change in the condition of Ireland. The tenants of the Duke of LEINSTER were some time ago encouraged or induced by the Land League to withhold payment of rent, except with an arbitrary deduction assessed by themselves. They have on reconsideration, and probably in anticipation of the collapse of the Land League, come to the conclusion that it is for their interest to satisfy the condition on which alone they have a right to their holdings. The delusion

that they could set law as well as honesty at defiance has probably been shaken by the introduction of the Protection Bill. In several other cases a similar result has been produced by causes which are in some degree still uncertain. It is still more satisfactory to find that through the exertions of an Association for the defence of property the law has been enforced against contumacious defaulters by the seizure and sale of their goods. It is possible that the landlords as well as the Government were unduly panic-stricken by the violence of the Land League agitation; but the danger of asserting legal rights has been perceptibly diminished since the beginning of the Parliamentary Session. It is only by comparison that the present state of Ireland can be regarded with even the faintest satisfaction. The recovery of debt by the process of distraint and sale has only been rendered possible by the presence of a large force of police, and by the exertions of a voluntary Association. The comparative lull of agrarian crime furnishes no argument against exceptional legislation. It is still impossible either to procure necessary evidence or to obtain honest verdicts from juries. If it is true that some of the most criminal agents of the Land League are already escaping to America, they would remain, or immediately return, if the Government were weak enough to withdraw the Protection Bill. The threats of the MILLONS and DAVITTS that the League will organize a general refusal of rent as soon as the Bill is passed are probably idle bluster; and, if the attempt is likely to be made, it will of itself abundantly justify measures of coercion. The conspirators are strangely inconsistent in their accounts of the character and nature of the Land League; for some Parliamentary purposes it is but the machinery of legal agitation, while at other times its malignant influence is exaggerated for purposes of intimidation.

The device of providing feminine substitutes for the absent managers of the League is not felicitous. Revolutionary jargon in the mouths of women degenerates into unbecoming but harmless prattle. It is not a little surprising that even unscrupulous demagogues should encourage the female members of their families to make themselves ridiculous. They are well assured of immunity from punishment, even if they should be tempted to indulge in seditious language; but the notorious fact that they expose themselves to no danger will render their harangues less exciting. For a few weeks the novelty of the performance may perhaps produce some additional contributions to the treasury of the League; but, on the whole, the collections are becoming less productive, and every tenant who pays his rent will be lost to the organization as a subscriber. The lady who first addressed a meeting of the League made liberal offers of assistance to claimants on the bounty of the League; but it would seem that the bulk of the funds is retained for some unknown purpose, and that it is in the meantime invested in foreign securities. Occupiers who have been persuaded by the demagogues to apply to their own purposes the money with which they ought to have paid their debts will scarcely be able to establish a claim to additional benefactions. They are indeed told that they have the best right to the money because it was contributed by themselves; but if the donors are also recipients of the bounty of the League, they might more conveniently have kept the money in their pockets. The labourers who have been deprived of employment by the deliberate action of the League have a much better claim to a share of its funds:

but the farmers have never been by the agitation of the League orators that they should provide work for the victims of agitation.

LORD GRANVILLE would perhaps have declined to answer an injudicious question as to the declaration of one of the Roman Catholic Bishops, if he had not thought himself bound in courtesy to read to the House of Lords a letter which he had received from the incriminated prelate. The gloss was less intelligible than the text; and neither document could properly attract the notice of Parliament. The authority of the law in no way depends on the sanction or disapproval of the POPE. It is for the interest or credit of the Church, and not as an ally of England, that the POPE has formally warned the Irish hierarchy against connivance with disorder and crime. It is not surprising that, at a time when the Church affects throughout the Continent to be the champion of law and established right, the chief representative of Catholicism should earnestly deprecate an alliance of any section of the priesthood with revolution. His counsels are wise; but they are not destined to prevail. LEO XIII. has already had experience in Belgium of the limits which an Ultramontane clergy imposes on canonical obedience. PITS IX was apparently obeyed by the most fanatical bishops and priests because he invariably supported their extreme pretensions. A statesman and man of the world finds that local Churches are capable of preferring their own passions or supposed interests to the commands of the POPE. The answer of the Irish prelates to the POPE's letter addressed to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of DUBLIN, is an undisguised warning that he must mind his own business. The common forms of submission and deference are scarcely intended to disguise their determination to throw in their lot with the seditious Land League. They of course declare that they have always deprecated crime, but they avow complete sympathy with the agitation from which the outrages proceed. MR. PARNELL's recent alliance with a notorious and inveterate enemy of the Catholic Church in France will not alienate his priestly supporters. They would probably prefer a devout demagogue of the type of O'CONNELL; but they cannot afford to offend the malcontent peasantry; and an improving landlord, such as MR. BENCE JONES, is much more obnoxious to them than a member of the Paris Commune. No further remonstrance which the POPE may think fit to issue will practically affect the conduct of the hierarchy.

The debate in Committee on the Protection Bill has almost ceased to command attention. The Irish members consume much time in discussing amendments which are for the most part inconsistent with the principle of the Bill; but of late they have conformed for the most part to the rules of the House. Perhaps they may consider it a triumph to have caused the SPEAKER to assume a power of peremptorily closing a debate. It was fortunate that under the new regulations they were not at liberty to declaim at length on the law which allows the Secretary of State to open letters sent by post. SIR W. HARCOURT rightly declined to give them any information as to his exercise or non-exercise of his powers. No Minister is likely in the present day to commit the gross error of SIR JAMES GRAHAM, who placed his authority at the disposal of a foreign Government. Before his time, the power was most largely used by Mr. Fox during the short tenure of office which preceded his death. It is, indeed, not impossible that some of his predecessors may have violated the secrecy of the Post Office without leaving their proceedings on record. The indignation of some English Radicals on the sudden discovery that a well-known law is still in force forms an odd illustration of the force of prejudice. Modern Liberalism almost always sides with the opponents of lawful authority, and insists that rulers shall bear the sword in vain. There is no reason why crime should be protected because it is committed by means of letters sent through the Post Office. The formalities which are required by law, including signature of a warrant by the Secretary of State, furnish abundant security against the risk of the indulgence by Government functionaries of officious curiosity. It is possible that SIR JAMES GRAHAM's successors may, like himself, misapply their constitutional powers; but it is necessary to repose confidence in public servants, and especially in those of the highest rank. Those who declaim against Protection Bills as exceptional and anomalous might be expected to acquiesce for the moment in the enforcement of ordinary law. It is perhaps improbable that any important mystery

will be disclosed through the examination of suspicious letters. Conspirators will be on their guard against a danger to which their attention has been directed. Many questions addressed to Ministers about the Post Office and other matters are evidently suggested by a wish to ascertain how much is known of the operations of the Land League. A wholesome alarm has been created by hints and fragmentary statements of the secret information in the hands of the Government.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BOERS.

IT is stated, apparently on sufficient authority, that the Cabinet at its last meeting took into consideration certain proposals which had been made by the leaders of the insurgent Boers to the Government through SIR G. COLLEY. The communication probably resulted from the letter which the President of the ORANGE FREE STATE lately addressed to MR. PRILIOUS and his colleagues. That some negotiations were in progress was announced or admitted by LORD KIMBERLEY, and LORD BEACONSFIELD justly described the transaction as suspicious or anomalous; but the Government, whether or not its policy is justifiable, incurs no additional blame through its refusal to communicate its proceedings to Parliament and to the world in general. An impression unfortunately prevails that, among the many virtues of which the Ministers and their friends constantly boast, a delicate and scrupulous regard for the national honour is not included. If their overtures are confined to a repetition of the proposals already made to the Government of the Orange Free State, there is reason to hope that the negotiation may prove abortive. It seems absurd to offer peace to victorious rebels on condition that they should desist from armed resistance. The Boers could have preserved the peace at their pleasure on the same terms; and they had been repeatedly assured that they might have representative institutions as soon as they recognized the authority of the English Crown. It is not improbable that the Government has now gone further. According to a credible report the Transvaal is promised local independence on condition of making peace. The phrase of local independence may not be the less acceptable because it is ambiguous. The Boers will not fail to consider with some reason that they have asserted their military superiority; and that the concessions of the English Government may be interpreted liberally because they will seem to have been extorted by defeat. Nothing is easier than for the population of a remote province to disregard the qualifying epithet, and to exercise complete political independence. The result need not have been greatly regretted if it had been effected by amicable means; but until the misfortunes of Laing's Nek and Ingogo have been retrieved the conclusion of peace would be a doubtful advantage.

The confusion which necessarily attends a combination of diplomacy with war will perhaps be avoided by the refusal of the Boers to negotiate. It is not to be supposed that the Government has conceded their full demands; and it has not yet proved its ability to impose harder terms. It is said that a good effect had been produced at the Cape by MR. GLADSTONE's declaration that the sovereignty of the Transvaal would not be renounced. It is generally expedient to discourage opponents and to inspire friends with confidence. A Government which announces its determination to succeed has rendered victory easier. On the other hand, a provisional surrender of disputed claims diminishes the value of the stake for which the belligerents are contending. If local independence has been offered, it will be difficult even after a successful war to re-establish Imperial authority. The Boers may argue with some show of justice that, if such an arrangement was admissible in negotiation, it ought for the general benefit to be confirmed. The supposed offer implies an abandonment of the ground which has been taken by the apologists of the Government, if not by itself. Local independence would, as in the Southern States of the American Union before the civil war, include an absolute control by the Boers of their domestic institutions. It is true that SIR WILFRID LAWSON is in no danger of losing the 10% which he has offered for a proof that the English Government has since the annexation interfered with slavery in the Transvaal. Its representatives have been so anxious to conciliate the Boers

that they have perhaps winked at social abuses; yet the natives are well aware that the English authorities are their natural protectors; and under the new Government it would have been impossible for adventurers to make private war on native tribes for the purpose of taking children as captives. Any grant of local independence which failed to provide for the safety of the English minority in the Transvaal would be utterly unjustifiable; yet the dominant party would almost certainly use irresponsible power for purposes of persecution. A German writer, well acquainted with South Africa, has undertaken the defence of the annexation and of the refusal of the English Government to restore independence. He has perhaps laid too much stress on aversion to slavery as a motive which is supposed to have determined the policy of the English Government; but it is not a little remarkable that the Society for the Protection of Natives urges the Government to prosecute the war.

Conjectures as to the results of military movements are always unprofitable; but it is comparatively easy to form a judgment of the inferences which are to be drawn from past events. It would seem that both the serious misadventures which have occurred might have been avoided if Sir G. COLLEY could have disposed of a larger force. At Laing's Nek he had no reserve to support his first attack; and in the unfortunate attempt to escort the convoy from Newcastle to the camp, he was compelled to sustain a fire to which he could not effectually reply. As might be expected, the insurgents are from their want of artillery powerless against a defensive position. The garrisons in different parts of the Transvaal are secure, as long as they are supplied with provisions. In some instances they attacked the enemy's posts at some distance from their own fortifications, not without success. Sir G. COLLEY appears not to have been molested since his repulse at Ingogo. It is not yet certain that his communications are completely reopened; but the successful advance of Sir EVELYN WOOD to Newcastle will relieve the camp from blockade. It is difficult to understand the state of circumstances in which a commanding officer, surrounded or blockaded, and concerned only to maintain his position till reinforcements arrive, can be at the same time engaged, with the sanction of his Government, in a negotiation for peace. It has lately been observed that Sir G. COLLEY has the advantage of political experience. Military prudence is a still more valuable accomplishment. Soldiers have often been skilful diplomatists; but the Romans proffered leaders who confined themselves in the field to their special business:

Non caponantes bellum, sed belligerantes.

It would of course be unjust to blame Sir G. COLLEY for transmitting to the Government at home any proposals which the enemy may make, or for executing the orders which he may receive in answer. The most effective mode of securing a just and reasonable peace would be a successful passage of the defile at Laing's Nek after the junction with Sir EVELYN WOOD, which has probably been by this time effected.

One of the two sects into which the philanthropists are at present oddly divided will probably admire the curious document composed by the Boer leaders soon after the outbreak of the war. Their sentimental sympathy with the English soldiers who have fallen, "victims of "tyranny and cruelty," may be passed over without notice. The material part of the narrative is the statement that Sir OWEN LANYON is responsible for the first resort to force. Any uninformed reader would suppose that the English ADMINISTRATOR is accused of having ordered the troops to fire on the Boers before they had assumed the character of insurgents; but the authors of the paper proceed to explain their meaning by recounting the attack of the Boers on the detachment of the 94th Regiment. They could not, as they allege, allow the English garrison to be largely reinforced, and they were consequently compelled to require the commanding officer to halt or retire. On his refusal, his men were killed or taken prisoners by the gentle and harmless sufferers who now complain of having been driven into revolt. As the collision had become inevitable, it matters little whether the first blow was struck in vindication of the law or as an act of deliberate rebellion; but the transparent sophistry which the insurgents think it worth while to employ suggests a doubt whether they believe their cause to be absolutely just. It cannot at present be known whether their offers of negotiation imply a genuine desire for a settlement.

They can scarcely hope that the most pliable of Governments will concede to force the terms which were formally refused immediately before the beginning of the revolt; but they will naturally interpret the language of the Ministers in Parliament as an encouragement of all but their extreme pretensions. The leaders may perhaps apprehend the collapse of resistance if the English troops, on a second attempt, force their way into the open country beyond the passes. Mr. BRAND is apparently determined to the best of his power to maintain strict neutrality; and, if he should be overruled by the Volksraad, the Boers of the Transvaal might perhaps not derive unmixed advantage from an alliance which would entitle the English generals to use at their discretion the territory of the Free State.

SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS ON THE ARMY.

IT is not often that the much-abused and religiously observed practice of after-dinner oratory produces such a speech as that which General Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS delivered the other night at the Mansion House. The usual tendency of a popular favourite upon whom it rains gold boxes is to express the most effusive gratitude and to praise everything and everybody. General ROBERTS's gratitude was no doubt great, but perhaps he could not have better expressed it than by the speech, disquieting as it was in some respects, which he made. That speech was neither more nor less than a most spirited attack on the whole system which at present governs the British army. Short service and the shifting of men from regiment to regiment are the JACHIN and the BOAZ of that system, and it is these two pillars which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS has set himself to pull down. Considering that his speech was delivered before an audience which included the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF and the SECRETARY for WAR, such an utterance from a general in Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's position was in the highest degree remarkable. It is true that the former of these authorities in a way led up to the speech of the guest of the evening. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE's pointed reference to "seasoned troops—seasoned troops, gentlemen"—gave, in a way, the text upon which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS proceeded to preach such a remarkable sermon.

The speech was perhaps all the more effective because it contained very little rhetoric and a great deal of solid fact. What Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS said, put briefly, amounts to this—that what he did at the Peiwar, at Charasiab, and at Candahar, will be, if we go on as we are going on now, impossible to repeat a very few years hence. The regiments with which, if he did not exactly win Plassey and Assaye, he went everywhere that he had to go, and did everything that he had to do, were almost entirely regiments of long-service men. In the 92nd the sergeants averaged fifteen years' service, the corporals eleven, and the privates nine. These men, and others like them, Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS found equal to any work that he could put upon them. The regiments recently arrived from England, and exhibiting the full results of the short-service system, were, if not exactly good for nothing, at any rate rather a burden than an assistance; and the GENERAL says flatly that, if he had had to attack the Peiwar Kotul with only such troops as were some of those supplied to him, he should have been annihilated. His estimate is that it takes three years in India to make the raw recruits we send out there fit for duty—that is to say, that fifteen battalions of infantry out of one garrison of India are fit even for garrison duty in time of peace only. Even the seasoned troops which, luckily for England, were available in the Afghan war could not have been kept without a violation of the existing regulations. When the war broke out a second time the 92nd had one hundred and fifty time-expired men. They offered to re-enlist if they were allowed to remain in their own corps without being transferred to other regiments, and the authorities winking at this infraction of the regulations, a body of men who would have been cheaply bought in exchange for a whole regiment of youngsters were saved to the service. The 92nd has now gone to the Transvaal to be stalked by the Boer rifles, and every man we lose of it will be, under present arrangements, simply irreplaceable. Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS naturally did not draw this unpleasant moral; but the facts which he mentioned exhibit in the strongest possible light the two points of which he wished to bring out

the importance—namely, long service and the necessity of attaching men to their corps in order to obtain long service. It is not surprising that the out-and-out upholders of short service should have been aghast at the speech. They try to point out that there was a Zulu as well as an Afghan war, and that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY spoke as well of his recruits as Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS of his veterans. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, it might have been remembered, saw but little of the Zulu war, and those who did see it have for the most part had a very different tale to tell. We should have thought that the very wisest thing short-service fanatics could do would be not to mention the Zulu war at all, for in that war all the defects of their favourite system were brought out most glaringly. Scarcely, inability to resist climate and exertion, discontent with the ordinary hardships of war, want of cohesion of regiments, want of discipline, want of dash, are things which, whether on the whole justly or not, have certainly been charged against the raw and miscellaneous drafts sent to fight the Zulus. There has not been a whisper of such things as regards the seasoned veterans who luckily were still at hand to fight the Afghans.

Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's words are made more weighty by his full recognition of the merit which, along with its defects, short service has—that of providing, without exorbitant expense, a considerable force for home defence. It is true that the Reserve has woefully failed to answer the expectations formed of it, but it exists. What Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS advocates is a combination of short and long service—short for the home army, long for the troops appointed to the trying task of garrisoning our scattered possessions, and fighting our endless little wars. The proposal may not be an absolutely new one, but it has not before been put with so much force or by so well qualified a proposer. There would be difficulties in it, no doubt; there are difficulties in everything. But it is not difficult to see that, besides obviating the special dangers of which General ROBERTS complains, and of which the Zulu war gave such an unpleasant foretaste, the plan, could it be carried into operation, would have many other advantages. The home army term of service might be still further shortened, say to five years, or even three, which would be ample for the special purpose. If the present senseless social disqualifications on private soldiers were done away with, a passage through the army might at length become what it has been the despairing hope of successive army reformers to make it—a not unpopular interlude in the life of the working classes. There would always be plenty of men who would in this time of service contract a sufficient love of the profession to volunteer for the foreign army, in which, of course, long service would be obligatory. Nor, we suppose, would Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS object to the foreign service regiments taking their turn now and then at home. Indeed, as he himself said, the change would practically amount to the institution of a kind of perpetually embodied militia at home, with a somewhat diminished, but thoroughly seasoned, regular army abroad. Perhaps not the least merit of the plan is that the greatest curse of the short-service system, the impossibility of finding non-commissioned officers fit for their work, and of sufficient age and authority, would at once cease. The foreign army would be able to supply the home forces with any number of such men. Indeed the scheme, at least on paper, has few, if any, features which are not attractive. Of course it is difficult, or rather impossible, to tell how it would work in a country where demands upon the army are so trying, and social and political conditions so unfavourable to recruiting, as in Great Britain. Short service, with the condition of Ireland and the intentions of Russia, may be said to be the three points on which—between partisans—argument is hopeless. Those who quote the Zulu war as an instance of the value of young soldiers may, for aught we know, believe that the Reserve is an entire success, and that the quality of the non-commissioned officers throughout the army leaves at the present moment absolutely nothing to be desired. Even they, however, must be staggered when the most successful English General of recent years, a General who has won his laurels, not by entering upon other men's labours at a lucky moment, nor by the employment of relatively overpowering forces, but by carefully trying the quality of his troops, and then putting that quality to the final proof with a mixture of coolness and daring, tells them

plainly that their favourite plan means “failure, disaster, and disgrace.” That is the deliberate opinion of Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS, who can be as little suspected of croaking as any man alive. For it does his own reputation no good to point out how superior was the material he had at his command to that which was at the disposal of other generals; and the opinions he has expressed, despite the faltering approval which Mr. CHILDERS managed to give to some of them, are by no means likely to make his fortune with the present governors of England or with Englishmen generally. For England, like other masters, prefers cooks who promise to do wonders without *beaucoup d'argent*. In the literal sense, General ROBERTS's proposed arrangement of the army would probably be no more expensive than the present, perhaps less expensive. But his demand amounts to a statement that bricks cannot be made without straw, and this is always irritating to some persons. It is difficult, however, to see how any one can get over his arguments; impossible to see how any one can deny the significance of his facts and figures. The report of Lord AIREY's Committee and Mr. CHILDERS's detailed statement of his proposed alterations must be seen before we can say how far the dangers which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS fears are likely to be obviated by either.

THE EASTERN NEGOTIATION.

THE most hopeful circumstance connected with the Eastern negotiation is the assumption by Germany of the leading part. No other Government at present exercises so great an influence at Constantinople; and it is not impossible that Prince BISMARCK may have already ascertained the extent of the concessions to which Turkey may be prepared to submit. It may be added that he is unlikely to have exposed himself to the risk of probable failure. Except as far as Austrian interests may be affected, the German Government is but remotely concerned in the controversy between Greece and Turkey. Although a war might perhaps eventually reopen the whole Eastern question, none of the Great Powers would in the first instance intervene. Only two or three weeks ago Prince BISMARCK, with full knowledge of the risks of local collision, publicly declared that there was no probability of any war in which Germany would be engaged. His wishes are believed to be on the side of Greece; but he at the same time desires to avert or postpone the disruption of the Turkish Empire. Some minute political observers have discerned a covert encouragement to Greece in the publication by a Berlin journal of the returns of the scanty number of Turkish troops now occupying Thessaly and Epirus; but even semi-official papers are allowed a certain latitude in collecting and circulating information. Count HATZFELD will not fail to remind the Turkish Ministers of the possible insufficiency of their forces; but his colleagues at Athens will be instructed to rely on other facts and arguments. It is understood that Mr. GOSCHEN failed both at Berlin and Vienna to elicit any concurrence in the English proposal that, in default of a satisfactory diplomatic settlement, the Powers should revert to the decision of the Berlin Conference. The point is for the moment of secondary importance, because several of the Powers decline to enforce any decision on the litigants. Some dealers in political mystery maintain that Prince BISMARCK is only ostensibly recommending peace, while he has secretly arranged with Russia and Austria the partition of the Turkish Empire. Of such speculations it can only be said that they are not demonstrably erroneous. Political surprises would lose their distinguished character if they could be discerned beforehand.

The position of the English Government is consistent and intelligible. Disappointed in their hope that the Great Powers would agree in coercing the Porte, Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE have acquiesced in the expediency of negotiation which involves the possibility of compromise. They reserve to themselves the right of falling back on the decision of the Berlin Conference, not now as a peremptory demand to be made on Turkey, but as the basis of a future arrangement. If hereafter all the Powers by any chance revert to the opinion that the Berlin award conferred on Greece an irrefragable title, England will have had the credit of maintaining from first to last one uniform contention. The official policy of France is less favourable to Greece than that of any other

Government; but a doubt still exists as to the true centre of French political power. The organs of M. GAMBETTA in the press constantly repeat their attacks on M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE for having, as his critics assert, abdicated the French protectorate or advocacy of Greek interests in the East. The certainty that the charges against the Minister are not disapproved by M. GAMBETTA is combined with a well-founded belief that he will exert himself to give effect to his own opinions. It is true that the Chamber unanimously sanctioned M. ST.-HILAIRE's policy; but the leaders of the majority had perhaps not then received their final instructions. Jealousy of the initiative, now by common consent assigned to Germany, may perhaps have increased M. GAMBETTA's irritation. The exponents of his policy fail to explain how it would have been possible to apply coercion to Turkey without the concurrence or consent of Germany or Austria. For the present the antagonism between the Minister and the chief of the Republican party tends to diminish the diplomatic influence of France.

The Greek Government has not modified its warlike tone; but it will certainly not precipitate a conflict as long as the negotiations at Constantinople continue. The failure of the final attempt at a settlement would immediately be followed by a declaration of war. If, on the other hand, the Powers effect an arrangement with the Porte, it will still be open to Greece to reject the terms, at the risk of forfeiting all claim to the aid and even to the good will of Europe. The Greeks believe that in case of a rupture they can despatch 60,000 or 70,000 men to the seat of war, where they hope to be welcomed and assisted by a friendly population. There is no doubt that their countrymen in Thessaly and in part of Epirus will rejoice in the opportunity of shaking off the Turkish yoke. The possible relations of the more warlike Albanians to the Greeks are but imperfectly understood. It is not even known whether the League, which partially resists the authority of the Porte, extends to Janina and the neighbouring district. The inhabitants would be troublesome subjects of the Greek Crown if they are either well affected to the SULTAN or prepared to assert their independence. The report that the Albanian League has offered on certain conditions to bring twenty thousand men to assist the SULTAN against the Greeks is not in itself improbable. Some of the malcontent tribes are Catholics, and therefore probably more hostile to Orthodox Greeks than to Mahometans. All speculations of this kind are uncertain as long as the facts of the case are not fully known. It is possible that Greek agents may have formed an understanding with the Albanians which would be extremely dangerous to Turkey. If the inhabitants of Janina and the neighbourhood approve of the proposed transfer, it may be confidently assumed that the Greek Government will pertinaciously insist on its entire claims. The question whether the demand for a cession of territory had sufficient moral justification may be dismissed as irrelevant or obsolete. No petty State eager for aggrandizement would doubt the validity of a title which had been formally recognized by all the Great Powers of Europe. It is satisfactory to learn that the audacious denial of Turkish rights which was attributed to Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS has been officially repudiated as spurious.

The SULTAN is said to be more peaceably inclined than at any former time. His treasury is empty, and his army is consequently but ill provided for an immediate campaign. His Government may perhaps also have received information of intended movements in other parts of its dominions or in neighbouring States. The numerous Greek community in Roumania is agitating in favour of the national claims; and probably the enemies of Turkey in Bulgaria and Servia are not idle. There are also symptoms of disturbance in a quarter which has of late attracted little attention. It is admitted that the Greek part of the Cretan population has no longer any practical grievances to complain of; and, indeed, the Mahometan minority has greater reason to fear oppression. Some late conflicts with the authorities may probably be attributed to sympathy with the Greeks of the kingdom; and, in the event of war, it is not improbable that an insurrection would take place for the attainment of independence, with an ulterior view to annexation. At a greater distance from Constantinople the turbulence of the Kurdish chiefs is not unlikely to involve the Turkish Government in a war with Persia. To reserve any part of the territory

which the European Powers supposed themselves a few months ago to have awarded to Greece would be a not inconsiderable triumph to Turkish diplomacy.

Whatever may be the state of feeling at Athens, the friends of Greece in England have lately become moderate in their demands. It is admitted that Janina and Metzovo may be left to Turkey on condition that the rest of the territory in dispute is unconditionally surrendered. If such an arrangement is effected, the obstinacy of the Porte will have been so far justified; but the experiment has been hazardous, and it will not bear repeating. The Sibyl has for once deviated from her traditional character by consenting to abate her terms. If the bargain is now rejected the next offer may be far less moderate. Although the Ambassadors have not been instructed to use identical language, they will all recommend the same policy by arguments which are only not threats because they are indications of danger which already exists. Germany, Austria, and probably France, will warn the Porte that the effort which they make to save the Empire from destruction will almost necessarily be the last. Italy is prepared to act in concert with England, which has not yet acknowledged the invalidity of the decree of the Conference. Finally Russia has, perhaps only for the purpose of diplomatic pressure, directed the Bulgarian Government to take the opportunity of demanding redress for supposed grievances. It would be rash to assume that the Turkish Government will yield to reason, even when it approaches to demonstration; but, according to some accounts, the SULTAN is thoroughly frightened. If the Powers induce the Porte to accept a reasonable arrangement, there will probably be but little difficulty in procuring the adhesion of Greece. As one of M. GAMBETTA's organs suggests, a territorial compromise will not be final; but the acceptance by Greece of a frontier recommended by the Great Powers would postpone a collision with Turkey for several years. By the end of that term circumstances will have changed, and some existing arrangements will have become obsolete.

OBSTRUCTION IN THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

PUBLIC attention has had such severe demands made on it by the defeat of obstruction in the House of Commons, that there has been none to spare for the parallel events which have been going on in the London School Board. Apparently, however, the modest red-brick building which adorns the centre of the Thames Embankment has been an arena for passions not less furious than those which have raged in the palace of Westminster. The School Board has had its PARNELL in Miss HELEN TAYLOR, and more than its BIGGAR in Mr. BONNEWELL. The history of obstruction down to the moment when the CHAIRMAN declared that, unless he were armed with additional powers, he could not carry on the business of the Board, has escaped us. But the action of the obstructives in opposing the rules designed to limit their opportunities of preventing the Board from doing business gives an idea of their action in provoking these rules. When the Board spends seven hours in debating regulations so entirely reasonable as those proposed by Mr. BUXTON, it is clear that the minority have lost all sense of the end for which discussion exists. Mr. BONNEWELL's instinct is apparently to oppose anything that is proposed for the Board's acceptance except by one of the small minority of which he himself is the glory, and we should be inclined to say that his instinct is his sole guide. He began his resistance to the proposed rules by contending that he was a law to himself. He had looked through the Act of Parliament, and "had been unable to find any authority which could fetter him in what he chose to say, so long as he conducted himself as one gentleman should conduct himself in presence of another." As it is certain that there is no Act of Parliament prescribing how Mr. BONNEWELL should conduct himself in presence of a gentleman, this is tantamount to a claim to be above the statute law; and if, as we are inclined to think, the common law does not contemplate the situation, this is again tantamount to a claim to be above all law whatsoever.

It is quite in unison with this theory of his position that he did not object to the resolutions being put on the paper, or even seemingly to their being passed.

At the very outset of the debate his imagination treated the end as come and the rules as adopted. "How," he asked darkly, "were they going to be put in force? Was it to be supposed for a moment"—mark the Miltonic grandeur of this inquiry—"that he should submit to them and not continue to speak? They could not chuck him out of the room." The idea of any one attempting to go this length seems to have overpowered the CHAIRMAN; for, instead of answering Mr. BONNEWELL's question, he feebly implored him to change the subject. The Board, he said, was not discussing its powers in relation to the "chucking out" of Mr. BONNEWELL, but the conditions "under which motions could be rescinded." To a man of Mr. BONNEWELL's mental and bodily vigour, it really did not matter what the question was. He was equally willing to take objections to the contents of the resolutions, or to the opportuneness of their introduction, or to anything else that presented itself to be objected to. He continued to talk, says the report of the meeting, "with the manifest intention of making time"—making time being perhaps a pleasant way which the Board has of describing the process of losing it. By and by, after many divisions, the first rule, forbidding the introduction of motions to rescind any resolution passed within the last six months, unless nine names besides that of the mover are attached to the notice, was carried by 25 votes to 13. It seems probable, therefore, that there may be thirteen members of the School Board who admire Mr. BONNEWELL's peculiar and persistent eloquence. The only explanation that we can suggest for this singular taste is that these thirteen members think education a dull subject, and find more amusement in the scenes of which Mr. BONNEWELL's speeches are the occasion. In that case it is in their power to make the new rule of no practical account. Mr. BONNEWELL, immediately upon the passing of the rule, gave notice of a motion to rescind it, and since the adhesion of nine members makes it incumbent on the CHAIRMAN to receive the motion, the thirteen have only to act together to secure a continuance of their favourite intellectual luxury.

The second rule, regulating motions for the adjournment of the Board, met with less opposition. Mr. BONNEWELL seemingly only making one long speech in support of the previous question. But on the third, which limits the right to move the adjournment of the debate, Miss HELEN TAYLOR rose to protest against the unequal measure dealt out—whether by nature, fortune, or the CHAIRMAN does not appear—to the two sections of the Board. Upon this the CHAIRMAN asked Miss TAYLOR to withdraw "such imputations," and Miss TAYLOR bluntly, but adroitly, replied, "If they are out of order, I do; if not, I don't." It is clear that the CHAIRMAN was not quite sure whether they were in order or not, for he began a sentence which, though destined never to be finished, seems to have been meant to lead up to a motion that Miss TAYLOR's words be taken down. What the CHAIRMAN would have done with the precious record, had he obtained it, it is impossible to say, for Mr. LYULPH STANLEY interposed with an expression of his conviction that the Board would receive Miss TAYLOR's remark "with silent contempt." A little later in the day Mr. STANLEY got involved in an altercation with another lady, so that altogether it is borne in upon us that the principal result of the admission of women to the Board is that men behave to them with no more restraint than they behave to one another. Whether they have done any service to the cause of education which can be set against this evident deterioration of manners we will not presume to say. Miss TAYLOR, it must be admitted, has a somewhat irritating way of saying things. Probably the CHAIRMAN felt this when, upon calling her to order upon some point, he received for answer, "You are not the Speaker of the House of Commons, sir." Suppressed rage seldom makes a man epigrammatic; but the CHAIRMAN got fairly enough out of the situation with the reply: "It is true that I am not the Speaker of the House of Commons, but I am Chairman of this Board, and I don't profess to be more."

While the fourth rule—giving the CHAIRMAN power to silence a member obstructing business or disregarding the authority of the Chair—was under discussion, the third rule was called into action. Mr. BONNEWELL seconded a motion for adjourning the debate, and after his wont went on to make a speech. On being warned that under the new rule he had no right to do this, he raised an objection which recalls the objection taken by the Old Catholics to the promulgation

of the Vatican decree. The resolution, he contended, "could not be put in force until the minutes recording it had been signed." A division was then taken amidst what, to the minority, must have been a scene of delightful confusion, Mr. BONNEWELL continuing to protest, "in high tones," that he would not be bound by any one of the resolutions passed that day; Miss TAYLOR "also rising," doubtless to express her concurrence with Mr. BONNEWELL; and the Clerk taking the division as well as he could "amidst the utmost confusion." Finally, after seven hours of this delightful occupation, the Board adjourned with the equally delightful prospect before them of seeing Mr. BONNEWELL return to the charge a week later.

SPAIN.

WHEN a Ministry long established in office suddenly falls, rumour is sure to be busy in disclosing the secret reasons of its loss of power. All accounts concur in attributing the resignation of the Ministry of Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO to the personal intervention of the KING. The Ministry proposed to the KING an elaborate scheme for funding at a lower interest the special debt which has been created in late years to meet the deficiencies of the budget. Every Spanish financier is agreed that when the general credit is improved, that debt must be dealt with. The creditors who hold this special debt have made a large profit by taking it, and the Bank of Spain especially has worked the machinery of recent loans with a cleverness which is reflected in the largely increased price of its shares. But to pay off a debt which has special securities is never an easy operation, and provisions of some intricacy had to be framed so as to get money gradually and on the most favourable terms, and to apply it wisely in the relief of the nation from charges unnecessarily high. It was calculated that eighteen months must elapse before the operation could be completed. It seems to have been urged by the KING on the Ministers, or by the Ministers on the KING, that a change of Ministry while the operation was still in progress would greatly discourage its progress, and that, therefore, to sanction the beginning of the operation was to accept the position of the Ministry as unassailable for a year and a half. This the KING would not consent to. He declined to be bound for so long a time, and on his declining the Ministry resigned. Señor SAGASTA, the chief of the dynastic Liberals, was asked, in conjunction with Marshal MARTINEZ CAMPOS, to form a new Ministry, and he undertook the task. The new Ministers presented themselves to the Cortes; and informed their hearers in a general way that they held to the opinions they had professed in opposition, but that they must have a little leisure to see what practical shape they would give to their convictions. The Cortes was adjourned indefinitely, and will be dissolved in the summer. New elections will be held in the autumn, and then the Ministers hope to have a Cortes that will support them, and Parliamentary government will be resumed. Meanwhile, Spain will go on without Parliamentary government. Such is the curious way in which a constitutional system is worked in Spain. It is calculated that any Ministry can manage Parliamentary elections so as to secure a majority, if only it has time enough allowed it for the process. The new Ministry wants from now to the autumn to prepare everything for a successful electioneering campaign, and it has got the time it needs. The KING makes the Ministry, and the Ministry makes the Parliament, while the KING has in his turn from time to time to make such a Ministry as will, in his opinion, best secure him against a revolution which would sweep him away and place the power of making Ministries in other hands.

For reasons, therefore, which must have seemed to him peculiarly weighty, the KING determined to separate himself from the statesman who has been his counsellor and stay since he came to the throne. It is now just six years since the KING landed to take possession of his inheritance, and, with one or two short breaks, Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO has been for these six years, not only at the head of affairs, but the KING's friend and guide. His first efforts were directed to bring about a coalition between the Conservatives and Liberals; but he found that the personal or party divergencies that separated them were too great, and, in order to detach the Church from the Carlists, he

placed himself on the side of the Conservatives, and sent Señor ZORRILLA, the leader of the Radicals, into exile. But he had pledged himself, or had allowed it to seem that he had pledged himself, more deeply to the Clerical party than on further reflection he considered wise. It was assumed that he had undertaken that the Concordat of 1851 should again be put in force, whereas, on a further consideration of what was permanently possible, he came to the conclusion that something like toleration of rival creeds must be at least nominally established. He went out of office, while his colleagues, who were more free to act, made it clear to the ecclesiastical authorities that in this respect the son of ISABELLA could not be so far separated from modern ideas as his mother had been. He then resumed office. In the February of 1876 he had the satisfaction of seeing the Carlist war brought to a close; but during the greater part of that year he had to sustain a fierce combat with the Clerical party, who anathematized him as if he had been the worst of Radicals, simply because he insisted, and successfully insisted, on the Cortes placing the toleration of heretical creeds in the new Constitution. The QUEEN-MOTHER backed up her old ecclesiastical friends, and came to Spain partly in their interest, and partly to get payment of a sum of money which she said was due to her. She met with a very cold reception from the public; and the KING, under the guidance of his Prime Minister, made it plain that, however dutiful a son, he would in the last resort think for himself. General MARTINEZ CAMPOS was sent to Cuba to put down the insurrection, which had given much trouble to Spain, and threatened to give more, as the Government of the United States had intimated that it could not regard with indifference the further continuance of an unsettled state of things. At last the home Government was successful, and by the beginning of 1878 the rebellion was altogether suppressed. About the same time the KING was married to the daughter of the Duke of MONTPENSIER, and if he did not do anything more to promote the marriage, Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO announced to the Cortes that he regarded it with great satisfaction as binding together the two branches of the BOURBON family. The early death of the QUEEN, and the attempt on the KING's life by MONCASI, only increased the general sentiments of loyalty; and two years ago the Prime Minister might congratulate himself on having seen the Carlists and the Cuban insurgents suppressed, on having resisted the extreme demands of the Clericals, and yet established in office the party in alliance with the Clericals, and of having seated a popular KING firmly on the throne. But at the end of February 1879 General MARTINEZ CAMPOS suddenly appeared on the scene, having left Cuba without any authorization from the Ministry, but not impossibly on the secret invitation of the KING. He no sooner reached Madrid than Señor CANOVAS resigned, and the newcomer was appointed to succeed him. On this occasion, however, the elections for the new Cortes were held almost immediately. Sufficient time for manipulation had not been taken, and the result was that the CAMPOS Ministry was dependent on the support of Señor CANOVAS for its existence. Before the end of the year, accordingly, a new crisis brought Señor CANOVAS once more into power; but he began his new Ministry with an open quarrel with the Opposition, who said that he had insulted them, and walked out of the House.

Since then Señor CANOVAS has been supported by a staunch majority, but the Opposition has increased in strength, which shows itself in repeated and determined attacks, and there have been signs of a growing feeling for Liberalism in the country. The simplest and most probable explanation of the step now taken by the KING is to be found in the study of the career of Señor CANOVAS and in the situation created by the fall of the CAMPOS Ministry. Señor CANOVAS has served the KING faithfully, and has shown great tact and much firmness, but he has been in office long enough to permit the growth of a serious Opposition. This Opposition consists of the dynastic Liberals of the generals as they are called, who may or may not have the army behind them, and of democratic outsiders, with whom dynastic Liberals and the generals are in a state of fitful alliance. Since the change of Ministry democratic banquets have been held not only at Barcelona, which is always democratic, but at Burgos, which has been hitherto regarded as a centre of Conservatism. It is said that Señor ZORRILLA is to be recalled from his exile in Paris, and

if his influence at the coming election is thought worth purchasing, he may not improbably have a place found for him in the Ministry. It may have seemed to the KING that he had to choose between letting this Liberal Opposition take its turn in the conduct of affairs under him and facing a revolution. To have bound himself to keep his late Ministers in office for eighteen months more would have seemed as if he himself had determined to stand or fall with the Conservative party. If the Liberals have as much time as they want for managing the elections, and have ample opportunity for showing what they can do in the practical management of affairs, they will at least feel that the KING has treated them fairly, and that they have as good a chance of power under him as they could have if they overthrew him. Foreign politics may have had something to do with the change of Ministry. The disinclination of the country to throw in its lot with Germany, and to give signs of hostility to the French Republic, may have had some influence with the KING. But in all probability considerations of domestic policy have mainly determined his action. He has wished to absorb an element of possible revolution into the sphere of his own Government; and to attain an end of this primary importance, he has been willing to sacrifice a Minister who has safely guided him through great difficulties, who has rallied the country round his throne, and to whose policy and measures he personally has no kind of objection.

RESIPISCENT PRELATES.

OFTEN as we have criticized the policy of the Episcopate, we have never imagined that our Bishops during the last eight or ten years were actuated by any destructive intention. Their behaviour has been that of men untrained to statecraft, divided in their own opinions, and destitute of the administrative instinct by which sympathetic leaders of parties combine to form strong Cabinets. They may have shown themselves unduly sensitive to the difficulties of acting alone, helpless as to acting in concert, and very inaccurate in their appreciation of friend or foe. Still it would be prejudiced misrepresentation to assert that they had not really persuaded themselves that they were working for the welfare of the Church with which their own welfare is bound up. Even when they patted a Church Association on the back while clamouring its loudest, or framed a Public Worship Bill, they can hardly be credited with any wish to pull their own house down about their ears. Only they forgot that, whatever may be the sturdy virtues of Puritanism, it is no friend to those things which ought to be dear to Bishops. There was, indeed, much to lap them in their perilous security. The Parliament which had during its salad days passed the Public Worship Act in heat and haste and ignorance in deference to the pious counsels of Sir WILLIAM HARBOUR had lived on for nearly six more years, during which long spell it had retrieved theological blunders by political prescience. So a large number of the Episcopate no doubt fancied they were still in the summer of 1874. Chaos, in the meanwhile, was approaching, till at last portents—such as clergymen going to prison, Scotchmen shouting Disestablishment, Chief Justices vituperating Deans of Arches, and Deans of Arches nagging at Chief Justices, judges not knowing where to sit, nor lawyers' clerks where to open writs—proclaimed the state of things intolerable.

The first note of conciliation was struck in the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's speech to the clergy of Thanet at the beginning of December, and it was not long before the Dean of ST. PAULS' memorial for toleration capped the Metropolitan's promises. Low Churchmen under the lead of Bishop PERRY attempted a counterblast, and could only compass a feeble demeror. The die was for once to be cast in the right place, the Convocation of Canterbury. The task to which the venerable assembly was called was that of mediating in a session of only four days between sharply accentuated differences both about the ecclesiastical judicature and ritual. Failure in so difficult a work would have been almost venial, but very mischievous, and yet it would probably have dogged the enterprise if the drift of events had not precipitated the conclusion. As it was, the two Houses of Convocation reached consistent conclusions, and sketched out a programme of immediate action of which reconciliation was the prominent feature. More could not have been

expected in so brief a period and from men not altogether free agents.

The great obstacle to any heroic remedy was the palpable folly of turning the House of Commons loose upon Church troubles. Acutely as this peril was felt, the danger on the other side of exasperating aggrieved clergymen by persistent inaction was equally manifest. The scheme which commended itself to the prelates happily avoided either risk. The grievance which had been pressed upon them was the shortcomings of the actual Church judicature, both as a faultily contrived machinery and as one which had been manipulated with a contempt both ignorant and reckless for any decent ecclesiastical sanction collateral to that of Parliament. There, however, the recognized tribunals stood in possession of the field, and no process, except the risky one of legislation, could formally correct their defects. But yet before attempting correction it is always well to be quite sure as to what is to be corrected. No jurist has yet scheduled the merits any more than the deficiencies of the existing Church Courts, no one has drawn out of his pocket a Church Courts Reform Bill. Clearly an inquiry capped by recommendations (unless the recommendations finally spoil the whole thing) must be healthful by calming the impatient, cheering the desponding, and sustaining the hopeful. A Royal Commission has peculiar advantages as a remedy for the actual discontent, as it can be moved for in the House of Lords, expressly in compliance with the conclusions of Convocation. This procedure would sufficiently provide the required ecclesiastical initiative without provoking the delicate susceptibilities of statesmen. If it sits two or three years, no one need repine, for that will be a period of calming down, and the Commission would much misuse its opportunities if the information which it collected were not to leave the question rather less obscure than even Lord PENZANCE can now pretend that it is. After all, the chief value of many a Commission resides in its blue-book.

The Bishops are entitled to the credit of incubating the Commission, but both Houses have been busy over some device for healing the internal fever of ceremonial strife. The Lower one wisely fell back upon a respectful appeal to the Upper House to do something, and the body so addressed forestalled it in taking the object of this recommendation into serious consideration. We shall not attempt to summarize the two debates. The knowledge no less than the desire for harmony with which the speakers approached the discussion, compared with what could have been expected some years since, was noticeable. It was a trifle that, as we need hardly observe, the Dean of WESTMINSTER found an opportunity of again letting off his pet sneer about a dispute over clergymen's clothes. This substitute for argument seemed to amuse him, so no one grudged to so popular a man the pleasure, and when he asserted that the chasuble which had stared him in the face as he gazed at JUSTINIAN's mosaics at Ravenna came into Church in the ninth century, after having served as a primitive substitute for our ulster, his auditors kindly recollected that they were not in session at the Society of Antiquaries. The grand result of the double deliberation was a virtual promise from the Bishops that, so long as the Commission should continue sitting, they would discourage ritual suits from one side or from the other in regard to churches which should not take advantage of the truce to innovate upon the ceremonial actually in use in them. Those which went on as they were now doing were as far as possible to remain unmolested, and suits promoted by outside conspiracies were to be snubbed.

We have little to add. No man with any appreciation of the magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking would have attempted a permanent settlement; and, in the way of a temporary measure of conciliation, reaching equally to the grievance of jurisdiction and to that of ceremonial, we think that no better result could, under all the conditions, have been reached. But the Commission will still have to be appointed, and the Bishops will certainly be persecuted by the Church Association for adhering to their peaceable resolution. We trust that no defect of wisdom or of courage in working out the conclusions may spoil so hopeful a promise.

GERMANY.

THE Imperial Speech addressed to the German Parliament at the opening of the Session recommended the adoption of the two Bills which Prince BISMARCK has devised as an antidote to the poison of Socialist Democracy. He has consistently contended for years that the Socialist movement, so far as it takes the form of a lawless opposition to the State, is a mischief which ought to be sternly repressed; but that, so far as it is an exposition of new views as to the proper relations between the State and the poor, it offers many valuable suggestions which the State ought to accept. He himself is quite willing to adopt the main Socialist theory—that the State ought to be so organized, and so to organize society, that it shall be the effectual guardian of the poor. It will undertake to look after every one, and see that he is reasonably comfortable. As the foundations of the establishment of a Socialist State he first introduced a system of rigid Protection, and then invented a new Economic Council, which is to be outside both Parliament and the bureaucracy, and keep him informed as to the real wishes of the people. Protection is obviously an indispensable preliminary to the erection of a kind of government which undertakes to care for every one. The basis of Free-trade is that every one will thrive best if he is compelled to look out for himself, and the economic doctrines which are the exact opposites of those of Free-trade must prevail when, not the individual, but the central authority, is charged with seeing that the maximum of well-being is attained. Prince BISMARCK has quite sufficient grasp of any subject which he takes in hand to know that he must be consistent throughout, and he is not at all likely to be frightened by any of the immediate consequences which attend the changes he is bringing into operation. Public attention has lately been attracted to the curious fact that the greatest of German iron-masters has been supplying rails abroad at a price which, if carriage is taken into account, is about fifty shillings less per ton than the price at which he supplies the same rails at Berlin. Prince BISMARCK, it was thought, would soon have to confess that he was ruining Germany by subjecting the German consumer to the payment of an enormous price. But there is nothing in this circumstance to startle a thoroughgoing protectionist. If the iron-master loses on his foreign transaction, he recoups himself out of his home transactions. He virtually gets a bounty which enables him to underbid competition in the foreign market, and German labourers are thus employed at good wages in making rails for foreigners as well as for Germans. The general body of German consumers really pays the wages of those who are thus employed in making what it will not pay to make; but this is just what is wanted. The State, that is the authority which gets contributions from every one, keeps out of these contributions labourers employed at good wages, and this is, according to Socialists and Prince BISMARCK, and all protectionists who follow out their principles, the first duty and primary business of the State. In the same way, if the State desires guidance in the performance of its task, it is very natural that it should seek this guidance, not from Parliament, which is apt to be led astray by political feelings, or from trained officials who think of the larger questions of finance, or who may be daunted by the prospect of a gradual decay of the national wealth, but from humble practical people, whose experience can show what classes of the poor would like to be provided with lucrative employment, and what bounties must be contrived in order that the State intermediaries who are to replace the old order of capitalists may give employment without losing by the process.

One of the Bills now brought forward by Prince BISMARCK deals with insurance against accidents in mines; and the other revives the mediæval institution of guilds. Workmen in mines are to be protected against accidents by an insurance which provides, not only for themselves when they are crippled, but also for their widows and children after their death. In the case of workmen who receive very high wages, the workmen are to be compelled to pay half the annual premiums, and the employers are to pay the other half. In the case of humbler labourers the employers are to pay two-thirds of the premiums, and the remaining third is to be paid out of the poor rates. From the Socialist and Protectionist point of view this is an excellent measure. It establishes the great principle that

very poor people are not to be troubled with the exercise of any kind of thrift; while richer people, like employers and highly-paid workmen, are to get their contributions recouped out of the bounties which the State gives them at the cost of the general body of taxpayers. In short, the scheme is so good that it seems a pity that it should stop where it does, and some of Prince BISMARCK's practical friends suggested that agriculture was a field to which it might be very conveniently extended. The revival of guilds seems, at first sight, a little more startling, but a slight amount of reflection will show how admirably it is in keeping with the new form of Socialism. A guild is merely a piece of machinery for determining how many persons shall devote themselves to any one kind of employment. It is extremely convenient that the State, which is occupied with giving some kind of employment to every one, should have a means of regulating how many persons are to be provided for when any one form of employment is under consideration. In a State constructed after Prince BISMARCK's pattern every one may be said to be in a regiment, and the success of army administration depends on the size of each regiment being kept at a fixed standard. Then, again, if these regiments are to get much from the State, they are to do something for the State. They have to behave well, and, having had everything done to content them, are bound to show themselves contented. The guilds will look after their members, and the leaders of the guild will be expected to be on the watch against every sign of political disaffection. Lawless Socialists will then be brought under the law, or, if they are excluded from guilds, will be avowed pariahs, and will be driven to take the punishment due to them under the compulsion, not only of the State, but also of the well-conducted guildsmen. The theoretical objections to Prince BISMARCK's proposals are not very strong if once the theory of a Socialist State is accepted. But practically there is a very stout resistance to some of his plans on the part of those who object to this wholesale maintenance of the poor at the cost of those who are somewhat better off. Even in a place where he might have hoped to have it all his own way—the Prussian Upper Chamber—he has had to encounter opposition so determined that he has thought it necessary to attend twice in person for the purpose of giving assurances that he has made up his mind, and that therefore all resistance is useless. The point the Chamber has to consider is the proposed abolition of direct taxes, which touch persons who are so far poor that they would rather not pay them; and Prince BISMARCK has on this head had to meet the opposition of no less a person than his own former Minister of Finance. Prussian finance, which used to be a model of prudence, is now so disordered that the Budget is only set straight by borrowing, and this therefore might seem not to be a fit time for abolishing taxes. The objection cannot be without weight to old-fashioned financiers, but it is entirely out of the range of Prince BISMARCK's present ideas, and may therefore be dismissed as irrelevant.

Germany has in the last few days been celebrating the centenary of LESSING's death, and it is not astonishing that Germans should wish to do all possible honour to LESSING's memory. He first showed that German prose could be so written as to be simple, nervous, and intelligible. He powerfully contributed to that revival of the national literature which was the precursor of the political liberty of the country. Further, he preached toleration, and inculcated it by embodying its precepts in the effective form of a popular drama. But his centenary has come at an unlucky moment. A hundred years after his death he would, if he could see what was going on, find Germans writing prose of which he would have to correct nearly every sentence, a Prince and some humble practical people superseding Parliament and trained administrators, and the majority of his countrymen yelping and howling at the miserable Jews. Bad style, the supersession of political liberty by the establishment of a communistic State, and the triumph of a petty, blatant persecution, are for the moment the practical results of LESSING's work and life. There is, therefore, much that would disappoint LESSING if he could now see it, and which must disappoint his admirers who are alive, and see what is going on. But in a wider sense it may be said that great men never die and good men never fail. Beneath the perturbed surface of German life there is a peaceful region in which the

spirit of LESSING lives. The love of culture lives on in Germany, ardent, resolute, and unmoved. All the best men of Germany, from the CROWN PRINCE down to many a humble professor who has dared to confront a popular frenzy and to cry shame on the Jew-baiters, believe in the beauty, the wisdom, and the necessity of toleration as heartily as LESSING himself could wish. There are still men who have given their lives to the study of sound finance, and who are not afraid to say openly that a system of bounties, and guilds, and State-found employment must sooner or later lead to terrible embarrassment. They have in the present day to work as LESSING himself had to work. They are under a cloud; the world is not with them. They must work for the future, and possibly for a distant future. But they have as much reason as LESSING had to derive patience from the hope that the future will be theirs, and that, if they persevere, Germany will again listen some day to the voices of grace, forbearance, and thrifty good sense.

THE MORALITY OF CABINETS NOIRS.

THE hubbub which during the last week the Irish disturbers and certain English sympathisers with them have made about the power possessed by the Ministers of the Crown to open letters is a very curious instance of the tendency of modern Radicalism to make government impossible. No one—at least no Englishman—supposes that the opening of letters is other than a very unpleasant business to those who are bound by their duty to do it. The whole safeguard of the proceeding lies in the fact that the power is only confided to those who are likely to feel this unpleasantness. It is also a very unpleasant thing to consign by word of mouth or stroke of pen a fellow-creature who has never injured you to be hanged by the neck until he be dead; and Mr. BRIGHT thinks that it must be specially unpleasant to be Ordinary of Newgate. Except the CHANCELLOR of the DUCHY of LANCASTER, however, no one of importance has yet sought in the moral jar experienced by Ordinaries, or judges, or Home Secretaries, a reason for the abolition of capital punishment, and in the same way it seems sensible to regard the natural repugnance of high officials to violate the sanctity of private correspondence chiefly as a guarantee that that sanctity will not be violated except in cases where it is their duty first of all to see *ne quid respublica detrimenti capiat*. It was indeed natural that the Irish members, catching at any opportunity for occupying time and exciting odium, should endeavour to make a fuss about the matter, but it could hardly have been anticipated that English opinion, even in its uninfluential sections would have followed them. The ill-luck, however, which seems to accompany extreme Radicalism pursued it here also. The same well-informed and far-seeing persons who had just told us that the dates of the Cabul correspondence would completely exonerate Russia, told us now that the story was monstrous, that Mr. SULLIVAN's question would enable the Government to clear themselves from a degrading suspicion, and that no English Minister, with any regard for his official existence, would dare to set up a *cabinet noir*.

Other people were, of course, perfectly well prepared for what actually did happen, and, to do them justice, the less impulsive organs of Radical opinion did not commit themselves quite so far as the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A cynical person of some experience is reported once to have said that it was, on the whole, for the good of the nation that the Liberal party should be in power. As this remark was known to be somewhat inconsistent with his general political opinions, explanations were asked. "The Liberals," he answered, "will always condone any necessary stretches of Ministerial authority on the part of their own men, and the Tories will not object; whereas, when the Liberals are out of office, they will raise heaven and earth at the same proceedings which in office they would approve." We express neither agreement nor disagreement with this dictum, but it certainly was exemplified in the matter of the letters this week. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's answer to the original question was well worded, and put the matter as completely as it can be put. The power, he said, to the exercise of which objection was taken, was expressly reserved and sanctioned by Parliament forty years ago and more, and has been continued ever since. A Home Secretary—for it is with that functionary, and not with the Postmaster—

General, that the responsibility rests—must of course satisfy himself that due and grave cause exists for its exercise. Sir WILLIAM's definite reference to the Fenian conspiracy, as a fact which would justify the use of the power, may be taken to imply pretty clearly that the power itself has been used probably more than once since the famous occasion of Sir JAMES GRAHAM and MAZZINI, which ignorant people regard as the last case known in England. Indeed, we should think it most likely that few Home Secretaries, whose tenure of office has extended over any considerable length of time, have escaped the disagreeable necessity of doing their duty in this respect. Finally, Sir WILLIAM's refusal to give any precise information on the subject was thoroughly justifiable. In the essence of it the power is one connected with individual responsibility, and to be exercised only on that responsibility, while publicity would entirely destroy its reasons for existence. There is no need to envy the HOME SECRETARY his opportunities of espionage; indeed, they would be to most people of the class from which hitherto Home Secretaries have been drawn the most unpleasant incidents of their duty. That the utmost vigilance ought to be exercised in selecting the occasions for exercising the right, every one will agree. Indeed, it is probable that people would allow that nothing short of actual conspiracy against the Sovereign of England justifies such a proceeding, and that it is outside of the functions of an English Government to allow its good offices to be so strained in regard to any foreign Power. The thing is a kind of heroic—or, if anybody pleases, very unheroic—remedy, to be used in the last resort and in cases only of imminent danger. But where that imminent danger exists—and of this only the Government of the day can be a fair judge—it is to be used without hesitation or scruple. The contrary contention can only come of that absurd individualism and exaltation of personal rights which leads in the long run to mere Nihilism and chaos. It is a very awkward thing to open a man's letters; that may be granted without the slightest hesitation. It is also a very awkward thing to suspend a man by the neck, to put a bullet into him, and to hold the shooter scot-free, even to insist on his paying so many pounds or shillings as Income-tax, or to provide that he shall not drink a glass of beer without paying secondly for the beer and first of all for the permission to drink it. All these things as between man and man are utterly indefensible, as between man and the State they are accepted conventions with a definite end, the attainment of which end is all that has to be looked to. To maintain the secrecy of letters when that secrecy is made an arm against the public welfare is simply an illogical absurdity.

The spirit in which the objection was originally raised could not have been shown better than by the subsidiary questions which were put on Thursday. Here the objectors confessedly took merely technical ground. Supposing that Mr. FAWCETT by a casual informality had exposed himself to fine and imprisonment, the practice of opening letters on great emergencies would not have suffered thereby, and supposing that he had not, it would not have been strengthened by any additional argument. It is, as we have said, desirable that the exercise of so invidious a stretch of authority should rest with as responsible an official as may be; and, as the Home Secretary is always in theory, and generally in practice, somewhat higher in rank than the Postmaster-General, besides being definitely responsible for the internal peace of the kingdom, the power is no doubt best lodged with him. But the difference between the issue of a series of separate mandates and the issue of one continuous mandate from one official to another is administrative detail of the very smallest importance. To try to catch Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT or Mr. FORSTER tripping on this side issue when they had held their ground on the main point was perhaps worthy of Mr. LABOUCHERE in his character of protagonist of the fierce democracy of Northampton; but it was somewhat out of character with the once business-like and moderate reputation of Mr. GRAY. However, the stratagem failed completely, succeeding neither in convicting the officials of any breach of the law nor in extracting incidentally any further information on the matter. It seems that the provisions of the Act requiring an express warrant for the opening of each suspected letter have been, and will be, as far as HER MAJESTY'S present advisers are concerned, scrupulously observed, and Mr.

FAWCETT very properly returned a blunt "No" to the request that he would produce these warrants within a short time after their issue. In short, the attempt to make capital out of this disagreeable necessity of State may be said to have already collapsed. In so far as it is sincere and honest, it arises partly out of the confused feeling as to personal liberty already alluded to, partly out of a still greater confusion between private and public morality. The business of governors is the safety and welfare of the governed, and if a Manchester murder or a Clerkenwell explosion can be prevented by a basin of hot water and an electrotyped facsimile of a seal, these uncomfortable but useful assistants must be secured. Secret conspirators, after all, have not such clean hands that they can demand to be treated in accordance with the finest feelings of delicacy and morality. *Qu'il se commencent!* is the natural expression of feeling which rises to the lips of a sensible man when the suggestion is made. Even in open war no general would think it other than his duty to open captured despatches, no matter how they might be captured, and why secret assassins should have privileges conceded to them which are not allowed to fair and lawful belligerents, we profess ourselves wholly unable to understand.

THE SCRUTIN DE LISTE.

THE substitution of the *Scrutin de liste* for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* is at last before the Chamber of Deputies. The aspect of the question has a good deal changed since it was first determined to raise it in the present Session. The dislike which was then so generally entertained to it may be as strong as ever, but it is not nearly so outspoken. M. GAMBETTA's attitude has exercised considerable influence upon the Republican opposition to the Bill. That the President of the Chamber is less omnipotent than he was thought to be has been shown by the general approval given to M. ST.-HILAIRE's management of the Greek negotiations. It is possible, however, that the disposition of the French people to prefer peace to M. GAMBETTA may for the time make them all the more anxious not to quarrel with him on any other point. As between peace and war, every Frenchman may hold himself to be as good a judge of what the country wants as M. GAMBETTA himself. It is not likely that this independence extends to a question like the *Scrutin de liste*. Assuming Republicans to be of opinion that the victory of their party in the polls is the one thing needful to the perfection of an electoral system, they may naturally think that M. GAMBETTA is likely to be better informed than themselves upon this essential point. He has long had at his command a singularly complete machinery for ascertaining the temper of the voters in all parts of France. At the last general election he showed that he had far better means of forecasting the result of the contest than were possessed by the Government. When it is remembered how complete and devoted a staff of subordinates the Minister of the Interior can command, this is a fact of some significance; and it is one which the deputies may be trusted to bear in mind when they have to determine which way they shall vote. Strongly as the maintenance of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* may commend itself to their interests, they may feel too doubtful alike of their colleagues and their constituents to take any steps to insure it. M. BARDOUX's Bill may be carried in the teeth of their opposition, and then they will have lost their chance of seeing their names included in M. GAMBETTA's list of candidates, and gained nothing in return. Even if M. BARDOUX's Bill is lost, they may feel doubtful whether M. GAMBETTA's influence may not prove strong enough to insure their defeat at the hands of their own neighbours. The probability that the Bill will pass is consequently very much greater than it was at its first introduction. The motives which led the Committee to which the question whether the Bill should be considered was referred to vote in the negative one day and in the affirmative the next have been operative during the whole of the interval, and a speech from M. GAMBETTA will be likely to give them increased force.

The minority itself will contribute a contingent to M. GAMBETTA's army. There are members of it who are sanguine enough to believe that the results of the adoption of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* have been misconceived, and that the Conservatives will really have a

better chance in the departments than they now have in the arrondissements. This opinion is shared, it seems, by some of the majority. According to the *Temps*, M. GAMBETTA was warned at a Parliamentary breakfast which he gave last Monday that sixteen departments which now return a mixed representation will return a wholly reactionary one if M. BARDOUX's Bill passes. M. GAMBETTA, according to the same authority, is convinced that this will only be the case in five departments. If he is right in so thinking, the prospects of the Monarchy under the *Scrutin de liste* are sufficiently discouraging. Nothing, of course, but a general election can settle which of these calculations is the true one, but outsiders will probably incline to back M. GAMBETTA's. It by no means follows, however, that the ultimate interests of the Opposition will not be served by a reduction in their numbers. Helpless as the Conservatives seem to be at this moment, they need seemingly to be more helpless still before they will consent to profit by the lesson which events are continually reading them. The *République Française* has lately been saying that the majority must present itself to the country with an explicitly Republican programme. The conclusion which the Conservatives might have been expected to draw from this announcement is that they too ought to come forward with an explicitly Republican programme, and so draw away the attention of the electors from different forms of government in order to fix it upon different methods of administering the same form. We are all Republicans, the Conservatives should say to the electors; the only distinction between us is that we wish to see the Republic administered in a moderate and rational manner, whereas our opponents wish to see it administered in a violent and foolish manner. Instead of this, one important section of the Conservatives declares that the publication of a frankly Republican programme must be met by the publication of a frankly monarchial programme. Nothing can save France from ruin but a restoration, and it is of no use to deceive her any longer by proposing superficial remedies. A party which reads the signs of the times in this fashion plainly needs to have its real impotence brought home to it. That the adoption of the *Scrutin de liste* will have this result it would be exceedingly rash to say; since, if the existing Legitimists did not return one single deputy, they would somehow make out that this was exactly the evidence they wanted to prove that the country was thoroughly with them. But a younger generation may be less obstinately deaf to the plainest teaching of facts, and may learn by degrees that, if Conservative ideas are to regain their natural weight in the country, they must condescend to wear the dress of the present day. A party which insists upon borrowing its ancestors' wardrobe degrades politics to the level of a fancy-ball.

There is another aspect of the question which suggests a doubt whether the *Scrutin de liste* will have precisely the effect which M. GAMBETTA anticipates. It has been justly observed that under a highly centralized Government, such as that which existed in France, the influence of local interests upon Parliamentary elections is very much greater than it is in a country like England. The Government have it in their power to give or withhold pretty nearly everything that a commune wants, and the smaller the constituencies are, the more the wants of the communes will come home to the electors when they are considering for whom they shall vote. In some cases probably this tendency tells in favour of the Conservatives. A candidate gets in by virtue of his sound opinions upon the necessity of a branch railroad who would not have got in by virtue of his politics. But it may also have an opposite result. The more the attention of the electors is diverted from politics, the more completely it becomes a matter of chance what the precise politics of their representative are. He is a Republican—that in most cases the electors insist on—but as to the particular shade of his Republicanism, that is lost sight of in the far more important question whether he takes the right side in a controversy upon the necessity of a new road or of an additional post office. If the *Scrutin de liste* is adopted, these local interests must go to the wall, and the electors will then have leisure to inquire more minutely into the political creed of the candidates. Of course, if extreme views command a majority, even if it be only a majority of one, in the department, all the representatives of that department will be extreme. But, then, if moderate views command a majority, all the

representatives of the department will be moderate; and, putting aside the departments which contain a great city, the latter contingency ought to be at least as likely as the former. Against the probability that minorities will be less represented under the *Scrutin de liste* than under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* must therefore be set the possibility that the political views of the majority are more correctly represented under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* than they would be under the *Scrutin de liste*.

SALINS.

IT is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the great tornado of war that desolated France in 1870 brought prosperity to one little town in Franche-Comté. The Prussians, who understand the art of wasting time at a watering-place better than any other nation of Europe, while spreading themselves over the department of the Jura after the capture of Dôle, took note of Salins as a place to be remembered, and when the labours of conquest were over, they proceeded to refresh themselves in this warm and salubrious gorge. They were delighted to find there a limitless supply of mineral water stronger and more efficacious than their own springs at Kreuznach, and to be able to sip an unexpectedly thrilling solution of bromide of potassium. In consequence Salins has become one of the favourite haunts of the Germans in France, and presents almost the unique spectacle of a French town owing its main prosperity to Prussian patronage. We do not know whether a light touch of satire is concealed in the medical recommendation of Salins as particularly grateful to persons of a lymphatic temperament; it is certain that a stout and not too sensitive constitution is required to imbibe the waters freely. As with the Pierian spring of familiar quotation, it is best to drink deeply or else not taste the tonic salts of Salins. Patients are recommended to undertake a *cours*, and to do this satisfactorily it is necessary to settle down and make one's health the principal object of attention.

Salins is unusually well situated as a resort for tolerably robust invalids. The position and character of the town are almost Swiss. It is protected on the north by the lowest and most westerly of the seven parallel chains of the Jura, a range which makes up for its relative want of altitude by the picturesqueness of its forms, and which, instead of fading gradually into the plain, reaches its highest point at its extremity. This highest point, about 2,700 feet above the sea, is the famous Mont Poupet, a peak which fills in popular legend the place always given to an isolated mountain of striking form. The town of Salins looks up at the Poupet at all times, except where its sharp grey top is hidden by the rocky sides of the valley of the Furieuse, a rapid mountain stream on the southern bank of which the houses are closely packed together. Above the river, and crowning cliffs so steep that they seem to nod at each other, are the opposite forts of St. André and Haut Belin, occupying the position of those older fortresses which successfully defied the army of Richelieu when he invaded Franche-Comté in 1635. In Fort St. André there yet remain some traces of Vauban's work, dismantled by the Allies in 1814, and it is still possible to read over the gate the motto of Louis XIV.—*nec pluribus impar*. The towns of Franche-Comté have suffered so much by war and fire that their architecture presents little that is of much historical interest. The antiquary will find more in Salins than perhaps anywhere else in the province. The isolated position of the town, hemmed in as it is by the mountains, and the fortunate accident that it has escaped all political prominence, have permitted it to preserve much that is ancient and interesting. The modern passion for restoration, however, has penetrated to the gorges of the Jura, and the great church of St. Anatole, which a very little while ago possessed curious traces of eleventh-century work, has now been swept and garnished out of any other interest than is to be found in the simplicity and grandeur of its three great naves. But it is in the smaller churches that the interesting remains of former ages must be sought, and most of all among the secular buildings of the Mutchin, the poor quarter of Salins. This district, which takes its name from the kennel of hounds, *meute à chiens*, kept there by a grand seigneur in old times, is chiefly occupied by one narrow street, hilly and dirty, full of ancient doorways, blind alleys, and picturesque arches, which leads from the Lower Gate up to the centre of the town. This street, one of the most extraordinary relics of the middle ages to be found in the Jura, is named Rue d'Olivet, after the Abbé d'Olivet of the French Academy, whom Voltaire called his master in grammar, and who was born in it, as the inscription below a bronze bust of him, by Max Claudet, clearly sets forth. In the Town Library—a collection of books and pictures which is more than respectable—there is a very curious painting representing Salins in the time of Louis XIV., and giving the impression that it has altered in the course of two centuries as little as may be. What is recent in the town is concentrated in the Place d'Armes, where a graceful hôtel de ville, dating from 1750, forms a pleasing exception to the customary badness of eighteenth-century architecture in the East of France. In front of this building stands a fine bronze statue of General Cler, a native of Salins, who was killed at the battle of Magenta. This striking figure is by Joseph Perraud, of whose collected works, as to be seen in the Museum of Lons-le-Saulnier, we gave an

account a few weeks since. Unfortunately the statuary in the streets of Salins, though profuse enough, is not so refined as that which adorns Ions-le-Saulnier. The ruling genius of the place seems to be M. Max Olaudet, a Franc-Comtois sculptor who has achieved a certain celebrity, but whose masterpieces at Salins scarcely make good his claim to such a reputation. His "Vendangeur," a huge figure in bronze of a vintager staggering under a vast load of grapes, is raised opposite the salt springs, and forms in some sort the centre of the town. It is a coarse and vigorous piece of realistic work, leaving much to be desired in the way of execution. But by far the ugliest and oddest monument in Salins is a bronze bust of the Republic on an awkward square pedestal of marble; in front of the pedestal runs a narrow ledge, and on this ledge stands a little naked amorino of bronze, who has just finished writing the word "Patrie" in letters of gold underneath the bust. The conception is grotesque enough in itself, but it is rendered irresistibly funny by the fact that the ledge has proved too narrow to support the amorino, and that in consequence a hollow has been made in the side of the marble pedestal to make room for his protuberant little abdomen.

The chief industry of the neighbourhood of Salins is the vine. The precipitous slopes of Mont Poupet produce a ruby-coloured wine which is only less esteemed than the famous and neighbouring vintage of Arbois, to the excellence of which Henri IV. pays frequent tribute in his letters. Unfortunately the wines of the Jura have been much mismanaged of late; they rapidly lose their colour, and are apt to become acid or insipid if kept for any length of time, nor can they ever be exported without admixture. The wines of the department are mainly red, but Salins itself produces a white and sparkling sweet wine which resembles a light Moselle. But the visitor who is curious in vintages should not leave the district without tasting the gold-coloured wine of Château-Châlon—a vineyard some miles south-west of Salins, in the valley of the Seille. It is a true, dry Madeira, and of an excellent quality and force. The vintage forms so characteristic a part of the social economy of the district that the visitor should not fail to read the pastoral novels of the Hebel of Franche-Comté, Max Buchon, a writer who combined with the French sprightliness not a little of the quaint domestic humour of Switzerland and the romantic credulity of the Black Forest. His books are the best literary product of the Jura, and reflect with most fidelity the characteristics of its inhabitants. Buchon was an indolent and timid man, who resisted the attempts of his friends and admirers to transplant him into Parisian literary society. He wisely preferred to be the chief writer of Franche-Comté to attaining with much labour and anxiety a third-rate position in the capital. He did good work in collecting and preserving the ballads and popular melodies of the mountains, songs that bear still the impress of the period of Spanish possession. There is a picturesque simplicity and tenderness about the Franc-Comtois folk-songs which give them a high place in such literature, nor are they yet by any means extinct. One may yet hear from a Gothic window in the winding Matachin the pure voice of a girl warbling the old melody of "Les Trois Princesses":—

Derrière chez mon père,
Vole, mon cœur, vole !
Derrière chez mon père
Il y a t'un pommier doux,
Il y a t'un pommier doux,
Tout doux et iou !
Il y a t'un pommier doux.

with one melodious stanza after another, closing in the charming confession:—

S'il gagne bataille,
Vole, mon cœur, vole !
S'il gagne bataille,
Il aura mes amours...
Il aura mes amours,
Tout doux et iou !
Il aura mes amours !
Qu'il gagne ou non gagne,
Vole, mon cœur, vole !
Qu'il gagne ou non gagne
Il les aura toujours...
Il les aura toujours,
Tout doux et iou !
Il les aura toujours !

Unfortunately, Max Buchon's collection of the ballads of Franche-Comté has long been out of print, but his novelettes are easy to obtain. No visitor to Salins should fail to put *Le Matachin* in his pocket, and ascending the steep incline of Fort Belin when the first red daisies star the grass, and the town lies in sunshine below him, read the pastoral loves and bewildering adventures of Josillon, Manuel, and Fifi. Although it is nearly thirty years since the book was written, it gives a picture of life among the vintagers of Salins and its neighbourhood in which there is hardly a word that might not have been written to-day. The stories of Max Buchon hold a place in French literature that cannot be said to be very significant, but which is unique as far as it goes. He is the only Frenchman who has been strongly influenced by the popular and legendary folk-tales of Germany. In reading his *märchen*, for such they really are, we are constantly reminded, not only of Hebel, of whom he was confessedly a disciple, but of the early manner of Auerbach and of the less-known stories of the Bernese Oberland, told in Swiss *puits* by Jeremias

Gotthelf. It is not creditable to the patriotism of Franche-Comté that no edition of the complete writings of Max Buchon is in existence. His collection of folk-songs and his novelette of *Le Matachin* alone suffice to claim for him the honours of revival.

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

MR. PARNELL'S restoration to his afflicted country, if he will accept England as his country, and if it is really he who has returned, as to which the public mind is still clouded with a doubt, puts an end to a very remarkable and interesting Odyssey. From the memorable hour when Mr. Parnell failed in his motion that Mr. Gladstone be not heard, he seems to have determined to put and carry a motion that he himself be not seen. He retired into cloudland like other unsuccessful heroes on similar occasions, and his whereabouts and occupation at once became a subject of the keenest interest. Some said he was at Paris, some said he was at Frankfurt "arranging telegraphic communications with America"—an awful and mysterious phrase. According to the general belief, he was simply obeying the solemn warning of not the least pleasing of Dickens's creations, and taking care of the "portable property," the proceeds of the Land League "rint." But there were not wanting base insinuations and innuendists who saw in Mr. Parnell's precipitate disappearance a kind of frenzy of John Dennis, or something similar to that remarkable infatuation which made Coleridge consider himself in danger of the fate of the Duke of Enghien. After the extrusion of the Irish members and the arrest of Davitt, there was no knowing what might happen, and Mr. Parnell gracefully yielded to the prayers of his friends not to expose *tam arum caput* to the vile machinations of Mr. Forster. Mr. Davitt and Mr. Parnell playing *écarté*, by special license of the persecutors, in a retired chamber of Portland, with a distant view of the sounding sea, was too dreadful an idea to be entertained for a moment. Indeed it has been hinted that there were times when even Paris seemed a scarcely safe enough refuge. There are policemen in Paris, and your Land Leaguer looks on a policeman, perhaps not without reason, as his natural enemy. The West, the land of the free, suggested itself, though, by the way, there are policemen there too, and of the most heavy-handed, prodigal not merely of buckshot, but of bullets. The West, however, the land of the free, appears to have expressed itself with unbecoming want of fervour in reference to this proposal. The American papers have spoken of Mr. Parnell—Parnell, as in the fine Republican manner they call him—as having run away, and they intimate that it is not likely to be "roses, roses all the way" for him if he returns to the States, whatever it may have been a year ago. So Mr. Parnell has issued a manifesto announcing his return to Ireland and to Parliament. He is returning with a terrible programme—a programme of no small interest, of which more anon. But for the present his occupation during his absence is what concerns us. The wildest and most picturesque of all the legends is that during his supposed presence in Paris he has twice been seen in London. This suggests the celebrated visits of another Charles Stuart, which George III. discovered by his own secret police, and which frightened Grenville or Lord North or whoever it was so terribly. Indeed his good-natured Majesty's traditional remark on the subject is still perhaps the most appropriate for sensible people to apply to the Parnellian exodus:—"Let the young man alone, and when he is tired he will go—[come] home again of his own accord." So has Mr. Parnell come home, or is coming home, and remembering the way in which he departed, he will no doubt bring his tail behind him (possibly even between his legs), to complete the quotation of which the best of monarchs was doubtless thinking.

The Hibernian Ulysses, however, during his wanderings has, like his model, seen many interesting men and things. *Kni men Tantalón einseid* ought to recur frequently in the tales which he will tell the Land Leaguers when the most flaring gas jet is kindled and the fizzingest bottle of zeedone has its strings cut. For, to the disgust of the Parisians, offers of the national potteen did not tempt Mr. Parnell, and he seems to have confined himself to the beverage beloved of those who like to make believe that they are drinking champagne, and thus to flavour their virtue with a spice of sin. Mr. Parnell has seen M. Victor Hugo, and the manifesto above alluded to shows perhaps some traces of the interview or of the eloquent anticipations which it produced in the Parnellian mind. But this interview was private, and we need not trouble ourselves with it. There can be no doubt that the great poet said all that the sublimest faculty of speech and the profoundest ignorance of the subject could together achieve. Other Parisian associates of the Irish Gracchus—a name of evil omen—have been liberal of their reports of his conversation; and in this case there can be not the slightest reason why these reports should not be made free with, for they are undoubtedly *publica materia*. Mr. Parnell seems to have specially haunted M. Rochefort at Paris, a proceeding which has not a little grieved some orthodox wearers of the green, and which is, in its way, odd. For Mr. Parnell is a shrewd enough person, and M. Rochefort ought to have for him many of the characteristics of an awful example. Both are men who, by birth, connexions, and education, had a fair future before them; one has already thrown it away by taking to the merry roads of demagoguism, the other is over his ankles in that mire already, and may perhaps arrive before long at the same goal. However, either

Mr. Parnell attached himself to M. Rochefort or M. Rochefort attached himself to Mr. Parnell; and the two great democrats exchanged ideas. We say exchanged, although the words put into the mouth of the member for Cork are so remarkably like the words of the member, or ex-member, for Paris that suspicions arise in the uncharitable non-democratic mind. The idol of the Irish people, according to M. Rochefort, is "a very fair young man"—quite a David, in fact; "his eye of steel is severe"—not mild steel at all—and "his face, almost ascetic, is calm." Indeed, the general attitude of Mr. Parnell, as described by M. Rochefort, reminds one of the attitude of an Irishman still more distinguished; "he was not angry, only sad." Mr. Parnell is sad for the calumnies of the Government press in England, a mysterious division of journalism to the identity of which M. Rochefort affords no further clue than an intimation that it includes the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*. In England we usually consider the *Standard* the Government organ at this moment, but M. Rochefort no doubt is not up to the latest revolutions of the journalistic wheel. The first question which Mr. Parnell asked was as to the influence of the *République Française* (a cunning dog, this member for Cork), knowing no doubt perfectly well that, if there is one newspaper which M. Rochefort in his editorial and personal capacity despises, it is this precise journal. "*The République Française*," was the proud reply, "is a paper very little read," a statement in which, we fear, M. Rochefort consulted rather his wishes than his knowledge of facts. The Macchiavellian Irishman next proceeded to hit M. Rochefort on the other wing, by remarking that "M. Gambetta wanted above all things to be agreeable to the Prince of Wales." On an auditor put in good temper by these artful beginnings, Mr. Parnell then began to "play it" in a manner which we cannot think creditable to his moral tone, though it shows a greater sense of humour than those who judge him merely from his Parliamentary utterances would suppose him to possess. The Irish, it seems, have been forbidden for a hundred years to possess arms, and there is therefore, it would appear, not so much as a pike-head or a flint musket between Cape Clear and the Giant's Causeway. War is hopeless, because the English would simply starve the Irish out, "as they have always done"—notably, for instance, last winter, when the Duchess of Marlborough presided over the operation. The English people are not represented in Parliament, only the aristocracy and the *bourgeoisie* (another remark which naturally enraptured M. Rochefort). Queen Elizabeth by a simple royal decree distributed the lands of Green Erin among the ancestors of the present landlords, all of whom are non-resident, and so it went on; and M. Rochefort swallowed it all, and doubtless thinks himself established as an authority for life on the Irish question. Whether a slight twinkle might or might not have been seen in the very fair young man's eye of steel as he quaffed the half bottle of *zodone*—but that was after another interview—is a point on which we shall offer no opinion.

So Mr. Parnell, in his *Olyseus*, saw Tantalus—that is to say, M. Rochefort—from whom the refreshing waters of power are apt to retreat so constantly just as they touch his lip; and he saw Teiresias—that is to say, Victor Hugo—and he saw, or may have seen, James Stephens, for whom any parallel that we could select out of the *Necyia* would be so uncomplimentary that we shall not select any. Of miscellaneous ghosts who gibbered at him, interviewers of the *Gaulois*, and so forth, there is no need to speak. But of his remarkable manifesto something must be said. The date Paris is wholly unnecessary, for the thing reeks of Paris—that is, of the peculiar kind of Parisian society in which Mr. Parnell seems to have mixed. Irish patriots have once more steeped themselves in French Republicanism, despite the very discouraging consequences of the former bath, and this is the result. The document, indeed, begins "Gentlemen," which is contrary to Republican etiquette, and, as it is addressed to the Land League, doubtfully sustainable as a statement of fact. It informs the Irish people of that wise resolution in reference to the American visit which we have already noticed. Then we come to the programme. Mr. Parnell is going to appeal to the people of England against the "territorialism and shopocracy which dominate Parliament." Household suffrage in the counties will "sound the doom of the English land system," a junction between English and Irish democracy will bring about the golden age, and "enfranchise labour from the taxes necessary to support standing armies." Meanwhile the tenant-farmers are urged to pursue their noble course. "The sacrifices demanded of them," says Mr. Parnell plaintively, "are not great," they are only asked not to pay their debts, and it may be admitted that, except to men of honour, this is not a very great sacrifice. The touch about shopocracy and the announced alliance between the democracy of England and of Ireland are especially Parisian. It remains to be seen whether this particular *article de Paris* will be found popular in Great Britain. It would be more remarkable than it is, for we do not know that Mr. Parnell has before made open profession of democratic principles, if the support which he has received from the small body of extreme Radicals had been less pronounced. One good turn deserves another, and Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Gollings and Mr. Thompson, must now feel that their chameleon-ship of the very fair young man with the ascetic eye of severe steel is no longer mere chivalry, but sound policy and self-interest well understood. Such are the results of steeping oneself in the pure floods of French Republicanism. The very fair young man comes out of them refreshed, invigorated, and with a programme.

"Down with the shopkeepers!" is Mr. Parnell's cry as he steps on the Kentish beach. The only fear is how the shopkeepers will like it. There are, as his new friends know, hardly any but shopkeepers in England, and we think we have heard that the class does exist in Ireland too. Perhaps they may not like to be put an end to; however, these are intricate points. It is sufficient that Mr. Parnell has had his days of retreat and meditation, not without mystery, like all the greatest characters of history. He has doubtless thought much—he certainly seems to have talked a good deal. Now he returns bringing with him his programme and the memory of the companionship of M. Rochefort. Whether Dr. Nulty and Dr. Gillooly will not feel it necessary to perform some slight form of exorcism before they resume intercourse with M. Rochefort's friend seems doubtful; but the point must be left for those reverend gentlemen to decide.

THE JESUIT IMMIGRATION.

IT is well that Exeter Hall, after a temporary eclipse, and indeed a serious menace of permanent extinction, has just been—if we may venture to borrow Cardinal Wiseman's words on a memorable occasion—"restored to its place in the ecclesiastical orbit." There is truly urgent work to be done for which no place could be more appropriate, and protests to be raised in every tone of eloquent indignation which may well wake the furthest echoes of that historic Hall. The Philistines are upon us—that is to say the Jesuits. There may be some short-sighted Protestants among us who exulted in the passing of the Ferry bill, and hailed in the summary suppression of the Catholic University in France and the closing of the Jesuit colleges a fresh triumph of Gospel truth. We fear they will be cruelly disappointed. Even supposing that the great Babylon has really collapsed in France—and that remains to be proved—their patriotism, if not their Protestantism, must be disturbed, when they hear of the new "slitting of the holy house"—not of Loretto but of Ignatius—to our own shores. It is true that the doomed or favoured spot specially selected for this last Jesuit aggression is some hours' sail distant from the English coast, but still it is English territory, and moreover there are ugly rumours of other establishments being appropriated or organized by the dreaded Order—in Sussex, in Wales, and elsewhere—besides the new Imperial Hotel at St. Heliers, the capital of Jersey. Jersey itself has hitherto been a kind of Protestant Paradise. The whole island only contains about 60,000 inhabitants, but we are assured that it includes a variety of denominations somewhat exceeding the usual, and tolerably liberal, English proportion, while the prevalent type of Anglicanism is of the extreme Evangelical kind. It is into the midst of this happy family, of whom it cannot perhaps quite be said that "at once they sing, at once they pray," but who at least all sing and pray against Popery with one heart and one voice, that the most Popish of Papal emissaries are about to thrust themselves. "The Assyrian comes down like a wolf on the fold," not indeed in this case a wolf in sheep's clothing—there may be some consolation in that—and the attempt will be made "to turn Jersey into a French Catholic University, making it another Island of Saints," and thus destroying alike its nationality and its religion. To be sure the prophet of evil tidings, who warns the denizens of Jersey of the things that are coming upon them, does remind them also that after all there is still some balm in Gilead. But his remark that our temper, habits, and educational system preclude the danger of any exclusive institutions, under whatever name, telling much on our religion or our politics, if true for England, is hardly true for Jersey, with its population of 60,000, where the Jesuit propaganda may prove rather a formidable affair. The second consolatory reflection suggested raises a question of wider import, bearing on the whole scheme of Jesuit education, but it is not one the accuracy of which is so obvious as the writer in the *Times* seems to imagine. He tells us that if "the Seminarian"—meaning apparently, not the student, but the teacher—is allowed to have free scope he will only succeed in producing "a creature absolutely selfish, opinionated, full of antipathies, incapable of compromise, and without anything in common with the world he is soon to encounter, except that which he cannot get rid of, the baser parts of his nature." And again we are told—in rather questionable English—that "the seminary succeeds in making men too well satisfied with themselves to be compatible with the work of the outer world." That no doubt hits a blot, and a serious blot, in the ordinary seminary system, but one not peculiar to Jesuit schools, and from which indeed in their palmiest days it was their boast to be exceptionally exempt. That for better or worse they did make men of the world was acknowledged by friend and foe alike, only their critics had a good deal to say about the methods of tortuous casuistry by which this result was achieved. Ranke even goes so far as to speak of their having abandoned all idea of subjugating the world to the spirit of religion, their own spirit on the contrary having succumbed to the influence of the world, and their sole aim being "to render themselves indispensable to their fellow-men, by whatever means this might be effected." He proceeds to observe that to ensure this purpose they deliberately relaxed and perverted not only the rules of their own Order but the precepts of religion and morality, and prostituted the solemn office of confession to their evil ends. This moral relaxation was of course of peculiar significance in a community which from the first had made the education of youth its chief employment.

But at all events, whatever may be thought of the means adopted, there can be no doubt that for a century or so after they rose into power Jesuit education throughout the continent of Europe was a conspicuous success. In England, where of course they had no opportunity of opening colleges till much later, they do not seem ever to have succeeded so well, and vigorous protests have been raised during the last few years, as our readers are aware, from more than one quarter in the English Roman Catholic body itself against parts of their disciplinary system, which are to say the least singularly uncongenial to English notions and habits in the training of youth. That however has no direct bearing on the prospects of their imported colleges, in Jersey and elsewhere, which are designed for the training not of English but of French boys, whom they are forbidden any longer to receive in their own country. In the training of French boys the Jesuits do appear, from the impartial testimony of such observers as Mr. Matthew Arnold, to have been very successful of late. They would indeed strangely have lost their old cunning, if they were unable to hold their own against the unloved and unlovely *lycée*, which, unless they are greatly maligned, show some of the worst moral faults of the "seminary" system, without offering any of its religious attractions. Both Ranke and Hallam have described the marvellous revival of learning they effected in Catholic Europe after the Reformation. The universities, then mainly in the hands of narrow and ignorant ecclesiastics, had failed entirely to keep pace with the advance of Protestant education, till the Jesuits got possession of them or founded rival colleges of their own to supply the want. It was found, says Hallam, that boys learnt more from them in six months than in two years under other masters, and as moreover they taught at that period gratuitously, Protestants often removed their children from the ordinary gymnasia to the Jesuit colleges, with results which may readily be conceived. In classical knowledge, especially of Latin, and in the elegance of their scholarship, they had no superiors, and many of the best Latin writers of the day were Jesuits. They took the lead in polite letters and classical style, and thus dexterously moulded the highest talents of the rising generation to the services of the Church. For in their hands the whole course of Liberal studies took one direction, one perpetual aim—never for a moment lost sight of—the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith. Latin verification was at that time highly prized, and their pupils were accordingly taught to write sacred poems, while the very structure of our old school friend, the *Gradus ad Parnassum*—a Jesuit compilation—was made studiously subservient to the promotion of Catholic orthodoxy. Cardinal Newman has told us in the *Apologia* how he used as a schoolboy, when he firmly believed the Pope to be Antichrist, to score out the pro-Papal epithets and synonyms in his *Gradus* and substitute the vilest terms of abuse he could think of in their place. The *Gradus* was meant to insinuate Popery into Protestant schools. There was again a taste for dramatic representation, and therefore the walls of the Jesuit colleges resounded with sacred tragedies. There was a prejudice at the time against stipendiary teachers, and hence the Jesuit professors, who had their wealthy endowments to fall back upon, increased their popularity by taking no fees. In Germany, in Spain, in Italy, in France, their colleges spread rapidly. "They conquered us," says Ranke, "on our own ground, in our own homes, and stripped us of a part of our country." They had three colleges in Rome, including one for German and one for English students. In France they notoriously took the lead in classical scholarship. "The Jesuits," Huet says, "write and speak Latin well, but their style is almost always too rhetorical. This is owing to their keeping regencies [academical exercises] from their early youth, which makes them speak incessantly in public." Jouvancy, whose Latin orations were published in 1700⁶ is said in the *Biographie Universelle* to have had no equal since Maffei and Muretus. The Jesuit Rapius's poem on Gardens, of some 3,000 lines, is commended by Hallam for its truly Virgilian spirit and rhythm, and sustained dignity of expression throughout. With so many claims on public attention and confidence in their educational work we cannot wonder at the rapid spread of Jesuit influence over Europe. Their first school was established at Gandia in the Kingdom of Valencia by Francis Borgia in 1546, and was soon erected into a university by the Pope and the King of Spain, as though a pledge and prophecy of the command they were speedily to acquire over the whole education of Catholic Europe.

But what is equally manifest on the surface of history and not at first sight equally easy to explain, is the fact that Jesuit popularity after a time receded almost as rapidly as it had advanced. The very qualities which had made the Order the most serviceable of allies and the most formidable of enemies contained indeed the seeds of public hatred and ultimate ruin. Their zeal, their compact union, their indefatigable and single devotion to a cause, rendered them often unscrupulous in the choice of means, and still oftener suspected. To Protestants they were naturally obnoxious, if only for their signal successes, but they had also no lack of adversaries within the pale of the Church they served with such exclusive loyalty, and even on the Papal throne, whom their intriguing and ambitious spirit had alienated or alarmed. Chief of course among the grounds of accusation against them stood the charge of what is popularly called Jesuitism, or, in other words, of encouraging by teaching and example a casuistical relaxation of the laws of morality. That there was truth in the indictment no one familiar with the Pro-

vincial Letters, not to go any further, can possibly doubt; and their conduct in some notable cases, as e.g. in the affair of "the Chinese Rites" and their persecution of Bishop Palafox, only too faithfully illustrated the crooked policy they were accused of justifying in their code of ethics. The testimony of writers like the late Professor Huber of Munich, or even Mr. Cartwright, can hardly be credited with judicial impartiality, but there is enough in the works of both writers on the subject to establish a strong case against the incriminated Order. Their services to learning and religion are undisputed, but to them the old saying may be applied with tolerable accuracy, *ubi bene nihil melius, ubi male nihil prius*. That the charges brought against them were often exaggerated is perfectly true, and Hallam's account of the various reasons—not always discreditable—which led them to embrace the laxer theories of moral obligation is a juster and more comprehensive one than Ranke's. But he admits that they employed their logical acumen in sophisms which undermined the foundations of moral integrity and thus "warred against the conscience they were bound to protect." They never really recovered from the wound inflicted by Pascal, and when a century later the Order was suppressed by the excellent Pope Clement XIV., at the united request of the Catholic Sovereigns of Europe, there were few to regret its fall. Their vigorous subsistence during the forty years of their nominal suppression, under the interested patronage of Protestant or schismatical Governments, tells more for the hardihood of their *esprit de corps* than for their honest submission to the authority they professed to reverence as supreme, absolute, and Divine. It was natural that the Catholic reaction of the present century should be heralded by their revival, but like other restored potentates they have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. Their old ingenuity has not failed them, though it no longer secures them their old supremacy in the world of thought. They still retain the weakness and the strength of their old educational methods, which serve rather to polish and sharpen the intellect than to brace its individual energies, and are admirably adapted to produce a class of adroit special pleaders, but very ill adapted to develop originality of mind. It is a system more congenial to the Latin than to the Anglo-Saxon temper, and is no likelier in the future than in the past to become really acclimatized in England.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THERE are few more interesting pages in the literature of autobiography than the self-told story of Hector Berlioz. The book is as vivacious and amusing as the "Mémoires" of the great Dumas and as rich in violence and extravagance as the *Vita Scritta da Se Medesimo* of Benvenuto Cellini. With this latter work it has not a little in common. Apart from Cellini's ruffianism, indeed, there are several points of contact, not only between the two books, but between the two men also. Berlioz made the great goldsmith the hero of an opera, and it is not doubtful that he was in complete sympathy with his subject. In the Frenchman there is a full measure of the waywardness of temper, the impatience of authority, the resolute and daring humour, the passion of worship for what is great in art and of contempt for what is little and bad, which entered so largely into the composition of the Florentine. There is not much to choose between the Berlioz of the *Débats*, the author of the *Grotesques de la Musique* and the *A travers Chants*, and the Benvenuto who, as Il Lasca writes of him:—

Senza alcun ritegno o barbazzale,
Delle cose malfatte dicea male.

Benvenuto enlarges upon the joys of drawing from the life, and expatiates upon the greatness of Michel Angelo in much the same spirit and with much the same fury of admiration with which Berlioz descants upon the rapture of conducting an orchestra, and dilates upon the beauty of *Divinité du Styx* or the adagio of the Sonata in C sharp minor. It is written of Benvenuto, in connexion with Vasari's attack upon that cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore, which he was wont to call "The marvel of beautiful things," that, had he but lived to see the result,

Certo non capirebbe nelle pelle;
E saltando, e correndo, e fulminando,
S'andrebbe querelando,
E per tutto gridando ad alta voce
Giorgio d'Arezzo meterebbe in croce,
Oggi universalmente
Odio della gente
Quasi publico ladro e assassino;

and, in reading, we are irresistibly reminded of Berlioz betrampling Lachnith and the ingenious Castil-Blaze, and defending Beethoven against the destructive pedantry of Fétis. And, just as the "Vita" is invaluable as a personal record of artist-life in the Italy of the Renaissance, so are the "Mémoires" invaluable as a personal record of the works and ways of musicians in the Paris of the Romantic revival. Berlioz is revealed in them as one of the most commanding and original figures in the great movement in which he had the honour to bear a part. He is of the race of the giants. He is the musician of 1830, as Delacroix is the painter; and his work is as typical and as significant as the "Massacre de Scio" and the "Marino Faliero."

His eccentricities and extravagances were not, as with so many others, the effects of imitation; they were innate in him. He was born, as he says of himself, "à ne jamais agir comme tout le monde,

à prendre la vie et l'académie à contrepoin." The son of a country doctor, he began by preferring Gluck and Virgil to Cabanis and Muriel. At twelve he fell madly in love, and at nineteen he came to Paris to study surgery, when however he soon fell to reading *Alceste* and *Armide*. "Je lus et relus," he says, "les partitions de Gluck; je les copiai, je les appris par cœur; elles me firent perdre le sommeil, oublier le manger et le boire; j'en délirai. Et le jour où, après une anxieuse attente, il me fut enfin permis d'entendre *Iphigénie en Tauride*, je jurai, en sortant de l'Opéra, que malgré père, mère, oncles, tantes, grands-parents, et amis, je serais musicien." He kept his oath; and after studying for some time with Lesueur, the author of *Les Bérécés*, and writing a mass, an opera, and a grand dramatic scena for voice and orchestra, all of which he carefully destroyed, he entered the Conservatoire, where Reicha taught him counterpoint, and where he made a mortal foe of Cherubini. His father cut off the supplies; but he supported himself by singing in the chorus at a minor theatre. His mother bestowed her malediction upon him; but he went on working harder than ever. He failed to win the favour of his masters; his works were condemned as monstrosities; he was beaten time after time by nobodies of the purest water; and it was not until he was nearly twenty-seven years old that he won the *prix de Rome*, and could leave school. Meanwhile, however, his education, which was in great measure his own work, had been steadily advancing. At first his idols were Spontini and Gluck. Of Mozart he thought as of some one Italianate and ruined. His aversion was Rossini. "Je me suis alors demandé plus d'une fois," he says, "comment je pourrais m'y prendre pour miner le Théâtre-Italien, et le faire sauter un soir de représentation, avec toute sa population rossinienne." An author who made a great impression upon him was Byron, to whose influence is owing the *Harold en Italie*. The *Faust* translation of Gérard de Nerval inspired him with an idea which afterwards took shape in the *Damnation*. He was introduced, through one of the arrangements of Castil-Blaze, to the art of Weber, and it became one of the main influences of his life. Shakespeare, revealed to him by the acting of Macready and Miss Smithson—whom he presently married—in *Hamlet* and in *Romeo and Juliet*, almost killed him. "Shakespeare," he says, "en tombant ainsi sur moi à l'improviste, me foudroya. Son éclair, en m'ouvrant le ciel de l'art avec un fracas sublime, m'en illumina les plus lointaines profondeurs. Je reconnus la vraie grandeur, la vraie beauté, la vraie vérité dramatique. . . . Je vis, je compris, je sentis que j'étais vivant, qu'il fallait me lever et marcher." For a long time he could neither eat nor sleep, he could neither read nor work—"La seconde avait été trop forte, et je fus longtemps à me remettre." A similar effect was produced upon him by the discovery of Beethoven, for whom, from first to last, his admiration was boundless. To Berlioz that mighty master was "a king of kings"; his greater sonatas "serviront pour l'échelle métrique pour mesurer le développement de notre intelligence musicale"; he is "a Throne, a Domination, a Power," a Titan, a demigod. M. Legouvé says of Berlioz that he had but two books, Virgil and Shakespeare, and that these two he knew by heart. In the same way, it may be said of him that, with a great regard for Weber, he recognized the sovereignty of but two musicians, Gluck and Beethoven. It must be acknowledged that his taste was right, and such as may become a great artist.

His life was extraordinarily full and varied. He suffered cruelly and enjoyed greatly; his failures were hardly less complete than his successes. Abroad he was everywhere received with delight and with applause. In Paris, "la ville du monde où l'on aime le moins la musique, et où l'on fait le plus d'opéras comiques," himself and his music were for long years unpopular. He had many enemies, of all sorts and sizes; and he deserved them all. He was a distinguished writer as well as a great musician; he had plenty to say, and he knew how to say it; and in the columns of the *Débats* he held his own against all comers. He was bold, ardent, the possessor of an admirable style, and rich in wit, sense, and fun. There is not a page of his work, whether playful or serious, but bears the imprint of his personality and has its peculiar interest. Not the least curious and suggestive of his remarks are those in which his own compositions are in question. Heine, in a well-known passage, compared him to "an eagle-sized lark," to "a colossal nightingale," and went on to say that to him the music of Berlioz had in it "something primeval, if not antediluvian," and always made him think of mammoths and giant saurians, of Babylon the Great, and the wonders of Nineveh, and the hanging gardens of Semiramis. Berlioz repeats the comparison, apparently with some complacency, but is not slow to take exception to Heine's conclusion that he has "not much melody and no nuivété at all," and to remind the poet that he is speaking out of the depths of ignorance. He has written a good deal of so-called "architectural music," it is true—as, for instance, the *Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale*, with its "sonnerie archangélique, simple mais noble, empanachée, armée, se levant triomphalement, retentissante, immense, annonçant à la terre et au ciel l'ouverture des portes de l'émpyrée," as the *Requiem*, with its colossal "Lacrymosa," its tremendous "Dies Ira"; as the *Symphonie Fantastique*, with its terrible "Sabbat" and its nightmare "Marche au Supplice"; as the *Te Deum*, "dont le finale est sans nul doute ce que j'ai produit de plus grandiose." But these things form but a part of his work, and, to be rightly judged, he must be considered as the composer of *Bénédict et Béatrice* and *L'Enfance du Christ*, of *Harold en Italie* and the *Troïens*, and the *Romeo et Juliette* as

well. Of late a reaction in his favour has set in, and we have been so fortunate as to hear some of the larger and the more important of these works, their enormous difficulty and complexity notwithstanding. Mr. Hallé has succeeded brilliantly with the *Damnation de Faust*; and the production of the *Enfance du Christ* is eagerly expected.

As regards the *Damnation*, Berlioz seems to have set no great store by it. He wrote it, words and music, with great rapidity; much of it in Paris, "chez moi, au café, au jardin des Tuileries, et jusque sur une borne du boulevard du Temple"; much of it, by rail and road, in steamboats and in taverns, during a journey through Bohemia and Hungary. The "Rakocsky March," written in a single night at Vienna, was first given at Pesth, to which city, so great was the excitement it created, Berlioz had to present the original score. The introduction, "Le vieil hiver," was made in the inn at Passau, the "Bords de l'Elbe" scene at Vienna; the "Ronde des Paysans" was jotted down at Breslau by the light of a shop-window; the "Remonte au Ciel" brought the author out of his bed at Pesth at midnight, and the "Jam nox stellata" was written at Breslau. With regard to this last, Berlioz relates that, at Moscow, authority was pleased to consider the song improper, and obliged him to pretend to suppress it, and that a Dresden critic, who also considered his Mephistopheles as a libel on the reputation of the excellent fiend, held it for an abominable slander on the morals of the German student, who was, he said, incapable of any such wickedness as is hymned in it. The *Damnation*, which was produced in 1846, was a complete failure; it was played but twice, and then to empty houses; and Berlioz, who was well-nigh ruined, swore solemnly that never while he lived would he write for the Parisians more. Here, in London, it has been prodigiously successful; in Paris, revived at the Opéra by M. Colonne, it was played many times in succession to overflowing houses.

THE MONASTIC SCRIPTORIUM.

SUETONIUS relates that Julius Caesar was the first to send letters to the Senate written on each page and folded into leaves for preservation. We are not sure that this is the earliest specific mention of the present form of book; but, if Julius was the first to supersede the troublesome roll by the bound volume, he deserves a bust in every library. The latter is a form that has received no improvement, and it is one which it seems impossible to change for the better. The unwinding of a roll and the opening of a book were processes of such different degrees of readiness that no other innovation of equal advantage to the reader was made until the small Latin letter was brought into use by the monks, and took the place of the uncial character, of which it is a modification. The older MSS. were written in capitals, without spaces or points of division in the lines, the whole running continuously as one word. The painful inconvenience of this arrangement makes it strange that the small letter should not have been generally adopted before the ninth century, though it had been introduced at least two centuries before. In this character the Psalter of Alfred the Great, which Astle, in his *History of Writing*, asserted to be in his library, was written. Even at that time the *i* had not received the dot above it, which Mabillon says was not to be found in MSS. before the thirteenth century; one of the earliest books in which the complete *i* occurs being Henry Justellus's MS. of the Gallican version of the Bible, written in 1294. Caesar's *Libellus Memorialis* we may assume to have been no masterpiece of art, being simply official documents executed with despatch. Though Ovid speaks of a rubricated title, or rather of the absence of one ("Nec titulus minio, nec cedro charta notetur," *Trist.* Eleg. i.), the earliest mention, according to Mr. M. D. Wyatt, of an illuminated book refers to a copy of the works of Homer, written in gold upon purple vellum, which Julius Capitolinus describes, in his Life of Maximinus the younger, to have been presented to that Emperor by his mother. The practice, however, of adding figures of silver and gold, crimson and purple to the pages of a MS., was chiefly the growth of a period when literature had become religious, and when a belief in the environment of saintly presences undreamed of in Roman philosophy had lent a new inspiration to the artist's work. Whether the rude art of the Catacombs gave rise to the maturer design and gorgeous ornamentation of the mediæval misal has hardly been determined, the influences of the Byzantine spirit of illustration having been thought to be more distinctly traceable in the artist craft of the monastic scriptorium than in the pictorial symbolism of underground Rome. A comparison, however, of some of the richest of the wall-paintings in the Catacombs, as reproduced in De Rossi's *Roma Sotterranea*, with the miniatures in Westwood's *Paleographia Sacra*, would show that the same cloud of witnesses which thronged the imagination of the early Christians in the seclusion of sepulchral Rome directed the hand of the mediæval monk, and suggested the like pictorial devices. In any case, his work was wrought with the most painful diligence; his book was written and enriched with a feeling that in what he was doing he helped towards his own salvation. "Whosoever shall read and understand this book, pray for the soul of me, the writer," would hardly be subscribed to a volume that had been carelessly transcribed or poorly executed. According to the lore of our Protestant boyhood, the monasteries, indeed, were the very castles

of indolence—an opinion that generally becomes modified on more exact and candid examination. To the busy man of the world contemplation is idleness, and the quiet routine of writing would seem but languid activity. But, inasmuch as the only centres of enlightenment in the Dark Ages were the scriptoria of the abbey, the labours of the monastic scribes ought, to a scholarly estimation, alone to be sufficient to make up for the withdrawal of a numerous section of men from the ordinary business of mankind. Though the triumphal march of literature began with the invention of printing, the materials of the triumph had been provided by the cloistral transcribers, who, by their preservation of the thoughts of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin writers, supplied the chief “copy” for the compositor. It might seem idle to compare a great modern printing-office and its rapid productiveness with the slow manual efforts of the cloister to multiply copies of books; yet a fair consideration of what was produced by the latter would show that, though the feverish haste of modern execution—however consistent with hurrying modes of living—had no likeness in the past, yet the true human feeling which finds utterance in each page of a lovingly executed MS. has a charm that no mechanically produced volume can supply. If the only rays that we had received from the Dark Ages had been reflected from the illuminated MSS. of the abbey, we should have inherited so priceless a literature that its existence would alone be sufficient to invalidate the charge of drowsy inertness against the religious fraternities.

It is not always that we can point out the scriptorium in the architectural construction of a monastery. We must not imagine a spacious apartment like the refectory or the dormitory, commodious enough for the whole body of resident monks. All the brethren were not engaged in copying, nor in registering passing events; nor were the writing and illumination always done in a single large room. It sometimes happened that the work of transcription and historical compilation was effected in separate cells, or “carols,” which, as we shall see, were arranged in the cloistral walls, or incorporated with the monastic buildings. The word *scriptorium*, indeed, was not invariably a strictly defined term, being used not only for a large or a small chamber devoted to writing, but for cells or small rooms; and sometimes it was applied to larger apartments which, having no other particular name or use, were, as Dr. Maitland remarks, called *scriptoria*, even when not actually used, or specially intended, for the business of writing. Thus we are told that Arnold, Abbot of Villars in Brabant, when he forsook office (c. 1250) occupied a scriptorium, where he lived as a private person in his own apartment. One of his successors, Jacobus, who became abbot in 1276, attached similar cells to the outside of the calefactory, and somewhat later two others were added to the sacristan's house. Among the Cistercians the scriptorium was sometimes a private cell for study or recreation, and among the statutes, A.D. 1278, it is required “that monks to whom scriptoria are allowed *studendum vel recreandum* are not to remain in these apartments at times when they are required to be in the cloister.” Properly, however, and in the great abbey, the scriptorium was a large chamber, duly consecrated, where as many as twelve, or even twenty, persons were employed in copying and illuminating the sacred scriptures, service-books, and legends of saints, besides noting music and giving much attention to profane literature. The historiographer usually had his private study away from the other scribes. Estates were often devoted to the maintenance of the scriptorium; that at St. Edmundsbury was endowed with two mills, which were a considerable source of revenue; and in 1171 the tithes of a rectory were given to the cathedral convent of St. Swithin, Winchester, *ad libros transcribendos*. In like manner Nigel, A.D. 1160, appropriated two churches to the monks of Ely, *ad libros faciendos*. One of the works produced at St. Edmundsbury was Lydgate's *Boke of the Sege of Troy*, an original copy of which, written and illuminated by the hand of *Dawn John Lydgate, monk of Bery, atte excitacion and steryng of the moost worthi and myghty Prynce, Kyng Henry the Fyfthe*, we observe by a catalogue before us to be at the present moment offered by one of the chief London booksellers at the price of 1,720*l*. It is pleasant, by the way, to hear Lydgate praise his “maister Chaucer,” who “our English gilte with his sawes,” which had been before he says “rude and boisterous,” “far from perfection,” and of “little reputacion.” “God frede,” he adds, was the first to “magnetie and adorne it with his eloquence” and poetry, and therefore, “for my part,” says honest Lydgate, “I will never end

So as I can hym to magnifye
In my wryting playnly till I dye,
And God I pray his soule bryng in joye.”

The scriptorium of St. Alban's Abbey was built by Abbot Paulin, a Norman who caused many books to be transcribed there about the year 1080, Archbishop Lanfranc supplying the works to be copied. It was afterwards rebuilt at the expense of Thomas the thirtieth abbot (1349-96), with the oversight of Thomas de Walsingham, Cantor and Scriptorarius. The labours of the monks of St. Alban's were worthy of the importance of their monastery, the extant chronicles of their compilation affording the richest of all harvests for reapers in the field of English mediæval history. Of the St. Alban's historians Matthew Paris might be called an English Herodotus, for though his labours were grounded on the chronicle of Roger Wendover, who had been a monk of his own abbey, he was the first to connect foreign transactions with the history of his own country. His honesty and simplicity, with his power of dramatic narration, were qualities of style that were perhaps understood by King Henry III., who

ordered him to commemorate a great celebration of the feast of Edward the Confessor, appointing to him a seat near the throne that he might adequately view the scene. Happily, Paris's mental strength did not give way under the strain of his studies, so as to require the severe measures that were applied in the case of one of his brethren, Alexander de Langley, who was driven actually mad by his much learning. Langley was keeper of the Abbot's seal, and, moreover, so elegant a scholar, that he could write a letter to the Pope; but in his raving he showed himself proud and conceited. The Abbot ordered him to the cloister, where he persisted in his vaunting pretensions to superior intellect and scholarship. Much moved by this sad exhibition, his chief cited him to the Chapter-House, where he caused him to be flogged till he was bloody (“*usque ad copiosam sanguinis effusionem flagellari*”), and, being still unhumbled, he sent him to the cell at Bynham. There the unfortunate maniac was retained in solitary confinement and fetters until he died, when he was even buried in his chains (“*compedibus est sepultus*”).

If we wish to see the former scriptoria of the monks, we must look for them in the cloisters of the abbey and of the monastic cathedrals. At Clairvaux there were eight small cells in the lesser cloister appointed for the scribes engaged in copying works for the library, which was, as usual, placed over the chapter-house. Odo, first Abbot of St. Martin's at Tournay, used to exult in the number of writers which the Lord had given him; “for if you had gone into the cloisters, you might in general have seen a dozen young monks sitting on chairs, in perfect silence, writing at well-constructed tables.” All Jerome's Commentaries on the Prophets, all the works of St. Gregory, and everything that he could find of St. Augustine, Ambrose, Isidore, Bede, and the Lord Anselm, then Abbot of Bec and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, he caused to be diligently transcribed. Some of these MSS. are believed by Dr. Maitland to be “now the property of my learned friend, Dr. Todd, of Trinity Col., Dublin.” One of them, since sold for 20*l*, is entitled “Gregorialis,” and was compiled by, and is apparently in the handwriting of, Alulfus, who during forty-seven years was the *armarius*, or librarian, of the convent under Odo. In the west walk of the cloisters of the Abbey of St. Werburg, Ohester, are the arched recesses prepared as studies or carols for the monks, the latter name being obtained from their squareness of section (*carrels*, or *quarrels*). These were continued in the south walk, the ruins of them being yet visible. Each is lighted by a transomed window of two bays, while against the church wall, opposite the cells, were *almeries* to contain the books. In the destroyed south walk of Ohester Cathedral were also many carols, and some remain in a fairly perfect condition at the south end of the west walk. In the cloister of Worcester we find similar arrangements, but the most interesting example of the kind in England is in Gloucester Cathedral, formerly the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter. The fan-traceried vaulting of the cloisters there belongs to the second half of the fourteenth century, and is the earliest and most beautiful in the kingdom. Running below the main windows, in the south ambulatory, is a series of twenty carols, or arched cells, with battlemented cresting, each lighted from the inside of the quadrangle by a small window of two divisions. In these silent retreats the busy copyists pursued their calm and unmolested work, and though wars and rebellions might be distracting the nation, they were no more disturbed by the noise of conflict than by the chirp of the sparrows in their cloister green. Silence, indeed, was an attribute of the scriptorium and cloister, and we may well believe that the scrupulous accuracy with which every letter was formed and connected, could only have happened by the most uninterrupted attention to the process of writing. Charles Lamb indeed says, in his queer way, that the “abbey church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn and spirit-soothing as the naked walls of a Quakers' meeting.” As we find by Elia's confession that the silence of a Friends' meeting was not absolutely unbroken, “some trembling female, generally ancient, now and then rising to lay out a few words which ‘she thought might suit the condition of some present,’” we may still keep to the traditional feeling that cathedral aisles and cloistral shades are as solemn and quiet as a Quakers' meeting-house. “To enjoy one another's want of conversation” was the rule of the writing apartments and carols of the abbey. When a book was wanted by one of the brethren, he made a movement as of turning over the leaves of a volume. To this action he added the sign of a cross if the work needed were a missal; for the gospels he crossed his forehead; for a gradual he made the sign of a cross, and kissed his finger, with other prescriptive motions for other books. When a pagan work was required, he was to use a general sign, and then to scratch his ear like a dog, because infidels may be likened to dogs. Sometimes, however, the copying was done by dictation, one of the transcribers reading aloud while the rest wrote accordingly. “Great pains,” remarks Sir T. Duffus Hardy, “were taken in copying the classics, the Latin Fathers, and all books of scholastic learning, but comparatively little labour seems to have been bestowed on the execution of books relating to national or monastic history, unless they were intended for presents.” It was in fitting continuity to the labours of the scriptoria that some of the earliest printing presses should have been set up within the monasteries. The Abbot of Westminster was one of the first patrons of Caxton, whose printing office was established in the Abbey. The earliest Italian printing press was in the Monastery of St. Scholastica at Subiaco, the productions of which are of singular beauty, and much prized by the collector. In the year 1480 a printing was established at St. Alban's, of which William Wallingford was

then prior. Also, in the next century (1525) a press, was set up at Tavistock, where a monk was the printer.

The Rule of St. Benedict ordained four hours to be daily set apart for reading, but it made no mention of writing as an employment for the monks. The labours of the pen were, however, involved in so much attention to books; and when we consider the vast materials for French and English history which have been provided by the monks, particularly the Benedictines, and add the unpublished MSS. of all kinds in public and in private collections, not forgetting the incalculable waste of the monastic libraries, we may conclude that though, as Cardinal Newman argues, the occupation of writing was but an accident of the monastic life, yet each great abbey, such as Fulda, St. Gall, Gandersheim, Fleury, St. Denis, St. Martin at Tours, and our own St. Alban's, was practically a society of letters, and a centre of public enlightenment.

THE WOODS IN WINTER.

EVERYONE with any feeling for the poetry of nature must be alive to the charm of the woods in spring, when the brown buds are bursting out in a delicate flush of vivid green; when the birds have broken into song and are beginning to busy themselves over their nesting. Or in summer, when the cool shadows of the heavy foliage are a delightful refuge from the glare of noonday, and when, like the lady in *Comus*, we may easily lose ourselves in lanes and alleys green, in dingles, bushy dells, or bosky bowers. Or in autumn, when the splendours of the fading leaves remind you of the plumage of the wings of the pheasants, with the golden and russet tints glowing in the slanting sunbeams. But in winter, many people unfamiliar with the country are inclined to associate the woods with all that is most gloomy and depressing. And they may have their sombre and even forbidding aspects, no doubt, according to the weather in which you may visit them. We should recommend none to go a-wandering there in wet, after a prolonged rainfall. It is labour and sorrow to plunge along the rides, deeply rutted by the wheels of the ponderous wood carts, when you sink over the ankles, or possibly above the knee, in the pools of standing water with their bottoms of tenacious mud. If you leave the path by way of bettering things, you find them still worse. Scrambling up the slippery slopes or descending them throws a heavy strain on the aching back sinews, and the branches are something worse than no protection from the rain, since each breath of the wind brings down a douche bath. The time to enjoy a winter walk in the woods is in a crisp, clear frost, strong enough to crystallize the superabundant moisture that would otherwise exhale in mists and vapours. Now the air is as dry as it is pure; and, though the cold may be severe, you hardly realize that, since the atmosphere is absolutely calm. Away from the paths you might fancy yourself in the solitude of Scandinavian forests, were it not for the sounds from the surrounding country, that remind you cheerfully of the near neighbourhood of man. To these sounds the senses seem preternaturally sharpened. You listen to the tinkle of the sheep-bells, mellowed into soft music by the distance; to the crowing of the cocks at cottages or farmsteadings; to the ring of the horses' hoofs on some iron-bound road far away. Close to you, the sparkling rime crackles at the tread of the feet, and the fallen branches snap under your boots with reports like the explosion of crackers. Nothing can be more delicately graceful than the frostwork on the twigs that interlace themselves overhead against the blue of the sky. The trunks of the tall firs are like slender columns of fretted silver; and, if there has been a recent snowfall, the black boughs of the spruces are weighted down under dazzling canopies. These little wintry bowers may form some sort of refuge for the wild animals that are being driven to hard shifts. If there is anything to spoil the pleasure of the walk, it is the feeling of the suffering that is being endured around you. Although in the light and the comparative warmth of high noon, such animals as you come across seem tolerably lively, yet you fancy you can see that they are in evil case by their ragged coats or staring feathers. The hares are most to be pitied in the circumstances. They may make the best of a miserable business cowering under one of the snow-laden boughs, but they have been forced to shift from their favourite snug forms. As for the rabbits, they have always their burrows for a retreat, since the snow-drift must be deep indeed that blocks these. But both hares and rabbits have been hard pushed for food, as you may gather from the withered twigs they have been gnawing, and from the height to which, standing on their hind legs, they have been barking the more succulent ash stems. It would appear indeed that nature, beneficent as she is in her arrangements, might have done something more to help the ground-game towards getting a livelihood in hard weather. For, as we may tell by the infinite intercrossing of their tracks on the snow, they must wander about in a most purposeless manner; instead of scraping and digging with a resolute purpose down to the grass which might give them some kind of nourishment. But if the game are in difficulties, the vermin are the gainers by that. The weasel running across the path, too earnest after some victim he is scenting to be aware of your presence, is on a hunt that is pretty sure to be successful, as hares or rabbits may be easily surprised. And the fox that by a sensational accident you almost set your foot upon, in a bed of crushed and snow-encumbered bracken, is evidently in tip-top condition. He goes off in an easy canter with

a saucy, devil-may-care air, comfortably done up in his ruddy wrappings of fur, and flourishing his well-tagged brush behind him. He has heard nothing of hounds, horses, or horn, and knows that your disturbing him is purely accidental. He probably passed the bitter evening coiled up luxuriously in his earth, and only emerged to seek his supper by the moonlight, when the exercise kept him agreeably warm. Doubtless he supped to his satisfaction on game, if he did not make a raid on the neighbouring poultry-yards; and if it pleased him to lie up in the bracken to digest the meal, we may be sure that he was not unpleasantly chilled. At this hour there are not very many birds about. Most of them have gathered into the thicker hedges, or gone to seek the sunnier exposures in the open fields to see what they may pick up; or the tamer of them have taken up their temporary quarters in the immediate neighbourhood of houses, where they are keeping soul and body together on the charity or waste of the inmates. But one bird there is, though the most familiar of them all, which will certainly come and keep you company in your wood walk. As you pause to admire some picturesque effect, you hear the confidential twitter of the robin over your shoulder; and there he is appealing to you with down-turned eye as if he hoped you might have a handful of crumbs in your pocket. For the robins, though sociable, are not gregarious, and scatter themselves everywhere through the woods, orchards, and hedgerows. Or it may be a tomtit that has hurried up on hearing your footsteps, and precedes you in the path you are going, in short, jerky flights from branch to branch. Now and then you may hear the harsh croak of the hooded crow winging his clumsy flight overhead, and scanning the cover for anything he may make a prey of, with cruel, keen eyes. Or you are almost startled by a harsh scream or chattering cry, and catch a glimpse of a flash of brilliant colour, as a jay or a magpie shoots across through the trees. Few birds are worse off in the winter, for they must almost renounce their natural diet, casting about for what they can find in the shape of carrion, or anything else. Wood-pigeons are few and far between, even in the woods they most frequent. They have flocked together, and have taken the habit of mingling with the rooks, searching for spots under clumps of trees in the open that may have been laid bare by the drip in a temporary thaw; or they may have even made their way into the gardens, where they are filling their crops with the cabbage-leaves.

But, as you walk on, the character of the woodland is changing. The dry banks dip down towards a hollow, where a brook, winding down a little valley, forms a swamp that leads on to a deep, dark pool. At least, there ought to be a swamp there in ordinary weather, but to-day of course it is so firmly frozen over that the walking is perfectly dry, though elastic. Before reaching it, you follow the course of the brook for a little way. Every now and then a blackbird rises from the spreading thorns that overhang it, or from beneath the bank where that has been hollowed by the current. Where there is black mould under the roots of the thorns, the chances are that the soil is scarcely so hard as elsewhere, and there are insects to be found by the hungry "orange bills." But there are not many signs of life in the willow beds and frozen rushes further on in the swamp; though towards the evening great flocks of redwings and fieldfares will probably be gathering in thither to roost. Silence is brooding over the little pool that lies half-overshadowed by the encircling alders. But, step as softly as you will, you cannot hope to approach it altogether undetected, for the rushes will crackle under your footsteps. There is a plash, succeeded by another and another. It is the water-rats scuttling from the bank to take shelter in their holes. For, though nine-tenths of the pool are frozen over, at the further end the white-sprinkled surface is broken by a black patch, where a spring bubbling up from under the boughs of a gnarled willow has prevented the ice from forming. And it is fortunate for the moorhens, who make the most of it, besides the other creatures that come to quench their thirst.

But though we may wander far and wide through the woods in winter without meeting a human being, they are not altogether or always deserted. You may hear the ringing strokes of the axe, and if, guided by them, you make your way towards the sound, you will find the woodmen at work, felling a strip of copse-wood. They are lopping the stems and shaping them into clean-dressed poles; laying aside the stout side shoots to be woven into hurdles, and stacking the twigs and branches in bundles for fire-wood. In woodland districts, where there is no lack of timber for the backgrounds, there is a wonderful charm in these periodical cuttings. At first sight you may grudge the graceful cover, or wish it had been spared for another spring at least. But it is soon brought home to you, on nearer observation, that the apparent loss will be a gain. The cutting lets in light and air, where before there had been a somewhat dull uniformity of shadow; and it opens up bright peeps into the landscape which till now had been effectually screened. The many-gabled farmhouse comes in picturesquely in the middle distance, with a swelling ridge of down or breezy bit of common skirting the far horizon behind. Then already, looking forward a couple of springs with the eye of imagination, you see the bare brown ground between the ash stoles covered with beds of primroses and cowslips and the purple blush of nodding wild hyacinths. It may be that, instead of cheery voices and echoing axe-blows, you are arrested by the murmur of suppressed voices. The speakers are neither trespassing nor about any other mischief. It is merely the lord of the manor or the lessee of his shootings, who is out with a ferreting party; and the more quietly he sets about his sport, the better his bag will be. They have chosen a secluded spot in a

clearing, where a bank is honeycombed with burrows and bolting-holes. A stalwart figure in velvet boots and gaiters is bending forward on chest and knees. He has set his ear to a hole, to hearken what is going forward underground; for the ferret has been "hanging" unduly, and the sportsmen have been getting impatient. There they stand in waiting attitudes, though the strain of attention is for the moment relaxed. And the sun that glances on the gunbarrels lights up other keepers behind, and ferret boxes and a spade or two with a gamebag, and a heap of dead rabbits, and a couple of eager terriers or spaniels, their heads cocked keenly on one side. It is altogether a lively sporting picture that might supply a spirited subject to a sympathetic artist. Still more picturesque and far more animated is the scene when the hounds have met and are drawing the covert. The frost is gone with the snow; and it is to be hoped that the wind has been drying the ground and clearing away the fog that hung in the bottom. We do not know that the prospects of the day's sport are great, for the woods are rambling and very extensive; and the fox, refusing to be forced into the open, may perseveringly run a ring in them. But to the disinterested onlooker the spectacle is all the more exhilarating on that account, when the rides are filled with groups of horsemen who, on their steeds of grey, brown, and bay, might figure with advantage on the canvas of a Cuyyp; while the brilliant flashes of the scarlet coats light up the surrounding dimness, and the cheery voices and laughter make the woods echo again. Indeed, there are many men whose recollections of the winter woods are even more pleasing than their bright associations with them in the softer seasons.

THE ALKALI ACT.

IN the present state of public business in the House of Commons it is difficult to feel more than a speculative interest in the contents of the Alkali Works Regulation Act. Even with all the advantages of urgency, the Coercion Bill takes its time. When that has been passed the Arms Bill remains, and when that is in turn disposed of, the only result will be to clear the way for the Land Bill. Some spare days must be found or made for Estimates and Supply; the Ballot Act cannot be allowed to expire without some provision for its re-enactment, if not for its amendment; and it will be extremely unfortunate if the Attorney-General is not allowed to deal with corrupt practices while the effect produced by the reports of the Election Commissioners is still fresh. As it is not to be expected that Parliament will sit on into September merely to improve the quality of the air in the neighbourhood of chemical works, it is easy to forecast the fortunes of a Bill which is likely to be opposed with much more zeal than it is supported. It will be a wonder if it gets read a second time in the Commons; it will be a miracle if it is carried through Committees. Under these circumstances, it would have been well if the Government had been content to deal with the subject in a slighter and more provisional fashion. Where the chances of abating existing nuisances are so few, the wiser course would have been to restrict the creation of fresh nuisances and to deal with those already in being at some more convenient because more leisurely season. More good would have been done by a Bill providing that no new works should be opened without the licence of the Local Government Board; and that, even with such licence, they should not be held to create any vested interest as against future legislation. The advantage of these provisions would be that the area of the nuisance which it is the object of such legislation to abate would not be extended in the interval. Without some such precaution each withdrawal of a Noxious Gases Bill is an invitation to those engaged in the production of these gases to do their worst. Parliament is naturally disposed to treat existing nuisances with more tenderness than it shows to nuisances subsequently created; and in the space of a year a good deal can be done in the way of enlarging old works and opening new ones.

The Government have preferred, however, to bring in a Bill which professes to deal with the whole subject, and this has now been read a second time in the House of Lords. Its authors cannot be charged with the sin of ambition. The Bill introduced by the late Government was not a very tremendous measure; but it had quite a vigorous, and even blustering, air by the side of Lord Huntley's modest suggestions. It was proved before the Royal Commission on Noxious Vapours that copper works are quite as injurious both to health and vegetation as alkali works; and in the Bill of 1879 copper works were expressly included. It is true that they were dealt with in a more gentle manner than alkali works. While the latter were subjected to specific regulations, copper works were only to be compelled to prevent the escape of noxious gas when it could be done at a reasonable expense. The reason, no doubt, for this variation was that assigned by the Royal Commissioners for excluding copper works from the scope of their recommendations. To make copper works harmless requires a large outlay, and in the then, and unfortunately still present, state of the copper trade the means of making a large outlay were not forthcoming. We pointed out at the time that, though this might constitute a reason for not bearing hardly upon works already in being, it was no reason at all for allowing new works to be opened upon the same easy conditions. The Alkali Works Regulation Bill gets over all difficulties upon this head by making no mention of copper works. In common with eleven other trades in-

cluded in Mr. Solater Booth's Bill, they are altogether left out of consideration. Lord Midleton pointed out on Tuesday that in thus picking and choosing between trades the Government are perpetuating an injustice which has already given occasion to much complaint. An owner of alkali works is compelled to adopt costly processes for consuming the noxious gases given out in the manufacture, or is subjected to a heavy fine for not adopting them. Can he be expected not to feel angry when he sees that the owner of other works, giving out gases quite as noxious in at least equal abundance, has neither to consume them nor to suffer for not consuming them? Nor does the mischief end with the sense of injustice thus created. The same feeling of hardship extends to the Inspectors who have to watch the alkali works, and to the magistrates who have to deal with the charges brought against their owners. Nobody says, in so many words, "I will have nothing to do with asking for and imposing penalties on one manufacturer for doing what another is allowed not to do," but the desire to adjust the balance is there insensibly, and the effect of it will probably be seen in laxity in the prosecution of offenders, and in leniency in dealing with them when prosecuted. The Archbishop of Canterbury is naturally disturbed at the restricted scope of the Bill, inasmuch as it will seemingly do little or nothing for the inhabitants of Lambeth. Of late years "Doulton ware" has come into fashion, and the demand for it has led to a great enlargement of the potteries which are the special industry of the district. It is one of the many ill consequences of the settlement of rich and poor in different neighbourhoods that the rich do not know what the poor suffer. If Lambeth were made up of alternate palaces and hovels, the inmates of both would be alike inconvenienced by the fumes of the potteries. As it is, the rich live elsewhere and escape, while the poor are forced to remain and suffer.

Lord Kimberley defended the narrowness of the present Bill on the ground that great care must be taken lest, by interference with works from which the poor derived their means of living, these works should be stopped. No doubt this is a part of the question which it is necessary to keep carefully in view. A village deriving its subsistence from works which destroy vegetation and lower the standard of health for some miles round would have just cause to complain if, in its zeal to purify the air, Parliament shut up the works and left the workers destitute. Yet, if the owner is forced to introduce processes into the manufacture which eat up all his profits, the works will probably be destroyed quite as effectually as though they were closed by Act of Parliament. In such a case as this there are two methods of abating the nuisance which may be adopted without running the risk which Lord Kimberley deprecates. In the first place, the ingenuity of inventors may be stimulated by a provision that whenever a process can be discovered by which the noxious gases may be got rid of at a cost which shall not be ruinous to the owner, the Local Government Board may order him to adopt this process. The dislike to incur a large expenditure is only one of the motives which indisposes manufacturers to do the best they can in the way of consuming noxious gases. Dislike to try new experiments is often quite as much the cause of their inaction, and this is not a sentiment with which the Legislature has any reason to deal tenderly. If the Local Government Board was known to be always on the look out for processes sufficiently cheap in their application to be reasonably enforced upon manufacturers, there would be constant inducement held out to inventors to give their minds to the discovery of something that should answer to this description. In the second place, the opening of similar works in places where they have not hitherto existed may be forbidden unless the owners are able to show that no injurious results will follow. The argument that works which give subsistence to a large number of persons must not be closed, lest in trying to save the district from discomfort we land it in destitution, does not apply in this case. When works are opened in a district hitherto unpolluted by noxious gases, the population which is to live by them has still to be brought together. If permission to open them is refused, no one is injured, because the people on whom the injury is to be inflicted are not there to receive it. The only persons who are likely to be affected one way or the other are those who already live in the neighbourhood, and who will almost certainly be anxious to prevent the nuisance from being created.

The controversy between local and central inspection is decided by this Bill in favour of the central authority. The Inspectors are to be appointed by the Local Government Board and paid by the Treasury. A slight concession, however, is made to the local principle by a provision that any sanitary authority applying for an additional Inspector, and undertaking to pay at least one-half of his salary, may have one appointed for its own district. In this way local inspection will be tried under favourable conditions. The ordinary fault of local inspection lies in the indifference of the local authorities. Where these have been found willing to spend money in getting an Inspector all to themselves, they will probably take care to get useful work out of him.

A WEEK ON THE NILE.

I.

THERE are now no fewer than three practicable routes open to the Nile voyager. He may take a Cook's ticket and go up by steamer. He may go to Soot by train and complete the journey by the postal boat, in which case he will have little time for sight-seeing. Or he may go by dahabieh. If, as some say,

the word "dahabieh" means golden, it will be the more correct to characterize this last as the golden route. True, some derive "dahabieh" differently, and refer it to a word signifying travel. The derivation of words in common use by natives and foreigners alike is always a little difficult, and dahabieh suggests "dragoman," a similarly popular and similarly corrupted expression, which it needs little more philological skill than is enjoyed by many travellers to connect with the Hebrew *targum*, and interpret by interpreter. Certain it is that to travel with a dragoman in a dahabieh is the easiest and, in most cases, the pleasantest way of spending a winter or a week that has yet been devised. You carry your house with you. You have your books, your work, your healthful play. If your home party is large enough, you will have no strangers; if not, the presence of one or two is an agreeable variety. The larger boats hold seven or eight people comfortably; and it is, as a general rule, better if you have places to fill up to choose casually any one who is willing to come than to make the party exclusively of friends. Friendship is sometimes sorely tested in a three months' voyage, whereas acquaintanceship often ripens into friendship. The number of dahabiehs which leave Cairo every winter for the First or the Second Cataract is above a hundred, of which fifty per cent. are English, forty per cent. American, and the rest German, an odd French or Italian flag being sometimes seen. Unfortunately, when the Frenchman or Italian does come to Egypt, he makes his presence known and his visit memorable by defacing all the monuments within his reach; and it is seriously proposed this year that all travellers departing from Cairo should be asked to make collections of the names of people who have inscribed them on the ancient sculptures with a view to their publication in the local *Gazette* as a warning to future offenders. But it may be feared that such a course would only cause worse destructions than ever by people emulous of the fame of Erostratus. It is very easy for a sojourner at Cairo to get leave from the leader of a party going up the Nile in a dahabieh to go on board for a few days, if there is a vacant berth, and the dragoman is propitious. The trip should not at the utmost cost more than 1*l.* a day, including the railway fare back to Cairo from whatever point the boat may have reached. The traveller obtains a certain amount of knowledge as to the advantages and drawbacks of the Nile voyage, and comes back wiser, and perhaps sadder—for he wishes he had arranged to go in this fashion all the way.

At first sight the boat presents a very handsome, not to say magnificent, appearance. It is somewhat the shape of an English passenger steamer with a high stern cabin and poop. But in the Nile boat there is no fore cabin, and the half deck comes forward beyond the middle. In front of the door is a small open space on which the dragoman sits in gorgeous apparel and gives his orders to captain and crew alike in a stentorian voice, his words well mingled with such expressions as "ibn kalb," or "ibn khan-seer," son of a dog or a pig, as the case may be. The mast is a little further forward, and is a stout construction some fifteen or twenty feet high, on the top of which, fastened by a kind of leathern bingio, is the yard. This is formed by joining three timbers, until the whole is something like one hundred feet long. The sail is of a single piece, and there is no provision for taking in a reef. On the whole, the effect of the full sail, supplemented by a little sail at the stern, is very fine. A fleet of dahabiehs running "swan's wing" before the wind, with the setting sun imparting a rosy hue to the sails, and the Nile itself shining like gold, is a sight which, once seen, is never to be forgotten. When we enter the saloon we find it a square room with divans at either side, and many windows and mirrors, as well as a skylight. A narrow passage, on either side of which are the sleeping cabins, leads to a second or ladies' saloon, and from it a stern gallery or balcony is reached, which is particularly useful to an artist, if one is on board. Many dahabiehs, however, are without this feature, and on the whole it is more ornamental than useful, as it is too cold when the north wind blows, and we are going up stream, and too hot when we have turned and are coming back with the full blaze into it of the southern sun. The sleeping cabins are often very wide and comfortable, sometimes mere cribs. The windows rattle unceasingly, and are only opened and closed at the risk of pinching your fingers. We have seen other drawbacks to the pleasures of a voyage. One gentleman who in a crowded boat was assigned a bed on the top of a bath, was much annoyed by being treated to a shower-bath in the morning watch. Some boats contain more than the contract number of passengers in the shape of rats and other vermin. There are constant draughts from open windows and doors that will not shut. The rudder creaks with a sound intermediate between a snore and the cry of a dying child. The night, or rather the early morning, is often very cold—so cold, at least, that the bed clothes provided overnight are insufficient, and you rise to find that you have piled upon your feet not only all the contents of your portmanteau, but perhaps the portmanteau itself. Moreover, you have hardly started on the voyage when you find out how much is left behind, and as long as you are in sight of Cairo, which is often for several days, you send messengers for forgotten boxes of biscuits, or to change the tea, or to fetch more blankets, until at last you are too far to send except for something very important; the more so, as your messenger finds it impossible, especially if you have given him a few francs, to return before the next day, if then. On one occasion a messenger despatched to the next town to post and bring back letters, did not return, and after two days another sailor was sent to seek him. He also remained away, and, finally, the dragoman himself proceeded to the town, which was some

ten miles off, and found the two mariners in a coffee-shop listening to the impassioned music of a singing-girl. Such defections are not, however, common, and the men sent out generally return duly to the boat. On the whole, the members of the crew of a Nile boat are a very fine, stalwart, hard-working, and obliging set, and, what is more, so honest and so well behaved, that you may trust them implicitly. The courtly *reis*, or captain, addresses them as "My sons," and they obey his orders, even to the length of plunging into the unknown depths of the dark river on cold nights, when the boat is caught on a sandbank, or has to be towed to a safe anchorage by the shore.

At last we get out of sight of the white mosque of Mohammed Ali on the cliff above Cairo, and are fairly on the voyage, with the wind steady from the north, and the great sail, with its dark blue border and long red pennant, bending gracefully before us. We pass Ikhoda and the Nilometer, the place where, as the dragoman informs us, Pharaoh's daughter found Moses. We pass the great honeycombed hills of Toora, whence the stone for the Pyramids was taken across to Memphis. The site of Memphis is marked by the seemingly endless grove of dark palms on the right, and as the evening wanes the Pyramids on the sandy plateau beyond, turn from yellow to pink, and finally to purple. Those of us who have not travelled that way before are astonished at the number of the Pyramids. "We thought," they say, "there were three and no more, yet from one point it is easy to count a score." This observation probably leads to a lecture on the history and object of pyramids, and if one of the party knows Arabic, he forms a class at once, and so learning is not neglected, though on pleasure we are so determinedly bent. Very few tourists contrive to "do" the Nile without becoming more or less interested in the antiquities and their history, and a fellow-passenger who can read a hieroglyph will have to find the answers to an endless catechism. When we stop for the night dinner is announced, and we reluctantly tear ourselves from the after-glow and the zodiacal light, and the stars with their bright reflections in the river, to sit down to a repast which astonishes the inexperienced voyager, not only by its lavish abundance, but by its superior cookery. The brown Arab cook, with a wretched little mud stove in a sort of box before the mast, will turn out a dinner of eight or nine separate dishes, served perhaps for ten or a dozen people, superior in every way to the dinners on any one of the half-dozen English boats in which we have made the voyage out and home. Egyptian meat is not enticing in itself, but the cooking goes far to redeem it; and we cannot but think what famous food our cook would produce if he had the good English beef and mutton we have so often seen ruined in the galley of an ocean steamer. The dragoman is always inclined to make too much display, and contrives to have a magnificent dessert of fresh and dried fruits and sweetmeats during the whole course of the voyage.

Next morning, perhaps, the wind is contrary, and we are either tied up to the bank or "tracking"—that is, a dozen unhappy sailors are dragging us slowly along, chanting a wild song as they go, and pulling at the rate of perhaps three miles an hour. It is weary work for the men, and almost as weary for the passengers, who, between the English dislike of being dragged by human beings turned into beasts of burden, and the impatience engendered by the slowness of the progress, sometimes find themselves in a very irritable mood. This frame of mind is best relieved by a walk; but to get ashore is not always easy. The simplest way is to take off your boots and wade; but the ladies of the party want to come. The captain shouts to the men to stop, but they are chanting as they swing along, and do not hear him, or think he is urging them to greater efforts. Perhaps, after all, the dragoman condescends to step into the breach, and, calling the cook's boy to his aid, puts the party ashore in a row-boat. But this is an unusual experience; and the chances are that the steersman dashes the dahabieh against the bank with a vehemence which throws the trackers on their faces, and in a moment half of them are asleep on the sand where they fall, and the others have come down to the water's edge, or plunged in boldly, and run out the plank, or carried you ashore. Then a sailor is told off to walk after you with a long pole to keep troublesome people and buffaloes away, and the rest rouse themselves and recommence their chant. You look proudly at the boat. In gliding state the "gilded vessel" goes, her reflection in the still water doubling the imposing impression she makes. The bank is in some places ten or twelve feet above the surface of the water, in others a flat, shelving, sandy shore. Sometimes you can go for miles along what looks like the towing-path of a canal at home. Again, there are peninsulas and capes to be rounded, or the men have to swim across a bay with the rope in their teeth. You seem to carry a little England with you when you are among your own belongings and your own social usages on board; but when you land you realize how even a few miles from Cairo, and a few hundred yards from your dahabieh, you are indeed in a foreign land. But we must reserve our notes of the scenery and the people for another paper.

THE PROPOSED MONETARY CONFERENCE.

M. BARTHELEMY ST-HILAIRE is said to have informed his colleagues in the French Ministry that the United States have agreed to take part in an International Monetary Conference, to be held in Paris next summer, for the purpose

of considering how best a general system of bimetallism can be adopted. It is not yet known, and probably is not yet settled, how the invitations are to be sent out to the other Powers; whether, that is, France alone, or France in conjunction with the United States, will send them. But it seems to be generally expected that Germany, Austria, and Italy will make no objection to be represented; and it is assumed, as a matter of course, that England also will send delegates. We are not quite sure that it would not be the better course for England to decline the invitation. For two entire generations we have now had a currency as nearly perfect as it can be; and it is out of the question, therefore, that we should agree to change it because other nations are less fortunate. It may be objected, and no doubt it is to a certain extent true, that India is intensely interested in the silver question, and that England is a trustee for India. But, although India has, no doubt, suffered from the depreciation of silver, she has not done so in her internal trade. The currency of India itself is perfectly satisfactory. There is no decrease in the purchasing power of silver in India—or, at least, no greater decrease than is often produced by mere changes in the state of credit in a community. And, this being so, it would be the height of unwisdom to tamper with a currency that is so satisfactory for the real purposes for which a currency exists. India has suffered from the depreciation of silver because, having a silver currency, she has incurred obligations in gold, and gold, as compared with silver, has become of enormously greater value. But this is no reason for a change in the Indian currency, and we doubt very strongly whether such a change would in the least diminish the evil. It has been conclusively settled, as the result of the discussions raised by the various proposals of late years made to tamper with the Indian currency, that all such proposals originated in a misconception of the problem to be solved, and are undeserving of consideration by the Indian Government. We may conclude, therefore, as a matter beyond doubt, that neither India nor England will agree to the adoption of bimetallism; and, this being so, it would be the wiser course at once to tell France and the United States that we cannot enter into a discussion for adopting a system which we are perfectly resolved we shall not adopt, and it would be advisable even in the interests of France and the United States themselves. For, if the Conference is to be successful, its object certainly will not be served by the presence of delegates instructed not to agree to the resolutions to be proposed for adoption. But it is generally assumed that it would be discourteous to refuse the invitation; and we suppose, therefore, that English delegates will attend the Conference, and will go there with instructions similar to those delivered to Mr. Goschen and Mr. Hicks Gibbs a couple of years ago.

Nor do the other Powers really need our co-operation in this matter. The depreciation of silver was originated by the decision of Germany to substitute gold for silver as the standard of value when she adopted the wise resolution to abolish the various currencies previously existing, and to introduce one uniform currency for the whole Empire. The unification of the currency was a most wise step, whether regarded from an economic or a political point of view. But the substitution of gold for silver was unwise. Germany is too poor a country to need a metal so dear as gold, and her trade would really be better served by a currency of a cheaper material. The volume of her trade is comparatively small. The transactions themselves are also individually small, and therefore silver would constitute for her a much better standard of value. There is no earthly reason why Germany should not of her own motion, apart altogether from what other Powers may do, decide to go back from gold to silver, while maintaining the unification of her currency. That would be the best course, and it would probably in itself put an end to the depreciation of silver originated by the previous action of Germany. But in the way of doing this there is the false shame which forbids a Government to confess that it has made a grievous and costly mistake in a matter of such moment. And there is the further obstacle that it is generally supposed, because England has a single gold standard, and is the greatest of commercial nations, that, therefore, there must be some peculiar virtue in a gold currency. That is, of course, a mere superstition. A gold currency suits England because she is the greatest of commercial countries and because her transactions are individually of large amount. She needs, therefore, a large coin like a sovereign, as the unit of her calculations; but a country like Germany has no such need, and is better served by a smaller unit. Lastly, there is the fear that, in abandoning gold to England as the sole standard of value, other nations would be giving up to her a great commercial advantage; that, in short, where the best monetary system is, there will follow the best financial business of the world, and that, consequently, England will continue to be the centre of the banking and trade of the world. This, again, is a mere superstition. It is not because England has a gold currency that she is the world's banker, but because she has the greatest available capital, because her banking system is more developed than that of other countries, and because her trade is greater. She does a larger business with every part of the world than any other country does, and consequently she is able to avail herself of her surplus funds in a way that they cannot attempt. But it is very probable, indeed, that the refusal of England to adopt bimetallism will induce other countries, and more particularly the United States, to follow the example, and that, therefore, the Conference will fall to the ground. If so, we are

not sure that any injury will be done to the real interests of any of the countries about to be represented at the Conference. Bimetalism in itself is a mistaken idea, and the non-success of the proposal to adopt bimetalism generally can, therefore, not be regarded by any good economist as a matter for regret. At the same time, if the United States, France, Italy, and Germany wish to adopt bimetalism, no doubt it is wise on their part to come to an agreement as to the proportions which shall be established between gold and silver, and as to the general currency of the coins of the several countries adopting the system within the territories of the others. It was no doubt an advantage to the countries of the Latin Union—France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece—that they had a common money, and that the coin of each circulated freely within the territories of the rest. It would particularly have been an advantage if all had had throughout metallic money. And in the same way it would doubtless be an advantage, if the United States and Germany are to join the Latin Union, that they should arrange the terms on which they are to do so. But it is very doubtful, indeed, apart altogether from the jealousy that will be felt in regard to England, whether Germany will consent to say that the policy she adopted at the end of the Franco-German war was a mistake, and that she has to apply to be admitted within the Union founded by France, and of which France is the head. The United States, France, and the other countries of the Latin Union, however, are bimetallic; and in going into a Conference to settle between them the basis on which bimetalism shall be continued, they are acting rationally and prudently, provided they have made up their minds to maintain bimetalism. At present, as is well known, the bimetallic system is suspended in France and the other countries of the Latin Union, silver being no longer freely coined; while in the United States the relation borne by silver to gold is not the same as it is within the Latin Union. It is not unreasonable, therefore, that each party should desire to come to some agreement with the others as to what relation is to be adopted, and as to whether bimetalism is to be resumed in full force in the future.

It does not appear probable, then, that the proposed Conference will lead to much result. England, as we have been pointing out, cannot agree to a change of her currency; and the other countries will probably be too jealous of England to bind themselves to a system which she rejects, while Germany will hardly like to confess that the great coinage reform which has cost her so much was an extravagant blunder. But it is quite clear all the same that the position of the United States, France, and Germany in regard to their coinage is becoming intolerable. Germany, as we have just been saying, began the mischief. She made a mistake in adopting a standard of value unsuited to her circumstances, and she committed a further mistake in stopping short when success was within her reach, instead of strenuously carrying out the reform which had already cost her very dear. She now has a large gold coinage, with a very considerable silver currency which legally is of the same value as gold, but intrinsically is not so. France, on the other hand, which has been bi-metallic since the Revolution, though still remaining so in theory, in practice has suspended bimetalism. For several years now, no silver has been allowed to be coined, and consequently the French silver pieces maintain their value only because they enjoy a monopoly. As a natural consequence of this state of things, France has been rapidly losing her gold. A few years ago the Bank of France held the greater part of its metallic reserve in gold, and only the smaller part of it in silver. Now its gold reserve has fallen to a little more than 21 millions, while the silver exceeds 50 millions. If she allows things to go on as at present, before very long the whole of her gold will have disappeared, and then she will have been left with silver alone. No doubt France is rich enough to buy back gold, whenever she really makes up her mind to the sacrifice; but, even if she does so, how is she to get rid of the mass of silver which has accumulated in the country? The Bank of France clearly cannot afford the loss which would be entailed upon her were silver to be demonetized by the sale of over fifty millions sterling of that metal, and, therefore, the French Government, whose debt is already great enough, will have to bear the burden. The United States, again, are producers of silver, and it is to their interest, therefore, that the value of silver should be maintained; that they should be able to obtain a good price for so important a commodity. Their settled national policy is to give protection to native industry, and the silver interest has known how to avail itself of this policy, and has compelled the Government to adopt bimetalism, and to pass an Act making compulsory the coinage every year of 4,800,000 of silver. But this silver the people will not take, and it is consequently accumulating in the Treasury vaults. It will be a serious loss to the Government if the Milled Act is repealed, and this silver has to be sold as a depreciated commodity, while we may be sure the silver interest will use all its influence to prevent such a consummation. There is no denying, then, the dilemma in which those three great nations find themselves, and it is very plain that they cannot much longer go on in this way. But, as we have already said, the Conference plan on which they have hit is hardly likely to help them out of their difficulties.

THE THEATRES.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH'S *King Lear* thus far surpasses any performance which he has given to a London audience. It is true that there is no single quality displayed in it of the possession of which he had not before given evidence; but on no former occasion has so much been demanded of him at once, and on no former occasion has his genius been so unflagging. The word we have just used, "genius," is one against the too bounteous use of which we have often protested; and there are few words which lose their value more by being scattered broadcast. If we had hesitated to apply it to Mr. Booth's acting before he had appeared as *Othello* and *King Lear*, we should have hesitated no longer after he had done so. In his rendering of both characters there was apparent that native sense of grandeur and poetry which not even the highest talent can achieve, but the combination of which with all that the highest talent can acquire in the direction of art and artifice may certainly be said to deserve the name of genius. In *Othello*, as we observed, the actor's power on a few occasions seemed to flag; in *King Lear* there are no such occasions. From first to last the character, with its senility, its slowly and surely increasing madness, its overwhelming bursts of passion, its moving tenderness and feebleness, and, underlying and seen through all these, that authority to which Kent makes marked reference, was seized and presented with extraordinary force. So complete are the interest and the illusion that it is only when the play is over that the fine art which rules the storm of passion is apparent, and that such delicate inventive touches as the suggestion to Lear's wandering wits of the troop of horse shod with felt are remembered. The character is of course the more difficult because it begins at such high pressure in the very first scene that any coming tardy off after that scene has been successfully played would be unhappily accented. Nothing could well be finer than Mr. Booth's rage and disappointment with Cordelia, and the half-insane curse which follows them, and throughout the scene his senile yet royal bearing, and that grace and happiness of gesture to which we have on other occasions referred, were marked. Mr. Booth seems to have founded, rightly, as it seems to us, his conception of Lear's attitude at the period of the play's beginning upon the significant speeches interchanged between Regan and Goneril, which are omitted in the stage version:—

GON. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little; he always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

REG. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GON. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

In *King Lear*'s next scene, with Kent and Oswald, Mr. Booth marks a slight increase in what may be called his "doitedness," and his rising anger with Goneril leads admirably up to the overpowering passion of the well-known speech ending

that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

In the second act there is intense pathos in his eager welcoming of Regan and the disappointment which quickly follows upon it, finely marked in, amongst other points, the delivery of the words to Kent, "O sir, are you free? Some other time for that," as contrasted with the fury of the subsequent question, "Who put my man i' the stocks?" A striking proof of the excellence of Mr. Booth's performance is found in the fact that the great speech at the end of this act, ending with

No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things:—
What they are, yet I know not: but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool! I shall go mad!

is to the full as effective and impressive as the speech already referred to in the former act. The growing madness of the scene on the heath, marked among other things by the fascinated interest with which Lear listens to Poor Tom's babblings, is admirably expressed, and the scene of actual madness is acted with a power and reality in which the truest art on the actor's part avoids any hint of repulsiveness. But Mr. Booth's greatest triumph is perhaps attained in the concluding scenes of the play. His *Othello* had shown that he was not deficient in tenderness, as on some former occasions he had seemed to be; but it hardly prepared one for the overpowering pathos of "For as I am a man, I think this lady, To be my child Cordelia." We have seen no acting more thrilling than Mr. Booth's in this and in the last scene of the tragedy—scenes which none but a great actor could give with the combination of feeling and skill which the words demand. The pathetic confusion and wandering of the speech just referred to, with its sudden gleam of recognition at the end, are matched by the wailing over Cordelia's body, interrupted by, "I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee." No less touching is Lear's death, with the moments immediately preceding it. Altogether, it would be difficult to speak too highly of a performance which cannot but be the result of close and careful

study, working hand in hand with imagination and passion. It is to be regretted that such a piece of acting is so "dreadfully attended," for the most part, by the other actors concerned. Mr. Ryder's Kent is admirable, and so is Mr. F. Charles's Fool. Mr. Redmund probably has good intentions as Edgar, but gives them expression in a somewhat blatant way. Of the rest of the personages it is best not to speak at all.

It is not unamusing to note the attitude produced in the minds of some critics by the revival of a Shakspearian play which has not been seen for a long time on the English stage except in a bastard Italian version. On this occasion the unfamiliar has become, oddly enough, not so much magnificent as matter for a kind of respectful gibing. It has been discovered that the play contains situations which may perhaps raise or suggest a laugh, and yet, as we all know, it is really a tragedy. What is more odd is that fault has been found with the acting version for its being mutilated and confusing, while at the same time the ruthless length of the play, in spite of the "mutilations," has not given satisfaction. As a matter of fact, Mr. Booth's acting version is far more clear and coherent than is the original play.

A chief feature in the revival at Sadler's Wells, under Miss Isabel Bateman's management, of *Macbeth* is the marked improvement which is to be observed in Mrs. Crowe's Lady Macbeth, a part in which she now seems able to give far more successful expression than she did before to her feeling of the character. Her acting, especially in the scene of meeting with the Thane, was charged with a feeling of the situation, and was marked by singular grace and dignity of gesture. Mr. Warner's Macbeth is a less satisfactory performance. Mr. Vezin's Macduff is given with dignity and impulse. The play is presented with Locke's singing witches, personages who seem to us curiously out of place in it, but whose introduction pleases some of the audience now, as no doubt it did when they were first invented. The manner in which the whole thing is arranged augurs well for the success of the management.

REVIEWS.

MAHAFFY'S DESCARTES.*

THE present demand for readable presentations of the ideas of the great writers, ancient and modern, appears to be almost insatiable. We are having supplied to us just now not only series of light volumes on ancient and on foreign classics and on English men of letters, but also two distinct series of sketches of philosophers. The avowed object of these works is to make the leading thoughts of the writers treated of known to the general reader, and only secondarily to assist the student of philosophy. The publishers of the series which now specially interests us count, they tell us, on a general "growing interest in Philosophy, arising out of the diffusion of Learning and the progress of Science." These works are to tell the reader "who the founders of the chief systems were, and how they dealt with the great questions of the Universe"; after that, it seems, "to give an outline of their lives and characters, to show how the systems were connected with the individualities of the writers," and so on. The series will, it is thought, "thus unfold the History of Modern Philosophy under the light cast on it by the labours of the chief system-builders." The scheme is certainly a bold one. To get at the heart of a philosophic system, to perceive its manifold relations to other systems, and to make all this intelligible and interesting to the "general reader" within the limits of two hundred pages, may safely be said to be no light task. If practicable at all, it can only be so to the hands of a thorough expert, familiar with all the ground to be travelled over, and having the happy art of reshaping the materials which he has made completely his own, so as to give them a form which will at once appeal to the unphilosophic popular intelligence.

The appearance of Professor Mahaffy's volume on Descartes at the head of the series gives one a good opportunity of appreciating the nature of the practical problem to be solved. If anybody is qualified to make philosophy readable even to one who runs, it should be the Professor. He is by no means what the Germans call a pure *Philosoph von Fach*; on the contrary, the chair which he fills at Dublin is devoted to Ancient History. He has written on a number of distinctly popular subjects; for example, Greek social life. And while thus a man of letters, he has tried his hand at popularizing metaphysics by attacking one of the most difficult systems of ancient or modern times, Kant's Critical Philosophy. After this, one would suppose that to make Descartes digestible to the average reader's intellectual stomach would be a mere bagatelle to Professor Mahaffy. Yet, strange to say, instead of having rejoiced to show his powers by lightly taking the leap offered him, he appears rather to have backed, and refused to take it at all, preferring to reach his desired goal by a circuitous road. In other words, the author has talked very little about the philosophy of Descartes, but occupied himself mainly in giving an account of the man, his life, his relations to the Church, to courts, to society, and so on. And, even with respect to Descartes' writings, Professor Mahaffy seems to think that

* *Philosophical Classics for English Readers*. Edited by W. Knight, LL.D. *Descartes*, by J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

it belongs to his purpose to give an account of his work in mathematics, astronomy, optics, and so on, quite as much as in philosophy; at least he gives considerable space to setting forth his achievements in these branches of science. By thus conceiving his subject, the writer has certainly succeeded in making a readable volume. The history of the French *gentilhomme's* friendship with royal ladies, of his coquettings with the Church, and even of his quaint physical conceptions as to the vortices and the pineal gland, have on the face of them a charm which it would be more difficult to extract from the doctrines of innate ideas, of perception, or of logical method as unfolded in the *Règles pour la direction de l'esprit*. But, then, who could have anticipated that the interpreter of Kant to English readers would have cared to lighten his task in this way?

There are several conceivable reasons why Mr. Mahaffy may have preferred to take the course he has taken. He may have shrewdly suspected, or have gathered from his earlier experiences, that the general reader cannot readily be enticed into giving the requisite attention to the mastery of a writer's philosophic conceptions. In other words, he may be sceptical as to the practicability of the plan set forth by the publishers in their prospectus. But, if so, we are left to wonder why he accepted the task of expounding a philosopher at all. Or he may have taken his particular view of the subject because this happens to be more congenial to his mind. This is certainly the more natural supposition, and is moreover borne out by internal evidence. The exposition of the philosophy which, as we have said, occupies but a proportionately small part of the volume, does not read like the work of a mind that has thoroughly saturated itself for the moment with the ideas to be unfolded. On the contrary, the expositor appears to look at the system of Descartes rather from without than from within. He tells us all about the history of the philosopher's doctrines, gives a full and detailed account of his various writings, makes now and again neat little *résumés* of his arguments, and yet never, to our thinking, succeeds in making his ideas intelligible to the modern point of view. When he does attempt to define Descartes' position in relation to modern problems, he seems to us to be anything but helpful.

To give but one instance. What can be made of this? "We can hardly doubt that in its original form his system ought to have established extension on the same basis as thought, being the clear and distinct perception which we have of a quality different from thought. But Descartes' philosophy was the very opposite of what historians of philosophy have described it—it was not a system based on the observation of the facts of consciousness" (p. 150). Whom does Mr. Mahaffy mean by the historians of philosophy? Does he include Kuno Fischer, the first living expounder of Descartes, in the class? Again, if his system is not what these historians represent it as being, how can we be in the state of hardly doubting "that, in its original form," &c.? Anybody who takes this view seems to us totally to misapprehend what Descartes means by intuitive certainty. The criterion of certainty to him is that reflection cannot weaken the conviction by introducing any possible ground of doubt. He found, on a first view of the matter at least, that reflection might throw our persuasion of the existence of external things into a position of unstable equilibrium, whereas it could not even momentarily disturb our conviction of our conscious mental existence. If Descartes had shared common modern views respecting the relation of subject to object, thought to existence, he would, or, to use Mr. Mahaffy's term, he "ought" to, have put the certainty of each on the same level. But then Descartes' system is what it is just because it preceded all the modern discussions about the relation of subject to object in knowledge. Since, moreover, this was the conception of certainty habitually present to Descartes' mind, he did not feel called on to distinguish in an emphatic way between the immediate certainty belonging to self-evident affirmations as the *cogito ergo sum* and the mediate or derivative certainty obtained by simple and clear demonstration. In point of fact, in the *Règles* he uses the word intuition both for the apprehension of self-evident principles and for the recognition of the necessary conclusiveness of a demonstration. Mr. Mahaffy notices this (p. 150), but by his way of referring to it as the overlooking of "a capital distinction" shows that he looks on it simply as a defect in Descartes' method, without appearing to see how it is connected with the cardinal idea and purpose of his philosophy.

Taken, however, in the light of a summary of Descartes' principal writings, Mr. Mahaffy's volume is to be praised for its general clearness and its precision of language in the absence of all technicalities of expression. This is of course saying less than would be said if the writings thus epitomized were those of a technical writer like Kant, since Descartes' own language, if we except, perhaps, parts of the *Règles*, is singularly clear; yet it deserves to be recorded. In some places, too, Mr. Mahaffy has added to the English reader's knowledge of Descartes by references to neglected writings. Thus, the account of his ethical views, taken from letters on the Sovereign Good prepared for the Princess Elizabeth and the Queen of Sweden, is a welcome addition to our knowledge of the father of modern philosophy. Possibly Mr. Mahaffy makes too much of these discourses, which do not give us anything like a system of ethics. Yet they contain valuable points, as, for example, the possibility of regarding the three ancient conceptions of the highest good, pleasure, virtue, and perfection of development, as alike true and reconcilable under a larger conception (p. 191). Mr. Mahaffy's endeavour to bring

into view the less commonly recognized side of Descartes' work deserves all praise. It is only a pity that such good work should be here and there marred now by an over-estimate of Descartes' contributions, now by a strong and inexact statement respecting his relation to other thinkers. For example, what Mr. Mahaffy quotes as "acute psychological remarks on the combination of pleasurable and painful elements in the emotions of the theatre," &c. (pp. 188, 189), will certainly not strike most psychologists as such. They can hardly fail to be reminded by contrast of Hume's penetrating observations on the same subject. Again, when the author asserts (p. 161) that Descartes, in the Sixth Discourse of his *Dioptric*, "lays down explicitly all the arguments and illustrations" with respect to the perception of distance used long afterwards by Berkeley in his *Theory of Vision*, and which the latter dishonourably wishes to pass off as perfectly original, the reader is inclined to suspect a touch of exaggeration. Certainly it is an exaggeration to say that "the metaphysic of Locke and of his English followers down to the present century was essentially anti-Cartesian" (p. 204); and, when the writer goes on to say that this metaphysic was generally, for that reason, "unfruitful and shallow," the reader's confidence in his sobriety of mind is not likely to be re-established. Then Mr. Mahaffy's way of accounting for this shallowness is likely to strike the reader as a little odd. He says that this was due to the fact that metaphysics became divorced from mathematics. By a "remarkable accident," he observes, it happened that "none of the leading English metaphysicians in the seventeenth century were mathematicians." This gave "ignorant people" a chance of talking metaphysics—among others (so it seems) Locke and his followers—"which they could not easily attempt as long as the principles of Descartes prevailed." But, since Mr. Mahaffy tells us only two or three pages before that, even in the full zenith of the Cartesian philosophy, when, therefore, it may be safely said to have "prevailed," not only ignorant writers, but mere talkers in society, including fine "Cartesian ladies," began to learn Cartesianism for social purposes, like card-playing, this remark about ignorant people taking up philosophy because it had become divorced from mathematics is a little perplexing.

Yet an occasional dash of Hibernian warmth and force of utterance is after all not unpleasant in itself, and if one is content to read Mr. Mahaffy's book, not so much to get exact ideas about Descartes' position in the history of philosophy as to contemplate a curious picture of a remarkable man, the presence of this touch of exaggeration now and again will not seem out of place. Our author may be congratulated on having made the picture of Descartes in the midst of his social surroundings, learned, clerical, and fashionable, very complete and vivid. He evidently enjoys setting forth the essentially non-theological and pagan cast of mind of the man, who, in spite of numerous obstacles, skillfully managed for so long to maintain friendly relations with Jesuits and with Protestant clergy. Mr. Mahaffy by no means spares the weaknesses of Descartes, and dwells at some length on his fear of Church disapproval, and on the questionable means which he employed, as for example in dealing with the doctrine of the Eucharist, to avoid the experience of Galileo. Yet, on the whole, the biographer seems to be in sufficient sympathy with the type of character portrayed; as well as with that ideal of gentlemanly "generosity," with its due recognition of the claims of the senses, and of reason, of expediency, and of truth, to which it sought to conform.

ASPHODEL.*

MISS BRADDON is a wise woman, for she knows how to read the signs of the times and to profit by them. Twenty years ago people were more romantic than they are at present, and when Mr. Wilkie Collins published the *Woman in White* it was received with acclamations that showed that he had exactly hit the taste of his age. Miss Braddon followed suit with a series of novels where "life becomes a spasm and history a whizz," of which the most powerful example is *Henry Dunbar*. Now murders and bigamies have ceased to interest, and detectives have been found out. The world has become more self-conscious; and Miss Braddon, quick to see that some change is necessary, gives us the blue china, the Japanese screens, and afternoon teas, that make up so large a portion of modern existence.

The heroine of this new novel is not called Asphodel, as we might have expected, but Daphne. Indeed, the name of Asphodel is only once mentioned in the book, in the statement that it was given to the heroine when a child by a "painter friend of her father's." This hardly seems a sufficient reason for the choice of a title; still, meaningless as it is, it is at least an advance on *Just as I Am*. Daphne is the daughter of Sir Vernon Lawford by his second wife, who leaves him a few years after their marriage. Sir Vernon conceives a bitter dislike to the child, whom he sends from one school to another, and when the reader makes acquaintance with her, she is staying with a governess and a schoolfellow at an inn at Fontainebleau. Daphne is a very erratic young person, and has taken advantage of her governess's sick headache to escape into the forest with the heavy and respectable Martha Dibb, and to bask away the long summer's day. She is always boasting of her indifference to heat, as well she may, for surely no damsel of ordinary sensibi-

* *Asphodel. A Novel.* By the Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*." 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co.

littles would have dreamed of appearing on a suffocating June morning in a "blue serge dress lined with scarlet cord up the back," and with scarlet stockings peeping from below it. The only possible excuse for such a costume would have been hair like the raven's wing, but Daphne's locks are of the brightest gold. In this amazing dress she is attempting a comprehensive sketch of the surrounding country, when a voice from behind a rock makes several gratuitous suggestions as to colour. This voice of course belongs to the hero, and, for all the idea we have of his personality, he might as well have remained behind the rock for the rest of the book. By and by, however, he emerges, fraternizes with Daphne, and asks to be allowed to join her picnic. Their meal is scanty and not very inviting, the *pièce de résistance* being half a fowl which "even in its zenith" (what is the zenith of a fowl?) had been a poor specimen of its kind. However, they make the best of it; and, by the time they have finished, matters have advanced so far that the gentleman inquires the lady's name, which she tells him is Poppæa. She is led to do this not from any special admiration of that lady's character, but merely because Poppæa was the last person of whom Daphne had read. In return the hero, whose name we may as well say at once was Gerald Goring, gives her a sketch of his family history, and of the lady to whom he is engaged, though without mentioning either his name or hers. It is, therefore, a great blow to Daphne when a year later he appears at home as the betrothed of her beautiful half sister Madoline (why not Madeline?). The devotion of this pair of sisters is at least as unusual as their constant expression of it. Indeed verbal endearments are lavished on each other in the most unblushing way by all the characters, who never open their mouths without apostrophizing the person to whom they are speaking with some tender epithet beginning with a D. Crushing as beat she can her year-old passion for her future brother-in-law, Daphne takes to athletic pursuits—rowing, billiards, and lawn-tennis—in company with a rejected lover of Madoline's, one Edgar Turchill, owner of a very old and beautiful place in the neighbourhood, of which he speedily longs to make Daphne mistress. Miss Braddon is at her best when she is describing these old Warwickshire halls and pastures, which it is evident she both knows and loves. We are sorry to say she has not succeeded so well with her human beings. Daphne, indeed, with her impulsive, pleasure-loving, yet truthful nature, is on the whole possible enough, and if her language contains an undue amount of the word "awful," she is often amusing in her flippancy. But the others have no individuality at all. Edgar Turchill is a dreary specimen of bucolic worthiness, Madoline is "splendidly null," while Gerald Goring, the man of many talents and more laziness, son of a self-made father and high-born mother, and sent to Eton at fifteen, is no more like a real person than the flowers on Mr. Morris's daisy paper are like real daisies. Miss Braddon has done much better than this. However little we may approve of the heroes of her former novels, at least we know something definite about them, and could describe them if necessary. But we have as little idea of what Mr. Goring is like as people present at a dark *seance* of the shape of the spirit hand that touches their cheek.

Thus far the story is a mere idyl, but with Mr. Goring's arrival it takes a shape which involuntarily challenges comparison with the temptation of Maggie Tulliver. Daphne, too, sees her danger, struggles and tries to avoid it; and, by way of safeguard, accepts the proffered devotion of Edgar Turchill. Gerald Goring, whose marriage has been postponed by the selfishness of Madoline's father, takes refuge in Canada; but, when the warm season comes on, he returns to England, and the two pairs of lovers and Sir Vernou go abroad together on a three months' tour. This tour occupies the whole of the third volume, and is a mixture of Baedeker and the diary of an enthusiastic soul on first leaving England. We are told at what hour they rose, how each person breakfasted, when they neglected to come in for luncheon, and when they did not. The two "supreme" moments that came to them were at Fribourg, listening to the organ and standing on the bridge; and it seems hard that the same place should claim both. At last matters came to a crisis in the woods at Gilon. The blue lake "winks at Daphne like a Titanic eye." Mr. Goring makes his confession in a more mythological way than we should have thought possible, even from the son of a self-made contractor:—

"You are not going to escape me so easily," he said, pale to the lips with strongest feeling. "No; you and I have a long reckoning to settle. What do you think I am made of, that you dare to treat me as you have done for the last month? Am I a dog, to be whistled to your side, to be lured away from love and fealty to another by every trick, and grace, and charm within the compass of woman's art, and then to be dismissed like a dog—sent back to my former owner? You think you can cure me of my folly—cure me by silence and averted looks—that I can forget you and be again the man I was before I loved you. Daphne, you should know me better than that. You have kindled a fire in my blood which you alone can quench. You have steeped me in a poison for which you have the only antidote. Oh! my Cléopâtre! my Cléopâtre! will you refuse the balm that can heal my wounds, the balsam that you alone can bestow?"

Daphne, not seeing how to put things straight, though the man does "look like an old Greek god," goes into the middle of the lake and drowns herself. Of course the end has been obvious all along; when the reader is continually impressed with a young lady's love of water, and it is also hinted that the same young lady has a dark fate hanging over her, he must be stupid indeed if he cannot put two and two together. There does not, however, seem any valid reason for bringing her all the way out to Geneva to drown her, when she was for ever boating on the Avon at

home; and, as her father justly observed before the event, a few feet would be as effectual for the purpose as many thousands. Daphne does her best, however, but, like most self-sacrifices, hers is made in vain. Her sister's marriage is broken off, and the next year Mr. Goring ends a remarkably useless career in an accident on the Matterhorn.

Apart from the character of Daphne, any interest that *Asphodel* may possess lies in the padding; in the pictures of Shakespeare's country, of the level pastures and old manors of that part of the world, in the elaborate meals, and still more elaborate costumes. We have counted no less than twenty-one repasts in the book, set down with a minuteness worthy of a menu at a Lord Mayor's feast, and this without reckoning afternoon teas, which are simply numberless. In the millinery department, too, Miss Braddon has been equally energetic; thirty-seven dresses of all sorts, with gloves and stockings to match, grace the pages of her novel, and will no doubt fire the imagination of the feminine reader. Plain and fancy; ball costumes, most *recherchés*; picnic ditto; plain serge costumes, for rowing wear. We fear that *Asphodel* will seriously injure the sale of *Le Follet* and *Myra's Journal*; and that, as we walk through the street, we shall be able at once to say to our friends, "You have got on a 'Goring suit' or a 'Daphne demi-toilette.'" Even in dressing her heroine Miss Braddon has done her duty, according to latter-day lights. Twenty years ago people would have shuddered at the thought of putting a fair girl into yellow; but, whatever may be her private opinions, Miss Braddon knows too well what is right to think of reserving yellow to the dark-haired, brown-skinned section of humanity. By the way, next time Miss Braddon wishes to drown a heroine, let her choose a less grotesque symptom of despair than this:—"Daphne had been without all appetite, even for her beloved rolls and honey."

PERUVIAN BARK.*

THERE is more in this book than its title would lead us to think. It may fairly be divided into two distinct and separate parts. The first portion deals with the adventures of Mr. Markham and his colleagues on the slopes and ridges of the Andes, where they went to collect the seeds and plants of the chinchona tree in its native wilds. In the second we have a detailed narrative of the introduction of this febrifuge into British India, Ceylon, Jamaica, and Java and Mexico. There are, further, some chapters throwing light on the improvement and cultivation of the caoutchouc tree, on maize, and on cotton. And there is a catalogue of the literature of chinchona in which, in the midst of official reports and medical and botanical essays, we learn that there is a novel extant on the cure of the Countess of Chinchona, written by Mmc. de Genlis, which, if "erroneous in every particular, as far as all the facts are concerned," yet shows how early this subject had attracted general attention. Nor must it be imagined that this "popular" account discards science or descends to the level of the mechanics' institute or the young lady's circulating library. It deals with medical analysis and horticultural details; it could only have been written by one who had studied botany and who possessed an aptitude for the acquisition of foreign languages; and while it avoids egotism and self-assertion, it can scarcely fail to enhance the reputation of the author both in his literary treatment of the subject and as a pioneer of cultivation in the recesses of dense forests deluged with tropical rains.

It is also worthy of note that, although the introduction of the chinchona tree into India had occupied the attention of the Government since 1839, nothing was really done until Lord Dalhousie himself took the matter in hand. People who dream vaguely of that statesman as occupied solely with the overthrow of effete dynasties and the annexation of rich and misgoverned kingdoms, may one day be astonished to learn the number of internal reforms which are due mainly to his prescience. Postal reform, the telegraph, the railway, and other solid measures were begun, and some were begun and finished, in consequence of his exhaustive Minutes. It was not, however, until 1860 that Mr. Markham, under Lord Halifax as Secretary of State, set to work in earnest. Nothing can be more commendable than the pains taken by the author to secure from the public a meed of approbation for his fellow-labourers. To pick the brains of clever subordinates or lieutenants; to appropriate the happy suggestions of colleagues or to look on men as mere inanimate tools; to take the credit of success yourself and to cast adroitly the blame of failure on others; has often been the resource of second-rate administrators, diplomatists, and commanders. Mr. Markham is determined that every one shall get the full credit of his own performances, and he laments pathetically the scantiness of the rewards doled out, or the ungracious refusals experienced at the hands of Government. In truth, everybody in these adventures underwent an enormous deal of physical discomfort, and was exposed to some real dangers. The vast tract productive of chinchona trees was partitioned out as follows. Mr. Markham himself selected the region of the *Calsanya* tree, which is found in Bolivia and in a part of Peru, and in this he was assisted by a gardener, John Weir. To Dr. Spruce, an eminent and practical botanist, were allotted the forests of Ecuador, famous for the species *Succirubra* or red bark.

* *Peruvian Bark: a Popular Account of the Introduction of Chinchona Cultivation into British India.* By Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. 1860-1880. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1880.

This gentleman was aided by a gardener, Robert Cross, who, with the fervid energy and determination of a Scotchman, endured cold, wet, shipwreck, and fever without ever giving in or losing sight of his main object. Mr. Pritchett went to hunt for grey bark in the forests of Huanuco. And Mr. Leger, who has given his name to one species of the tree, laboured as an independent coadjutor in the forests of Bolivia. For a full account of the journeys performed and the expedients resorted to by these explorers we must refer readers to the book itself. Their experiences of jungle life correspond with those of Mr. Bigg-Wither and Mr. Smith in Brazil. The scenery was occasionally highly picturesque, and fatigue and hunger were forgotten at the sight of passes of surpassing grandeur and beauty. There were snowy peaks, stupendous waterfalls, and clear torrents breaking into masses of foam over huge boulders of granite. At times the route lay over grassy highlands called *perjonales*, dotted with clumps of trees like an English park or chase, while splendid mountain ranges formed the horizon. But these wide views were soon exchanged for a narrow path under enormous forest trees, that shut out the midday sun, and for sticky mud and bamboos that barred progress and needed the axe. While the thermometer never rose to 80°, the explorers were drenched with heavy showers, or chilled with incessant drizzle; the cold at night was trying; hoar frost sparkled on the grass in the morning; and the travellers had to put up with such shelter as was afforded by a rock, a small tent, or a shed never watertight from the first and now half-ruined. Then there were the inevitable plagues of the tropics, such as venomous insects, and especially a fly which raised "blood-red lumps all over the hands and face." At night they were kept awake by heavy storms of thunder and lightning, and we conclude either that the whole party was amply fortified by frequent doses of the very bark for which they had come, or else that Mr. Markham did not think it necessary to expatiate on the inroads made by fevers and agues. Provisions were not abundant, and had to be carried on the backs of native Indians, most of whom distinguished themselves by a fidelity, an endurance of hardship, and an intelligence which would have done credit to a Scotch Highlander. Mr. Markham lays great stress on the merits of the coca-leaf, which on such an expedition surpasses betel, tobacco, or any other stimulant. It grows on a shrub from four to six feet high, planted in dark clay specially prepared for the purpose; and, when rolled into a ball and chewed at the rate of two or three ounces a day, it enables the eater to support a great amount of fatigue, and prevents any difficulty of breathing at high elevations. Its smell is agreeable and aromatic; it cures headaches and rheumatism; and it has, of course, no affinity with cacao or cocoa. To add to these advantages, when used in moderation, it soothes and strengthens, and, unlike opium or alcohol, is not followed by an injurious reaction. It would have been well if Mr. Markham and his colleagues had encountered no obstacles but a treacherous climate and miry paths. On arriving at the region of chinchona they were dismayed by the results of reckless and indiscriminate usage. Some trees had been ruthlessly felled. Others had been stripped of all their bark and left standing. The slopes of hills had been cleared of every tree and shrub by annual fires. In fact, Peruvians and Bolivians had used the bounties of nature with more than the average prodigality of Asiatics; and the process of denudation was helped, instead of being hindered, by meddling and ridiculous legislation. To this improvident wastefulness was added an absurd prejudice against such harmless, or more truly such philanthropic, projects as those of the author. Fortunately Mr. Markham had provided himself with recommendations in high places procured through the Foreign Office. But when were passports and Presidential recommendations proof against the obstruction of municipal *Juntas* and the stupidity of pompous and bigoted Alcaldes? One of these noisy obstructionists was most appropriately named Bobadilla; and how Mr. Markham had to write, explain, and expostulate, and eventually to get to the port of embarkation by forced marches, carrying off his cuttings and his seeds in triumph, is all very happily and pointedly told.

Readers not hitherto versed in the literature of the chinchona tree might be puzzled with the elaborate catalogue compiled by scientific writers with both *stirpes* and *capita*. The products of the trees are further calculated to perplex. Besides the common term quinine, we are told of chinchonine, quinidine, chinchonidine, quinaimine, quinoval, and even a quinetum. About the exact difference between these substances, their qualities, solubility, and uses, the pages afford ample information. But, without going into a classification not yet finally settled, we may state that, for all essential purposes, the quinine region may be divided into five sections. Peru and Bolivia produce the *Calisaya*, with the yellow bark. Huanuco has grey bark of three sorts. The Loxa region, near Quito, gives the crown bark known as *officinalis*. The *Succirubra* or red bark, comes from the region of Lima; and the Columbian bark from Pitayo and Onaqueta. The tree itself is tall and stately, with green leaves crossed by crimson veins and with clusters of flowers, roseate, crimson, or white; and it gives forth a delicious aromatic fragrance. When crowded together the trees shoot up to a great height, and have tufts at their summits but no lower branches.

It would have been highly disheartening if, after evading foolish juntas, senseless alcaldes, and red-faced Manuels, and risking life and health in the slopes of the Andes, the author had not been able to conclude his work with the announcement of its complete success. All dangers were not over when Callao or Panama was

reached. There was the journey to England across the Atlantic, the heat of the Red Sea, and the perils of the Indian Ocean. Every difficulty was, however, surmounted by careful packing of the seeds, and by enclosing the plants in what are termed Wardian cases, on the plan adopted by Mr. Fortune, who used them in 1849 for the conveyance of tea to India; and when the "horrors of the middle passage" had done no injury, there was need of much care and discrimination in the selection of sites as nurseries and plantations. The Neilgherries were fortunately chosen for the first experiment, as in point of height, moisture, and atmospheric peculiarities, they bear the closest resemblance to the birthplace of the tree. And at the head of the plantation there was the late Mr. M'Ivor, then or since the ablest arboriculturist in India. The experiment began in 1861, and it was soon perceived that the plants required moderate protection at first, and then plenty of light and air. Afterwards two plantations sprang up at Dodabetta and Nedivattam, and in a general way we may conclude that *Succirubra* flourishes better and yields a larger portion of alkaloids in India than the *Calisaya* or perhaps any other variety. *Officinalis* does well on the higher elevations; and the grey bark from the Huanuco forests has been growing in vigour and productiveness. At first every effort was directed to the judicious selection of sites, the distribution of seed and cuttings, and the propagation of the species beyond the possibility of extinction and failure. Private speculation came to aid public enterprise; and under Lord Canning's rules for the grant of waste lands to enterprising merchants, some fifty private gardens were laid out. So rapid was the progress that trees so planted began to yield seeds in 1866, and by 1870 the time came for reaping the harvest. One obvious way of treating the plants was coppicing, as is done with birch, hazel, and ash in our own woods. After eight years the young trees were cut and the stumps were left to send out new shoots. But Mr. M'Ivor hit on a plan of cutting the bark in ribbons from the standing tree, leaving intervals untouched, and covering the stripped portions with moss so as to exclude light and air. It was found that the bark was renewed, and alkaloids were secreted in the portions so treated. At the end of some months the bark left on the tree was removed, and the bare spaces were similarly covered with moss; and as the tree grows this alternate process appears likely to go on indefinitely. Other experiments were made in crossing one species with another, and there can be little doubt that, under skilful management, fresh experiments may result in wider and more lucrative results. It is shown already that trees have been barked three, four, and six times, and that each tree can be made to yield 3 lbs. of bark.

Success near Ootacamund has led to attempts on the Palnai and the Annamali Hills in the Madras Presidency, where there are spots of different altitudes between 3,000 and 7,000 feet. A beginning has been made in the native State of Travancore, and in the hills of the Tinnevely district, and on the Shevaroy in Salem. In the Wynnad, hitherto known as a successful field for coffee-planters, the chinchona-tree has been naturalized, and there seems no reason why it should not be introduced into Coorg. If the Mahabeshwar Hills have been unsuitable owing to a climate which alternates between extreme dryness and excessive rainfall, a fair start has been made at a place called Rungbi, some twelve miles from the hill-station of Darjeeling; and, not content with benefiting British India, Mr. Markham has furthered the acclimatization of chinchona in Ceylon and in the Blue Mountains of Jamaica. Foreign countries have been invited to form chinchona plantations. In spite of revolution and bloodshed, the *Succirubra* and the *Officinalis* have taken root in Mexico; and, in spite of mistakes, there are now more than a million and a half of plants in the Dutch dependency of Java. In short, the success of an experiment begun just twenty years ago, is now placed beyond doubt, mischance, or cavil.

The importance of an adequate supply of this valuable medicine always at hand, independent of interruption from wars, revolution, and short-sighted legislation in South America, cannot be overestimated. Many an English magistrate and English soldier has owed his life to quinine. In Bengal it is familiar to the natives as *quinyan*, and we have rarely found the smallest objection made to it on the score of caste when dispensed by English hands. A plentiful supply of the unadulterated article might be the means of checking, in some measure, the ravages of the epidemic now known as the Burdwan fever. To Englishmen sent to punish Looshais or Nagas on the Eastern frontier, and to sportsmen or explorers as a prophylactic, quinine is as essential a part of their equipment as a waterproof coverlet or a single-poled tent. Whether quinine will ever be manufactured on such an extensive and profitable scale as to take the place of opium in China may fairly be doubted. But the very last report from India shows that the plantations of Government are thriving; that a large distribution of plants to the public is still going on; that the crop raised in the Neilgherries alone was 114,000 lbs., some of which was exported to England; and that, after due provision for establishments, collection, buildings, roads, and repairs, there was a clear net profit on the transaction of some 32,000*l*. We cannot follow Mr. Markham into his ingenious suggestions for the cultivation of the *Ficus elastica* which produces indiarubber, or for the improvement of Indian cotton by a supply from Peru; nor can we speculate whether sugar could be extracted from stalks of maize. The author may rest assured that his name will ever be honourably associated with the acclimatization in India of one of the most invaluable medicines ever dispensed to a fever-stricken popu-

lation, whether by civil surgeons and inspectors of the regular medical service, or by civil magistrates, compelled by the exigencies of their position to appear before the native community in the part of *Le Médecin malgré lui*.

LLOYD'S NORTH AFRICAN CHURCH.

THE great Church of the Carthaginian Primacy is a noble subject for the ecclesiastical historian. There is a dramatic completeness in its story. It gave early promise of a magnificently productive and influential life, and its end was singularly tragic; while it brought in turn upon the scene three epoch-making *dramatis personæ* in the three characteristic Latin Africans, Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine. Through them the Church of pro-consular Africa has permanently affected all Western Christendom, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, sects as well as churches, the New World as well as the Old World. The African Tertullian Latinized the theological and ecclesiastical language of the West. In all controversies on the constitution of the Church, Westerners have appealed to the African Cyprian. No one has contributed so much to Western theology as the African Augustine. "Africa, not Rome," as Dean Milman has aptly said, "gave birth to Latin Christianity."

Mr. Lloyd is very far indeed from being an original pioneer or a road-maker. But he can claim the honourable distinction of being the first Englishman who has attempted to write the history of the Church of North-Western Africa as an organic whole, from the earliest glimpses of it in the writings of Tertullian until its extinction by the Saracen invaders. His guides are not always the very best or most expert; he seems to have made the acquaintance of only one amongst the recognized specialists; but those upon whom he has relied are usually good and fairly safe; the chief of them are either English, like Gibbon and Canon Robertson, or else have become English-speaking, like the three great North African Fathers and the Church historians Fleury and Neander, by the intermediation of translators. He has taken laudable pains with the secular topography of his subject, not omitting to use recent sources, both solid and light, such as Mr. Bosworth Smith's *Carthage and the Carthaginians*, and Miss Séguin's chatty book about Algiers. His ecclesiastical topography is very loose and thin, at which we are the more surprised because the only specialist writer whom he has used, the Jesuit Stefano Antonio Morcelli, is here specially diffuse, and has placed at the end of his last volume three large maps of the distribution of the episcopal sees in the various provinces. The fact that Morcelli was a Jesuit, and dedicated his *Africana Christiana* to a Pope, naturally suggests the presumption that he is likely to be an unsafe guide on one of the critical points in the history of the Church of Carthage—its relations with the Church of Rome during the primacy of Cyprian and the primacy of Aurelius. Michael Leydekker, Professor of Theology at Utrecht, in his *Historia Ecclesiæ Africane Illustrata*, published at Utrecht in 1690, deals largely with this point amongst others. His huge book, indeed, is not a history, but a wearisome mass of dissertations about various matters connected with the Church of Carthage. In 1622 M. A. Capellus published a special dissertation, *De Appellationibus Ecclesiæ Africane ad Romanam sedem*, which was republished in Rome a century later. The matter has been handled more recently by Dr. Reinkens, the German Old Catholic Bishop. Mr. Lloyd does not seem to know either of these writers, nor does he cite Morcelli in his account of the relations between Stephen of Rome and Cyprian, and between Zosimus of Rome and Aurelius. In the latter case he contents himself wholly with Fleury and Robertson. We often wish that he had stuck more closely to Morcelli; it might have given greater clearness to his book. Morcelli was no historian in the modern conception of the word; he was a hard and dry annalist, after the fashion of the mediæval chroniclers, and he has thus put together an admirable framework for the modern historian to work upon. The mere conspectus of the annals of the African Church, from A.D. 197 to A.D. 670, which he has prefixed to his first volume, occupies sixty folio columns. The whole remainder of Morcelli's first volume is taken up with a catalogue of the North African sees and lists of the succession in each see where it can be traced, together with a short biography of every bishop of whom any notice is extant. Mr. Lloyd has not even compiled a list of the known Bishops of Carthage. We find no mention of Agrippinus until we reach the age of Cyprian, and then the reference is only accidental. Whether Optatus, who is mentioned as bishop in the Acts of the Passion of SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, or, as Seitz thinks, Agrippinus first held the Carthaginian see, Mr. Lloyd does not attempt to decide. "A Synod at Carthage, under Agrippinus, who was bishop at the end of the second century," says Mr. Lloyd, in his account of St. Cyprian, "had ruled in favour of re-baptism," and he places at the foot of the page the very loose reference "Morcelli, i." St. Cyprian himself referred to this Council in his Epistles. St. Augustine blamed the ruling of this Council, and he and Vincent of Lerins both say that Bishop Agrippinus was the first to introduce the usage of second baptism. The exact date of the important Council which Mr. Lloyd describes indefinitely as "a Synod" has been a matter of controversy until our own day. It was attended, as St. Cyprian told Quintus, a bishop of Mauritania, by the prelates "who governed

the Church of the Lord in Africa and Numidia." Wiltsch calls the first Council of all (in Africa) "the African Council," and places it in 215 or 217. Bishop Hefele thinks that it was probably "the most ancient synod of Latin Africa." He observes that the date cannot be exactly verified, but that it took place "under the reign of Pope Callistus I."—that is to say, between 218 and 222. Morcelli, Mr. Lloyd's authority, places it in 179. Dr. Döllinger has clearly proved from one of the charges brought by Hippolytus against Callistus that the Synod must have been held before the death of the latter.

Mr. Lloyd is usually vague, insecure, and generalizing when he writes of the famous North African Synods. "A Council was held at Hippo in A.D. 393," he says, "under the presidency of Aurelius, Bishop of Carthage, who summoned the Council by Augustine's advice. This was the first of a series of plenary Councils, as they were called, comprising the whole province of Africa in its largest sense. No less than eighteen such Councils were held between the years 393 and 419, in which hardly any point of doctrine or discipline was left untouched." If he had traced the history and work of these African synods, which began nearly a century and a half earlier than 393, or if he had made the succession of the Bishops of Carthage the backbone of his history, the book need have been no longer than it is, but it would have left a more definite and uniform impression upon the readers for whom it is intended. It is a marvel that Mr. Lloyd should have, as he evidently has, some perception of the importance of these Councils, and yet should never have troubled himself to look at Hefele's *Councilsgeschichte*, especially as the two volumes necessary for his purpose have been translated into English. His subject is "the Church" of North Africa. But of the actual concrete Church—the organized congregations of living men and women, who chose the bishops who sat in these Councils, to whom Tertullian ministered, over whom Cyprian and Augustine presided—we get from him next to no glimpse at all. We find, of course, summary biographies of Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine; but the life of each is an oft-told story, for the three belong even more conspicuously to universal Church history, and to every section of that history—to the history of dogma, of schism, of heresy, of ecclesiastical constitution—than to the history of their own local church. Mr. Lloyd tells us that Tertullian, in his *Apology*, "has set before us a vivid picture of the Christian society in Africa," and he quotes plentifully from Tertullian and from St. Cyprian's letters; but he seems too often to approach each of those sources secondhand, through the mediation of Blunt *On the Right Use of the Early Fathers*. From the canons of the African Councils he might have derived a rich mass of information about the life, character, and habits of the clergy and laity of the North African congregations; and he might have found some aid from the chapter headed "Mores Christianorum" in the *Primordia Ecclesiæ Africane* of the late erudite Bishop of Zealand, Friedrich Christian Karl Heinrich Muntor, the author of the *Religion der Karthager*, who was an expert and specialist upon Punic archaeology, both before and after the Christianization of Latin North Africa. The canons, like the letters of Cyprian, bear incidental witness to the originally democratic constitution of the Carthaginian Church; and its historian might have shown its development into an aristocracy, and finally into a limited monarchy, and how it was that the Independent, the Presbyterian, and Episcopalian of the seventeenth century each imagined that his own ideal constitution of the visible Church had been more or less reached by the Christian congregations of North Africa. The great Synod of Hippo in 393, to which Mr. Lloyd refers—the "Plenarium totius Africæ Concilium," as it is called by St. Augustine, who was present at the Council—ruled that no one might be ordained unless he had passed the probation or obtained the testimony of the people, a provision which has been gradually attenuated into our modern *si quis*. Even this canon of Aurelius marked a declension from the earlier and fuller statement of the democratic basis of ecclesiastical authority by Cyprian and his fellows in their common letter to the clergy and people of the Churches of Legio, Asturia, and Emerita in Spain. "Plebs ipsa maxime," they said, "habet potestatem vel eligendi dignos sacerdotes, vel indignos recusandi." The student of English history will recollect what a use was made of the precedent of the Church of Carthage and the letters of Cyprian by Marshall, Calamy, and the other Presbyterian authors of the famous "Smectymnus" in their attack upon Archbishop Laud and the Anglican episcopate; while the admiring biographer of their great enemy published his Life of Laud under the title of *Cyprianus Anglicus*. The Puritans were able to cite the authority of the great Council of Hippo in their attacks upon the English drama, one of its canons coupling together, just as they did, "actors and apostates." The traces of the abiding influence of the Church of the Carthaginian primacy upon Western Christendom—Protestant, Anglican, and Roman alike—are innumerable. A chapter indicating some of the signs that this wonderful Church, though dead, yet speaketh, would have formed an instructive and interesting appendix to Mr. Lloyd's book.

Mr. Lloyd often cites Neander, and it is not improbable that his subject and title were suggested by the frequent reference of the German historian to the "Nordafrikanische Kirche" as a distinct ecclesiastical organism. Neander applies the term exclusively, and Mr. Lloyd follows him in applying it exclusively, to the Church of Latin North Africa. Often, like Bishop Muntor, Morcelli, Leydekker, P. A. Sanchez, and M. A. Capellus, he strikes out the qualification "North" and calls it simply the "African Church." Doubtless there was just reason for this nomenclature during the

lifetime of Tertullian and Augustine, and during the session of the great African Councils, although bishops sat in the latter whose sees were outside the province to which the name of Africa was then technically limited. But our modern extension of the name to the entire continent is sure to be uppermost in the minds of the readers of the "Home Library." When the late Dr. Burton of Oxford spoke in his lectures of "the African Church," he meant the Church of North-Eastern Africa, the Church of the Evangelist St. Mark, the Church of Olement of Alexandria and Origen. When Mr. Lloyd uses the same term, he expressly restricts it to the Church of Tertullian and Cyprian, and excludes from it the Church of Olement and Athanasius. Hence the general reader, for whose use alone a popular sketch like Mr. Lloyd's can be intended, may miss the important fact in the evolution of Christendom that the two most wonderful and productive of all the primitive Churches were both located in what he now knows as Africa. The careful Emanuel A. Schelstrate, canon and cantor of Antwerp Cathedral, who crossed swords with our own Stillingfleet, gave to his useful dissertations upon the origin, doctrine, rites, synods, and history of this Church the more exact title *Ecclesia Africana sub Primatu Carthaginiensi*. As Bishop Hefele has indicated, in his article on the African Church in the *Kirchenlexicon* of Wetzer and Welte, the title is the common property of two Churches, if not of three—the Greek-speaking Church of Egypt and Cyrenaica, the Alexandrian patriarchate; the Latin-speaking Church of Proconsular Africa, Numidia, and Mauritania; and, thirdly, the Abyssinian or Ethiopian Church. The Negus Johannes of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia as he prefers to call it, has lately boasted that his own community is the only African Church which has held fast its Christian faith century after century against the successive onslaughts of heathenism and Mohammedanism. One unhappy characteristic was common to both the great divisions of North African Christendom—to the Western Church of Carthage and the Eastern Church of Alexandria. Neither of these magnificent and powerful Churches, so rich in the genius of their teachers and rulers, was ever really a national Church. The Church of Tertullian and St. Augustine was Latin, and not Punic; the Church of Origen and St. Athanasius was Greek, and not Egyptian. Both lands, before they became Christian, as Mr. Maurice has observed, had received a civilization and culture which were foreign to them, and not only foreign, but unnatural. The marvellous triumph of the Mohammedan invasion along the whole of North Africa, from east to west, may perhaps be held to justify the same thinker's conclusion that "the Church had not struck its roots deeply into one land or into the other, that it had not taken hold of those who were the proper inhabitants of the soil, that in the one country it was too purely Greek, in the other far too exclusively Latin." The Abyssinian monarch showed that he possessed some historical consciousness, as well as patriotism, when he told the Catholic and Protestant missionaries a few weeks ago, that he did not want either of them, because the Ethiopians were already Christians, and had held fast their faith under a strain which had destroyed that of more prosperous and civilized peoples.

Mr. Lloyd only once ventures to criticize Neander. The latter agrees with Wiltach, with Seitz (the author of the excellent article "Nordafrikanische Kirche" in Herzog's *Real-Encyclopädie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche*, which Mr. Lloyd has evidently not seen), with Bishop Munter, and with almost all modern Protestant scholars, in holding the probability of the Roman origin of the African Latin Church. "There is no sure ground for Neander's conjecture," says Mr. Lloyd, and thereupon he jerks out a new conjecture of his own. The most Latin of all Churches may have had an Eastern origin, as he fancies, because, "in facilities of intercourse with the Holy Land, Carthage was not inferior to Rome." If Carthage had obtained her Christianity from the East, it would have come by way of Egypt, through Cyrenaica rather than from the Holy Land. But Hefele, though he regards St. Mark as the Apostle of Cyrenaica as well as of Egypt, does not imagine that he passed further west into Latin Africa. Mr. Lloyd should have remembered Dean Milman's suggestion that an ecclesiastical intercourse between Rome and Carthage was to be expected from their busy commercial intercourse, which, "on account of the corn-trade alone, was probably more regular and rapid than in any other part of the Empire."

"The African Church," says Mr. Lloyd, "reached the culminating point of its history at the Great Council of Carthage in A.D. 418." It would be more true to say that the contemporary events of the Vandal invasion and the death of St. Augustine during the Vandal siege of Hippo, in A.D. 430, mark the political and biographical turning-point in the life of the Church of Latin North Africa. Mr. Lloyd's chapters on the "Vandal Invasion" and "Vandal Persecutions" show that he did not make a very wide literary search before sitting down to compile them. If the Catholics were persecuted after the Vandal conquest, they had persecuted the Donatists before the invasion, and the latter made common cause with the invaders. Here Mr. Lloyd might have profitably used Papenordt's *Geschichte der Vandalischen Herrschaft in Afrika*; but his references in these chapters are solely to Gibbon, Bingham, M. de Sainte-Marie's *La Tunisie Chrétienne*, Fleury, Cardinal Newman's notes on a portion of Fleury, and thrice to Morcelli. Even Salvian's well-known description of the terrible immorality of the clergy and laity of the Carthaginian Church is cursorily cited second-hand from Fleury, and as Fleury omits its most characteristic point, Mr. Lloyd follows him in the omission. Salvian probably exaggerated when he said that it was scarcely possible, after the strictest search,

to find one chaste person in the Carthaginian Church. But such an assertion is of no slight significance for the historian of that Church, when he brings it into connexion with the fact that the North African bishops, after long struggles, had only just succeeded in imposing celibacy upon four orders of the clergy. At the Council of Carthage, in A.D. 401, less than forty years before the Vandal conquest of the city, a canon was passed prohibiting bishops, presbyters, deacons, and subdeacons, from intercourse with their wives, on pain of deposition, adding that the clergy of the other orders were not to be forced to such continence—*nisi maturiori aetate*. The canon was proposed by the renowned Bishop Aurelius. Hefele cites it as Number 4, and omits its inclusion of subdeacons; but it occurs in the *Codex Canonum Ecclesie Africanae* as Number 3, and subjoined as a reason "qui sacra mysteria contractant." The Jesuit annalist Morcelli characteristically traces the catastrophe of the drama of this African Church, "*Afrorum exitus luctuosus*," to the laxity of the bishops of Africa and Libya, who violated the canons by continuing to live with their own wives. Schelstrate takes the same view. As Shakespeare marches the vigorous young Fortinbras across the stage in the last scene of *Hamlet*, to console the audience as far as possible for the death of the protagonist, so Morcelli closes the annals of the dead Church of St. Augustine of Hippo by calling attention to the prosperity of the new Church of St. Augustine of Canterbury. The "*Britanni*" appear to console the Catholic Church for the loss of the "Afri."

EASTERN TOURS.*

WHEN the pilgrims of the middle ages after long absence and great hardships returned from the Holy Land they occasionally gave to the world an account of what they saw, and very precious their modest little discourses are, although sometimes wanting in detail; as, for instance, when the description of Jerusalem is confined to such a sentence as "We here kissed the tree from which the Holy Cross was made, and beheld the stone on which sat the cock who crowed thrice before St. Peter." But, meagre as they are, they incidentally give us valuable information as to distances, the existence of ancient names attaching to certain sites, the appearance of ruins that have since been swept away, and above all they are almost our only sources for such topographical information of the time. The modern pilgrim is a totally different being; he is actuated, no doubt, by a longing to set eyes on the scenes so familiar to him by name, but yet so far off and so intangible; a desire to discover for himself that Jerusalem does really exist, and that the Mount of Olives does not belong to the region whose chronicles are always dated "once upon a time." He may even be stirred by deep and serious motives more akin to those of his mediæval prototype, motives which are far too sacred to be lightly spoken of. But let the reasons that induce him to visit the Holy Land be what they may, one heavy sense of duty oppresses him, making himself anxious and wretched at the time and others afterward inexpressibly sad—he must write a book. In other lands he can lazily admire the freshness and novelty of the life he sees around him, can revel in the beauties of nature and the picturesque. Not so in Palestine. Note-book in hand, he must, like a broker's man, make an inventory of all he sees; he must keep his ears ever on the alert, lest he miss some Scripture name; and he must carefully record the impression made upon him by the first view of each sacred spot. What does it matter to him if the guide-book which he holds in his hand contains the same information, and a vast deal more, much better told? It is not only his duty, but his proud privilege, to check it off and pronounce the guide-book right. What if Brown, in his "Holiday on Holy Hills," or Jones, in his "Se'nnight in Sinai," or Robinson, in his "Saunterings on Sacred Shores," wept the same tears and sang the same hymn as the Haram Area came in sight from Olivet? the public—the public at the local Sunday School or Penny Reading-room—will demand of him an account, and will not abate him one tear-drop or one line of Keble's *Christian Year*. Thus it is that season after season the book-market is flooded with so-called books of Eastern travel, nine-tenths of which are of no real or permanent interest whatever. It is a pity that we cannot have, in a cheap and uniform handy series, all the really useful books on the subject—Stanley, Robinson, Sepp, and others—and "Boycott" authors of the mere tourist class, who add nothing to our knowledge, and seldom even serve to while away an hour with their entertaining style. The first two at least of the books mentioned below belong to this class. Mrs. Sumner's work is a fairly readable account of an ordinary three months' excursion to Egypt and Palestine, begins in the orthodox way with a description of the start from Charing Cross Station, and ends, as is most fit, with a recommendation of the dragoman employed by the party. More than this we cannot say for it. Mr. Weld's book is like the last-mentioned, "only more so"; the heading of chapter ix. will give an exact indication of the style and contents—"Jerusalem and Olivet, The Longing of My Life Fulfilled, a Striking

* *Our Holiday in the East*. By Mrs. George Sumner. London: Harst & Blackett. 1881.

Sacred Palm Lands. By A. G. Weld. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1881.

The New Playground; or, Wanderings in Algeria. By A. A. Knox. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

View, The Wailing Place, &c. &c."; it is guide-book seasoned with sentiment throughout; but has the advantage of being in a less pretentious and more convenient form, as well as of having been carefully compared throughout with the recognized authorities on Palestine topography. One phase of the modern Pilgrim's character which we omitted to mention just now is well exemplified in these pages—namely, the curious moral transformation which he too often undergoes while upon his travels; read, for instance, the following:—

We next drove along the Mahmûdiyyeh Canal, to the garden of one of the late Viceroy's daughters. On our way we expressed a wish for some pods of the Lebbek-tree (*Albizia Lebbek* of the West Indies), which is extensively planted along the roadside; so down jumped our tall, little dragoman Hamard, and kicking off his slippers, climbed up the tree in the twinkling of an eye; then tearing down a branch laden with pods, he presented it to us. At the Princess's garden (which was gay with the *Poinsettia pulcherrima*), he was equally free in gathering "hashish," and various plants; and in rooting up a geranium out of one of a row of flower-vases, he broke the vase in two, for which accident he was so far from being sorry that he only swore at the people in charge for its having been so rickety on its base.

We wonder what would be thought of a party of foreign travellers in this country who permitted their servant to act in such a manner in a lady's garden? No wonder that the English are so respected in the East.

Mr. Knox's *The New Playground: or, Wanderings in Algeria*, treats of a less hacknied subject, and, as the author really went in pursuit of health and pleasure, and has occasionally something new to tell us, we must premise that we do not by any means include him in the category of our Modern Pilgrims; indeed, his book forms a most pleasant contrast to those we have described. On the contrary, there is a freshness and unconventional *naïveté* about his style which is absolutely charming, and while he scorns to present his readers with ill-disguised extracts from Murray, he gives them just the amount of useful information which an intending visitor to the country would require. The author declares emphatically that he did not come out in quest of adventures, and, as he remarks, "If I heard that a lion or panther had arrived at Algiers, and was in the habit of taking his usual 'walking exercise' on the 'slopes' of Mustapha Supérieur (where we are now residing), I should instantly gratify a liberal curiosity as to the site of Carthage, which has the advantage of being some way off." His only object was health and quiet, and Algiers certainly would appear to offer greater facilities in these respects than most places on the Mediterranean shores for elderly people and invalids; for there, at least, warm hours in the open air are always to be had. Nor is the distance from London at all deterrent; for Algiers may be reached in three or four days, allowing plenty of time for rest upon the way, and the worst that can be anticipated on the sea passage is a sharp encounter with the mistral. Mr. Knox's account of his own experience of this wind is well worth reading, and the scene and sensations must be painfully familiar to many of our readers. After expressing his apprehensions when he found that it was blowing so furious a gale at Marseilles, and his satisfaction at the smooth way in which they glided through the water as they left the harbour, he says:—

At this moment the *Said* took a five-barred gate—in fact, there may have been six bars—and then playfully threw herself on one side. . . . our berths were across ship (I do not know if that be the nautical term, "athwart" sounds more in the style of the late Captain Marryat), and all I know is that for about twelve hours we were at one moment standing on our heads and were then replaced upon our heels; but oh, the awful moment between the two processes. . . . There was a sound of crockery and of people running. Alas! that was no banquet, no scene of genial hospitality for which they were making preparation. . . . for the rest of the night I remember nothing but the wails of exhausted men and women, who had lost the power of groaning; the long-drawn swish of the seas which we had shipped along the deck; the absurd jangle of the bell above, as the poor ignorant sailors made it out to be two bells or six bells, or as it might happen. What have bells got to do with it? Say it is a hundred bells at once and have done with it, if you can't tell us what o'clock it is in a rational way.

At length he arrived in port and made his first acquaintance with Algerine pirates. In his agitation he had forgotten the Mohammedan profession of faith in Arabic, which he had carefully studied with a view to conciliating the Moslem should he get into trouble—not that he wished to hold out any hope of his immediate conversion, but, as he says, "I should have liked to feel that I was open to fair argument on the subject of Mecca, if they would only leave the umbrellas alone."

One chapter is devoted to the question of Algerine piracy, but not exactly to the wholesale kidnapping of Christians, the permission of which was for centuries the disgrace of civilized Europe. Mr. Knox deals only with the phase of it which he himself met with—to wit, the marauders who lurk about and endeavour to sell a villa to the unwary traveller. We must take it as a sound principle to begin with, that every man against whom you may brush shoulders in Algiers wishes to let you or sell you a villa. The tricks, traps, and dangers of this nefarious traffic are well exposed, and if after reading "*The New Playground*," a visitor to French Africa finds himself the occupant at an exorbitant rent or price of an unwholesome and ill-drained tenement, it is his own fault.

During his stay in Algiers a rather serious fire occurred, burning down the theatre, and threatening the Government-house and neighbouring buildings. An alarm was raised that this was the work of native incendiaries, that a plot was on foot to burn down the town, and at one time the public uneasiness nearly attained the dimensions of a panic; but "the nonsense subsided as it rose.

There was a fire; there had been loss of life; but there was no native conspiracy to burn down the town, and get rid of the French. Enough had been done to gratify the hotel-keepers on the Riviera, but we could not go further." The last sentence is an amusing illustration of the natural tendency one has to identify oneself with the cause of the place at which one may happen to be staying, and to take a lively interest in the local rivalry with a neighbouring town. Like Charles Lamb, Mr. Knox sometimes chafed under the undisturbed leisure which he enjoyed and occasionally yearned after the old routine of his magisterial duties. The native police court accordingly had great attractions for him, and although he did not understand a word of the language, he found it of great interest to compare its proceedings with those of the London tribunal over which he himself had so long and honourably presided. He quotes a supposed verbatim report of a typical case before the *Cadi*, from the work of Captain Richard, formerly *chef du Bureau Arabe* at Orleansville, which gives a very just, though facetious, account of Arab summary legal procedure. The book does not pretend to give us much of the history of the country about which it treats, but what we are told is very well worth perusal. The sketches of the origin and vicissitudes of the Kabyles, or Berber "confederations," from the earliest times until their final subjection by the French, is lucid and concise. It is a pity, however, that the author has not resisted the too common temptation to talk in one or two places about what he knows nothing of. To say, for instance, that the tattoo marks on women's faces are forbidden in the Koran, and are there called *ketchet el chytan*, or "devil's writing," is simple nonsense. Again, it is very odd to find the legend of the conquest of Gog and Magog (probably the Turkomans) by Alexander the Great, which is embodied in a somewhat legendary form in Chapter xviii. of the Koran, told as a local legend of the Last Day. It is worth while comparing the two accounts:—

MOHAMMED.

They said, "O Dhu'l Kurnain! verily Gog and Magog (Yajuj and Majuj) are doing evil in the land. Shall we pay thee tribute on condition that thou set between us and them a rampart?" He said, "What my Lord has established me in is better; so help me with your strength, and I will set between you and them a barrier. Bring me pigs of iron until they fill up the space between the mountain sides." Said he, "Blow it until it makes a fire." Said he, "Bring me that I may pour over it molten brass." So they could not scale it and they could not tunnel it. . . . And we left some of them to surge on that day over others, and the trumpet shall be blown and we will gather them together.

But perhaps General Dannius's book, from which our author borrows, is to be blamed for these and similar slips. Of the Kabyles themselves Mr. Knox seems to entertain a high opinion, and considers them far superior to the Arabs, both physically and intellectually. We prefer to pass over his account of the atrocities attributed to the French in their campaign against this people in 1846, and in the insurrection of 1850-51. A conflict with a fierce and semi-barbarous people always produces a greater crop of horrors than even the wholesale massacres of modern civilized warfare, and reprisals often take a form that reads unpleasant in a despatch. We can only hope that the memory of former cruelties may soon die out, and that Algeria may continue to prosper, as she no doubt has done hitherto, beneath French rule.

There are so many little bits of genuine humour in the author's comments on what he saw, that we should like to quote them all, and offer them as "*Orient pearls at random strung*" to the reader, but this would not be fair to the work itself. The following specimen is quite true to nature:—

He was dark even for an Arab, and came from some place in the desert beyond Tuggurt. He had been saving up money in order to get married, and his bride was waiting for him at some hot place in the sand. The wedding must needs be a hurried one, for he would have to get back quick to Biskra to resume his work. I suppose the usual Arab idea of a honeymoon would be to spend a few happy, happy days with the bride, give her a good beating with a stick, lock her up, and hand the key to a female relative advanced in years, who would redeliver the young lady to you in fair condition on your return.

The book is one rather of pleasant chat than of statistics, or even of ordinary travelling incidents: and it is quite refreshing, amid the depressing influences of the winter we are passing through, to follow the genial author in his rambles through a land of calm and sunshine.

TWO MINOR NOVELS.*

THE first of these two novels is nothing but an overgrown tract. It has been written with a highly moral object, and may be looked upon as a kind of young ladies' supplement to Murray's Handbook to Gibraltar. The natives of that town, we

* *The Life of a Rock Scorpion*. By Flora Calpensis, Author of "Reminiscences of Gibraltar," "Holiday Amusements," &c. London: Charing Cross Publishing Company.

Dorothy Compton. A Story of the '15. By J. R. Henslowe. London: Kerby and Endeau. 1880.

learn, are known by the name of the "Rock Scorpions"; and in the *Life of a Rock Scorpion* are clearly set forth the dangers to which fascinating and highly respectable young females will find themselves exposed from the officers of the garrison. But forewarned is forearmed. Let those who intend to settle there, before they leave Southampton, provide themselves with a copy of this virtuous story, and study it in the intervals of sea-sickness. If they do so, they will derive from it this additional gain. They will find it such uncommonly dull reading, that they will readily admit that, after all, sea-sickness is not the greatest ill in life. It may be bad, very bad, but there are stories which cause even greater misery. Nevertheless, we trust that they will look upon the careful perusal of this tale as a solemn duty, and will persevere in it to the end. For, to quote the author's own words, it has been "written with a view to warning young ladies who are about to take up a residence with their families on the Rock of the many dangerous companions they may be thrown amongst, should they trust too much to their own sagacity in choosing their acquaintances, refusing to listen, as Eva did, to the wise counsels of a mother." What they are to do if they do not happen to have any mother at all, we are nowhere told. In that case we presume that it would be always found that they had a virtuous godmother, or a widow aunt in reduced circumstances but most piously disposed. Even, however, if they have neither one nor the other, still they have only to follow the excellent precepts which are scattered with a liberal hand through the pages of this work, in order each to secure perfect propriety of conduct, and in the end a virtuous clergyman for a husband. The author is not merely content with leading her heroine to the very brink of destruction, and making the wicked hero shoot himself dead, but she takes care besides always so to point her moral that the most careless cannot fail to find it. We come, for instance, across such passages as the following:—"Here, at the closing of this chapter, the author entreats the young 'debutantes on this world's stage' (to whom this little work is especially dedicated) to lay the lessons it contains to heart." She adds force to her entreaties by laying down principles of morality which, if not altogether new, are at least true. "To deceive," she tells her young friends, "is reprehensible in the extreme." In the sufferings that the heroine brought upon herself by the neglect of this sound rule of conduct, a striking warning is offered. To her fortunes, then, we will at once turn.

When the story opens, Eveline Osborn is, indeed, in a very sad state of mind. She was young and beautiful, no doubt; but what do youth and beauty avail when the possessor of them reproaches the best of papas and mammas with their "everlasting lectures"? She had hitherto been known by the endearing name of Rosebud; but she turns round on her mother, Lady Osborn, and says, "For goodness sake, do leave off this absurd cognomen, and call me 'Eva,' if you must curtail my name." Her fond parent begins by replying, "You used to be all gentleness to your invalid mother, while yet your joyous spirit kept us all alive." The heroine's conduct after a couple of pages of good talk became so outrageous that "she flung herself out of the room, banging the door after her, thereby terribly shaking Lady Osborn's weak nerves." We could almost wish that here, too, as well as in other places, the author had paused to point the moral. "Lay this lesson to heart," she might have said, addressing her dear young friends, "that to bang doors is in itself reprehensible in the extreme, even though the weak nerves of a mother are not thereby terribly shaken." Before long a wicked Captain comes upon the scene, who, we regret to say, was the eldest son of a nobleman. He makes love to Eva, and makes it on the sly. In this evil course he is countenanced by the family of the Beaumonts, who pretend to be as fashionable as they are really abandoned. But let us be comforted; for "severe," says our author in her moral preface, "will be their future punishment, we may be sure." It is not for want of warnings that Eva listens to him. She has a virtuous sister, who was engaged to a wealthy and virtuous Colonel, "who gave her much good advice, but it was lost on the thoughtless girl." The wife of a highly respectable baronet, herself the mother of a large family of children, raises also her warning voice. But Eva flirts away with her Captain, till one evening at a dance he presses her to consent to a secret engagement, "as he said his father, Lord Lansdown, was against his marrying until he was twenty-six years of age." Happily, at that moment a female voice, seemingly from amongst the drapery, was heard crying out in tones of the deepest feeling, and with a foreign accent, "Eveline, beware. Heed him not." The heroine almost faints. The wicked Captain gnashes his teeth and shakes his fist in the direction whence came the sound, exclaiming, "Had I not this angel on my arm, I would tear down every stitch of this infernal bunting, and search out this voice." He had—as was only natural in the depraved heir to a peerage—drunk too much champagne, and he makes a great deal of noise. He places Eva in an armchair, and rushes in pursuit of the voice. Her knees knock together, and her teeth chatter, she becomes icy cold, and, at last, with some return of a sense of propriety, she cries out, "Oh, where is dear papa?" The old gentleman had, meanwhile, unfortunately fallen asleep in the midst of the gaiety. As his hair was silky silver, and as he was wearing his "star and ribbon of knighthood and his medals, &c.," no doubt he presented a very venerable appearance. When he was roused and learnt what had happened, he did not allow the weakness of a parent to make him forget the duty of a father. "Your conduct," he said to his giddy daughter, "has been most reprehensible; since I fell

asleep yonder, our friends are all scandalized." Of course he at once took her home, and, we fear, thereby lost his supper. Her brother remained behind biting his nails and knitting his brows. Under ordinary circumstances such conduct at an evening party would also be most reprehensible: but, considering the provocation which he had received from the villain of the story, it was more than excusable. "'Confound the fellow!' he exclaimed, in a loud whisper, stamping his foot." The chapter thereupon closes, but it is plain to every one that he means to challenge the guilty Captain to a duel.

For a time, however, a little harmony is restored; but when the Captain "had the 'hardiesse' to call on the Osborns, he was very properly informed that Lady and Miss Osborn were indisposed and could see no one, and that the others were out riding." The speaker of the mysterious voice at last makes herself known, and declares that she is the Captain's wife. When he heard of this, "a black and dreadful look came over his usually handsome face," and he resolved to kill her. Why he does not do so we have failed to make out. However, he will not give up the heroine, but writes to propose that she shall run away with him. By this time a severe illness had brought this lovely, but misguided, creature to a very proper state of mind, and she sends him a letter, not unworthy in its high moral tone of the author of the book. "I beg to say," she begins, "I have received your singularly insulting and objectionable note, sent, too, clandestinely I perceive." She ends by exhorting him to repent. So far is he from listening to her that he at once runs away with one of the wicked Beaumonts, and before long goes mad and blows his head to atoms. "Thus ended," the moralist observes, "the career of a man who had been all his life the victim of his own bad and uncontrolled passions." Very different are the fortunes of the Osborns. A few lines further down on the very page on which we read of this suicide, we are told that the virtuous Maud married her no less virtuous Colonel. In the next paragraph, with much satisfaction, we read that "Eveline, who had now become quite as good and quiet as her sister, was engaged ere long to a clergyman residing near their house." That she had become quiet mattered unfortunately but very little to Lady Osborn, for that exemplary lady shortly afterwards died. She might have been allowed the satisfaction, we think, of living to see that her beloved daughter did not have a relapse in her morals; but, on the contrary, always closed the door so carefully that even the weakest of nerves could not have been shaken.

In passing from the *Life of a Rock Scorpion* to *Dorothy Compton* we rise—fall, may be, some will consider it—from the region of tracts to that of high-flown romance. The scene of the tale is laid in the Jacobite rebellion of 1715. The author, being a lady, and a very young one perhaps, is naturally devoted to the cause of the Stuarts. Her heroine, who gives her name to the story, is a youthful heiress living in the north of England. The most remarkable thing about her that we have been able to discover is that one day "a faint breeze lifted the tendrils of soft brown hair from her forehead." In the days of George I. the author should know hair was hair and tendrils were tendrils. Whatever delicacies there may have been in the literature of those days, extravagant nonsense was most carefully avoided. At that time, moreover, the sun used to set after the good old fashion. There were no "tender, pearly tints, that melted into the faint azure which slept in the calm of coming night"; nor was there anywhere in creation "a garb of violet glory." In fact, nature, if somewhat commonplace, at all events had not learnt to make herself utterly ridiculous. But to return to our heroine. She of course has a lover, and a lover who is on the side of the Pretender. He has a rival in one of her cousins, who, as every one must have expected, turns out to be a traitor to the good cause. In his eyes one day was seen "an evil glitter." Later on, when the rebels are at Preston, the figure of a man, cloaked and disguised, appears on the scene. "Once he looked up into the murky sky, and showed a pale face with an evil smile on it. 'One step nearer to you, Dorothy,' he said, softly, 'and for him, the scaffold.'" The speaker, of course, was the wicked cousin; and by "him" in italics is meant the rival. When the flight of the rebels takes place, the lover gallops off to take leave of Dorothy. In the midst of their sad farewells in walks the wicked cousin and greets all present with his usual languid grace. But the lover started forward; "their eyes met—fierce defiance on the part of the one, deep enduring hatred on that of the other." Some hard words pass about among the company, such as rebel, traitor, false, dishonoured, fairly mouthed; till at last the villain, turning to his virtuous rival, exclaims, "We have been rivals, fair sir, but I fancy the cord or the axe will end it now." He thereupon announces the approach of a troop of dragoons. The lover springs to the door to escape, but the villain draws a pistol from his breast. That moment "a dark figure passed swiftly across his vision. Too late." He fired, and the unhappy heroine fell down mortally wounded. The cousin fled "in a frenzy of anguish, remorse, and despair never to be assuaged," and became a buccaneer, or a Jesuit missionary, or a Carmelite monk. The hero escaped, and was not seen again till the 45, when he was slain on Clifton Moor.

Mixed up with the story are little scraps of history. It is, we suppose, a misprint when in one place we find Bolingbroke called Sir John. In another passage we are told that this statesman "reserved for himself the seats and the management of the Foreign Office." For "seats," perhaps, we should read "seals"; but in

any case "Foreign Office" has a strange sound when used of the early years of last century. In writing of the year 1714, the author says that Addison "was famous then for 'the Campaign,' but hereafter to be better valued for the *Spectator*." It is clear that she believes that the *Spectator* was written, not in the days of Queen Anne, but of George I. In a romantic novel we must remember, however, that such errors as these are scarcely blemishes. At all events, they will not render *Dorothy Compton* at all less acceptable to those who are so strangely constituted in their minds as to be able to read it with any degree of pleasure.

THE ANTIQUARY.

THE ANTIQUARY has adopted for its motto two lines from *Troilus and Cressida* :—

Instructed by the antiquary times,
He is, he must, he cannot but be wise.

Shakespeare's feeling for antiquarian study, however, was associated with the workings of the great passions of humanity as illustrated by the deeds of people of old; and it may be doubted if he cared for the exploration of ruins, for descants upon architecture, or for gathering together stone implements, coins, or even book-plates, which kinds of antiquarianism belong to a later and less metaphysical stage of the science. In the "Wisdom of Solomon" the carved idol or moss-grown altar of a worn-out creed was accounted "a stone good for nothing"; and we expect that the author of *The Antiquary's* precept would not have valued the like "work of an ancient hand" at a much higher rate than did Solomon. The word "cathedral" only once occurs in our master poet, and then simply as an adjective to "church"; while the only person of his dramas who is represented to contemplate a "wasted building" is a rough-mannered Goth, as if the broken and formless walls of a decayed structure suited rather with a rude and unshapen nature than with cultivated feeling :—

Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath the walls.

Titus Andronicus.

The act of "black-night" connected with the finding of this child is in keeping with the uncanny something that was believed to haunt a deserted ruin, an opinion which is as old as the Talmud, and one that still lingers among the fathers of the village. According to the Rabbis there are three reasons why a decayed building should not be entered :—1. Your intention may be suspected. 2. The walls may fall and crush you. 3. The place may be the den of evil spirits. But instead of being like the ruins of old Babylon, full of doleful creatures and dancing satyrs, we find in these days within the broken circuit of Stonehenge or beneath the arches of Tintern such lively visitors as 'Arry and the girl of his choice, who in their holiday pastime may be as nimble-footed as the satyrs, though their movement may be in less grim keeping with the severity of the surroundings. The spectre or hobgoblin has sometimes been no ineffectual protector of the remains of the past, and we are told in an article on "A Viking's Ship," that the tumulus or funeral hill at Gogstad in the south-west part of Christiania Fjord in Norway, within which this old craft was lately found, had been during some centuries undisturbed, because of the belief of avenging sprites being the guardians of the treasure enclosed. Unfortunately this wholesome dread had not been strong enough at some earlier day to prevent marauders breaking in upon the slumbering chieftain, whose battleship had become his bier, wherein he now waited with his horses and hounds for the Universal Father to summon him once more to launch upon the waves towards which the stem of his vessel was already directed.

The present volume of *The Antiquary* opens with the concluding part of Mr. E. B. Ferrey's lecture on Old St. Paul's, which is full of sagacious inference, and if consulted in connexion with Hollar's plates in Dugdale's *St. Paul's*, or with Longman's *Three Cathedrals*, will enable the reader to recall the grandeur of the second church, with its many chapels and shrines. Of these chantries, indeed, he may gain a more accurate notion by reference to the lately published *Documents Illustrative of the History of St. Paul's Cathedral*, edited by Canon Simpson for the Camden Society, a work that would have increased the interest of Mr. Ferrey's papers had it appeared in time for his use. He might then have noted how, in pre-Reformation days, the difficulties in raising money for restorations and for the endowment of altars were met by grants of Indulgences to all who contributed to such pious works. These grants, of which seventy-six are enumerated, supply in many instances the dates at which particular parts of the Cathedral were built or repaired; and, however much dislike may be had towards such a very un-Protestant system of raising funds, we may charitably allow something for the difficulties of the position, bazaars not having then become a religious institution. It is curious, moreover, to notice that as late as 1635-6 there occurs very like the grant of an Indulgence, when on March 5th Sir Ralph Ashton escaped doing penance in his own parish church by paying 300*l.* towards the repair of the west end of St. Paul's; and similarly, in 1636,

a clandestine marriage is purged on payment of 150*l.* for the benefit of the same church. It seems as difficult to ascertain what was the actual length of Old St. Paul's as to count twice alike the stones of Stonehenge, on which monument we have of course here a paper; but Canon Simpson accepts the result of Mr. Ferrey's careful study of the question that the total length from east to west was 596 feet, being 66 feet longer than Winchester Cathedral. Turning to Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's article on Stonehenge, we find that its huge trilithons were, according to the latest theory of their intention, raised for a primitive Christian temple, which is a view that will perhaps be superseded by an equally successful attempt to prove them to have formed the original British synagogue of the lost tribe of Israel, an hypothesis that we wonder some ingenious Anglo-Israelite has not already proposed. Archaeologists seem as much at a loss to decide upon the age of these concentric rings as to fix the date when the flaming zones were first flung round the planet Saturn, a power to which Stonehenge has, in fact, been argued to be dedicated. It has, moreover, been pronounced to be Buddhist, Phœnician, Druidical, Roman, Celtic, and Saxon—to belong to a time as early as (literally) the expulsion from Paradise, and to as late as the Danish invasion of England. Whether it be a sepulchral trophy, an altar to an unknown god, a court of justice, an astronomical observatory, or a serpent temple that wound circle within circle, and was an earthly Inferno for holocausts of human victims, seems likely to remain undetermined. It is remarkable, however, that after the prolonged clash of archaeological theories, perhaps the favourite opinion is one which explains the gigantic ruin to have been "a cenotaph or memorial kirk erected by a British King, Aurelius Ambrosius, to commemorate the death of those who had fallen in the great struggle with Hengist, or who were slain by his treachery" (see *Quarterly Review*, vol. 108, p. 207), which is just the account Geoffrey of Monmouth has given, with the additional explanation that Merlin transferred the stones by magic art from Ireland. But Dr. Nicholson no more connects their origin with Aurelius Ambrosius than with Merlin the magician. "I have seen governors of islands in my time," says Sancho Panza, "who hardly came up to the heel of my shoe." So it may be said that the usual cromlech hardly comes up to the Friar's Heel at Stonehenge. Therefore, Stonehenge is not a cromlech, but a temple. Who were the worshippers therein is a further question. In the first place the writer in *The Antiquary* denies that Stonehenge answers to the usual representation of being formed of two concentric circles enclosing two ellipses, the latter features, he declares, being, not two ellipses, but two semi-elliptical or horseshoe curves. With the dismissal of the ellipses vanishes also the theory that they were dedicated to the moon, and symbolised the mystic egg, the mother of us all. The notion, moreover, of a serpent temple stretching out into an almost interminable length of winding avenue, seems refuted by the literal fact that no head nor tail can be made of the reptile figured. Lord Nelson, it is said, nailed a horseshoe to the mast of the *Victory* as a charm against witchcraft, or against the craft of the enemy, but he would have been as surprised as we are to be told that his notion had been derived from Druidism, and was expressed by the two curves of Stonehenge. We think also that Dr. Nicholson is smiling at our credulity when he tempts us to believe that the throwing a slipper after a bridegroom and bride is because the heel of a shoe is shaped like a horseshoe, and because that horseshoe is shaped like the curves within the trilithons on Sarum's Plain. But this leads him to speak of the Friar's Heel, and the fact that, at sunrise on the 21st of June, the rays strike on the top of that particular stone induces him to argue that Stonehenge was a temple to the sun, which conclusion, as solar theories are now fashionable, we may as well adopt as any other. At any rate, if analogous to, it seems less extravagant than the Rev. Edward Duke's hypothesis, that "our ingenious ancestors portrayed on the Wiltshire Downs a planetarium, or stationary orrery, located on a meridional line, extending north and south, the length of sixteen miles; that the planetary temples thus located, seven in number, will, if put into motion, be supposed to revolve round Silbury Hill, as the centre of this grand astronomical scheme; that thus Saturn, the extreme planet to the south, would in his orbit describe a circle with a diameter of thirty-two miles," &c.

Of less striking significance than the monument we have been considering, but of almost equally obscure origin, is a stone in Pannier Alley, London, with a sculpture of a boy sitting on a pannier or maund, and dated 1688. This stone is inferred to have been substituted for one mentioned A.D. 889, in the grant of the tract of land whereon it stood, by King Alfred, to Wærfriht, Bishop of Worcester, for the purpose of a market, the place until lately having been known as Newgate Market. The words, "Hwæt-mundes stane," used in the deed of concession, was argued by Mr. H. C. Ooote to mean a stone house belonging to one Hwæt-mund, but Mr. Kerslake in a brief paper on the subject has perhaps more judiciously suggested that the phrase may be interpreted as wheat-maund stone, the word maund being still in use for a large basket. The stone, therefore, it is inferred, was the original market centre or cross to which wheat or like grain was brought.

Among the monuments in the Grey Friars' Church, as given in Stow's *Survey of London*, we find, under the date 1523, "Alice Lat Hungerford, hanged at Tiborne for murdering her husband." Mr. W. J. Hardy has taken considerable pains to extend the in-

formation here given, and he first of all cites the fuller statement of John Stow in his *Chronicle of England*, where, under the same year, it is said, "The 20 February the Lady Alice Hungerford, a knight's wife, for murdering her husband was led from the Tower of London to Hloborne, and there put into a cart with one of her servants, and so caryed to Tyborne and both hanged. She was buried in the Grey Fryers Church at London." An inventory of the goods of Lady Agnes Hungerford, "which belonged to the King's grace by forfeiture for felony and murder," was printed in the 38th volume of *The Archaeologia*, with notes by Mr. Gough Nichols, who proves that for Alice we should read Agnes, she being the second wife of Sir Edward Hungerford, father of Lord Hungerford, who was executed for treason in 1541. As Sir Edward died only a few months before the conviction of his unhappy wife, it has been supposed that he was the victim whose murder was expiated at the gallows. This is clearly proved not to have been the fact. The Lady Alice had formerly been the wife of John Cotell, who was strangled at her instance on December 28, 1518, the motive for the crime seeming to have been that he stood in the way of her obtaining the hand of Sir Edward Hungerford. Not far from Bath, on a high piece of ground, are the ruins of Farleigh Hungerford Castle, including a perfect little family chapel with some costly tombs. Against the north-western tower is the site of the kitchen furnace wherein the body of John Cotell was consumed to ashes, the effectiveness with which this part of the tragedy was evidently done being such as would have thrown no discredit upon the tremendous apparatus of the modern cremationists. Miss Braddon's typical novel might well have been titled *Lady Hungerford's Secret*, only that it would have seemed to do violence to fiction as well as to fact to represent that in the great castle of a certain lord a village wife had caused her husband to be cast into a fiery furnace in order that she might marry the lord himself, which she did. How she maintained the guilty secret during five years till the death of her second husband, which Mr. Hardy shows from the Close Rolls to have happened on January 24, 1522, seems as mysterious as that the actual perpetrators of the crime should be able to consume the body of the murdered man within the walls of an inhabited castle. The writer in *The Antiquary* has had recourse to the "Coram Rege Roll" for his facts, and had the editor of *The Grey Friars' Chronicle* for the Camden Society, who is identical with the contributor of the "Inventory" to *The Archaeologia*, gone to the same source he would have been saved from some singularly unhappy conjectures in his notes upon the case of Lady Hungerford.

A paper on "The Politeness of our Forefathers" contains an abstract of *The Rules of Civility*, a book of etiquette licensed in 1671, and intended for the improvement of the English people. The work is a translation from the French, which fact explains how one of the rules was rather too late for adoption in this country. That is, when a consecrated Host or the Pope's legate was met on the way, "it is a respect due to them for us to stop our coach till they be passed; the men to be uncovered, and the ladies to pull off their masks." But, "if it be the Sacrament, we must out of our coach if we can, and down upon our knees, though in the middle of the street." It is suggested that one use of the mask was to enable the fair wearers to see the wicked comedies of the Restoration without their blushes being discerned. Though it was not thought irreverent for men to cover their heads in church, and it was customary to wear their hats, even in the presence of ladies, at the dinner-table, it was considered "no less than rudeness in a woman to enter into any one's chamber to whom she owes any respect with her gown tucked up, with her mask upon her face, or a hood about her head, unless it be thin and perspicuous." One point of politeness we should have thought almost unnecessary, even at that time, to enjoin, only that we now as rarely snuff candles with snuffers as with our naked fingers:—"If it so happen that you be alone together with a person of quality, and the candle be to be snuffed, you must do it with the snuffers, not with your fingers, and that neatly and quickly, lest the person of honour be offended with the smell." Another paper on social aspects is by Lord Talbot de Malahide, entitled "The Grub Street Journal," and is an abstract of that publication, which began in 1730, and was followed by the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The chief Irish agitation of the times seems to have been in the clock of St. Warburgh's Church, Dublin, which on September 2nd of the above year became so violently excited by a hurricane that "its hand, our correspondent writes, was turned about for a quarter of an hour together with the same velocity as the flyers of a jack usually move." The good feeling of their Majesties and the rest of the Royal family towards the tutelar saint of Ireland was shown by their wearing crosses on March 17th in honour of St. Patrick's Day. Perhaps this compliment to the Irish was in recompense for four-fifths of that people having just before been suddenly deprived of their right of representation in Parliament by the disfranchisement of the Roman Catholics. With respect to English morals and manners Lord Talbot de Malahide's paper may be read without endangering our self-flattery that we are better than our fathers.

We are not sure that Mr. J. H. Parker's anecdotal contributions on the "Victorian Revival of Gothic Architecture" are not the most interesting in the volume, though we might recommend several others, besides what we have cited, to the reader's attention. Among these Mr. H. B. Wheatley's papers on bibliography and bookbinding should not be overlooked. To conclude, there is enough antiquarian feeling among the reading

classes to justify the attempt to establish a periodical for their service; and there is enough pleasant, and at times solid, discourse in the present volume to suit a diversity of tastes, while the most fastidious eye may be pleased by the beauty of its paper and letter-press.

THE ARABIAN GOLDEN TREASURY.*

AN attempt to bring a very far-away literature within ordinary reach deserves a hearty recognition, especially when it has to do with a literature so little known, yet known to be so great, as Arabian poetry. The masterpieces of Arabian poetry are almost unknown in England; and such translations as have been attempted up to quite recent years have failed to represent in any adequate manner the characteristics of the originals. It is not that the Arabs possessed no poetry, or that English scholars were ignorant of their fame; on the contrary, the peculiar esteem in which eloquence and poetry were held among the Arabs is among the stock parallels of the historian, and never fails of emphatic notice in every essay on the life of Mohammed and the religion of Islam. One is tired of hearing of the fair of Okadh, and the poetic contests that were believed to take place there, of the prize poems that were (or were not) suspended on the Kaaba, and the saying of the Khalif Omar. Every one knows that the Arabs held poetry to be one of the highest of divine gifts, and rejoiced over the advent of a poet as over the chief glory of their tribe. We do not want to be told how truly the Arab loved poetry, how great was the poet's power, and how widespread his fame and influence. We wish to be allowed to judge of this poetry for ourselves, without being compelled to learn a language which, according to one of the foremost of its grammarians, demands five hundred years of incessant application before one can consider himself perfected in its knowledge. When the highest authority committed two grammatical errors in his life, and died with the confession that he had something on his mind concerning the particle "hatta," it is evident that Arabic is not a study to be lightly undertaken. So much the stronger is the obligation laid upon those who have mastered it, so far as the span of human life allows, to reveal what they can of its literature to the unlearned; but hitherto the duty has been but sparingly acknowledged and imperfectly fulfilled.

It may be believed, however, that we are now fairly in the way of being taught somewhat more fully and more accurately the essential character of Arabian poetry. Mr. Lyall's contributions to the *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society*; Professor Palmer's "Song of the Reed," and his charming version of the mediæval Egyptian poet Zuhayr; Mr. W. Clifford Palgrave's "Omar"; are good omens of the light to come. None of these scholars, however, have attempted to treat Arab poetry as the literature of every European nation has been treated again and again. It was left for one who disclaims any proficiency in Oriental languages to compile the *Golden Treasury of Arabian songs and lyrics*, and bring Arabian poetry within the reach of English readers. Mr. Clouston deserves all thanks for the preparation of the beautiful *édition de luxe*, one of whose seventy copies lies before us; and a wider gratitude belongs to the smaller and less choice, but more purchasable, edition which he has issued simultaneously. We have no fault to find with his share in the work. He has performed his editorial functions with scrupulous care and fine judgment. With a few exceptions, his collection contains all that can be gathered of Arabian poetry in English, and he has had the good fortune to be able to include some original translations by Mr. Redhouse never before published. The editor's introduction is comprehensive and excellently written, and the notes at the end of the volume evince a considerable knowledge of the literature of the subject. Mr. Clouston has not only for the first time given us a fairly representative anthology of Arabian poetry, he has also executed a difficult task with rare taste.

The objections that must rise in every reader's mind are not to the manner, but the matter. A very large proportion of the translations are wholly alien in style and tone to the originals they profess to represent. The staple of the collection, occupying half its bulk, are the translations by Sir William Jones of the *Mosallakat*, or seven prize poems, and J. D. Carlyle's *Specimens of Arabian Poetry* (1796 and 1810). Neither of these works can be regarded as worthy representatives of the originals. The *Mosallakat* are the oldest and most famous poems in the language, acknowledged models of what an Arabic kasida or ode should be. Sir William Jones puts them into the ornate and effeminate prose which characterized his era in translation, and it is difficult to understand the power and rude eloquence of these Bedouin songs when we read them in the stilted periods of a posthumous Queen Anne essayist. Sir William Jones could turn his polished style to excellent use in other directions; but Addison himself would have made an indifferent translator of desert song. A single example will show the faultiness of Sir W. Jones's versions—their misrepresentation of the originals in meaning, and still more in tone. We will first quote some lines of the bold vigorous *Mosallaka* of Zuhayr, as rendered by Mr. Lyall in the *Bengal Asiatic Journal*; and then give Sir W.

* *Arabian Poetry for English Readers*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. A. Clouston. Glasgow: Privately printed. 1881.
The Lay of the Hingirites. Translated and Edited by Captain W. F. Prideaux, Fellow of the University of Bombay, &c. Lahore: Printed at the High School Press. 1879

Jones's translation of the same. Some verses will be seen to be transposed in the two renderings; but the comparison between the two is not seriously complicated by the variation in the order. Mr. Lyall's is a nearly literal translation, in the metre of the original, but without retaining the rhyme. The measure is "the noble cadence called the *Tawil*, most loved of all by the ancient poets. Each hemistich consists of four feet, arranged thus:—

— — — | — — — | — — — | — — —

It is the measure, in fact, of Browning's *Abt Vogler*, as Mr. Lyall shows in quoting such lines as

Existent behind all laws that made them, and lo they are;

and

And there! ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head.

The poem begins with a lament for the flitting of the tribe from the pasture-lands, the departure of the women, and especially of his wife, Umm Aufa:—

Are they of Umm Aufa's tents—these black lines that speak no word
In the stony plain of El-Mutathellom and ed-Darrâj?
Yea and the place where her camp stood in er-Raqmatân is now
Like the tracery drawn afresh by the veins of the inner wrist.
The wild kine roam there large-eyed and the deer pass to and fro,
And their younglings rise up to suck from the spots where they lie
all round.

I stood there and gazed: since I saw it last twenty years had flown,
And much I pondered thereon: hard was it to know again—
The black stones in order laid in the place where the pot was set,
And the trench like a cistern's root with its sides unbroken still.
And when I knew it at last for her resting-place, I cried,
"Good greeting to thee, O House—fair peace in the morn to thee!"
Look forth, O friend—canst thou see ought of ladies camel borne
That journey along the upland there above Jurthum well?
Their litters are hung with precious stuffs, and thin veils thereon
Cast loosely, their borders rose, as though they were dyed in blood.
Sideways they sat as their beasts climb the ridge of es-Sûbân
—In them were the sweetness and grace of one nourished in wealth
and ease.

They went on their way at dawn—they started before sunrise:
Straight did they make for the vale of er-Rass as hand for mouth.
Dainty and playful their mood to one who should try its worth,
And faces fair to an eye skilled to trace out loveliness.
And the tassels of scarlet wool in the spots where they sat them down
Glowed red like to 'ishrig seeds, fresh-fallen, unbroken, bright.
And when they reached the wells where the deep blue water lies,
They cast down their staves and set them to pitch the tents for rest.
On their right rose el-Qunân, and the rugged skirts thereof—
And in el-Qunân now many are friends and foes of mine!
At eve they left es-Sûbân: then they crossed its ridge again,
Borne on the fair-fashioned litters, all new and builded broad.

In this translation one hears the true desert ring; it has the rugged grandeur of the original. What then can be said of Sir William Jones's rendering of the passage?—

Are these the only traces of the lovely Oummaufa? Are these the silent
ruins of her mansion in the rough plains of Derrange and Mothatallem?

Are the remains of her abode, in the two stations of Rakma, become
like blue stains renewed with fresh wound on the veins of the wrist?

There the wild cows with large eyes, and the milk-white deer, walk in
slow succession, while their young rise hastily to follow them from every
lair.

On this plain I stepped after an absence of twenty summers, and
with difficulty could recollect the mansion of my fair one after long medi-
tation;

After surveying the black stones on which her cauldron used to be raised,
and the canal round her tent, like the margin of a fish-pond, which time
had not destroyed;

Soon as I recollected the dwelling-place of my beloved, I said to the
remains of her bower—"Hail, sweet bower! may this morning be fair and
auspicious!"

But I added, "Look, my friend! dost thou not discern a company of
maidens seated on camels, and advancing over the high ground above the
streams of Jorham?"

They leave on their right the mountains and rocky plains of Kensa. (O,
how many of my bitter foes, and how many of my firm allies, does Kensa
contain!

They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with
rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson andem-
wood.

They now appear by the valley of Suban, and now they pass through it;
the trappings of all their camels are new and large.

When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the
saddle-cloths, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

The locks of stained wool, that fall from their carriages whenever they
alight, resemble the scarlet berries of nightshade not yet crushed.

They rose at daybreak; they proceeded at early dawn; they are
advancing towards the valley of Ras, directly and surely, as the hand to the
mouth.

Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they
fix the poles of their tents, like the Arabs with a settled mansion.

Among them the nice gazer on beauty may find delight, and the curious
observant eye may be gratified with the charming objects.—Pp. 31, 32.

It is unnecessary to point out the singular inappropriateness
of many of Sir William Jones's phrases, or the mastery of bathos
evinced in the preceding quotation. All that can be said of
his translation of the Moallakat is that it is the only complete
version in English; and, until the happy time comes when (as
Mr. Clouston hints) the whole collection of Moallakats shall
have the advantage of Mr. Lyall's fine interpretation, we must
be thankful for this careful reprint of a rare work, and accept
Sir W. Jones's translations, in spite of their mistakes, their foreign
treatment, and their unfortunate style, as better than nothing.

Dr. Carlyle's renderings of a miscellaneous set of Arabic odes of
various ages are even less happy than Sir William Jones's; for Carlyle
adds to a stilted language the vices of conventional verse. A tame but
melodious version of the opening of Lebîd's beautiful Moallaka
reminds one faintly of Goldsmith; and indeed all Dr. Carlyle's

translations have the smack of a 'prentice hand at work on a
Deserted Village. Happily Carlyle has chiefly devoted his at-
tention to the gratulatory and amatory odes of the Court poets of
the Khalifate, and has not often meddled with the greater poems
of the elder Arabs. But still his renderings are wholly alien in
tone from the originals. One of the least wretched of his pieces
is perhaps that "To a Lady Weeping":—

When I beheld thy blue eye shine
Through the bright drop that Pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.

The violet ever scents the gale,
Its hues adorn the fairest wreath;
But sweetest through a dewy veil
Its colours grow, its odours breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise;
When Wit and Pleasure round thee play;
When Mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
Who but admires their sprightly ray?
But when through Pity's flood they gleam,
Who but must love their softened beam?—P. 120.

Mr. Clouston has done his best in giving us Sir William Jones's
and Dr. Carlyle's translations; they were all that could be had.
But his chief service lies in the latter part of the volume. His
excellent epitome of the First Part of the famous Bedouin romance
of Antar, with all the poetry included in it, will be highly prized.
Few possess Terriack Hamilton's still-born offspring, and still fewer
have succeeded in reading it. The present abridgment is really
all we want. It is a worthy record of a splendid career. Antar
is the Lancelot of the desert, with all his nobleness and none of
his guilt; and the epitaph of the Knight of the Round Table is
scarcely grander than the words the aged Sheikh pronounced over
the dead body of the Arab hero:—"Glory to thee, brave warrior!
who, during thy life, has been the defender of thy tribe, and who, even
after thy death, hast saved thy brethren by the terror of thy corpse
and of thy name! May thy soul live for ever! May the refreshing
dews moisten the ground of this, thy last exploit!" Very wel-
come, too, are Mr. Redhouse's scholarlike translations of the two
Poems of the Mantle; one recited by Kaab, son of Zohayr, whose
Moallaka we have already quoted, in the presence and in praise
of the Prophet Mohammed in the ninth year of the Hegira;
and the other written six hundred years later by El-Busiri,
and still, after six centuries more, renowned through all the
kingdoms of Islam, inscribed on amulets, and chanted in sickness
and over the dead. In an appendix we find extracts from Captain
(now Major) Prideaux's *Lay of the Himyarites*, a very remarkable
poem which has had the good fortune to find a worthy trans-
lator. This abstract of Major Prideaux's work is the more valu-
able as the copy of his original treatise now before us bears the
notice that the issue was limited to twenty-five copies, and the
high merits of the translation could therefore be appreciated only
by a very limited audience. It is worth remarking that this
édition de luxe of the *Lay of the Himyarites* was set up, printed,
and bound, by one pupil of the High School of Selore in Central
India; certainly a phenomenon in the bibliography of tall copies.
Mr. W. Gifford Palgrave's "Omar the Mogheere," in *Essays on
Eastern Questions*, also appears in this Appendix, as well as Mr.
J. Payne's specimens of the poetry of the *Arabian Nights*, re-
printed and abstracted from the *New Quarterly Magazine*. The
notes which conclude the volume are full, not only of interest-
ing biographical traditions and explanations of questions of
manners and customs raised in the poems, but also of fragments
from Mr. Lyall, Professor Palmer, and others, of notable merit.
The appendix is, in short, the most valuable part of the book. We
are glad to have the only complete English version of the seven
oldest Arabic poems, in spite of its faults; and Dr. Carlyle's
renderings are better than nothing; but the various pieces col-
lected together in the latter half of the volume are more welcome
still. All who care to know practically everything that can be
learnt in English concerning the ancient poetry of the Arabs will
find Mr. Clouston's skilfully prepared volume a great acquisition.
The poetry is worth studying, and if it is not always as well in-
terpreted as it might be, at least the version here given is the best
to be had as yet. This Arabian Golden Treasury gathers together
all, or almost all, that has been done thus far to popularize the
great masters of Arab poetry. To have accomplished this is no
slight performance; and if the work serves to encourage those
living scholars who have the rare gift of worthily rendering the
Arabian poets, to improve upon it, we may hope before long to
see Arabian lyrics as excellently selected and represented in
English as English lyrics have been by the brother of one of the
most notable of the translators whose verse appears in Mr.
Clouston's delightful volume.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE almost inexhaustible stores of Maria Theresa's correspond-
ence (1) are yielding Herr von Arneth material for yet
another publication, which will, however, probably be the last.
Two volumes already published contain her hitherto inedited
letters to the members of her family, two more, yet to follow, will
comprise her correspondence with private friends. The letters

(1) *Briefe der Kaiserin Maria Theresia an ihre Kinder und Freunde.*
Herausgegeben von Alfred Ritter von Arneth. Bde. 1, 2. Wien: Braun-
müller. London: Williams & Norgate.

belonging to the former class would have been far more numerous but for her own strict injunctions that they should be destroyed, which were in most cases carried out by the recipients. Those addressed to her son Ferdinand, Viceroy of Lombardy, and his consort, were, nevertheless, for the most part preserved, and form by much the largest and most important part of the present publication. Their interest is principally personal and domestic, and they generally exhibit the Empress's character in the most favourable light. As might be expected from an affectionate, and at the same time strong-willed, mother, she is rather too much given to tutoring and lecturing the young Prince; but, on the whole, the correspondence displays great wisdom and good sense, as well as a most kindly nature. The letters to her son Maximilian, and her daughter Maria Christina, are of a similar stamp. Those to the Archduke Leopold of Tuscany, which must have been very interesting, are unfortunately lost, and almost everything addressed to the Emperor Joseph and Marie Antoinette has been already published. Nothing like a connected narrative of her reign can be extracted from this collection, but there are constant references to events small and great, and Maria Theresa's remarks vividly exhibit the excellent understanding she had received from nature, as well as the bigotry and timidity inevitably produced by an unfortunate education. She was so little in harmony with the enlightened spirit of her time as to assent with reluctance to the abolition of torture in criminal cases, a reform of which she has usually received the credit. On the other hand, she felt the sincerest compassion for the peasantry when oppressed by extortionate landlords, and wished to take stronger measures for their relief than her son and her Ministers would allow. Her expressions on the partition of Poland are exceedingly strong. "The disasters of the Turks," she says, "the hopelessness of aid from France and England, the fear of being involved without allies in a war with Russia and Prussia, famine and pestilence among my people, have compelled me to consent to this unhallowed proposal, which will cast a shadow upon my whole reign. I must write no more, or my emotion will overcome me, and I shall fall into the most dismal melancholy." On the whole, it may be said that very few sovereigns, equally estimable with Maria Theresa in private life, have displayed equal capacity as rulers.

Two volumes of correspondence between Count Prokesch-Osten, Gentz, and Metternich (2) constitute a valuable contribution to the history of Austrian diplomacy. During the Greek war of independence Prokesch acted as an Austrian diplomatic agent in Greece; subsequently he was Minister at Athens, and witnessed the successful insurrection of 1843. His letters afford important materials for the study of these transactions; from a more extended point of view they are interesting as an unconscious *exposé* of Austrian policy. It is not difficult to discover from them why Austria should be condemned to eternal sterility. The beginning, middle, and end of all her diplomacy is the necessity of self-preservation imposed upon a weak and distracted State, with an utter absence of the patriotic aspirations which Russia, England, and France are respectively more or less able to enkindle among the nationalities of the Balkan peninsula. *Conservans le chaos* would really be a very fair condensation of the principles of Austrian policy in this part of the world, in Metternich's time, at all events. One considerable section of the correspondence, written from Italy and Germany in 1831 and 1832, treats of the general politics of Europe, and discloses how thoroughly the advocates of the absolutist system had lost faith in its permanence, while at the same time their very distrust of the political and social fabric they supported prevented their attempting the slightest reform in it, lest any interference should bring it down. As letters, the communications interchanged between Gentz and Prokesch are excellent, and exhibit on the former's part the fanciful, sentimental, almost romantic attachment so well known from other similar collections, and which contrasts so curiously with his political clear-headedness. Even in politics, however, he is fertile and full of speculation, and would evidently have been much more in place as the Minister of a free commonwealth than as the agent of the purely repressive policy of Metternich. The latter's letters indicate his practical good sense within narrow limits, and his absolute incapacity for adding anything to his originally scanty stock of ideas and political maxims. Some of the most interesting are written after his overthrow, which does not appear to have affected his self-satisfaction or his convictions. There is no trace of any consciousness of the unparalleled opportunity he had lost by obstinately entrenching himself behind an effete system, the untenableness of which he fully recognized.

"Landmarks in the Lives of Nations" (3) is a series of historical chapters on memorable epochs in modern history, beginning with the Reformation and ending with the achievement of German and Italian unity, which is apparently regarded as crowning the edifice. The revolt of the Netherlands, the English and French Revolutions, American Independence, and the War of Liberation against Napoleon are among the more important chapters. An ultra-German patriotism and animosity against France are occasionally perceptible, but on the whole the execution is fair, and the work is enlivened by frequent extracts from standard historians.

(2) *Aus dem Nachlasse des Grafen Prokesch-Osten. Briefwechsel mit Herrn von Gentz und Fürsten Metternich.* 2 Bde. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Marksteine im Leben der Völker.* Von C. F. Maurer. Leipzig: Kummer. London: Williams & Norgate.

Professor Ernst Meier (4) has prepared a very thorough account of those reforms of Stein and Hardenberg to which the present greatness of Prussia is so largely owing, in so far as they affected the Civil Service. The subject, which involves an account of the administrative system as it existed in the eighteenth century, is at a first view dry and repulsive, but will be found by no means devoid of interest when fairly grappled with, while an acquaintance with it is essential to a just appreciation of Stein and Hardenberg's great work.

The second volume of Kosuth's writings (5) during his exile comprise his letters, pamphlets, and other public documents composed subsequently to the Italian campaign of 1859. They would be unanswerable if Austria and Hungary had Europe to themselves, but their undeniable rhetorical and dialectical power is nullified by their author's indisposition to take account of actual circumstances; and it is no mean proof of the political intelligence of the Magyars that appeals so fervent and so plausible should have produced so little effect.

The thesis that "modern Christianity is a civilized heathenism" has been recently advanced in England by a very orthodox clergyman. Herr Radenhausen (6) arrives at the same conclusion rather by historical investigation than by contrasting the preaching of the first ages with the practice of the present; nor is he at all inclined to restore primitive Christianity when its nature has been ascertained. His arguments present little novelty, and his work is chiefly remarkable as indicating that his own position is much more nearly Theistic than when he wrote his celebrated "Ist," and thus confirming the impression that the ultra-materialist school is losing ground in Germany.

The Rossano MS. of the Gospels (7) is one of the most interesting palæographical discoveries made of late. From time immemorial a magnificent MS. written in silver letters upon a purple ground, and containing the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, had been lying unnoticed in the cathedral library of a small Calabrian town. It had, indeed, been briefly alluded to in an obscure book, which dated it eight hundred years too late. A German traveller first recognized it as one of the oldest of New Testament codices, the oldest of all known New Testament MSS. with miniatures, and counting among its numerous examples of the artistic treatment of sacred subjects several treated, so far as hitherto known, for the first time. It is therefore a valuable link in the history of the transition from classical to Byzantine art, and many of its delineations are of considerable artistic merit. The careful reproductions in Professors Gebhardt and Harnack's handsome volume afford a ready means of estimating its importance in this respect. It is of less account from the point of view of textual criticism, but nevertheless presents some peculiar readings, frequently agreeing with the earlier versions of the Latin Vulgate. It originally contained all four Gospels, but the two latter have perished, apparently from damp.

Dr. Studer's translation of and comment upon the Book of Job (8) will be allowed to be an able and useful publication, even when the writer's views fail to command entire assent. His interpretation is substantially that made familiar to English readers by Mr. Froude's remarkable essay. The book of Job is a protest against the accepted Hebrew view which considered all afflictions as tokens of the Divine displeasure. It thus runs directly counter to the most cherished Jewish prejudices, and could only obtain admission into the canon by being provided with a prologue and epilogue at variance with the true tendency of the work, and the interpolation of the speeches of Jehovah and Elihu. It may be questioned whether the acceptance of such sweeping suggestions is preferable to the admission that the writer of Job, like other great poets and thinkers, was sometimes inconsistent with himself. Dr. Studer, however, presents his view with great ability and clearness, and his translation is dignified and energetic.

Professor Kaegi (9) has prepared a very interesting and useful little volume on primitive Indian civilization as exhibited in the Rigveda, the only authentic source of information for the manners and institutions, as well as the religion, of the first Aryan invaders of the Indian peninsula. It is not so comprehensive as Zimmer's recent work on the same subject, but it is perfectly adapted to the requirements of readers who are satisfied with a general knowledge of it. Nearly half the little volume is occupied with notes, referring to passages in the Vedas as proofs and illustrations of the statements made in the text.

(4) *Die Reform der Verwaltungs-Organisation unter Stein und Hardenberg.* Von Dr. E. Meier. Leipzig: Dunker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Ludwig Kosuth. Meine Schriften aus der Emigration.* Bd. 2. Pressburg: Stampfel. London: Kolckmann.

(6) *Christenthum im Heidenthum, nicht Jean Lehrs.* Von C. Radenhausen. Hamburg: Meisner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Evangeliorum Codex Græcus Purpureus Rossanensis.* Seine Entdeckung, sein wissenschaftlicher und künstlerischer Werth dargestellt von O. von Gebhardt und A. Harnack. Leipzig: Giesecke & Devrient. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Das Buch Hiob für Geistliche und gebildete Laien überaus und kritisch erläutert.* Von Dr. G. L. Studer. Bremen: Helmsius. London: Nutt.

(9) *Der Rigveda, die älteste Literatur der Inder.* Von Adolf Kaegi. Zweite umgearbeitete und erweiterte Auflage. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

Dr. Bastian's treatise on the religious myths of the South Sea Islanders (10) contains, as usual with him, a great amount of interesting but badly digested information. It is divided into two sections, one devoted to New Zealand, the other to Hawaii. Obscure and frequently childish as these South Sea cosmogonies appear on the whole, they have frequent glimpses of profound meaning, and not a few traces of their remote origin and affinity with the mythologies of the Asiatic and American continents. If Dr. Bastian's volume wears a somewhat formidable appearance from the amount of the Polynesian vernacular it contains, it, on the other hand, contains also not a little English, the author having reprinted Mr. White's lectures on the subject, never properly published, and now inaccessible in their original form.

The concluding parts of Simons and Wagner's magnificent illustrated work on Spain (11) treat principally of Granada and the Alhambra, ending with the palm groves of Elche. The views of the Alhambra are exquisite with their delicacy of execution and wealth of minute detail, and, generally speaking, it may be said that no illustrated work is more thoroughly satisfactory, and that no artist has been more successful than Professor Wagner in seizing the indefinite national atmosphere which imparts so peculiar a colouring to Spanish scenery and architecture, as well as in attaining mere outward exactness of detail.

Baron von Ompteda's (12) principal object in visiting this country appears to have been the study of English parks and gardens, which he has examined with attention at Windsor, Kew, Hatfield, and Woburn, adding a chapter on floral exhibitions. He has, however, extended his researches to the national character and manners, and shows himself as sensible of the strong points of the former as national susceptibility could require, and perhaps even too indulgent a censor of our foibles. As an example of the weakest side of the English character, he enters into details on its besetting infirmity of intemperance; on the other side, he describes the manly amusements and ennobling historical associations of Oxford life in a most genial spirit. He endeavours with much kindness and good sense to remove current German prejudices against England, and it may be hoped that his volume will contribute to confirm the mutual good feeling between the countries which foolish persons in both have endeavoured to disturb.

Düntzer's Life of Schiller (13) is the counterpart of his biography of Goethe, an eminently useful and indeed henceforth indispensable book, with no pretension to literary merit beyond that attaching to an intelligent and workmanlike compilation. Seldom have the higher departments of the biographer's vocation been so consistently ignored, and the compiler's attention more resolutely bestowed upon the art of using scissors and paste without incoherency. Such success could only be attainable by one thoroughly acquainted with every inch of the ground. Herr Düntzer's perfect mastery over his materials has enabled him to fuse the enormous mass of Schiller-literature which the last half-century has produced into a clear and consistent narrative, accounting for almost every day of his hero's life, and invaluable for reference, although too matter of fact and overloaded with minutiae to attract general readers. The author's laudable desire to employ the very words of his authorities frequently gives his diction a patchwork character, but this was probably in his plan. Nor is it any fault of Düntzer's that Schiller, notwithstanding the nobility of his nature, is a less interesting subject for biography than Goethe, even though his life was more eventful. Goethe's intimate connexion with the entire history of European thought since his appearance imparts a significance to any incident of his career which contributed either to mould or to illustrate his mind, while the interest attaching to Schiller's biography is mainly personal. The volume is adorned by the same abundance of portraits, facsimiles, and views as distinguished its companion, and the judgment displayed in their selection is not inferior.

The second volume of Adolf Ebert's history of mediæval literature (14) embraces the period of Charlemagne's immediate successors, perhaps the most dismal epoch in all literary history, an era positively repulsive but for the honour and sympathy due to the few who, amid the deepest discouragement, contrived to preserve the torch of knowledge from utter extinction. The excellent intentions of many of the dull annalists and superstitious hagiographers of this melancholy time entitle them to a respect which the intrinsic value of their work would fail in securing them. One great genius, Erigena, adorns Ebert's pages. Archbishop Hinemar, apart from his writings, is an interesting personage; and of Rabanus Ebert justly says that he was the first to display that universality which has since come to be recognized as the distinctive note of the German literary character. Of most of the rest it need only be said that the little which deserves to be recorded is clearly and elegantly recorded here.

Dr. Adalbert Schroeter's rendering of Walter von der Vogel-

(10) *Die Heilige Sage der Polynesier*. Von Adolf Bastian. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

(11) *Spanien*. In Schilderungen von Theodor Simons. Reich illustriert von Professor Alexander Wagner. Berlin: Pachtel. London: Trübner & Co.

(12) *Bilder aus dem Leben in England*. Von Ludwig Forstmann von Ompteda. Breslau: Schottlaender. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Schillers Leben*. Von H. Düntzer. Leipzig: Fult. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Allgemeine Geschichte der Literatur des Mittelalters im Abendlande*. Von Adolf Ebert. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Kolckmann.

weide's poems (15) into modern German is a very meritorious piece of work, and it is no reproach to the translator that his powers do not extend to the reproduction of the incommunicable vitality of the original. Such a performance, however excellent, must always have the air of a *réchauffé*.

The Meiningen performers (16), whose advent in London this season is expected with interest in theatrical circles, are the subject of an ingenious criticism in the form of a dialogue, with especial reference to the question of the extent to which stage decoration is allowable. The writer's private opinion seems, on the whole, adverse to the Meiningen practice, but the point is professedly left undecided.

The late J. L. Klein died when his gigantic history of the drama was but half completed, and the dimensions of even this moiety render it unserviceable except as a book of reference. It may be questioned whether his successor Prüls (17) has not fallen into the opposite error, and whether his present volume, respectable in point of bulk as it is, is spacious enough for the entire history of the national dramas of Spain and Italy, with a retrospective survey of the mediæval miracle play thrown in. The very conception of a general history of the stage involves a dilemma; if the scale on which it is undertaken is adequate the work is intolerably voluminous; if a more restricted plan be adopted, the execution is inferior to that of books treating of special departments of the subject. Herr Prüls's account of the Spanish drama, for example, though very good, cannot be compared to Schack's. He has nevertheless achieved all the success compatible with his design.

It is remarkable that two novelists should simultaneously adventure upon the delicate theme of Hadrian and Antinous (18). The treatment of the subject is less reserved in "George Taylor's" story than in *Der Kaiser* of Ebers, and perhaps on this account the effect is more decidedly antique than in the latter, notwithstanding Ebers's copiousness and accuracy of archaeological detail. At the same time, *Antinous* is not for a moment to be classed with scandalous novels; its tendency is indeed, on the whole, rather of an edifying character. Antinous is brought into contact with Christianity, which he is represented as inclined to embrace but for the dissuasion of his Imperial protector. Deprived of sober guidance, he falls a victim to the suggestions of an Egyptian priest, a tool of the worthless Verus, who dreads his influence with Hadrian. As a novel the book is above the average, full of life and variety, a clever and creditable, though distinctly imitative, attempt in the style of *The Last Days of Pompeii*. The principal drawback is the inadequate portrait of Hadrian; but Sir Walter Scott himself succeeded no better when he attempted to delineate extreme versatility in the person of Buckingham.

The title of "Queen Catharine's Ghost" (19) scarcely prepares the reader for an exposure, in the form of a tale, of the tricks of modern spiritualists, apparently founded upon Sir George Sitwell and Mr. Von Buch's renowned capture of the ghost in Great Russell Street about the beginning of last year.

Heinrich Keller's "Sinnjediht" continues its course in the *Deutsche Rundschau* (20). It has the author's characteristic merits, with perhaps less of local colouring than is usual with him. A long letter from Marshal Paskewitch to Prince Gortschakoff, written shortly after the fall of Sebastopol, is full of interest to students of diplomacy and military men. The old Marshal rates his former protégé soundly, and attributes the failure of the campaign to his incapacity. A lively sketch of both the men is added. Dr. Proyer's essay on "Hypnotism" is particularly interesting to Englishmen, for the full justice it renders to our countryman Braid, the first to frame a correct theory of this mysterious phenomenon, and whose investigations form the frequently unacknowledged basis of all that has been subsequently written upon it.

(15) *Gedichte Walthers von der Vogelweide*. Nachgedichtet von Dr. A. Schroeter. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(16) *Das Gastspiel der Meininger, oder, die Grenzen der Bühnenanstellung*. Ein freundschaftliches Gespräch. Von M. Ehrlich. Berlin: Mitscher & Roestel. London: Kolckmann.

(17) *Geschichte des neueren Dramas*. Von Robert Prüls. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Antinous: Historischer Roman aus der römischen Kaiserzeit*. Von George Taylor. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

(19) *Der Geist der Königin Katherine. Eine Erzählung aus London*. Von Roland Rolandin. Leipzig: Baldamus. London: Siegle.

(20) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. vii. Hft. 5. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

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THE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE accident which befell Mr. GLADSTONE on his return from Marlborough House would at any time have called for the heartiest regret from political foes and friends alike. It is a subject for general congratulation that the treacherous freaks of an English winter have not in this instance been productive of more than temporary inconvenience to the PRIME MINISTER. But, from the point of view of public business merely, the accident could hardly have happened at a more unlucky time. On Thursday afternoon Mr. GLADSTONE was expected not merely to move a second resolution of urgency in reference to the Coercion Bill, but to make a somewhat similar motion, though of an older type, in reference to the Army Estimates, and to state the intentions of the Government in reference to the course of business generally. Very great interest attached to all these proceedings, and it did not appear, from the remarks of Lord HARTINGTON on Thursday night, that the PREMIER'S usual viceregent was either empowered to act as plenipotentiary, or was even conscious of the importance attached to the position he held. The Government is at the present moment in a very peculiar position. It has been entrusted with altogether unprecedented powers and facilities by the House of Commons, and the Opposition, confiding in the programme of Protection Bill, Arms Bill, Land Bill, has been content to waive even the semblance of obstruction. On Monday last, with the assistance of the great majority of Conservatives, an immediate closure was granted to the Government, notwithstanding the merited dislike which the stringency of the SPEAKER'S new rules even as amended had aroused. Since that time it has been confidently asserted that the Ministers intend to drop the Arms Bill, to which at least as much importance is attached by all those who have considered the position of Ireland as to the Protection of Persons and Property Bill, and that the facilities granted for these purposes are sought to be wrested for the purpose of facilitating the ordinary business of Supply. This being the case, it was absolutely necessary that some authoritative and definite explanation of the purposes of the Cabinet should be vouchsafed to those members of Parliament who in Opposition have distinguished themselves by a course of proceedings so remarkably different from that in which their predecessors indulged. The dropping of the Arms Bill would be a distinct breach of faith. The intercalation of the Estimates so as to postpone the Irish measures would be a breach of faith as distinct in fact, though possibly not quite so definite in form. Every allowance must be made for a Cabinet which, after all, is merely Mr. GLADSTONE multiplied, and which naturally goes to pieces when its head is temporarily disabled. But the singular condition of public affairs more than justified Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in the demand which he made on Thursday for more light. It certainly seemed that advantage was sought to be taken of the state of things which the House has created for one purpose to bring about a state entirely different.

Even, however, if this be not the case there would still be ground for regarding with considerable suspicion and regret the course which events have taken in the House of Commons during the last few weeks. In the first place the Government have got themselves into a dilemma as to the actual conduct of business. If they move to take Monday for supply they expose themselves, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE told them amiably enough, in a reference

to his own experiences, to almost indefinite opposition, while the delay involves a practical breach of the understanding entered into at the beginning of the Session. If they do not, the business of the House and the country may wait indefinitely upon the pleasure of independent members, while the chances of the Land Bill become, to say the least, remote. But this is not all. It is impossible to deny, with any regard to the facts, that the hasty and arbitrary proceedings which have been resorted to might have been made entirely unnecessary by a firmer use of the powers actually possessed by the House, the Speaker, and the Chairman of Committees on the eve of the *coup d'état*. An attempt has been made to show that the successive silencing of individual obstructives which the Conservative leaders endeavoured, to initiate at midnight would have taken too much time—some ten or twelve hours, in fact. Never, perhaps, was there a more unfortunate plea. For, as a matter of fact, almost exactly this period was, after Dr. PLAYFAIR'S recoil from his task, wasted in idle discussion, at the end of which what was undoubtedly an act requiring indemnity, and only technically justifiable when that indemnity was accorded, was necessary. There was, therefore, nothing gained; there was very much lost. It is quite conceivable that the mass of the Conservative party, after the partial capitulation of the SPEAKER on the morning of this day week, and in view of the serious danger of seeming for party purposes to thwart the Government in carrying out a measure of the importance and necessity of which all Englishmen are convinced, should shrink from opposing the closure demanded by Mr. GLADSTONE on Monday, and redemanded by Lord HARTINGTON on Thursday. But it is quite as easy to understand, and moreover to approve, the action of the ten or twelve members of the party who took a different course. The refusal of the closure would not, they argued, imperil the passing of the Bill; the granting of it would rivet still further the chains which Parliament has imposed upon itself, and would strengthen the precedent for reimposing those chains in the future. This, we take it, was the contention of which Mr. BRERFORD HOPE made himself the spokesman in his letter of Tuesday, and it is one which certainly deserves the most serious consideration.

It is to these two points, then—the difficulty of discerning the result, in the long run, of trusting a Ministry with urgency, and the bad effect on the future conduct of business which the too frequent application of the heroic method must have—that chief attention ought to be paid. It is true of course that, according to the conditions of the state of urgency which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE succeeded in getting recognized, almost any unanimous minority which is likely for some time to come to find itself in Opposition can bar the proceeding. But it must be remembered that though it is at present impossible to spring fresh measures on the House under cover of urgency, the granting of this provides the Government of the day with advantages which they may or may not misuse. For instance, in this particular case it may be taken for granted that urgency would not have been voted originally, nor the closure granted on Monday or Thursday, had it been certainly known that the Government would drop the Arms Bill. Many other situations may be imagined in which, though both parties may be sufficiently in accord on the subject of the measure actually before the House, the expediting of that measure might enable the Government to bring in with a greater chance of success other measures most distasteful

to the Opposition, to discard the moderation which, while they were in need of Opposition help, they had observed, and in other ways to gain advantages by means intended for them by their temporary allies. This, it may be said, is merely a party argument. The same, however, cannot be said of the argument drawn from the demoralizing effect of these urgency devices. Already suggestions have been made by Radical members, and not unfavourably received by Mr. GLADSTONE, to the effect that the ordinary, as well as the extraordinary, procedure of Parliament wants a little freshening up. This is only what might be expected. The humdrum course which the experience of centuries has shown to be best calculated for the preservation of freedom of speech and freedom of action becomes intolerably dull after a week or two of sensational and dramatic proceedings, of urgencies and clôtures, of strings of amendments put without debate, and batches of members turned out of the House. The mouth of the House already shows signs of spoiling in consequence of the sawing of this newfangled curb, and it will take a much gentler hand than Mr. GLADSTONE'S to ride it comfortably with the snaffle again. There is nothing in the least surprising in this. It is as much human nature as it is horse nature. But in the present temper of certain persons who are in authority, this temper will have to be met with more arbitrary measures, and so the evil will grow ever worse and worse. This is not a cheerful prophecy of the possibilities of the situation, but it is one which seems not unlikely to be fulfilled.

THE LAND LEAGUE AGITATORS.

MR. PARNELL'S mob popularity in Ireland seems not to be impaired; nor has the seditious section of the priesthood been alienated from his cause by the alliance with the French faction which murdered Archbishop DARBOY. As might have been expected, Mr. PARNELL'S version of the obstructive proceedings in the House of Commons was loudly applauded by a crowded meeting, although he made the surprising statement that he had during the whole Session only had the opportunity of speaking for twenty minutes against the principle of the Protection Bill. It may perhaps be true that, of six weeks exclusively occupied by the Bill, Mr. PARNELL and his allies have devoted only a very small time to the discussion of its merits. It was reported that one of the most successful practitioners of obstruction on one occasion questioned a decision of the SPEAKER, remarking at the same time audibly to his friends, "This will do as well as anything else." The opponents of the Bill might have delivered any number of speeches of any length against the principle or details of the Bill, if they had not ostentatiously attempted to defeat it, not by argument, but by waste of time. Mr. PARNELL boasts that, whereas a former Coercion Bill was passed in one or two sittings, the present measure will have occupied the House of Commons for at least seven weeks. If a suspension or relaxation of the ordinary law is required in the public interest, any unnecessary delay in legislation is an evil. The malcontents have inflicted much annoyance on the House of Commons; and they have made themselves and their cause thoroughly unpopular in Great Britain. It is not easy to perceive that they have gained any corresponding advantage for themselves or their clients. The certainty that the Bill would be passed has fortunately had to some extent the same effect which might have been produced if its provisions had been in force.

Mr. PARNELL repeats the advice which he has often before given, that rents or unjust rents should not be paid. Either the tenant or the local branch of the Land League is to decide whether the rent is just. The farmers are informed that the amount must be excessive if it is larger than GRIFFITH'S valuation. As Mr. PARNELL well knows, the Land League has in many cases prohibited payment of a rent equal to the valuation or even smaller. The maximum which he proposes is entirely arbitrary; and, according to his statement in the House of Commons, the adoption of the valuation as a rule would deprive the landowners of one-third of their property. For the remainder they would not only have no security, but a precedent for complete spoliation would have been established. If the occupiers or their delegates are to fix rents irrespectively of contract, they will have ample power and abundant motive for withholding rent altogether. Mr. PARNELL openly encourages wholesale robbery

by announcing the impending abolition of landlordism, or, in other words, of rent. He, at least, is consistent, whatever may be the case with his priestly supporters, in promising the co-operation of French revolutionary Socialists. The clamour against large landed proprietors is almost entirely confined to the United Kingdom. In other countries, where land is more generally divided, the bloated capitalist, instead of the tyrant landlord, becomes the object of vituperation and menace. In Germany or France the law might perhaps interfere with the exhortation of a demagogue to waste or destroy the property of employers. Mr. PARNELL advised farmers who, having refused to pay their rent, were threatened with eviction to plough up all the grass land before they left, so that the landlord or the incoming tenant might not have any grass for his cattle. It seems that the form of crime which he recommended is made specially penal under a statute. Mr. PARNELL has consequently withdrawn his suggestion, not because compliance would be wicked, but because it may be dangerous to the perpetrator of the outrage.

The House of Commons, though it was until Monday still oppressed with the Protection Bill, has lately had the end in sight. On the last night of the debate in Committee Mr. FORSTER took occasion to declare that the state of Ireland still rendered the measure necessary. The agitators scarcely care seriously to contradict him. If they could produce in Ireland a conviction that the Land League is innocuous, they would have disarmed themselves. Partly through fear, and to a great extent in reliance on the power of the League, a large number of tenants have refused to perform their contracts. If the demagogues with the machinery at their disposal could not neither punish the honest nor protect the defaulters, they could no longer demand obedience. Some of the managers of the League have at different times announced that, if the Protection Bill were passed, the tenantry would no longer pay their rents. Mr. PARNELL in his last speech more moderately confined the prophecy or prohibition to rents which were deemed by the League to be unjust, and to all rents which exceeded GRIFFITH'S valuation. That it should be in the power of agitators to threaten so direct an attack on the rights of property is in itself a strong argument for measures which may tend to thwart their machinations. The discretionary power of arrest in disturbed districts will probably deprive them of the services of their police. Mr. PARNELL'S boast that the services of the whole population will be at their disposal is an empty flourish. The immediate agents who commit outrages in the interest of the League have an almost professional character, and are comparatively few in number. It is reported with much probability that many of them have already thought it prudent to abscond.

The controversy on the due order of Irish legislation has lately been revived. A reference to precedent scarcely supports the contention of those who would have deferred the protection of life and property till the land-law of Ireland had been fundamentally altered. The opponents of the legislative policy of the Government quote the conduct of the Duke of WELLINGTON in 1829 in defence of their opinion. The Catholic Relief Bill had been accompanied by two restrictive measures, directed respectively against the Catholic Association and the forty-shilling freeholders. Both Bills were easily carried, with the support of the ultra-Tories, before the Relief Bill was passed. The Ministers determined that the subsidiary Bills should not be tendered for the Royal Assent until the King had sanctioned the Relief Bill in writing. They had reason for apprehending that, but for the precaution which had been taken, the King might at the last moment have drawn back, and have tried to form a Protestant Government. Nothing could be further from the Duke of WELLINGTON'S thoughts than the notion that relief of alleged grievances ought to take precedence of measures for the maintenance of order. In the present case experience has demonstrated the expediency or necessity of giving precedence to the Protection Bill. It is well known that the Land Bill, whatever may be its provisions, will not be accepted by the leaders of the Land League; and a measure which must involve complicated details would have furnished opportunities for endless obstruction. The withdrawal or postponement of the Peace Preservation Bill would disappoint all friends of order who wished to repose confidence in the Government. It had been assumed that the error of allowing the former Arms Bill to expire was about to be corrected.

The only incident in the debate on the Report which

attracted or deserved attention was the short discussion on Mr. PARNELL's proposal to exclude treason and cognate offences from the provisions of the Bill. In the same spirit in which he formerly excused the murder of Mr. BOYD on the ground that there was no branch of the Land League in the district, Mr. PARNELL described the Salford explosion, by which one child was killed and another wounded, as a practical joke. To Sir W. HARCOURT's quotation of atrocious threats of murder and arson uttered by a former Fenian convict, the Land League members replied that similar language was often used in America, and that the Land League was not connected with the Fenian organization. The Land League agitators nevertheless incessantly boast of the aid which they expect from America; and Sir W. HARCOURT has proved that they are identified in policy and organization with the American Fenians. If neither they nor their associates are likely to commit treason, or practical jokes in the nature of treasonable practices, they have no interest in diminishing the securities against the commission of such crimes. Mr. PARNELL has on more than one occasion publicly stated that he may at some future time emancipate himself from the constitutional restraints to which he now professedly submits. He has never concealed his hope that the extermination of landlords will lead to the separation of Ireland from the United Kingdom. He will perhaps wait to accomplish his design till Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. FORSTER has redeemed the wild and thoughtless pledge of lowering the Irish franchise to a point at which the lowest and most disaffected rabble will enjoy undisputed political supremacy. The actual representation is too select to satisfy the aspirations of Liberal Ministers.

THE TRANSVAAL NEGOTIATIONS.

THE message which Sir HERCULES ROBINSON has been directed to address to the Boer leaders through the President of the ORANGE FREE STATE causes more surprise than satisfaction. The communication was made in answer to an inquiry on behalf of the Boers whether their independence would be recognized if they desisted from opposition. In reply they were informed that, if armed opposition ceased forthwith, HER MAJESTY'S Government would endeavour to frame such a scheme as, they believe, would satisfy all enlightened friends of the Transvaal country. The concession of independence is thus left an open question, if indeed the Boers and their friends may not contend that it is implicitly promised. If the Government is not prepared to yield to force a surrender which had been distinctly refused before the revolt, the Boers have reason to complain of the ambiguity of the declaration. On the other hand, it seems scarcely possible that, even to gratify the enlightened friends of the Transvaal, the English Government would tamely acquiesce in the abandonment of all its pretensions, merely because an insufficient force was defeated in an attack on a strong position. The obstinacy of adversaries has often saved feeble diplomatists from the consequence of their own timidity. The letter addressed by KRUGER, one of the leaders of the Transvaal Boers, to the Government of the Orange Free State, seems to show that the questionable negotiations in progress are not likely to lead to any practical result, while the opinion in the Free State itself as expressed by an enormous majority of its Volksraad, appears to demand a complete surrender to the Boers. The revolt in the Transvaal has, according to its apologists, been provoked by the conduct of the English Government, and the sole avowed object of its promoters was to re-establish an independent Republic. The issue now proposed is wider; and if it is seriously raised, it can only be decided by war. Mr. KRUGER declares that it is the purpose of himself and his associates to render the whole of South Africa as independent as America. With geographical rhetoric he demands that, from Simon's Bay to the Zambesi, the whole of Africa must belong to the Afrikaner, a name which is usually applied to the descendants of Continental Europeans, excluding the English. It had not been previously known that the eight or ten thousand Dutch farmers of the Transvaal had determined not only to appropriate to their exclusive use a territory as large as France, but to conquer or liberate Natal, Griqualand, and the wide region which belongs to the Cape Colony. Some millions of natives, including the inhabitants of regions where English rule has never been established, are to become subject, in free or servile condition, to the new

Republic. The title of the English Crown to Cape Town itself, though it is confirmed by nearly a century of possession, is to be summarily abolished. The English settlers, forming perhaps two-fifths of the whole white population of South Africa, will, in the first instance, have the choice between suicidal rebellion and expulsion or compulsory political servitude. There has hitherto been no instance of an English population living under foreign dominion; but it is perhaps not impossible that Englishmen, like other European colonists, might as a result of the fortunes of war be compelled to recognize an alien sovereignty. Until their subjection is accomplished, there is a certain audacity in the announcement that the English colonists in South Africa are to be forcibly detached from their allegiance. Notwithstanding their successes at the beginning of the campaign, the Boer leaders might remember that they are not yet permanently victorious. If their bluster puts an end to premature attempts at compromise, it will not have been wholly useless. It may be observed that Sir BARTLE FRERE, in his instructive letter on the Transvaal question, speaks of Mr. KRUGER as a moderate and reasonable man; and he adds that for some time after the annexation he held office under the English Government.

Another advantageous result of a declaration of internecine war will be to silence officious Continental patrons of the Boers, or at least to render their interference harmless. Fortunately no Government is at present disposed to quarrel with England; but the embarrassments of a neighbouring Power are sometimes regarded with complacency; and a few zealous patriots in Holland have persuaded themselves that they ought to sympathize with the revolt in the Transvaal. The same persons might probably approve of the institution of a powerful Dutch State in South Africa; but they can scarcely expect the Government or people of England to submit to the demands of the Boers. The precedent of the rebellion of the North American provinces in the last century is not applicable to the Cape. If the great mass of the population deliberately wished for independence, England, according to principles which have been generally recognized, would not insist on retaining any part of its dominion by force, except, perhaps, two or three naval stations which could be easily defended. As long as the English colonists retain their loyalty they are entitled to protection by the whole force of the Empire. There is no reason to apprehend that the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape Colony will respond to KRUGER's invitation. It would be madness to engage without provocation in a rebellion which would be also a civil war. Though there have sometimes been jealousies and rivalries between the two races, they have formed one political community. The English element is more largely represented in the present Cabinet; but the last Minister was of foreign descent, and his policy was favoured by the Dutch. It had not hitherto been expected by either party that the whole country should be claimed exclusively by the so-called Afrikaners. It is true that the sovereignty of England was founded on conquest; but at the distant time when the Cape was annexed Holland had become virtually a province of France. The English immigration is of later date.

The only analogy which exists between the present difficulties and the separation of the American colonies applies to the Transvaal rather than the Cape. It has often been observed that one of the principal causes of the American rebellion was the conquest of Canada. Against the French the colonists and the mother-country had been engaged in a common cause; and, when the contest was decided, they were for the first time at leisure to fall out among themselves. The destruction of the Zulu power has had a similar effect on the relations between England and the Transvaal. If CETHEWAYO were still at the head of his formidable army, the Boers would have acquiesced in English sovereignty, because it gave them a right to protection. They are now believed to be intriguing with the petty native chiefs for aid, which will certainly be refused if barbarians are capable of distinguishing between friends and enemies. The English Government will not repent the mistake of the last century by employing savages against enemies of European extraction. The effect of the Basuto war, which is now approaching its end, cannot be confidently anticipated. The colonial Government, having from the first abstained from demanding the assistance of English troops, will naturally regard its unaided victory as a confirmation of its right to practical

independence; but, if the Transvaal complications create differences between the two sections of the population of the colony, it will not be forgotten that the Basuto war was promoted by a Ministry of English race, or that some of the burgher troops abandoned their comrades in the middle of the war. The dominant party will not be prepared to acquiesce in the claim of the Afrianders to exclusive supremacy in all the States and provinces of the continent.

In his answer to Lord BRABOURNE Lord KIMBERLEY naturally declined to furnish information as to the prospects of a peaceable settlement. If the negotiations happily fail, the result will be due rather to the improvident obstinacy of the Boers than to the firmness or dignity of the Government. The discussion in the House of Lords may perhaps have been useful in dissipating some popular illusions. Lord BRABOURNE, who during Mr. GLADSTONE's last Administration represented the Colonial Office in the House of Commons, adhered to the opinion which he has consistently maintained, that Lord CARNAEVON's annexation of the Transvaal was politic and just. The expediency of the measure is, in truth, more doubtful than its justice. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE may have been too sanguine in his belief that the people approved the annexation, but they tacitly acquiesced. They have since received great and costly benefits from the English Government. They have been relieved from financial insolvency or collapse, and an efficient local administration has been established. The change in their relations to the native tribes is still more important. Before the annexation the Boers were scarcely able to make head against SECOCOENI; and they would have been helpless against the powerful Zulu army, if CETEWAYO had, in accordance with his repeated threats, invaded the Transvaal. It is not too much to say that, but for the native wars which have been conducted at the exclusive expense of England, the Boers of the Transvaal would not have ventured to engage in the present insurrection. Lord BRABOURNE entered fully into the question whether the Boers had violated the terms of the Convention under which they obtained their independence by their maintenance of slavery or compulsory servitude. Lord KIMBERLEY confirmed the statement that women and children had been enslaved or sold; but he distinguished among the three communities which ultimately combined to form the Transvaal Republic. The more remote settlers were more lawless than those who lived in a comparatively civilized neighbourhood. The oppression which may have been practised on the natives affects the present policy of the English Government rather than the merits of the original annexation. It was not because the Boers kept native slaves that Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE superseded the President and the Volksraad. The assumption of sovereignty may have afterwards entailed on the Government responsibilities which cannot properly be disclaimed. There is reason to believe that the natives are strenuously opposed to the re-establishment of the Dutch Republic.

M. GAMBETTA'S SPEECH.

M. GAMBETTA'S speech on Monday is important, not for any new light which it brings to bear upon his future policy, but for the clearness with which he specifies the condition under which it will become his duty to announce that policy to the world. He is exceedingly careful to disclaim any interference, past or future, with the existing Government. It is not his business to tell the Cabinet what it ought to do, or to criticize what it has done. Nor has he at any time laboured to set up a secret Cabinet by the side of the Cabinet nominally in office, or to supersede the Cabinet nominally in office by the issue of instructions or suggestions intended to override it. His attitude ever since he became President of the Chamber of Deputies has been one of observation and reserve. He has noted what has gone on, and formed his own conclusions with regard to it; but he has kept those conclusions strictly to himself. The assertions to the contrary have not been mistakes; they have been wilful misrepresentations. Those who have invented and circulated them are not mere busybodies, bent upon knowing more than there is to be known; they are enemies of the Republic, anxious to injure the Republic through one of its most devoted servants. Nothing that

could have this effect has been too untrue or too mischievous for them to say it. When they found that their countrymen could not be induced to distrust M. GAMBETTA as regards home politics, they had recourse to foreign affairs. When they had failed to make the nation suspect him of aiming at making himself Dictator, they tried to make it believe that he was going to commit France to war. "GAMBETTA, c'est la guerre" has been their cry ever since the Cherbourg speech, and as the elections have approached the energy of those who sustain it has been redoubled. M. GAMBETTA meets all this by a positive denial, and by a demand for the production of evidence that he has done one single thing of which he has been accused. He has a policy—that much he admits; but he utterly refuses to say at present what that policy is. It will be time enough for him to break silence upon this point when the country has unmistakably called him to play another part than that which is at present assigned to him. Until that day comes France will be governed by the men whom she has chosen to govern her. When she makes a change in this respect, and elects to be governed by M. GAMBETTA, the reason for his reserve will be at end, and France will know the man in whom she has so steadfastly believed.

It is not often that statements apparently so contradictory as those made by M. GAMBETTA's enemies and those made by M. GAMBETTA himself admit of being reconciled. In this case, however, there seems to be no reason why both may not be substantially true. M. GAMBETTA says that he has not attempted to influence the action of the Government; his enemies say that the action of the Government on a great number of points—on all points, indeed, down to the time that the evident unwillingness of the country to see itself committed to a policy which can by possibility lead to war, made it necessary for the Government, with the acquiescence of M. GAMBETTA, to lower their tone upon the Greek question—has been influenced by him. Put in this way, there is no real incompatibility between the two assertions. A politician may exercise a very powerful influence on the policy of a Government without making any direct attempt to bring about the ends which, as a matter of fact, are brought about. Mr. GLADSTONE's position before and during the general election is exactly a case in point. He was not the leader of the Opposition; he constantly disclaimed any desire to be replaced in power; it is quite possible that he held little or no direct intercourse with the nominal leader of Opposition. But the one thing that either Liberals or Conservatives cared to know about either a candidate or a policy was what Mr. GLADSTONE thought on the subject. The country had decided that a Liberal victory would be Mr. GLADSTONE's victory, and that a Liberal defeat would be Mr. GLADSTONE's defeat. What Mr. GLADSTONE was to the Liberal party in the interval between the election of the present Parliament and the dissolution of the last Parliament, M. GAMBETTA has been to the Republican party ever since M. GRÉVY has been President. When M. GAMBETTA says that he is a simple soldier, fighting in the ranks, he does but reproduce Mr. GLADSTONE's protestations. When other people say that where M. GAMBETTA fights, there, whether he calls himself soldier or general, the battle will always be the hardest and success or reverse the most decisive, they only repeat what all England was saying about Mr. GLADSTONE down to the moment that the elections set the question at rest. Real and apparent power are not always or necessarily vested in the same person, and where they are divided there will always be room for the kind of misrepresentations of which M. GAMBETTA now complains.

The speech of Monday will, at all events, have the effect of making these so-called misrepresentations useless for the future. The only object that the authors of them could have proposed to themselves was to make it universally acknowledged that it is M. GAMBETTA, and not the Minister who happens at the moment to be President of the Council, who really governs France. Now that M. GAMBETTA has avowed in his place in Parliament that he is ready to govern France whenever France asks him to do so, this universal acknowledgment has been secured. There is not probably at this moment a single section of French politicians which does not wish to see M. GAMBETTA at the head of affairs. This desire is, no doubt, prompted by very different motives. The Royalist or the Communist desires to see him dis-

credited by failure to deal adequately with the immense difficulties of the situation. The Republican thinks that the difficulties of the situation will not be fairly faced until M. GAMBETTA takes the reins into his own hands. Hitherto the confusions which have again and again shown themselves in the Chamber of Deputies have mostly had their origin in the attempt of some section or other to make GAMBETTA say plainly whether and when he meant to take them into his hands. Upon this point there is no longer any room for uncertainty. It is not France that is waiting for M. GAMBETTA, but M. GAMBETTA that is waiting for France. He will continue to play the part he has played hitherto until such time as the country shall unmistakably assign him a different part. Those who wish to hasten the day on which M. GAMBETTA exchanges the chair of the Chamber of Deputies for some more directly political post have now only to encourage the country to make its wishes known. As soon as that is done, M. GAMBETTA has pledged himself not to ignore or resist the summons. There is not one word in his speech which reads like false or assumed modesty. M. GAMBETTA is perfectly conscious of the place he fills in the country, and he only defers taking formal possession of it until such time as he can make his seat completely secure.

M. GAMBETTA has not defined the method by which his countrymen are to make him acquainted with their will. But with a general election in prospect this is not a point upon which any serious difficulty need arise. From now till the canvass begins every intending candidate on the Republican side will be considering how he can best identify his return with M. GAMBETTA's assumption of power. Possibly he will say openly in his address to the electors, that, if returned, he will call upon M. GAMBETTA to redeem his promise and to place himself at the disposal of France. Possibly some formula will be devised which will express this sentiment quite as clearly without putting it into words. Whichever course is adopted, the result will be the same. The Republican deputies will come to Paris pledged up to the eyes to place M. GAMBETTA in whatever position he thinks it most convenient to hold as the real ruler of France. If he desires to be Minister, M. GRÉVY will no longer omit to send for him. If he desires to be President, probably M. GRÉVY, who has never opposed himself to the ascertained wishes of the nation, will retire from public life a little sooner than he would otherwise have done. As the Constitution stands, however, there seems no reason to suppose that M. GAMBETTA's ambition will go beyond the post of Prime Minister. In strong hands this is at present a place of more real power than that held by the nominal Chief of the State. The President has to do what his Ministers tell him, and that is scarcely a function which it would suit M. GAMBETTA to discharge. During the rest of M. GRÉVY's tenure of office M. GAMBETTA will have time enough to take counsel with himself whether he will be better able to carry out his policy as an elected President with Ministers of his own choosing or as a Minister imposed upon the President by the will of the Chamber of Deputies. If he determines to be M. GRÉVY's successor, he will probably first procure a change in the method of election. A President elected by the Legislature will always occupy an unsatisfactory position if the Legislature which elected him has been replaced by another of different views. He may feel sure that, if the country had to choose between him and the Legislature, its choice would still fall upon him; but, with the dislike that French Republicans have to dissolution, he may have no means of putting the issue thus plainly. The great power that the President exercises in the United States will always be before his eyes, and the only way to attain similar power for himself will be to give the election of the President to the people instead of to the two Chambers. The charge of aiming at a dictatorship, which is sure to be brought against a President, or expectant President, who suggests such a change in the Constitution, will be easily repelled by an appeal to the American example. Indeed, the mechanism of the existing French Constitution has the conspicuous fault that it first makes the Chief of the State more directly a representative of the Legislature than the Ministers themselves, and then takes away the authority which it has given by compelling him to exercise it through Ministers over the choice of whom he has at most only a veto. The circumstances under which the Constitution

came into being do not invest it with any of that sacredness which would lead Frenchmen to cling to it after its operation has been shown to be illogical.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

IF the concurrent testimony of almost all purveyors of news may be trusted, the Powers have practically agreed to modify in favour of Turkey the award or recommendation of the Berlin Conference. Notwithstanding the reserves of the English Government, some of the parties to the negotiation seriously insist on the surrender of Janina or of Metzovo. The Porte has therefore gained something considerable by its refusal to yield to pressure; and the judgment of the Powers has perhaps also been affected by the introduction of a new element into the controversy since the date of the Conference. The organization of the Albanian League, while it constitutes an additional embarrassment for Turkey, at the same time places a new difficulty in the way of Greek territorial aggrandizement. According to a late report, the League was preparing both to resist Turkish authority in Northern Albania, and to detach troops, if required, against the Greeks in the South. If the statement is accurate, the Greek Government would be ill advised in provoking a formidable local resistance. The diversions which may perhaps be effected to the detriment of Turkey would not concern the Albanians; and an extension of territory effected against the wish of the population would be invasions and insecure. The Porte, encouraged perhaps by partial diplomatic success, hopes also to retain the town and district of Prevesa on the shores of the Gulf of Arta. It is understood that the English Ambassador will strongly oppose the demand; but it is not known whether he is instructed ultimately to yield if his colleagues should be of an opposite opinion. It seems that there is no longer any dispute about Thessaly, though perhaps the Turks have not formally withdrawn their claim to Larissa. Ingenious politicians attribute the comparative pliancy of the SULTAN on the question of Thessaly to a belief that Austria, in the prospect of the future acquisition of Salonica, objects to the acquisition by Greece of the shores of the Gulf of Volo, but little reliance can be placed on far-fetched speculations. When the boundaries of the Kingdom of Greece were about to be settled more than fifty years ago, one of the frontier lines under discussion was drawn from the Gulf of Arta to the Gulf of Volo. An objection was raised on the part of the English Government to the possession by Greece of a port in the immediate neighbourhood of Corfu, which might, as it was feared, become in practice a Russian naval station. The transfer of the Ionian Islands to Greece has entirely altered the position of affairs.

The statement that the German and Austrian Ambassadors have arrived at a complete understanding with the Porte is probably premature. The English Government has perhaps sufficient reasons for continuing to maintain the validity of the decision of the Conference. The participation of Mr. GOSCHEN in the discussion between the Porte and the Ambassadors proves that he cannot have been instructed to treat the Berlin award as a final and irrevocable decision. It would indeed be idle to rely on the concert of Europe, when half the Powers repudiate their former agreement, and all are engaged in a fresh negotiation on the same subject. The English Government probably uses the decision of the Conference as an instrument of legitimate pressure, by announcing to the Porte that, in default of an amicable settlement, the title of Greece to the whole territory in dispute, including Janina and Metzovo, would be regarded as valid. The interpretation of the award has repeatedly varied in accordance with the wishes or policy of different Powers. M. DE FREYCINET at one time declared that it created an irrefragable right or title, though he left to England the honour and the duty of enforcing the alleged decree of Europe. In other words, he magnified the importance of the result of the Conference, for the purpose of showing that the French Government had exhausted its obligations to Greece. Only two or three months before he had insisted that the naval demonstration should be continued until the claims of Greece were satisfied. His successor, desiring to restrain the warlike ardour of Greece, explained that the award was a simple recommendation, which Turkey was at

liberty to decline. The large exportation of Government rifles from France to Greece has not been satisfactorily explained by M. FERRY. It was doubtful whether M. ST. HILAIRE's language tended to promote peaceable dispositions at Athens, and he had perhaps forgotten that he was encouraging resistance at Constantinople. The English Government may or may not be liable to the charge of turbulence and imprudence; but from first to last it seems to have been consistent. If the other Governments had agreed, force would have been employed to compel the submission of Turkey. When Austria, Germany, and France successively drew back, England still, as far as possible, maintained the cause of Greece. The armaments, which may perhaps after all precipitate a rupture, would probably not have been undertaken but for the encouragement of the English Government. If its policy had prevailed, the Porte would, rightly or wrongly, have been forced into submission.

The scheme of compensating Greece for disappointment on the mainland by the acquisition of Crete is probably confined to irresponsible projectors. It seems unlikely that, after recent experience of the difficulty of negotiating with the Porte and with one another, the Great Powers should voluntarily raise an entirely new diplomatic issue. The most zealous friends of the Greek race can scarcely contend that Crete is in urgent need of liberation. Since the establishment of the present administrative system, the island has been tranquil; and any discontent which may exist prevails rather among the Mussulman minority than among the Greeks, who are believed to illustrate their numerical preponderance by an arrogant demeanour. It would seem that they enjoy the control of the local finances, for some of them lately proposed to punish the Governor of Crete on account of supposed disregard of their wishes by depriving him of half of his salary. Although Crete may perhaps be destined at some future time to form part of the Greek State, it is doubtful whether the Christian population at present desires annexation. Another reason against introducing the question of Crete into the controversy is that the substitution of one territory for another is at variance with the only principle which can justify the transfer from Turkey to Greece. It can be no satisfaction to the population of any part of Epirus or Thessaly, if it remains against its will under Turkish dominion, to know that somewhere else Greek Christians have become Hellenic subjects. The theory of compensation as it was exemplified at the Congress at Vienna was consistent and intelligible. The allied Governments professedly looked only to the dynastic rights or claims; and a king who had been obliged to give up two or three hundred thousand subjects to satisfy an ambitious neighbour was, according to established rules, entitled to an equivalent at the expense of some still more helpless potentate. The doctrine of nationalities, which had not then been invented, constitutes the only title of the Greek kingdom to aggrandizement. The right vested in the subjects, and not in the sovereign, is obviously incapable of being transferred.

The question of peace or war will necessarily be decided in a few weeks. Before the end of March the season for military operations will have begun; and if the Greeks have finally determined to seize the disputed territory by force, they will have nothing to gain by delay. There is no reason to apprehend that the Turkish Government will exercise its undoubted right of anticipating attack. The SULTAN well knows that he has nothing to gain by war, although he may not reconcile himself to the sacrifices by which alone it can be averted. Even in the event of war, the Porte has voluntarily pledged itself not to make use of its superiority at sea. The Turkish Ministers are probably aware that some or all of the Powers would interfere to prevent the bombardment of Athens or of the Piræus. At the same time, they have declared their intention of carrying the war into the enemy's country, if, as they profess to believe, they are strong enough to repel invasion. The Porte also undertakes to remain on the defensive until Greece commits some act of hostility. All the Ambassadors in the Notes which they presented a few days ago reminded the Turkish Government of its promise. They also concur in the intimation that the concessions which have hitherto been offered will not be deemed sufficient. It is not at present known whether the Powers are agreed as to limits which might be accepted as satisfactory. If a compromise is finally effected, the task of obtaining the assent of Greece will still remain to be accomplished. Notwith-

standing the warlike language of Greek politicians of all parties, it is improbable that a large and immediate addition of territory will be refused in the uncertain hope of obtaining something more. It will be a defect in the settlement that it is unlikely to be final; but the Greeks may find some consolation even in their belief that they suffer present injustice. The decision of the Conference of Berlin will serve as an excuse for future claims to be preferred on suitable occasions. It is certain that the difficulties of Turkey will continue or recur, with the result of furnishing evasions and unfriendly neighbours with opportunities of aggression.

CENTRAL ASIAN AFFAIRS.

THE tyranny of the Coercion Bill has driven Lord LYTON's motion on the subject of Candahar into next week; but the interval seems to be rather grateful than otherwise to the partisans on both sides. Arguments of all kinds are being accumulated by persons who appear to be regardless of Lord HARTINGTON's ingenuous avowal that, though the Government do not object to listen to them, they have made up their minds beforehand not to be convinced. Sir LEWIS PELLY has been once more overthrowing the Duke of ARGYLE, who in this particular question reminds the contemplative man irresistibly of the pith soldiers of his youth, things of no weight nor power of resistance, but possessed of a miraculous faculty of recovery. Intelligence comes from all parts of the world as to the impression created by the Cabul correspondence—an impression which, it need hardly be said, is uniform enough. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON and a certain "IGNOTUS" are at daggers drawn as to the plans of the late Indian Government. A curious and characteristic attempt has also been made to get up a diversion in favour of Russia by means of the story about Major BUTLER, Lord LYTON, and the Tarcomans. As an instance of the tendency of certain Radicals to the weakness which is sometimes called Cosmopolitanism and sometimes fouling your own nest, the effort is interesting, but in itself it might have been better planned. For it is not necessary to examine even the amount of truth which there may be in the story that in 1876-7 Major BUTLER, at the instigation of the Viceroy, visited the Tekke Tarcomans and instructed them in the art of war. The ingenious, but unluckily ill-informed, correspondent of the *Daily News* who calls himself "DINADAN"—an unceremonious borrowing of the name of a knight of ARTHUR's Court who did not deserve such base usage—seems to be ignorant of facts and dates to a really remarkable degree. Had everything taken place (an enormous concession) as he supposes it to have taken place, the parallel with the Cabul intrigue would unluckily still be incomplete in some important particulars. For, by his showing, the proceeding took place long before the Treaty of Berlin. We have the repeated assurances of his friends, with Lord BEACONSFIELD as their witness, that everything done before that by Russia against England was *de bonna guerre*. Perhaps, however, the refusal to recognize as allowable on one side what is admitted to have been allowable on the other is nearly as characteristic of the party from which it comes as the readiness to accept any idle rumour in the desire to discredit England.

Although, however, this particular attempt to drag Central Asian affairs into the Afghan question is as idle as it is improper, there is no doubt that the Tarcomans and their fate must enter largely into the calculations of every one who approaches the Candahar question in a different spirit from that of Lord HARTINGTON, and who is willing to let his conclusion follow his reasoning and not to adjust the reasoning to the conclusion. Since the fall of Geok Tepe great uncertainty has prevailed as to the probability of the Russians pushing on to Merv or limiting their advance to the district of Askabad. Even now we have no official intimation, either English or Russian, as to any such intentions of limitation. HER MAJESTY's Government believe that the Russians are not going to Merv. Mysterious and contradictory statements are made from St. Petersburg as to the movements of the Russian generals and armies. In the last few days, however, two important contributions have been made to the Central Asian question, the one being that part of Professor YAMSKY's letter to Lord LYTON which deals directly with the question of an advance to Merv, the other the telegrams from the *Daily News* Correspondent on the

Persian frontier. Professor VAMBÉRY, like other Continental critics, thinks that in the letter the Russians will not go to Merv, because (which is doubtless true) it is not their direct way to Herat. The *Daily News* Correspondent does not think, but tells us facts. It seems that after the rout at Geok Tepe and the surrender of many thousand families, the Tekkes by no means abandoned the hope of resistance. Their leader, MACDUMKULI KHAN, assembled a considerable force at the Tejend Swamp northward and eastward of Askabad, and the Merv Turcomans prepared for an obstinate resistance. For the moment, however, General SKOBELÉFF and his officers appear to have other things to do than to fight; as indeed, being prudent commanders, they should have. They are purchasing large supplies of food in the fertile Persian border districts of Derages and Kelat. They are endeavouring to induce the remaining Tekke clans of the Askabad district to come in. They are passing and repassing along the now beaten highway from Geok Tepe to the Caspian, bringing up, no doubt, stores and perhaps men. Besides all this, they have apparently established a complete hold over Persia, a matter of the first importance to them. General SKOBELÉFF, we are told, has signified his intention of marching if necessary through the SHAH's territory, and so far has this been from exciting any ill-feeling that the Government of Teheran have given orders to send back refugee Turcomans, they being regarded as Russian subjects. That is to say, the Russianization of the Central Tekkes is regarded by Persia as an accomplished fact, and everything is going on in due course for the conversion of the province, if we may so call it, of Askabad into part of the CZAR's dominions. Russian troops and Russian territory have thus appeared at little more than a hundred miles from Meshed, at little more than three hundred miles from Herat. Nor even if the Tekke resistance were to continue, can that resistance be any more looked upon as a bar to a Russian advance. The last "reserve" of the Turcomans is out of the direct way to Afghanistan and India, and could at worst be an awkward flank neighbour to such an advance. The remnant of the Akkals and the Merv men are, from this time forward, *cerné* by the forces of General KAUFMANN on one side, by the new Transcaspian province and its garrison on the other. They may, and probably will, give trouble, and will be sooner or later treated as their Western kinsmen have been. But they cease to be in any strictness a bar to the progress of Russia eastwards and southwards.

Such is the construction which seems most reasonable to put on the latest news from Northern Persia, taken in conjunction not merely with Professor VAMBÉRY's opinion, but with the facts of geography. This latter addition is perhaps worth making, for there are not wanting ingenious persons who would otherwise say "Professor VAMBÉRY is 'a Russophobe.'" A Russophobe cannot introduce or obliterate mountains or rivers in Russian official maps, nor can he lengthen or shorten the number of versts from one place to another. It may be taken for granted that henceforward, whether the Russians go to Merv or whether they do not, the last serious barrier between them and Afghanistan has been removed. It might possibly be set up again under certain contingencies, though this is doubtful, but for the present it is gone. Indeed, the apologists of Russia and Lord HARTINGTON hardly deny this. They have discovered that although the Government thinks Russia will not go to Merv, it is very likely that she will go there, and that, provided we go away instantly from Candahar, it does not in the least matter. In the same way it may be said that if a man treads on your toes the easiest way of escaping the inconvenience is to draw your foot back. It certainly is for a time. But the same argument would necessitate the evacuation of Quetta when the Russians come to Herat, of Peshawur when they come to Cabul. It is undeniable that if we "scuttle" fast enough on each occasion, unpleasant collisions cannot possibly occur. If the reduction is to the absurd, it can only be pleaded that the argument reduced is absurd in itself. But there seems to be a kind of judgment in the theological *seems* on the opponents of the retention of Candahar. There are many Englishmen who hate the very name of Afghanistan with its association of blunders and disasters, and who would be only too glad to keep out of it. But when they ask for some reasonable argument to justify its abandonment, Lord HARTINGTON answers that HER MAJESTY's Government have made up their minds not to be convinced; Colonel GORDON tells them in Wednesday's *Times* that they had much better look to the China Sea—as if a

man should say, "My dear sir, what nonsense is this you 'tell me about your heart; your heel is in serious danger, 'I tell you'—and other advisers cap the climax by urging that as Russia is probably coming to Merv, England obviously ought to go away from Candahar. The childish folly of such reasoning as this, the still more childish folly of refusing to reason at all, is enough to make dispassionate critics despair of ever seeing the question fairly argued out on the only two grounds of solid argument which the advocates of surrender hold—the financial ground and the ground of probable irritation to the Afghans. The facts of both points are in controversy, as any one who chooses to read the report of the Candahar meeting at St. James's Hall may see. But even supposing them to be admitted, the question remains whether the fall of Geok Tepe does not necessitate the holding of Candahar at any price of money or unpopularity. We look to have this argued, and we are told that if Russia is advancing there is so much the more reason for England to fall back.

THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY AND THE BAR.

THE Council of the Incorporated Law Society may at least be congratulated on their courage. They have lately been making suggestions to the mixed Committee which is now engaged in considering the working of the Judicature Acts. Upon the greater number of these suggestions we shall not say anything. Important as they may be in themselves, they are overshadowed by the suggestion that comes fifth in the list. We shrink from the responsibility of either describing or abridging this wonderful paragraph, and it is fortunately not so long but that we can afford to quote its entire words:—"There can be 'no reasonable doubt that the main cause of the heavy 'expense of modern litigation is due to the largely increased fees paid to counsel of late years, and especially 'to the comparatively recent practice of giving daily refreshers, which were all but unknown a quarter of 'a century ago. It is therefore recommended that daily refreshers should be abolished, as being one of the 'principal causes of the undue lengthening of trials, and 'the increased expense thereby occasioned.'" A good deal was said a year or two back about the largely increased fees paid to doctors of late years, but in that case the complainants were the people who had actually to find the money. In the present case the charge is brought by a class which is only remotely interested in making it good. If solicitors are obliged to advance counsel's fees in the first instance, they have seldom any difficulty in recouping themselves. Indeed, the fees to counsel are perhaps the item in the whole bill which the client pays most willingly. Here at least he feels he has something like value for his money, whereas the other items, however well he may be satisfied with the general result, usually carry with them a sense of hopeless bewilderment. There is no reason, of course, to find fault with professional zeal when it is exerted on behalf of others; but in this instance, unfortunately, there seems much reason to doubt whether professional zeal has been equalled by professional accuracy. If the Council had confined themselves to calling attention to the increase in counsel's fees, it is not likely that they would have received any official reply. There are no statistics to show how barristers' fees to-day compare with barristers' fees twenty or fifty years ago. Whether they have increased, or diminished, or remained the same is one of those points which can only be decided by individual experience, and upon which individual experience would probably give a very uncertain sound. But the Council of the Incorporated Law Society has done more than this. It has singled out a specific instance of a general abuse, and declared that "the main cause of the 'heavy expense of modern litigation' is the 'comparatively recent practice of giving daily refresher fees.'" If they had stopped even here the Bar might probably have seen no reason to take offence. After all, it matters little to counsel whether daily refresher fees do or do not add to the expense of litigation. Going to law must always be a luxury; and, so long as the price asked for it is not prohibitive, those who dispense it are not likely to find any fault. But when the Council recommend that daily refreshers should be abolished as being one of the principal causes of the undue lengthening of trials, and so of their increased expense, the challenge addressed to the Bar becomes very

much more direct. Perhaps we ought rather to say seems to become very much more direct, because the Council have expressly disclaimed the most obvious, if not the only, meaning of their words. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL pointed out in reply to their suggestion that, if they meant to imply that barristers who are in the habit of receiving refreshers intentionally prolong cases to an unnecessary length for the sake of pecuniary advantage to themselves, the statement contained a direct charge against the honour and even the honesty of every member of the Bar. Thereupon the Council unanimously directed their President to assure the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that they did not intend to prefer such a charge; that the meaning attached to the suggestion in question is incorrect; and—warming apparently as they went on disclaiming—that they had no intention of making any accusation whatever against the Bar. Upon receiving these assurances the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had of course nothing to do but to express the pleasure with which the Bar would learn that the meaning attributed to the suggestion of the Council was incorrect. But he went on to say that the President's letter would have been read with still greater pleasure if it had conveyed what meaning the Council of the Incorporation of the Law Society did attach to the words they had used. It will be generally admitted that this addition to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S reply says no more than is reasonable. The more the suggestion of the Council of the Incorporated Law Society is looked at the harder it becomes to give it any meaning except the meaning we are expressly told we are not to give it. That in the minds of the Council there is some connexion between daily refreshers and the undue lengthening of trials is beyond question, since the only reason why daily refreshers are to be abolished is that they are "one of the principal causes" of this undue lengthening. But how can daily refreshers be a cause of the undue lengthening of trials except by some occult influence which they exert upon the counsel who receive them? Clients are not likely to spin out a trial for the pleasure of paying refreshers. Solicitors, though, as they have not to find the money, there is not that distinct and individual twinge about the act of payment which there would be if the client himself waited on the counsel, cannot be actively anxious to pay them. Judges invariably wish to get through every case as quickly as they can. Thus, by a process of exhaustion, we come back at last to the barristers as the root of the evil.

At this point the Council of the Incorporated Law Society come again to our aid. The President has written a second letter to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in which he endeavours to give the Bar that "greater pleasure" which, according to Sir HENRY JAMES, they would derive from learning what meaning the Council attach to the words contained in their suggestion. Refreshers, says the President, have an inevitable tendency to lengthen legal proceedings; but it is the system, not the individuals, that are in fault. Barristers do spin out cases in which they are engaged, in order to get "refreshers"; but, so long as it is the practice to take "refreshers" they are not to blame for doing this. It is the system that is wrong, not the particular persons by whom the system is worked. We confess to looking with great suspicion upon explanations of this kind. What they come to is this, that so long as a bad custom exists in a trade, traders may conform to it without doing anything wrong. If it is the custom, for example, to send out calico to China which is really little more than prepared plaster of Paris, it is not dishonest for manufacturers to make cloth of this kind. The practice is dishonest, but it may be properly followed by honest men. To minds which have not had the advantage of a Manchester training this seems a pure quibble. If it is dishonest to put too much size into calico, without mentioning the fact to the purchaser, the manufacturer who does it is dishonest, and the fact that he has a great many partners in his dishonesty does not make his case better. If it is dishonest to spin out a trial for the purpose of getting refreshers, the barrister who does it is dishonest, and the fact that he has a great many partners in his dishonesty does not make his case any better than it made the manufacturer's. The Council of the Incorporated Law Society try to make their suggestion as little offensive as they can by comparing the custom of taking "refreshers" with the custom of charging for the preparation of legal docu-

ments according to their length. The analogy does not strike us as quite perfect. If a solicitor is paid for drawing a deed according neither to the importance of the interests involved, nor to the time and care required for its preparation, but simply according to the number of words used, it is almost impossible that he should not insert some surplus matter in a deed which has given him a great deal of trouble, if at the same time that deed admits of being brought within a small compass. If he were to say no more than he is obliged to say, he would not be adequately paid for his work, and he will naturally argue that so long as the law allows this system of calculating charges to go on unaltered, he must take the only means that are open to him of redressing the balance. Where refreshers are concerned, this reasoning does not apply. They are not the only mode in which a barrister gets paid for proceedings in court; they are merely a provision designed to protect him against accidental delays in the conduct of a trial. If he deliberately creates the accident for the sake of the money it brings him in, he is committing an act of dishonesty, and no sophisms about systems will help him.

The plain duty of the Council of the Incorporated Law Society, now that they have defined the sense in which they wish their suggestion to be taken, is to offer the Judicature Acts Committee some proof that their theory is correct. A body of experienced solicitors cannot have formed a conclusion of this kind without supposing themselves to be in possession of specific data upon which to rest it. They must have been led to the belief that counsel needlessly lengthen trials in order to get refreshers by the observation of particular cases in which this plan has been pursued. There is no need for them to mention any names. What is important to know is, not who it is that has allowed his desire for refreshers to make him forgetful of his duty to his client, but whether a counsel's duty to his client is ever foregone for this motive. The facts which have led the Council of the Incorporated Law Society to think that it is so foregone may be narrated to the Committee without their being identified with this or that counsel. Probably when this comes to be done the Committee will be able to suggest other explanations, which equally account for the facts, or to convince the Incorporated Society that, however the facts are to be explained, the interpretation they have placed on them is not the true one. Unless the generally expressed opinion of the profession is altogether mistaken, it is not long trials that pay best. A barrister makes more by getting rid of a case quickly, and so being free to begin another, than he makes by having a case hanging on his hands, even though the alternative is sweetened by refreshers.

EGYPT.

THE question which arose out of the conflict in Tunis between a French Company and a British subject appears to be still under the consideration of the English and French Governments. There is a strong wish in France that the matter should be referred to arbitration, and taken out of the hands of the local tribunals. M. JULES FERRY stated in the French Chamber that this was the arrangement which had been agreed on; but Sir CHARLES DILKE, in reply to the question in the House of Commons, merely said that the French Government had made a proposal, which had been referred to the Law Officers. If the French can show any valid reasons of a legal rather than a political character why the question at issue should not be left to the local tribunals, every attention ought to be paid to their arguments; and the history of the relations of different European States to each other, and of all European States to the local power under the special provisions which have been from time to time made applicable to different parts of the Ottoman Empire, is so extraordinary and so complicated, that it is impossible to say beforehand that there are no precedents to justify any line which France may choose to adopt. But to the French the main point of interest is, not that any particular method of solving a passing difficulty with the English Government should be adopted, but that in some way or other they should make their supremacy felt at Tunis. Timid as they are in every other quarter, the French are ambitious and

pushing in North Africa. They have just voted the funds for the construction of the first section of a railway which is to be ultimately pushed from the Niger to the Mediterranean, and they openly proclaim that they have before their eyes the dazzling vision of an unquestioned French supremacy over the whole Southern littoral of the Mediterranean from Morocco to Egypt. When they get to Egypt they own that they must share their supremacy with England. They cannot suppose that we shall give up our share of the protectorate, and the meaning of this protectorate has recently received a strange illustration. Some of the officers of the KHEDIVÉ'S army considered themselves aggrieved by the MINISTER of WAR, who had promoted over their heads persons of Circassian origin. They sent in a remonstrance, which was so strongly worded as to constitute an act of insubordination, and orders were given for their arrest. When they were arrested, they told the soldiers that they thought they were going to prison, and that, if their apprehensions turned out to be well founded, they hoped their men would come and take them out. As they did not reappear, their men went and took them out; and then the soldiers and the late prisoners marched to the KHEDIVÉ'S palace, and demanded the dismissal of the MINISTER of WAR. The mutiny was complete, and it was completely successful. The KHEDIVÉ had no army with which to put down the army that had revolted. But he called in the assistance of the English and French Consuls-General. They settled the matter. They talked to the men, preached wholesome doctrines to them, inquired into the grievances of the officers, and sanctioned the dismissal of the MINISTER of WAR. They acted, in fact, exactly as the representatives of the Indian Government at the Court of a protected prince, who was allowed to keep up a force of his own, would have acted under similar circumstances. They were the recognized superiors of the KHEDIVÉ, his Ministers, the officers, and the soldiers. The mutiny was not against them, but against the highest person under their protection; and, while they had much to order and arrange, they had nothing to recast. It happened very fortunately for their comfort that they could conscientiously say that the MINISTER of WAR had, in their opinion, been in the wrong. What they would have done if they had thought themselves bound in honour to support him it is equally difficult and unnecessary to conjecture. How the joint protectorate would in the last resort be enforced no one dares to ask. But as yet things have never been pushed beyond a safe and pleasant point; and the joint protectorate, not having been rudely tested, is enough of a reality to have enabled an English and a French official to lay down, without exciting a murmur of dissent, how his mutinous army ought to be treated by a protected prince.

The finances of Egypt are now in excellent order. There is a budget carefully framed by experienced Europeans, every item of which is studied with an anxious wish not to encourage false hopes and which shows a modest surplus. A Parliamentary paper recently published gives the chief heads of the Budget as submitted to the English Government. The total debt of Egypt is 96,000,000*l.*, but a considerable portion of this is covered by the estates of the Daira Sanieh and the Domains, and the uncovered debt only amounts to 78,000,000*l.* Although, however, the proceeds of these estates may suffice to pay the interest on the loans they secure, the total burden on the wealth of the country is represented by the total interest paid, whether the funds for paying it are derived from estates or from any other source. The available revenue is put down at 8,500,000*l.* and the outgoings at 8,300,000*l.*, and of this latter sum 3,500,000*l.* is wanted to pay the interest on the debt. Other small payments, such as the interest on the Suez Canal shares, leave 4,600,000*l.* for the expenses of the Government; but this includes the Tribute and a reserve fund, so that only 3,500,000*l.* remain for the purposes of administration. The KHEDIVÉ has a Civil List of 300,000*l.* a year, and the charges of the numerous members of his father's family on this list are so heavy that it is only by the persevering economy which he consistently practises that he is enabled to go on without getting into debt. Only 400,000*l.* is allotted to the Ministers of War and Marine, so that the KHEDIVÉ undoubtedly keeps his mutineers at a cheap rate, and the army is little more than a police force. The Budget shows an estimated surplus of 110,000*l.*,

but there is a reserve fund of 150,000*l.*, and there is an allowance of 200,000*l.* made in the calculation of incomes to meet the possibility of taxes not being fully collected. If the reserve fund, which is provided against unforeseen expenses, is not wholly wanted for such expenses, and if the taxes are collected fully or nearly fully, the real surplus will necessarily be higher than that which is calculated in the Budget. Mr. COLVIN, the English Controller, reckons the surplus for the present year at 300,000*l.* This will be expended after the close of the year in public works, and in the present year there will be expended in public works a still larger sum, being the ascertained surplus of 1880. Public works are thus to have the exact amount devoted to them which the Government has got actually in hand. They are to be paid for out of money that has been earned, and not out of money that is being earned. This is very satisfactory, and is in accordance with the extremest doctrines of prudence. But those who know Egypt are aware that Egypt has good years and bad years, and the first doubt that will suggest itself to them is whether the Budget has not been calculated on the basis of good years only. Mr. COLVIN is specially anxious to remove this doubt. Last year happened to be a good year, but it has not been taken as a precedent. Care, he says, has been taken to base the figures of receipts on the most prudent data, and to reject all estimates based merely on the favourable receipts of 1880. In such cases we must trust some one, and there is no reason why we should not trust the Controllers-General, not only on account of their personal qualities, but because the system over which they preside has now been in operation for a time sufficiently long for them to have at their command the materials for a sound judgment.

The most important event going on in Egypt now that the finances have been put in order is that of the revision of the Code and the reconstitution of the international tribunals. The Egyptian Government has been very anxious to lessen as much as possible the foreign character of the tribunals, and to make them much more dependent on the Administration. An opportune pamphlet by Mr. PERRY has laid before the English public the general nature of the scheme which the Egyptian Government put forward. Its chief feature was the constitution of a Court of Revision, to sit at Cairo and hear appeals not only from the subordinate Appeal Court of Alexandria, but also from native Courts. This tribunal was to be composed of eight natives and seven foreigners, so that the natives would have a preponderance, and the object of the device was twofold. In the first place, the existing Appeal Court, with its majority of foreign judges, would have been subordinate to a Court in which the natives had a majority, which would sit at Cairo, and would be under the influence of the Government. In the next place, it would in some degree meet the demand for protecting the natives against native injustice by offering them in the last resort a Court where the native judges would be in a majority, but where their majority would be very slight, and in which they would be in any case exposed to the criticism of their foreign colleagues. It is stated that the Judicial Reform Committee has rejected this part of the proposals of the Government, and it is difficult to see how the representatives of foreign Powers could have been expected to accept it. It instituted a double appeal, with its endless delay and costs, and it contrived that the final appeal should be from a strong court to a weak one. The present Court of Appeal at Alexandria gives judgments which are sound, learned, and honest, and no foreigner could have possibly gained by having a further appeal from such a Court to another in which natives preponderated. It was further proposed that questions between the Administration and aggrieved foreigners should be settled by a new tribunal like the French Tribunal of Conflicts, and that this Tribunal should be composed of the Minister of Justice and two high functionaries. If these high functionaries were to be merely native nominees of the Government, it would be absurd to erect a tribunal where the Government would be at once a party to the suit and the sole judge; but it is extremely difficult to say how questions between foreigners and the Administration ought to be decided, and they certainly cannot be left to the International Tribunal in the vague and loose way in which they were left by the Code at present in force. Lastly, the Egyptian Government endeavoured to meet what is a real want in the present system. It is absurd

that there should be no authority with power to make any alterations or amendments in the Code which from time to time may be necessary. There must, of course, be some limit to the changes that are made. Foreign nations which accept a Code cannot allow that a totally different Code should be forced upon them under the disguise of amendments and alterations. But there ought to be some means of getting minor changes made which experience may show to be advisable, in order that the working of the Code may be made as efficient as possible. The proposal of the Government is that such changes may be made by a Committee, consisting of the Minister of Justice, three foreign judges, and one native judge, and if it were somewhat modified, the suggestion would be perhaps as good as one as could be made.

THE FYLDE.

THE district of Lancashire known as the Fylde is seldom explored by travellers from outside. Lying between the estuaries of the Ribble and the Wyre, and to the west of the main line of the London and North-Western Railway, it is beyond the range of business men, who for the most part stop short at Preston, and out of the track of tourists bound for the Lake district or for Scotland. Were it not for the watering-places of Blackpool and Lytham, which in summer are crowded with visitors from the manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Fylde would be left entirely to the monotonous round of agricultural life. Even the rise of these towns only affects the country in their immediate neighbourhood, and that merely by stimulating the trade in milk, butter, and eggs. Frequenters of seaside places seldom seem conscious of the existence of the country around them, and whether from dislike of walking exercise, or from a praiseworthy desire to inhale as much sea-air as possible in a given time, they generally confine their attention pretty closely to the pier and promenade, occasionally varying the monotony of these resorts by visits to the aquarium or winter gardens. Nowhere is this tendency more apparent than at the watering-places of the Fylde. The character of the scenery is not, indeed, calculated to tempt comfort-loving tourists. The country has a bleak and desolate aspect. Cambridgeshire is scarcely flatter, or the fens more destitute of colour. The oaks from which the hundred of Amounderness probably has its name have long since sunk beneath the surface, and gone to the composition of the peaty soil which covers so much of the district. The few trees which are scattered about here and there are dwarfed and distorted by the prevalent winds from the sea, bending inland in unnatural curves. Every branch and every shoot follows monotonously the line of growth of the trees itself, and any twig which ventures to strike out a line of its own is at once cut off by the wind, so that the trees present the scrubbed and one-sided appearance of well-worn birch brooms. A farmer of the district, who was regarded as a great traveller on the strength of a journey to Leicester, always remembered as the most remarkable feature of Midland scenery that the trees in those parts "grew the same all the way round." Camden tells us that Fylde is a corruption of field, and the derivation is certainly plausible enough. From the level nature of the country even the hedges feel the full force of the wind. They, too, grow away from the sea, and curl over as if to shelter themselves under the lee of the banks on which they stand. No doubt they are the best judges of their own interests, but any mere human being who has walked the district in a time of hard frost, with a bitter east wind blowing across the broad tract of level ground which extends to the outlying spurs of the Pennine range, will be inclined to wonder that the cutting blasts which come from this direction have not power at least to equalize matters, and restore vegetation to its normal attitude. In spite of its rather dreary character, the scenery has that charm of subdued colouring which increases as one grows familiar with it. The white buildings, too, afford a pleasant relief to the prevailing grey tones. Churches, farmhouses, and cottages are almost universally whitewashed, and the incongruous effect of the few exceptions to this rule proves that popular instinct has chosen appropriately. Towards harvest time the ripening crops give light and warmth to the scenery. No one who has not visited the district at this season will readily believe that so bleak a tract of country can be very fertile. Yet there are probably few parts of the North of England where farming is more successfully carried on. Wheat and root crops grow heavily in the deep rich soil, and Fylde hay and Fylde horses are known far beyond the limits of their own district. The size of the homesteads and the extent of the farm buildings bear witness to the prosperity of their owners. The plain square houses, too, with their trim gardens, have a well-to-do appearance. They are often protected on the seaward side by a belt of trees, and some have large flagstones fastened to the roof by iron clamps to keep the slates in their places during the frequent gales. The cottages differ from cottages elsewhere only in the greater thickness of their walls and scarcity of windows, which, moreover, are not of a size to admit the quantity of air demanded by sanitary science. However, as they are not for the most part made as to admit of their being opened, their dimensions are of minor importance. In a district so wind-swept nothing could

keep out fresh air, and the appearance of the people does not suggest unhealthy conditions of life. The farm women especially, with their muscular arms and massive proportions, inspire the degenerate Southron with a wonder only inferior to that caused by the aspect of the "brow-wenchers" in the colliery districts.

The coast line of the Fylde is interesting on account of the changes which are constantly taking place in it. From the mouth of the Ribble, past Lytham, and on to the southern extremity of Blackpool, the shore is fringed by low sandhills; and, as no one takes the simple precaution of sheltering the land by planting willows, the sand in stormy weather blows over the fields to the discomfort of the inhabitants and the injury of the grass. For some distance out to sea there is a succession of shoals and sandbanks, and in some places the land seems to be gaining rapidly on the sea. The sandbanks are being raised higher and higher by the action of the tide, and a little way south of Blackpool houses which are now only a few yards away from the water's edge at high tide may in no long time be as far from the average high-water mark as those on the promenade at Southport on the opposite side of the estuary. Within the limits of the borough of Blackpool the character of the coast changes abruptly. The range of low sandhills, which tradition says once extended without interruption to the mouth of the Wyre, comes to an end. The sea wall, which at South Shore is an insignificant slope offering little protection against a high tide accompanied by a south-westerly wind, rises in the middle of the town to a considerable height. Sandbanks disappear, and large masses of shingle, swept from north to south by the ebbing tide, cover the beach. Until lately these rolling masses have done much damage to the sea wall, but the authorities have now built strong wooden groins, running out at right angles to the wall. The drifting shingle is thus intercepted and piled up in heaps to protect the fabric which it before helped to destroy. To the north of Blackpool the process which is going on at the opposite end of the town is reversed. The sea is gaining steadily on the land. Where the sea wall ends, its line is continued by a range of cliffs, formed by an unnatural alliance of sand and clay, and rising to some height above the beach beneath. At spring tides the waves reach and to some extent undermine the foot of the cliffs. Every shower brings down the sand from their face, and the projecting lumps of clay thus left unsupported crack and crumble in the sun, and are in their turn washed down by the next rain, laying bare a fresh surface to the action of the weather. Sometimes, after long-continued rain, the fall takes place on so large a scale as almost to reach the dignity of a landslip. Red masses of freshly exposed clay and broad stripes of turf hang precariously half way down the cliff, until the next high tide carries away the loose heap beneath them, and they tumble to the bottom. The beaten track running along the brink of the cliff is here and there broken in upon by a new gap, and the feet of passers-by have scarcely marked out a fresh path when the hurdle with which a neighbouring farmer has fenced it finds its way down the slope with the next fall of the crumbling margin. Here and there along the cliffs farmhouses and buildings stand at a distance from the sea which would greatly astonish those who built them, and no doubt the time will come when they must follow the pasture lands down the face of the cliff. On the inland side the ground slopes rapidly down to a valley, which cannot be very far above the level of high-water mark, so that, when the cliff is once eaten away, a large part of the district will be submerged, unless in the meantime steps are taken to check the process of destruction which is going on. The ruins of the original Rosall Hall have long been under water; and perhaps in years to come the boatmen of a new watering-place may tell, as their fellows on the coast of Suffolk do now, of villages to be seen under the water, and may point out the walls of submerged churches to visitors whose bodily sufferings deprive them of all power to verify such statements.

From the highest point of the cliff a fine view is to be had over land and sea. On the north the horizon is bounded by the hills of Cumberland, which rise one behind another in fainter and fainter shades of grey, until the dim outline of Black Combe shuts out all beyond. The monotonous succession of cliffs and sandhills in the foreground is only broken by a red-brick house, standing almost on the shore, the most desolate abode that can be imagined. A few miserable looking fallow-deer in a paddock behind it strike one with the same sense of incongruity as is caused by suddenly meeting the elephant of a travelling circus in the quiet streets of a provincial town. Two miles or so further on are the buildings of Rosall School, standing back from the sea, and protected by a high embankment. The landmark on Rosall point and the spars of the shipping at Fleetwood rise on the north-west and north-east of the school, and beyond them Morecambe Bay stretches away to the foot of the hills, where the smoke from the chimneys of Barrow stands out dark against the grey slopes behind it. The mountains of North Wales to the south, and the Isle of Anglesea running far out to sea on the south-west, are only to be seen on very clear days. Rarer still in broad daylight is a view of the Isle of Man—a sight foretelling rain, but in summer the sun, as it sets in the north-west, clearly defines the dark peaks of the island against a background of red or golden clouds.

With the exception of Fleetwood, of which we shall speak presently, and Blackpool, whose history is much like that of any rapidly increasing watering-place, there are no towns of much importance in the district. The most ancient is probably Kirkham, which lies midway between Preston and Blackpool, and about three miles from the northern shore of the Ribble estuary,

The church and tithes were given to the convent of Shrewsbury by Roger de Poitou, to whom the hundred of Amondeneas was granted after the Norman Conquest. From this time until the reign of Edward III. the various rights and privileges connected with the church were the subject of frequent dispute and litigation. In 1195 a controversy arose between the monks of Shrewsbury and Theobald Walter concerning the right of patronage of the church. The matter was compromised, but was revived about ninety years later in the reign of Edward I., when the King gave the advowson to the Abbey of Vale Royal which he had established in Cheshire. Theobald Walter, surnamed Le Botiller, a descendant of the previous Theobald, and founder of the Irish family of Butler, denied the King's right to the advowson, but the question was decided against him. Some uncertainty, however, seems still to have existed, and at the close of the following reign the Abbot of Vale Royal was summoned to prove his right to the church of Kirkham before the Archbishop of York. He succeeded in doing so; but, in spite of this, a dispute occurred a few years later between the Abbots of Vale Royal and Shrewsbury respecting a pension due from the former as successors of Theobald Walter, who had agreed by the terms of the compromise effected in 1195 to pay twelve marks a year to the Abbot of Shrewsbury. The dispute again ended in favour of Vale Royal. Almost before the affair was settled the Abbot of Vale Royal was again involved in litigation, this time with a layman. He had refused to sell the tithes to Sir William de Clifton, who revenged himself by preventing any one else from collecting them. He drove away tithe-collectors by force, refused to pay the Abbot certain sums due to him, and had Thomas, the clerk, scourged in the town of Preston. When summoned before the Abbot of Westminster he neither appeared nor acknowledged the summons in any way. One is somewhat surprised to find that this matter, too, was settled by arbitration, the decision being most justly given against Sir William de Clifton. At the dissolution of monasteries, the manor of Kirkham and the advowson of the church were given to Christ Church, Oxford. The seventeenth century brought fresh troubles to Kirkham. Parochial affairs were managed by thirty sworn men, two from each of the townships composing the parish. The records of these "Thirty men" tell us that in 1636 a dispute arose between them and the vicar, Edward Fleetwood, as to their right of meeting in the church, and other matters. As they refused the conditions which he proposed, the vicar locked himself up in the church on the occasion of their next meeting, and left them to hold their assembly outside. In spite of an appeal from the "Thirty men" to the Archbishop of York, and the support which the petitioners received from the Bishop of Chester, the quarrel continued for three years, and not until 1639 was the meeting on Easter Tuesday held in the church. Richard Clegg, who seems to have held the living from 1666 until 1720, was a worthy successor of Fleetwood. In 1672 one Cuthbert Harrison opened a meeting-house for Nonconformists within the Parish of Kirkham, which was shortly afterwards closed by order of Parliament. Harrison had previously been curate of Singleton, a chapelry in the same parish, and had either been ejected from his cure on the passing of the Act of Uniformity, or had given it up a few years before. When his meeting-house was closed he still baptized children, and performed the ceremony of marriage. For an offence of the latter class he was summoned before the Ecclesiastical Court, and both he and the man whom he had married were impartially excommunicated. Continuing to attend his parish church he was ejected by the indignant vicar, who afterwards sued him for 120 shillings, a fine for non-attendance at church during six months. This was too much, even for a judge under the Stuarts, and Harrison was acquitted, the judge concluding his summing up with the remark, "There's fiddle to be hanged and fiddle not to be hanged." Kirkham retains scarcely any traces of its ancient history. It is a dirty, straggling town, paved for the most part with round stones painful to walk upon. The church was "restored" in detachments during the first half of the present century, and a few mills and weaving sheds, in which the manufacture of flax and cotton is carried on, are the most important buildings in the town. About five miles west of Kirkham lies Marton Moss, the chief "Moss" of the district. Though insignificant when compared with the vast wastes of Pilling and Cockerham to the north of the Wyre, it is six miles long, and a little over a mile wide at its greatest width. Its surface consists mainly of peat, in which Celtic remains have been found. Large trunks of trees are embedded in the peat and in the clay beneath it, and as they lie almost without exception in a south-easterly direction, it is supposed with much reason that they were overthrown by an incursion of the sea. Marton Mere is situated on the north of the Moss. It is now of no great size, but from indications in the neighbourhood it must once have been a large lake, and the rights of fishery in it were of some value as late as any rate as the reign of Elizabeth. The black peaty water, oozing from the Mere and the Moss and collecting in a large pool near the shore, gave its name to the fishing village of Blackpool, now a flourishing watering-place. In cutting the dykes of the Mere, various Celtic and Roman remains have been found, among others the foundations of a part of the Roman road which traversed the district. This road has always been known as the Danes' Pad. Probably its use by the northern freebooters in their incursions removed from the minds of the inhabitants all memory of its original constructors. It passed through Kirkham, past Marton and Poulton, as far as Fleetwood.

There is much interesting matter in the history of Poulton, but here, too, the restorers have been at work, and in 1751 the church, which had stood for more than six centuries, was pulled down to give place to what a local historian calls "a more commodious building." In connexion with this act of barbarism the memory of one Welsh, of Marton, deserves to be kept green. When asked for a subscription towards the work, he expressed his views on restoration at large in verses whose form does him less credit than the matter which they contain:—

While here on earth I do abide,
I'll keep up walls and pull down pride;
To build anew I'll ne'er consent,
Nor make the needy poor lament.

The only port of the district is Fleetwood-on-Wyre, a town with a rather curious history. It has not, like the generality of seaports, gradually grown into importance, but affords an instructive example of the results of trying to create a demand by affording a supply. About the year 1836 the lord of the manor, Sir Hesketh Fleetwood, whose seat, Rossall Hall, forms the nucleus of the buildings of Rossall School, conceived the idea of making a seaport at the mouth of the Wyre. The land on which he proposed to build the town was a barren waste, exposed to the incursions of the sea on one side, and occasionally flooded by the river on the other. However, a railway, harbour, and dock company was floated without difficulty; for those were the days when railways were regarded as sure roads to wealth, whatever might otherwise be their direction. The town was laid out with broad, straight streets; church, chapels, and hotels sprang up with the rapidity usual in such cases; and everything was done on the American principle of expecting the population to grow up to the size of the town, instead of enlarging the town according to the needs of the population. The North Euston Hotel, an enormous stone building, one face of which looks north across the estuary, the other west, over the sea, was erected, and it was hoped that the town would become not merely a thriving seaport, but also a fashionable watering-place. Its success in the latter capacity was limited. For a year or two visitors came in tolerable numbers, but the place was soon forsaken for Blackpool, where it is possible to build a house facing the sea without any immediate prospect of having it washed down again, and where the scenery does not consist mainly of sandbanks glazed with river mud. The trade, too, of the town failed to realize the inordinate expectations of sanguine speculators, and the present appearance of Fleetwood is dismal enough. Plots of land in the middle of the town are not yet built upon, and in the fine stone terrace looking across the estuary about half the houses are to let. The great hotel was, as might have been expected, a costly failure. It was bought by Government, and converted first into a school of musketry and then into barracks. A fate similar to that of the hotel befel the Custom-house, which was found to be far too large for the quantity of business to be done. It was sold, and the offices were removed to a smaller building. It would be rash to say that Fleetwood had absolutely failed as a seaport. If its trade has not increased at the rate anticipated by those who expected the town to rival Liverpool in the importation of cotton, at least it does not appear to be diminishing. A little cotton, and considerable quantities of timber are imported from America; there is a fair export trade in coal, and traffic with Belfast and other Irish ports is sometimes tolerably brisk. But if a high tide were one day to sweep Fleetwood away altogether, the commerce of England, or even of Lancashire, would not be fatally affected.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE BALLOT.

THE sweet little cherub which watches over the fortunes of Her Majesty's present Ministry has shown more than one indication that he possesses a somewhat mischievous and "Puckish" disposition. But—in a comparatively minor matter—he has rarely played a wicked trick than in making the appearance of the abstract of the new Ballot Bill coincide with the Report of the Sandwich Election Commissioners, unless it be in effecting a similar coincidence between the pathetic expostulations of Mr. Schnadhorst, of Birmingham, with the Attorney-General, and the results of the inquiry of a laborious person into the statistics of election inquiries between the first Reform Bill and the present time. The representative of the Birmingham Caucus and the National Liberal Federation pathetically pleads for permission to spend a little more money on the independent electors of his immaculate town. The statistical person referred to will have it that, for every five Conservatives displaced in the last half-century for corrupt practices, eight Liberals have been extruded from Parliament. The coincidence is no doubt fortuitous; coincidences always are, but it is one of these things which invite the attention of the unkindly disposed. The claims of the National Liberal Federation rested, we had always thought, upon the purest and noblest confidence in the ultimate prevalence of sound argument and accurate information. The National Liberal *fédérés* feels how awful goodness is, how lovely are the principles of Mr. Gladstone, and how inexpressibly black and foul are the practices and principles of the wicked Tory, and so he goes and votes for the particular representative of Ormuzd detailed as candidate by his federation, and against the particular representative of Ahriman who is sent by Chaos and Old Night to oppose that good man.

According, however, to the expostulation of Mr. Schnadhorst, it would appear that even here there are "certain condolences, certain vails." There is no knowing what may become of the *fédéré* uncomfortable by these. It is true that Sir Henry James's proposed stringencies would affect the wicked Tory as well as the good Liberal. But Mr. Schnadhorst seems to think that somehow or other the want of the sinews of war would make the Liberal knee specially weak. He has had large experience, and far be it from us to say that his protest is not based on a knowledge of the kind of voter whom but a few short months ago he led to so glorious a victory.

The coincidence of the Ballot Act and the Sandwich petition, however, is of wider import than this. It will be remembered that the extremer Radical organs were very angry with Mr. Justice Manisty for certain outspoken remarks of his last year on the demoralizing influence of the Ballot. In ordinary cases, indeed, it is considered no small part of a judge's duty to put his finger on the causes of crime and to point them out. This, however, was a case of touching the ark, and one really expected to see the question of the advisableness of making judges removable with each change of Ministry brought in and argued. However, Mr. Justice Manisty was of course ignored by the masters of a majority—on paper—of a hundred or a hundred and fifty. The Ballot Bill now in force expires this year, and Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain—backed up *pro forma* by the Home Secretary and the Attorney-General—have set themselves to the task of uttering in due Parliamentary form an *est eo perpetua*. We do not know that there is any need to examine the provisions of this measure at great length. Some of them are sensible enough, such as the permission to amend faulty nominations. Some of them, such as the fine imposed on the voter who displays his ballot paper, are merely logical amplifications of the principle that the performance of the first duty of a citizen is a thing to be ashamed of and to slink out of as if it were a crime. The only real significance of the Bill, however, is the fact of its being perpetual. The Ballot, we are to suppose, has been so grand a success, the effect upon the purity of elections so marked, the tendency to exalt the display of individual intelligence so striking, that we cannot be too quick about securing such a blessing for our children and our children's children. It is true that the woes of Mr. Schnadhorst and the elaborate precautions of the Attorney-General seem to show that there is still some screw loose which does not seem to have been driven home by the all-powerful Ballot. It is true also that the Sandwich Election Commissioners have included in their findings what is called in the slang to which modern Englishmen are but too prone, a "nasty one" for the Ballot. The most austere critics of Mr. Justice Manisty will hardly, we suppose, accuse these gentlemen of stepping out of their province in making remarks about the Ballot. It was their business to do so: they were appointed for the purpose of doing so; and they would have been guilty of a grave dereliction of duty if they had omitted it. They think that "it did not appear that the Ballot had the slightest effect in checking bribery. On the contrary, while it enabled many persons to take bribes from both sides, it did not render a single person unwilling to bribe for fear of bribing in vain." This last is a peculiarly unkind cut. The Ballot, persons with short memories may perhaps forget, was originally adopted mainly to prevent bribery and other forms of corruption. Since it has become evident that it does not do this, but that on the other hand it demoralizes the constituencies far more than the most shameless bribery under the system of open voting, a fresh line has been taken by its defenders. If people discover that bribery is in vain, they will not bribe. The Sandwich Commissioners come in here, and observe, with the utmost politeness, that this inference is quite unfounded. The election agent of to-day has a new version of the old proverb about laughing. "He bribes best who bribes last," and there is always the chance of bribing last. Nor, this being the case, is there room for the forlorn ballotteer to take refuge behind Sir Henry James's Bill, even were it safe from the raking fire of Mr. Schnadhorst and the National Liberal Federation. For the most stringent law of the kind cannot touch direct bribery. It can render indirect bribery difficult and dangerous, but direct bribery is as dangerous and as difficult as it can well be at present. It is this, and not the hiring of messengers and watchmen, the expenditure on Committee Rooms, and exhibition of placards, which the Ballot directly tends to facilitate, and this no legislation will ever do away with.

It is needless to say that these remarks are not made with the slightest anticipation of putting any spoke in the wheels of the Ballot Bill. We shall have our ballot doubtless *καὶ λοιμὸς αὐτῷ*. For it is one of the peculiar sapiences which distinguish this particular country of sapience that, though we frequently undo many wise things, and cry out against reversing the undoing, we never undo a foolish one. Indeed, in this fact would perhaps lie the chief justification for a policy of the mere dogged Abinetos-like obstruction which certain Radicals like to charge upon their political opponents. When you know that a thing, good or bad, is absolutely irreplaceable if once removed, there is at least a *prima facie* case for objecting to its removal. However, it is too late of course for that. We shall, as we have said, have our Ballot; and Mr. Justice Manisty and the Sandwich Commissioners and a little common sense and election experience, aided by the ingenuous openness of Mr. Schnadhorst, tell us what we shall have with it. In small, or comparatively small, boroughs we shall have the same kind of shameless double-dealing

which characterized the last election. "Man in the Moon" will be more carefully chosen, party managers and election agents will be more studious of avoiding any connexion with these functionaries, and candidates will take very good care not to let their cheques-books bear witness of any indiscretion. But the money will be spent, and it will be received in a manner which will do infinitely more harm to the public morality than the old unblushing practices which, after all, in many cases did comparatively little damage to the morals of anybody, public or private. To austere virtuous persons it may seem inconceivable that a man should take a ten-pound note for his vote, and yet be a sound politician as far as he went, and not feel that the money soiled in any way either his hand or his pocket. Yet it was beyond all doubt in many instances the case. The most ingenious moral casuist will hardly pretend that this unconscionable can prevail when the elector is bribed on both sides, and promises both sides, with the necessary result of breaking his word always to one, and sometimes, as late disclosures have shown, to both. Where bribery of individuals is impossible or difficult, then will come into play bribery in groups. We have seen that one prominent member of associations, who, we are quite sure, has the sincerest wish to keep out of all illegal practices, argues that a considerable expenditure of money is absolutely necessary. Suppose the law forbids that expenditure. Mr. Schnadhorst, of course, would resign at once, or do his best on the meagre pittance left. But somebody less scrupulous than Mr. Schnadhorst will certainly be found elsewhere, or in his place, and "organization" on both sides will go on merrily. Messengers and watchers and Committeemen and detectives to look after wicked Tories or Radicals, as the case may be, having become illegal, plain hiring of voters at so much a head remains. That the American associations which these federations, and so forth, take as their models, are in many cases merely organized bribing clubs, is tolerably notorious, and it seems a little inconsistent with facts to urge that Englishmen are too high-minded to accept pay of this kind. That is to say, the Ballot will and must be powerless in checking corruption in its simplest sense of the acceptance of money by voters, while it will bring in, or rather has brought in, a new kind of demoralization. After all, it is almost amusing to notice the extraordinary power of fetishes. It would puzzle any one to say why Radicals should have any particular weakness for the Ballot. It does not favour their assertions of the superiority of their own side in argument; it has not, as a fact, been particularly favourable to them in result; it is troublesome, tedious, expensive; that it prevents bribery has been shown to be utterly false, and it is by no means certain that it is much more effectual in preventing intimidation, which is, besides, on the whole, rather out of date and very easily prevented by other means. The only attraction which the plan seems to possess is its peculiarly un-English nature, according to the standard of "Englishness" at which those who like the Ballot are never tiring of protesting, and which, to do them justice, they have succeeded of late days in discrediting very considerably. It might have been thought that a man who did not dare to give openly his vote for the men or the measures he thought likely to help his country, and against those he thought likely to hurt it, had better not have a vote at all. But the gospel of the new Radicalism is secrecy. You must protect the Dissenter who is ashamed to confess his aim to the brutal Census-man; you must shield the voter who has taken toll of both parties, and would rather not have it known to which he has given his valuable suffrage.

DUELS IN FICTION.

THOUGH duelling has gone out of fashion in England, that is no reason why novelists should not make use of it. Incidents so stirring and delightful are afforded by no other form of sport, save when the learned pen of Ouida discourses of odds and welters, of runs and hurdles, and steeplechases. Duelling remains in fiction a permanent and valuable tradition, just as the stage preserves the institutions of confidential chambermaids, and of valets who do not object to a friendly cudgelling. Mr. Trollope took Phineas Finn to Orléans sands or some equally convenient trying place with an enemy. The author of *Errant* has a very pleasing duel with revolvers in his agreeable romance, and a charming affair with sabres between two English officers. The high-born and chivalrous hero exposes his leg; the low-born Scotch villain very imprudently aims a cut at the same, when the hero withdraws his limb, and cuts his opponent's head nearly off. "After the inquest," as in the parallel case of the fight with the barges in *Codlingsby*, the hero of *Errant* pensions off the widow and the children of his Scotch antagonist, a fellow, as we have observed, of no family. Dickens has one duel at least between Sir Mulberry Hawk and the nobleman known indifferently as Lord Verisopht and Lord Frederick Verisopht. But Dickens was not devoted to duels; he was not a man of old family. The author of *Guy Livingstone* (we think we do his memory no injustice in saying that he himself had been "out") was fond of the duel, particularly the barrier duel with pistols, an interesting but fatal form of the game. Thackeray liked a bout of fisticuffs best—witness that historical affair between Ennui, Harry and Riggs, also the combat between Cuff and Dobbin, wherein "Figs' left" played so gallant and victorious a part. Unfortunately Thackeray gives us details of the battle between Lord Kew and Castillanosa. We only learn from the confession of M. de

Gastillones that it was lucky for Lord Kew that he fell at the first fire, the Frenchman being "generally sure of his coup." As for Kew, he had meant never to fire at all, a resolution with which we have no sympathy, agreeing rather with the boatswain who took part in the triangular duel in *Midshipman Easy*—"Why, you don't think I'm going to be fired at for nothing?" said the boatswain; "no, no; I'll have my shot, anyhow."

Fired by these martial reminiscences, we propose to glance through the more notable duels of modern fiction, disregarding the affair of Hector with Achilles and the single combats of the middle ages. It is difficult, however, to resist the temptation to linger over the duel in *Anne of Geierstein* between Arthur Phillipson and a big Swiss gentleman. The Swiss at that time used the large two-handed swords which, according to Colonel Lane Fox's treatise on arms, "were well spoken of by the people who employed them." The blade of the Swiss measured five feet, and was wielded with both hands. It must have been a sword of this kind that the father of the old found so much too heavy for his declining powers that he staggered about under it, as we have seen a man do beneath the burden of too weighty a salmon-rod. Mr. Phillipson declined to use a two-handed sword of which he had no experience, and, "with the instructions of Bottaferma in his remembrance," attacked his colossal antagonist. The difficulty and trouble of a two-handed sword is that you have to get your adversary to defer hostilities till you have drawn your weapon out of the sheath, which hangs behind your back. Phillipson gave his enemy time to draw;—"a fair show," as they say in Texas—and the battle was engaged, Phillipson using the old-fashioned hanging guard. Parries were not of much use when a two-handed sword was swinging about, but, by dint of skipping out of the way and riposting cleverly, Phillipson had the advantage in this singular duel without seconds. Scott was not the man to let his English hero be hit by a foreigner like poor Lord Kew in *The Newcomes*.

Alexandre Dumas, whether he was "the best swordsman in France" or not, was very fond of enlivening his stories with a little sword-play. The advice of D'Artagnan père to young D'Artagnan will be remembered:—"Battez-vous à tout-propos; battez-vous d'autant plus que les duels sont défendus, et que, par conséquent, il y a deux fois du courage à se battre." D'Artagnan obeyed this advice so well that he at once accepted challenges for the same day from the redoubtable Porthos, the melancholy Athos, and the devout Aramis. These engagements being prevented by the arrival of five of the Cardinal's men, D'Artagnan and the three Musketeers fight their five rivals, and D'Artagnan shows rather inconsistent prowess. He fights in the Italian fashion, leaping and bounding around, *s'écartant à tout moment des règles reçues*, and this though, *à défaut de la pratique, il avait une profonde théorie*. Profound theory, in France, is opposed to the system of leaping and jiggling which the Italians practise. In the recent assaults in Paris, third-rate Frenchmen have defeated a boasted Italian master of the demonstrative skipping school.

Since Dumas's time, no French novelist has written more of duels than M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, a writer on whom a portion of the mantle of Gaboriau has fallen. Duels make up almost all the interest of his story *L'Épingle Rose*. The villain is no one more sublime than a medical student, a semi-professional fencer and pistol-shot, known as "the Champion of the Schools." The first incident in the story is the return of one of the heroes, Fabien, from a party. He loses his road, finds himself in an unknown part of old Paris (the date is about 1823) and meets a man with a sedan-chair. The man of the sedan-chair says that his invalid brother is within it, and asks Fabien to help him to carry the patient to a hospital. The good-natured hero consents; the police come up, the other man decamps, and the dead body of Fabien's cousin is found in the chair. He has been killed by a sword-thrust in the eye. Next we have an encounter in a fencing-room between one of the Swiss Guard and Marcas, the villain, with two of his friends. The weapons are foils, with the buttons removed. The Swiss fights the two others first, and wounds both, in spite of their policy of breaking ground and retreating. When it comes to Marcas's turn, he proposes to fight on the billiard-table, that there may be no chance of retreat on either side. He then leaps within his antagonist's guard, and stabs him in the eye. He tries the same trick in another duel, but is baffled by a second armed with a long stick, who declares that hitting in the eye is not fair. We confess that there seems to us no reason why a duellist should not pink his man where he can, though Wat Tindling "never counted him a man who would strike below the knee." But Marcas's great duel is fought with pistols in the vaults under a hall where the Carbonari are about to meet. His antagonist is Fabien, the hero. The conditions are that each party may advance as he pleases to a spot in the centre of the ground. Each has a loaded pistol, and two extra charges. The weapons of course are the old flint-locks, "same I shot Captain Marker," as Rawdon Crawley says. Fabien is smoking a cigar. At the first fire both men miss. Marcas's second fire knocks off the hammer of Fabien's pistol. The latter is thus disarmed, and all seems over. The miscreant Marcas begins to mock his victim, loads with great deliberation, and promises, if possible, to kill him with a single shot. The feelings of the reader (if he does not foresee what follows) are powerfully worked on, for Marcas has been killing respectable people, right and left, all through the story. A happy thought occurs to Fabien. He throws open the pan of his flint-lock, and sees that the priming is all right. "You see you are not disarmed," sneers the miscreant Marcas; "if a

spark fell from one of the torches, your pistol might still go off." Fabien calmly remarks that he means to kill Marcas, levels his weapon with steady aim, and fires the priming with the lighted end of his cigar. Marcas is shot through the body, and expires in an unrepentant frame of mind. This we venture to think one of the most ingenious duels of romance.

Lever liked a duel, and the traditions of Irish society gave him plenty of materials. There is no better duel in fiction than that of the *Purcell Papers*, by Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu, in which Fighting Fitzgerald murders a young squire with terrible deliberateness. The Irish, peasantry and landlords, appear to have flocked to a duel, as if to a cattle-show or fair, to enjoy the spectacle, and with no idea of interfering. The retainers of the man who fell appear to have taken up his blood-feud, and made it desirable for the victor to ride off as swiftly as possible. Nevertheless, Fitzgerald appears to have been almost as successful as a villain of incredible inhumanity, mentioned by Tallemant des Réaux, who had killed seventy-two men in single combat. Lever's best duel, unless we except that in *Tom Burke*, is the famous affair of Bodkin and Charles O'Malley. Every one remembers the advice of Considine—who, by the way, "had been out and hit the wrong man on the knee, a mere tourist, writing a book on Connemara"—"Hold your pistol thus; no finger on the guard there, these two on the trigger. Drop the muzzle a bit; bend your elbow a trifle more; sight your man outside your arm; outside, mind, and take him in the hip; and, if anywhere higher, no matter." Better advice could not, in the social circumstances, have been given to a young man entering on life. Count Considine was good enough to add, "You've a good eye; never take it off him after you're on the ground; follow him everywhere. Poor Callaghan that's gone, shot his man always that way." If the principles of Considine were still in force, it is interesting to speculate how many Irish and English constituencies would now be engaged in filling up vacancies in their representation. English novelists generally prefer duels with the pistol. This seems a mistake, as there is much more "business" with the sword. The *Corsican Brothers* proves this. In Dumas's novel Fabien and Châteaufort fight with pistols. The stage tradition has altered these to swords and the very irregular poniards. In *Peter Simple* Marryat makes O'Brien, who had never fenced, kill a French swordsman thus:—"He suddenly made a spring and rushed on his adversary, stabbing at him with a velocity quite astonishing." Against that stratagem science has devised the *coup d'arrêt*, which would have closed the career of O'Brien. That gallant officer ended the duel by seizing his opponent's sword, which is forbidden by all the laws of the game, and would not have been permitted by the seconds. If English novelists are to make such errors, perhaps they had better stick to the pistol.

THE FRATRY, CARLISLE CATHEDRAL.

ONE of the best examples now remaining in England of the class of buildings to which we lately devoted an article, the "Monastic Refectory," is that of the Austin Canons at Carlisle, commonly known as the "Fratry" of that Cathedral. The words "Refectory" and "Fratry," or "Frater House"—"domus in qua fratres una comedunt, in signum mutui amoris"—are practically synonymous. Indeed "Fratry" was at one time the more popular designation in England, though Carlisle is probably the only place where it has survived the crash of the Dissolution. So obsolete, in fact, has the term become, that its very meaning has been forgotten. No one of our time was more intimately acquainted with the disposition and arrangements of a mediæval monastery than the late Mr. Edmund Sharpe of Lancaster. And yet, strange to say, in his work on the *Architecture of the Cistercians*—the authoritative work on the plan and distribution of the foundations of that order—the name "Fratry" is given to the monks' day-room, the "Pisalis," or "Calofactory," the long, double-aisled, vaulted apartment adjacent to the chapter-house, stretching out beyond the other buildings on the east side of the cloister, warmed by fireplaces, or, as at St. Gall, by flues under the floor—"cujus refugio hybernalis algoris intemperies levigatur"—of which such noble specimens are to be seen at Furness (one of the largest and finest in Europe), Fountains, Kirkstall, and other Cistercian houses. The same mistake has been made, happily not too late to be rectified, by Mr. C. C. Hodgson in the excellent series of architectural illustrations of Hexham Priory—a work worthy to take rank by the side of Mr. Neale's magnificent architectural history of St. Albans—which is on the eve of publication. Now that the nomenclature of conventual arrangement has obtained scientific accuracy, such a misappropriation is nothing less than an archaeological anachronism.

It is not a little remarkable how very rare has been the preservation of a monastic refectory in England. Shattered walls alone remain to mark the site at Canterbury and Peterborough. That of Norwich is a roofless ruin, partly preserved by having been employed to form a residentiary house. The Refectory of Durham, which became the common hall of the minor canons after the Dissolution, was so completely altered by Dean Sudbury at the close of the seventeenth century, when he converted it to its present use as the cathedral library, that it retains little of the original fabric but the walls, and the Norman undercroft, which is now being drained and opened out by the Dean and Chapter. We cannot remember more than five perfect examples, and these

only owe their escape from destruction to their having been converted to some utilitarian purpose. Those at Chester and Worcester became the school-rooms of their cathedrals. That at Beaulieu, in spite of the irremediable want of orientation which compels the altar to look south instead of east, has been converted, reading-pulpit and all, into the parish church. Less fortunate in its use, the refectory of Oleeve Abbey would doubtless have gone the way of the church and other portions of the buildings if it had not proved admirably suited for the purposes of a barn. What special reason saved the Fraternity of Carlisle in the general havoc of monastic buildings in the sixteenth century is not recorded. A survival of the Dissolution, and of the still more fatal period of the Civil War—when the cloisters, chapter-house, and canons' residences were swept away, and all but two bays of the stern Norman nave were demolished to build guard-houses for the city—the Restoration found it shattered but still standing. Patched up by Machell, the clerical reviver of classical architecture in the diocese of Carlisle, who introduced into the north front, originally half hidden by the cloister pentice roof, some heavy Italianizing windows, to the serious weakening of the fabric, over the removal of which by Mr. Street the "Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings" has been shrieking so wildly, the Fraternity entered on a long period of neglect, degradation, and decay. The old oak-timbered roof gave place to a modern ceiling. The noble proportions of the hall, 79 feet long by 27 feet broad, were concealed by partition walls. The lofty traceried windows were hidden by huge wooden shutters, to protect their tempting expanse of glass from the stones and bullets shot from the adjacent city wall. Had it not been the only building, besides their mutilated cathedral and their own restored houses of residence, remaining to the Dean and Chapter for the performance of every capitular act and the fulfilment of every capitular duty, it would probably have shared the fate of the Infirmary at Norwich and the Guesten Hall at Worcester, and have been demolished as a nuisance and an obstruction. When at last, towards the beginning of this century, the Chapter determined to put the dilapidated building into decent repair, it was only more completely to obscure its ancient features. Their first desire, as with their brethren at Durham when they pulled down their unique Norman chapter-house and turned it into a modern parlour, and we imagine, with nearly all the Chapters of the age, was to make themselves comfortable. "The interior"—we quote from Storer's *Cathedrals*, 1814—"was fitted up in a magnificent style, and formed three apartments—i.e. a kitchen, dining or audit room, and library." To disguise the awkwardness of the proportions of the rooms, the floor was raised nearly to the sill of the window, and a flat plaster ceiling was drawn across at as low a level as practicable, while every feature that bespoke its early date and told of its history was mutilated or concealed. In this unhappy condition the Fraternity of Carlisle continued till the other day, when the Dean and Chapter, having resolved on the restoration of the building, by a happy inspiration, decided to entrust the work to Mr. G. E. Street. A wiser choice, as the event has proved, could not have been made. The restoration has been so thoroughly conservative that even Sir Edmund Beckett, who denounces that epithet as clanking "some deeper scheme of destructiveness and innovation than usual," and states that the suspicions which its use awakens have never been belied, could hardly, we think, fail to recognize its excellence. That the anti-restorationists would be satisfied was more than the most sanguine could have ventured to hope. But with all our experience we were scarcely prepared for the fierce denunciation with which Mr. Street's conscientious endeavours to restore the original character of the building have been visited. Indeed so unsparing has been the condemnation, written and spoken, of his plans, that the most incredulous began to question whether there might not be something in it. It was true that such accusations were *a priori* improbable against a man who was known to be one of the most conservative architects of the day, unwilling almost to a fault to meddle with ancient work, and who, in the case of St. Albans' roof, headed the vigorous, but unsuccessful—and in our opinion happily unsuccessful—crusade against the restoration of its original high pitch. But we know that principles and practice do not always tally; that a man's deeds sometimes, through force of circumstances, contradict his words; and we confess to having felt some little curiosity, on a recent visit to Carlisle, whether we should discover that Mr. Street had, as was pertinaciously asserted, wilfully removed "precious features" "essential to the historical continuity of the fabric," and was so refacing and veneering the venerable walls with fresh ashlar as to all intents and purposes to convert an old building into a new one. But we came, we saw, and we were satisfied that the charges brought against Mr. Street were entirely groundless; and after inspecting the works now in progress we can only wish that every ancient building, when subjected to restoration, were placed in equally able and conscientious hands.

To make our readers understand the head and front of Mr. Street's offending we must briefly describe the building itself. The Fraternity occupies the normal position of a monastic refectory (normal, that is, except in the Cistercian order) parallel to the church, on the southern side of the now destroyed cloister court. It was originally of Decorated date, c. 1300; but the large traceried windows on the south side, and the alterations made by Prior Gondibour, c. 1484, have given it the appearance of a building of the fifteenth century. It stands on a vaulted undercroft of six bays, the groining springing from low clusters without any capitals. A minute examination

of the masonry shows that the vaulting was taken down and reconstructed by Prior Gondibour on a somewhat higher level. The older springers are simply chamfered, while the later ribs are slightly concave. The central line or groove marked in the stone, from which the Carlisle masons set out their work, is only found in the original masonry, coming to an abrupt termination at the commencement of the new springers. The raising of the floor by Gondibour rendered a new door necessary on a higher level. This had perished in its turn. But in the course of the repair Mr. Street came upon the jamb and base of the original doorway, of about 1300 A.D., which he has carefully restored on the old lines, exactly reproducing the mouldings, which were of exquisite beauty. This door, which is some little distance from the ground, will be approached, as it always must have been, by a short flight of steps, and will be protected by the restoration of one or more bays of the destroyed cloister, of which the hook corbels remain in the Fraternity wall, and the foundations have been discovered by digging. May we express a hope that this will be only a first instalment of a further restoration of the cloisters, and that the east walk will be eventually carried to the Prior's door, now blocked, in the west bay of the south aisle of the nave. The present pretentious gabled doorway on the south front of the transept, where no door could have been, is a costly but most unhappy legacy of a former cathedral architect, which goes far to justify the protest against works of so-called restoration, as it completely falsifies the history of the building by obliterating the connexion of the canons' dormitory with the transept. The trace of the dormitory gable and the door of access to the staircase leading down into the church, which may be seen in Storer's view, are unhappily now among the things of the past. To return—Mr. Street's new door will open into the screens of the hall, as they did of old time. On the western wall are two very curious serving hatches, now blocked, opening into the destroyed conventual kitchens. As we have indicated, Mr. Street found this noble hall divided into three rooms by partition walls. These he has thrown down, and opened out the whole apartment, with the exception of the slype at the east end, containing pantries, &c., now to be converted into a muniment room, replacing the plaster ceiling and modern roof with a semi-hexagonal coved ceiling, with tie beams and kingposts, which has a very good effect. No part of Mr. Street's work caused so loud an outcry as the removal of the semi-classical windows put in by Machell, to which reference has already been made. The result entirely justifies the course Mr. Street adopted. They were ordinary square-headed windows, with a central mullion and transom, of the type familiar to Cambridge men at the Bishop's Hostel at Trinity, and in Catherine Hall—we beg pardon, St. Catherine's College—without beauty in themselves, and completely out of place. Besides this, they seriously weakened the building by their violation of the principles of construction. The windows carried an oak lintel, eight feet across, and, having no arch, they were far too wide for stability, and the decay of the timber had brought about a serious process of crushing. The reconstruction of that part of the building was necessary, and few can now seriously regret that, when once taken out, these incongruous examples of penetration were not replaced. It may be mentioned, as another example of the unreasonableness of the anti-restoration clamour, that it was laid as a serious charge against Mr. Street that he had pulled down—and of course meant to destroy—some elaborate fourteenth-century niches on the interior of the north wall. The fact is that these niches had been torn down in Machell's repair from the eastern wall, and used, with the aid of lath and plaster, to block up the small fourteenth-century windows above the cloister roof, the style of which was out of keeping with the classical revival then in vogue. The niches are now reoccupying their original position above the high table, and add much dignity to the room. An inspection of the outside walls shows how carefully the ancient masonry has been dealt with. No single stone has been cut out that would serve its purpose. But, as many pieces of the soft red sandstone had perished to the depth of six or eight inches, the stability of the walls demanded a considerable amount of repair. It is needless to say that the beautiful reading pulpit on the south side—so strangely called by Mr. Billings a confessional (did he imagine the canons came into the refectory to confess?), with its exquisite panelled ceiling, seat, and water drain for the reader, and every other part of the mediæval arrangements, has received the most careful treatment at Mr. Street's hands. Every ancient feature has been preserved, and where previously removed, as with the string courses within, has been, when traceable, carefully restored. It is not too much to say that when the restoration, now fast approaching completion, is finished, the Fraternity of Carlisle will exhibit the most perfect example of a mediæval monastic refectory to be seen in England. We can only wish that those of Chester and Worcester may soon receive similar treatment from the same or equally able hands.

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT GHEEZEH.

IT is many years since anything of importance has rewarded the archaeologist at the Pyramids. True, considerable sums have been spent—perhaps we should say wasted—by English and American enthusiasts bent upon verifying the fallacious measurements of the spots of the Pyramid religion. An Englishman,

what is content to see ordinary history recorded in the cairns of Shoofoo and his predecessors and successors, regrets to think that, when a little intelligent research and the employment of a small sum of money might gain for our country the credit of a brilliant discovery, the French and German explorers are laying bare a series of remarkable structures, and adding to our knowledge of the beginnings of history. They smile contemptuously as they watch our countrymen taking a cast of the "boss" in the "King's Chamber" of the Great Pyramid, or laboriously measuring and mapping every stone in the passage. We used to take the lead in Egyptian discovery. Colonel Howard Vyse and Mr. Perring, in the dark ages of hieroglyphic knowledge, made plans and drawings which have never been superseded for accuracy and observation. Now we do nothing. The believer in the mission of the Great Pyramid knows no hieroglyphs, and as it is part of his religion that the Great Pyramid was built before any other, his few historical ideas are literally inverted. He looks at every fact upside down. It was reserved for an American to reach perhaps the climax of absurdity. The officer sent to remove the standing obelisk of Alexandria from its place, in order to ship it to New York, gravely announced that he had discovered Freemasons' marks on the pedestal. This precious discovery was published everywhere, and was probably a matter of immense pride to the clever engineer who made it. But as Americans and English are not very clearly distinguished in the Continental mind, it only added another to the daily recurring proofs that English-speaking people know nothing about Egyptology as a science. We hear of one expedition after another; there is almost always a dweller in the tombs at Gheezeh, who spends his nights in searching for the "pyramid inch"; money is to be had for removing the most interesting monuments from their proper places; but we leave it to others to do any real work, and even at our Universities there is no encouragement offered to the study of the language and the history which lie at the root of all subsequent developments of literature and art. Meanwhile the riddle of the Sphinx is being slowly solved by foreigners. The succession of the Pharaohs of the early period is being gradually unravelled. The scattered notices of the oldest civilization are being brought together. A theory on which we can at least argue has been formed as to the original religion of the country. The questions which must engage the attention of the Egyptian archaeologist of the future are being carefully stated, and in scientific terms. But none of this work is done by Englishmen. The only English publication which professes to deal with Egyptian records never contains a single hieroglyph; and the only Society which has done anything to remove our reproach was founded solely to promote "biblical archaeology," of which the history of Egypt is only a branch. Our investigations stop at the passage of the Red Sea, or at best reach back to Joseph and the Hyksos.

In December 1879, the late M. Mariette, of the Boudak Museum, read a paper in Paris before the Académie des Inscriptions, in which he stated the questions relating to further excavations in Egypt. Among other points on which he dwelt was the still unsettled history of the Sphinx. M. Mariette's opinions may be briefly stated without our committing ourselves to a full assent. So far the absolute proofs as to the antiquity of the Sphinx only take him back to the reign of Thothmes IV. of the Eighteenth Dynasty, who lived about 1600 B.C. True, a tablet has been found in which he is spoken of as existing in the time of Shoofoo, the first king of the Fourth Dynasty, whose date is unknown, but has been approximately put at 4200 B.C. The authenticity of this tablet is more than doubtful, though it may be the copy of an ancient and contemporary document. One of M. Mariette's favourite objects was the verification of its statements, an object he has not lived to see attained. He considered the Sphinx a monument of the highest antiquity, and was not unwilling to see in it a tomb, according to the supposition of Pliny. Adjoining the Sphinx—that is, about eighty yards to the south of it—is a building which was first uncovered by M. Mariette himself. It has often been described, and here it may suffice to say that it consists of an excavation of oblong form, lined with immense masses of red granite and alabaster, and divided at one part by columns into a kind of nave and aisles. The entrance to this building is in a corner, by a low doorway, to which a sloping passage conducts us from the surface of the surrounding rocky platform. In this building M. Mariette saw a temple dedicated to the service of the Sphinx. He probably stood almost alone in taking this view. A temple is not likely to have been built underground, without any façade; for the façade of which M. Mariette speaks is merely the side wall of part of the sloping passage. Nor would a temple be without an entrance higher than five feet, or have niches and benches such as in all the tombs of the early period are found to have been arranged for the reception of coffins. The "Temple of the Sphinx" resembles exactly in plan and arrangement one of the *mastabas* at Sakkarah, which have been so often described as abounding in pictures of ancient life. There are no pictures here, but it does not follow that there never were any; and no fewer than nine statues of the Pharaoh Chafra, the builder of the second Pyramid, with two of a monkey or cynocephalus, were found when the building was explored. The existence of these statues, bearing hieroglyphs which could not be mistaken, pointed strongly to a connexion between this strange underground structure and the pyramid which uniform tradition has assigned to Chafra. When we stand facing the Sphinx it is seen that this pyramid is exactly square with it to the westward, though at a distance of several hundred yards. The builders of that time cared little for exact symmetry, and the correspondence may have been accidental. But M. Mariette insists

that the building to the south of the Sphinx belonged to a period more remote than that of Chafra, and was made for the worship of the god of whom the Sphinx was the embodiment. To others, the building is a tomb. Its plan resembles the plan of numberless other tombs built of less magnificent materials. It is going out of the way to assign to it any other purpose than the obvious one. Moreover, the Temple of the Sphinx had already been discovered—namely, between the paws—and the inscription made there by Thothmes IV. proved only that the Sphinx existed in his day. The Sphinx is cut from the native rock, and, in a more or less perfect form, must have existed where it is from time immemorial, as a dozen similar rocks exist in other parts of Egypt. But M. Mariette was surely running away with his subject when he asked if the Sphinx does not go back to a period far anterior to Menes—which, in a geological sense, it does—and when he added, with an outburst of purely French rhetoric, that it buries itself so profoundly in the night of ages, that we must attribute its construction to those personages of the ante-historical age to whom the hieroglyphs give the name of Hor-Shesoo, "the successors of Hor." This is "very tall writing," but is not on that account more convincing. The lamented explorer was little given to speculation, and every Egyptian student is pleased to be let into the secret of his theories. At the same time even his illustrious name must not blind us as to the unsubstantial base on which this particular theory rests. We may say the same of another theory—namely, that the "Temple of the Sphinx" is also the tomb of the king who caused the rock to be cut into that form. At present all the indications connect that "temple" with the second Pyramid; and within a few weeks Herr Brugsch, a relative of the historian of Egypt, has made a discovery which to most people will appear decisive as to this question. Herr Brugsch has not yet published the details of his discovery, and we are still in the dark on many points; but it is certain that the remains of a very remarkable and significant structure, or series of structures, have been brought to light.

If we take up the plan of Gheezeh in Murray's *Handbook* we may perceive at the eastern side of the pyramid of Chafra the ruins of the temple which was attached to every pyramid. This temple is remarkable, even among so many cyclopean structures, for the immense size of the stone blocks of which it was built. Although there are these considerable relics of the temple, there are none of a causeway such as may be seen leading from so many of the other pyramids. But something much more interesting has just been found. It is a paved pathway or passage, leading from the temple door to the so-called "Temple of the Sphinx." It has been carefully traced, and is nearly perfect, but, so far, no walls on either side have been discovered. The stone is disposed in enormous blocks, placed with great exactness. At the upper end, close to the temple of the pyramid, there was laid bare the remains of a granite doorway; and near it were the fragments of a green diorite statue bearing the name of Chafra. Nine similar statues had been found in a well or pit in the Temple of the Sphinx and are now in the Boudak Museum, but this discovery tends to confirm the attribution of the second Pyramid to that Pharaoh which had hitherto rested on the assertion of Herodotus. The question has still to be answered as to the objects of the passage. It does not enter the Temple of the Sphinx, though it may have entered an upper structure of which the present remains are only the crypt. But the existence of the passage goes far to establish the connexion, already more than suspected, of Chafra with the granite and alabaster tomb-house, and we may, without indulging too much in guesswork, conclude that it is a tomb-house and not a temple, and that, moreover, it has nothing whatever to do with the Sphinx. It may be the burial-place of the family of Chafra; or, as one archaeologist has suggested, it may have been an embalming-house. But we have no reason for supposing that the people or kings of the pyramid period were ever embalmed. Very few bodies have been preserved after the lapse of so many ages, even the skeletons having perished; but one of the few is in the British Museum, in a sad state of neglect. It is the body, or what is left of the body, of Menkaora, the builder of the third Pyramid, and has not been embalmed, but simply wrapped in cerecloth.

THE WOES OF EXAMINERS.

IN our levelling age the Examiner is one of the few persons who still command a feeling of reverence. His powers are absolute, and these powers are possessed by right of superior knowledge. Placed thus high he is naturally supposed to lead an enviable existence. Having himself safely crossed the troubled waters of the candidate state, he now looks back complacently on those who still struggle with its adverse currents. And in addition to this feeling of security after danger, he is supposed to experience an intense gratification of the love of power. He is, to the imagination of the trembling aspirants who are expecting to come under his jurisdiction, a sort of Olympic deity enthroned high in an imperturbable calm, taking delight in dealing out judgments to the luckless mortals who gather at his feet.

This idea of the Examiner, like all ideas formed *ab extra*, is far from being correct. A certain kind of pleasure does, no doubt, fall to the lot of the energetic official, conscious of his strength and eager to measure it against the powers of the whole Philistine army of candidates and their leaders—the coaches. Yet there is

another side to the picture. The pleasures of power, here as elsewhere, are purchased at a cost of mental unrest. Uneasy lies the head that revolves a series of coming examinations. At least this is true of the examiner so far as he is at the same time human. Let us suppose that he is a conscientious man, concerned to fulfil to his utmost the duties of his position. He desires to be fair and straightforward, and shrinks from the paltriness of setting tricky questions. Yet, on the other hand, he has to use a certain ingenuity in avoiding the more obvious paths of inquiry which the coach is pretty certain to have occupied beforehand. He thus finds that to avoid the two extremes of the tricky and the commonplace is by no means easy. To make his papers fair, yet searching and frustrative of superficial cram, taxes all his knowledge and all his ingenuity, and he is happy if he gets to the end of his task with a clear head and an unruffled temper.

But if the preparation of papers is apt to disturb the Olympian repose of our examiner, much more is the second stage of his labour, the inspection of the answers sent in. He has plumed himself perhaps on the originality of his questions and their fitness to elicit the fruits of careful reading and reflection. But lo! the point of these carefully framed questions is altogether missed. Instead of the intelligent responses gladdening the examiner's heart as much as a bit of favourable literary criticism, there return to his hands barefaced quotations from text-books which have but the remotest connexion with the question set. As he goes on wading through his reams of hurried penmanship he becomes oppressed with the monotony of the effusions. The same misses recur *ad nauseam*. The inspiration of the text-book works like a divine afflatus hurrying its subjects onwards in total disregard of the questions under their eyes. By and by, after he has read again and again the same reply, he very likely begins himself to lose the real point of his question. He grows obfuscated, and is half inclined to think that this unlooked-for consensus of independent opinion conclusively establishes the perfect fitness of the answer. This clamorous appeal to the text-book is too much for him, and he feels his initial self-confidence fast oozing away. When he emerges from this temporary confusion of brain he will probably experience a powerful reaction. Awakened from his illusions, he will now learn to see the candidate as he actually is—a creature destitute of assimilating power and utterly dependent on the letter of his text-books. Yet this abandonment of his ideal, this self-accommodation to the actual and inevitable, will be a painful process, and henceforth much of the glory of his office will seem to have departed.

While examinations by paper are thus attended with certain vexations, *visd voce* examinations are apt to be still more worrying. To sit closeted with candidates on a hot afternoon in August, as in the examinations of the Civil Service, giving three-quarters of an hour to each, is trying to the most enthusiastic examiner. When conducting a paper examination, a man is not brought into personal contact with his candidates. As they sit ensconced behind their desks his eye may wander over them without a tremor of emotion. They exist for him only in the light of so many writing-machines, whose rate of work is of interest to him in so far as it determines the quantity of his own subsequent labours. It is far otherwise in a *visd voce* examination. A man is suddenly brought into close relations with a person capable of acting on his mind in an indefinite number of ways through the avenues of the eye and the ear. He is called on to engage in something like conversation with this concrete being, and he has his part to sustain as a superior in knowledge, invested with certain powers over this person's destiny. If the examiner is possessed of ordinary human feelings, he will probably enter the audience chamber with some misgiving. On the one hand, he is anxious to preserve his reputation untarnished in this encounter of tongue. And he may possibly have a presentiment that his adversary is going to upset him on some out-of-the-way point in a text-book that is not too familiar to him. Experience will soon teach him that these fears are groundless, and that the average examinee knows exceedingly little of the works which he enumerates. But his troubles are not over yet. He is naturally desirous, not only to preserve his own prestige as examiner, but to pass the thirty or forty minutes with this amiable-looking youth as pleasantly as possible. And, if he is troubled with ordinary human sympathies, he can hardly fail to feel some pity for the nervous figure that awkwardly takes up its position as his *vis-à-vis*, and proceeds to study its hands with something of the earnestness of a chiromantist. The good-natured examiner seeks to allay this trepidation and encourage his visitor by some elementary question. In many cases his good feeling will expose him to fresh troubles. The smart youth no sooner perceives that the examiner is disposed to be friendly than he begins to try a number of tricks in order to ward off the attack which he dreads. Taking up some point in a question he wanders off, perhaps airing knowledge which has not been asked for, or directly inviting his interrogator to stray too by asking his views on some debated question. There is a certain excitement in watching and checkmating these manoeuvres, though it may involve rather more exertion than one cares about on a sultry summer afternoon. Far otherwise is it with the more ordinary method of trying to hide ignorance by hesitation and apparent reflection. It is here that the good-natured examiner is apt to be most cruelly imposed on. The candidate, though wholly ignorant on the matter raised by a question, manages by sundry noises to simulate the birth throes of discovery, in the hope that the questioner will be encouraged to help him. Nothing is more exasperating to the examiner than to find at the end of five

minutes of this sort of delay that all his variations of the original question produce no effect, for the very good reason that his hearer knows nothing about the subject. Like Socrates, he feels most chagrin when his obdetric efforts fail because there is no knowledge to elicit, not even the consciousness of ignorance itself. The conceit of the candidate class which forbids their owning to ignorance is probably the most irritating feature in the examiner's experience. And when, as sometimes happens, this stolidity is found to underlie a magnificent display of knowledge in the shape of a lengthy enumeration of books read, the examiner must be a happily constituted person if he does not for the moment experience the agitation of a passion from which the wise man is supposed to be free.

It is not to be wondered at that, amid these disturbing influences, the poor examiner should now and again feel considerable difficulty in determining the comparative merits of his candidates. Of course if the youthful conception of an examiner is correct, this source of trouble must be a very insignificant one. A sense of justice is the last thing which candidates are disposed to ascribe to those who sit in judgment on their intellectual claims. According to their idea, marks are knocked down to a particular name or number according to the whim of the moment, and without the least endeavour to come to a just estimate. This image of the examiner is not, however, always correct. It may happen that he brings a modest degree of conscientiousness to his duties. And, if so, he will find ample grounds for solicitude. To feel sure that the opinion which grows up during the half hour's perusal of papers or listening to oral responses is the product of a close inspection of merit, and is uninfluenced by a number of irrelevant considerations, is not by any means an easy thing. The experienced examiner becomes aware that even when he thinks himself most scrupulously fair, subtle influences unconsciously work in his mind to the disturbance of his judgment. Thus, to give but one example, he will discover in reviewing a batch of papers that quite unawares he has gradually lowered the standard as he advanced, the general level of the answers actually presented to him insensibly modifying the ideal expectations with which he set out. And if this source of anxiety exists in the case of paper examinations, there are far graver ones in that of *visd voce* interrogations. It is barely possible, indeed, to compare two men strictly with reference to their intellectual attainments, when innumerable and undiscovered influences are at work attracting the mind to one and repelling it from the other. The conscientious examiner who reflects on these things will find it exceedingly hard to satisfy himself that he has been perfectly just in his decisions. And thus, even when the annoyances of the process of investigation are over, there is apt to linger in his mind the vexing after-thought that he has not been as fair as he might have been.

Altogether, then, the examinational experience is not without its peculiar bitterness. The average man can hardly go through this experience without an appreciable loss of self-complacency. The pitfalls of his office will be pretty sure to upset him sooner or later. His intellectual self-estimation may indeed remain intact; for, as we have said, the experiences of the examiner are apt to lead him to magnify the interval that separates him from his candidates. It is his moral self-respect that runs the risk of becoming impaired. In addition to this, his familiarity with his work will pretty certainly confirm any cynical views respecting the powers of the human mind with which he set out. The examiner has a fine field of observation open to him if he is disposed to make researches on the general stupidity of his kind. It would be interesting to watch the subsequent mental history of examiners of long standing. Not a few of them may be expected to develop into uncompromising misanthropists. The man who has for years peered into the depths of folly which reveal themselves in an examination room may naturally be supposed to take something of his ruffled temper with him when he makes a larger survey of mankind as a whole. The force of habit may easily impel him to look on his hapless race as consisting of an many potential candidates, a large proportion of whom he would be prepared to pluck. The man who thus comes to regard the world as a big examination room will hardly entertain very flattering sentiments towards his fellows. Yet, if we find his tone somewhat too contemptuous, let us at least reflect on the vexing and humiliating experiences which served to engender it.

THE BISHOPS' BIBLE.

THERE is no version of the Scriptures as yet published in this country which has not savoured more or less of the Calvinistic heresy, and unquestionably the Bible of which we are going to give some account in this article is no exception to the remark. The Bishops' Bible, so called because its idea originated with Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, and its execution was due to several other Bishops, this translation being intended by the Bishops as a body to supersede all earlier translations, is probably far less known than any of its predecessors. Other versions have been reprinted in modern times; but this passed silently away, after having struggled for near half a century, from 1568 to 1606, through about as many editions as it had years of existence. It deserved its fate; for perhaps it is the poorest translation that has ever been made, in spite of its compilers having had the advantage of comparing several very tolerable versions which had previously

been printed and extensively circulated. The Genevan translation which immediately preceded it, was the work of several scholars acting in concert. In the present case, each translator was responsible only for his own part of the work, hurriedly done in a period of less than two years; whilst the Englishmen who translated the Bible from the original at Geneva were evidently acting in concert, and that for many years, with those who about the same time published a French translation, or rather revision of a previous translation, which appeared in 1567. The identity of the Calendars appended to this French translation and to the English version of 1569, if we may use the word as applying to Calendars which are in different languages, and the similar mode adopted in numbering the verses, alone would prove how intimately connected the English refugees and the French residents at Geneva were with each other. And the contrast presented between the Genevan and the Bishops' Bible is what might have been expected from their antecedents. We are at a loss to conceive how any scholar could have spoken of this version as being in any sense "creditably" done. We shall endeavour, as far as possible, to avoid what has been said by Dr. Eadie and others on this work, what we have to say about it having been derived from our own personal observation of the original and some subsequent editions.

The first edition of this Bible is a huge folio, bearing date 1568, weighing nearly 20 lbs.; and the first idea that naturally strikes the reader who will look through the book with such knowledge of its external history as may be derived from Strype and subsequent writers is that it has been executed in a careless and slovenly way. The evidence of want of plan and concert in its compilers is patent from beginning to end. In the first place, there is a great variation in the amount of marginal annotation. Thus the Book of Daniel, which was done by Bentham, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, is so copiously annotated that the whole margin of the book is full, whilst Isaiah and Jeremiah, done by Horne, Bishop of Winchester, have scarcely any notes. Again, in the Gospels and Acts there are very few notes, such as there are consisting mainly of explanations of words, whilst in the Epistles there are notes added in the margin of every chapter. And not only is there this variety where the translators are different, but even in the books consigned to the same translator there is no kind of uniformity in the amount of annotation. In some cases it almost looks as if the translator had begun to add notes freely, and, soon getting tired of his task, dropped them either wholly or partially. Thus, in the beginning of the Revelation, there are five notes copied verbatim from the Geneva Bible, and afterwards the text is printed without notes and almost without marginal references. Of the character of the notes we shall have more to say when we speak of the contents of the book. For the present we confine ourselves to its outside appearance. That no sort of superintendence was used in producing it is plain from the headings at the tops of the pages. The book is divided into five portions, the foliation beginning anew at the Book of Joshua, at the Psalms, the Apocrypha, and the New Testament, and the appearance is as if the different portions had been sent to the press separately, and printed independent of each other. Thus the first portion has the headlines in Roman character—"The creation," "The lawe," "Solempne feastes," "Moyses repenteth the lawe," &c. The next portion has them in the same brief fashion in italics, and so it goes on till the 31st chapter of the second book of Chronicles, where, at the end of sheet S., fol. cxliv., they end with the word *Hezekia*; the rest of the volume, including the New Testament, being entirely destitute of them, with the exception of the Psalms, where there are headings in Roman character adapted for the daily service thus—"Moneth the xiiii. day, Mornyng prayer," &c. The Book of Psalms also differs from the rest of the volume in having no marginal references. The second edition, which was published in 1569, in a very small 4to. size, supplies corrections of all these points, and has the foliation continuous from the 1st of Genesis to the end of Job, thus dividing the Bible into four portions instead of five, the headings of the chapters being continued all in the same Roman type to the end of the Chronicles and through the remainder of this portion of the Bible. There is added also before the book of Ezra a "profitable declaration for the understanding" of the history, which was continued in subsequent editions of this version, as likewise was "a necessarie table for the knowledge of the state of Juda," prefixed to the first book of Maccabees, and a "Table to make plain the difficultie" of the two genealogies of St. Matthew and St. Luke—"The order of times" between the Acts and the Epistle to the Romans was reprinted from the first edition. The table for the better understanding of St. Matt. xxvi., St. Mark xiv., St. Luke xxii., and St. John xix., at the end of St. Matthew, was not introduced till 1577. Next to nothing has been said of this little edition of 1569 by writers on bibliography. Strype notices that it was revised anew, but speaks of divers notes in the margin being introduced, but these are mostly reprinted and abridged from the folio of 1568, and Lewis appears to be unconscious of any alteration in this edition. The chief difference in the notes of this edition is that many of those of 1568 were omitted for want of space in the margin of so small a book. But it furnishes evidence both of the carelessness of the compilers of the previous folio, and also of the desire of the authorities to supersede the Genevan version by providing a Bible in convenient size for the use of private families. Not only was it provided with maps and tables which the Genevans were without; but headings were added at the tops of the pages in the New Testament, after the manner of the Genevan Bible, though in the first instance not copied from that edition. In later editions of a quarto form

the publishers made a nearer approach to the Genevan Bibles, and actually adopted the headlines of that edition with but few variations, even including the grotesque account of St. John Baptist's death as "The inconvenience of dauncing." The appearance of some of these editions leads to the conjecture that they were meant to deceive the unwary into the idea that they were the same with the Genevans. It requires a comparison of two copies for a casual reader to decide of the edition of 1584 whether he has in his hands a Bible of the Genevan or of the Bishops' version.

The edition of 1568 was ill adapted for the purpose of being read in the parish churches, having marginal notes—which of course were of no use for this particular object—and having about a hundred woodcuts which had been previously used in some German Bible and which were equally out of place in such a volume. These, again, were distributed very unevenly, about eighty being in the earlier historical books, nearly one-fourth of these being given to Genesis alone. And here is certainly another instance of want of supervision, as the New Testament is quite as prolific as the Old of subjects admitting of pictorial illustration. These woodcuts were not inserted in the second folio of 1572, of which we shall have more to say hereafter. A few were introduced into it, but they are entirely distinct from those of the first edition of 1568. The little 4to of 1569, into which they might with great advantage have been introduced, as it must have been intended solely for private and family reading, is entirely destitute of woodcuts, although, as we have observed above, it is furnished with helps in the way of explanatory tables and maps.

There are other conspicuous faults in the get-up of this Bishops' Bible, indicating carelessness and want of general superintendence. They may perhaps be regarded as trivial, but they all point to the same conclusion. Thus the headings at the top of the pages of the first two books of Kings, commonly called the First and Second Books of Samuel, were no doubt intended to show, when the book was open, 1 Kings in the left-hand page and 1 Samuel on the right, as arranged on the second folio of 1572, whereas the leaves are mostly so arranged that for four consecutive pages the heading is 1 Kings, and for the following four 1 Samuel. Whilst we are on the subject of mistakes we may also mention the absurd mode of spelling adopted in this edition, and even continued in 1572, of the name of St. Matthew. All the headings of the pages of this Gospel have the word spelt *Matthaww*, the translators apparently forgetting that there is no such letter in the Greek or Latin alphabet as (*w*) when they adopted the diphthong (*æ*) to assimilate the word to Latin spelling.

There is so much to say as regards the bibliography of the editions of the Bishops' Bible, that we must in this article confine our attention to this part of the subject, reserving our criticism of the translation to a future time. And first for the edition of 1569. Scarcely any notice has been taken of this, the second edition of the Bishops' Bible, till Mr. Francis Fry called attention to the differences of reading between it and the editions of the preceding year and of 1572, in order to show that an undated edition of the New Testament—of which there are only two known copies, one at Lambeth, the other at Manchester, hitherto supposed to be of Tyndale's version—was really printed from the Bishops' of 1569. It certainly does seem a remarkable instance of folly that an Archbishop should put out a translation of the Bible which he wished to impose upon the Church as the Authorized Version, and pay so little attention to its compilation that it should need being altered in the very next year after its appearance and then be submitted to a thorough revision within three years more. Yet such is the exact state of the case as regards the Bishops' Version. What wonder that there should be a general distrust of a version of which so little care was taken that, in its second edition—namely, that in quarto of 1569—there should have been a necessity for altering hundreds of passages, and that, in spite of these alterations, which are generally improvements, being adopted, the next folio edition of 1572, which followed it in three years, should have recurred to nearly all the inferior renderings of the first edition of 1568. It is true that whole books—e.g. the Prophet Hosea—remained nearly unaltered; but some of the historical books have several variations, and, in one instance, as many as eighteen in one chapter. And in spite of this alteration in 1569, the folio of 1572 in the Old Testament in every instance follows the readings of 1568. In this second folio edition, though there were no alterations worth mentioning in the Old Testament, several hundred changes were introduced into the New. The alterations in the New Testament in 1569, indeed, were few, and consisted generally of a substitution of a different word in the text, whilst the original reading of 1568 was preserved in the margin, and of abbreviations of the headings of the chapters, made for the purpose of saving space, but which were executed upon no principle of choice, it being apparently left to the printer to insert or exclude according to his own caprice, so long as somewhat more than half the headings were left out. The Psalms were retained of the same version as that of 1568, but the attempt to use these in the public service of the Church proved abortive, and in 1572 the editors were obliged to print the Psalms in double columns, the left hand being called "the translation used in common prayer," and the right hand column being "the translation after the Hebrewes," i.e. the translation newly made for this edition. In subsequent editions they were obliged to drop the new translation altogether and recur to the version of the Great Bible as still used in the Church of England. The failure in the attempt to substitute a new version of the Psalms to be used in

the public service of the Church was only part and parcel of the general failure of this version to accommodate itself to the public taste; there being only one edition, the folio of 1585, in which the new version of the Psalms was reprinted, and then without attention being called to their use at morning and evening prayer on the different days of the month. This edition is described on the title-page of the New Testament as being "newly perused and authorized." Not only was it never authorized for public reading, but it is plain from the comparative paucity of editions of the smaller size that it was seldom used in families, and the Geneva version held its ground against it till its final suppression by Laud.

In conclusion of this part of the history of the Bishops' Bible we may observe that it is strange recent writers should have given so little credit to the list of Revisers which accompanies the letter of Archbishop Parker to Cecil of October 8, 1568, which is in the Record Office, and was printed in the *Correspondence of Matthew Parker*. It tallies almost exactly with the initials appended to the books, and supplies all the additional information that was needed, though singularly enough it omits all mention of the Psalms, which are commonly thought to have been done by Thomas Becon, because of the initials T. B. The editor of that volume, however, appears to have misread J. Lich & Covent. for T. Lich & Covent., Thomas being the Christian name of Bentham, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

We reserve the miserable absurdities of the translation and notes of this Bible for a future opportunity.

THE WEATHER AND THE CHASE.

IN the matter of the weather and its sudden changes, hunting men are almost as much given to grumbling as farmers. It would save both hunting man and farmer an infinity of trouble and temper if he could arrange the season to suit himself; for of course in any fairly representative gathering from the hunting constituencies there would be wide differences of ideas. Enthusiasts with great studs would object to frosts; while people of smaller means, with their two or three horses, would vote for interludes of hard weather at regular intervals—say, a week of frost to a fortnight of mild days. But one and all would undoubtedly protest against those sudden and tremendous thaws with the consequent floods we have been lately experiencing; as well as to those protracted openings of the flood-gates of the heavens that distribute the "countries" pretty equally between swamp and picturesque lake scenery. There are wealthy devotees, we know, who seem to have been born philosophers, and who complacently accept the rough with the smooth so long as there is any possibility of "going." They will sleep out in miserable quarters for the sake of a by-day with some distant pack. Or they rise at a most unnatural hour in the morning, and push forward over miles of muddy cross-roads on their cover backs through the fogs that confound all their notions of local geography, and in raw damps that chill them to the marrow. Even when the ground is hard here and there under the hedges, and there is a wrinkled coating of ice on the puddles in the cart ruts, they will go a long way in the hope of the master keeping his appointment, hedging against the contingency of missing a good thing. Naturally, nothing in the shape of wet ground day after day will stop these hard-riding philosophers; and as they have almost a superfluity of horses to fall back upon, the mishaps in their hunting adventures affect them but lightly. It is a very different thing with the man who does his best with a modest stud. He would willingly disregard the weather if he could afford it; but, as it is, the weather is of momentous importance to him. He must nurse the horses that are overwrought in an open season. Probably he hacks his hunter to cover, and he cannot afford to ride him a long distance on the offchance of a meet. And taking him out, when the country is unusually heavy "going," is doubtful satisfaction in any case. When his heart is with the hounds as they are running cheerily two or three fields ahead, he must hold hard and steady the impetuous animal, which may already have been somewhat reduced in condition, as assuredly he has severe work in store. An unseasonable strain of the back sinews may knock both horse and rider out of time for some of the best weeks of the season; and even a cold that confines the invalid to the stable will be disturbing to future arrangements. After all, however, both these classes of excellent sportsmen contrive to get a great deal of value for their expenditure, be it large or small. They take, as we have said, the rough with the smooth; they have discounted beforehand the drawbacks of their favourite amusement; and when, at the close of the season, they indulge in a retrospect striking the balance in a spirit of placid content, they find subjects on the whole for sincere congratulation. The fact is that they are sportsmen to the backbone; their sorrows are effaced by the recollection of their excitements; and in the remembrance of brilliant runs all the rest fades from their memory. They did their croaking and grumbling from day to day. But they are delighted to talk of that capital thing, all the more thrilling for being comparatively unexpected. When a tantalizing morning, with cover after cover drawn blank, had gradually dispersed the crowd of outsiders and hangers-on; when the master, huntsmen, and whip, followed by the steadfast few who still stuck faithfully to them, had trotted on to an outlying patch of gorse by way of a

last chance; when the hounds were hardly known in before they were out again, with the stout old dog-box viewed away before them, with his mind resolutely set on a refuge in the woods skirting heights on the remote horizon—then surely no faster or more exciting burst was ever recorded in the annals of the hunt. The course lay along a rich undulating vale, and over what might be fairly called the perfection of a hunting country, with its broad pastures and light fallows. The banks were high and the hedges stiff, but nevertheless it was all fair fencing; and as every man took an independent line of his own, there was no dangerous hustling at treacherous gaps. The chief casualties were at the water-jumps, for twice or thrice they had to clear the brimming stream, and the brimming stream was really "a bumper"; but these only gave an agreeable piquancy to the run. Except for one brief check, which was far from unwelcome, when the hounds threw up in a tainted fallow among a flock of sheep, the pace from first to last was voted "tremendous"; and nothing could have lived through it but men with hearts in the right place, mounted on thoroughbreds "with something in hand." Like the soldiers of Henry V. at Agincourt, the few riders who were in at that memorable death shall still stand a-tiptoe when that day is named; and there are a dozen more experiences of a similar kind, the reflections on which are scarcely less pleasurable.

But, in contrast to such hard-riding heroes, there is another order of "sportsmen" who are far more common than is popularly believed, since they keep the secret of their own feelings so admirably that sometimes it can hardly be said to be known to themselves. There are men who hunt for fashion, or from force of earlier habit after their nerves are gone; or because it gives them social consideration among their friends; or because it seems to offer more ample scope for praiseworthy social aspirations; or because they have a superabundance of time or money, or of both. Riding is an invigorating exercise, and scarlet is becoming wear. The chase, as the immortal Jorrocks used to say, is the effigy of glorious war, with an infinitesimal percentage of its danger; and by insinuating the praises of their own gallant deeds they may come back from the hunt in a halo of glory. There may be honour of a kind in the cases of these jovial impostors; but their "sport" is far, indeed, from being all pleasure. In fact, we imagine that few voluntary martyrs go through more suffering in an unpretending way than the timid hunting man who holds to his little comforts. We do not talk, of course, of an occasional day with the Brighton harriers, or with some popular pack of suburban foxhounds or stag-hounds. Then the shirker on the screw from the livery-stable is in a crowd of congenial sympathizers, who avoid by consent each shadow of a risk save the risks that arise from the general awkwardness. The squadrons of cockneys go careering with slackened rein over the open downs, or play the hustling game of follow-my-leader along the lanes or through a line of gates. We refer to the men who really profess serious hunting in a regular hunting country. In their uneasy consciousness of not being all that they seem to be, they feel bound to affect a double portion of zeal. The evening before, in the company of the smoking-room, their flow of spirits and hunting anecdote is remarkable; and not a soul there is more jubilant over the expectations for the morrow. For the time, and under the influence of generous wine and brandy-and-water, they actually may be the dupes of their factitious enthusiasm. But look at one of our voluble friends the next morning, and follow him through the eventful vicissitudes of his day. He detests early rising at all times; and here comes his servant of a winter morning to rouse him from his slumbers in the darkness. Never does he remember his bath feeling more chilly; and, as he fumbles over his dressing with numbed fingers, he curses the folly that made him a foxhunter. He loves a leisurely breakfast, and likes to dally with that meal about the hour of noon. But when he descends, he finds he has but a short ten minutes to spare; and before he has swallowed his first cup of scalding tea he hears the hoofs of his horse on the ground under the windows. He may delay the start if he please, but he has ten or a dozen of miles to go, even should he succeed in keeping a tolerably straight course through a comparatively unfamiliar country. With the luxury of a hack he is comparatively well off; he can canter and set the blood in circulation. But if he have to save his hunter, nothing is more depressing than the dull jog-trot, with the animal perhaps pulling double, when the rider would gladly give him his head. The raw air is reeking with damp, as the bare trees overhead are dripping with moisture. The poached and sloppy strip of grass at the side of the road suggests disagreeable reflections as to the probabilities of the coming gallop. He puffs away abstractedly at his cigar, with occasional applications to his flask, and, as other horsemen begin to drop into his line, and an occasional vehicle comes rattling past, his spirits begin to go up a little. There will be something of a muster at the meet, and showing himself is what he hunts for. He sits an inch higher in the saddle as he is welcomed with a civil word from the master; he exchanges greetings with acquaintances, and raises his hat to some ladies. But there is no time for flirtations, were he predisposed for them, for almost immediately there is a move to draw the covers. Even the tiresome miles of road have hardly taken the edge off his horse's temper, and the fiery animal excites itself in the crowd. He is cold and damp, and the bridle seems to slip through his gloves, and he feels generally far less confident of the future than he would wish to do. Then a single eager voice owns a warm scent in the cover; the challenge is acknowledged, and answered from five-and-twenty couple of throats; and, in a merry crash of

melody, the hounds go streaming over the meadows. Our friend is well placed, as it happens, and many men would give much to be so favoured. For him it is only too much of a good thing; but the horse takes matters out of his control, even were he disposed to skirt or hang back. He is going hard in the foremost flight, a little in advance of the stragglers of the pack, and with every opportunity of distinguishing himself in the eyes of spectators behind. That fence before him looks formidable, but there are no creditable means of avoiding it, as he is riding for reputation. He steers for what seems the most practicable place, but the horse knows that the rider is anything but confident. However, the pair are landed somehow on the other side, with nothing worse than the temporary loss of a stirrup. Our friend has discovered that, what with the mud, the rain, and the flow of the land-springs, the taking off and the landing were even worse than he had feared. He has a presentiment that when the pace and the ground begin to tell nothing can save him from grief sooner or later. He is already bethinking himself, not how he may save his horse for the finish, but how he may quietly contrive to fall back into a less conspicuous position. And the horse begins to roll about on the heavy plough, and to extend himself with ever-increasing effort over the swelling ridges of swampy grass; and, should the pair still be forced to persevere, though long ago they have fallen back among the stragglers of the second flight, sooner or later the foreboded fall must come off. In any case, the nervous sportsman has had hairbreadth escapes, and lived through the apprehension of many catastrophes; and, indeed, if there was an actual collapse, it may have had no serious consequences, since the ground is soft enough. But measuring his length in mud, and rising caked in a coating of it from spurs to eyebrows, is as disagreeable a preparation as any gentleman need care to have for a long ride home, in the cool of the evening. On that ride home we may drop the curtain. It is a sore trial of temper and patience to the most enthusiastic and self-satisfied sportsman, so how it weighs on the spirits of our friend may be conceived. Nor can he find all the consolation he might desire in dinner and pleasant company in the drawing-room, since he feels that he is doomed by a hard fate to renew those sorrows of his *ad infinitum*.

THE MOVEMENT TOWARDS SPECIE RESUMPTION.

THE movement towards specie resumption is rapidly spreading. A few years ago most of the great nations were under the régime of inconvertible paper. The United States, France, Russia, Italy, and Austria, not to mention a host of minor countries, had all found themselves compelled to suspend payment; in other words, their Governments had been under the necessity of levying forced loans upon their subjects, and were not in a position to pay back. France, which had been the last to adopt an inconvertible paper currency, was the first to return to specie payments. Only under the stress of the German invasion had she made the notes of the Bank of France a legal tender; and as soon as peace returned her Government strained every nerve to pay off its debt to the Bank, and to re-establish a sound money as quickly as possible. The management of the Bank was so admirable that even in the very height of the invasion its notes depreciated only four or five per cent., and long before the forced currency came to an end they stood at par. The return to specie payments was therefore so smoothly made as to have attracted little attention except from those who specially study such subjects. The United States followed next. They maintained the régime of inconvertible paper from 1862 to 1879, but the example of France seems to have roused them to a sense of the obligation they had incurred, and two years ago they resumed specie payments. The manner in which they did so was peculiar, and the prosperity which has followed has recommended the example to other countries. Italy is now preparing to resume specie payments. The Italian Parliament has actually under consideration a Bill for that purpose, which is likely soon to become law; and other countries, as we shall presently show, seem resolved to imitate Italy.

The inconvertible paper currency of Italy is of two kinds; the notes issued by a "consortium" of banks, which are guaranteed by the Government, and are legal tender, consist of 37,600,000*l.*; and about 29 millions sterling additional, issued separately by the banks, and, though not guaranteed by the Government, are also legal tender. The two together amount to about 66½ millions, and, deducting the notes held by the banks as a reserve, about 60 millions sterling are actually in circulation. The Bill now before the Chambers proposes that the issue of the "consortium" banks shall be taken over by the State; that at dates fixed by royal decree the small notes up to five lire, or four shillings sterling, paid into the royal treasuries shall not be reissued, and that the outstanding notes shall become exchangeable for cash at the treasuries; that, further, the notes up to five lire—which amount to about 12½ millions sterling—shall be cancelled as they accumulate in the treasuries, and also notes of higher denominations, until the total cancelled amounts to 24 millions sterling; that the forced currency of the notes of separate banks shall cease in 1883; and that after 1889 the right to issue notes shall lapse for all banks not especially authorized. Thus it will be seen that, of the 66½ millions of notes now existing, the Government proposes to cancel 24 millions sterling, or nearly two-fifths, and that in two years' time the banks which issue notes separately shall be bound to exchange them for cash on presentation.

These, as stated above, amount to 29 millions sterling. Thus out of the total of 66½ millions, 53 millions are to become convertible, and to be finally cancelled not later than 1889. There will then remain 13½ millions sterling of State issue, which will be convertible at the royal treasuries, and against which the State will, of course, have to keep a reserve in coin. The plan, it will be seen, is of two kinds; the cancelling of the smaller notes, and rendering convertible the larger, which are to remain in circulation after the example of the United States. Italy is bound by the Latin Union Convention to withdraw from circulation the notes of less than five lire; and therefore, whether she resumed specie payments or not, she would have to carry out this part of the programme. Resumption in itself thus really involves the charge only of providing for the cashing of notes of higher value than five lire, which, as we saw above, amount to 54 millions sterling, and of these again 29 millions are issued separately by the banks, and have to be provided for by the banks themselves. That leaves only 35 millions sterling in reality with which the State has to deal as a part of this resumption plan. To do this the Bill proposes to borrow 25½ millions sterling, of which 16 millions sterling are to be in gold. We have often directed attention to this part of the plan and the consequences it is likely to have in increasing the value of gold and disturbing the money markets of the world, and we need not touch upon it now, the more especially as Italy belongs to the Latin Union, and will of course be represented at the coming International Monetary Conference, at which resolutions may be adopted leading to some modification in this regard. We mention it here only incidentally to complete our statement of the proposed resumption measure. As regards the main point, however, there can be no doubt of Italy's ability to carry out the plan. Her statesmen have at length succeeded in abolishing the chronic deficits under which the country suffered, and in equalizing revenue and expenditure. The new loan which she is about to raise to carry out resumption will of course add considerably to the expenditure. The interest on 25½ millions sterling in round numbers will be about 1,300,000*l.* a year; but, no doubt, she will be able to find new taxation to cover that, and, in any case, the existing revenue will be increased in value by resumption. Already the Italian lira has risen very considerably in purchasing power; and, when the great contraction of the currency now proposed is effected, the actual value of the lira may be expected to rise to par. The existing revenue will thus be largely increased in purchasing power. In addition to this, the country will gain in various ways by a stable currency. There can be no doubt, then, that the measure is wise in principle, and that it will prove in the long run beneficial to Italy.

Russia seems to be intent upon following the example of France, the United States, and Italy. A few weeks ago a Ukase was issued which has been correctly described as a first step towards the resumption of specie payments. Before the war with Turkey the Russian paper currency amounted to 716½ millions of roubles, having remained stationary at that figure for several years. The cost of the war the Imperial Government defrayed partly by loans and partly by new issues of inconvertible paper. The Bank of Russia, as our readers are no doubt aware, is really a department of the Government. It has no capital distinct from the Government funds, no shareholders, and no independent existence; but it is useful for Governmental purposes to preserve the fiction of a separate administration, and, accordingly, the rouble notes are treated as bank-notes and not as State paper. The Bank, therefore, issued fresh notes to defray a portion of the cost of the war. The amount so issued has fluctuated from time to time, but when the Ukase was issued at the beginning of this year it was just 417 millions of roubles. The Ukase directs the Treasury to repay to the Bank 17 millions of roubles, and to cancel an equivalent amount of the new rouble notes, thus reducing their amount exactly to 400 millions. It further goes on to enact that every year for the next eight years the Treasury is to pay to the Bank 50 millions of roubles, and that an equal amount of the new rouble notes are to be cancelled. At the end of eight years the additional currency issued on account of the Russo-Turkish war will thus be cancelled. Assuming that peace is preserved, that the finances are reduced to order, and that trade and population go on growing as they have grown in the past, it is hoped that the currency will then be no more than will be needed by the requirements of the country; in other words, that the 716½ millions of roubles which formed the circulation of Russia before the war will then have risen to par. It may be questioned whether the improvement of the country will be so rapid as this; but there can be no doubt at all that the contraction of the currency to the extent of one-third will enormously enhance the value of the remaining notes; and if Russia, in her present state of financial embarrassment, of social disorder, and agricultural distress, is able to effect the reduction proposed, she will be in a position at the end of eight years to adopt measures for the complete resumption of specie payments. This of course is always provided that peace is preserved and retrenchment enforced. It is not to be supposed that she will be able to pay off 50 millions of roubles every year out of surplus revenue, for, in fact, she is at present suffering every year from a considerable deficit. She will have, therefore, to borrow in order to effect this reform, and consequently to add further to her expenditure. But it is well worth her while to do so, if thereby she can enhance the value of the rouble and give stability to her currency. Her difficulty, of course, at present is to raise the great loan she needs to fund all

the obligations incurred in the course of the war; and, partly because of the Nihilist conspiracy, partly because of her inability to maintain competition with the United States in the wheat market, and partly because of the fear generally entertained in other countries that a large loan would encourage her to plunge again into hostilities, she has lost the credit that she once possessed in Western Europe, and finds it difficult, therefore, to carry out the financial reforms which are of urgent necessity. Her new Minister of Finance must, however, be supposed to see his way to raise the 50 millions of roubles a year, in some way or other, since he has induced the Czar to give his sanction to the plan we have been describing. Probably at first the money will be obtained by means of Treasury bonds, and will be hereafter funded when the credit of Russia revives.

If Russia is able to follow the example of Italy there will then remain of the Great Powers only Austria-Hungary under the régime of inconvertible paper. Already the Austrian press is beginning to urge upon the Government the desirableness of taking steps to remove the reproach which is involved in the statement that Austria is financially now on a level with Spain and Turkey. If Austria could be induced to adopt a single silver standard, it would have no difficulty in resuming specie payments. For some time the Austrian currency has been on a par with the silver florin; but the Austrians share the dislike generally entertained to silver, and, although there was a considerable amount of silver coined both in Austria and Hungary in 1879 and the early part of 1880, the new pieces have not remained in circulation. As was found to be the case in the United States, silver is considered heavy, inconvenient, and embarrassing, and consequently has not become current. It is doubtful, therefore, whether the Austrian Government in any case would adopt the single silver standard. To be sure, it may be argued that the people would soon become accustomed to silver, and that their present unwillingness to accept it arises much more from a want of familiarity than from any well-grounded preference for gold over silver. Even if that be so, there is another matter which must be taken into account by Austria. Austria is commercially the dependent of Germany, just as Italy is the dependent of France, and she is very likely, therefore, to follow the lead of Germany in the currency question. If Germany were to go back to silver, no doubt Austria would also adopt the silver standard. Or if Germany agrees in the coming International Monetary Conference to adopt bimetalism, Austria will make little difficulty as to doing the same. But if Germany maintains the single gold standard it will be a difficult thing for Austria to resume specie payments. Austria and Hungary both have every year very large deficits. To borrow considerable sums, therefore, for the sake of resuming specie payments is a serious matter. It would increase the existing deficit, and postpone indefinitely the prospect of an equilibrium between income and outlay. Besides, it is hardly possible that Austria could afford to pay for the amount of gold she would need in the intense competition that would thus arise for the metal. She would certainly be outbid by England, France, and the United States. And even if she were to obtain the gold she could hardly keep it. The French indemnity enabled Germany to buy as much gold as she required to carry out her coinage reform; but when she had obtained it she found it very difficult to keep. The general impression is, that a very large proportion of the new German gold coin has been exported, melted down, and recoined abroad. The same thing would very probably happen in Austria.

NOTE.—Our attention has lately been directed to the fact that a paper called *The Mining Monograph* has been quoting some extracts from an article in the *SATURDAY REVIEW* of December 25, 1880, headed "*Investors' Guardian Angels*," in a surprisingly laudatory sense. We are represented on the back page of *The Mining Monograph* as having seriously recommended that paper as a guide to intending investors, and it may be that some people, reading the carefully chosen extracts, have believed that they contained a serious recommendation of *The Mining Monograph*. Speculation and credulity sometimes go hand in hand, and specious advertisements have before now been made out of passages detached from their context. It seems time to point out that the quoted extracts to which we have referred bear, with their context, a sense very different from that which *The Mining Monograph* has put upon them.

REVIEWS.

THE HOUSE OF FORTESCUE.*

THE first edition (1869) of the *History of the House of Fortescue* was privately distributed, and it may perhaps be thought that so much biographical detail concerning a few distinguished and many undistinguished members of a fortunate family might still have been judiciously restricted to the attention of

relatives and friends. We are hardly of this opinion. The monuments of an historical house, whether carved in alabaster and shrined in churches or taking a literary form, as in the present costly volume, serve to recall many memories of more than private interest. In our hurrying intellectual greed it might be forgotten that such a man as Sir John Fortescue ever lived, or that his book on the laws of England claims yet a place in English literature. In the fierce battle of books that work has been driven out of the ranks; but it will not be his descendant, Lord Olermont's fault, if it remains altogether in the rear and neglected. Before touching upon its character, however, we may notice one or two of the more conspicuous members of the Fortescues whose divergent lines centre in their Norman ancestry. We cannot pretend to follow in detail the pedigrees of the many branches of the family, which comprise the Fortescues of Winstone, Preston, Spridleston, Cookhill, Buckland-Filleigh, Fallapit, Castlehill, Dromiskin and Ravensdale Park—which is Lord Olermont's—and several others, including Salden, the latest. To the average reader genealogical tables are no more alluring than tables of logarithms, but both save much trouble when a particular name or number is in question, and they must therefore be suffered. But with a feeling estimation of the painful labour involved in tabulating the sixteen sheets of descents here supplied, with the accompanying pages of explanation, we confess to a preference for the fuller biographies, and especially for the high-class illustrations, both steel and woodcut, with which the volume abounds.

As in the mere sound of the word "*Stonehenge*" there is something that impresses the mind with a notion of antiquity and material grandeur, so there is a ring of history in many of our old family names, of which that of Fortescue is an example. There seems no doubt that this is identical with *Fort-escu* or strong shield; but Lord Olermont, with commendable regard to historical accuracy, hesitates to receive the traditional account of its origin. It is related that his Norman ancestor, Sir Richard le Fort, acquired the increase to his name by having borne a shield before the Duke of Normandy, who at Senlac had three horses killed under him in the course of the fight. Hence the motto *Fortis scutum salus ducum*. William's least vice was ingratitude to his followers, and had so eminent a service been rendered him, we should have found in Domesday that Fort had not been overlooked in the partition of English lordships. A shield that had saved the life of the Conqueror would be worthy of as much commemoration as the shield of Achilles. The latter, let us hope, may yet be found by Dr. Schliemann, and added to the South Kensington relics; but we fear that the former is irrecoverably lost, for no one of the family, we believe, numbers it among his ancestral curiosities. Another knight at Senlac was Adam, Sir Richard's eldest son, who became the founder of the English Fortescues, his father having returned to Normandy, where the family, through a second son, flourished until the eighteenth century, their lineages being carefully traced in the present work. Sir Adam is reputed to have settled at Wymondestone or Winstone, in South Devon, which, with other lands, he is said to have received from the Conqueror. The Survey, however, is silent on the point; but a charter of King John granting or confirming lands to Sir John Fortescue, the sixth in descent from Sir Richard, is sufficient to connect the family with that place at a respectably early date. Winstone was their first seat in England, and it remained with the Fortescues until the days of Queen Elizabeth, when it was sold or otherwise alienated. During the course of the seventeenth century, the direct male line of the Winstone Fortescues became extinct; but these having in previous times intermarried with the De la Ports, the Beauchamps of Dorset, the Norreises of Norreis, and with members of other ancient families, the genealogical tree has continued to flourish. In the arts of peace, if not of war, the earliest distinguished member of the family was Sir John Fortescue, Chancellor to Henry VI. The place of his birth (c. 1394) is uncertain, but "was most likely Norris, near South Brent, in Devonshire." This belonged to his mother, who was daughter and heiress to William Norreis of Norreis, where her ancestors had been settled for eight generations. Having studied at Oxford, he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, where, according to his own account, everything good and virtuous was to be learnt. In 1425 he was appointed a Governor of Lincoln's Inn, and, a few years later, he was invested with the white silk coif as Sergeant-at-Law, at which time his bill for gold rings amounted to 50*l.*, it having been the custom of the Sergeants not only to celebrate their creation by a dinner worthy of a coronation, but to give a gold ring to every one present at the solemnity, from a prince of the blood down to the meanest clerk. About this time he married Isabella, daughter and heiress to John Jamys, of Philip's Norton, near Bath. In 1442 he was raised to the office of Lord Chief Justice, an office which Fuller remarks him to have fulfilled with "signal integrity." Through good and evil fortune Fortescue was at Henry's side, guiding him in peace and fighting for him in war. He was at the sanguinary battle of Towton, fought on Palm Sunday, 1461; and it must have been soon after this event, and during the flight of the King and Queen Margaret, with the Prince, to the Court of Scotland, that he was made Lord Chancellor. It is certain, from a letter here printed, that Henry carried with him a signet; and the very presence, as Lord Olermont remarks, in his retinue of "the venerable and famous Lord Chief Justice of England would in itself naturally suggest such an appointment." Chief Justice Flint, however, affirmed that Sir John Fortescue was never actual Chancellor of England, and

* *History of the Family of Fortescue in all its Branches.* By Thomas (Fortescue) Lord Olermont. London: Ellis & White. 1880.

that his office was simply titular, an opinion in which Lord Campbell and Mr. Foss agree. Lord Clermont has dispassionately considered the arguments on both sides the question; and we are inclined to decide with him that Fortescue at one time held the seal, though, owing to the troubles of the kingdom, he never practised at Westminster Hall. Henry, in his letters, calls him his liege Chancellor, and there is here given a copy of an ancient portrait in which the seal-bag is clearly pictured. Moreover—and this we think a strong argument, though Lord Clermont has laid no stress upon it—Fortescue, in his *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, always styles himself the King's Chancellor (*Regis Angliæ Cancellarius*), and the young Prince in the dialogue is made to use the like form. Sir John Fortescue's knowledge of the English Constitution would surely have enabled him to distinguish between the nominal and the actual office he claimed, and that one of so renowned integrity should falsify his position, and at the time when he was professedly teaching the King's son the rules of true and righteous polity should assert to himself a dignity to which he had no right, seems incredible. But he still held the sword as well as the seal; and when the Scottish chieftains, in the hope of plunder, had enabled Margaret to raise fresh troops, we find the Chancellor in the thick of the fights at Hedgeley Moor and at Hexham, in both of which conflicts the Lancastrians were defeated, with terrible consequences to many of their more illustrious supporters. The next seven years were endured by the Queen and Prince (Henry being in the Tower) in the duchy of Lorraine, where Margaret's father, René of Anjou, had granted for their refuge the castle of St. Michel in the rocky valley of the Meuse. In a letter of the faithful Chancellor, who attended them, it is said, "We be all in great poverty, but yet the Queen sustaineth us in meat and drink, so as we be not in extreme necessity. Her highness may do no more to us than she doth." No man, he adds, would lend them money, however great their want. In *Anne of Cœrstein*, indeed, we find "Great Albion's queen" accepting a silver piece in the disguise of a mendicant at the door of Strasburg Cathedral; but this, of course, is sheer fiction. We may be rather surprised not to meet with Fortescue in the trilogy of Henry VI. His constant presence at the Lancastrian Court, both at home and in exile, together with his being the chief adviser of the King and the instructor of the Prince, might, we imagine, have ensured him some mention in these dramas. Besides writing while at St. Michel his work on the Laws of England, he was busy in negotiating with foreign Powers for the restoration of his fallen master. The temporary success of Warwick and Clarence on behalf of Henry encouraged the return of Margaret and the Prince with Fortescue, but it was only to find that Warwick was slain and that Clarence had gone over to the Yorkists. At the decisive battle of Tewkesbury Fortescue dealt his last stroke for Lancaster, and though afterwards attainted, he was pardoned on condition that he would retract the arguments he had used in his treatise in favour of the defeated cause, and write another in defence of the successful dynasty. To recall what he had spoken against Edward, and prove the White Rose of York, which was dewed with the blood of his King and of a sweet young Prince and of others of his dearest friends, to be as stainless and irreproachable as the snow-white rose of Dante's vision, must have cost him some casuistical explanation. But it was useless to fight on for the dead, and he owed Edward a debt of gratitude for sparing his own advanced life. The "Declaration" in which he disproved all his former arguments against the King's title was first printed in 1869 by the editor of the present volume, who has here reproduced it. The only known copy of the *Defence of the House of Lancaster* perished in the fire at the Cotton Library. After all, a lawyer may be expected to plead on the side which last engages him, and though there was a change of client, Fortescue did not gainsay his political theory as put forth in the *De Laudibus*—that the King has no power but as derived from the will of the nation. The people had declared that they would have no King but Edward who now reigned, therefore let the will of the people prevail. The treatise in which his view of the English Constitution is expressed is full of sound and interesting argument, and of humane and generous sentiment. He denounces what he calls "the absolute regal government of France," and shows that the welfare of a people depends upon a limited monarchy. As in the human body, he argues, the members and even the head derive their activity from the heart, so the kingdom is a "mystical body" of which the King is head; but the will or intention of the people the heart or first principle of action. As the head of the natural body cannot change the nerves and sinews, or deny to the several parts their proper energy, neither can the king alter the laws which are the nerves and sinews of the State. It followed that the body politic, with its singly head under whatever name, was always in nature the same. After the accession of Edward, Sir John Fortescue retired from public life to his pleasant seat at Ebrington in Gloucestershire. Here he died at about the age of ninety, and his sepulchral effigy may be seen in the village church, of which a view is here given in connexion with a sixteenth-century manor-house that includes some portion of the older mansion. His only son Martin married Elizabeth Denzelle, heiress of Filleigh (now Castlehill), Weare Giffard, and Buckland-Filleigh, all in North Devon. Martin died before his father, and John, his son, inherited the estates both of his mother and grandfather. Weare Giffard, built by Martin Fortescue about 1460, yet stands, and is one of the most picturesque of manor-

houses. Of the family descended directly from the Chancellor, Castlehill is, however, the principal seat, of which Hugh Viscount Ebrington, who succeeded as third Earl in 1866, is the possessor.

Saints at the Court of Henry VIII. were scarce, and it is therefore interesting to notice in the present volume a remarkable full-length portrait, from a painting in the Collegio di San Paolo, Malta, of a tall man, with a halo round his head, a bowed and mortified face, and his hands tied together and grasping a cross, while a short sword is applied by unseen agency to his throat, from which the blood drops upon his cloak, which bears a Maltese cross. This represents Sir Adrian Fortescue, who, as a Knight, of St. John, suffered for denying the King's supremacy, being included with Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, her son, Cardinal Pole, and others in the Act of Attainder passed in 1539. More faithful to the supreme Pontiff than his Holiness's more professed servants the bishops and abbots, he refused to acknowledge the King's spiritual headship, and was executed accordingly without being allowed to make his defence. Such rare fidelity has not even yet been forgotten in his own Church, and so lately as in 1874 there was "a serious desire on the part of some Roman Catholics of high standing to promote him from the rank of 'Beato' to that of Saint, but it appears unsuccessfully." Sir John, the eldest son of Sir Adrian by the second of his four wives, was eight years old at the time when his father was beheaded. He grew into such favour at Court that he was appointed preceptor to the Princess Elizabeth, and afterwards master of the Royal wardrobe, which then contained the clothes that had been worn by our English sovereigns on high festivals. In his portraits he appears a true Elizabethan statesman, with a full, open, grave, and dignified countenance, and he looks such a one as we might expect would build for himself a lordly house. His mansion at Salden was the finest in the county of Bucks, and cost at the time the sum of 33,000*l.*, the attached grounds being of course laid out in the luxurious taste of his day, with terraced walks, fish-ponds, gardens, fountains, thickets, and arbours. The windows, many of which were emblazoned, were so numerous as to employ, it is said, one of the sixty servants to open and close. A bullock was killed daily to supply the house and maintain its lavish hospitality. In a field, still called Beggars' Mead, on the estate, the remains of the previous day's victuals were daily served out to the poor. Sir John Fortescue seems to have had a full conception of the grandeur of his own period, and in one of his speeches he magnifies his Royal mistress, who was, he declares, "able to match any Prince in Europe, which the Spaniards found when they came to invade us. Yea, she hath with her ships compassed the whole world, whereby this land is made famous throughout all places. She did find in her Navy all Iron Pieces, but she hath furnished it with Artillery of Brass, so that one of her ships is not a subject's, but a petty king's wealth." At this time, 1593, he was Lord High Treasurer, and three years later we find the Earl of Essex commending to his favour "the man Mr. Francis Bacon, a kind and worthy friend to us both." It seems a pitiable change in the relationship of parties that in 1600 the same Mr. Francis Bacon opened the prosecution against the Earl of Essex, and that Sir John Fortescue was one of the judges who condemned the fallen favourite. The last male descendant of Queen Elizabeth's Minister died in 1729, and Salden House was soon after sold for its materials, four years being allowed for their removal.

Lord Clermont's own branch was founded in the seventeenth century by Sir Faithful Fortescue, third son of John, of Buckland-Filleigh, by Susannah Chichester, his wife. Having followed Lord Chichester, his uncle on his mother's side, to Ireland, he there became Governor of Carrickfergus, and was granted a large tract of land in the county of Antrim, still called the Manor of Fortescue, although the lands do not now belong to the family. The troubles in Ireland were as great in his day as in our own, and one of his sons was killed by the rebels. Coming to England for supplies towards the reduction of the North of Ireland, he raised a company of horse and foot; but, before he could embark, the King's standard had been raised at Nottingham, and Fortescue's troops were draughted into the Parliamentary army and ordered to the Midlands, without regard to any Royalist feelings of officers or men. The effect was that a few months later Fortescue's troops were arrayed on the field of Edgehill in opposition to the King. Instead, however, of levelling their carbines against the Cavaliers, they fired them into the ground, and suddenly passed over to Prince Rupert, but not before twenty of them had fallen by the hands of their friends through not having thrown off the alien colours, and their intention being mistaken. Fortescue was imprisoned, but, on the whole, was leniently dealt with by the Parliament, and lived to fight at the battle of Worcester on the King's side. He died in 1666 at Carisbrooke, where the old manor-house may yet be seen, as well as his monumental tomb, lately restored by Lord Clermont, in the neighbouring church. His grandson, William of Newragh, was the father of Thomas Fortescue, by whom the fine seats of Clermont Park and Ravensdale, in County Louth, were arranged much as they are now. His son William Henry was raised to the Irish peerage in 1770 as Baron Clermont; in 1776 he was created Viscount and Baron Clermont, and in 1777 he became Earl of Clermont, a title probably suggested by his frequent visits with his Countess to the Court of Versailles, where their presence was very acceptable to Marie Antoinette. Earl Clermont was for some time "Father of the Turf," and his horse Aimwell won in 1785 the sixth Derby. More fortunate than some of the children of the Turf, "he enjoyed," we are told, "every hour of human

life," so we may conclude that his losses were not at any time grievous. On his death in 1806, the earldom became extinct, the viscounty passing to the son of his younger brother, who died unmarried in 1829. After some descents by collateral heirships, the estates came to Thomas, son of Colonel Fortescue of Dromiakin, in whom the barony was revived in 1852.

Had the limits of our notice suffered us to follow out the several lineages of the family we might, for the sake of his literary connexions, have mentioned the Honourable William Fortescue, Master of the Rolls, of the Buckland-Filleigh branch. Of the mansion and church at that place an engraving is supplied, the former being a mansion with a columned portico and pediment rising to the roof. In the landscape arrangements many improvements were suggested by Pope, the recesses of its pomp of groves being opened by several miles of drives being formed through them. But the master left no children to enjoy the grateful shades. Probably he did not himself much frequent them. London was the better Eden to the wits of his day, as Gay in his *Trivia* has hinted, in the Miltonian close of some lines addressed to Fortescue:—

Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing I forget the way.

Some of his letters are preserved by Pope having characteristically used the blank pages for the early draught of his *Homer*. Fortescue was the author of the burlesque report of the case "*Stradling versus Styles*; or, the *Pyed Horses*," contributed to *Martinus Scriblerus*, "a witty and lively little piece, still much in favour with lawyers." Sir John Swale had six black horses, six white horses, and six pied horses; and in his last will he bequeaths to his friend Matthew Stradling all his "black and white horses." The question arose whether in this expression the pied horses were included. It was argued for the affirmative that by the word "black" all the black horses were devised, and by the word "white" all the white horses, and by the same words taken conjunctively and as a whole the horses that were black and white—that is to say, the pied horses—were devised also. For the defendant it was maintained that "a pyed horse is not a white horse, neither is a pyed a black horse; how, then, can pyed horses come under the words of black and white horses?" Judgment was, however, given for the plaintiff *visi causa*. But there was an arrest of judgment, as the pied horses proved to be mares. The Hon. William Fortescue, of whom a fine portrait by Thomas Hudson is given, does not sleep with his fathers, but near the Communion table in the Rolls' Chapel. He died in 1749.

This stately volume adds fresh honour to the ancient family it represents; and we hope that so monumental a history will not stand alone, but be imitated by literary members of other illustrious houses. The sumptuous proportions, Chiswick letterpress, and art embellishments are worthy to have set forth a Royal House. The literary style is clear and manly, without any attempt at fine writing or undue elevation of the family by the conversion of legend into historical fact.

HARTING'S EXTINCT BRITISH ANIMALS.*

WE quite agree with Mr. Harting in thinking that the space which intervenes between the end of Owen's *British Fossil Mammals and Birds* and the beginning of Bell's *British Quadrupeds* should be bridged over by a history of those species that have become extinct in historic times. In fact, the latter book begins too late and the former ends too early. This is the more unfortunate as it is calculated to make English readers—who naturally consult one or other of those convenient compendiums—lose sight of what is by some considered one of the fundamental truths of zoology—namely, the continuity of life on the earth. It is impossible to draw an exact line, and say, here paleontology ends and zoology begins. A geologist soon finds that he cannot understand the forms occurring in the strata, the relations of which to each other it is his primary business to expound, without constant reference to those that have survived to the present day; and a zoologist is equally at a loss to explain facts in geographical distribution and in morphology without reference to paleontology and to the specimens which have until lately been regarded as the exclusive property of geological museums. The study of extinct forms has of late years been rendered fashionable by the labours of Mr. Boyd Dawkins and others; and the fragments that used to be thrown away by workmen, or disposed of for a few pence to the "boneman," are now eagerly disputed by rival collectors. Zoology also, both vertebrate and invertebrate, has largely increased in popular favour during the same period. What is wanted, then, in our judgment, in order to enable students to appreciate the connexion of the two series of facts is a treatise which shall combine to a certain extent both the books above mentioned, together with the space between them. In method, at least, such a work ought to be a reproduction of the now classical *Ossemena Fossiles* of Cuvier. That eminent and original naturalist was too acute not to perceive that knowledge of recent forms was an indispensable preface to knowledge of those that had ceased to exist; and he therefore begins his investigation of the latter by a study, more or less exhaustive, of the former. If an author would take up the history of a given family of animals, or of the fauna of a given country,

and, having described the present conditions of its existence, trace it back through historic times into geological strata, with the modifications in size and structure that it has there undergone, not only would he have produced a most interesting work, but new light would have been thrown upon the important question above referred to. In the work before us, Mr. Harting has thrown together a number of facts bearing solely on the extinction in Britain within historic times of five species of what we prefer, at the risk of being thought pedantic, boldly to call mammals, instead of using the vaguely general expression animals. We wish that he had laid his work on broader lines. It is now generally agreed that the very existence of certain species here at all is due to the fact that these islands were once part of the mainland. Consequently, any treatise on species that have become extinct here should be prefaced by an exposition of the geological conditions under which they originally existed, and should be accompanied by a statement of their persistence, or the reverse, on the continent of Europe. Some day, we hope, the whole history of extermination by the agency of man will be taken in hand. No romance could be imagined of more thrilling, or of more melancholy, interest. Not only have the lower forms of the human species gone down before the superior, but wherever civilized man has appeared there has animal life gradually dwindled and finally disappeared. In such a work the persistence of certain species through stragglers down to a comparatively late period will form an interesting chapter. The collection of passages from classical and mediæval authorities that illustrate this subject is a field of research that we strongly recommend to students. We will quote one or two of the most obvious of the facts to which we refer. The wild boars of Calydon and Erymanthus that it needed, according to Grecian legend, the strength of a Meleager or a Hercules to slay, were probably the last of a race of which the former abundance is attested by remains discovered even so far south as Attica. The lions that Herodotus mentions as destroying the camels of Xerxes on the northern frontiers of Greece attest the abundance at that time of an animal which Xenophon was still able to include in his list of game, but which has since become extinct, and is now known only in a fossil form as the cat of the caves (*Felis spelæa*). The dragons of mediæval legend are probably not wholly mythical, for we have heard a modern zoologist of great eminence express his belief of the possible existence, even at this day, of an Ichthyosaurus. The largest of the horned cattle commemorated by Cæsar as plentiful in the Hercynian forest was still hunted near Aix-la-Chapelle by Charlemagne, whose escape from a wounded and infuriated bull is graphically narrated by the Monk of St. Gall. The identification of it with the urus is rendered certain by the stress that is laid on the vast size of the horns (*immensissima cornua*); and a similar reference to size shows that the same species was abundant in Eastern Tyrol when the Lombards invaded Italy.

The five essays that compose Mr. Harting's book relate to the bear, the beaver, the reindeer, the wild boar, and the wolf; and there is a supplementary essay on "Wild White Cattle." We are well aware of the difficulty of reducing into a readable form a number of isolated facts collected from various authorities; but we find Mr. Harting's method of arranging his materials by no means agreeable to the reader. The text is too much encumbered with references, all of which should have been relegated to the notes. Moreover, while we give Mr. Harting every credit for his industry, we cannot invariably commend his critical sagacity or his accuracy. Nor is he as careful as he ought to be in giving or in verifying references. However, it is always easier to point out mistakes than to avoid falling into them, and these are defects which can be corrected in a future edition. Meanwhile the book is a storehouse, in which students will find a mass of valuable information, which they can sift and verify for themselves. We have no space for a detailed review of the materials, but must content ourselves with noticing certain points and the general results. We will begin with the bear. The evidence of its existence in England during the Roman occupation has been proved by Mr. Boyd Dawkins by the discovery of its bones in a refuse-heap at Colchester associated with Roman pottery. Mr. Harting does not quote this decisive testimony, but he attaches much greater importance than we think justifiable to the single passage in which Martial speaks of the Caledonian bear; and to Camden's quotation from Plutarch (which none of his editors have been able to find) to the effect that the Romans imported bears from Britain. But, if we are to accept epithets used by poets as evidence, we shall have to extend the geographical distribution of bears to Libya on the authority of Virgil; and to assign a particular whale to British waters on that of Juvenal. We suspect the truth to be that the Romans used the epithets "Caledonian" and "British" merely to indicate remoteness, with not much more intention of definiteness than Shakespeare had when he spoke of "the farthest steppes of India"; and as for importation from Britain, it is far more likely that the Romans would get their bears from the Pyrenees, where they are still not uncommon, and whence the performing bears that delight our children and frighten our horses are still brought. We are also at a loss to understand the relevancy of the following passage:—

How these bears were captured, and in what way they were transported to the coast and shipped on board the Roman galleys, must, we fear, for ever remain matters of speculation. We do not even know the precise period at which these very hazardous consignments were made; but it may be assumed to have been probably about the same time that wolf-dogs were being exported to Rome, which we know was about the end of the fourth century. A Roman consul of that day, Symmachus by name, writing to

* *British Animals Extinct within Historic Times; with some Account of British Wild White Cattle.* By J. L. Harting, F.L.S., F.Z.S. With illustrations. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

his brother Flavianus ever here, thanks him for a present he made him of some dogs which he calls *Canes Scotici*, and which were shown at the Circensian games, to the great astonishment of the people, who could not believe it possible to bring them to Rome otherwise than in iron cages. It was no doubt in iron cages that the bears were transported.

We need hardly remind our readers that Quintus Aurelius Symmachus, thus summarily dismissed, was one of the most prominent men of his time, and famous as the defender of the old religion against St. Ambrose. He was never consul, but quaestor and praetor. For the games which it was part of his duty to superintend in the discharge of the latter office his brother Flavianus, not Flavinus, sent him the present above-mentioned. Flavianus was Praetorian prefect of Italy and Illyricum, but there is no evidence that he was ever in Britain. Had Mr. Harting verified the passage and looked a little further into his author, he would have found in the preceding letter (Book ii. Epist. 76) a passage far more to his purpose; for Symmachus therein deplores the non-arrival of some bears that he had ordered. Nothing is said about the quarter whence they were to have been sent, but the fact of their exhibition at Rome in the fourth century is thus put beyond dispute. Mr. Harting shows that bears were in existence in England so late as A.D. 750; and in Wales to a later date, if we are justified in referring to the tenth century a passage cited by Ray, though with evident hesitation as to its value, in which three "baitable" kinds of beasts, to wit, the bear, the climbers, and the pheasant, are enumerated. In "The Hunting Laws of Cambria," which we are surprised that Mr. Harting does not quote, we find the matter thus amusingly set forth after the manner of the triads:—

Of the nine venations, three are common hunts; a stag, a swarm of bees, and salmon. There are three barking hunts; a bear, a squirrel, and a pheasant. And there are three clamorous hunts; a fox, a hare, and a roebuck.

The bear is a barking hunt, because her flesh is the best of the chase, and because the pursuit of her will be short, as she can only go slowly; therefore, there is nothing to do but to bait, bark, and kill her.

Beavers, as has long been known, were actually seen in Wales in 1188 by Giraldus de Barri, better known as Giraldus Cambrensis. Mr. Harting has not been able to add any fresh information, or to discover any other notices of their persistence in England, though the colonies of them must have been extensive. He gives some interesting particulars of Lord Bute's attempt—which appears likely to be successful—to establish them near Rothesay in the Isle of Bute. We should like to know whether the stock was obtained from Canada or from Europe, for the beaver is still to be found in Europe, a fact which we wonder Mr. Harting does not notice. It exists in the Rhône Morte, between Arles and the sea; in various parts of North Germany, and in a certain locality in the south of Norway, which, for obvious reasons, we feel bound not further to disclose. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it was to be met with in the moat of Augsburg; and from the way in which the flesh is mentioned as an article of food, it clearly could not then have been at all scarce. Dr. Marius, a physician of that place, writing about 1620, commends a certain cook that he once had for her skill in cooking beaver's tail, and prints her receipt for the benefit of posterity. The period of the extinction of the reindeer in England cannot be ascertained, though its abundance in pre-historic times is attested by its remains in gravel, and, to a certain extent, in peat also. Mr. Harting shows that it still existed in the north of Scotland in 1159, on the authority of the *Orkneyinga Saga*, where it is stated that the Earls of Orkney used to cross into Caithness nearly every summer, and "then go up into the woods to hunt Red-deer or reins." Wild boars are known to have been so scarce in England in the reign of Charles I. that he procured a pair from Germany, and turned them out into the New Forest, where they did so much mischief that the peasants exterminated them; but Mr. Harting shows from an account-book of the manor of Ohartley for 1683 that wild swine were in existence there at that time. Possibly a careful search through other account-books might give additional localities. Wild boars are still not uncommon in France and Germany. The extinction of the wolf is a subject to which Mr. Harting has given more care and pains than to any other in the volume. His account occupies eighty pages, and is exceedingly well done. The conclusions at which he arrives are the following:—

To sum up. So far as can now be ascertained, it appears that the Wolf became extinct in England during the reign of Henry VII.; that it survived in Scotland until 1743; and that the last of these animals was killed in Ireland, according to Richardson, in 1770, or, according to Sir James Emerson Tennent, subsequently to 1766.

We regret that we have no space for any of the exciting stories with which this part of Mr. Harting's book is filled; nor can we venture even to approach the essay on "Wild White Cattle," for the same reason. We hope that, if he has occasion to return to this subject, he will extend the self-imposed limit somewhat. We would suggest to him essays on the black rat, now all but extinct; on the roe—now extinct in England, and existing only by sufferance in Scotland; and on the red deer, once plentiful in many parts of England, but now wild only on Exmoor. It will be most interesting to trace the gradual diminution in size caused by restriction of range, and systematic destruction of the largest specimens. This will necessitate careful measurements of the bones and horns that have been disinterred from the peat, for comparison with the living examples still to be met with in Scotland and Devon.

MATRIMONY.*

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that metaphysically-minded man can learn nothing by "interrogating his own consciousness" and brooding over his own mental actions. Consciousness and the mental actions change their nature and become something different as sure as they are aware that they are being interrogated. Novels seem to us to change their nature in the same way, and assume something different from their true character as soon as they are examined with the eye of criticism. Novels are written for novel-readers, not for critics. The purpose of novels is to amuse. Now no man who is doing his daily work of reviewing is exactly amused by it. Interested and absorbed he may be, but not as the novel-writer desires to interest him. He is unable to yield himself freely to the movement and humour of the story. He has to stop to think of points and criticism. This is unlucky, both for reviewers and novelists, especially for reviewers when they come across so good and diverting a story as *Matrimony*. It is very hard not to be able to derive one's full share of unthinking amusement from *Matrimony*. But it is the miserable duty of the critic to make qualifications and deductions, and point out to Mr. Norris the places where he might have done better had he taken more care. In the biography of an intelligent and energetic man, lately dead, it is recorded that he could not even read a romance without making notes and an abstract. But the rest of the world has not this energy, and we confess that to criticize *Matrimony* is to take the bloom off the peach. The best advice we can give a reader is to order *Matrimony* at once from his circulating library, and to leave the rest of this review to the cold student of comparative criticism.

Matrimony has almost all the qualities that make a good novel—that is, a good man's novel. We have not at all the same confidence in recommending the book to ladies. Mr. Norris is a student of Thackeray, whose works ladies, as a rule, dislike, as Helen Penderennis could not endure Shakespeare. Mr. Norris has even adopted a part of Thackeray's method; and here we begin to find fault. It is not every body who can employ that method. For example, the story is told in the first person by a worthy man named Tom Knowles, who is a middle-aged bachelor, "having the wherewithal," and always ready to interest himself in the love affairs of young people. This excellent man is given to moralizing on the vanity of life and on the weaknesses of his own and the other sex.

Is it only old women who spread scandal, and whisper away characters, and find means of laying an extra coat of black paint on to the darkest reputations? I think I know certain persons of the other sex whose bald heads cover brains as small and as active, whose eyes peer through their spectacles at quite as many wonderful sights, and whose tongues wag no less pleasantly behind their false teeth. And if any one is of opinion that those who listen to backbiting are themselves in some sort backbiters, I beg to reply that I am a student of human nature, in which capacity I am compelled to put up with much that is disagreeable to me, and further, that I never believe a word that one man or woman tells me about another.

This style of writing, and many other passages in *Matrimony*, suggest comparisons with Thackeray, which are naturally to the disadvantage of Mr. Norris. His chorus of indolent, irresponsible backbiters—admirals, generals, and other provincial Club-men—is thoroughly natural; but the remarks of spiteful dotards are not more agreeable in the chorus of *Matrimony* than in that of the *Agamemnon*.

Here we say good-bye to fault-finding for the present, and congratulate Mr. Norris on the constant variety and vivacity of his scenes and events, and on the truth and humour of his drawings of character. The book is wonderfully rich in types of character. Even the young heroes have an individuality of their own which is rare. The first hero is Claud Gervis, a young fellow of excellent parts, who has been brought up in the course of a wandering youth by a father who rarely says a kind, and never does an ungenerous, act. He has the sense to appreciate and like this bitter old diplomatist, who is a fine gentleman first, and, in the second place, a human being who has been soured by a misfortune which would have injured any temper. As for Claud, he is eager to prove himself an Englishman, in spite of his foreign education, is ready to fall in love, and is the author, under the name of Gerard, of a volume of verse, composed both in French and English. It is not easy for any man to write the same verses well in two languages, and few people can rival Mr. Rossetti's feat of the double poem. In spite of Claud's cleverness, it appears that his little book was not favourably received by the *Saturday Review*—"Mr. Gerard has evidently bestowed much pains upon his work; and, if he will in future devote as great a measure of his attention to matter as he has in this instance done to form, he may," &c. In fact, as a poet Mr. Gervis has the fault of all the other young poets. As a cricketer, however, in spite of his foreign education, he was what Sir Andrew Aguecheek calls "a dog at a catch," and he could run up a very pretty score.

The interest we take in Claud Gervis is subordinate to that excited by his father, his mother-in-law, his sister, and the very frank young lady whom he marries. Old Gervis was married twice—Claud and his sister Geneviève were the children of the first marriage; the second wife was the Princess Varinka Ouranoff. On coming into the family estate of Southlands, near a babbling watering-place named Beechborough, Gervis père brought home his family in his yacht. This yacht is an excellent

* *Matrimony*. By W. E. Norris, Author of "Mademoiselle de Mersac." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1881.

device for shifting the scenes rapidly, and carrying the reader and the persons to the French coast at a moment's notice. Near Beechborough old Gervis and the Princess were not likely to amuse themselves. "Er 'Ighness," as the Princess is called by the natives, had lived a wandering life. Gervis was her third husband; her second had been a Pole, shot in an attempt to escape from the escort which accompanied him to Siberia. As soon as we hear this we readily understand why the Princess has to ask Gervis for such enormous cheques, nor are we surprised when a shabby foreigner named Hirsch arrives suddenly at Southlands. Before the seedy alien's advent a number of things had happened. The Gervises had made the acquaintance of two families, that of young Sir Frederick (or Freddy) Croft and that of Mr. Flemyng, of the Moat. Freddy is the type of the eternal but joyous undergraduate. He is not clever. Claud Gervis rescues him from a designing Miss Lambert (the whole episode is sufficiently amusing), and carries him away from temptation in the yacht. Here Freddy promptly falls in love with Geneviève Gervis; a young lady of great musical genius and devoted constancy of character. "In those whom I love," says Miss Gervis, "I believe I could pardon anything, any cruelty, wickedness, or neglect," and she needs all her store of charity. "No Croft was ever constant," says Freddy's mother, Lady Croft. However, Frederick is very seriously in love, and tries to improve his mind. But Scott is the only poet he can stand, and, among prose writers, his boast is that he "gets on very well with Macaulay." However, Geneviève has soul enough for two. Her brother Claud is also obliged to find soul enough for Miss Nina Flemyng, a lady of great beauty, agility, coolness, and frankness. Nina is a thorough flirt, who has one voice in which she addresses men and another reserved for her women friends. Nothing can be more naturally told than Nina's love affair. As Claud has no experience of life, and readily falls in love with her beauty, she never attempts to hide from him her coldness, her greed of admiration, her indifference to the moral discomfort of being in debt. When they become engaged (the scene is one of the best scenes of love-making in fiction), Nina calmly gives her lover to understand that love is a winged god, who cannot be expected to remain constant to any mortal pair. It is thoroughly natural that Claud should take all this frankness of speech as merely Nina's way. In the first place, he would argue, if he argued at all, she is maligning herself; and in the second, if she has a trace of these faults they will disappear after her marriage. But the course of the affair does not run smooth. Gervis has been vexed by the visit of Hirsch, who offers to sell him a secret which will enable him to get rid of the Princess his wife. This scene is very amusing and very melodramatic. The passion and fever of the swindler is contrasted with and cowed by the cool insolence of Gervis. He is not at all in a temper to let Claud marry Miss Flemyng, especially as that young lady's father is both poor and a bore. Among the many amusing minor characters in the tale, Mr. Flemyng is perhaps the most diverting. He is a stupid, pompous country gentleman, who has read Mr. Herbert Spencer, and fancies himself a philosopher. He talks eternally in the terminology, which is not curt, of Mr. Spencer. It is difficult to manage a bore in a novel. Often he becomes as tedious to the reader as in real life he would be to his unfortunate acquaintances. But Mr. Flemyng is not allowed to prose too long or too much, while his intellectual versatility is equal to that of his great master, and he could as easily have discoursed on the origin of religion as discovered two hundred faults in Raffaele's "Transfiguration." Here is an extract from the eloquence of Mr. Flemyng:—

"One can't tell what Gladstone may do, though, if he gets the chance," observed Claud. "I confess I don't understand Mr. Gladstone."

"It is a common thing in these days," said Mr. Flemyng, raising his voice, "to hear men complain that they 'do not understand' Mr. Gladstone. Just so the Papal consistory 'did not understand' Galileo, the Athenians of old 'did not understand' Aristides, and, to come down to our own era, the English people of twenty years back 'did not understand' the Prince Consort. I would ask those who thus bring what they imagine to be an accusation whether the fault may not be rather with their own comprehension than with the statesman whose intellect it fails to grasp. Of this they may rest assured, that when the history of the nineteenth century comes to be perused by generations yet unborn, the name of Gladstone will be seen written across it in letters of imperishable light, while those of many who now strut the world's stage, decked in the pride of a brief authority, will have passed for ever into those shades of oblivion whither pretentious mediocrity and self-seeking timidity inevitably tend."

If Miss Flemyng had been faultless Gervis could scarcely have wished to be connected with her father. So he lets Claud know that, if he marries, he will receive an income of 700*l.*, and no more. Miss Flemyng herself is only dowered with debts. She wisely refuses to hear of a long engagement, giving Claud to understand that, once engaged, she would flirt with every man she came across. So the pair steal away, Claud in the yacht, the lady in a steamer, and are married in France.

So far Mr. Norris has chiefly shown us English society—tattling provincial society, the society of large and rowdy country houses, where people bear-fight, and Freddy's sister, Miss Croft, gives an admirer a black eye. Now he takes us to Paris, where Nina is at first exceedingly happy, where Claud tries to write for the press and the stage, where the Princess Varinka is protecting Geneviève, where Hirsch comes and practises *chantage*. It is, we think, an error in art to make Hirsch as cool and sarcastic as Gervis himself. The two characters in the latter part of the tale are superficially alike, whereas in the earlier scenes Hirsch's coarse violence and passion were a foil to the icy repose of Gervis. In Paris the wolf comes to the door of Nina and Claud. The latter finds it hard to

get any work to do in journalism. His play is an almost absolute failure. The scenes of the story which are concerned with the play, with managers and dramatic authors, especially the famous and friendly Eugène Poinset, have a great and novel interest. Mr. Norris is at home in many varieties of life; his Frenchmen, men of letters, gamblers, and scoundrels, his barbarous Russian General, are almost as good as his rowdy, ill-tempered young lords and gossiping admirals and prosy Spencerian philosopher.

Love flits away, as Nina had prophesied, from the room up four pair of stairs. Claud's wife returns to the Moat, her father's house. The plot, as far as it is concerned with Hirsch and the Princess, thickens and is cleared. Nina's conduct in England—we do not mean to spoil the story by going into detail—brings Claud home, and there is trouble of the worst sort at Southlands and the Moat. Do the clouds blow off, or does *Matrimony* end in tempests and tears? The tender-hearted reader may read on in peace of mind. The tragedy, such as it is, is not of the sort that will break his heart. Besides, it is too common a tragedy to be noticed at all in this world of ours. We trust Mr. Norris will soon give us a new novel, as amusing as, and more consistent than this lively series of sketches and events.

ANOTHER ARCTIC VOYAGE.*

IN the summer of 1879, Captain Albert Markham, the well-known naval officer who sailed in the *Alert* with Sir George Nares, made a bold yachting voyage on the coasts of Novaya Zemlya. Of this an account has just been published, to which unfortunately either he or his brother, Mr. Clements Markham, who has seen the work through the press, has given a very ambitious title. The narrative is called *A Polar Reconnaissance*, whereas what Captain Markham has to describe is nothing but a yacht voyage along coasts which, in comparison with many other portions of the Arctic regions, have been very fairly explored. The success of another vessel, the *Willem Barrens*, which was making an Arctic voyage at the same time, confirmed Captain Markham in views which he previously entertained respecting the possibility of reaching a high north latitude by Franz Josef Land; but there was nothing in his own exploration to justify the title he has chosen. He was able to make collections of considerable value, and no doubt deserves great credit for the indifference which he showed to the most hideous discomfort, and for the courage he displayed in navigating a small and ill-equipped sailing vessel in Arctic seas. He did all he could with the means at his disposal; but those means were so limited that, as an explorer, he could only achieve little, and certainly cannot be said to have made a "reconnaissance" of the route to the Pole, seeing that his highest point was far south of what has been reached by others, and some distance south of what was reached by another vessel during the same season. The circumstances under which he started were peculiar, and he certainly showed that pluck and readiness which happily are still the strongest characteristics of English seamen. His friend Sir Henry Gore Booth, bent on the slaughter of walrus, had arranged for a trip to the coast of Novaya Zemlya, and asked Captain Markham to join him. The invitation, however, only arrived on Saturday, April 26th, and the start for Norway had to be made on Thursday, May 1st. Such attractions, however, had the Arctic seas for Captain Markham that he obtained leave from the Admiralty, and made all his preparations within the short time at his command, and sailed on the day named. In the prospective butchery of walrus he took apparently but small interest, his real desire being for the noble work of exploration, and he accordingly induced his friend to acquiesce in a stipulation that when their craving "for the blood, or rather the oil, of seals and walrus had been appeased," they should employ their time "in the more important work of the examination of the edge of the pack-ice, at a late season of the year, in the northern part of what is now generally known as Barents Sea." The understanding was well adhered to, and the exciting sport of sending bullets and spears into great masses of blubber was not apparently so zealously followed as to prevent Captain Markham from exploring to the best of his power, although unfortunately he was not able to achieve anything of note.

After describing the circumstances under which he started, Captain Markham arrests his narrative for awhile to give an account of the previous voyages on these coasts, and this is certainly the best part of his book. We are aware of no other volume which contains the same amount of information on this very interesting subject. The story is a singular one, as Englishmen, according to their wont, began the work of exploration, but, certainly not according to their wont, gave it up, while others persevered. In 1553 the first attempt at the discovery of a North-East passage was made by Sir Hugh Willoughby. He perished, with the crews of two ships; but this did not daunt other navigators, and expeditions sailed for the unknown region in 1556, 1580, and 1608. In 1676 two vessels were despatched by the Admiralty to attempt the passage to China. Nothing, however, was achieved; and, after this failure, Englishmen were content to leave the Novaya Zemlya seas alone for nearly two centuries. With other nations the case was very different. Dutch, Norwegians, and Russians made voyage after voyage to the

* *A Polar Reconnaissance*. By Albert G. Markham, F.R.G.S., Captain Royal Navy. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co

islands. These are carefully, and at the same time briefly, described by Captain Markham, who has evidently taken great pains with this part of his subject. The expedition to which he devotes most space is the famous one of Barents, who in 1596-97 wintered at Ice Haven on the east coast of Novaya Zemlya, and died shortly after the homeward voyage was commenced. As is well known, the house which Barents and his followers erected, and in which they passed the winter, was found standing in 1871 by the famous ice-navigator Carlsen; but it is not so well known that Ice Haven was reached and the house again examined in 1875 by Mr. Charles Gardner, an English yachtsman, whose dashing voyages through the Matyushin Shar and up the east coast of Novaya Zemlya are mentioned by Captain Markham. Mr. Gardner found a number of relics of the Dutch sailors which Carlsen had overlooked, and on his return he presented them to the Dutch Government, who were justly anxious to possess them. His remarkable voyage has scarcely attracted in England the attention it deserved.

After the historical chapters, in which the numerous expeditions to Novaya Zemlya, and into the seas which surround it, are described, Captain Markham's book terribly declines in merit. Like too many travellers, he has not learnt how to avoid unnecessary detail, and he has not that literary power which enables a writer to make trivial incidents amusing and even interesting. In an account of an ordinary voyage to Tromsø the reader gets an unpleasant foretaste of the prolix narrative in store for him, and sees that Captain Markham, like a Continental *cicerone*, is going to spare him nothing. At Tromsø the travellers found awaiting them the little cutter *Isbjörn*, which Sir Henry Gore Booth had hired for the Arctic voyage. The description of what happened after they took possession of her is curious, as showing how careless explorers sometimes are even in those matters which they understand best. The veteran Carlsen, whom Captain Markham met, was unable, he says, "to conceal the very poor opinion he had of our skipper Jorgensen, who had had no experience of the ice, and was not even a sailor." As this man was not only captain, but owner, of the *Isbjörn*, the travellers would doubtless have had great difficulty in getting rid of him; but, in any case, they might have insisted on his having good men under him. Apparently they did not trouble themselves at all, but contentedly went to sea with Jorgensen and his crew. In time they found that the foolish old man was ruled and guided by two harpooners, who apparently did all they could to mar the voyage, and that the other sailors were, with one exception, but poor creatures. Thus, ill commanded and ill manned, the *Isbjörn* sailed from Tromsø on May 18th, and reached, without more difficulty than was to be expected in the tempestuous seas which had to be traversed, the Matyushin Shar—that is, the strait between the northern and southern islands of Novaya Zemlya. Captain Markham desired to pass through this strait to the Kara Sea; but this was found to be impossible, so the *Isbjörn* proceeded along the western coast. The season was a good one; navigation was, for the Arctic regions, easy; and Cross Island, lat. 76° N., was reached on July 11. Here the travellers examined the hut in which Tobiesen, a Norwegian walrus-hunter, had passed the winter in 1873. It being found impossible to get further north, the *Isbjörn's* head was turned to the south on the 18th of July, and on the 21st she re-entered the Matyushin Shar. In describing this voyage Captain Markham expends 88 octavo pages. P. 117 of his book tells of the departure from Tromsø, and p. 205 of the second arrival in the Straits. As may be gathered from this statement, his prolixity is in parts almost intolerable, and probably many readers of a dull narrative of dull days will be strongly inclined to abandon the author when he anchors in the straits for the second time, under the impression that he has nothing to narrate which is the least worth attention. It is only fair to say, however, that such a proceeding, although natural, would be wrong. Without making a "Polar Reconnaissance" properly so called, or discovering anything new, Captain Markham achieved a good deal after his return to the Matyushin Shar, as he passed through it, and subsequently doubled the highest point of Novaya Zemlya. His account of the latter part of his voyage is therefore well worthy of attention.

For the passage of the Straits the explorers had to wait some time, and of course, respecting this time of waiting, Captain Markham is as pitiless as he is in the rest of his book. At length, however, the small barrier of ice which stopped progress broke up, and the *Isbjörn* sailed into the Kara Sea. That sea was found to be full of heavy ice, but the little vessel's head was turned in the one direction in which progress seemed possible, and she proceeded some distance along the eastern coast of the southern island, to the great dread of the cowardly crew, who, it seems, decided that they would immediately abandon the ship without consultation with the Englishmen if they thought themselves in any danger. The voyage to the south was stopped near Capo Hessen, pack-ice barring the way, and the *Isbjörn* returned to the Matyushin Shar, where she found the Dutch exploring schooner *Willem Barents*, which had been despatched for Ice Haven, but had been stopped by the pack, as the *Isbjörn* was. The Captain was determined to make another attempt, hoping to find the pack dispersed, and his example was courageously followed by Captain Markham and his friend, who resolved to see once more how high they could take their little vessel. In company with the Dutch schooner, she sailed back through the Matyushin Shar, but in the open sea outside the two

vessels parted. The *Isbjörn* again made for the north, and reached without difficulty the point where she had previously stopped. The water was now clear of ice, and after some delay, caused by a gale of wind, the boldly-sailed cutter went on, passed Ice Cape, and rounded the northern extremity of Novaya Zemlya. On this achievement Captain Markham prides himself, and with justice, for though ships belonging to other nations have made the same voyage before, the little *Isbjörn* was the first vessel which ever carried the British flag to the northward of this famous island. The voyage could have been prolonged for some distance, at all events, along the eastern coast, which was apparently quite clear, but the timorous crew struck work, after a little southing had been made, so a course had to be shaped for the north. Captain Markham strongly hoped to be able to sight Franz Josef Land, but this good fortune was denied him, as some distance south of it he was stopped by the ice. The *Willem Barents* was more fortunate, as, while the *Isbjörn* was off the northern extremity of Novaya Zemlya, she was taken as high as lat. 79° 40' N., and Franz Josef Land was distinctly seen by those on board her. As Captain Markham's vessel was absolutely stopped by the ice, there was nothing to be done but to shape her course homeward. A fair run was made, which Captain Markham is mercifully brief in describing, and on September 21st Tromsø was reached, where the voyage of the *Isbjörn* came to an end.

In making this voyage Captain Markham and his friend showed undoubtedly great courage and admirable indifference to discomfort and privation. The dangers of Arctic navigation are far greater for a sailing vessel than for a steamer, and in tempestuous seas life on board such a small craft as the *Isbjörn* must have been well nigh as miserable as anything that can be conceived. It is not wise, however, to claim for this dashing trip any importance as a voyage of Arctic exploration. Such knowledge as was obtained respecting the possibility of making Franz Josef Land was gained, not by the *Isbjörn*, but by the *Willem Barents*, and it is not easy to see that any substantial addition to geographical knowledge has been made by Captain Markham. He deserves all credit as an energetic English sailor, but not in this case as an explorer. Should his work reach a second edition, it is to be hoped that, in reviving it, he will bear in mind Sydney Smith's famous advice, and strike out every other word. His narrative, reduced to half its present length, may be readable, though it will still be a great deal too long. It is curious to compare the brief narrative in which Lieutenant Palander described the voyage of the *Vega* with this portentous account of a sail on the coasts of Novaya Zemlya in a very favourable season.

TROLLOPE'S LIFE OF CICERO.*

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, who has plenty of good sense, was very unlikely to commit the mistake of ushering in his *Life of Cicero* with one of those sonorous *exordia* which his hero loved. On the contrary, he takes the earliest opportunity of signifying his wish that this work, after growing under his hands half spontaneously, should be regarded as quasi-posthumous; "should it," however, "appear" (as happily the gods and the booksellers have allowed it to appear) "during my life, I may have become callous through age to criticism."

So easy and genial a tone goes far towards disarming cavil; and yet, competent as Mr. Trollope undoubtedly was in many respects for the task which he chose to set himself, and admirably as in the execution of parts of it he has turned to account his literary gifts, we are unable to offer him our congratulations on the result of his labours. Unless Mr. Trollope seriously thought that the balance of opinion concerning Cicero had received a severe shock by the publication of Mr. Froude's *Cæsar*, and that he was bound to set the world right again, we cannot easily account for the appearance of his *Cicero*. He certainly had no secret evil design, such as, he reminds us, De Quincey imputed to Middleton; for, though room is found in this biography for a few mild jests against the bishops, the occasion was not a specially promising one for oblique satire; and Mr. Trollope, as we shall see, even in writing Roman history, writes all like an English gentleman of the most recent times. He cannot have merely intended to accentuate the placid candour of Mr. Forsyth, to whom he pays a compliment both merited and generous; while his excellent judgment has restrained him from trying more than a pass or two with so formidable a champion of the Personal as Mommsen. He modestly deprecates any pretensions to a critical scholarship which might have justified him in attempting a new selection or a readjustment of his materials, and in matters involving questions of genuineness either cheerfully depends on the guidance of others, or confidently requests to be allowed to hold his own view *quand même*. For minuter inquiries he manifestly has neither time nor inclination. He frankly owns that he does not read German, which, considering how much trouble Brückner has spared his successors, must be deemed no small inconvenience to have suffered under. But, unless we mistake, he likewise lacks that closer familiarity with the personages of his story, as pictured by themselves or their contemporaries, which is observable for instance in the work of M. Gaston Boissier. To be sure, it is manifest enough that this biography is not written for the small world of

* *The Life of Cicero*. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1880

classical scholars, though in its circle, if only by virtue of the vigorous simplicity of his translations, Mr. Trollope might fairly claim to be included. Had his book been intended for such an address, the author would assuredly have purged his text, or directed his literary executors to purge it, from some of its more grotesque misprints. The *cella curulis* would have been reduced to its proper dimensions, and the *Canephra* would have recovered their due number of syllables. Cicero would not have repeatedly cried "*Cives Romanus*," and the most notorious of his hexameters would not have consistently been turned into arrant nonsense. We might have been spared some more or less interesting information as to the Roman practice of three names, ending with the curiously incorrect statement that, in Cicero's case, "the nomen, Tullius, was that of the family"; and in compensation might have become acquainted with the actual appellation of the "young nobleman" who accused Catiline of conspiracy, and whom Mr. Trollope rather loosely calls "Paulus Lepidus." There is something irritating in needless inexactness, even though its material importance be as trivial as in the instance of the funny little circumstantial flourish as to Milo eating *sardines* in his exile. The almost studied neglect with which Mr. Trollope has permitted such specks as these to remain, and to offend whoever is sensitive enough to be offended by them, shows that the class of readers contemplated by him cannot have been one which regards accuracy as a literary quality of cardinal importance. Manifestly, he has written for a public which likes to read rapidly, to see clearly, and to judge soundly.

No clever book written by a clever man is likely altogether to miss its mark; and some of the very faults of manner in which the author of this biography indulges may with some readers serve the purpose for which it was composed. Thus, the book is as full of repetitions as a novel, let us say, of Richardson's. There are many little excursions of shrewd sense and ripe wisdom of the world, into which our author knows how to lapse in a pleasantly unostentatious way, but which, all the same, only those whose reading is a mere pastime are unwilling to take for granted. Mr. Trollope is master of many other little arts, nor do we doubt that he will succeed in commending to many who, like himself, hate cant and love fair play, his new variation of a favourite theme. His general judgment of Cicero is, moreover, something more than specious; to our mind at least it is only an exaggerated presentment of a very reasonable view, and of one which prejudice alone can set down as altogether untenable.

Cicero, if Mr. Trollope's opinion be correct, was so much better than his contemporaries and countrymen, and his times were so much worse than ours (the late election disclosures notwithstanding), that he is deserving of praise which, if translated into the language of his own rhetoric, would leave far behind it the great orator's most exalted estimate of his own merits. Nor does he think this only, or mainly, because of those literary achievements on which Mr. Trollope dwells so enthusiastically. "He tells us" (says Mr. Trollope in a striking passage concerning Cicero's world-renowned "Dream of Scipio," which he has taken the trouble to translate in an appendix) "that we may not hope that our fame shall be heard of on the other side of the Ganges, or that our voices shall come down through many years. I myself read this dream of Scipio in a volume found in Australia, and read it two thousand years after it was written." For Cicero's philosophy in general, however, his most recent biographer has the quiet contempt of a practical man. It would have sufficed to say with the temperate Mr. Forsyth that, "as a philosopher, Cicero had no pretensions to originality." According to Mr. Trollope, he had as a philosopher no pretensions to be taken seriously at all.

It was with him a game of play, ornamented with all the learning of past ages. He had found the schools full of it at Athens, and had taken his part in their teaching. It had been pleasant to him to call himself a disciple of Plato, and to hold himself aloof from the strictness of the Stoics and from the mundane theories of the followers of Epicurus. It had been well for him also to take an interest in that play. But to suppose that Cicero, the modern Cicero, the Cicero of the world, Cicero the polished gentleman, Cicero the soft-hearted, Cicero the later, Cicero the lover, Cicero the human, was a believer in Greek philosophy, that he had taken to himself and fed upon those shreds and tatters and dry sticks, that he had ever satisfied himself with such a mode of living as they could promise to him, is, indeed, to mistake the man. His soul was quivering alive to those instincts which now govern us. Go among our politicians, and you shall find this man and the other, who, in after-dinner talk, shall call himself an Epicurean or shall think himself an Academician. He has carried away something of the learning of his college days, and remembers enough of his school exercises for that. But when he has to make a speech for or against Protection, then you will find out where lies his philosophy.

We quote this tirade (as we must take leave to call it) for what it is worth. True as it is that to Cicero philosophy was but the refuge of his last years, yet there is no reason but to believe that to him as to Bacon (to whom Mr. Trollope has in some respects not inaptly compared him) it was a refuge, not, as it was to Bellingbroke, a cloak. At least, however, Mr. Trollope is right in not seeking for the very Cicero in his philosophical disputations, and in coming near to him in those moral essays which—the *De Officiis* in particular—deal with the conduct of life and the sentiments that should animate it. For it is in sentiment and conduct that, as his biographer thinks, Cicero stood on a level far above that of his age and country, and came as near as a Roman of his time could to our modern standard of a Christian and a gentleman. This view, which Mr. Trollope announces at the outset, he again and again enforces, rising to the height of enthusiasm in declaring that the humanity displayed by Cicero in Cilicia (according to

his own evidence, which however we agree there is no reason whatever to reject) "is to me marvellous, beautiful—almost divine." After this, we are hardly surprised to find Mr. Trollope hazarding the conjecture, in connexion with Cicero's divorce from Terentia, He seems to have projected himself out of his own time into those modes of thought which have come to us with Christianity, and such a separation from this woman after an intercourse of so many years must have been very grievous to him.

Elsewhere it is incidentally stated that Cicero's "love for his wife was unbounded," till she committed the unpardonable sin of dishonesty in her accounts. At all events, he married again as soon as he could; nor are his relations to Terentia among those which we should have selected as illustrating his advance beyond normal Roman ideas. In general, however, it seems to us that we are justified in holding Cicero to have been a man of rare refinement, due to singularly assiduous self-culture and to a disposition naturally in harmony with what was best around him; and accordingly to have been, as his biographer phrases it, "of all the Romans the most humane." His love of peace was genuine, even though (if we rightly follow Mr. Trollope) he can hardly be said to have made a discovery ranking with those of Columbus and Galileo, when he foresaw the ultimate prevalence of the peaceful achievements of the mind over the bloody laurels of war. Much that Cicero divined, others—Roman contemporaries or Greek masters of his—doubtless divined together with or before him; and, indeed, we have no right to suppose that even in conduct—in the philanthropic administration of his province, for instance—none but himself could be his parallel. Mr. Trollope has very truly observed that it has been Cicero's hard lot to be judged more censoriously than others, because, as his biographer puts it, "Chance has given us Cicero in his night-shirt." On the other hand, as many propagators no doubt resembled Verres when in Sicily, so a few pro-consuls may have resembled Cicero when in Cilicia—only that they had no Atticus to preserve their letters. At the same time, there is reason for the mute indignation conveyed in Mr. Trollope's brief foot-note:—"Professor Mommsen says no word of Cicero's government in Cilicia."

For reasons already sufficiently indicated, we have preferred rather to touch upon the general characteristics of this biography than to discuss at length any special part of it. The tone of the book will have become sufficiently obvious from what has been said here; and Mr. Trollope's admirers will easily understand how distinct a series of impressions, unaccompanied by any disagreeable appearance of effort, he has in it contrived to convey. His skill as a narrator is particularly shown in graphically told episodes, like that of the case of the unlucky S. Roscius Amerinus, and his characteristic lucidity in admirable summaries such as that of the great Verrine case itself. The so-called "Philippics," too, and the circumstances which led to their successive composition, are brought before us with vivid brevity; for Mr. Trollope is quite capable of illustrating by the example of a style at once nervous and lucid the meaning of his paradox, that the "perfect orator" is at the present day "a person neither desired nor desirable." Nothing, again, could be more sensible than the way in which he once more lays the ghost (which we fancy has been walking again of late) of Professor Beesly's theories about Catiline and his conspiracy, or pricks the fancy concerning Caesar's preconceived idea of his own mission of beneficence. Nor should we omit to add that occasionally the biographer's knowledge of men has stood him in quite as good stead as his knowledge of books. Thus he professes in an early part of his book, that "of Pompey" (as he boldly chooses to call him) he has "but a vague conception." Yet it speedily appears that Mr. Trollope's conception of the great man, whose essential smallness it took so long a time for the course of events to expose, and in whom, as is here most truly said, may be recognized the evil genius of Cicero's political life, is a shrewdly correct one. But it is hardly necessary to say that want of acuteness is the last defect likely to be objected to the writer whom we are criticising. If, for all that, we adhere to our opinion that this biography of Cicero is superfluous, it is because it seems to us neither thorough nor sustained, nor balanced, nor careful enough to hold its own among a crowd of competitors. Should we prove to be mistaken, and should the skill shown in part of these volumes, and the kindly tone which pervades them, keep them alive as a popular biography, a pruning hand might do much to augment their attractiveness. In that case we should be the last to grudge the success of the book, if only for the reason that it seeks to vindicate for its hero the praise which is really his due, though it seems foolishness to so many critics, that of an unselfish patriotism. If this be allowed to Cicero, everything else may be forgiven him, including the egotism that was the source of nine-tenths of the abuse which has been heaped upon him, and which Mr. Trollope, like a prudent apologist, admits without further ado.

THE TEN YEARS' TENANT.*

THE short stories or *nouvelles* by Messrs. Besant and Rice lately issued in three-volume form do not suffer by comparison with their predecessors of the same kind, which it is hardly necessary

* *The Ten Years' Tenant and Other Stories*. By Walter Besant and James Rice. Authors of "Ready Money Mortiboy," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

to say are among their most formidable rivals. The first story, *The Ten Years' Tenant*, which gives its name to the volumes, belongs to the same category as the weird and fascinating *Case of Mr. Jekyll*. The tale opens "twenty years ago" at an hotel in Scarborough, where the supposed narrator is staying. Some of the company in the house have got up private theatricals, which he attends, and in the course of which he observes the audience rather more than he does the actors. Among the spectators he recognizes many usual types, but his attention is chiefly caught by "a man between fifty and sixty years of age; his hair was 'grayed' but not white; his whiskers were grayer than his hair; his face was puffy and red; his nose was certainly swollen with good living and little exercise; his lips were rather thick; his eyes were bright; his forehead was broad; his chin was square. It was the face of a man who had lived and enjoyed all his fifty years." What is peculiar about this personage is the odd kind of attention which he pays to the play, which is of the fan and snuff-box period, with its "parade of musty epigrams and stale claptrap." He neither laughs nor sighs; but, whenever any "business" involving the management of a fan or snuff-box, or the nice conduct of a clouded cane, occurs, he shakes his head critically; and when a minuet is danced, gracefully enough as it seems to others, he appears unable to endure the sight. From these and other observations the narrator comes to the conclusion that the man whom he has been watching must be a London manager, who has gone to see the play "just as the attendants at one Turkish bath spend their little holiday in visiting rival establishments." This impression is changed, however, by a conversation which takes place afterwards in the smoking-room, when the unknown, calling for a brandy-and-soda, observes, "It is always advisable to fall in with the habits of the current generation. A hundred years ago—in 1760 for instance—gentlemen did not drink brandy-and-soda, nor did they smoke tobacco. Common people, country clergy, light porters, and the like took their pipes. But not gentlemen." These bald statements have, as the narrator observes, much the same effect as two or three copybook-texts would have; but the unknown's remarks rapidly acquire a curious interest. Falling foul of the manner in which one of the amateur actors has handled his snuff-box, he cries, "The true way to offer the snuff-box, the courtly way, is—thus," and he then "stood up and assumed an attitude which, in his frock-coat, seemed profoundly ridiculous." The rest of his conversation is marked in the same way by a strange air of being uttered by a person who has actually lived in and known the manners of a past age. It is brought to a close by his admitting that there is one thing by the abolition of which the human race has benefited, that thing being the tallow candle, of the horrors of which he gives an eloquent description. The same night the narrator has an opportunity of saving the unknown, whose name is Montagu Jekyll, from being suffocated or burnt in his bed, and in the agitation of the moment Jekyll makes an even more curious reference than before to the eighteenth century. Twice again the narrator falls in with him, once in 1870, once in 1880; and on the latter occasion he reveals his singular history, beginning it with this statement:—"I was born in the parish of Malvern, being the eldest son of a gentleman of good family, on the fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand six hundred and fifteen." The rest of Mr. Jekyll's account of himself, and his subsequent fortunes, readers may be left to discover for themselves.

The second story in the volumes, "Sweet Nelly, My Heart's Delight," deals, and deals successfully, with the manners of the century for which Mr. Montagu Jekyll had so great a love. Nelly Carellia, the heroine and relater of the story, is the daughter of Robert Carellia, who was "a grandson of one John Carellia, who came to the province (Virginia) in the ship which brought the first company of Gentlemen Adventurers. There were, alas! too many gentlemen on board that vessel, there being fifty of that rank to a poor three of labouring men. They were too proud to dig, being all armigers and esquires, although younger sons. Some of them in consequence proudly perished of starvation; some fell fighting the Indians; a few, however, of whom John Carellia was one, survived the first disasters of the colony, and became lords of vast territories covered with forest, in a corner of which they began to plant tobacco." Then follows a curiously interesting account of Virginian life and manners at the date of the story, which has a commendable air of spontaneity that suggests its having been written by a person steeped in the knowledge of those times, as naturally Nelly Carellia was. On the death of her father Nelly is sent to London to be the ward of Alderman Medleycott, a rich merchant, who is a far-off cousin of the family. She is met on her arrival by the Alderman's chief factor, "a young man, soberly attired in a brown squeeze-out coat, with long calamanco waistcoat down to his knees," whose name is Christopher March, and who plays a most important part in the exciting story which follows. Before she has been long in the house Nelly discovers two curious facts about Christopher March. Jenny, the Alderman's daughter, confides to her a little love affair of hers. "Does no one know anything about it?" says Nelly. "No one," she answers. "Christopher March receives his letters and gives them to me privately. I send mine to Willie's Coffee House. It is like the novel of *Olarinda* or the *Secrets of a Heart* all in letters." This conduct on Christopher March's part was, Nelly reflects, "very remarkable in so good a young man." That evening cards are played, and Mrs. Medleycott gambles with great excitement and with very bad luck, and the next morning Jenny tells Nelly that "when my mother loses at cards she always

sends for Christopher March. He gives her money without my father knowing anything about it. What she does with the money which she wins I cannot tell." Then the girls go out shopping; and the next day go to church at ten in the morning, when Nelly is "astonished to see the ladies as they come in bowing to their friends in the pews. Nor did it seem to me becoming for gentlemen carrying their hats under one arm, and having their canes suspended from the button of their right sleeve, to take out little telescopes and look up and down the church, spying out their friends." Here Jenny points out her secret flame, whom she chooses to call Lyander, and who seems to Nelly to be a sufficiently mean-looking creature. Presently the plot begins to thicken. Christopher March first conveys some verses to Nelly (who is a great heiress), and then, when she sends for him to rebuke him, makes a formal proposal for her hand, which she meets with the dignified admonition which it demands. This is presently followed by an offer from Lord Eardesley, a handsome and gallant young man. His proposal is seriously considered by the Alderman, who knows that his father was a gambler, and has heard that the son has inherited his tastes. Thus the matter is left in suspense. Nelly hears first from her faithful old nurse, who has mysterious ways of finding out things, that Lord Eardesley is the steadiest young man in London, and then from the Alderman that he is a gambler and a profligate and must never marry her. It comes to the knowledge of Nelly and her nurse that Eardesley has been slandered by Christopher March; but the Alderman is hard to convince, and the nurse Alice makes up her mind that Nelly must herself see Lord Eardesley. Cloaked and hooded she and Alice drive off together to his lodgings, and find that he has gone to Dunton's in Covent Garden, whither they can, if they choose, his servant says, follow him without any apprehension of ill-usage or insult; for "ladies, especially court ladies, often put on a hood and mask, and so disguised, went to this house, or to Cupid's Gardens, or the Folly on the Thames, for a frolic—where they could see without being seen, and watch their lovers or their husbands." They procure the necessary pass-word, and go in:—

In the first room there was a band of music, which was playing a minuet as we entered. Four couples were dancing. I looked hurriedly to see if my lord was among them, but he was not. It was a foolish girl's jealousy. Why should he not dance, if the fancy took him? We passed on, my nurse and I, while many a curious look was turned upon us, to the next room. Here there was supper laid out, with bottles of Port, Malmsey, and Bordeaux in plenty, apparently free for all comers. But no one as yet was eating or drinking. Then we came to the third room, where there were tables set with cards and counters, and parties were sitting at them playing *hombre* and *quadrille*, just as madam at home, at that same time, was playing with her friends. Lastly, there was the fourth room. And this was crowded. For here they were gambling indeed. At a table sat one who held the bank: he played against all; a pile of gold was before him; a man stood on either side of him raking in the money and paying it out; round the table were clustered a group of players, men and women. Several of the women had discarded their masks and thrown back their hoods; one or two were young and pretty, most of them were old or middle-aged; but all alike, men and women, had stamped upon their faces the same eager look—that of the gambler. It is anxious, it is expectant, it is hopeful, yet it is despairing, because at heart there is no gamester but knows that in the end ruin awaits him.

Presently they see, "attired in a brave show of scarlet and silk," gambling desperately, Christopher March; and, in a conversation which ensues between the two women and Eardesley, they become convinced that it is March who has forged numerous drafts in Lord Eardesley's name which have convinced the Alderman of his profligacy and extravagance. Hard on this follows an attempt to murder Lord Eardesley, whose life is saved by Nelly's receiving the thrust intended for him; and shortly afterwards a catastrophe, the nature of which we will not reveal, changes the whole aspect of affairs, and hastens the unravelling of the plot. The story is full of spirit, and is remarkable as an instance of a feat often attempted, but seldom of late years accomplished with such success as is here reached, that of writing in the character of a personage belonging to a past century. One piece of description, we have already quoted. Here is another, of a shopping expedition, almost equally characteristic:—

There were wadded calico wrappers; a musk-coloured velvet mantle, lined with squirrel skins; falbalas; laced shoes with high heels; roundabout aprons with pockets; hoods; satin frocks; whalebone hoops; a gold-repeating watch, with a gold chain; a gold *étui* for needles and scissors; and all sorts of vanities, the like of which I had never before dreamed of; and yet they pleased me, Heaven knows, being a girl, and therefore by nature prone to love these worthless yet pretty things. Besides, as Jenny said, "You are a great heiress, my dear. It is fitting that you should dress so that no one will mistake you for a poor, penniless country maid." I wanted to present her with something to honour friendship, but she would have nothing except an ostrich egg, set in a rim and feet of silver, which took her fancy, together with a silver-gilt box for carraway comfits, to be taken during long sermons: the lid, I remember, was beautifully enamelled with a Cupid fishing for hearts. And one little thing she bought herself. It was a ninepenny-piece, bent both ways by no less a person than the great Lilly, the fortune-teller. Jenny bought it for luck at langster-a-loo. But I never heard that it brought her any, and I fear that the man who sold it was dishonest—perhaps Lilly never saw the coin, and the dealer himself may have bent that piece.

"Over the Sea with a Sailor" will probably be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. It is perhaps less successful as a mere story than the other two in the volumes, because once the crisis is reached there is no kind of doubt as to what the end must be. It would be difficult for readers to forgive authors who allowed wickedness in the person of Captain Ramsay to triumph for more than a brief period. But there is not the less a very sufficient amount of excitement in the story, and it contains one character, Stephen Cobbledick, which is as well and humorously

drawn as anything which we have seen from the same hands. Possibly Captain Ramsay is no less true to life than Stephen, who looks up with touching admiration to his superior villany, but for artistic purposes a character marked off plainly as a villain is less valuable than a person with such mixed attributes as Stephen's.

SOME BOOKS OF GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.*

MESSRS. LETTS'S Popular Atlas is planned on a very much larger scale than most atlases which have lately been issued in England—that is to say, though the individual maps are not of the largest size, they are to be exceedingly numerous. Something may possibly have been taken from the old Atlas of the Useful Knowledge Society, which, if we remember rightly, came into the hands of Messrs. Letts some years ago; but, at any rate, the plates have been worked up to the latest date, which is all that any one can demand. To show the magnitude of the enterprise we cannot do better than mention that the present volume, though it contains thirty-six maps, is merely a first instalment, a second series of forty maps being promised devoted exclusively to the British Empire throughout the world, a third of equal extent to the Continent of Europe, and a fourth to America, Asia, and the remaining continents. Even this does not apparently exhaust Messrs. Letts's enterprise, a possible series of English county maps and an historical series being hinted at. It would be difficult to speak too well of this plan, and as the price of the monthly subscription is exceedingly low, plenty of support ought to be forthcoming. Of course sovereigns are not to be bought with fifteen shillings, and cheapness has required some sacrifices. The actual size of the maps, fifteen inches by twelve, is, considering their great number, quite sufficient; but they are doubled across in the binding, always a thing to be avoided, if it can possibly be helped. They are also printed on paper rather too thin, we think, to stand the wear and tear to which an atlas is subjected. If Messrs. Letts would issue a superior edition on plate paper, and bound so as to lie flat, it would, we think, repay them. This, however, is the only improvement we can suggest. These General Maps are not perhaps so good a test of the execution of the task as those on a larger scale which are to follow. But, so far as they go, they deserve no little praise. Plans of towns and various other miscellaneous information are included, and the volume has a general index of places. If the whole scheme be carried out, the atlas will be a very useful one, more particularly if the county and historical series be added. But in this case we trust Messrs. Letts will give really new county maps, and not be content, as the majority of map publishers have hitherto been content, to stick a few railways, &c., into the old surveys of the last century. At present, the usual county map of England is probably the least creditable specimen of European cartography existing.

Mr. Mitchinson pleads in his preface that he has lived out of England nearly all his life, and that therefore he must be excused if any phrase "not strictly idiomatic" occurs in his book. We do not disallow his plea so far as it goes, though his style is execrable. But we do not think that such a word as "matitudinal" comes under the benefit of the Act; and we cannot see that long absence from England is an excuse for bestowing the pompous title of *The Expiring Continent* on a book which really deals only with an infinitesimal portion of Africa. Senegambia and the islands off the North-East coast were the scene of Mr. Mitchinson's travels as here given, and these we submit do not constitute a continent. This is one of the numerous instances of an author going out of his way to create a prejudice against his book for the sake of a catchpenny title. The islands have, indeed, been "done" often enough, and very much better than by Mr. Mitchinson. But in Senegambia he had a subject tolerably unhackneyed and of very great interest and importance. Manchester is at this very moment stirred to its inmost soul by the energetic attempts which the French are making to extend their possessions and influence in that quarter, and to prove to the poor African that the Norman Codlin and not the Lancashire Short is the ideal manufacturer of garments for him. Mr. Mitchinson has a good deal to say on this subject, and though his reasoning faculties seem to be as weak as his style (he asks, plaintively, "If Christianity really occupies the high position claimed for it, why are there fewer Christians than Mahometans?"—a sublime instance of belief in majorities) he has the advantages which any human being who will go anywhere and tell what he has seen has in speaking to those who have not had the opportunity of seeing. Moreover, he went some way into the interior, had some curious hunting experiences, and, in short, has a story to tell if he could only tell it. Unfortunately he has the greatest difficulty in telling it, and he has made it a much longer story than it has any business to be.

Captain Jones-Parry, according to the great principle of compensation which, according to some people, governs all things, has some advantages over Mr. Mitchinson and some disadvantages compared with him. The Captain simply "globe-trotted" by the most ordinary route. He stayed nowhere very long, and he did not see anything that hundreds and thousands of professors of the arts gaddative and scribative have not seen before him. Nor are Captain Jones-Parry's literary gifts great. He is given to the very feeblest and most imbecile puns that punster ever made. His arguments, when he makes use of any, are frequently as feeble as his witticisms, and his grammar occasionally shows signs of an almost equal feebleness. But he is one of the happy persons who, somehow or other, do manage to tell what they see and hear, which telling, inasmuch as no two human beings ever see and hear in precisely the same way, has its interest. The Red Sea and the Galle jewellers, the aspect of New Zealand, flower-boats and tea-girls and jinrickshas, San Francisco and Niagara itself, do actually bear being told over again in the rather aliphabod English of this Welsh country magistrate. It is very odd that it should be so, but so it is. Sometimes—as in relation to the Mormons, as to whom Captain Jones-Parry seems to have been very curious—he really gives a good deal of valuable, and even more or less novel, information. He is occasionally rather an indiscreet captain, but it is evident that he always means well, and that he held continually before him under the Southern Cross as under the Bear, the high standard of morals of a Carnarvonshire Justice of the Peace. We do not know that his book can be recommended to those who desire to know only the principal and master books on each subject, but for an idle half-hour it really will hold its own with a good many much more pretentious and far less faultily-written books of travel.

Mr. Mossman and Mr. Morfill have evidently both taken pleasure in their work on Messrs. Sampson Low's Geographical Series, but the result is sufficiently different. Both seem to have a good knowledge of their subjects; but, while Mr. Mossman's is thoroughly co-ordinated and well within his grasp, so that he has produced a neat essay which would do honour to a Frenchman, while it has a much more than French abundance and accuracy of fact, Mr. Morfill has produced a scrappy and rather chaotic book, awkwardly written, dealing frequently with details not suitable for such a work, and disfigured by curious flings at some wicked people called Russophobists. If Mr. Morfill had more of the wisdom of the serpent, he would have known that, not only was it out of his province to take notice of such criminals, but that the best way of reforming them would be to give a straightforward historical account of malignant Russia and let it have its effect. The very word Russophobist is a "polemical utterance," and as such not admissible into a work of this kind. It is fair, however, to say that Mr. Morfill seems to have gone to the best authorities, and he has, no doubt, got together a mass of useful information. Mr. Mossman's book, as might be expected from a writer who has already proved his skill, is a very good one of its kind. On two points Mr. Mossman seems to hold debatable opinions. He gives a higher estimate of Shintoism than most writers, and he seems to have undoubted faith in the present occidentalizing system, which, according to others, is impoverishing the country, undermining the national character, and preparing that most dangerous of states, the state where a highly educated but insufficiently endowed class struggle for livelihood in professional employment instead of acquiescing in manual labour. But he is not argumentative or partisan in his treatment of either of these points, and the information he gives seems to be on the whole accurate, well arranged, and full. Both these books are illustrated, and we think that the illustrations in both would be much better away. Reproductions of Japanese art in the conventional style of ordinary English woodcuts are neither ornamental nor instructive, while the illustrations of Mr. Morfill's book are altogether below the dignity of a treatise of the kind. We do not see that manuals of this sort require illustrations at all, and if they must have them, one or two of real merit and pertinence would be infinitely preferable to some dozens of illustrated-newspaper cuts, such as these.

If Mr. Blakiston has not hit on a new idea in the teaching of geography, which is probably impossible, he has revived and adapted an old one, with a good deal of skill. There used to be in our youth two volumes, in which a family of the name of Wakefield were taken first about England, then about Europe, and instructed in geography by an intelligent person of the Mr. Barlow pattern. This is not quite the plan of Mr. Blakiston's *Glimpses*, but it suggests it. In the *Glimpses of England* a small boy is walked about his native county of Kent on his own authentic legs, and then, with the aid of maps, is made to execute peregrinations in spirit about the remainder of England. The *Glimpses of the Globe*, of course, are confined to the latter mode of progression; but with some ingenuity Charlie Seaforth's home is made to supply examples of the chief features of physical geography, lying as it does on a small bay, close to the embouchure of a river, on one side of which is a steep hill, forming a promontory, and so on. The usual fathers and uncles play the part of Mr. Barlow for the benefit of Charlie and his sister, and not merely terrestrial geography, but the astronomical accompaniments of the science, are brought in with a good deal of ingenuity. There always has been, and always will be, much difference of opinion as to the merits of this kind of teaching. We shall own, though it is against the tendency of the day, that we

* *Letts's Popular Atlas*. Vol. I. General Maps. London: Letts & Co. 1881.

The Expiring Continent. By A. W. Mitchinson. London: Allen & Co. 1881.

My Journey Round the World. By Captain S. H. Jones-Parry. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1881.

Japan. By Samuel Mossman. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

Russia. By W. R. Morfill. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

Glimpses of the Globe. By J. R. Blakiston. Seventh Thousand. London: Griffith & Farran.

Glimpses of England. By J. R. Blakiston. London: Griffith &

doubt the expediency not merely of playing at learning, but of all elaborate attempts to smooth the rough places. It is the roughness of the places which makes it worth while to traverse them. A child's mind has teeth just like his mouth, and it is much better that he should begin as early as possible to use both, and not rely on ready chewed and digested spoonmeat. The things which remain longest in the mind, and exercise most influence on it, are the hardest, the driest, the least explicable parts of the curriculum, elementary mathematics, Latin grammar, formal logic, and so forth. If a boy has a dog-seared Euclid thrown at his head to master, he may spend many hours, and weep many tears, over the fourth proposition; but when he has learnt it he will not forget it. A process of verbal elucidation and illustration, and what not, will take a whole class through, or apparently through it, in the most delightful manner in the world; and on five-sixths of them it will have made no impression whatever. This is heresy nowadays, of course, but heresies have an odd habit of becoming orthodoxies again when they have once been so. As for geography, its natural attractions to a boy or girl of any capacity are so great that it seems specially unnecessary to sugar it with the "dull sweets" of conversation and story-telling. All this, however, is matter of opinion, and Mr. Blakiston's first book, the *Globe*, by running through seven thousands, seems at any rate to have hit the taste of masters, or scholars, or parents, or School Boards, or all four.

THE CHURCHMAN'S LIFE OF WESLEY.*

MR. URLIN'S Life of his saint and hero differs from the sectarian biographies of the same man in its objective tendency, but in its hagiological tone and characteristic omissions it is exactly like them. He undertakes to exhibit John Wesley as a zealous and faithful Churchman to the end of his days; they undertake to exhibit John Wesley as the author of a movement which was inevitably doomed from the very first to end in separation from the Church. Both these views of Wesley and his work are true. The inconsistency between them is to be found where neither class of biographers are critical enough to look for it, in their hero himself. Wesley was a law unto himself, and to all who adhered to him, in a degree which no other equally prominent figure in Church history has ever exhibited. In this respect a parallel might be drawn up between him and George Fox, the author of Quakerism, as founders of sects. Every particle of the doctrine and discipline of Quakerism and of each of the Wesleyan sects can be traced backward to its source in the marked individuality, the peculiar culture, and the distinctly personal experiences, prejudices, and opinions of George Fox or of John Wesley. While Mr. Urlin demonstrates the Churchmanship of Wesley by emphasizing all the evidence upon this one point, he omits or slurs over the equally remarkable evidence upon the other side. It is unfair, as well as uncritical, to shift off the whole blame for the final schism from the shoulders of John Wesley to those of a certain group of his preachers. He had at least sown the seed of separation—whatever personal distaste he may have had for the plant. All his wiser ministerial friends and helpers—Charles Wesley, Perrouet, Grimshaw, Henry Venn, and many others—warned him from time to time that the Nonconformity which he was sowing and nurturing could not fail to develop at last into formal separatism or Dissent. Even his occasional outbursts of indignant anger against the manifestation of sectarian tendencies by some of his preachers had his own peculiarly *eigensinnig* individualism at the bottom. The lay preachers were his servants, they were his agents, they were to remain in the Church of England because he, John Wesley, commanded it. If they left the Church, he declared, they would leave him. They were not to presume upon baptizing or celebrating the Eucharist, or calling themselves "Reverend," or wearing "gowns." Why? Because he, John Wesley, prohibited it. But when he, John Wesley, "ordained" John Pawson, Joseph Taylor, and Thomas Hanby "to minister in Scotland," and others for the colonies, when he provided his ordained "deacons" and "elders" with his own "letters testimonial," he believed that they had amply sufficient mission and jurisdiction wherever he, John Wesley, might please to send them. Lord Mansfield told Charles Wesley, at the time of his brother's new departure as a sect-founder, that "ordination is separation." The ambitious Pawson was disgusted, on his return from Scotland to England, at being made to feel the hyper-episcopal powers of his ordainer. Pawson's mission, according to John Wesley's ruling, was limited to Scotland, because Wesley ordained him "for Scotland"; hence his clerical standing became dormant, as Wesley insisted, upon his return to England. Pawson groaned lugubriously at his degradation, but he was obliged to submit. When Joseph Taylor came back from Scotland to England he was appointed to the Nottingham circuit. While he was in Scotland he had worn gown and bands, had been addressed as "the Reverend," and administered the Sacraments; in England, as Wesley informed him, his orders ceased to be valid. "I desire," he wrote to Taylor, "you would not wear the surplice nor administer the Lord's Supper any more." John Wesley was too busy a man, and too intent upon the working of his organization at the actual moment, to share the contemplative foresight of his brother Charles. Hundreds of bystanders, for half a century long, saw clearly whither the Methodist ship was inevitably tending. The

only man who did not see it was the self-reliant, strong-willed pilot. "The preachers of a dissenting spirit," said Charles Wesley, after the troubled Conference of 1786, "will probably after our death set up for themselves, and draw disciples after them. An old Baptist minister, forty years ago, told me he looked on the Methodists as a seminary for the Dissenters. The great evil which I have dreaded for nearly fifty years is a schism." The sociological law, so to call it, which governs schism, and which had already been so fully manifested in England in the Puritan separations of the seventeenth century, is seen again in the evolution of the Wesleyan Methodist separations. A subjective dissent, or non-conformity, always precedes an objective dissent, or separation. The sect which finally goes out of the historical Church has first of all been and tried to remain a party within the Church. Non-conformity and separation are at first opposed forces. The Non-conformists under Elizabeth and James I. boasted that they had done more than all the prelates to controvert the Separatists, to preserve the Church of England from disruption, and to keep men within its communion. The early Methodist leaders made a similar boast. But the Independent and Anabaptist separatists under Elizabeth and James I. maintained that, if a Nonconformist logically followed out his own principles, he must become a separatist or formal Dissenter. John Wesley claimed a right to a very considerable degree of nonconformity. After his "ordinations" for America and Scotland, as late as 1789, he formally stated what he called "My two principles." "The one is," he wrote, "that I dare not separate from the Church, that I believe it would be a sin so to do; the other, that I believe it would be a sin not to vary from it in the points above-mentioned." The citation of these "points" is of no great importance; what is of importance is the pure, self-centred individualism both of Wesley's conformity and of his nonconformity. Mr. Tyerman unconsciously, but quite naturally, takes up the standing of the separatists of an earlier century in their opposition to the similar non-separating nonconformity of that period:—

There can be no doubt [he contends, speaking from the point of the modern Wesleyan sectary] that, as a minister of Christ, Wesley had as much right to ordain as any bishop, priest, or presbytery; but he had no right to do this as a minister of the Church of England; and, by acting as he did, he became, what he was unwilling to acknowledge, a Dissenter, a separatist from that Church. Wesley refused to acknowledge this; but, feeling the impossibility of the thing, he declined to attempt refuting it. With great inconsistency, he still persisted in calling himself a member of the Church of England. This was not surprising, but it was absurd. Great allowance must be made for Wesley; but to reconcile Wesley's practice and profession in this matter during the last seven years of his eventful life is simply impossible.

His lay preachers, at least those ambitious leaders amongst them who had no sympathy with the Catholic or with the national character of the English Church, claimed a right to develop a nonconformity which Wesley had taught them into formal dissent or separation, from which Wesley himself shrunk back, and which he had never intended.

Mr. Urlin's portraiture of Wesley is defective on account of its omissions. It is true that his picture is a small one, while the materials at the command of the painter of Wesley are truly enormous; but Mr. Urlin has made the mistake of turning away from the whole mass of adverse material, and has used only such material as glorifies his subject. No one needs to be told nowadays that John Wesley was a truly great, good, and wonderful man. But when Mr. Urlin, in his thirteen pages headed, "Portraiture and Character," cites passage after passage of contemporary laudation of Wesley, the reader will ask if Wesley had no contemporaries who did not undiscerningly admire him, and he will want to know what these more critical observers have said. Further, nearly all Mr. Urlin's witnesses bear testimony to the impression made upon them by Wesley in his triumphant old age, in those days which Denn Hook described as "his worst, for this plain reason—he was worshipped as something more than human." When we attempt to trace the impressions made by him upon a whole succession of his contemporaries, friendly and adverse, from his earliest days to his latest, we find that two dominant characteristics were attributed to him by all alike.

We may express these characteristics shortly as extraordinary self-dependence and extraordinary variableness. It is needless to say that Wesley was not selfish in the low sense of the word, for he was the very reverse; but the world has never seen a man in whom the I, Me, and Myself were more strongly marked. Mr. Tyerman meets the charge of ambition which has been so often brought against Wesley by owning it, by explaining in what sense it is true, and by glorifying his hero for possessing it in that sense. Wesley was self-centred and self-determining in an unusual degree; even when he asked or took counsel of others he made what they conferred upon him thoroughly his own before he acted upon it. Dr. Coke and the schismatic wing of the Wesleyans had to use him and his power exactly as the Jesuits are said to use the Pope and his infallibility; they had to persuade Wesley that their opinions were his own judgments. He was argumentative and opinionative from his childhood. He would do nothing, even while a boy, until he was thoroughly self-convinced. If the lad was asked to take a piece of bread or fruit at any time except the regular meal-times, he would reply with cool and self-centred independence, "Thank you, I will think of it." His father once observed to him, "Child, you think to carry everything by dint of argument; but you will find how little is ever done in the world by close reasoning." Wesley was egotistic, though he was not vain or conceited; he was confessedly autocratic, often to the extent of

* *The Churchman's Life of Wesley*. By R. D. Urlin, of the Middle Temple. S. P. C. K. 1880.

domineering. He claimed the very widest range of freedom for himself in his relations with his ecclesiastical superiors; but he would allow no similar liberty of thought or action to those who derived their mission and jurisdiction from him. They were always made to feel that they were "Mr. Wesley's preachers." Mr. Urlin has a glimpse of the central force in his character when he accidentally speaks of him as "this self-reliant man." The Rev. A. Tooke, an usher at the Charterhouse when John Wesley was a pupil, noticed that although the future "Pope of the Methodists," as Toplady always called him, was high in the school, he constantly associated with the boys of the lower forms. He used to gather a throng of the smaller lads around him, and harangue them. When Tooke once interrupted him in the midst of one of his orations, and asked him privately why he did not associate with the bigger boys, who were his equals, Wesley answered, "Better to rule in hell than to serve in heaven." He showed his individuality when he determined to wear his hair long, in opposition to the prevailing fashion amongst the clergy. Even Whitefield, who was far more openly opposed to the ways of the Church than Wesley was, wore an imposing wig. When Wesley declined to exchange his busy life at Oxford for the parochial charge of Epworth, and gave his father his reasons, the noble old rector wrote that the main consideration in choosing a course of life "is not dear self." He never took his son to be selfish in the lower forms of the expression; but he probably saw clearly the huge proportions of the "self-ness," so to call it, in his remarkable son. "Sir," said William Law to him, when he noticed Wesley's dejection, "I perceive you would fain convert the world; but you must wait God's own time. Nay, if after all He is pleased to use you only as a hewer of wood or drawer of water, you should submit." That keen physician of conscience laid his finger upon the spot. A few years later, Wesley's restless egotism burst forth with the famous declaration, "I look upon all the world as my parish!" This was after his "conversion" by Peter Böhler. In the very same year James Hervey wrote to Charles Kinchin (they both belonged to the original "Holy Club," or "Oxford Methodists," who were guided by the counsels of William Law and Wesley's father), "Why should they entice you from your parish? Sure we are that the Holy Ghost made you overseer of that little flock; but that He has released from that charge, and called you to another sphere of labour (the conversion of the whole world) is not so evident. There was a time when Mr. Wesley was a warm and able advocate of primitive institutions. I marvel that he has so soon removed to another opinion. This is a fresh conviction how variable his mind is, and though burning with zeal for God, yet given to change." "I remember the time," Hervey wrote to the same common friend, "when Mr. Wesley was fond of the mystic writers, read one of their leading authors over and over again, and commended what he read as the best book next to those that were given by inspiration; but within the space of a few months he saw his error, retracted his opinions, and inveighed against them as studiously as ever he had extolled them." Just such an impression as was made upon his strong and receptive individuality by a new book or a new acquaintance, in his earlier days, was made upon it afterwards by the "sighs, groanings, swoonings, screamings, of young and old" which had followed the preaching of the Moravians in Europe and America, and which began to follow his own and Whitefield's preaching. He at once took these, as William Law said, for proofs which "proclaim the two-edged sword that is in his mouth," and show that "God had set His seal to the truth and goodness of his preaching"; though, as the same critic adds, "all this is so far from being proof enough of the truth and goodness of his doctrine, that it is no proof at all. If it will do for him it will do for Mahomet." William Law has left on record that throughout his intimacy with Wesley he "judged him to be much under the power of his own spirit." "It was owing to unwillingness or inability to give up his own spirit," Law wrote, "that he was forced into that rash and foolish censure which he published in print"—Wesley's attack on the mystics—"a censure so false, and regardless of right and wrong," said Law, "as hardly anything can exceed it." Law's remarks were called forth by the extraordinary "Letter to the Rev. Mr. Law" (1756), which is only represented by an extract in Wesley's collected works, but which the uncritical Mr. Tyerman describes as his "castigation" of the teacher to whom he owed so much. Law's correspondents hoped that he would answer it. He replied, "If I knew of any kind of answer that would do Mr. Wesley any real good, I should advise it. It does not admit of a serious answer, because there is nothing substantial or argumentative about it; and to answer it in the way of ridicule is what I cannot come into, being full as averse to make a mock of him in a religious garb, as to doing the greatest possible injury to his person." He always retained a fatherly tenderness for Wesley, and after this impertinent provocation he wished that Wesley's "ever stirring of zeal, under whatever form it appears, whether in knowledge or ignorance, in wisdom or weakness, may be directed and blessed by God to the best ends it is capable of." He afterwards described Wesley's letter as "such a juvenile composition of emptiness and pertness as is below the character of a man who had been serious in religion but half a month." A year later Law (1757) wrote of Wesley's "Address to the Clergy" as "very longish," but yet so wrong as to be worse than no advice at all, and as "empty babble" from beginning to end. The next year, 1758, we find the gentle James Hervey complaining of Wesley's "waterproof literary manner and matter." "He is so un-
Mr. in his quotations, and so magisterial in his manner, that I had

no small difficulty to preserve the decency of the gentleman and the meekness of the Christian in my intended answer." Three years later Wesley imperiously expelled six men from his Methodist Society for the sin of "reading Jacob Behmen and Mr. Law." When Dr. John Byrom expostulated with Wesley on this piece of tyranny, he said that he had not excommunicated the offenders for reading their books, but for troubling others with their notions. "Wesley put the matter very magisterially, upon his own authority," says Byrom, "so that I used the expression *Pope John* to him and *Your Holiness*." It is certainly significant that such utterly different men as Law, Byrom, and Toplady, all of whom were exceptionally keen observers, should have agreed in the early and middle periods of Wesley's career in comparing him to the Pope, while Byrom in 1761 and Toplady in 1774 directly called him "Pope" and "His Holiness." In the later period of his career his own restive followers, chafing under his resolute grip, could find no fitter epithet. When the aged Wesley in 1787 compelled John Pawson, whom he had "ordained" for Scotland, to put off his gown and bands at his return to England, when he put "Mr." instead of "Rev." on the letters sent to Pawson, the unfrocked "Presbyter" wrote to one of his friends:—"Mr. Wesley seems more determined to abide in the Church than ever. He talked about it again and again in the public conference, in the society, &c., and in such a hot fiery spirit as I did not like to see. He talked of fighting with a flail, and of putting all out of Society who do not go to church. We are to be just what we were before we came to Scotland—no sacraments, no gowns, no nothing at all of any kind soever." After an attack on the "cursed prejudice" and the "furious bigotry" of the gentle Charles Wesley, and "the fire from hell that burns in that poor miserable man's breast," the amiable Methodist preacher and autobiographer pours out his complaint against the resistless papacy of John Wesley:—

There seems to be no prospect of doing anything, but just in the old way, while Mr. Wesley lives. Solomon says there is no new thing under the sun; but here we see something which I believe was never seen in the Christian Church before—that men, approved of God and their brethren, and that for many years, should be regularly ordained [this is the point which Charles Wesley denied, and on which John Wesley inconsistently varied] and act in the capacity of ministers, and yet should be deposed from that office by one single man. Even the Pope himself never acted such a part as this. What an astonishing degree of power does our aged father and friend exercise.

Wesley was then eighty-four years old; and it is an evidence of the combination of strong self-determination and variability in him to the very last that Pawson, "with much entreaty," as he says in this same letter, "got him to ordain Mr. McAllum and Suter. Two more were ordained; one for the West Indies, and one for Nova Scotia."

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE fourth volume of that *Popular History of the United States* (1) written by Mr. S. H. Gay, to which, for reasons of his own, the late Mr. Bryant consented to give the authority of his name, completes the work, extending from the treason of Arnold to the close of the Civil War and the assassination of President Lincoln. We need hardly say that it is not in any sense a book to be recommended to English readers. Americans are prepared from their earliest youth to make a large and liberal allowance for party spirit, and if they cannot equally be trusted to discount abuse and misrepresentation of foreign Powers, and especially of England, it is probable that no historian who showed himself scrupulous upon these points would have much chance of their favour. But it is not desirable that such portion of the English public as is likely to depend upon a "popular" history for its knowledge of American politics and American relations with this country should take its views of either from a work like this. Unhappily, few Englishmen are given to study the history of the United States as scholars study that of the ancient world, or politicians that of modern Europe. Still more unfortunately, most of those summaries or current histories from which in their boyhood our countrymen derive the vague ideas they do possess of the principal events of Transatlantic story—the settlement and early administration of New England, the revolution, the anti-slavery contest, and the Confederate war—are singularly one-sided, and with scarcely an exception are written from the American point of view by Americans, or by English sympathizers scarcely better informed or more scrupulous. All the current misrepresentations are reiterated in this as in the previous volumes of the work before us. Throughout the whole of the long political contest between North and South the true character of the issue is never made apparent. The fact that the North willingly purchased the Union by ceding all that the South demanded in respect of security for slavery and for State rights, and afterwards, clinging to the purchased privilege, strove to cheat her partner out of the promised consideration, is not merely not set forth, but is studiously suppressed. In truth, the political history is scanty as well as misleading—the pages given to the seventy years of peace being fewer by far than those in which the events of seven weeks of either war are described. There are hard-

(1) *A Popular History of the United States; from the First Discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Norsemen to the End of the Civil War.* By William Cullen Bryant and Sydney H. Gay. Vol. IV. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

ings in the table of contents which alone are sufficient to condemn the book. Every man who has studied with average candour the history of the Confederate war knows that the North owed at least as much to the patient wisdom, the organizing genius, the temper, the forbearance, the enduring good faith of General McClellan as to the daring and strategic skill of Sherman or the stern resolution and capacity for extensive command displayed by General Grant. But for McClellan the North would never have had an army; and McClellan's work was done at the most critical moment of his country's fortunes, in despite of a factious, spiteful, persistent opposition from nearly every member of the Cabinet. Opposed to the greatest General and the best army of the South in its prime, unsupported by his own Government, McClellan achieved at the head of a hundred thousand men, turned by himself into an army, almost as much as General Grant, with thrice that number in the field, accomplished, with the full confidence and eager support of his own Government, against the mere wrecks of the army of Northern Virginia. If English readers were, as a rule, familiar even with the outlines of American military history, we should not have to warn them against placing any reliance on a fact related by Mr. S. H. Gay; his own table of contents would suffice to demonstrate his utter unsuitness for the task he has undertaken.

The recorder for boys of the story of the United States navy (2) is entitled, of course, to be simply a panegyrist—to explain away every disaster, to exaggerate every victory. We may think that Dr. Lossing has somewhat abused this privilege, that his work would have been more interesting as well as more instructive had he told the simple truth about those victories of American ships of the line nominally rated as frigates, wherein, like his predecessors, he glories so loudly. Even boys—at least English boys—might chance to ask themselves how it happened that after successes so signal, generally involving the actual destruction of a British vessel and her crew with small loss to the victors, the result was so exactly reversed when the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* met on confessedly equal terms. The American commander was the hero of one of their most brilliant victories. He fought as desperately as any Briton. He refused at the last to surrender; and his flag was hauled down by British boarders. Yet his defeat was as signal and as sanguinary as had been his former triumph. The superiority of the *Shannon*, as proved by the loss inflicted and sustained, was as marked as the inferiority of the *Macdonian*. Again, it might occur, even to an American writer or American reader, how misapplied is any boast of the hundred thousand dollar cargo sent to the starving operatives of Lancashire. But Dr. Lossing's modest pretensions may reconcile even English readers to his obvious offences; those of Mr. Gay amount to a heinous violation of the fundamental principles of literary and historical morality.

Mr. Forney's memoir of General Hancock (3) reaches us not a little too late. In form a military biography, it is in fact, and even by the confession of the author, no better than a campaign pamphlet put forward in support of the pretensions of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

Mr. Knox's Boy Travellers (4) have, we perceive, continued their Oriental journey through Siam, Java, and the Malay Archipelago; and Dr. Bronson, lest his young pupils should run wild, continues at as great length as heretofore to improve every occasion with a geographical lecture, which, despite the fatigues they must have undergone, does not seem to have exercised upon them the soporific effect we fear it will generally produce upon stay-at-home readers of the same age. A certain amount of judicious skipping, not beyond the capacity of schoolboys, will, however, render the book quite as interesting as its predecessor, if not equal to some of those stories of boyish adventure in America itself, one or two of which, if we are not mistaken, and by no means the worst, we owe to the same pen. The illustrations are excellent and of a higher order than might have been expected; the text and paper are on a level with those of the best Christmas volumes, whose authors and publishers cater so carefully for the refined taste of the rising generation of to-day, and provoke year after year the envy of their less fortunate parents.

On the Rhine (5) savours much more of the guide-book, and neither the type, the double-column pages, the illustrations, nor yet the substance of the work redeem it from the dullness characteristic of all such volumes. It covers, however, some odd corners, not only of Austria, but of Spain, Italy, and Scandinavia, to which so full a guide-book is not usually to be found.

The life of Dr. Seabury (6), the first Bishop of the Anglican Church in the United States, will, we think, interest a wider public than the limited circle of mere students of ecclesiastical politics and history. It throws not a little light on the hardship, the injustice, the systematic persecution to which the Episcopalians

of America were subject during and after the war, and incidentally, moreover, reminds us of the similar persecution which the Episcopal Church of Scotland long underwent at home. The political separation of the colonies from the mother-country rendered necessary, not for ecclesiastical but for political reasons, an independent organization of the American Church. It was essential, of course, that the first bishop should receive his ordination from those who derived their own episcopal authority directly and legitimately from apostolic days. Dr. Seabury was selected by the clergymen of Connecticut to cross the Atlantic and seek episcopal ordination at the hands of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. The difficulties raised by the Primates of England, the stupid indifference or more than indifference of the Government of the day—a Government consisting exclusively of professed Churchmen—are hardly intelligible to a more earnest generation. Provision had been made to enable English bishops to ordain foreign clergy without requiring the oath of allegiance. But the Act did not provide for the ordination of bishops; and the Primates neither dared to proceed without Parliamentary authorization to the exercise of their purely spiritual functions, nor cared to carry through Parliament a Bill to allay their scruples. It was, therefore, from the Primus of the Scotch branch of the Church that Dr. Seabury received episcopal orders, and it is from the Scotch, and not from the English, Church that the Episcopacy of America traces its immediate descent.

The American Government has what English agriculturists have so long claimed in vain—an agricultural department—and that department employs Mr. J. H. Comstock as official entomologist. In that capacity the latter has prepared a volume, equally remarkable for its scientific and its practical minuteness of investigation and detail, on the insects by which the cotton crop is infested, and particularly on that army worm which in some seasons is almost as destructive to the staple of the South as the Colorado beetle to the potato. The history of the Southern pest, though not practically interesting to English readers in the same degree, is not of less scientific nor perhaps of less practical and commercial moment, and the details of its natural history given in the Blue-book before us (7) are certainly curious and amusing.

The Department of the Interior has also an Entomological Commission, which has published a smaller bulletin upon the cotton worm (8), describing not only the worm itself, but the various enemies by which its propagation and extension are checked and its ravages to some extent limited.

Dr. Henry Boynton Smith (9) was by no means an undistinguished member of the Congregational Church, a professor in one of its principal colleges, a preacher and theologian of considerable repute. That the wife of such a man should think him worthy a biography of the usual American length and minuteness, filling more than four hundred large octavo pages and crowded with letters and other writings in somewhat close type, is only natural and becoming; that such a work should find a large number of readers to concur in the estimate of its biographical value or personal interest is perhaps hardly to be expected. It would seem as if every American not utterly insignificant must have his life written, and with such singular disregard to proportion that, if each work were to find a hundred readers, the public of the United States would have little leisure to bestow on any other kind of literature.

We cannot think that the *Sketches and Reminiscences of the Radical Club of Boston* (10) were worth collection and publication. The Club represents the so-called liberal religionists who in the last and present generations have sprung from the loins of Unitarianism, as Unitarianism sprang from one section of the old Puritanic body. The volume is full of second-hand infidelity, marked by what might have been twenty years ago regarded as somewhat daring, not to say blasphemous, distinctness of language, but what nowadays it requires much more courage perhaps to rebuke than to publish. We do not think that it contains anything that will either startle or enlighten the readers of the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*.

Dr. Ingraham's account of a Northern Governess's letters on her experiences in the South in the days of slavery (11) is written from a distinctly Southern, not to say pro-slavery, point of view. How far the letters are genuine or founded on fact we hardly know, and the uncertainty on this point deprives them of what little value they might otherwise have possessed. They deal with a bygone time, a state of society that has now none but a purely historical interest, and do not possess that stamp of historical authenticity which could have rendered them useful as evidence of the real character of Southern society.

It is scarcely needful to do more than mention the most recent

(2) *The Story of the United States Navy. For Boys.* By Benson J. Lossing, LL.D. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881.

(3) *Life and Military Career of Winfield Scott Hancock.* By the Hon. J. W. Forney, Journalist. Illustrated. Cleveland, Ohio: Weak & Co.

(4) *The Boy Travellers in the Far East. Part II. Adventures of Two Boys in a Journey to Siam and Java.* By T. W. Knox, Author of "Overland Through Asia," &c. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(5) *On the Rhine; and other Stories of European Travel.* By various Authors. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(6) *Life and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Samuel Seabury, D.D., First Bishop of Connecticut.* By E. K. Beardsley, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(7) *Report upon Cotton Insects.* Prepared under the Direction of the Commissioner of Agriculture. By J. H. Comstock, Entomologist to the Department of Agriculture. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(8) *Bulletin No. 3, U.S. Entomological Commission.—The Cotton Worm.* By C. V. Riley, M.A., Ph.D. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(9) *Henry Boynton Smith; his Life and Work.* Edited by his Wife. New York: Armstrong & Son. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(10) *Sketches and Reminiscences of the Radical Club of Boston.* Edited by Mrs. J. T. Sargent. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(11) *Not a Fool's Errand: Life and Experience of a Northern Governess in the Sunny South.* By the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D., Author of "The Prince of the House of David," &c. New York: Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

volume of a deservedly popular series, *The Travels and Adventures of Marco Polo* (12), adapted to the reading of young people. Those of the rising generation who are fortunate or sensible enough to read these neat little volumes will know a good deal more of some of the most interesting passages of history than many of their elders have acquired by years of laborious study devoted to worn-out books, written in antiquated style, and printed in that peculiar type which, however attractive to archaeologists, is rather repulsive to the public. In the meantime they will enjoy no little interest and amusement in a course of what they will never find out unless told to be valuable and till now somewhat rare instruction. Miss Feudge's *India* (13) may be called a popular or school history of India under native rule, with one or two chapters appended on the history of the British conquest and administration. Why Miss Feudge chooses to misspell Sepoy after a fashion of her own we cannot pretend to guess. It has nothing, we can assure her, to do either with the sea, or with the teapoy, perhaps more familiar to ladies. Mr. Allan Pinkerton offers to the lovers of sensational stories another heavy volume of his detective experiences, real or fictitious (14).

We have an almost alarming quantity of verse, mostly, we regret to say, of that character which neither gods, men, nor book-stalls will allow. Few of the volumes on our table can be called bad; most of them contain a few specimens which oblige us to feel that the writer, with care and with critical faculty, might have done better. Not one of them, however, shows power of the higher order; none of them could, under any circumstances, have been otherwise than third-rate.

Miss Rosa Jeffrey (15) has here and there poems not unworthy of a place in local or otherwise limited anthologies. Her "Love and Jealousy," for instance, is readable and amusing; her serious pieces, and especially those whose seriousness deepens into tragedy, are perhaps her weakest. *Under the Olive* (16) is stronger and more even, often good, never excellent, scarcely ever stirring. Mr. Fields (17) does not know when he crosses the line between comedy and farce, between the free and easy and the absurd. *The Coming of the Princess* (18) belongs chiefly to the last denomination; but even here there are pieces by no means so bad as that from which the volume takes its name. *The Wild Roses of Cape Ann* (19) might have borne cultivation, but even so would hardly win a prize in any but a local show. *The Vision of Nimrod* (20) is sometimes prosaic, sometimes extravagant. Mr. Winter has a power of versification, a command of language, which might have been turned to even better purpose (21). The "White Flag," for example, contains some good thoughts in language whose chief fault is a certain insufficiency of force. The poet forgets, by the way, that the white flag means truce, not surrender.

(12) *Young Folks' Heroes of History.*—Marco Polo: his Travels and Adventures. By G. M. Towle, Author of "Pizarro," &c. Boston: Lee & Shephard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(13) *India.* By Fannie R. Feudge. Illustrated. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(14) *Professional Thieves and the Detective.* By Allan Pinkerton, Author of "Criminal Reminiscences," &c. Illustrated. New York: Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(15) *The Crimson Hand; and other Poems.* By Rosa V. Jeffrey. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1881.

(16) *Under the Olive.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Tribner & Co. 1881.

(17) *Ballads, and other Verses.* By James T. Fields. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Tribner & Co. 1881.

(18) *The Coming of the Princess; and other Poems.* By Kate S. Maclean. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. 1881.

(19) *Wild Roses of Cape Ann; and other Poems.* By Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Tribner & Co. 1881.

(20) *The Vision of Nimrod.* By C. De Kay. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(21) *The Poems of W. Winter.* Complete Edition. Boston: Osgood & Co. 1881.

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THE TRANSVAAL.

THE grievous disaster at the Majuba mountain near Laing's Nek can scarcely fail to put an end to negotiation. The demands of the Boers will now be increased; and the difficulty of an amicable compromise is greatly aggravated by defeat. The death of Sir G. COLLEY, who was charged with the conduct of the negotiation, will be an additional cause of interruption. The loss of a gallant soldier is attended with general regret; and, but for the insufficient number of men and the melancholy result, his latest enterprise would not have been regarded as a proof of rashness. The discovery of an unoccupied height which commanded and turned the line of the enemy's defence was creditable to Sir G. COLLEY's military skill; and the risk of being anticipated by the Boers in the occupation of the hill explains his apparent precipitation in bringing on an engagement while Sir EVELYN WOOD was in Natal, hurrying up the reinforcements to the front. Unfortunately, Sir G. COLLEY, not for the first time, miscalculated the force which was required to accomplish a special service. He evidently believed that six hundred men in a strong position could repel the attack of a much larger number. The perhaps unfounded report of a neglect to secure a due supply of ammunition offered some consolation to national susceptibility, at the expense of the general in command. It now appears that Sir G. COLLEY had, perhaps in consequence of the smallness of his force, only left twenty men to guard the access to the summit of the hill, and that the Boers were able to storm the position with an overwhelming superiority of numbers. Defeat was perhaps rendered more certain by the selection of detachments from several regiments and of a few sailors of the Naval Brigade to perform a service which required the strictest discipline and the most perfect confidence of every man in his comrades. Notwithstanding previous failures, Sir G. COLLEY seems himself to have neglected the warning not to despise the enemy which he had addressed to the army. Since his death in the field it would be ungenerous to blame severely the victim of his own imprudence.

It had long been known in the army that Sir GEORGE COLLEY relied too confidently on the quality of English troops, in comparative disregard of their numerical strength. He is believed when he was military secretary to the Viceroy of INDIA to have recommended the employment of an absurdly insufficient force for the invasion of Afghanistan. His three successive defeats in the Transvaal campaign may be attributed to the same peculiarity or defect of judgment. It is satisfactory to know that Sir EVELYN WOOD assumes the command until the arrival of Sir HENRY ROBERTS. Both officers enjoy the confidence of the army and the country; and, even if they were disposed to incur unnecessary risks, they may be trusted to profit by the recent lesson. The Government acts wisely in sending large reinforcements to the seat of war; and Sir EVELYN WOOD is now probably strong enough to hold Newcastle or Mount Prospect in safety till he is joined by the regiments which are already ordered to Natal. The only urgent reason for immediate action would be furnished by the precarious condition of some of the garrisons in the interior. The strange report that the Boers had taken Wakkerstroom or Wesselsstroom, and that the garrison afterwards re-

covered the place, requires confirmation. It has hitherto been supposed that none of the fortified posts were in immediate danger of assault; but their stores, and especially their provisions, must be in process of exhaustion. The first attack on Laing's Nek was at the time considered as an indication that the General believed one or more of the garrisons to be in danger, and in a curiously apologetic order of the day he gave his troops the same explanation of his abortive enterprise. Sir EVELYN WOOD will perhaps be able to obtain through native messengers accurate information as to the urgent necessity of relief. It is not at present known how far his movements may be regulated or hampered by the attitude of the Dutch population in the Newcastle district, and by the sympathy of the Orange Free State with the insurgents. In the conduct of the campaign it is necessary to trust the discretion of a gallant and practical officer.

The resolution passed by the Free State Legislature, though courteous in language, is menacing in substance. Only one side of the controversy is noticed, and the English Government is advised to make concessions which are equivalent to unconditional submission. The alternative, though it is not plainly stated, is suggested in intelligible language. The sympathies of blood and of customs between the two neighbouring communities are mentioned with the obvious purpose of explaining an impending alliance. A part of the active population has probably anticipated the action of the Government. It is not known whether volunteers from the Free State have taken part in the recent engagement; but it is generally supposed that the Boers have received reinforcements from the other side of the border. If ostensible neutrality is observed, the Government of the Free State will probably, while it avoids a declaration of war, place its territory and its resources at the disposal of the insurgents. A few guns now in the possession of the Boers are believed to have been obtained from the Free State. The same document contains vague threats of disaffection among the Dutch inhabitants of the English colonies. There is no doubt that the feeling which had replaced former antagonism of race and language has been perceptibly impaired by the unfortunate quarrel in the Transvaal; but thus far there has been no open display of disaffection at the Cape. ROBERTS' dream of a Dutch Republic, extending from the Cape to the Zambesi, is not likely to be realized; but there is no knowing what may be the result of a prolongation of the war. The agitation which has arisen in Holland is itself embarrassing; but Dutch patriots travel fast in political speculation. Some projectors have devised a plan for the transfer of the Transvaal to the Kingdom of the Netherlands in exchange for Borneo, which the English do not want, and which does not belong to the Dutch. Holland is immediately to concede independence to those parts of the Transvaal which are supposed to be fit for it, and apparently to retain the rest as a commission or reward for trouble. The substitution of Crete for Epirus in the negotiations on the Greek and Turkish question was a commonplace proposal in comparison with the Borneo scheme.

There is no reason to suppose that the renewal of the Basuto war will in any way affect the more serious conflict in the Transvaal unless it causes the overthrow of Mr. SPRIGGS' administration. There is reason to believe that the power and spirit of the insurgent natives are broken, though they are not yet prepared to accept without modifi-

cession the severe terms imposed by the Government. It may be said that Lord Kimberley was well advised in addressing to the Cape a measure or remonstrance on the harsh conditions offered to the Basutos. Three of the most obnoxious chiefs are to be subjected to trial, which, as all the facts are notorious, practically means conviction. It is not to be suspected that the Ministers of the colony would inflict capital punishment for a political offence which is scarcely a moral crime. The incriminated chiefs would, like CELEWAYO, be condemned to imprisonment; and, in time, when their country was quiet, their sentence might be remitted without inconvenience. It was a matter of course that the disarmament which was the cause or pretext of the rebellion should be enforced when resistance was suppressed. The justice of the fine which is to be paid as a result of defeat depends on the amount. It may be conjectured that the other terms of peace would not have been rejected if the Government of the Cape had waived the surrender and punishment of the leaders. The choice of accepting or releasing a peace probably rests with the chiefs who were personally interested in the demand of surrender. Lord KIMBERLEY may perhaps be justified in thinking the terms severe; but he has no means of giving effect to his independent judgment. Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, though he had received direct instructions from home, acted in the negotiation by the advice of his Ministers. The disapproval of the COLONIAL SECRETARY is not unlikely to confirm Mr. SPRIGG and his colleagues in their policy with respect to the Basutos. They from the first refused to solicit or to receive assistance in the war from the Imperial Government, for the reason, as they uniformly allowed, of retaining in their own hands the exclusive control of native affairs. As Lord KIMBERLEY is neither able nor willing to interfere with their practical independence, his comments on the unconciliatory spirit of the Government will only produce irritation. The Cape Ministers have falsified some of the predictions which were commonly uttered when the Basutos first were in rebellion. In a few months they have both repeatedly defeated the natives, and they have perhaps produced a stronger impression by depriving them on a large scale of their cattle. It is highly improbable that they should allow the Imperial Government to interfere in the results of the war. It would seem that the conflict has been mainly projected and sustained by the English part of the population. The Burghers who, like some of the Federal regiments at Bull Run, retired from the army in the midst of a battle, are not zealous in the war.

THE COURSE OF BUSINESS.

AFTER a curious period of vacillation at the end of last week and at the beginning of this, the Government at last made up their minds to adopt a course in reference to the business of the House which, although decidedly "complicated," as Sir RICHARD CROSS called it, and open to very serious objections from the practical point of view, at least relieves them from the charge of intended breach of contract which weighed so heavily on them up to Monday. The mysterious silence observed for some days may be thought to point to the suggestion that some such breach was at least considered, and the return of Ministers to a sounder mind has been accompanied by serious grumbings, not merely from the extreme Radicals, but from the newspaper which was once supposed to be the organ of the Conservative party. The extreme impropriety, from the point of view of party morality, of dropping the Arms Bill has been pointed out before now. The impropriety of dropping it, from the point of view of public policy, may be said to be sufficiently expounded in the speech of the HOME SECRETARY on Tuesday. It is sufficient for the present to point out that the days of interregnum in which it was not certain whether the Government were in earnest or not about the Arms Bill have been, singularly enough, marked by a return of the outcries which, since it was evident that they were in earnest about the Coercion Bill, had almost ceased. No better proof could be given of the danger of Governments playing fast and loose, if indeed any proof were needed of a thing so evident and indisputable.

Although, however, the introduction of the Peace Preservation Bill (to give it its proper title) is a matter for the sincerest congratulation, the arrangement which the Government have adopted in reference to the general pro-

cess of business cannot be considered satisfactory. It is sure to be, and indeed has already been, a source of complications; it is nearly certain to result in a great loss of time, and it has disclosed several new and unpleasant proofs of the awkwardness of the state of argument. According to the theory which was generally held, the House had voted itself into this state once for all, in respect not merely to the Coercion Bill, but to the Arms Bill. The Government and the SPEAKER, however, held a different view, and it was accordingly necessary, after declaring urgency to have ceased on Monday, to get it re-voted on Tuesday. The new condition of duress, however, is a sufficiently curious one. The House, according to the theory which has now been authoritatively promulgated, can give itself what used in old days to be called "day-rules," whenever it pleases. It can be urgent one day with one thing and not urgent another day with another, or it can be urgent with two things, but alternate the states of urgency. The Government have announced their intention of adopting this streaky arrangement as far as concerns the Arms Bill and the Army Estimates. Unluckily, however, urgency not having been voted for the latter, obstruction is still possible, and easy on the days when the fetters are unloosed, and advantage has not failed to be taken of the fact. It was indeed idle to suppose that the Irish members would be particularly grateful for the severe lesson they have recently had, or that they would abstain from reverting to their old tactics directly those tactics became applicable. They have not so abstained, and the immediate result was that Monday evening, when everybody was anxious that Mr. CHILDESS should make the statement which, under present circumstances, has an almost painful interest, was devoted to a discussion on Irish magistrates—a subject novel, practical, and important in about equal degrees. Very unfortunately, too, it happened that the HOME SECRETARY had, in Mr. FORSTER'S absence, to take charge of the introduction of the Arms Bill. The speech in which he performed that duty had several merits, but among those merits that of a conciliatory attitude was not included. Men much milder mannered and much more public-spirited than the scattered joints of Mr. PARNELL'S tail might well have resented Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S peculiar method of dressing wounds with vinegar and cayenne pepper. The consequence is that not merely may strenuous opposition, carried to the utmost possible limit, be expected to the Arms Bill itself, but that it is extremely improbable that much, if any, progress will be made with other business on the nights on which the Government propose not to take that measure. The outbursts of Mr. DILLON and Mr. ILIALLY on Thursday were directly traceable to the HOME SECRETARY'S provocation, inexcusable as they were in themselves. Considering the unvarying readiness with which the Opposition have given way to the demands of Ministers, they may perhaps complain, with some justice, that Ministers should go out of their way to make the progress of business difficult, if not impossible—first, by frittering away time through the division of urgency and not urgency, and, secondly, by needlessly embittering discussions which are bitter enough already. It really must have seemed to any bystander on Tuesday night that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was trying to cover the intention of the Government to back out of the Arms Bill by the violence of his attack upon undoubtedly guilty parties.

The most serious part of the matter, however, remains to be noticed. It was pointed out last week that the worst point of urgency in the present is that it involves urgency in the future. The House has got itself into the position of the narcotist who, having begun to take chloral or morphia to make himself sleep, finds himself unable to sleep without morphia or chloral. Urgency for the Estimates is perhaps as unconstitutional a notion on the face of it as can be conceived; yet without it is extremely hard to see how any money is to be got. Nor is it for a moment to be supposed that the ill will of the coerced members of Parliament will limit itself to supply or to the important branches of public business. Already on the rare occasions upon which minor measures have shown their faces in the House, they have usually met with cruel treatment from the Irish representatives on the well-known and constantly practised principle of relieving your feelings upon a small boy in the crowd. If urgency on Coercion Bills and urgency on Supply should be followed by urgency on Alkali Bills and urgency on measures intended to rescue infants from the cruel victimizer whom Mr. DOBSON loathes, it would be a capital

The new urgency rule, which has since fallen into contempt and disuse, and with which urgency is now regarded as being strengthened by the later developments and variations of its nature. It is, to say the least, not good for the authority of the SPEAKER that he should produce rules in the afternoon and withdraw them at midnight, and the inconveniences of continued urgency, which are to some extent in evidence, seem likely to be less than the evils of the new intermittent urgency. According to the decision to which we have already referred, not merely may urgency be taken off and on at pleasure, but the House can free itself from it by a simple majority. A little reflection will show that this throws much too great power into the hands of the Government of the day. They may obtain the original consent of the Opposition by combining good provisions with more dubious ones in the same measure, and when they have secured the latter, they may by the aid of their majority release themselves from urgency, and go to other business. It may be said, of course, that something must always be left to the operation of proper feeling and common sense. Unluckily, experience is hardly necessary to show that proper feeling and common sense are not the motives most powerful in party struggles, and if experience were wanted, it has abundantly been supplied of late. For the present the prospects of business cannot be said to look rosy, and the generalship of the Government has hardly been such as to inspire much confidence in their power to make them look rosier.

THE PROTECTION BILL.

THE Bill for the Protection of Life and Property has finally passed the House of Commons; and there was never any doubt that it would be favourably received by the House of Lords. It will be easy to taunt the peers with their alleged indifference to constitutional safeguards; but it is not surprising that a just and necessary measure should be approved by an Assembly in which the classes which opposed the Bill in the House of Commons are wholly unrepresented. The unanimity of the English and Scotch members in the House of Commons was scarcely impaired by the alliance of a dozen extreme Radicals with the Irish Obstructors. It is true that some moderate and respectable Irish members voted against the Bill, though they abstained from factious opposition; but some allowance must be made for natural deference to the prejudice or constituencies. The Home Rulers who declined to acknowledge Mr. PARNELL as their leader expressed in strong language their detestation of the crimes which the Bill is designed to repress. Parliament only goes a step further in the logical inference that the criminals ought to be deprived of the immunity which they have hitherto enjoyed. Their tender-hearted friends and patrons have secured for them lenient treatment in prison, and outdoor relief, in case of need, for their wives and children. In sterner times offenders who will, with few exceptions, be to the knowledge of the authorities guilty, would not have been allowed the comparative immunities of unconvicted prisoners; but in a doubtful case it is reasonable and right to incline to the side of mercy. If some of the ordinary perpetrators of outrage and assassination deem it prudent to seek the congenial society of Mr. DEVOY and Mr. DONOVAN ROSSA on the other side of the Atlantic, their presence may willingly be spared. It is to be regretted that they should escape punishment; but the most important point is that the country should be relieved of their presence. Non-professional amateurs who indulge in occasional persecution and intimidation of their peaceable neighbours will probably suspend their operations, since they can no longer rely on the fears or the sympathy of witnesses and juries.

In moving the third reading of the Bill Mr. FORSTER confessed that he would have been glad to obtain the powers which it confers on the Executive in November last, but he has persuaded himself that Parliament at that time would not have been prepared to do its duty; and the Government therefore thought it better to neglect its own. The consequence of the delay was a vast and rapid extension of the power of the Land League; and the temporary attainment through the greater part of Ireland of the objects of the conspiracy. Mr. FORSTER'S statement proves that the Government was in possession of evidence which would have justified immediate legislation; and

they had no new evidence known enough to confirm the same conclusion. It is possible that the House of Commons may have been more ready to act in January than in November; but it is scarcely the business of a responsible Government to depend on capricious changes of popular sentiment. The peaceable part of the Irish community had for some months before the beginning of the Session indignantly condemned the inaction of the Ministers. If they had proposed the Protection Bill earlier, they would have had no additional argument to encounter, for the conventional cant of repugnance to exceptional measures was as rife in the late winter as in the autumn. As the overwhelming majority of the House of Commons were content to swallow its scruples, it is not worth while to inquire whether they ought to have prevailed. In the course of the debates several opponents of the Bill enumerated the thirty or forty Coercion Acts which have been required by the condition of Ireland between the Union and the present time. It is a legitimate inference that more vigorous methods of repressing agrarian crime than those provided by ordinary English law are habitually required. It is but recently that remedies of financial paradox or commonplace have ceased to ball the Income-tax an extraordinary impost only justifiable in time of war. As it has endured for nearly forty years of almost uninterrupted peace, its place in the fiscal system begins to be recognized. In the same way it may be argued that Coercion Bills have almost become a part of the ordinary law of Ireland.

Of another motive which probably determined the policy of the Government Mr. FORSTER could scarcely be expected to speak; nor could there be any advantage in recalling past misadventures, if there was not reason to fear that they may be repeated. Mr. FORSTER, according to general belief, proposed that Parliament should be summoned before Christmas, and he is thought to have been overruled in deference to the objections of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Both Ministers at the beginning of November declared, apparently in answer to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Guildhall speech, that they were opposed in principle to coercion; and they implied that their continuance in office depended on the acceptance of their decision by their colleagues. Mr. BRIGHT added the general proposition that force is no remedy for disorder; and indeed he raised a doubt by expressions used some weeks afterwards whether he wished the existing form of disorder to cease. In his letter to Lord CAMARON he exulted over the spectacle of landlords running for their lives, as if he deemed that their life and property were not entitled to protection. The same baneful influence seemed a few days ago likely again to prevail. The *Standard*, as the semi-official organ of the Birmingham Ministers, announced the probable postponement of the Arms Bill. Among other insufficient reasons for the delay, attention was specially called to the scruples of a certain section of the Ministry, or, in other words, of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Their objections to restraint imposed on agrarian criminals were intelligible; and indeed they corresponded to the formula which is frequently recited and explained away in the House of Commons. The arguments against interference with the armament of the population are more difficult to understand. The conscientious opponent of war, which must include civil war, ought not to facilitate the acquisition by possible insurgents of rifles and ammunition. It may perhaps be a negative constitutional right to carry arms, as long as arms are not usually carried; but, as soon as danger is apprehended, the prohibition of the use or possession of deadly weapons is obviously expedient and just. It is universally admitted that the Ministers committed a blunder in not renewing, as their predecessors had intended, the Peace Preservation Act, which is principally directed against the supply of arms to the population. Their enemies assert that their refusal to revive the Act was the result of party considerations. That they had miscalculated is sufficiently proved by their introduction of a Peace Preservation Act, and also by the inclusion of the measure in the declaration of urgency. If they had abandoned the Bill they would not have been at liberty to defend themselves on the cynical ground which is suggested by some of their supporters. It has been argued that if, as Mr. Justice FITZGERALD said, every farm servant has a gun or a revolver, it is too late to prevent a mischief which is already complete. It is, indeed, difficult to discover arms which are easily concealed, but the power

of seizing them would in many cases be useful to the police; and if, as is generally believed, there is still a large importation of arms into Ireland, some good may be done by prohibition. The conscientious objection to proposals for intercepting instruments of murder deserves no respect. Lord HARTINGTON'S announcement that the Peace Preservation Act is to be passed relieved those who wished to support the Government from anxiety and embarrassment. Mr. DILLON has since informed the House of Commons that the arms in the possession of farmers under the influence of the Land League ought in his judgment to be used to murder landlords until the people were strong enough to engage in civil war. It is true that some of Mr. DILLON'S colleagues were shocked by his audacious defence of assassination.

The Ministers who took part in the recent debates have, with the remarkable exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, repeatedly endeavoured to reconcile the Radicals to the Protection Bill, by holding out the prospect of a comprehensive or confiscating Land Bill. Mr. BRIGGS can scarcely have intended to prepare the way for disappointment when he assured the House that the Government measure would satisfy politicians of his own opinions. Mr. FORSTER censured the obstructive party for delaying the introduction of a measure which, as he submitted, was to remove the great and legitimate grievances of the Irish nation. The mischief and the remedy have both been recently discovered. Only eleven years ago Mr. GLADSTONE carried a measure which, as he then thought, relieved the tenants from all risk of injustice. A mere proposal to correct casual oversights in the Bill of 1870 would be rejected by the agitators and by the excited population. If the widely spread belief in the moderation of Mr. GLADSTONE'S opinions on the subject is well founded, his colleagues have done him no service by any preliminary flourish of trumpets. The Irish tenants and the land theorists who are anxious to assail the system of landed property expect some large and indefinite concession. Neither class understands that the improvement of the permanent condition of the occupier is a more difficult and complicated task than the spoliation of the landlords. If the present holder were relieved of the whole or of a part of his rent, the next purchaser of his tenant-right would pay the full rack-rent for the land. Modern projectors attribute to legislation the unlimited power which Bacchanalian poets ascribed to good wishes sanctified by libations of wine—

We'll drink the sickly into health,
We'll drink the wanting into wealth—

but no law which has yet been proposed will secure the petty farmers of Connaught against periodical famine. It will also not be easy to provide against a renewal of the Land League agitation. Tenant-farmers will still be liable to pay rent, and they will be as able as now to withhold payment. It would have been judicious not to exalt beforehand the merits and the scope of the Land Bill.

THE ABANDONMENT OF CANDAHAR.

THE long promised debate in the House of Lords on the Candahar question had been preceded by so much discussion of the matter that few persons of any intelligence can have felt at a loss for the material necessary to come to a conclusion. On the one side, that which favours the relinquishment of the position, were to be found a few able, experienced, and impartial authorities, a few pledged advocates of the backward Indian policy, and a very large number of persons, with HER MAJESTY'S Ministers at their head, who had made up their minds to pay no attention to any reasoning on the subject. It has long been obvious that, of the considerable budget of principles and promises which was unpacked at the general election, the entire abandonment of Afghanistan was the one to which the Government clung most desperately. On other points they were compelled before very long to manifest once more the painful difference between "ins" and "outs"; but here, it was clear, they meant to stick. Their faithful followers, therefore, have no choice but to stick with them, and, to do them justice, they have done so. On the other side, the side of retention, were in like manner to be found a few advocates of the forward policy at any price, and a considerable number of qualified, and presumably impartial, experts. But while the rank and file of the partisans of the Government have had next to no

reasons to show for their partisanship, the great body of those who look upon the proposed abandonment of Candahar with regret, do so, not because of any *parti pris*, but simply because in the circumstances it seems to them that Candahar ought to be retained. The difference between the constitution and methods of procedure of the two parties was emphasized by the publication of the recent Blue-Book of military opinions. It was very noteworthy that almost all those officers who were in favour of retiring originally delivered their opinions before the events of last autumn. Some of them have changed those opinions since, some of them have apparently thought consistency a better thing than openness to new impressions. But it cannot be too often pointed out that the opponents of the abandonment of Candahar base their opposition solely on existing circumstances and the actual progress of events. The masterly memorandum which Sir BARTLE FRERE published on Thursday does not indeed deal with the whole question, but the principle which it inculcates, that of approaching that question only with a full appreciation of the facts, and not on abstract considerations, is the sound, and the only sound, one to go upon.

The debate itself exhibited with sufficient faithfulness the characteristics of the preliminary discussion. On Thursday night, in the House of Lords, as for many weeks past in the columns of certain newspapers, the advocates of the Government might be seen and heard discussing the abstract strategic capabilities of Candahar, the cost of its occupation according to the estimates of a pledged foe of that occupation, and many other things of the same interesting, but curiously irrelevant, kind. Even the celebrated opinions of the late Lord SANDHURST and the late Lord LAWRENCE, neither of whom lived to see the state of affairs which has to be considered, were once more extracted from their venerable scabbards and brandished in the face of the irreverent persons who prefer to judge the cases of to-day according to to-day's circumstances. On the other hand, Lord LYTON and Lord SALISBURY, the latter entirely, the former for the most part, confined themselves to arguments of the strictest actuality. Lord LYTON was indeed compelled by his position to give a kind of historical introduction to his speech, and his adversaries naturally fastened upon this. But Lord SALISBURY gave them no such handle, and Lord NORTHBROOK in his reply almost literally confessed and avoided the unanswerable exposition of the changed situation which was given by the late Foreign Secretary. It is certainly the very madness of political absorption in things that are past that any one should think that the well-worn jeer about Lord SALISBURY'S former affection for large maps is an answer to his argument. When Lord SALISBURY made that remark, there was a strong—as many people thought an impregnable—barrier between Russia and Afghanistan. The barrier is gone, and the largest map can only exhibit the Russian outposts on the borders of the province of Herat. It is better surely to approach the subject in the attitude of Lord DERBY, who frankly says that the constitencies have settled all questions about Afghanistan beforehand, and that the House of Lords is not likely to be attended to by the present Government, than to ignore facts in the absurd fashion of some of Lord SALISBURY'S critics. Lord DERBY'S position is not heroic, certainly it cannot be said to be dignified, and if it were adopted by the Peers the uselessness of the House of Lords would become sufficiently evident. It may give rise to curious reflections as to the mental idiosyncrasy of the man who maintains it; but, at any rate, it has the merit of not confusing the events of 1880 with the events of the year 1. Lord DERBY is almost the only defender of the abandonment of Candahar who seems to have appreciated anything which has happened since the year before last. He has heard of the general election, and it has produced a considerable effect on him. His associates in this business may have heard of the battle of Maiwand and the capture of Gook Tepe, but it has produced no effect upon them at all.

The idle, and in every sense of the word impertinent, attempts which have been made to discount the verdict of the Lords, need only be mentioned, not seriously discussed. Those persons who affect to consider the House of Lords as an unpractical debating Society are themselves perfectly aware that on such a subject as this it speaks with greater force than any popularly elected assembly can by any possibility do. A considerable num-

ber of the peers are men of actual military experience; a proportion far larger than in the Lower House consists of practised statesmen who have given their lives to the consideration of questions of public policy; many of the members have reached the Upper Chamber solely in virtue of their proved intellectual distinction; almost all are independent of the side motives which act so powerfully on most members of the Lower House. The attempt, however, to which reference has been made is on a par with the attempt to mix up the Candahar question with that of the original Afghan war, of Lord LYTON's designs on Russia years ago, and a hundred other things utterly irrelevant. The real question, which has been made sufficiently clear in the debate, is this. We are at Candahar, no matter how or why. If we abandon it, it can only be reached again by an advance, of the difficulties and expense of which we had bitter experience but six months ago. Retirement will assuredly create a bad impression in India; and it is at least unlikely that it will conduce to the establishment of a stable and friendly Afghanistan. Meanwhile, on the other side of the country which we are so lightly quitting another Power is making the most persevering advances. Against this, putting aside entirely irrelevant and out-of-date arguments, nothing can be said, or has been said, except that the occupation of Candahar would be very expensive, that it would serve as a kind of seton to keep the Afghans in perpetual irritation, and that for military purposes it is not the best or even a good situation. The first two arguments rest upon disputed facts; and even if the facts be granted, they are not decisive. The largest sum mentioned as likely to be expended on retaining Candahar would be a trifle to the expense involved in a fresh Afghan war—and perhaps something more than an Afghan war. The irritation of the Afghans would be powerless, while their good will has unfortunately been shown by experience to be a thing impossible to secure anyhow. As for the military merits of Candahar the question, as Sir BARTLE FRERE has well put it, is not shall we go to Candahar, but shall we stay there? and the events of the campaign of last summer have sufficiently proved the importance of the place as a matter of fact. The balance of argument thus seemed before the debate to lie altogether on the side of retention, and we do not observe that anything said on the other side has altered it. In face of the dogged and unreasoning resolution of the Government argument may of course be useless, but it at least liberates the souls of those who have patiently undertaken it. If a great calamity or a huge additional outlay of money results—as one or the other almost certainly will result in a few years—from the abandonment of Candahar, the blame of that abandonment, effected as it will have been in the face of light and knowledge, will rest on the heads of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues without the possibility of evasion.

ARMY ORGANIZATION.

MR. CHILDERS had so many topics to treat, and had necessarily to deal with them in so brief a manner, that it is not easy on a first perusal of his speech to understand the general purpose of the changes he contemplates. But the elaborate and complicated details into which he entered may be arranged in a fairly methodical shape if they are taken in connexion with the mischiefs he endeavoured to remedy. The main defects in our present system of army organization are three. The men are not the right men, the officers are not sufficiently encouraged, and we have not in hand an adequate force for the emergencies of little wars. The men are too young, they are neither disciplined nor hardened before being subjected to the exposure and trials of difficult campaigns, and the large demand of India for acclimatized soldiers is most imperfectly met. The great grievance of the officers is that they are liable to be turned out of their profession in the prime of life, and at the moment when they have acquired a complete knowledge of their ordinary duties. Militia and Volunteer officers exist almost on sufferance, and with a very bare recognition of their merits. Non-commissioned officers are neither paid nor rewarded sufficiently to induce them to devote themselves to their calling with that persistency and energy on which the efficiency of the army largely depends. When a little war breaks out, or a disaster has to be retrieved, there is no complete force ready to be despatched.

The boys of one regiment have to be supplemented by the boys of another, the officers do not know their men, and the motley group which bears the name of a regiment is ill prepared for war, and totally unprepared for exposure. Mr. CHILDERS has honestly tried to grapple with these evils, and although his proposals do not go so far in some respects as might be wished, and it is difficult to understand in some cases how they will bear the fruits he anticipates, they are, on the whole, changes for the better, and, if imperfect, are in the right direction.

The system of short service at present in operation has two incontestable advantages; it attracts recruits and furnishes a reserve. The men engaged serve six years with the colours and six years with the Reserve. As the men on active service are not, under this system, sufficiently seasoned, the obvious remedy seems to be to extend the term for which the men are engaged; and Lord AIREY's Commission recommended that the term should be lengthened by two and a half years. But this change would, it is apprehended, check the flow of recruits; and men could only be induced to engage for the longer term by the attractions of higher bounties and of pensions, which would impose on the country an annual charge of a million and a half sterling. Mr. CHILDERS does not contest that the army would be a better army if this additional outlay were made; but he says that the country would not stand it, and that no Minister would dream of asking that it should stand it. It must be understood, therefore, that Mr. CHILDERS proposes that we should have, not the best army we can buy, but the best army we are willing to pay for. Accordingly, he falls back on a proposal which is only second-best, but which is practicable, and suggests that, while the term of engagement remains unaltered, the men shall serve seven years with the colours, and only five with the Reserve. In order to strengthen the numbers of the Reserve, he proposes that men after only a short service at home shall be allowed to pass into the Reserve with inferior pay, but with deferred liability to be called out. This would certainly strengthen the Reserve, but it would proportionately diminish the supply of trained and seasoned men at hand for active service. The main contribution of Mr. CHILDERS to the efficiency of the rank and file is the proposal that no one shall be allowed to enlist under the age of nineteen, and that every one who calls himself nineteen must in stature and strength have the appearance of the age he claims. The special needs of India are in some degree met by the suggestions that no one shall go out to India till he is twenty, that soldiers in India shall serve with the colours for eight years instead of seven, and that those who wish to do so may remain in India for two years longer. These are all improvements; but it will be observed that, when they are all carried out, the soldier who enlists at nineteen will leave India, at the latest, when he is twenty-nine. This is a very early age for India to lose the men best fitted to encounter the difficulties of an Oriental campaign; while, on the other hand, there was much force in a remark made by Lord EUSTACE CLICHL that, even under the new system, soldiers will begin their Indian life too early, and that it would be better if it could be arranged that no one should be sent to India until he was twenty-one.

Mr. CHILDERS drew a dismal but just picture of the present prospects of junior officers. As things now stand, out of one thousand officers who enter the line as second lieutenants, no less than 581 will be compulsorily retired as captains at the age of forty on 200*l.* a year. Only 216 have any chance of becoming employed as majors, and only 139 as lieutenant-colonels. In due time, as a consequence of these enforced retirements, there will be up and down the country nearly 4,500 captains, ejected from the army at the early age of forty, and costing the country 900,000*l.* a year, besides some five hundred more compulsorily retired as majors. Mr. CHILDERS proposes to guard against this absurd result by increasing the number of the higher officers and lessening the number of the lower. All regiments are to be henceforward double battalion regiments, and in the double battalion regiment of the future there are to be 4 lieutenant-colonels instead of 2, and 8 majors instead of 4; while, on the other hand, the 20 captains of the present system are to be cut down to 12 and the 34 subalterns to 30. The effect of this will be that the regiment will have six officers less than at present, and the pay of the six officers saved will be transferred to the maintenance of more officers of a higher grade. Whether the regiment as a

whole will benefit by the change is not entirely clear, but there can be no doubt that it is very much to the advantage of the captains. Instead of 216, no less than 516 officers out of 1,000 may now hope to reach the rank of major, and even those who do not attain this rank in the ordinary course of promotion will be allowed to go on a list of unattached majors, and to hope during an allotted time that an opportunity of acting as majors may be offered them. If no such opportunity offers, they must leave the army at the age of forty-three, with their 200*l.* a year as at present, but they will leave with the honorary rank of lieutenant-colonel. Even at the worst, therefore, disappointed captains will have the consolation of a well-sounding title, and a similar consolation has been devised to soothe the aggrieved minds of Militia and Volunteer officers. They are to furnish 4 aides-de-camp to the QUEEN, they are to have 25 ribands of the Bath thrown open to them, and, after a certain length of service, they are to be allowed to retain their rank and wear their uniform. Colonel WALTON, on behalf of the Volunteers, assured Mr. CHILDERS that the concession thus made to the Force would be most highly appreciated by it.

The third object, that of having an army ready for the contingencies of minor wars, is one that, as Mr. CHILDERS assured the House, has lately been much weighing on his mind, as indeed it has on the minds of many who do not hold so responsible a position. Mr. CHILDERS proposes to increase the army by nearly 3,000 men, and to have always ready for service twelve regiments at home and six in the Mediterranean, the former being, with their depôts, each 1,100 strong, and the latter each 1,000 strong. There would thus be in round numbers nearly twenty thousand troops of the line ready for immediate service, and there would also be three battalions of the Guards, six regiments of cavalry, and seventeen batteries of horse and field artillery. This is no doubt a most respectable force of its kind, and it will be a bright day for England when it exists anywhere but on paper. Reliefs for India are to be managed on a new plan. A battalion stationed there will remain no less than sixteen years, but both officers and men will be changed at the end of eight years, and this change will be made principally in the interest of India, which will thus escape a considerable portion of the heavy charges imposed by the present system of reliefs. Localization, instead of being abandoned, is to be intensified. Two battalions of the line and two battalions of Militia are to be formed into territorial regiments wearing the same uniform, with only a very slight distinction to mark the Militia from the line. Some intricate arrangements have been devised for the Highland regiments, so that they shall be grouped in pairs and have plaids and trews so appropriate as not to wound their susceptibilities. Lastly, very considerable things are to be done for the non-commissioned officers. They are to have an assured military career of twenty-one years ending with a pension. During the last nine of these years they are to have increased pay, and after fifteen or sixteen years' service sergeants may be transferred to the permanent staff of their Militia battalions. It may be hoped, therefore, that intelligent and well-conducted privates will regard the calling of a non-commissioned officer as one to which it will be worth their while to aspire, to which they may profitably and honourably devote their lives, and which will give them an opportunity of rendering a real service to their country by imparting coherence and efficiency to the domestic portion of the territorial regiments.

THE GREEK CONTROVERSY.

THE latest Blue-book adds little to the history of the Greek controversy; but it perhaps brings into stronger light the practical divergence of English and French policy. Lord GRANVILLE almost strains the forms of diplomatic politeness when he remarks, not without justice, that M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE uses arguments against the Greek claims in which he had been anticipated by the Turks. M. ST.-HILAIRE to a certain extent admits the charge when he replies that his reasons were good, whether or not the Turks might have already relied on the same considerations. The English Government hesitated to concur in the abortive project of arbitration; and at last the Minister at Athens was instructed to abstain from any argument which would imply an intention of receding

from the decision of the Berlin Conference. He was, nevertheless, desired not to communicate the resolution to the Greek Government. It is possible that M. COMBON-DUROS may have been astute enough to observe the reticence of the English Minister, especially as it contrasted with the more unqualified language of his French colleague. Prince BISMARCK on more than one occasion expressed a general concurrence in the opinions of the English Government, though he consistently declined to take any course which might result in active interference. Baron HAYMERLE, though he was ready to join in the French scheme of arbitration, was still more reluctant than the German Government to run any risk of war. It is possible that almost all the Cabinets may have foreseen the failure of the arbitration scheme. As their consent was dependent on applications to be made by both the Greek and Turkish Governments, it was not difficult to understand that the French proposal would lead to no practical result. The English Government is not to be blamed for stipulating that, after the experiment had been tried and had failed, it should cause no incidental change of policy. The same reserve has in substance been maintained in the negotiations at Constantinople. There is not, perhaps, much practical importance in a verbal assertion of the continuing validity of the Berlin decree; but there is always a presumption in favour of withholding diplomatic concessions until they can be made for sufficient consideration. It is barely possible that the Turks may consent to a larger surrender of territory, because they have been warned that, if their offers are not sufficiently liberal, the title of Greece to Janina and Metzovo will be recognized by England.

The study of the despatches produces a curious impression of the unavoidable or self-imposed helplessness of Powers which might be deemed irresistible. All Europe wishes, or professes to wish, that Turkey and Greece should remain at peace, and yet the Governments are disturbed by well-founded apprehensions that war is imminent. The obvious reason of their inability to command obedience is the determination of the majority of Powers to abstain from the employment of force. For some years Mr. GLADSTONE has in many eloquent speeches affirmed that the obstinacy of Turkey could be easily overcome by the European concert which his political opponents were supposed either to have prevented or not to have invoked. When he succeeded to the direction of affairs, he seemed by assembling the unanimous Conference of Berlin to have proved the justice of his favourite doctrine. France at that time agreed with the policy of England, and the other Governments were willing that the Western Powers should settle the dispute by influence or by force. Germany and Austria were with difficulty induced to join in the naval demonstration, and they obstinately refused to go further. Mr. GLADSTONE had not overrated the collective force of Europe, but he had not appreciated the difficulty of setting it in motion. He now finds that the concert has resolved itself into neutrality, only disturbed by diplomatic representations. There is no reason to fear that his Government will engage in the unjustifiable enterprise of war with Turkey. The policy of Russia is imperfectly understood; but the other Continental Powers are agreed in their desire to confine the impending war within the narrowest limits. To effect their object, they have nothing to do but to keep the peace themselves and to urge on minor or dependent States the adoption of the same policy; yet M. ST.-HILAIRE is never tired of pathetically remonstrating against a possible convulsion which may profoundly modify the condition of Europe. It would be rash to say that his apprehensions are wholly unfounded; but there is a certain absurdity in the assumption that States animated by friendly feelings to another are at the mercy of events which might produce a general war. M. ST.-HILAIRE's fears were first communicated to the Greek Government, which would welcome a general commotion. The Great Powers are not likely to quarrel, except of deliberate purpose and for important objects. France, Germany, and Austria are bent on maintaining peace; and there is no reason to believe that Russia has any present intention of prosecuting schemes of aggrandizement. Italy has little interest in the Eastern question; and the English Government will assuredly not engage in war.

The language of the Greeks has not become less warlike, except that they have promised to await the issue

of the negotiations at Constantinople; but Sir CHARLES DILKE lately stated in the House of Commons that they have not called out their last reserve. In default of local knowledge, it is impossible to judge whether the postponement of the measure implies incomplete preparation for war. The Chamber has lately approved a Bill for admitting foreign officers into the Greek service; but it is not known whether the European Governments will allow their subjects to accept the offer. It would perhaps have been judicious to take the step at an earlier period. In the Greek army there can scarcely be an officer of high or low rank who has seen actual service. In consequence of remonstrance from the Turkish Minister at Athens, the Greek Government has issued a proclamation against brigandage or irregular fighting on the Northern frontier. If war breaks out, the invading army will probably be joined by a part of the population. Any hopes which may have been founded on the supposed disaffection of the Albanians to the SULTAN have been already dissipated. Some kind of understanding has been established with the League, which is now likely to join in the defence of North-Western Epirus against the Greeks. There will be a certain awkwardness in prosecuting a war of liberation against the inhabitants of a part of the territory to be annexed. Even if the regular Turkish troops were withdrawn, it is doubtful whether a Greek army could occupy Janina if the Albanians desire to defend it. It would be better for the Greeks to acquire without war a considerable accession of territory, and to wait for probable occasions of further aggrandizement. All the Powers, including France, profess general goodwill to the Greek cause; and some of them are sincere. A general disruption of the residue of the Turkish Empire in Europe would probably be disadvantageous to the Greek cause.

While some readers examine the published despatches for the purpose of calculating the chances of war and peace, many politicians are rather anxious to find evidence in support of their preconceived opinions of the sound or erroneous policy of the Government. If war is, as some of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers think, the greatest of evils, his Government cannot be acquitted on the charge of having brought Greece and Turkey to the verge of a rupture. The violent language which had been used in Opposition had some influence in deterring the Government from continuing the policy which had been the object of incessant vituperation. If the late Ministers had remained in office, there would have been no question of a Greek invasion of Thessaly; and it is possible that their successors might have adjourned immediate action if they had not been misled by the capricious policy of France. Mr. GLADSTONE had created difficulties for himself by his attacks upon Austria, which, as he ought to have known, was intimately allied with Germany. It is not surprising that he was encouraged to agitate the question of the Greek claims by the acquiescence of all the Powers in the Conference of Berlin and in the naval demonstration. Having, at last, gratified his fanciful enthusiasm for Montenegro, he hoped to achieve a similar triumph in the interest of Greece. The decision of the Conference, and the subsequent action of the Powers in the Adriatic, naturally caused the Greeks to arm. The English Government, which may have been rash in stimulating their ambition, perhaps deserves credit for its constancy to their cause; but statesmen are bound to succeed, as well as to be benevolent and generous. If a considerable territory inhabited by Greek Christians is liberated without inordinate sacrifices from the Turkish yoke, the English Government will have no reason to regret its hazardous diplomacy. The alternative result of a long and bloody war, and perhaps of a defeat of the Greek enterprise, will involve a heavy responsibility. It is not necessary to consider the remote contingency of a war in which England might be a party.

A SCHOOL BOARD FREAK.

THE strongest advocates of the compulsory clauses of the Education Act must have been moved to a momentary repentance by the appearance presented by the London School Board in the Wandsworth Police-court last Tuesday. It was obvious from the first that the application of the power of forcing parents to send their children to an elementary school

would be a matter of considerable delicacy. It was necessary that the School Board should possess the power, inasmuch as, without it, a large class of parents would continue to sacrifice the children's interest to their own; but as such an exercise of authority was likely to irritate those who had to submit to it, very great care was plainly required not to give the enemies of the Board any occasion to charge it with harshness. Nor was it only for the Board's own sake that this forbearance was required. To interfere between parents and children may sometimes be an inevitable, but it is always a very delicate, operation. There is no point upon which people are more sensitive, and none on which they have a clearer right to be protected against, than needless intrusion. The proceedings at Wandsworth do not merely reflect discredit on the discretion of the London School Board. Perhaps, as the object of their zeal has been a solicitor, and is now classical reader in a great printing office, the mass of the people who are summoned from time to time to appear before Mr. PAGET may be rather pleased than otherwise to find that "gentlefolk" come off no better than they do themselves. Even from this point of view, however, there is something to be said by way of caution. It will not answer for the School Board in the long run to have its cases dismissed with costs. If any considerable number of parents find that the School Board Superintendent is sharply censured by the police magistrate, and is told that the Board ought never to have dreamed of instituting proceedings on the evidence before it, the deference paid by the poor to the Visitors' warnings will be very much lessened. To hold out against his remonstrance will come to be regarded not as the certain prelude to the infliction of a fine, but simply as the first move in a game which two can play at. The larger the number of parents summoned before a police magistrate, the more indisposed he will ordinarily be to convict any large proportion of them. Vague fears of unpleasant consequences to arise from keeping children at home are by far the most efficacious means of getting them to school, and, as evidence to the tender-heartedness of the police magistrate multiplies, this fear loses its influence.

In the present case, however, the Board was not merely careless of its own interest, and, by consequence, of the interest of the ratepayers. Had its error ended here, it would have been sufficiently punished by the ridicule which the proceedings cast on the action of its visitors. But, in the process of making itself absurd, it went out of its way to annoy a man with whom, properly speaking, it was not at all concerned. The Visitor of a certain street in Wandsworth had observed, it seems, that when the children whom he could trace to the several houses had been seen off to school, there was one family left behind which apparently needed no education. This was so shocking an exception that he felt compelled to make an immediate investigation into the reason of it. Apparently, however, he approached the inquiry with a preconceived determination that it should have but one result. In that particular street—a street from which thirty-five children daily went forth to the nearest Board school—no plea could be held sufficient to justify the keeping of a child at home. When the mystery of iniquity had been sounded to its depths, it turned out that this misguided householder had presumed to think that his wife was competent to teach her own children. Whether the Visitor is of opinion that no limit should be placed to the interference of the School Board does not appear. Possibly, if left to himself, he would like to drag every child in London to a Board school. In practice, however, he no doubt recognizes that there is a point beyond which he must not go; but he was not of opinion that a mere solicitor—though he might also be a good classical scholar—could make good his claim to exemption. Had the father turned out to be the President of the Incorporated Law Society or a Professor at one of the Universities, the Visitor would probably have retired from the chase, but no lesser eminence than this could content him. What makes the whole case more extraordinary is that the defendant told the magistrate that he had offered to submit his child to be examined on behalf of the School Board, but that he had received for answer an intimation that he must send her to school. The School Board was resolved to rush upon its fate. To CÆSAR, in the person of Mr. PAGET, it appealed, and to CÆSAR it accordingly went. It is to be hoped that the result of its appeal will suggest to it

some elementary considerations of prudence which may serve to keep it out of harm's way another time. The intention of Parliament in passing the Education Act was not to give School Boards a summary power of searching for children in private houses, whether there is or is not any decent reason for supposing that they are being allowed to go untaught. The Legislature meant to remedy a patent and flagrant evil. Some millions of children were growing up in a state of ignorance which was certain to hamper them in earning a livelihood, and consequently not unlikely to lead them into crime. If the streets of London are at all a fair test of the success with which the Act has been worked, there is still considerable room for the exercise of the School Board's energies without its being necessary to touch a single child whose inability to read and write may not be proved by the application of the simplest test. Why it should please this well-meaning but wrong-headed body to wander into fields where success must at best be so doubtful as the one they have been working at Wandsworth is really past explanation. We say the field into which it has pleased the School Board to wander, because it is not merely in the selection of the particular case that the error lies. The street which this energetic Visitor chose for the scene of his labours is described as being made up of houses letting at average rents of 12s. 6d. a week. Whether the rent is put at so much a week by way of opprobrium is not quite clear; but, at all events, 12s. 6d. a week is more than 30l. a year. Now, the ability and willingness to pay a rental of this amount is pretty good evidence that those who pay it do not as a rule belong to the class for which educational compulsion is required. It is safe to say that the occupants of houses of this value are rather clerks than working-men, and that their notions of bringing up their children will commonly point to making them what they are themselves. Consequently, the commonest considerations of self-interest may be trusted to do the work of the School Board Visitor, and to do it far more efficiently than any such official can hope to do. A man who has to find 12s. 6d. a week for rent does not look forward to putting his children into employments in which it will be a matter of no importance whether they can read and write. For such occupations as he hopes to obtain for them the knowledge which they would obtain at a Board school is absolutely indispensable. A parent is subject to a form of indirect compulsion which is the more effectual because it is entirely self-acting. The unskilled labourer is under no such pressure, because the work to which he would send his child, if he were allowed to do so, needs no preliminary schooling whatever. But the work to which the clerk intends to send his child needs, at all events, an entire mastery of the rudimentary arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. If the School Board Visitor had been properly instructed by his superiors, he would certainly have understood this as soon as he heard the rental of the houses. If he had had any real instinct for his work, he would probably have known it as soon as he saw the character of the street. As it is, neither he nor the School Board seems to have had any just idea of their functions; and we can only regret that the School Board should not have had to pay more dearly for its blunder. Had the costs been heavier, the motive for amendment might have been stronger.

THE GERMAN MARRIAGE.

THE marriage of the heir of the Prussian and German Crowns has been marked with every sign of general respect and popular sympathy. The bridegroom, Prince WILLIAM, has had to the full all the benefits of education which it is the custom of the Royal House of Prussia to secure to the future sovereigns of the country. He has learnt his trade as an artisan, he has done duty with the Guards, he has studied political economy and criminal law in a University. Further, he has had the best of all educations, the home education of a son whose father is a great military leader and whose mother is one of the most accomplished and high-minded women of any rank in Europe. The bride is the daughter of that unfortunate Duke of AUGUSTENBERG whose political fate was settled in an hour in a billiard-room. Prince BISMARCK was not by any means sure but that he would raise the DUKE to the proud position of lord of Schleswig-Holstein. The courtly jurists of Germany had been instructed to prove that he had an unimpeachable title to the dignity. But when the PRINCE,

in his casual chatty way, entered on the subject of his pretensions with the DUKE, he found that the plan would not answer. He intimated that, although the DUKE might have Schleswig-Holstein, Prussia must have Kiel, and instead of replying with grateful humility that this was a matter of course, the DUKE began to calculate how many square miles of water the harbour of Kiel contained. There was an air of haggling about this which the PRINCE disliked, and before they left the room the PRINCE informed the DUKE that his claim was a chicken which Prussia had hatched, and the neck of which Prussia was perfectly able to wring. Its neck was wrung immediately, and the jurists at once showed that, in some mysterious way, the King of PRUSSIA had the clearest of all titles to the duchies. The DUKE's chance was gone, and he retired to obscurity and poverty. Now, at last, his family has its stroke of good luck, and his daughter is raised to a dignity far higher than any to which he himself ever aspired. The bride has probably gained by having had to live a life of enforced simplicity and retirement, and the German people like her all the better because she has been lifted from low to high estate, and because they think that little but personal affection could have guided the PRINCE in his choice. In point of lineage, however, she is all that could be wished, and if her husband is the QUEEN's grandson, she herself is the granddaughter of the QUEEN's half-sister. Everything was done to give solemnity to the marriage, and to show how much it pleased the Royal Family and the people. Prince BISMARCK could not be induced to leave his home on the occasion, but he never goes out now unless he appears in some very special emergency to abuse his former or present colleagues. But Count MOLTKE was present, as he is quite unaffected, and always appears when it is expected he should do so. Berlin, or at any rate the well-dressed portion of Berlin, is intensely loyal, and entered into the festivities with an ardour which the bitterest weather could not cool. Lastly, when the young PRINCE had to speak, he spoke with much good sense and propriety, and expressed a modest hope that he might be found to walk in the strict path of duty which it is the tradition of his house to follow.

From the days when the Electorate was raised to the rank of a kingdom the Royal Family of Prussia has always treated the work of being a king as a very serious piece of business. It has pronounced that the first duty of a king is to fight, to learn the trade of war, and to know by rough practical experience the duties of a soldier. His second duty is to know the secrets of economical administration, to take care of land and money, and to be a decent man of business. The world is looked on in Prussia as a hard place in which even a king, to hold his own, must know how to push and save. Partly from the exhibition of these qualities, and partly from the lingering traditions of a patriarchal society, the Royal Family of Prussia has always been extremely popular. In the course of time, and from a variety of causes, of which the example of Prussia was not the least powerful, the Prussian conception of royalty and its relation to the people has become almost universal throughout Europe. In these days sovereigns are, with very few exceptions, carefully trained, hard-working, and really liked and respected. It is astonishing, considering how few sovereigns there are and how completely their position is dependent on their birth, that there should be at the present time so many sovereigns who are in one way or another especially eminent. The QUEEN, the German EMPEROR, the Emperor of AUSTRIA, and the King of ITALY are all remarkable instances of rulers who are proficient in the difficult art of ruling exactly as those whom they rule wish them to rule. The King of the BELGIANS is one of the best educated men of his day, and as a scientific geographer has a reputation with which professional experts might be content. The King of PORTUGAL challenges criticism or commands admiration by translating one play of SHAKESPEARE after another into Portuguese. The King of SWEDEN ventures on original composition, and has just published Flowers from his Journal. The Czar, whatever may be his shortcomings, has at least tried great experiments for the good of his people. Even the young King of SPAIN, whose domestic educational advantages were not very great, has shown a firmness, passing almost into audacity, at what he considered to be a critical moment in his short reign. This invention of hard-working royalty is quite modern, and is one of the best of modern inventions. It cannot fail to have a power-

ful effect on the political history of Europe. Democracy is at once checked and represented by the Sovereign when a king works in his sphere very much as the humblest labourer works in his. Whatever envy, too, royalty might excite must be in some degree abated by the discovery that the life of a king grows more and more every day to be a life, not of pleasure, but of toil. Unfortunately, it has lately been shown to be a life of constant exposure to the attacks of assassins; but attempts at assassination have at least the salutary effect, not only of awakening popular enthusiasm for the intended victims, but of giving occasion to admire the consistency with which royalty takes the chance of personal danger as part of its day's work, and, therefore, not deserving of any special consideration.

The continued existence in the Prussian royal line of the high qualities which have endeared it to the Prussian people may serve to support the sinking courage of those Germans who witness with dismay the latest eccentricities of Prince BISMARCK. If the PRINCE is one mainstay of the new German Empire, the character of the Imperial House is another, and the day must come when the PRINCE will be no more, and the House will live on. Prince BISMARCK has lately declared that he will never again talk of resigning, but will continue to hold office until the day of his death, and that he will do this to spite his enemies. He is indispensable, and he knows and says it. The EMPEROR cannot do without him, and Germany cannot do without him. What he orders to be done, whether it is bad or good, foolish or wise, is done, and must be done. But he no longer thinks it necessary to maintain even the decencies of behaviour which befit his high position. He has always been blunt and harsh, but now he has grown tyrannically insolent. 'To be his colleague is to lead the life of a dog, and even worse, for the most miserable dog expects not to be beaten when he does what he is bid to do. Count EULENBERG has just been forced to resign the office of Prussian Minister of the Interior by an act of the PRINCE which no man with the least glimmering of self-respect could fail to resent. As Minister the COUNT had approved a provision in a very unimportant Bill of which Prince BISMARCK disapproved. The PRINCE did not communicate with his colleague in any way, nor did he take the trouble to come himself to the Upper Chamber in which the Bill was being discussed. He merely sent a very minor official, who got up and read a written statement, in which the PRINCE instructed the House that the MINISTER of the INTERIOR was quite wrong, and that the provision in the Bill was a mistake. Count EULENBERG resigned at once, and then the PRINCE, by way of making things comfortable, attended, threw over his wretched dog of a minor official, who, he said, ought to have had the sense not to read, but to learn by heart and speak the statement entrusted to him, and finally voted for the provision he had denounced. This incident came directly after a violent scene in which Prince BISMARCK attacked his former Minister of Finance, Herr CAMPHAUSEN. The offence of this old colleague consisted in his having managed Prussian finance with great success for six years, and disapproving of the financial policy adopted since he left office, which, however much Prince BISMARCK may glorify it, has unquestionably landed the country in something entirely unknown in Prussia, an annual deficit. Nothing of this kind shakes Prince BISMARCK's position, for apparently nothing can shake it. But Prince BISMARCK is every day making it more and more impossible that he should have any successor, and preparing the way for a violent reaction against his measures when he is gone. There would be a very serious danger that this reaction would be fatal to the Empire were it not that, besides Prince BISMARCK, there is the Royal Family of Prussia to keep the Empire standing; and, if the CROWN PRINCE and PRINCESS have handed on the best traditions of their family to a worthy son, they have done very much to perpetuate the Empire which was won by the present EMPEROR and by Prince BISMARCK.

THE SMALL-POX HOSPITAL AT FULHAM.

THE managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board have, as some of our readers probably know, a quarrel of long standing with the inhabitants of Hampstead. The managers claim, under an Act of Parliament, to have a right to distribute the small-pox patients of London where and how they think fit, and the plan they have adopted is

to bring them together in three or four large hospitals placed like detached forts in the suburban parishes. The inhabitants of Hampstead fall back on their rights at common law, and maintain that, in the absence of express words to the contrary, the Act of Parliament must not be taken to over-ride the ordinary principle of law—that if the community injures a man for the public convenience, it must give him compensation. It seems to be conceded that, if this contention can be established, the system of large hospitals must break down. The collection of a large number of small-pox patients into one place tends to depreciate property, if not to communicate the disease, and the claims for compensation arising out of this state of things would be so numerous and so uncertain, that the managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board would be continually in hot water. As yet the managers have been worsted in the conflict, and this defeat has generated a large amount of wounded feeling. Now was the time for the ratepayers of London generally to come forward to pour oil and wine into these lacerated hearts. One parish after another should have come forward and begged the managers to place a small-pox hospital of the largest proportions their funds would allow them to build within the parish boundary. The managers would then have felt that all their children were not thankless, and that ignorance and selfishness were vices peculiar to Hampstead. Instead of this, the districts in which the managers have placed or proposed to place hospitals have with one consent begun to make excuse. The inhabitants of Kensington and Chelsea in particular have shown a painful indifference to the real issue. They have treated the matter as though it had to be decided with exclusive reference to the cure of the patients, the prevention of disease, and the relative obligations of London and its component parts. The sensibilities of the Metropolitan Asylums Board have gone for nothing with them. It is all in vain that the managers have dragged through the West End the pageant of their bleeding hearts. Kensington and Chelsea have remained entirely unmoved. They have gone on holding meetings, collecting subscriptions, and threatening legal proceedings, just as if the Metropolitan Asylums Board were not composed of flesh and blood.

Stated with that brutal plainness with which the controversy has been conducted on the side of the districts which dislike having a gigantic small-pox hospital set up in their midst, the case of Kensington and Chelsea comes to this. It is admitted that small-pox patients cannot in many cases be safely left in their own homes. Self-interest, if no more generous feeling, suggests that constant care is necessary to prevent the spread of the disease, and that this constant care is not to be had, except where there are careful nursing and proper appliances for disinfection. Among the poor these are unattainable advantages, and therefore among the poor there is no alternative but to get the patient as soon as possible into a hospital. Any danger that may arise from moving him will be less than the certain risk of leaving him at home. Common sense, however, would seem to suggest that the danger that may arise from moving him will increase in proportion to the distance he has to be carried. Moreover, the further he goes from his own home the less sense of neighbourhood there will be between him and those who live in the district to which he is taken. If a small-pox patient has to be carried from his house in one part of a parish to a hospital in another part, no one has any ground for complaint. The parish is a unit in itself, entrusted with the management of its own affairs, and competent to determine which is the best site for a small-pox hospital. But, if a small-pox patient has to be carried from his house in one parish to a hospital in a parish some miles distant, the case is altogether different. The parish in which the hospital stands acknowledges no tie of neighbourhood with the parish from which the patient is brought. It sees in the importation of small-pox cases a source of infection unaccompanied by any compensating gain. On the parish hospital system the district which suffers by one part of the process is also the district which profits by the other part. If poor patients were left to battle with small-pox in their own houses they would do more mischief to their own neighbourhood than they can do by being moved to a hospital. On the aggregate hospital system the district which suffers by the presence of the patient in the hospital does not, in the majority of cases, gain by his removal from his own house. As regards imported patients, there is nothing to set against the danger of which the hospital is

the centre. The parish which profits by the careful nursing that the patient receives is not the parish in which the hospital stands, but a parish perhaps five miles distant. Even the parishes which lie between the patient's house and the hospital may suffer by his journey across them; and here, also, the transaction is altogether one-sided. If the patient had been attended to in his own district, there need have been no distribution of infection along the road to a distant hospital. The parish in which the disease had its origin gets rid of him altogether, and parishes which have no connexion with it have to bear all the risk and annoyance. In point of fact, the aggregate hospital system is a premium upon carelessness in all parishes except those in which a hospital is actually placed. The moment small-pox breaks out they are able to cart it across the frontier, and thus one of the main inducements to take proper precautions against its appearance is entirely removed.

The districts which border upon the small-pox hospital which the Metropolitan Asylums Board have set up at Fulham are resolved not to submit to this inconvenience without seeing what they can do in the way of resistance. If the Hampstead case is finally decided against the managers, the aggregate hospital system may be taken as doomed. It will then be in the power of any district to rid itself of the burden by an appeal to the Courts, and where success is assured the means of undertaking this appeal will certainly not be wanting. If, on the other hand, the Hampstead case goes in favour of the managers, nothing further can be done in the way of resistance, unless Parliament can be induced to undo its own work. It is difficult to believe that, when the facts of the situation are laid before it, it will refuse to take this course. When the Metropolitan Asylums Board were empowered to set up a few large hospitals in the suburbs for the reception of small-pox patients from all parts of London, it was supposed that any dislike that might be felt to the neighbourhood of a small-pox hospital was merely sentimental. Unless a great number of witnesses have borne very inaccurate testimony, the dislike in question has a very much better foundation than this. It is not merely the number of ambulances or of funerals that offends those who live near the hospital, but the fact—which it is apparently beyond the power of the managers to dispute—that there are more small-pox cases in the houses near the hospital than there are anywhere else. A large hospital seems for some unknown reason to be in proportion to the number of its inmates more a centre of infection than a small hospital. Even if the objection were a purely sentimental one, it might have serious practical consequences. Health is to some extent, the value of property is to a very large extent, a matter of sentiment. Those who live in constant dread of catching small-pox are less likely to lead healthy lives than those who are free from any such apprehension. Those who want to sell their houses are certain to find the price injuriously affected by the fact that ambulances are constantly taking patients past the door, or that a funeral is seldom long absent from the area of vision. When those annoyances have to be endured for the sake of neighbours no nearer than the managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, even the most charitably disposed person may hesitate as to what it behoves him to do.

THE FRENCH ARMY AND THE CHURCH.

THE English public are indebted to Cardinal MANNING for a very clear statement of the present position of the controversy which is going on in France with regard to the exemption of ecclesiastics from military service. At the end of last year a Bill abolishing this exemption was introduced into the Chamber by a private deputy. The Government have since brought forward another Bill, making military service compulsory upon all ecclesiastics, but limiting the obligation, in the case of those pledging themselves to become parish priests, to a service of one year in a hospital or ambulance. The Committee to which the Government measure has been referred has accepted the limitation of service to one year, but proposes that this year shall be passed in the ranks, and not in a hospital. The first inquiry that suggests itself is, why it was thought necessary to move in the matter at all. It cannot be pretended that France is so short of soldiers that she

cannot afford to let even the ministers of religion go about their business unmolested. The only explanation is that the Radicals saw in the abolition of the exemption a safe means of annoying the clergy and injuring the Church. The majority of Frenchmen do not trouble themselves about ecclesiastical questions so long as the Church and the clergy retain their places in the social system of the country, and they are consequently very little concerned about the incidents of a priest's training. Provided that he is forthcoming whenever he is wanted, they are perfectly content. If the French bishops are right in their view of the effect which this measure will have upon the supply of clergy, its ultimate result will be that a priest will no longer be forthcoming whenever he is wanted. The question, of course, is largely one of degree; and, if the Bill should be passed in the form which the Government propose, it would be much less injurious in its action than if it were passed in the form first given to it, or even in that which it has received at the hands of the Committee. As regards the parochial clergy, the point of real moment is the nature of the interruption to which it is proposed to subject their training. It is difficult for Englishmen to take in the full importance of this preparation because they are accustomed to a clergy on whom a very different moral and social standard is imposed. Long and severe training is supposed to be required for Roman Catholic priests. All the proposals which have been laid before the Chamber of Deputies interfere with this training in some degree. The original Bill would have made every seminarist serve in the ranks for five years; the Government Bill, as introduced amended by the Committee, reduces this service in the ranks, in the case of seminarists undertaking to become parish priests, to one year. The Government Bill, as originally drawn, transfers seminarists giving this pledge from the ranks to hospitals or ambulances. As regards the first of these three proposals, the French bishops are probably guilty of no exaggeration when they say that, if it became law, French parishes would by degrees be left without priests. Five years spent in a camp or a barrack at a highly impressionable age would, in the majority of cases, take away all desire to become a priest. Even a year thus spent might be sufficient to effect this change; and the Church would thus have to depend for recruits upon the comparatively small number of men who do not conceive the wish to take orders till they have passed their first youth. If the time with the colours is spent in a hospital or an ambulance the case is different. Though the work to be done there is not ecclesiastical, it need not be altogether secular. Indeed, it would probably be found possible to reproduce to some extent the life of the seminary in the hospital without interfering with the primary duty of looking after the sick. It is on this very ground possibly that the Committee have insisted on the year's being passed in the ranks. What is the use, they may argue, of striking a blow at the Church and at the same moment taking measures to make it ineffectual? There can be no reason for extending the obligation of military service to ecclesiastics, except that it will interfere with the supply of clergy; and if service in a hospital can be so ordered as not to have this result, the motive for making the change disappears. A reasonable Radical would argue that, as a large number of Frenchmen want priests, and as priests cannot be had unless young men preparing for orders are exempted from service in the army, the business of a French Government is to hold them exempt, if on no other ground, at least on the ground of public convenience. But then a French Radical would think himself disgraced if he could be reasonable on such a question as this. It touches religion, and where religion is concerned he is bound to have no fellowship with common sense. To be reasonable in dealing with the Church is to be a reactionary of the worst, because the most insidious, kind. A fight with Catholicism is its own reward. It is not necessary in order to justify it to show that something is to be gained by victory. Indeed, it is not necessary even to show that nothing will be lost by it. There is no risk that the typical French Radical is not ready to run if he can but injure the Church. When, as in the present case, the risk is remote and uncertain, the temptation to inflict the injury is the more irresistible.

It is not, however, to the effect of this measure on the parochial clergy that Cardinal MANNING's letter has refer-

ence. He leaves it to the bishops of France to protest against the abolition of the exemption regarded from this point of view. But besides the parochial clergy there are the religious orders of all kinds, none of whom will be exempt, even under the mildest form of the proposed legislation, from service for five years in the ranks, or from becoming parish priests for at least ten years. The particular body in which Cardinal MANNING is interested is the great Missionary Society of France, the *Séminaire des Missions Etrangères* at Paris. The members of this Society "bind themselves by a solemn promise to live and "die as missionaries," and during the last fifty years "964 missionaries have been sent out from that house "into the far East. Of these 31 have suffered martyrdom, and 600 are still labouring in Japan, Corea, Tibet, "China, and the East Indies." The Bill now before the Chamber of Deputies would break up this Society. Its members would be compelled either to work for ten years as parochial clergy or to serve for five years as soldiers. In the former case they would not enter on their work until they were thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, with habits of body and mind alike unfitted for the hardships and dangers of a missionary life. "The greater part of those who laid down their lives have "been put to death in those early years when by this law "they would be detained in the parishes of France." In the alternative case, that of five years' service in barracks and garrisons, the disposition to a missionary career could only be preserved by a miracle. The natural and ordinary result of such an interruption would be to turn the thoughts of the Seminarists in quite another direction. It is needless to say that the authors of the proposed legislation have no care for missionary enterprise as such. They are probably of opinion that, as between one superstition and another, the superstition in which the members of the *Séminaire des Missions Etrangères* find their converts is preferable to the superstition in which they leave them. They will not see in the figures enumerated by Cardinal MANNING the yearly average of 10,000 adult baptisms, and the 700,000 native Christians now under missionary care, any reason whatever for modifying the Bill in favour of the Seminary in the Rue du Bac. But there is another light in which the question may be looked at, and though a French Radical of the purest water may obstinately close his eyes to this, it is just possible that the Government may not entirely refuse to consider it. The French nation has not hitherto been negligent even of its ecclesiastical reputation abroad. The part it has played in the protection of the Latin Christians in the East is a conspicuous instance to the contrary. A French missionary is an excellent instrument for spreading the knowledge of his country as well as the knowledge of his religion. In this respect he is an unofficial emissary of his Government as well as an official emissary of his Church. Throughout the distant regions in which the members of the *Séminaire des Missions Etrangères* spend their lives, the name of France is largely known by means of their labours. It is quite true that Frenchmen have no material interest in the name of their country being published in the farther East; but, if they are for this reason indifferent to it, they must be made of very different stuff to the Frenchmen who have gone before them. If the obligation of military service is extended to the inmates of the Seminary in the Rue du Bac, the missions in the East may not languish, for the Seminary can be transferred to the Channel Islands. But, if so, its members will go out, not as Frenchmen, but as exiles; and they will be animated with all an exile's indignation against the power which has banished him. It is hard to believe that the French Government will think the services of a hundred or two additional soldiers worth securing at this price.

FRENCH PROTESTANT SETTLERS IN AMERICA.

IN a paper contributed to the *Antiquary* for March Mr. Noel Sainsbury touches on an interesting episode of French and Colonial history, when he proposes to describe the "First Settlement of French Protestants in America." He tells us, however, little of its antecedents or surroundings, and his readers might find it difficult to understand how such a scheme came to be contemplated or why it so persistently failed. We are told, truly enough so far, that the design owed its origin to the exile of Soubise, Duke de Fontenoy, who finally took refuge in England after the ill success of his expedition,

aided by English ships under the Duke of Buckingham, for the relief of La Rochelle. The English fleet had, indeed, not long before been engaged, in alliance with the Dutch, in aiding Louis XIII. against his disaffected Protestant subjects under the command of Soubise. Mr. Sainsbury, by the way, speaks as though the Dutch were fighting on the side of Soubise. But an estrangement had since grown up between the French and English court, partly on religious partly on political grounds, and thus Buckingham was disposed to listen to the solicitations of Soubise, who was then lodged at Charlton House, to be near the Court at Greenwich, and spared no pains in exaggerating all the hostile acts of Richelieu. He succeeded in gaining English assistance for relieving the siege of Rochelle. The result proved disastrous to the fortunes of Soubise himself and of his party, and many of his followers are said to have gone over to the Spaniards, others to the West Indies, while some—to whom we shall return presently—sailed for America. Mr. Sainsbury tells us that there are still many noble families resident in America who are proud of claiming descent from the French Protestant settlers of nearly 250 years ago, little of a success as the settlement eventually proved to be. But it is hardly possible to look back upon its humble and casual beginnings, dependent as it was for what little it did achieve exclusively on foreign sanctions and support, without asking oneself how it was that French Protestantism so entirely and conspicuously failed to make good its position at home. The question is of course too wide a one to be discussed in detail here, but Sir J. Stephen throws out some hints in his *Lectures on the History of France* which go far towards suggesting a general reply. The Protestants formed at one time half, or more than half the entire population, which makes their speedy and entire collapse the more remarkable; yet they somehow never identified themselves with the nation. Protestantism became in England an integral part of the social and political as well as of the religious life of the people, as did Catholicism in Spain. But the Puritan and Calvinistic type which, unhappily for its own interests, Protestantism had from the first assumed in France was thoroughly alien from the national character. For a brief moment the hymns of Marot and the preaching of Beza became "the *mode* in a country where that capricious power has ever erected the chief seat of her dominion," but ere long the national spirit reasserted itself. A system which ignored ecclesiastical traditions and solemn ceremonial, which broke rudely with the past, and sought to bind on all consciences the iron spiritual yoke of the *Christian Institutes* of Calvin, had nothing in common with the prevalent tone of French sentiment, and this again helps to account for what was in itself another fatal weakness of French Protestantism; the Reformed Church almost from the first assumed the inappropriate office of a party in the State, and too often of a hostile party, which arrayed against it the patriotism as well as the orthodoxy of the rest of the nation. And hence again the Huguenots were yet more heavily weighted by what Sir J. Stephen calls "the sanguinary habits they contracted during many years of civil warfare," which led them to persecute, when they had the opportunity, to the full as ruthlessly as their rivals. We are inclined indeed to think that this persecuting temper was not wholly due to the bitterness engendered by years of civil conflicts, but had a close connexion with the peculiar spirit of their creed, which its founder had signally exemplified in the burning of Servetus. At all events it certainly existed, and the spirit of intolerance is all the more likely to discredit a sect which has the will to persecute without the power. To this day Protestantism, by the confession of its leading men, has never been a success in France. The first attempt to transplant it to the new world, however well intended, did not prove much more fortunate.

"Their first settlement in America," Mr. Sainsbury says, "took place in connexion with an intended plantation of Carolina nearly thirty years before any actual settlement took place," and forty years, we may add, before an English colony was established there under a grant of Charles II. in 1670. It was in fact entirely under English auspices that this French enterprise was undertaken. Neither then nor for a long time afterwards was colonization an idea at all encouraged in France. It was by foreign commerce that Venice and the Italian cities, as well as Amsterdam had thriven, and England since the sixteenth century had followed in their wake, while the wealth and power thus acquired had roused manufacturing industry at home. To this result the immigration of French Huguenots, which proved very prejudicial to their own country, had contributed. Colbert indeed perceived all this clearly enough, and proposed to compete with England and Holland in this peaceful rivalry, but his voice was drowned in the din of war. Nothing could be more antipathetic to commercial or colonial enterprise than the Government of Louis XIV., and to the last they ignored the advantages of colonial empire. In the negotiation of the Treaty of Utrecht the King showed himself more anxious to gain a village in Flanders than a continent beyond the sea. Meanwhile attempts had already been made in Elizabeth's reign by Martin Frobisher, Sir Humphry Gilbert, and others to found an English colony in America, the conversion of the heathen being always prominently put forward as a main object of the undertaking, or, as Sir Humphry expressed it, "the honour of God and compassion of poor idolaters captured by the devil, it seeming probable that God hath reserved these Gentiles to be reduced into Christian civility by the English nation." Two vessels were afterwards sent out by Sir W. Raleigh, and the Queen bestowed on the country they discovered the name of Virginia. But it was not till more than twenty years later that a regular settle-

ment was effected there, when a new Company obtained in 1606 a charter from James I. for the purpose. In 1624 the Crown resumed its grant, and the settlement became a royal colony. About the same time the Baron de Saneé, who was a devoted follower and secretary of Soubise, and had come with him to England after the disastrous termination of the expedition to Rochelle, conceived the idea of finding a permanent home for the French Protestant refugees in America. He was in the enjoyment of a pension of 100*l.* a year from Charles I., but he petitioned to have this sum doubled in order the better to be able to help his fellow-sufferers and compatriots, and also applied in the following letter, addressed to Lord Dorchester, then Secretary of State, for "letters of denization":—

MONSIEUR,

Le désir que j'ay de servir Sa Majesté et me retirer en ce pais icy avec ma famille et tout ce que j'ay en France ausy pour faire habiter des françois protestans en Virginie pour y planter des vignes, olives, faire des soyes, et du sel me fait vous supplier tres humblement d'obtenir de Sa Majesté qu'il luy plaise m'honorer de lettres de gentilhomme de sa chambre privée. Avec lettres de Denison pour moy et mon fils. Et qu'il luy plaise donner ordre à Monseigneur l'Ambassadeur qui ira en France d'obtenir comme ayant l'honneur d'estre son domestique, l'écrite et sureté pour moy avec la jouissance de mon bien afin que par ce moyen et sous la faveur de sa Majesté je puisse icy faire transporter ma famille et mon bien pour estre plus prest à servir sa Majesté et vous ausy mon seigneur.

SANÉE.

His object, like that professed by the English colonists, was primarily a religious one, not however for the conversion of the heathen, but for the quiet maintenance of the Huguenot religion, which had been banished from France. It was accordingly stipulated, as a *sine quâ non*, that every Frenchman who wished to join the expedition, should furnish a certificate from his pastor that he belonged to the Reformed Church, and "that none shall be willingly admitted or entertained into this plantation which shall not be of the Protestant religion." This provision, we may observe in passing, presents a striking contrast to the neighbouring settlement of Maryland, founded only two or three years later by about two hundred English Roman Catholic families, under the direction of Lord Baltimore, in which it was provided from the first that all who professed the Christian faith should be allowed the free exercise of their religion, an arrangement loyally maintained, as long as the Roman Catholic settlers retained their control of the colony, but no longer. The scheme proposed by De Saneé found favour with Charles I., and in 1630 articles were agreed upon between the King's Attorney-General and himself and instructions were drawn up for settling a French plantation in Carolina, and for the voyage. But in spite of these formal arrangements, and of the provision of 1,000*l.* for the expenses of their transit, the settlers did not reach Carolina. The *Mayflower* took them to Virginia, but for the time they got no further. It was forty years later, as we have already intimated, that Charles II. granted a charter to Lord Berkeley and others for the colonization of Carolina, and John Locke, who was then Secretary to Lord Shaftesbury, was requested to frame a constitution for it. This constitution, unlike that designed by the French settlers, established perfect religious equality among all sects, with the peculiar regulation that at the age of 17 every citizen should choose his religion and publicly enroll himself among its members. Whether any of the French settlers who had come over in the *Mayflower* to Virginia forty years before and had been afterwards reinforced by a fresh batch sent out by De Saneé in the *Thomas*, or rather any of their descendants, eventually found their way to Carolina does not appear. They seem at all events to have remained in Virginia and were thus the first French Protestants to settle in America.

Mr. Sainsbury indulges in some, to say the least, rather gratuitous speculations on the "fruitful results" to which De Saneé's scheme would have led, if it had been carried out to the end. The settlers, he observes, were men of high character who had fought under Soubise, and they would have had a rich and virgin soil to cultivate, but "their wishes were frustrated, and the settlement of a fine colony in America delayed for more than a quarter of a century," when Carolina was colonized not by French but English settlers. It is impossible of course to say what might have happened if things had turned out otherwise than they did, though we have heard of a sermon devoted to considering what would have happened if Abraham had actually sacrificed Isaac, one point specially dwelt upon being what Sarah would have said when she heard of it. But without presuming to dogmatize on hypothetical contingencies, it is not so clear to us as to Mr. Sainsbury that the cause of civilization has been greatly the loser by the frustration of De Saneé's original design for colonizing Carolina. The French had not, at that period, as was observed before, shown any peculiar aptitude for work of the kind, and though the Huguenot refugees undoubtedly carried off with them some of the best life blood of the nation, it does not follow that the handful of settlers who went out in the *Mayflower* would have displayed all the energies and resources requisite for a confessedly difficult and unaccustomed enterprise. In one point at all events it may be feared that their administration would have been less commendable than that eventually organized under the advice of Locke. We have seen what stringent measures were adopted to exclude any but Protestants from taking part in the settlement, and with such a commencement the colonists would have only too probably learnt to emulate the conduct of their Puritan co-religionists the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, both towards heathen nations and European misbelievers. How the Pilgrim Fathers

treated those "tawny pagans," "rabid wolves," "grim and bloody salvages," the unhappy Indians, whom they regarded as "so many devils," their own admiring historian Mather has told us with a jubilant candour which leaves nothing to be desired. Nor is he less explicit in describing their faithful dealing with "Quakers, Adamites, and other accursed sects," who after some preliminary flogging were first to have their ears cut off, then their tongues bored through, and if finally recalcitrant were put to death. Whole households were banished simply because their head was "a dam-ned Quaker," or because they had privately celebrated the Service of the English Prayer-book. Now the French Calvinists did not at all fall short of their English coreligionists in narrowness and intolerance, and it is very probable therefore that Carolina may have thus been spared a repetition of the atrocities which disgraced New England till a peremptory order from Charles II. at length brought the reign of the saints to a close. Be that as it may, it is remarkable that the first design of founding a French colony, and the first actual landing of French settlers in America, should have owed its origin so entirely to religious controversies at home, and should only have become capable of realization under English patronage, and with the aid of English gold.

IRELAND IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

WE do not quite know whether it is a subject of congratulation or not that the interminable Irish question has been rather more lively of late than has for some weeks been the case. Under ordinary circumstances there could be no doubt about the matter; but the characteristics of Irish liveliness are unfortunately such as to make unmixed rejoicing over them impossible. The murder, or attempted murder, of Mr. Hearne; the outrage on the house of Mr. Scott, at Crossmolina; the reappearance of bands of armed ruffians, who were doubtless under the impression that the English Radicals had prevailed, and that his gun and his pistol were not to be taken from the poor Irishman, are things not to be laughed at. We could willingly exchange such a period of bustle even for the terrible quiescence of two or three weeks ago, when the oratory of Mr. Sexton and the Messrs. O'Connor was almost the sole symptom of life that Irishmen showed. Luckily, however, their renewed activity is not all of this kind. Tenants are paying their rents, to the horror and disgust of the champions of dishonesty. The little game of mock auction has been interfered with by the energetic persons who organized the Boycott expedition, and—the Government at last affording reasonable protection—the friends of defaulting tenants find, to their intense disgust, that they must either buy in distrainted stock at fair prices, or else that the abhorred Orangemen get very nice little bargains, which are promptly carried away out of the reach of houghers and stabbers. The simple truth that the Land League is perfectly powerless against a little pluck and a little counter-organization, and that its members are in many cases rather glad to get out of its clutches than otherwise, may be thought to have been rather long in forcing itself upon the minds of loyal Irishmen. But it is fair to remember that, until very recently, they were not merely as sheep without a shepherd, but as sheep who have an unpleasantly shrewd idea that the shepherd is on the side of the wolves. Now that this impression has been removed by the passing of the Coercion Bill and the pushing on (better late than never) of the almost more important Arms Bill, there ought to be no fear of a relapse into the evil condition of panic terror which early in the winter encouraged scoundrels to crime and discouraged honest men from resistance.

London and Paris, however, rather than Dublin have been the centres of the revival of Irish liveliness. Mr. Parnell, though he has since returned, has been in abscondence, being apparently anxious to establish, with the help of Mr. Stephens, a new general maxim that had Irish agitators, when they are found out, go to Paris. It is uncertain whether the somewhat Judas-like duties incident upon bearing the bag or an exaggerated fear of the Coercion Act, or the pleasures of M. Rochefort's society, or anything else, determined the last flight of the member for Cork. His experiences do not seem to have been quite so cheerful as those of his first visit, for indeed the French are a fickle people, and but too apt to change their idols. Part of Mr. Parnell's duty appears to have been to perform the operation which his countrymen call "making his soul," by calling on the Archbishop of Paris, and so cleansing himself of the stain of M. Rochefort's company. The interview must have afforded the Archbishop an opportunity of displaying the well-known diplomacy of the hierarchy to which he belongs, but does not seem to have been fertile in any moving incidents or lively speeches. Indeed, if the *Télégraphe* may be believed, Mr. Parnell has not been chary of utterances which are not likely to conciliate the Church, even going the length of disparaging the authority of the Holy Father. This same interview, however, at least resulted in one pleasant *mot*. Mr. Parnell is reported in the *Times* to have made the somewhat superfluous statement that the Irish were not "claiming the right to pay in their own way." Then Mr. Parnell went to see Marshal MacMahon, who expressed himself in affectionate terms towards the country of his ancestors, but declined to say anything concerning the land agitation, whereby the Marshal may be said to have proved himself an old soldier in

the fullest sense of the word. But the most curious *déboire* which the member for Cork has experienced was in connexion with the Victor Hugo festival. The story has been told in singularly different ways, and though there is something not very credible about all the forms of it, they agree so far that it is not easy to refuse credence to their point of agreement. It seems that Mr. Parnell's name was put down on the Committee of the occasion, which, considering the way in which he has been taken up by the great writer (in spite of the protestations of that sincere Radical whose identity is known only to the *Daily News*) does not seem improbable. Now President Grévy's name was also on this Committee, and while one story has it that the President insisted that he or Mr. Parnell must go, the Committee bravely but improbably choosing the Exile of Erin and snubbing the chief of the State, the other says that they regretfully drew their pen through Mr. Parnell's name, and not through that of M. Grévy. The odd thing is that both stories seem to insinuate that the proceeding was due, if not to representations of official English persons, at any rate to the desire of French officialism not to offend England. Mr. Gladstone and his Government have always shown themselves remarkably thin-skinned, but it is hardly credible that such a foolish thing as this was actually done at their instance. A great many people in England think very badly of Mr. Parnell, and some people think very meanly of him. But why a Government such as that of England should object to a subject of the Queen, as yet unconvicted of any offence and enjoying the position of member of Parliament, figuring by the side of the President of the French Republic on the occasion of a purely private and non-political festival is more than we can understand. Possibly French "interviewers" have put their own construction on the matter; but, however this may be, it does not appear that Mr. Parnell has had altogether a happy time of it in the chief of what a gentleman in difficulties recently called the three centres of pleasure. "Pleasure has been my ruin," said this person, who had made some mistakes in connection with his master's till; "I've been working Paris." Mr. Parnell has been working Paris, too; without, it would seem, very successful results.

Meanwhile the deserted sheep—with Mr. Justin McCarthy for deputy-shepherd, and Mr. Labouchère for chief sheep-dog—have been doing their best to withstand those ravening wolves the Government and the Opposition. Mr. Labouchère, to do him justice, has discharged his functions to admiration, displaying all the activity and faculty of bark which a good sheep-dog ought to display. A pleasanter picture has not recently been presented to Parliament than the little glimpse which the senior member for Northampton gave it the other day of his religious creed and practices. The curtain of Mr. Labouchère's oratory was lifted up and he was discovered paying his devotions to his "two patron saints Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright." It is true that at the moment of speaking the devotee appeared to be minded towards his saints much as the traditional Portuguese sailor is when wind or calm does not reward his orisons. But still the fact of the two statesmen being Mr. Labouchère's patron saints is on record not to perish. Northampton no doubt thinks him and his colleague only less saintly than Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, and in that case it must be allowed that a quainter communion of saints has rarely existed. Hagiologists should really take note of the conjunction. Nor ought the remarkable effort of eloquence in which Mr. Macdonald indulged on the same night and in the same connexion to be left unnoticed. The image of the Liberal party attending as deaf mutes at the funeral of the liberties of Ireland has deservedly attracted attention. By the side of these efforts of the Land Leaguers' English allies, the helpless bleatings of the victims themselves sound rather feeble. Mr. Sullivan has indeed frequently aired his impressive oratory. But Mr. Sullivan should bear in mind a criticism once allotted to Campbell's *Lochiel*:—"There is a superabundance of blood in the picture." The picture of the Government reposing on their epithet laurels was vigorously touched in, but was certainly open to the objection just quoted. The palm of the week's oratory concerning Ireland, however, certainly rests with the Home Secretary. Even Sir William Harcourt has rarely produced a more remarkable monument of combined taste and judgment than the speech which ushered in the Arms Bill. To commend Mr. Dillon by way of insulting Mr. Parnell would have been all very well if Mr. Forster had not done exactly the same thing a few nights before. But when the leader of a great and victorious party taunts the leader of a small and beaten party on his absence in his absence one really begins to lose one's way in bewildering computations of the relative valour displayed. It is not heroic to run away; but, at any rate in civilized countries, it is not heroic to hawl insults after the fugitive. It may be admitted to be hard that when a man has got up two good quotations from the *Anti-Jacobin* and the works of Shakespeare he should not be allowed to fire them off, but surely the former at least would have kept till Mr. Parnell's return. However, this was of course a matter for Sir William's own consideration, and if he wished to show how he himself was a person "in battle much delighting," especially in battle where the enemy has run away, the opportunity was certainly a good one. Conciliation is, after all, out of place when you are going, like Ben Jonson with Marston, to "beat a man and take his pistol from him." That is exactly what Sir William was going to do with Mr. Justin McCarthy and his followers, and he let them know his intention quite after the fashion of a Homeric, Arabian, or Ojibbeway warrior. But it is

not surprising that the Home Rulers were but little pleased with the frank and cheerful manner in which the new lash was cracked before being laid on their backs, and though there might have been much frothy and aimless talk in any case, Sir William is probably responsible for having made it more aimless, more frothy, and, above all, more than it would otherwise have been. Mr. Justin McCarthy might have been happier than in his parallel between Sir William Harcourt and Cicero; but Mr. Labouchère was again well to the fore with a complaint of the artful wickedness of the Tories, who were "humbugging" the guileless Government. Considering the usual attitude of Mr. Labouchère's friends towards the intellects of their political opponents, it may well be imagined that to be humbugged by a Tory represents to them the lowest pitch of possible degradation. That his patron saints should suffer this must certainly be heartrending to a pious man. As for Mr. Dillon's frankness on Thursday, he has received so much praise for his outspoken language, both from Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Forster, that he naturally craves for more. Altogether, the eloquence of the week, if sometimes a trifle irrelevant, has been much livelier than any we have had for a long time, especially if Mr. John Devoy's terrible telegraphic threat of "stamping out" the Home Secretary be included in it. Nature has made Sir William Harcourt very difficult to stamp out, and when the stamping match comes on we are prepared to put our moderate "pile" on the Home Secretary.

ENGLISH TACTICS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ONE would suppose from reading some remarks in certain newspapers that our forces are so weakened by the last defeat that Sir Evelyn Wood will be unable to effect anything until the arrival of reinforcements. Now 300 men represented the fifteenth part of the troops which Generals Colley and Wood might have gathered immediately either for attack on Laing's Nek, or in combination for feint against that position, and flank movement by Wakkerstroom. General Wood is *minus* one-fifteenth of the force available a few days back. What is really deplorable in the military sense is, firstly, that we should have deserved defeat; secondly, that we got what we deserved. There is no reasonable room for doubt that the last disaster, like the two previous ones, was entirely the result of our own action. Colonel Gordon, discussing in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, shortly before the fight on the Majuba Hill, the best way of going to work when regulars are called upon, encumbered as they necessarily are with *impedimenta*, to campaign against irregular levies, protests against the mistakes we British so frequently make at starting. The gallant officer—than whom perhaps none living is more qualified to speak about what he writes—observes that we rush into a war on the *vedi, veni, vici* principles. We begin with employing an insufficient force; that force we provide with huge encumbrances which swallow up half our numbers in escort duty, and then we wonder that an enemy ten times more numerous, and capable of rapid movement because unencumbered, wins an occasional success. A writer in a military weekly paper assures us that the double defeat at Laing's Nek and Ingogo was due to the poor quality of our soldiers under the short service system. "We shall see," he prophesies somewhat unfortunately, "what those two remaining grand old regiments, the 92nd Highlanders and the 60th (Indian battalion), will do when they come on the field." And we have seen that not even soldiers of a "grand old regiment" can succeed when placed in hopeless situations. The 92nd, by all accounts, fought at the Spitzkop as became their antecedents; but the 58th fought equally well, and with like ill-success, at Laing's Nek. It is amusing to see how after each of our defeats at Isandula, at Maiwand, before Oabul in the Candahar sortie, at Laing's Nek, at Ingogo, at the Majuba Hill, every one with a hobby rides off at a gallop proclaiming far and wide "You see how right I was!" And in nearly every case it has turned out that the cause of our disaster lay, not in any shortcomings on the part of young troops, but in the shortsightedness, over-confidence, absolute temerity of those charged with their conduct. Each of the defeats above-named we judge, by a very simple process of logical deduction, to have resulted from some cause utterly beyond the control of the troops engaged. When their ammunition is exhausted, and they are separated from its reserves by a raging multitude of foes, they succumb as at Isandula; when, as at Maiwand, they are drawn up in full face of a powerful artillery, and, after being pounded for hours, are hemmed in by ten times more numerous enemies, and assailed with surprising valour, it would be miraculous did they not succumb. When, again, a small and gallant band was sent out on that mad and miserable sortie from Candahar, it was so contrived that every element of failure should be enlisted on their side; and it would be absurd, and beside the mark, to stay and inquire if they were old soldiers or short-service men who were defeated in that enterprise. Eye-witnesses of the attack by the short-service men of the 58th at Laing's Nek all attest their excellent bearing under a devouring fire; but when the handful of brave men had executed their mission, and seized a point of vantage, and looked for the necessary support to hold what was won, not a scrap of support was forthcoming. What would it have benefited Sir George Colley had he commanded the services of Wellington's Peninsular veterans if these, like the troops he actually disposed of, were left high and dry on the Ingogo height to be

otted at leisurely by excellent marksmen under cover? And now as regards the last of the three defeats experienced between January 28 and February 28. It may be a little early to condemn, as has so freely been done by some of our contemporaries, the original enterprise as planned in the mind of the commanding General. It is quite possible, and not at all improbable, that he may have been in possession of information showing that one or more of the beleaguered garrisons would be unable to hold out beyond a certain very limited period. At the same time, his reconnaissances had shown him that the Majuba Hill commanded the Boer line of defence, and indeed took it in reverse; moreover, he was aware that, important to the enemy as it was to hold this point, its occupation had so far been neglected. To the General's appreciation the question doubtless presented itself whether it was advisable to wait till his force had closed up from the rear, and, so to speak, "chance" the Boers leaving this important point unoccupied meanwhile; or if it was better to seize, even with small means, the opportunity which presented itself. He decided, as we know, on the latter alternative. And, all other questions apart, it seems to us that it is very difficult to blame him for so doing. Whatever may have been his previous errors of judgment in this campaign, we are certainly inclined to think that his plan of forestalling the enemy at the palpably decisive point by a bold and rapid dash was the true course to pursue. We know how instantly the Boers perceived the magnitude of their error; and how, but for energetic intervention on the part of their leader, they were prepared to make off at once, abandoning the scene of their former triumph, and the one position in the country which gave them a fair chance of contesting our advance to the Hooge Veldt, or table-land of the Transvaal.

It is when we come to the consideration of the measures adopted for carrying out the plan that we find occasion for calling the General's action in question. We have sufficient information now to enable us to pass a pretty definite opinion. "Military operations," as the late excellent soldier and historian Major Charles Adams has observed, "all resolve themselves into questions of time and distance." In the present instance, it was indispensable that the distance to be traversed should be surmounted in time to enable the advancing party to get to their destination, and make themselves secure against counter attack before that attack could be delivered. But we read that, on account of the ever-recurring obstacles on the way, the force moving from Prospect Hill did not reach the Majuba Hill till seven in the morning, after a wearing night's march, during which the way was lost, and much ground had to be retraversed. Once arrived, it would only be in accordance with all recent precedent that shelter trenches, or entrenchments of some kind, should be at once prepared. But it was too late. The men were breathless and tired out with their exertions; and, before any work of digging or throwing up protection of any kind could be proceeded with, the Boers had opened fire. There could be no question then of doing more than utilizing available natural cover, and this, as is generally the case, proved wholly insufficient. Perhaps the General had calculated on the moral effect of the unexpected arrival of his troops; and, to a certain extent, this calculation was justifiable. He may have anticipated that the Boers, seeing their position had become untenable, would, after a show of fight, abandon it. And, as we see, their first impulse was to do so. He certainly could never have looked for an assault delivered with a determination rarely equalled, and with a skill which would have reflected credit on the best European leadership. If we are to believe the impressions of the *Standard* Correspondent, who, when he picked himself up after his nasty tumble, was in a good situation for judging, the number of Boers actually taking part in the hand-to-hand-combat did not exceed five hundred. So we fear it must be confessed that the foe did not win in virtue of overwhelming numbers. It is true, the Correspondent adds, "there were perhaps five hundred more on the hill side"; but these took no part in the fighting on the actual plateau, neither could they well have fired when their friends were engaged at close quarters. We are unable to take refuge in the theory of overwhelming numbers; we cannot make it a complete excuse that there were some of one regiment, some of another, present, when all fought well; we have nothing for it but to own that, on this occasion, if our people fought well, the enemy fought better. His fire throughout was more accurate; and when it came to the last resort on both sides, ours went to the wall. Attacked fiercely in front, flank, and rear, it was to this triple onslaught our troops yielded. It is no wonder they imagined themselves assailed by the whole mass of Boers. It is impossible now to say what might have been the result had there been time to fortify the acquired position. The first element of success—that of surprise—had been enlisted on our side. The plan fell through, first because the time had been badly calculated; secondly, because evidently no one expected so admirably executed an attack. With a better adaptation of means to an end, the capture and subsequent retention of the Majuba Hill might have brought about an early termination of the war; and for ever in that case would have been cited as a daring and consummate piece of generalship. There is no need to speculate on what would have followed consequently on the Boers discovering their inability to retake the post in General Colley's hands. Sir Evelyn Wood was not too far distant to be able to make immediate profit by his coadjutor's success. A point on which we have long insisted—namely, that rifle instruction does not in our army receive half the attention which it is of the very

essence of modern war that it should receive—has obtained signal illustration in every one of these combats.

It seems to be accepted so far that the Boers must be ousted from Laing's Nek by direct attack. We have yet to see what alternative may present itself to the new Commander-in-Chief. It had been surmised, before the collapse of the late enterprise, that General Colley meditated moving a portion of his force by the road leading to Wakkerstroom, towards which place Sir Evelyn Wood pioneered the way on Saturday week; and that the remainder would be used in occupying the attention of the enemy at Laing's Nek. The army which the two generals disposed of for field operations represented a total of no more than 3,000 infantry and 1,000 cavalry, with 18 guns. This force seems very small considering its division, and that one wing would be committed to a long roundabout march in a broken country. Sir Evelyn Wood is in a difficult position. On the one hand, delay will not only encourage the Boers, but will be interpreted as a sure sign of weakness among peoples outside the range of present hostilities. It is exceedingly likely, whatever the authorities of the Free State ultimately determine on as their safest line of action, that every encouragement short of official sanction will be given to volunteers to join the ranks of the enemy. Moreover, the invested forts cannot hold out indefinitely. That of Wakkerstroom seems to have had on February 20 only provisions for three weeks more. It is the one however which, from its proximity, and from the fact that the road to it from Newcastle trends widely away from the Boer main position, might be the most easily reached by a convoy. As for Pretoria, we might expect to hear that strong efforts were being made to subdue it by direct attack, if Sir Evelyn Wood maintained a purely defensive attitude. Doubtless with the recollection of three successive unsuccessful actions fresh in their minds, the Home Government has not failed to counsel prudence to the commander *ad interim*; but we greatly mistake if the latter does not contrive to keep the main body of the enemy within close proximity to their present stronghold. Their withdrawal from the Biggarsberg before our reinforcements coming up country may be taken as a pretty certain sign that their numbers are too small to allow of their undertaking the offensive on any scale. Nothing, indeed, could be wished better than they would "come out and fight." Once we got to fighting in open country, it is probable the Boers may find reasons for no longer desponding, as they told the Correspondent of the *Standard* they do, our infantry. The value of our cavalry and guns, and preparations generally, will tell, and tell quickly, when once we begin in earnest. It cannot be said that so far we have allowed ourselves a chance in engaging desultory actions with forces too feeble to resist attack, and, if attacking, too weak to follow up a success. We are unable to agree with the *Daily Telegraph* that the Government is to blame for not having foreseen the need of further reinforcements, and for not having sent these in the first instance. The necessity, in our opinion, was not up to recently such as to call for the despatch of any more troops. No one could have anticipated that the actual army on the theatre of operations would not have been allowed a fairer development of its fighting power.

THE VICTOR HUGO FESTIVAL.

THE honours which were paid to M. Victor Hugo in Paris on last Sunday, his eightieth birthday, made an interesting event in themselves; they were perhaps even more interesting, at least to us, when we consider the way in which newspaper accounts of them have been received in England. Many thousands of Parisians defiled in bad weather for five or six hours last Sunday before the poet's house. There were bands, flags, all the apparatus which is reserved in England for a review or a meeting of Foresters. Movable printing presses took part in the procession and struck off copies (regardless of the hero's well-known views as to copyright) for the benefit of the crowd. Hundreds of babies were carried before the poet's balcony to blow kisses to him as if he were a popular candidate at an election. Wreaths and branches of laurel and oak wrought in the precious metals were presented to him by the Government, the municipality, the Comédie Française. Students came in deputations; clothes-baskets full of congratulatory cards and letters and telegrams were collected at the door. Nor even in the red-hot atmosphere of French political animosities was much noise of a discordant kind raised against all this homage. Except the extreme Clericals and Bonapartists, all parties can claim something in Victor Hugo; and those who do not count him in their ranks as a present ally may assert, truthfully enough, that some of his best work has been done under their colours in the past. Meanwhile the average Englishman, even the average newspaper Correspondent on the spot, looks at all this with a mixture of perplexity and contempt, a mixture in which the perplexity prevents the contempt from being thorough and comfortable. If he is a sympathiser, he is likely as not to impute all the reverence paid to the author of *Les Châtiments* to political motives—a miscalculation of the most glaring kind. If he does not sympathize, he takes refuge in the well-known theatricality of the French nation, and assures himself that a nation of phrasemakers is naturally enough at home in praising the chief of all living makers of phrases. The attitude of Prince Bismarck's *Büchlein*—is that of such good persons, an excellent representative of whom

speaks his opinion, though not directly *à propos* of the celebration, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for the present month. Some Englishmen have even gone further, and in their quest for allies have ejaculated *Acheronta movebo*. They have discovered that there is a man of great genius in France itself who will none of M. Victor Hugo. His name is M. Emile Zola, and though he has certainly written some sad novels, his sentiments about the author of the *Légende des Siècles* are not to be poohpoohed. The truth is, as those who are a little more behind the scenes know, that Providence, wishing to punish M. Zola for his bad novels, has for some time past set him upon writing worse criticisms.

It is not very easy—this may be readily allowed—to put Englishmen into the exact position for appreciating such a display as that of Sunday. But, to do them justice, it is not the display which seems to stick in the throats of most of them. Given a certain literary estimate of Victor Hugo, they could grant the expression of the popular feeling as a merely characteristic and legitimate translation of that estimate into other terms. But it is exactly this estimate to which they demur. They cannot bring themselves to admit that Victor Hugo is, as his admirers assert him to be, the chief literary figure of Europe since Goethe's death. Yet this is what the enormous majority of the French nation firmly believes, and what, let it be added, at least some persons who have not a drop of French blood in their veins, who have not the slightest sympathy with Victor Hugo's political or religious ideas, who are quite ready to admit many grave, and even ludicrous, deficiencies in him, believe as firmly as the most enthusiastic of the *lycéens* who had a holiday on Sunday night. A great deal of nonsense has of course been talked about the author of the *Châtiments*. His chief English admirer is not remarkable for measure or moderation of language, and political sympathies—which have, properly speaking, nothing to do with the question—have combined to put measure and moderation out of the question with Mr. Swinburne. It is not very common, again, to find Englishmen who have any knowledge of the actual state of French literature when Victor Hugo's works first appeared, so that they are not in a position to judge what he has actually done. But what—we must say it delicately—is rarest of all is to find an Englishman who has really read the works of the man whose literary position he effects to criticize. Everybody—that is everybody who pretends to some knowledge of literature—has read some of the vast *œuvre* which sixty years of literary labour have accumulated; some people have read a good deal of it; very few, it is safe to say, have read all, or nearly all. Yet there are few persons who need to be judged by their whole work so much as Victor Hugo. His merits and defects are in one sense singularly uniform, but the cumulative evidence of the former which his works afford is extraordinarily strong. To begin with, if his claims to consideration depended only on the remarkable ambidextrousness which he shows—if there were a word for three-handedness we should certainly use it—in poetry, drama, and prose, they would be irresistibly strong. This very quality of his genius, however, has perhaps helped to rob him of his due meed of praise. Many persons who prize his dramatic talent highly care little for his prose romances, and nothing at all for his poetry proper; a still larger number of those who read his romances neglect the novels and the poetry; and some at least of the smaller band who out of France are familiar with the marvellous series of his poems know little of his work in drama, or in narrative and miscellaneous prose. Those who do know all three, and who yet think not very much of him, may be asked to name an author who rivals him in this capacity of turning his hand to anything. The master of literature has left us no pure prose. Milton, a sufficiently powerful and far-reaching talent, has left next to nothing properly to be called drama. Voltaire and Goethe, indeed, may, in this point of aptness for any of the three tasks, challenge some comparison; but we are not instituting a trial of the relative merits of Goethe and of Hugo, or of Hugo and of Voltaire. All that in this way has to be pointed out is that, taking proficiency in each of the three divisions, no one for a full half century has matched the hero of Sunday's triumph in the literary history of modern Europe.

This is mere matter of fact, and cannot seriously be contested. But the exact value of the individual works which make up this marvellous total—that is the point where the rub lies. When (we are afraid the limitation has to be made) an Englishman is found who, having got over the initial objection that French poetry is generally good for nothing, denies the value of the particular poetry of Victor Hugo, either dramatic or non-dramatic, it is rare that any other serious objection can be got out of him than the charge of "extravagance." It might stagger a reflective person of this kind to remember that this was exactly the charge which the French of the last century brought against Shakespeare, who to us seems about the least extravagant of writers. The coincidence is curious, and though we disclaim the slightest idea of evening the two poets, which would be simply absurd, we may suggest that in each case an inability to get the range may probably explain the difficulty. The truth is that Victor Hugo is the poet, and, for the matter of that, the prose writer too, of the more exalted moods of passion. He is not good on the ground (*ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher*), and the perfect poet is as much at home on the firm ground as on the misty mountain tops. He cannot reason, and the perfect poet reasons as if Baroko and Dekardo had been his study from his youth up. He has absolutely no humour, whereas the perfect poet can dance the perilous sword-dance between the blades of the ridiculous without the least

danger. All these are drawbacks, no doubt, and they disable Victor Hugo from even attempting the impossible rivalry which incompetent admirers claim for him. So also the balloon is an instrument fitted for comparatively few uses. But, if you like, it will take you higher than anything else; and so will Victor Hugo. In the department of work which, if he began it latest, he deserted earliest, the drama, his actual technical proficiency is probably far greater than his detractors allow. But the fact is that, if the defects of *Hernani*, of *Lucrèce Borgia*, of *Le Roi s'amuse* were infinitely worse than they are, the faculty of carrying the audience off their feet at the crisis of the play would save the author a dozen times over. The quivers of a dozen generations of critics have been exhausted upon his first acted play. The motives are insufficient, the action is preposterous, and so on. Let it all (for the sake of argument) be granted. But as it is a notorious fact that the famous *cor d'Hernani*—most preposterous and unreasonable as some of its critics declare it to be—never fails to produce the tragic shiver in any spectator or reader who has given his attention, all this criticism falls to the ground. The dramatist has done what it is his business to do, and adverse criticism is useless. So again of the poems. They are wordy, they are pitched in too few and too high keys, &c. Take the same test again. Give any man who has a sufficient knowledge of French and a sufficient feeling for poetry *Gastibelza* or the *Chasseur Noir*, and ask him to read them at his leisure and confess honestly the effect on himself. Or take a more dangerous test, such as the "Sultan Mourad" of the first *Légende* or the apocalyptic epilogue of the second. These, we say, are dangerous tests. The pig is not a sublime animal, and the advantages of the moral of "Sultan Mourad" are dubious; the vastness of the conception in the epilogue tasks the ordinary reader even to follow it, and inclines him to think of a too familiar maxim about vaulting ambition. Yet here, too, always supposing the conditions of a fair trial present, there is no doubt of the result. If the reader, indeed, be unable to scan an Alexandrine or have a rooted idea that all good lines come to an end when they have reached their tenth foot, why, the touchstone will probably fail. But, if the roc's talons fairly get hold of him, and he can follow the flight, there is little fear of what his verdict will be when he reaches *terra firma* again. A good deal of this transporting power is of course lost in the prose works, yet it is to be felt there also, notably in the *Travailleurs de la Mer*, in the better passages of the *Shakespeare*, and in parts of *Quatre-vingt-treize*. It may be added, in spite of the derision which the statement may raise, that even in the crude and amazing *Han d'Islande* it is not infrequently present. But it is as a poet that Victor Hugo is honoured, and as a poet that he is to be judged. One of the soundest critics of the last hundred years has fixed on the power of transporting as the special poetic differentia; and we venture to think that no poet of that time has had this power more fully—that all but two or three have had it less fully—than Victor Hugo. There are plenty of things which he cannot do; any tiro in criticism can run you off a long list of them. But a poet is to be judged, not by what he cannot do, but by what he can. What Victor Hugo can do on the stage, in poetry proper, and in prose romance is by working on the simpler and directer passions—love, pity, terror, awe, admiration, sense of the vast and vague—to lift the hearer or reader far out of himself, and further out of the dim common thoughts and feelings that usually occupy him. He who can do this, and in such a measure, is a great poet, and of the greatest next to the throne.

THE MURDER AT BROMPTON BARRACKS.

AMATEUR detectives have a great many mysteries to occupy them at present, but the murder of Lieutenant Roper will probably offer them the widest and safest material for conjecture. The *Spectator* has observed that the suspicious of persons who have read the reports of the inquest in a daily paper will naturally tend in a particular direction. We have read the reports, but we confess that we cannot even imagine what our contemporary means. This is doubtless the result of pure stupidity, and we may as well confess at once to a want of aptitude for the labours of the detective. The evidence may, however, be arranged and examined, not in the hope of throwing any light on the event, but merely with a view to showing how thick is the darkness which obscures it.

Lieutenant Roper, who was shot on the staircase of his rooms on February 11th, seems to have been a gentleman of the highest character and of cheerful disposition. The medical evidence at once and completely disposes of the idea that he could have shot himself, whether by accident or design. The man of the most cheerful appearance may be hiding sorrows or difficulties which, at last, drive him to find refuge and release in a voluntary death. No *a priori* reasoning on the subject is valid. But professional evidence is unanimous that Lieutenant Roper did not end his days by his own hand. How, then, did he die? There is a space of about twenty minutes or half an hour to be accounted for. At twenty minutes past eight Mrs. Gallagher, the wife of one of the barrack servants, had left Lieutenant Roper's rooms in an orderly state. She had hung up, or put away, his clothes. At that time Lieutenant Roper was dining in the mess-room, which he left shortly afterwards with the intention of "finishing a letter,"

and of afterwards joining Lieutenant Davidson at an entertainment of some sort. This point is proved by a note which Lieutenant Roper wrote to Mr. Davidson during dinner-time. Mr. Davidson had asked his friend to accompany him, and Mr. Roper replied, in writing, "I want to finish a letter, but will be glad to go a little later." Soon after dinner, and, as we conjecture, soon after half-past eight, Mr. Roper left the mess-room. When next seen Mr. Roper was lying mortally wounded on the stairs leading up to his room. The best evidence as to what must have occurred is given by Mrs. Gerside, wife of one of the servants. "About twenty minutes to nine she heard the sound of a scuffle on the stairs, like feet knocking against the bath-tubs, followed by a fall, or like a double fall." Mrs. Gerside took no notice; but she afterwards heard moans, and the dogs began to bark. Mrs. Gerside then went upstairs, and found Mr. Roper lying as we have described. Mrs. Gerside summoned Gallagher, Mr. Roper's servant, and, on her return, found a poker lying on the landing of the staircase. The sound which first attracted her attention was like that produced, first by the fall of a heavy body, then of a piece of iron. The former noise was doubtless caused by the fall of Mr. Roper, the latter by the poker, or the revolver, also found, as it struck the stone staircase. The evidence of other witnesses, especially of a woman who was outside of the house, proved that "a crack" was heard about a quarter to nine, and that the sound was followed by moans. The extraordinary thing is that no one appears to have heard the murderer of Mr. Roper go upstairs, or come down again, and no sentry saw any such person leave the barracks. Mrs. Gerside must have been very near Mr. Roper's rooms, near enough to hear the fall of iron on his staircase; but it does not appear that she heard footsteps on the stairs more than once, before or after the incident.

The condition of Mr. Roper's rooms must now be considered. They were left neatly arranged at twenty minutes past eight. The witnesses who carried the wounded man back at a quarter to nine found them in disorder. The clothes in the room had been hung up on pegs, or folded up, and placed on the drawers by Mrs. Gallagher at twenty minutes past eight. Between half-past eight and a quarter to nine James Sharp, a sentry, heard "a crack" proceed from an open window of Mr. Roper's rooms, and, looking up, "he noticed a bundle of something on the sill of the window." Clothes had been rolled up and placed there since Mrs. Gallagher left the room. William Gallagher, however, says that he saw no such bundle there when he was called to attend the wounded man, and he adds that the window was shut. Gallagher, however, found the drawers pulled out, and the cover had been taken off a box which Mr. Roper was in the habit of keeping locked. A little money—three or four pounds—was discovered in the drawers, and a watch, with some rings, had not been removed. As Mr. Roper was about to start for Germany, it is supposed that he must have had more money in his possession, and it would be interesting to know the exact facts about this part of the subject. Mr. Roper's own statement that "he had a letter to finish" was corroborated by the discovery, on his table, we presume, of a letter only just begun. Now it seems exceedingly improbable that Mr. Roper had himself opened all his drawers, and tossed about his own clothes. It is hard to suggest any motive for such a proceeding. He was not engaged in packing for his projected journey to Germany. He had returned to his room merely to finish what seems to have been a short note, and this note he could scarcely have found time to touch, for it was begun before dinner, and only three lines were written when it was discovered after the shooting. All these facts, taken together, make it probable that Mr. Roper, as soon as he returned from mess to his rooms, found some one there who was opening his drawers and rolling up his clothes into bundles. Mr. Roper would then seem to have seized the poker, and placed himself on the stairs. Perhaps he closed with his visitor, and, after a short scuffle, was shot. The revolver and some cartridges were found on the scene of the murder; and it was proved that the shot must have been fired at close quarters, as Mr. Roper's clothes were burned.

So far we have not reached the most mysterious part of the affair, and that which possibly is least unlikely to afford a hint as to the motives of the murderer. This revolver was also a stolen article. Gerside, the servant of Lieutenant Stotherd, whose rooms adjoined those of Mr. Roper, and who was in the card-room at the time of the murder, "had no doubt" that the pistol was a prize one which hung on the wall of his master's room. Gerside left the mess at nine, went to Mr. Stotherd's rooms, and there "missed the revolver and pouch from behind the door." Mr. Stotherd himself deposed that "he believed the revolver and case were his property, but he could not swear to them." There is a close family resemblance between revolvers of the same make, and Mr. Stotherd's, though a prize one, bore, it seems, no plate or inscription. Mr. Stotherd had never fired the revolver in his life, and had never possessed any cartridges which fitted it. Now it is an extraordinary thing that the person who took the revolver from Mr. Stotherd's room stole nothing else, though there were plenty of things there to tempt a thief. There were articles of jewelry, clothes, and money in an open drawer. What possible reason could induce a thief to arm himself in one room, and neglecting opportunities to rob, go off to another room and there, apparently, make preparations for carrying away clothes? The murderer must have been well acquainted with the qualities of Mr. Stotherd's revolver, for he had purchased cartridges to fit it. Mr. Stotherd himself had no cartridges. The murderer must

therefore have provided himself with ammunition, then stolen the revolver, and, lastly, gone to Mr. Roper's room, and then began by making preparations for theft, and ended by homicide. We may suppose either that he from the first intended to murder, and merely disarranged Mr. Roper's room to make it seem that his purpose was theft, or that both theft and murder were inspired by personal hatred of Mr. Roper. It is possible to imagine a scoundrel who, wishing to rob, preferred to rob a person he hated, and to kill him if an opportunity presented itself. Only thus can we account for his neglect to steal any of Mr. Stotherd's property except his revolver, which, again, was probably left on the scene of the crime as a piece of misleading evidence calculated to draw inquirers off the scent. But we do not know that Mr. Roper had any enemy in any rank of life, still less one capable of such a combination of crimes.

The whole affair is only made darker and more unaccountable by the fact that a person described as a "gentleman" and a "military man" bought on the day of the crime, and in the High Street of Rochester, cartridges which exactly fitted the bore of Mr. Stotherd's revolver. Unluckily, the shopkeeper does not think he could certainly recognize this person, and, even if he were found, it is plain that any one, in these days of burglars and Fenians, might be innocently purchasing cartridges for a pistol of very common size and make. The bore .450 is the Government bore, and must suit the majority of military revolvers, like that of Mr. Stotherd.

Here there are perplexities enough, but the greatest of them, doubtless, is the fact that no one was seen to come out of the house where Mr. Roper was murdered. Mary Cruth, who was outside and heard the shot, the moanings, and the barking of the dogs, said, "If any one had come out of the house, she must have seen him." Yet, if any stranger remained in the house, how could he escape detection, even in the hurry and confusion which must have followed the detection of the murder? Could he have entered and escaped by the trap-door in the ceiling, close by Mr. Roper's door? The trap had frequently been opened for the passage of workmen. The only apparent conclusion is that the murderer had a minute acquaintance with the barracks, and with the contents of the officers' rooms.

TWO DAYS WITH THE GRAND JURY.

A SPIRIT of thoroughness has been recently awakened among overseers and those who draw up lists; names long neglected have been newly inscribed upon the vestry roll; responsibilities long forgotten have been laid at last upon reluctant shoulders; and many of us who have hitherto escaped the clutches of that Grippeminaud, the Sheriff of Middlesex, who would claw and drag all into his net, are now experiencing the joys of a visit to the Court of Sessions by pressing invitation and a reminder that if we fail to keep the appointment the assistant-judge will mark his disapprobation by asking us for ten pounds. Up to the present time our admiration of the British Constitution in general, and in especial of that great shield of liberty, trial by jury, has been from an outside point of view; we have had our jury—like our policemen, our soldiers, our beadles, our School Boards, our vergers, and our House of Lords—found for us. The glorious machine has gone on without the least assistance from us. Long years of immunity had brought us to believe that we were no more called upon to take part in the government of the country and the city than if we had been so many Merchants of the Steel-yard, who once enjoyed the protection of laws which they neither made nor maintained. It was therefore a rude awakening from a fool's paradise to feel that one must turn out on a cold morning, and make one's way by an early train to that domed edifice, formerly known as Hicks's Hall, which stands by the famous green, once the London *pro aurum clerici*.

Most of us arrive before our time; and at the outset a surprising thing happens—we all know each other by sight. Four-and-twenty men collected by chance out of all these millions recognize each other. After this one may almost believe that the round world, and all therein is, may be, after all, only a fortuitous concourse of atoms. And it is a little disappointment when the thing is explained. For not only do all our names begin with the same letter—which proves the thoroughness of the overseers—but we all come from the same district. Presently the assistant judge appears, the roll is called, swearing begins, and those who have the courage stand up with one consent to make excuses. One man hands up a paper, and says mysteriously that "we" have lately been incorporated with her Majesty's forces. Is he a deputy-assistant-commissary-general, or a lieutenant of Volunteers? It matters not; his excuse availeth nothing, and he is fain to sit down abashed. Another is the secretary of a Society. Without a blush he says that he likes serving on a jury, and, in fact, would rather serve than not, but he has a committee meeting, and his Society will be brought to confusion if he is absent. The judge allows him to depart on conditions. A third has sent his clerk to say that he is ill and cannot come. The judge, accustomed to this kind of thing, discovers from the unhappy clerk that his master, though "very ill indeed," is actively engaged as usual at his business. A fine of ten pounds will convey to that Grand Jurymen a lesson in constitutional law. Another says that he has served within the last two years, but, as he looks a promising jurymen, the judge asks him to be good enough to serve once

more. Two or three do not come at all, and send no excuse. Ten pounds is the least that must be paid by each and every such offender. In one case the officer who delivered the summons testifies that he gave it to a servant, who said she would give it to her master "when he came home." Mark what followed. "A lady came to the door and said that her husband was in India." This is truly remarkable; and the judge, in order to let the gentleman who can be in two places at once clear up this mystery, imposes the fine. An old gentleman claims exemption on the ground of being seventy-three and stone deaf. He is snubbed, however, and told to stand up, kiss the book, and do his duty. Then we are briefly charged, and we go down the stairs, filing through the dirty and disreputable crowd which always collects about a London court of justice into the chamber set apart for the Grand Jury.

Our foreman, whom we elected by the advice of a jurymen who knew him of old, turned out to be quick and intelligent. It depends entirely on the ability of this functionary whether the work is despatched in a day or two, or whether it shall drag on for a week. It must be remembered that the business of the Grand Jury is only to decide whether there is sufficient evidence to connect the prisoner with the crime, not to hear the defence; there is, therefore, no cross-examination; and it cannot be said that the Grand Jury are needless, because at every session they throw out cases which would otherwise go before the Court. Three cases were thrown out by our own collective wisdom. In one of these we saved the accused, who appeared to us quite innocent, from the misery of a trial which would not have been otherwise than full of pain and shame, whatever the result; in the other two the prisoners were perhaps guilty, but there was no real evidence, and we therefore reluctantly restored two habitual criminals to the bosom of their families. There were seventy cases in all. For the first forty or so we went on merrily, even indulging in the hope that we might get through in a single day. The hope was illusory; some of the witnesses were stupid; some were slow; the jury began to disagree; and, worse than all, they kept us waiting for indictments.

The second day showed a marked change in the temper of the jury, discipline was relaxed, questions began to be put independently instead of through the foreman; a capacious spirit was abroad; everybody was anxious to get through the work, yet the cases took longer time; temper was exhibited, and the usher had to endure plainness of speech. Yet with us, as happens on all occasions when men form a council or parliament, the business presently fell into the hands of one or two; the greater part awaited patiently the moment of decision, and voted in dumb show; one drew heads on a paper; another took notes laboriously, but it is not known what he did with the notes; two or three sat back in their chairs, gazing into space, and not even pretending to follow the proceedings; the deaf gentleman took a chair by the fire, and fell fast asleep; the foreman alone seemed to enjoy himself. His utterances became more judicial; his tone in addressing the rest of us became persuasive and condescending, as of one who lays down explanations for our guidance; his language grew forensic; in imagination he was transformed into a judge indeed.

The general impression produced by two days among the criminals is not so depressing as might be expected. There are few cases which call for any kind of pity; most of them present a certain dull uniformity of routine and professional crime. A man who has had any number of previous convictions, and is, therefore, perfectly well known to all the policemen in London, passes a pair of boots hanging outside a shop. They detach themselves from the hook, and he moves on, carrying them in his hand, with a little increase of speed. The shop-boy, however, has seen him, and starts in pursuit; there is a hot race; the thief imitates the tactics of Hippomenes, and drops the boots; unlike Atalanta, the shop-boy disregards the bait, and finally lauds his man. This is the kind of history of half the cases brought before a Grand Jury. A London shopman, where his property is concerned, is a bull-dog for courage and tenacity. The professional thief seems to be drawn as by a magnet towards boots; he is not above stealing other garments if he is quite sure that no one is looking, but boots he cannot resist; he steals them under the very eyes of their owner, and when he must know that his only chance is a run for it. Not that all our "cases" turned upon boots. In one or two other and very surprising things were stolen. Who, for instance, could feel mistrust when a lad came from a friend to borrow a pair of steps, and with what indignation would one hear that the steps had not been borrowed at all by that friend, but had, on the contrary, been obtained under false pretences, and had now "gone in"—that is to say, been pledged—for "the price of a pint"? And when the station-master at a certain station arose on a certain Monday morning, how could he expect to hear that the station clock was stolen—a clock so large and so respectable?

The drivers of vans, shop carts, and carriers' carts seem to be continually assailed by temptation; it is so easy to drop something on the way; there are always plenty of confederates to be had for the asking, and it seems so very unlikely that a policeman will be able to find out the particular pawnbroker who took the things in pledge. Yet the robberies were clumsily conceived in every case and most stupidly executed. A common trick, at the present moment fashionable among the profession and beautiful in its simplicity, is to wrap a brick in a piece of paper, carry it to a house, and demand three and sixpence for the parcel. And, next to boots, bacon seems the most tempting article.

As for the witnesses, they, like the criminals, may be divided into classes. The policeman makes his statement with professional accuracy, aided by notes; if there has been a fight in the capture of his man, he mentions it as part of the case, and as if some one else, with whom he had no concern, had given and taken those kicks and blows; his weak point is that he cannot bring himself to consider anybody who has been once charged as innocent; and his theory of punishment is that for every offence the term of years should increase by geometrical ratio. Tradesmen who have been robbed state their facts clearly and plainly, but with great *animus* against the thief; it must have been through the influence of the London tradesman that shop-lifting was declared a capital offence. Girls who give evidence are always anxious to show that they behaved with propriety under the trying circumstances; at the proper moment they shrieked; if fainting were still in fashion they would have fainted; the language they used towards the pick-pocket or constable was at once dignified and firm; they are greatly excited by the event, and not altogether displeased to play for once a prominent and public part. As for the women who have been assaulted, it is hard to believe that the arrangement of the dirty handkerchief round the place where he with the chopper "it me awful on the 'ed," is not adjusted with some view to effect. The evidence of these women is, however, the saddest part of the whole business; they will not be repressed; they are determined to tell their story right through, with details which have no bearing on the case, and they reveal an existence, manners and customs, language, behaviour, and general views of life which make one ask in wonder and terror how far down has our civilization penetrated.

Lastly, the most common witness is the pawnbroker's assistant. He has always the same story to tell; he is a pasty-faced young man, who seems to take no pride in his profession—as, indeed, how can he? He states his facts without nervousness or excitement; no cross-examination can shake him; it is a simple link in the chain which he has to establish; he swears to that one fact and goes back to his shop. There was one exception to the general rule; a pawnbroker's assistant appeared who was very young, and had not had time to become ashamed of his work; he was still rosy-checked, and perhaps this was his first case. He had learned it all by heart, and repeated the lesson with his hands folded and his eyes turned upwards like a boy at school, without pause or stop, until he broke down. "On Friday evening the prisoner came to the shop and offered the clock and Mr. Tucker he say you may have more than ten shillins if you like and he say yes I will have fifteen and I give him a ticket and he went away on the following day—" Here he suddenly stopped. "On the following day"—he looked round helplessly; he had broken down. "Well," said the chairman, "on the following day?" "On the following day," he repeated, trying to recover the lost thread, but failed. Then an inspiration seized him. "On the following day," he added, triumphantly, "nothink 'appened." What he was instructed to say, what really did happen, will never be known to any of the members of that Grand Jury.

WINTER AFTERNOONS.

THE climate of the British Isles does not appear to be increasing in popularity with those who are not reconciled to it by their devotion to field sports or out-door pursuits generally, and are not bound by any social or other ties to remain in England during the winter. The number of annual migrants grows larger every year; and many who would formerly have looked upon an occasional visit to Italy or the South of France as a great undertaking, to be carefully discussed beforehand, and to be remembered long afterwards as an exploit of considerable daring, will now make their preparations for spending the winter abroad as a matter of course. There are many, in fact, who have by regular annual residence established ties and associations abroad which have come by degrees to be as binding upon them as any in their native country, and who have thus become as much at home in one place as in the other. And, indeed, this state of things is not to be wondered at; for, putting aside the special charms of British sports or British rural life, there is nothing particularly attractive about the prospect of an ordinary winter in England; and when compared with the sunny skies and balmy atmosphere of the Mediterranean coast, it is not surprising that the fogs of London or the heavy damp of the midland counties should have rather the worst of it.

And yet, as there is hardly any state of life, however deplorable, that cannot be found on close examination to possess certain compensating advantages, so even those who are debarred from following the swallows to the sunny South, and are compelled to put up as they best can with the gloom and damp of an average English winter, may, if they care to look at the matter from a moderately rose-coloured point of view, be rewarded by the discovery of certain not altogether unpleasant accompaniments of their position which are only compatible with such a climate as our own. And not last amongst these comes that peculiar charm which is associated with a fine afternoon during the late autumn or winter months. We would not now refer to the dreamy afternoon of the lotus-eater, but rather to that state of atmosphere and general surroundings indicated by Dickens in describing an afternoon that might induce a couple of elderly gentlemen, in a lonely field, to take off their greatcoats and play at leap-frog in pure gaiety and lightness of heart. Whatever other influences may attach to the

atmosphere and glorious colouring of an afternoon or in more genial climes, it could hardly be asserted with any degree of confidence that there was anything about them suggestive of leap-frog, or indeed of any other exercise involving a certain amount of violent physical exertion. Such ideas are only consistent with a more bracing, if less luxurious, atmosphere; but they are ideas that come home to the hearts of most Englishmen, for the very reason probably that they are essentially connected with some of the most popular and old-fashioned characteristics of their native country.

There can be no doubt that there is something associated with the very idea of afternoon that is apt to convey a soothing impression of ease and repose. The day is by this time thoroughly well aired, so to speak; we have come to an understanding with it; and, however unpleasantly it may have begun, the chances are—speaking, of course, of an average uneventful day—that we have got over the worst part of it, and can see our way pretty well to its conclusion. And, should circumstances admit of the day's work having been completed, the feeling that duty may now be cast on one side and well-earned recreation may begin is a very pleasant one. There is a subtle charm about an afternoon atmosphere which it would be difficult to describe, but which it is impossible to associate with any other period of the day. Without attempting to institute comparisons with the delicious freshness of the air of early morning, and the pleasant sense of self-satisfaction that is generally one of the results of early rising, especially with those who are not habitually given to it, there can be no doubt that to most people the afternoon—provided, of course, that the physical energies have not been already overtaxed—brings a feeling of vigour and a freedom from languor that would not be experienced earlier in the day. Many, indeed, whom any physical exertion in the morning would only render sleepy and useless for the rest of the day can take and enjoy strong exercise in the afternoon. There are few cases in which, weather and other circumstances permitting, the afternoon would not be preferred to the morning for any species of outdoor recreation. In hot summer weather the advantage of so doing is obvious, as the coolest and most enjoyable time of day is thereby secured; but, even in the short days of winter, the afternoon has its own peculiar charms. Somehow or other the afternoon fox is generally the best; and the most agreeable recollections of a day's hunting will usually be found to be associated with the latter end of the day. The mind will fondly recall that afternoon when the hounds were whipped off in the dark, with only three up besides the master and the first whip, or that day when, after a long hunting run, the fox got to ground in a strange country just as a reddening sky and a feeling of crispness in the air foretold that recollection and anticipation would be all that the hunting appetite would have to feed upon for some days to come. And although a long ride home on a tired horse, with a steady downpour of rain, or a snowstorm driving in one's face, is not perhaps the most exhilarating performance in the world, there are times when, provided the weather is favourable, this part of the day is by no means the least enjoyable. There are few pleasanter sensations than that of joggling home quietly in the gloaming after a fairly successful day, with the satisfactory reflection that both you and your horse have held your own, and with the comfortable anticipation of a good fire and a good dinner awaiting you. What, again, can be more delightful than a ramble with a gun, especially in a wild or rough country, on a calm winter afternoon? There may perhaps be no very great probability of a large bag; but the mere exercise in the bracing air brings with it a delicious feeling of exhilaration; and a very moderate amount of sport, especially if requiring some knowledge and exercise of woodcraft, will on such occasions be sufficient to make the *chasse* very enjoyable. Nor are the delights of a winter afternoon by any means reserved for sportsmen alone. Is there any old public school football-player who can recall without a thrill of pleasurable regret that delicious feeling of absolute happiness and perfect freedom from care as, emancipated from "bill" or "calling-over," he hurried down to the football-field on a dull November or January afternoon, and while still some way off could see the ball rising against a grey sky, followed by the well-known thud which in the still air could be heard half a mile off? And, to say nothing of the pleasure of skating and other seasonable pastimes, there is no time when the ordinary pedestrian will find himself able to get more enjoyment out of a walk, even if only undertaken for the purpose of a constitutional. If he is anything of an artist, moreover, his eye will be as gratified with the cold greys and subdued tints of winter as with the rich luxuriance of summer or the glorious colouring of autumn. It is surprising, indeed, that more attention is not devoted by British artists to winter scenery. The French and Belgian schools of the present day abound with works of this description; and the increasing number of winter landscapes, generally, moreover, with afternoon or evening effects, that may be seen in any gallery where foreign pictures are exhibited, would appear to indicate that these quiet studies are readily appreciated.

But, although a winter afternoon in the country has charms of its own which are of course unattainable in a large city, there are many occasions during the winter months when the dweller in London may find this period of the day very enjoyable. In some respects, indeed, he has the advantage over his country cousin; for as soon as it really gets dark in the country, the romance and sentiment of the thing are gone, and the wayfarer, if a stranger in the locality, speedily becomes alive to the inconvenience of groping about by-roads or blundering into holes and quagmires; whereas

in London the approach of night is merely the signal for an additional demonstration of life and cheerfulness. There is something very homely and reassuring about the glow of even a common street lamp, as it springs into light on a darkening afternoon; and the music and poetry of the muffin bell are justly dear to all true-hearted cockneys. It is, however, more of the remaining hours of daylight that we would speak than of the period of absolute darkness; and when there is neither fog nor rain, and it is tolerably dry under foot, an afternoon walk in London at this time of year is far from being devoid of enjoyment. The streets are seen at their best, for the busiest and most jostling period of the day is over, and there is not the same hopeless block of carriages as in summer, so that it is possible to move about with a certain degree of freedom. And on a fine winter's afternoon a walk in the London Parks is almost as healthy and invigorating as a walk in the country. We are of course speaking of an average winter, and not of such abnormal weather as we have recently experienced. But even when, as has been the case lately, the metropolis is under the dominion of snow and frost, the cleverly arranged combinations of wood and water, which certainly reflect great credit on their designers, present in many places the most complete illusion of rural scenery. When the snow lies deep, and locomotion away from the footpaths becomes inconvenient, it is easy to find untrodden spots in Kensington Gardens where the exercise of a very little imagination is sufficient to carry one in fancy to the outskirts of some remote woodland. And what could be more picturesque in its way than the view of the frozen Serpentine, or the water in St. James's Park, and the ever-moving crowd of skaters and idlers of every kind? The scene is one that would have delighted a Dutch master of the old school; and, as dusk creeps on, and the lurid glow of the "all hot" chestnut vendor's furnace lights up the snow around, while torches begin to flit rapidly in every direction, it is difficult to believe that we are in hum-drum and commonplace London.

And, although travelling in really cold weather is decidedly a thing to be avoided, especially when there is the prospect of being snowed-up for an indefinite period, without even the consolation of a refreshment-room bun, there are times when a not too long journey on a winter's day is by no means unpleasant. There are few things, for instance, that are more thoroughly appreciated by a man of business, whether public or otherwise, especially if a sportsman, than an occasional escape from London during the winter months. The visit to the Hall or the Grange is looked forward to for months, and imagination is busy with delightful anticipations of forthcoming enjoyment, mingled with certain sensations of anxiety, which may very probably be uncalculated for, but which are not the less certain to intrude themselves. There are sure to be one or two good meets of the hounds while we are there, and if that new purchase of ours turns out as good as he promises, we rather think we may show some of them the way. But fancy if it freezes hard the whole time! Or if the young horse, about whose mouth we are perhaps not quite as certain as we could wish, takes it into his head to be nasty, and bolts into the middle of the hounds, what a fearful nuisance it will be! Or we have perhaps been asked for a shooting party, and have reason to believe that some of the best coverts will be shot for the first time. Ah! if we can get a good place, and manage to shoot as well as we did last year, what fun we shall have! But then, again, the old Squire is rather fond of asking too many guns, and we may find ourselves next to some jealous shot whose only idea of sport is to blow everything to pieces the moment it gets up. Or it may rain every day and spoil the whole thing. But the looked-for day comes at last, and the weather promises well for sport of all kinds. And as our friend gets into a hansom on a dull, grey afternoon and gives the order for his particular railway terminus, he experiences a delicious sensation of casting care behind him that it is worth a very considerable amount of hard work to have earned. There is a pleasant bustle and importance, moreover, about the starting of the afternoon express that is decidedly inspiring; and as the train glides out of the station, and our traveller settles himself into his corner, he feels as if he had got the whole world before him. Having, of course, encumbered himself with various newspapers, magazines, and other light literature, he at first tries to read; but when the suburbs are cleared and the open country appears, his outdoor instincts get the better of his literary tastes, and he takes to looking out of the window. If a hunting man, he amuses himself by scanning the fences as they meet him in quick succession, and thinking where he would "have" them. And how easy they all look, and how the young horse would fly over that country! Or if a shooter, he eyes each copse and spinney, and wonders whether there is ever a woodcock there; or thinks how nice it would be to stand in the hollow at the end of that big wood, with rocketers coming over your head down wind. Now a vast stubble appears, and his practised eye glances along it for the little round excrescences that denote a covey of partridges on the feed. Or, as the line skirts a bend of a river or reed-bordered sheet of water, he strains his eyes to see whether those are ducks out in the open or only waterhens. But gradually the soft grey afternoon light merges into a dull red on the horizon, while each hedgerow and coppice becomes more and more indistinct, till at last the landscape is nothing but a vague outline of light and shade. Encouraged by the fitful glimmer of the lamp overhead, our friend now perhaps resumes his attempts at reading. But the endeavour is not very successful, and he very soon gives it up as a bad job. The motion of the carriage, more-

over, coupled with the gradually approaching darkness, has the effect of inducing a feeling of drowsiness; and it is pleasanter to light a cigar, and, lying back in the corner of the carriage, to look out lazily at the pale streak of light still left on the horizon, and give the reins to imagination. In this half-waking half-sleeping state, he is disposed to take a comfortable view of existence generally, mingled with indistinct, but pleasurable, anticipations of the next few days in particular. The regular beat of the train has a soothing effect, and even the whistle of the engine, beginning in a low key and ending in a shriek, as the train rushes by station after station, has a not altogether unmelodious sound. But just as he is dropping off into a sweet slumber, a longer wail than usual, and a gradual slackening, arouse him to the fact that he is approaching the junction where he has to change on to the little branch line that is to convey him to his journey's end. Here he may possibly fall in with others bound to the same hospitable roof as himself, and on the strength of a common destination may commence an agreeable acquaintance. And, however enjoyable his visit may turn out, it is quite probable that not the least pleasant recollection connected with it will be his journey on that winter's afternoon.

THE MONETARY CRISIS IN NEW YORK.

THE past ten days have furnished striking proof of the unwisdom of a legislature endangering the success of the main object it has in view for the sake of a paltry advantage. In the current year the United States bonds bearing 5 and 6 per cent. interest fall due; and it was recommended by the Secretary of the Treasury, in his report to Congress last December, that these bonds should be refunded in two forms—that a portion should be replaced by bonds redeemable in five years, and payable in twenty, bearing interest not higher than 3½ per cent., and that the remainder should be replaced by Treasury Notes running from one to ten years. Congress, however, was of opinion that the credit of the United States is good enough now to permit of borrowing at 3 per cent.; and accordingly the House of Representatives decided that bonds bearing not more than 3 per cent. interest should be issued to the amount of 80 millions sterling, and that Treasury Notes, bearing the same rate of interest, should be issued for 60 millions sterling. When the Bill went to the Senate, Mr. Sherman had an interview with the Finance Committee of that Chamber, and he again urged his own views, and pointed out the objections which he entertained to the Bill passed by the House of Representatives. His arguments were enforced by Mr. Knox, the Comptroller of the Currency; and the Committee accordingly reported in accordance with Mr. Sherman's recommendations. But the Senate itself overruled the decisions of its Committee, and adopted the House Bill with but few and unimportant amendments. The Bill went back to the House for its assent to the amendments; but circumstances soon occurred which prove very conclusively that Mr. Sherman was right and the two Houses of Congress wrong.

In addition to what we have stated above, the Bill provides that the new bonds must be offered for public subscription for thirty days before they can be awarded to any Syndicate; and it further enacts that the bonds must be sold at not less than par, and that the total expense of placing them must not exceed one-fourth of one per cent. These provisions are very distasteful to the banks of the United States. When the great funding operation was carried through a couple of years ago, its success was rendered certain by the co-operation of the banks. A Syndicate of American bankers and European capitalists took the loans in large amounts, and then placed them on the home and European markets. The new Bill is designed to prevent a repetition of this operation as far as possible. Congress in effect says that the former bargain made by Mr. Sherman was a wasteful one, and that if the banks are to take the new bonds, they must take them on the same conditions as the rest of the public. To people ignorant of financial matters this seems a very reasonable decision. But it should be borne in mind that the Syndicate which took the great American loans in fact incurred a very great risk. For several years the United States Government had been unable to place these loans, and it was by no means certain that the public would buy as freely as they actually have bought. The Syndicate being composed of exceedingly clever, experienced, and far-seeing men, perceived that the discredit into which State loans of all kinds had fallen during the long depression in trade was passing away, and that we were on the eve of a revival of business and they took these loans in vast amounts in dependence upon their provision. But if the revival in trade had not come, and the loans had been left upon their hands, it is quite evident that the capital of all these great houses would have been locked up to an inconvenient amount, and would have crippled them very seriously. The jealousy shown by Congress to the Syndicate was thus neither wise nor just. In another point, too, the provisions of the Bill are not very favourable to the banks. Under previous funding Acts a certain latitude was left to the Secretary of the Treasury as to the bargain he made with the Syndicates. When they took a large amount of the bonds he was enabled to make them a discount; but by this Bill the whole expense which he is authorized to incur must not exceed one-fourth of one per cent., and as the unavoidable expenses approach very close to that fraction, it follows that if the public should fail to take the loans, he can hold out no

inducement to the capitalists of America and Europe to help in placing them on the market.

But Congress went still further in its action against the banks. When Mr. Chase was providing means for carrying on the war against the South, one of his great plans was to create a vast network of banks all over the Union, which should supply a market for the bonds he was issuing. Accordingly, he made it compulsory on the banks to lodge with the Treasury of the United States bonds of the United States security for their bank notes to the full amount of those notes and 10 per cent. over. In other words, if a bank wished to obtain the right to issue 90,000 dollars in notes, it must lodge in the Treasury of the United States 99,000 dollars. When this system was first introduced the bonds of the United States bore 6 per cent. interest; but, by the refunding processes that have since gone on, a great part of the debt now bears only 4 and 4½ per cent. interest. The remainder, bearing 5 and 6 per cent. interest, falls due this year, and to refund this remainder is the object of the Bill which we are describing. The proper and businesslike course would have been to have left the banks to replace their Fives and Sixes by the new Three per Cents.; but, instead of doing so, the Bill makes it compulsory on the banks to hold only Three per Cents. as security for their note circulation, and also for money deposited in them by the Treasury; with this proviso, however, that as the Threes are paid off by the sinking fund Fours and Four-and-a-Halves may be purchased in their stead. In the first place, only Threes can be lodged by the banks. It has been urged that this is a breach of faith, and even an act of confiscation; but it is not so. As we have just stated, the very motive for founding these national banks was to provide a market for the bonds of the United States, and Congress is merely following up the idea of Mr. Chase in what it is now doing. But although the Bill is neither a breach of faith nor an act of confiscation, it is very unwise, and not scrupulously just. It compels the banks, for instance, to get rid of all the Fours and Four-and-a-Halves which they now hold, and to replace them by Threes. But to throw a mass of property of any kind in this manner in the course of a few months upon the market is inevitably to depreciate that property. Naturally, therefore, the banks have protested against this portion of the Bill, and, as we shall presently see, have taken steps to defeat the purposes of Congress. One other provision, however, is still harder upon the banks. As the law now stands, a national bank desiring to surrender its right to issue notes can simply lodge in the United States Treasury either gold or legal tenders, when it gets back the bonds it has lodged there, and the Treasury undertakes to redeem the notes outstanding. The law upon this point has been, as we now describe it, since 1874. Previously a bank desiring to surrender its right of note issue had to collect the identical notes issued by it, and to return them to the Treasury before it could obtain its bonds lodged there. It was found in practice extremely difficult to do this. The notes are paid out by the banks in discounting bills and making loans to customers. They pass from hand to hand, often into distant States and Territories, and the banks could get them back only by offering a high premium. Sometimes they failed to get the whole amount back by any amount of exertion. To insist, therefore, upon the banks collecting their notes before returning to them their deposited bonds is, in effect, to compel them to retain their circulation whether they like it or not, and, consequently, as we have already said, seven years ago the law upon this point was changed; but the Bill which we are now considering actually proposes that the repealed provisions of the law shall be revived, and that the later law shall be repealed. In other words, Congress is not only desirous to compel the banks to take the new Three per Cents. as security for their note issues, but it is desirous also of compelling them to keep those Threes whether they like it or not, and whether their note circulation is profitable or unprofitable.

Naturally the banks have rebelled against a measure so obviously conceived in disregard of their interests, and they have taken steps to prove that they can effectually retaliate upon Congress. As soon as the Bill passed the Senate the banks decided to surrender their circulation rather than take the new Threes. To do this, as we have said, they must lodge either gold or legal tenders in the Treasury, and accordingly they proceeded to call in all their short loans, and to refuse discounts and advances to their customers. The result was an alarm throughout the whole commercial community of the United States, approaching at one time very closely to a panic. In New York the interest upon "call" money—that is, money repayable on demand—at the end of last week actually exceeded the rate of 300 per cent. per annum. That rate prevailed of course only for a very short time; but all through the present week the crisis has been intense. Prices on the Stock Exchange fell from 10 to 17 per cent., and the New York exchanges upon London and Paris dropped in a similar manner. In a single week the sterling exchange fell about 7 cents., or 3½d. in the pound, or almost 1½ per cent. At times, indeed, it has been found impossible to sell exchange in New York. In consequence, gold has been taken from London and from Paris for export to New York, and a tremor has been sent through the money markets of Europe. This action of the banks and the loss it inflicts upon the whole business community of the United States is the best commentary on the unwisdom of the course adopted by Congress. But we do not think it likely that the banks really intend contracting their note circulation. The United States law is extremely favourable to them. Here in the United Kingdom the Bank of England has to keep

—upon which it earns not a penny, and which costs it in the way of storage and other charges—against every it issues in excess of the 14 millions which it is authorized sue against the Government debt. So again, all the provincial and Irish and Scotch banks have to hold gold against every note they print in excess of their authorized issue. But the banks of the United States are not required to hold a single penny in gold. The security which they have to lodge with the Treasury, on the contrary, will yield them interest, even under this new Bill, at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, and in the past the interest was considerably higher. No doubt there is a tax levied upon the circulation of the banks, but it is very much less than the interest on the bonds. They have also, and very properly, to pay the charges of the Treasury in connexion with the bank note circulation. But when all expenses are deducted, they still receive a handsome amount upon the bonds lodged in the Treasury, and this is over and above the interest which they receive on the employment of their notes. It is hardly likely, therefore, that the banks will seriously persist in contracting the circulation. But they have shown most effectually that they can ruinously disturb the business of the whole country, and can defeat the funding operations of the Government. It is suicidal folly on the part of Congress to drive them to such a course, and it is scarcely credible that the House will persist in passing the Bill.

RECENT MUSIC.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S Orchestral Concerts at St. James's Hall have obtained the great success which they deserved, but which could not have been completely foreseen. The first concert, though presenting no novelties, was looked forward to with much interest, principally because of the wide range of the programme. Beginning with Weber's *Oberon* overture, which was very finely rendered, it passed to the Andantino in Spohr's Symphony, "The Power of Sound," and ended the first part with Goldmark's so-called Symphony, "A Rustic Wedding." Although "A Rustic Wedding" has been heard before at the Crystal Palace, it was the only number in the programme which approached to novelty. Symphony, indeed, it is not, and as a piece of programme music it cannot be said to be of the highest rank; nevertheless, its quaint opening march, for violoncelli and contrabassi in unison, suggestive slightly of the old hymn tune "O Come, all ye Faithful," and the thirteen variations that follow, were received by the audience with evident appreciation. The numbers of the piece which seemed most worthy of notice were the Scherzo and the Andante "In the Garden," which, though somewhat incoherent in construction, gave evidence of considerable melodic power in the composer. The second part of the programme on the 12th of February opened with the great C minor Symphony of Beethoven. This favourite work was rendered by Mr. Hallé's fine orchestra in a magnificent manner, and we may safely say that the conductor's reading of it can hardly be surpassed. After an entr'acte and aria from Schubert's opera of *Rosamunda*, the concert ended with a masterly rendering of the *Tannhäuser* overture. "A Rustic Wedding" seems to have found so much favour with the audience that it was repeated at the second concert "by desire"; but the chief interest was centred in the Triple Concerto of Beethoven and Mozart's Serenade in D. In the first of these Mr. Hallé took his place at the pianoforte, leaving Herr Hecht to conduct, and Mne. Norman Neruda and Signor Piatti completed the trio. The Concerto is a work which has been given more than once at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, and, although it is not perhaps one of Beethoven's happiest efforts, yet it deserves, and on this occasion received, a most respectful hearing. From the hands of the three leading executants, supported by the splendid orchestra, it is unnecessary to say that it received the best interpretation that could be given. As for the Serenade, written by Mozart for the wedding festivities of the daughter of Ilufiner, a burgo-master of Salzburg, we must confess it was a trifle tedious. Coming immediately after Beethoven's Concerto, a piece like this, consisting of eight movements, many of which are minuets and trios, and not in the best style of its composer, is hardly calculated to excite the interest of an audience, added to which it took the immoderate time of one hour in performance. The exquisite introduction to *Lohengrin* followed, in which Mr. Hallé's orchestra showed that it was worthy of the high esteem in which it has been held in Manchester. Svendsen's Norwegian Rhapsody closed the concert.

Last Saturday Berlioz's *Childhood of Christ*, which Mr. Hallé has already produced in Manchester, was given for the first time in London. The second of the parts into which it is divided was the first written and produced by Berlioz, under the title of the *Fuite en Egypte*. The story goes that, fearing the adverse criticism which was so freely bestowed upon him by his contemporaries whenever he placed a new work before the public, or perhaps even wishing to perpetrate a practical joke upon his enemies, Berlioz gave out that the *Fuite en Egypte* was the work of a composer of the seventeenth century little known to fame, of the name of Pierre Ducré, and that he had recently had the good fortune to discover the manuscript score of this little sacred cantata. The almost violent feeling exhibited against his works was thus avoided, and the *Fuite en Egypte* received not only a respectful, but an encouraging, hearing. The critics set themselves to discover

whether there were any other works of this long-forgotten genius, and the excitement became intense. When the sensation was at its height, Berlioz, with an assurance which never failed him, declared himself the composer; and later on, as if to show that he spoke the truth, he added the other parts of *Herod's Dream* and *The Coming to Sais*. Heine, upon hearing the *Childhood of Christ*, wrote to Berlioz to say how sorry he was that he had ever said he was no musician, upon which Berlioz answered that he rejoiced to hear Heine was sorry for having talked upon a subject that he did not understand.

After a short recitation by the Narrator we are introduced to a street in Jerusalem, the Roman guards patrolling to the music of a "Night March," a movement characteristic enough. The second scene shows us Herod, who is ill at ease concerning a vision he has lately seen, and in an air, which does not strike us as particularly pleasing, he enlarges upon the fact that he feels it "dreary to reign." Upon the advice of a friend Herod summons the magicians who agree to solve his dream for him. This gives occasion for some incantation music which puts Berlioz at once in his natural element. Certainly this incantation music is as weird as the *Faust* music, and the effect produced by alternating the time of every other bar from triple to common time is as uncanny a one as could be desired. After this Herod is advised to slay all the children born within a certain period of time, which he determines to do without hesitation. We are then taken to the Stable at Bethlehem, where a very tender duet is sung by Joseph and Mary, which was very finely rendered by Mr. Santley and his daughter, and this is succeeded by a chorus of unseen angels, who warn the parents to take their child instantly to Egypt. The effect of this chorus was unfortunately marred by the fact that its intonation was, to say the least, uncertain, if not positively untrue; but this may have arisen from the chorus being placed in the room at the back of the platform, whence the sound of their voices reached the audience under great disadvantages. The second part opens with an overture in the fugal style, intended to represent the assembling of the shepherds at the stable at Bethlehem, and is followed by an uninteresting "Farewell of the Shepherds," which might have been written for the latest edition of the *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. This part closes with "The Repose of the Holy Family," a rather colourless tenor solo, in which Mr. Lloyd, as the Narrator, gave a curiously and unpleasantly whining effect to the words "Behold a shadowy bower" which occur in the piece. The third part is, taken as a whole, the least satisfactory. It seems as if the composer was tired of his subject, and was at a loss how to bring it to a conclusion. Opening with a solo for the tenor Narrator, which is followed by a characteristic duet for Joseph and Mary, who implore the people of Sais to give them shelter after their journey, it continues with a chorus of Ismaelites, led by a benevolent "Father of the Family," who welcome the pilgrims. To this succeeds a quick movement, supposed, as we are told by the stage instructions, to represent "the servants bringing wine and food with alacrity," after which the father of the family bids his household to take the harp and flute and gently entice the strangers to slumber. A "serenade" ensues for harp and flutes as ordered, which would be pleasant if it were not too long, and after another chorus and "Amen" the work comes to an end.

L'Enfance du Christ, though by no means one of Berlioz's best efforts, is still far from being a failure. Its chief interest, it is true, arises from the fact that Berlioz set himself the task of writing a work within the then acknowledged limits of musical construction and with what success he did it is shown by Heine's letter to him after he had heard it. That there are many people of Heine's opinion amongst the public of the present day is amply evidenced by the fact that the insipid "Farewell of the Shepherds" was the only piece redemanded at this performance.

Miss Santley, who has a sympathetic soprano voice, sang the part of Mary with artistic feeling, showing in many ways that, with further study, she has a successful future before her. Of Mr. Santley and Signor Foli it is only necessary to say that they sustained their parts with the success which they always command. Messrs. F. Leigh and F. A. Bridge sang their portion of the music with credit. To Mr. Charles Hallé as a conductor is due the highest praise. Throwing aside the fussy obtrusiveness which is the bane of modern conductors, he has adopted that calm composure that we have before noticed as a characteristic of Herr Richter, which leads his audience to depend upon him as an interpreter rather than as a mere metronome beating the time for the orchestra to play to.

On Thursday last the Bach Choir gave its first concert for this season. The programme was full of interest, and, as is the intention of these concerts, some pieces were given that one has a rare chance of hearing. Bach's church cantata, "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," with Mlle. Brudenstein, Miss Hope Glon, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley to sing the leading parts, opened the concert, which was followed by an unpublished eight-part anthem by Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, which the choir have given before. The motetts of Palestrina and Vittoria, "Adoramus Te," and "O quam gloriosum," we consider the best performed pieces in the first part of the programme. Unquestionably good amateur choir as it is, the Bach Choir needs, we think, more practice with its orchestra than it appears to have to bring it up to the mark. This was specially evident on Thursday night; for, in the unaccompanied pieces, such as the two motetts above mentioned, and the part song in the second part by Pearsall, "Light of my soul, arise," the singing

of the Choir showed a marked change, and the lights and shades of choral singing were perceptible. The orchestra, it is true, were rough in tone; but even this does not exculpate the Choir from the fault of redundant noise in the pieces they performed with orchestral accompaniment. For instance, the "Gloria" from Cherubini's Mass in D, were it not for the exquisite solos performed by the leading singers, would have been unbearable. Mr. Goldschmidt's orchestra was far from perfect, and this may account for the faults referred to. The second part of the programme began with Schumann's lovely "Requiem for Mignon," which was sung in German, and the concert closed with the finale from the first act of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera of *Loreley*, a beautiful piece of dramatic writing which only makes us regret that the gifted composer did not live to finish what must have ranked as a great opera had it been completed.

English music has during the last month, we hear, scored a success on the Continent. We refer to the opera of *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, by Mr. Villiers Stanford, the organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, which has been produced with great applause at the Court Theatre at Hanover, and is to be given at other important German houses. Perhaps we may hope to hear it some day in its composer's native country. Through a curious mistake, it has been stated by a contemporary that Mr. Stanford is the first living English composer whose work has been performed on the Continent. Balfé lived to see the *Bohemian Girl* a success at more than one theatre on the Continent, and Henry Inigo Pierson, who was more appreciated in Germany than in his native land, lived to see his opera *Contarini* produced at Hamburg in 1872.

PICTURES BY MR. MILLAIS.

THE Directors of the Fine Art Society have made a very interesting collection of some of Mr. Millais's most celebrated and popular pictures. Out of the seventeen examples now exhibited to the public there is not one that does not possess a distinctly representative character. It would, of course, have been possible to have added largely to the number without exhausting the resources at their command and without incurring any danger of inducing in the minds of the spectator the sense of weariness or monotony. Mr. Millais's talent is of a kind that easily bears the trial which such an experiment involves. His productions have always a remarkable freshness of impression, and the successive stages of his career exhibit a striking variety of aim and method. In the labours of thirty years he has powerfully reflected some of the dominant movements of artistic taste and style; but he has never so far pledged himself to any particular school as to give to his work the perishable stamp of a passing fashion. But although the selection might have been extended with advantage, it is large enough to afford a fair measure of the painter's accomplishments. It displays in just proportion both the strength and the weakness of his talent, and it allows us to trace the gradual development of an extraordinary technical gift, and to mark the growing devotion of the painter to those forms of art in which this gift finds the fullest opportunities of powerful expression. A review of Mr. Millais's performances from his earliest youth to mature manhood will, we think, tend to strengthen the conviction that the essential excellences of his style are seen at their best in the departments of portrait and landscape. If we compare his later pictures with the compositions produced under the influence of the pre-Raphaelite movement, we shall perceive that an over-increasing prominence is given to that element in painting which springs out of a keen perception of the truths of individual character. He has not, it is true, abandoned the study of dramatic incident, and he still preserves a full command over certain realities of sentiment and passion, but his later experiments in this kind recall in their aim the subject pictures of Reynolds, where the poetic or historic interest is obviously grafted upon the more congenial study of the facts of individual face and form. His success in works of invention is for this reason partly dependent upon the fitness of his model to serve the particular idea which he is seeking to illustrate. The young "Princess Elizabeth" (11), a canvas just fresh from the artist's studio, may be regarded as a fortunate example of this later style. The chosen type does not perhaps very strictly accord with the idea of an imprisoned child whose failing health is speedily to end in death, but the pensive and pathetic expression has been very skillfully rendered, and in the enjoyment of the technical merits of the picture we are ready to concede that enough has been done to justify, if not exactly to explain, the title which it bears. In the "Princess in the Tower" (13) we have drawbacks, with scarce any of the attractions, of this particular method. The faces are in themselves uninteresting, and they have evidently not inspired the painter. The historic costume is worn without grace or distinction, nor is there any special charm of colour or magic of execution to divert attention from the intellectual insufficiency of the design. That Mr. Millais has really no need to "burden himself" with these suggestions of dramatic interest is proved by the far superior attractions of a picture like "Cherry Ripe" (15), which pretends to be nothing more than a portrait. Here, as in the "Yeoman of the Guard" (17), he relies altogether upon his powers as a painter, and he proves himself in each case strong enough to assume this independent attitude. He can give us all

the pleasure that we have a right to seek from such work by the skill and ease with which he renders the facts before his eyes, by the keenness of perception which enables him to detect and record the most subtle and significant truths of gesture and expression, and by his extraordinary sympathy with the most opposite and varied types of character. In the attempt to add to these ample attractions the interest that belongs to illustrative art he ventures upon more disputable ground, and labours with less assurance of success. As an inventor, Mr. Millais cannot always completely subdue the material that he borrows from nature; and such power as he at one time displayed in this direction has lost something of its original strength, perhaps because it is now less constantly employed. In this respect we are inclined to take exception to a remark made by Mr. Lang in the interesting and appreciative sketch of the artist's career which serves as a preface to the catalogue. According to Mr. Lang, Mr. Millais has been to English painting very much what Mr. Tennyson has been to English poetry, and in respect of the unrivalled popularity enjoyed by poet and painter alike this is doubtless true enough. But the resemblance can scarcely be said to go further.

It is unquestionably true that in Mr. Millais's youthful essays the faculty of invention is more strongly developed. "The Carpenter's Shop" (5) and the "Isabella" (3) illustrate in a delightful manner the modesty and earnestness of the painter's studentship. They prove to us that the dexterity of his more mature style was won by much hard and patient toil; and they afford evidence of a sensitive artistic temperament which yielded readily, and even enthusiastically, to the influence of a powerful artistic movement. But it would be a mistake, we think, to assume that Mr. Millais has not been true to his highest instincts because he no longer labours in the spirit which produced "The Carpenter's Shop" or "The Vale of Rest." He showed no feverish haste to assert his own individuality, and he had power sufficient even at that time to produce works of admirable quality in a manner that was not to be permanently retained. And yet even here it is possible to recognize the ultimate tendency of his art. In the "Isabella," though the outward form tells of the study of Florentine models, the essential qualities of the work remind us rather of the early Flemish masters. The sentiment of beauty is already hardly pressed by the stronger passion for absolute veracity in the treatment of the individual heads, and for minute realism in the rendering of the details of costume. It is, in fact, the work of a born realist, but of a realist restrained by a phase of sentiment that belonged rather to the movement than to the individual. An artist of Mr. Millais's genius must be measured, not by what he casts aside, but by what he retains. If he has changed since those youthful days, it is because the permanent attributes of his art have since then more completely asserted themselves, and because, in common with all men of high endowment, he is incapable of reverting to a style that was associated with the imitative period of his career. Other men working under these same influences have developed a power of inventive design which has led them in a direction far removed from that which Mr. Millais has taken. They have found in the example of Florentine art an impulse that has proved to be in accord with their own intellectual bias and with a native gift of design. But Mr. Millais's art speedily gave signs that it was destined to take a different form. In the "Order of Release," following close upon the "Huguenots," he struck out into the realm of modern sentiment; and in later works, like the "Boyhood of Raleigh," he added to the study of character new evidence of his ability to render the beauty of outward nature. At this time, too, he began to exhibit increasing facility and technical resource, and these qualities reach the highest point of expression in the head of the old man in the "North-West Passage." In all the later works from his hand the technical aspect of his art gains an ever-increasing importance. It is possible now and again to object to his choice of subject or to criticize the slender intellectual interest which he deems sufficient to justify the choice of a poetic or historical title, but as a master of the brush he has stepped into a foremost place in our school, and it is unlikely that while he lives his supremacy in this respect can be seriously questioned.

In a room adjoining that in which Mr. Millais's pictures are displayed there is to be found a series of very interesting studies in pastel by Mr. Whistler. The contrast offered by the work of these two artists is in many ways sufficiently striking, and yet their aims in art are not altogether dissimilar. Mr. Whistler is also a realist who takes his impressions direct from nature, and who concerns himself scarcely at all with the problems of illustrative design. As in the case of Mr. Millais, the kind of beauty that he can command is in its nature inseparable from the technical modes of its expression. But the truth of effect that Mr. Whistler seeks to secure is not so readily identified by the experience of an ordinary observer. By a process of selection he reduces the varied realities of his subject to a simple impression, which he interprets by artistic means that are suggestive rather than complete. His peculiar talent has rarely been displayed to greater advantage than in these spirited sketches of modern Venice. A refined power in draughtsmanship has been recognized as the characteristic excellence of his work in etching, and in many of his painted landscapes he has exhibited as keen a perception of certain truths of colour and tone. The material which he now employs enables him to combine these distinct qualities in a form that will render the beauty of his work accessible to a large number of persons who have hitherto been repelled by the strangeness of his style. The colouring in many of these sketches has a brilliant

quality that is rarely to be found in his work in oil, and it is associated with a definiteness of design that recalls some of the most delightful of the earlier plates from the Thames. It is of course to be understood that the execution is still far from complete in the general and popular sense of the word. In many instances the tone of the brown paper upon which the drawings have been made is left as an important element in the chosen scheme of colour. We may observe however that, even in the slightest examples of the series, there is always evidence of distinct artistic intention. To do justice to Mr. Whistler, it must also be said that in those cases where he has carried his work to a more finished result he has shown an equal mastery over his material. The labour that is added to the first impression is never thrown away, which is more than can be said of a vast number of artistic productions with a greater pretence of careful elaboration.

REVIEWS.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S DIARY.*

THERE is perhaps no precedent for the publication of Memoirs, consisting mainly of notes of Cabinet meetings, made from day to day by a Minister; but, after the lapse of half a century, continued reserve is needless; and there are in the present book no revelations of political secrets. The relations of members of the Duke of Wellington's Government to one another and to their contemporaries are now only matters of historical or biographical interest. The embarrassments which attend coalitions are curiously illustrated by the statement that at the first Cabinet dinner after the formation of the Government, Huskisson made a slight and cold bow to Lord Ellenborough, "Dudley looked as black as thunder," and "the courtesy was that of men who had just fought a duel." It appears from many subsequent entries in the Diary that, during their short continuance in office, most of the followers of Canning and the Duke regarded one another with jealous dislike. After the breach caused by Huskisson's East Retford vote, the Canning section was bitterly hostile to the Government, with the exception of Lord Dudley, who never voted with the Opposition. It was already known that Lord Grey was, in consequence of his antipathy to Canning and his adherents, for some time disposed to an alliance with the Government. It was unfortunate that the Duke discouraged his overtures, partly in deference to the prejudices of George IV., and also in consequence of his anxiety to reclaim the allegiance of the extreme Tories who seceded from his party on the introduction of the Catholic Relief Bill. The entire absence from the minds of all men of any anticipation of the approaching catastrophe of the Reform Bill has in it an element of what has been called tragic irony. Like an audience at a theatre, posterity is in the secret of the destiny which impends over the unconscious performers. The natural tendency to impute culpable blindness to those who failed to foresee the future is corrected by constant experience of similar want of prescience; but there are cases in which miscalculation amounts to wilful and culpable stupidity. The overthrow of the Duke of Wellington's Government by the union with both the Whigs and Canningites of the followers of Cumberland and Eldon was a suicidal gratification of foolish spite. The malcontents had the means of knowing that the Duke of Wellington, who had always been lukewarm on the Catholic question, was on other points a staunch and inveterate Tory. Lord Ellenborough's Diary confirms the impression that the Duke had meditated a settlement of the Catholic claims for some time before the production of the Bill. In the previous year Lord Lyndhurst had spoken of the matter with his usual freedom from prejudice; and Peel himself, though he then intended to retire from the Government, recognized the necessity of concession. The Duke hoped to carry the Bill without breaking up his party; but his main difficulty was to obtain the consent of the King, who was, to a great extent, under the sinister influence of the Duke of Cumberland. In those days it was still possible for the King to dismiss his Ministers, and the formation of an anti-Catholic Government would have been extremely dangerous. Lord Ellenborough, who had been a consistent advocate of the Catholic claims, fully appreciated the sagacious firmness of the Duke and the self-sacrificing patriotism of Peel.

Notwithstanding defects which prevented him from attaining the highest rank as a statesman, Lord Ellenborough was a considerable man. He had laboriously cultivated his natural gift of oratory; and in his later years he was perhaps the most eloquent speaker of his time. As he never addressed the House of Lords without preparation, or on any subject except those in which he took a special interest, he had the advantage of being always in earnest. His tall figure, his graceful and dignified bearing, and his powerful and musical voice, added to the effect of his polished style and impressive declamation. As his opinions were seldom popular, and as he had no strong party connexion, his influence in the country bore but a small proportion to his rhetorical power. Those who acted with him may have admired his genius, but they never implicitly relied on his judgment. During his Indian Viceroyalty his eccentricity was sometimes regarded as an approach to madness; and his bombastic proclamation about the gates of

Ghuznee deserved the ridicule which it provoked. Both in his early administration of the Board of Control, and during his residence in India, he was often described as a wild elephant who needed to have tame ones by his side. He had himself first applied the phrase to an Indian judge whom he was at the time providing with two steady and unambitious colleagues. A private letter which announced the appointment was accidentally published, and the comparison took the popular fancy as descriptive of Lord Ellenborough and the cautious authorities of the India House. The Diary, though it is written in a simple and unambitious style, contains a few passages which indicate a wild and eccentric fancy. The victories of the Russians in Armenia disturbed him because, he says, "they are in Asia, and Asia is mine." He talks of his hope on some fit occasion of conquering Egypt from India, and he mentions as the dream of his life an imaginary battle in which he was to defeat the Russians on the banks of the Indus. The more rational apprehensions of the effects of the advance of Russian aggrandizement in Central Asia will be impaired in their effect on the controversies of the present day by his occasional extravagance. Some readers will be puzzled by his repeated anticipations of the Russian conquest of China. The editor has allowed the name of the great Empire to be in several passages substituted for the more intelligible designation of Khiva. In those days there were, as now, apprehensions that in certain contingencies the Russians might occupy Cabul, and disturb India, not so much by actual or threatened invasion as by intrigues with native States. There was also in 1827 and 1828 a Russian war with Turkey, which Lord Ellenborough watched with anxiety, and for a long time with unfounded hope. At the end he seems almost to have agreed with the Duke of Wellington that it would have been better if the Turkish Empire had then been finally overthrown. For the Greeks and their cause Lord Ellenborough felt a strong distaste; yet their atrocities, which might explain his antipathy, were rivalled or exceeded by the Turks. His judgment was, in truth, founded on political and not on sentimental grounds. Like almost all English statesmen of his time, he thought the maintenance of Turkey indispensable to the interests of England in Europe, though his discouragement at the Treaty of Adrianople almost induced him to despair of the possibility of saving the Sultan. Long afterwards Lord Ellenborough vindicated the policy of the Crimean war on the express and exclusive ground that it was in his judgment politically expedient. During his incumbency of the Board of Control he satisfied himself of the expediency of transferring the government of India from the Company to the Crown. He nevertheless took some pains to maintain friendly relations with the Chairs, as the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman were called, who then represented the Board of Directors in its communications with the Government. On one occasion he justly complains of an objection which the Directors had raised to the expense of establishing steam communication with India by way of Suez. "They never will remember," he indignantly remarks, "that they govern a State." He considered that the discipline both of the civil and the military service was dangerously relaxed; and he attributed much of the blame to Lord William Bentinck. Like other heads of departments, he was subject to the authority of the Duke of Wellington, for whom he had a genuine and profound respect. Almost his only criticism of his chief on which he ventures is to the effect that the Duke is much under the influence of his early associations. It is surprising that the Duke was less eager than Lord Ellenborough to repress some insubordination which had been displayed by the officers of the army.

Those who take an interest in the politics of fifty years ago will find Lord Ellenborough's authentic details both amusing and instructive. His admission into the Cabinet is a proof of the reputation which he had already acquired by his eloquence and general ability. At that time the conduct of business in the House of Lords possessed much practical importance, and without Lord Ellenborough the Government would have been weak in debate. "There are only three of us," he said in 1830, against ten or eleven; and of the three the Duke of Wellington could only be called a debater because his authority and vigour supplied the place of oratory. The remaining two were Lord Ellenborough himself and Lord Lyndhurst, who was alone a match for many opponents. After nearly two years of office the diarist records with complacency a remark of the Duke of Wellington that Ellenborough was perhaps too eager, but that he was always ready. His discretion may perhaps not have been equal to his ability. He boasts that by one of his speeches he had drawn Lord Grey into avowed opposition, when perhaps the possibility of conciliation might not have been wholly exhausted. Even able men are sometimes deluded by the fallacy that an open enemy is better than a neutral or a doubtful friend; but in public or private it is judicious to make the least of differences and the most of points of agreement. A waverer may in the end incline in the desired direction, while a professed antagonist could not, if he would, pass the dividing chasm. In the particular case probably no harm was done, as Lord Grey had already made up his quarrel with the Whig supporters of Canning. The Duke would probably at an earlier time have made greater efforts to win him over, but for George IV.'s insurmountable dislike to the friend of his youth. Even if an alliance had been formed, it is doubtful whether the Duke and Lord Grey could long have acted together. Brought forward by Parliamentary reform, which Lord Grey would not have in principle opposed. In 1829, and even after the accession of

* *A Political Diary, 1828-30, by Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough.* Edited by Lord Colchester. London: Bentley & Son. 1881.

William IV. in the following year, the principal danger of the Government was supposed to be the disaffection of the Brunawickers or Eldon Tories. Some of the Ministers nevertheless thought that the Duke would do well to retire into the office of Foreign Secretary, leaving the place of Prime Minister to Peel, whose pre-eminent ability and courage were fully recognized. Others objected, not without sagacity, that Peel would be a Radical Minister. He would assuredly not have committed the fatal error of pledging the Government against all reform. On the eve of the election of 1830 hopes were entertained of securing Lord Palmerston's services as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and on the King's accession a great Court place was offered to the Duke of Bedford.

Lord Ellenborough was born in 1790. He entered the House of Commons in 1813, and succeeded his father in the peerage in 1818. Having married a sister of Lord Castlereagh, he generally supported the Government until the appointment of Canning, whom he disliked and distrusted. During the Administration of Canning and Lord Goderich he was allied by common enmity with Lord Grey, and more intimately with the Duke of Wellington. It is not a little surprising that, having neither held office nor acquired a great Parliamentary reputation, he should have been admitted into the Cabinet as Privy Seal. Young, vigorous, and ambitious, he was naturally dissatisfied with a sinecure office, and he had also the good taste to feel that his rank and precedence were above his pretensions. He consoled himself for administrative idleness by taking as active a part in foreign affairs as his opportunities allowed. Lord Dudley often allowed him to correct his drafts, and sometimes to compose despatches; but the Duke, who was real Foreign Minister, was always treated by Lord Ellenborough with loyal deference. When Lord Dudley, much against his will, resigned with Huskisson and his colleagues, Lord Ellenborough hoped to be his successor. Lord Aberdeen, for whom he had a profound contempt, was preferred; but the Duke partially gratified his wishes by making him President of the Board of Control. The Privy Seal was some time afterwards given to Lord Roslyn, the only Whig recruit, with the exception of the Attorney-General, Sir James Scarlett, who joined the Wellington Administration. When Lord Ellenborough kissed hands as Privy Seal the King addressed him civilly; but during his whole term of office he never spoke to him again, and he omitted his name from the invitations which he from time to time sent to the Ministers. The probable cause of offence was a vote which he had given against the Queen Caroline Pains and Penalties Bill. Lord Ellenborough bore the slights to which he was exposed with temper and dignity, though he from time to time expresses a strong and just opinion of the King. The Diary, on the whole, places Lord Ellenborough's character in a favourable light. The commanding position and indefatigable activity of the Duke of Wellington are strongly illustrated; and in one passage Lord Ellenborough records with elaboration that the Duke found leisure to extract the secrets of Opposition from the great Whig ladies. For Peel Lord Ellenborough seems to have had little personal liking, but he appreciated his great ability and his force of character. His friendship led him to overstate the respectable qualities of Sir Henry Hardinge, with whom he was nearly connected with marriage. Lord Colchester, though he has employed a careless reader to correct the press, has earned by his publication a place among those benefactors of mankind who relieve the tediousness of life by the publication of biographies, memoirs, and diaries.

CELTIC SCOTLAND.*

MR. SKENE completes with this volume his learned work on the early history of Scotland. Of all European histories, there is none in which the historian has greater difficulties to contend with, especially in its earlier stages. This difficulty is attributable to two causes—firstly, the very fragmentary and meagre character of the materials at the historian's command; secondly, the mass of fiction which has been presented and received as history to fill up the blanks left by the absence of authentic fact. Hence the greater part of the historian's task is to expose the fallacies which by dint of frequent repetition are at last accepted as truth. This sort of labour seldom meets with the thanks which it deserves, especially when these fallacies are the foundation on which rests some monument of national or family pride. Mr. Skene has had a great deal of this apparently ungracious, but most praiseworthy, work to do in his new volume. It is devoted to an examination of "the early land tenures and social condition of the Celtic inhabitants of Scotland," and extends over the period beginning with the death of Alexander III., and coming down to the final extinction of the clan system in the Highlands. As the historian of Celtic Scotland, Mr. Skene confines himself to treating of the social peculiarities which lingered so long in the mountainous region, the original Scotland, whose inhabitants, proud of being the only genuine Scots, looked down with contempt on the Saxon, who had taken from them both king and nomenclature, despising equally his industry, his civilization, his language, and his laws.

The better to account for and to explain the tenure by which the Highlanders held the soil and the peculiarities of their social organisation, that clan system which has outlived the tribal

system in any other part of Europe, Mr. Skene traces the various legendary accounts of their origin to their source. He divides these legends into three classes—the ethnic, the linguistic, and the historical. The ethnic legends belong to a period later than the introduction of Christianity; for they all trace the origin of the people to a biblical source, and describe them as immigrants from some Eastern land. The linguistic legend has been invented to account for a similarity of language between two peoples. It usually sets forth that a colony of soldiers have taken wives from the people they have conquered, having first cut their tongues out to prevent the women transmitting their own language to their children. Of the historical legends, some contain an element of truth—as, for example, those that relate to the first settlement of the Scots in Britain—while others are entirely untrue. It is to this latter class of wholly fictitious legends that Mr. Skene considers the whole legendary history of Ireland to belong. After citing all the several legends which purport to account for the origin of the race, Mr. Skene goes very fully into the question of the origin of the tribe. He examines in detail the tribal system as it existed in Ireland and in Wales. Mr. Skene considers that the clan system of the Highlands was neither "territorial nor purely patriarchal, but that it was based on the community or tribe." The "original social unit" among the people of Gaelic race was the *Tuath*, a name which, though it afterwards was applied to the land of the clan, meant originally the tribe itself. But as with the language so with the tribal system. The first stages of its growth are prehistoric, so that it is nowhere to be seen in its primitive form. Two leading features, however, Mr. Skene assumes as certain. The one is that private property in land was unknown till a comparatively recent period; the other that, although the members of the tribe all traced their origin from the *qonygnus*, whose name they bore, yet that the "social unit was not the individual or family, but the community or tribe." Thus the land was held by the tribe in common. Personal property in cattle existed, and was acknowledged, and led to differences of rank, regulated by the amount of this property; but the land on which the cattle were pastured was the common property of the tribe, and after the cultivation of land was introduced, the occupation of the arable land was decided by lot. The head of the *Tuath* was the *Toisech*, who gradually changed into the *Thane*, holding his land from the Crown, and paying a share of the produce as rent. Out of the *Tuath* or tribe the sept or clan developed itself. The tribe was held together by the tie of communal feeling, the union of the clan was maintained by the feeling of personal devotion to the chief. Mr. Skene here indicates the period of this transition:—

But while the more ancient tribal forms had thus undergone a process of change and modification—similar to that which characterised the Irish tribe, and left merely its shadow behind it in the geographical district and the function of the "Toisech"—it is in the reign of David the First that the sept or clan first appears as a distinct and permanent feature in the social organisation of the Gaelic population, and owing to the light thrown upon the ancient state of the earldom of Buchan as a Celtic *Mac tuath* by the Book of Deer only. During the period of the Mormaer of Buchan prior to Garraid and Colman, who were Mac tuaths in the reign of David, we find the *Toisechs* mentioned generally as occupying the lands of land; but in the time of these two Mormaers a grant of land is made by Comgil mac Chuanraig, Toisech of Clan Comor, and Colman, Mormaer of Buchan, and Ebor, daughter of Garraid, his wife, and Donnachaidh mac Fhargh, Toisech of Clan Mozan, mentioned all the previous *clannach* to God, Drostan, Cluainche, and Ebor, that is to the monastery of Deer, and this grant is witnessed, among other, by the two sons of the Toisech. The Toisech of the *Tuath* had thus by the time acquired a subject "Drostan" to form a sept of his kin and dependants, of which he now appears as the head.

We have here the first beginning of the clan, and the chapter ends with a picture of what the clan was by the first quarter of the last century. The same principle which had developed the clan from the tribe was at work in the clan, and tended to divide it again into smaller septs. The kinsmen of the chief, as they acquired land, founded families, of which they were the head, and often rivalled in riches and power the real head of the house, the representative of the oldest branch.

After entering very fully into the origin of the clan system, Mr. Skene turns to the genealogies of the several clans. He here shows how the use of surnames, in the proper sense of the term—that is, as a means of distinguishing persons bearing the same Christian name from one another—was unknown among them. The whole clan bore the personal name of the common ancestor from whom they were all supposed to descend. These personal names were of several kinds and made up in different ways. The oldest Gaelic names are composed of two monosyllables—a root with a terminal syllable added to it, as "Artgal," "Dulhrail," "Fingal," and a host of others. Christianity brought with it another class of names, in which are found the words "maol," or tonsured, and "giolla," a servant, now transformed into "gillie." Some of these names are now so completely altered in form that the source of their origin is forgotten. Thus Giolla-chrisod, the servant of Christ, has become Gilchrist, and Gillespuir, the servant of the bishop, Gillespie. Frequently the syllable Mac has been prefixed to them, and then they are still more difficult to recognize. Who could ever find out, unaided, that Maclean is MacGiollacoin, the son of the servant of St. John, or that the son of the servant of the saints is the meaning of MacCallum. The Norse invasion added yet another element to the names generally known as Highland. From these Norsemen came the names Ranald and Gregor and Malcolm, and others that are constantly met with in the Highland genealogies. Besides the names derived from the sources already mentioned, there were

* *Celtic Scotland: a History of Ancient Alban.* By William F. Skene. Vol. III.—Land and People. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1880.

Other clan names of yet another class taken from the districts in which the clans lived, as the Buchanans, the Rosses, and the Monroes, and some of foreign descent, the bearers of which, on becoming owners of estates in the Highlands, adopted the Highland customs of their dependents, who, after the Highland fashion, took the chief's name. Hence it comes that we find large clans bearing such unCeltic names as Stewart, Fraser, and Menzies. Sometimes a clan was distinguished by a nickname, descriptive, perhaps, of some personal peculiarity of the chief. Thus Campbell, a name that has absorbed a whole host of queer-sounding Macs, dwellers on the lands that the Campbells have gradually acquired, is simply Cabel, or the crooked mouth. The first of the race who bears the name appears in a charter of Alexander III. in the thirteenth century. The name is also found in the Irish genealogies, where the father of this Gillespie Cabel of the charter is pointed out as the ancestor from whom the clan was named. It may thus be taken for granted that he was the possessor of the mouth so remarkably crooked that the whole clan has ever since perpetuated its memory. The ease with which Campbell may be turned into Campo Bello has led to the invention of a fictitious Norman descent. This could never have held its ground if the original spelling of the name Cabel had been adhered to, or if it had been borne in mind that, as Mr. Skene makes clear, the name of the Norman family was not Campo Bello, but Bello Campo, and this name, following the general laws that have regulated the formation of modern French, is in its modern form, not Campbell, but Beauchamp.

Intimately connected with the nomenclature of the clans are their pedigrees. The pride of the Highlanders in their pedigrees, and the length and transparent lying of many of these same pedigrees, have long been laughed at. But this love of genealogies, though it has now become ridiculous, originated in a much more serious intention than that of gratifying vanity. The proving of the pedigree was essential for the preservation of property. As Mr. Skene says:—

In considering the genealogies of the Highland clans we must bear in mind that in the early state of the tribal organization the pedigree of the sept or clan, and of each member of the tribe, had a very important meaning. Their rights were derived through the common ancestor, and their relation to him, and through him to each other, indicated their position in the succession, as well as their place in the allocation of the tribe land. In such a state of society the pedigree occupied the same position as the title-deed in the feudal system, and the Sennachies were as much the custodiers of the rights of families as the mere panyrysts of the clan.

This system prevailed as long as the ruling power was Celtic; but when feudalism was introduced, and the King, in spite of his Celtic lineage, surrounded himself with Norman barons, and adopted their manners, the pedigree ceased to have any value as a title-deed, and became merely an instrument for attaining social distinction. It is at this point in the history of the clans that the spurious pedigrees begin. The native Sennachies fell into disfavour, and were replaced by Irish Sennachies, who drew largely on the Irish genealogies for the early pedigrees of the chiefs, thus linking them on to the legendary heroes of Irish history. Mr. Skene examines in detail several of the best known and most generally received of the Highland pedigrees, and shows how thoroughly artificial they are. He proves beyond the possibility of doubt

that none of them can in fact be pushed further back than the reign of Kenneth MacAlpin, the oldest link in many of them being contemporary with him, while others fall short of that period. Between the oldest link of those which reach that date and the Dalriadic king of the race of Iorn with which they are connected there is a complete blank, and it is thus plain that the same process of manipulation and artificial construction had taken place with these pedigrees which had perverted the genealogy of the kings of the line of Kenneth MacAlpin. . . . They may then be regarded as trustworthy only in so far as they show the links of the descent of each clan from its eponymus as believed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the grouping of certain clans together where a common ancestor within the historic period is assigned to them.

The Act passed in 1597, requiring "That the inhabitants of the Isles and Heilands show their holdings"—that is, produce the titles by which they held their lands—gave an impetus to this sort of invention, for many of the chiefs had no parchments, or, as they called them in contempt, "sheep-skins," to show. It was to supply this want that the spurious written histories of some of the clans began to be compiled. The form of fiction preferred in these is to make out the eponymus of the clan a Norse or Norman hero. All this class of pedigrees Mr. Skene sweeps aside as entirely worthless tissues of falsehood, notwithstanding that they are so persistently cherished by the families for whose advantage they were invented. Some of these spurious pedigrees he examines carefully, exposing the impossibility of the links on which they are hung. Of them all, that of the Mackenzie is the most remarkable. It was first produced by the first Earl of Cromarty in his "Genealogie of the Mackenzies" in the seventeenth century. He traces the clan to an ancestor, one of the Geraldines who came to Scotland and played a distinguished part in the battle of Largs in the reign of Alexander III. To support this story a charter of Alexander is produced. But on examination it is found that none of the witnesses to this charter were alive in the reign of that king, and further that the lands of Kin-tail, which the charter erects into a barony, were not held at all from the king, but from the Earl of Ross, and were not made into a barony till the reign of James IV. This story is but a sample of the way in which these fabulous genealogies were made, and of the ease and certainty with which their impostures can be detected and exposed. It is surprising that they should

have been so readily accepted by a people naturally so incredulous as the Scotch, but vanity has ever been the ruling passion of the Celts, and they have always been ready to cherish any lies, however ridiculous, that tended to their exaltation. It was this vain-glorious spirit that led to the adoption as history of the tissue of fable put forth by Boece and Buchanan.

Mr. Skene's book concludes with an interesting chapter on the tenure of land in the Highlands and Western Isles subsequent to the sixteenth century. This chapter contains an account of some of the townships in the Hebrides, where the system of holding the arable land in runrig and the pasture land in common, still prevails. This account is most valuable, as giving a clear idea of the system formerly prevalent in the Highlands, a system founded on, and still showing, many of the characteristic features of the old tribal communities. In the appendix are translations from Irish and Gaelic MSS. containing the genealogies of the clans, and an examination into the letters patent purporting to have been granted by William the Lion to the Earl of Mar. In conclusion, we cannot say more in praise of Mr. Skene's book than that it is quite equal in value and interest to the two volumes which have preceded it, each of which we have noticed as it appeared.

SUNRISE.*

THE heroes of Mr. Black's novels have been in the habit of belonging to Clubs more or less distinguished, the names of which have in most cases been more or less veiled. In *Sunrise* the hero and his accompanying "Charles, his friend," boldly avow that they belong to the *Century*, but make up for this openness by also belonging to a vast and omnipotent Secret Society. The name of this Society is for a considerable time wrapped in the mystery which befits a modern Vehmgericht, which is more powerful than all the recognized Governments of Europe put together; but at a certain stage of the story its title is suddenly revealed to us (in capital letters) as THE SOCIETY OF THE SEVEN STARS. Mr. Black appears to believe, or rather perhaps he appears to wish his readers to believe, that the riddling of Europe with Secret Societies suggested by an even more distinguished novelist is an accomplished fact. But he does not compel belief much more than did the unhappy writer who not long ago compiled a history of such Secret Societies, and gravely included in his list the Society called Les Treize, which he justly said had been celebrated by Balzac. Mr. Black's Society is a more possible one than Balzac's, because the members know comparatively little of each other and of each other's doings, going, in fact, more or less upon the principles which are known to govern the oldest Secret Society which has an actual existence. But it is perhaps not much more probable, and is certainly far less attractive. It is not unlikely that Mr. Black has got, naturally enough, tired of working on and on in the same groove, and has wished to strike out a new line. In his latest work there is evidence that he is far from being a writer who has only one groove, but it must at the same time be admitted that his choice of a motive for his story has not been completely fortunate. On the other hand, the very novelty of the undertaking may excuse such shortcomings as there are. These shortcomings are due, we cannot help thinking, to the author's own want of belief, already hinted at, in his device. We know of only one completely successful account of a secret and powerful Association in modern English fiction. This is found in Lord Beaconsfield's beautiful romance, *Contarini Fleming*. It occurs only as an episode; and the Association, after a series of brilliant and thoughtless exploits in highway robbery, goes to pieces from precisely the causes which would naturally send it to pieces. Mr. Black's "Society of the Seven Stars" is a much bigger and much more successful affair. It has agents and officers all over the world. It exacts blind obedience, even to a command to murder by stealth a person whose existence the Society considers undesirable; it makes conditions with princes and rulers; it has stages and degrees of initiation; its members have a slavish faith in the edicts of its Council; it maintains its appointed officers in luxury even when its coffers clamour for replenishment; its object is to bring about a kind of millennium which is vaguely described by enthusiastic brothers; and it has a dingy office in Lisle Street, Soho. Here the hero is initiated, in the presence of various people whom he did not expect to see there, by signing his name in their presence to a formal and pedantic document, which afterwards compels him to undertake a vulgar murder against which all his feelings revolt. It has not occurred either to Mr. Black, or to the hero, or to any of the people concerned, that the oath taken is in its nature one to perform illegal acts and therefore not binding. Mr. Brand, the rich cosmopolitan Englishman, who is oddly enough enticed into joining the Association, might, one would have thought, have had knowledge of this not very surprising fact, and it is certainly astonishing that Lord Evelyn (Charles, his friend) did not think of it when he was bent on bringing forward every conceivable argument against a thing which was, if possible, more revolting to him than to Brand, because it was mainly through him that Brand had joined and taken an active part in the affairs of the Society.

* *Sunrise: a Story of These Times.* By William Black. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

In describing the conduct of these affairs the author has seemingly aimed at a weird mixture of the mysterious and appalling with the commonplace. When a murder is on hand three or four people meet quietly in a little room in Soho over coffee and cigarettes. The chief personage among them announces that the Council has ordered this murder to be done; and that they are assembled to draw lots for the honour of carrying out the Council's decree. They draw lots, and quietly break up, the bad number having naturally fallen to the hero, who goes away filled with misery, but convinced that there is nothing for it but to fulfil to the letter the obligation which he has undertaken. One writer of wild fiction—Hoffmann—could succeed and has succeeded in producing an almost appalling effect by the incongruous mixture of the terrible with the trivial—witness the scene in which Major O'Malley raises some undefined and awful spirit of evil by reading sentences from a boy's French grammar; but this is a *tour* which not everyone who wishes can accomplish. Mr. Black's apparently commonplace and really deadly gatherings fail, it must be confessed, to carry any conviction with them, and leave one with a strong impression of the extraordinary foolishness of the people chiefly concerned in them. Unluckily, the book as a whole depends upon one's being made to believe while one reads it in the existence of the illimitable and almost omnipotent Society which has ramifications all over the world, and head-quarters in Lisle Street. If one could be made to believe in this, the machinery invented by the author to hasten, change, or defer the events which would seem to follow inevitably on the Council's decrees would appear skilful and well worked out. As it is, reality is wanting, and the general effect may be compared to that of a conjuring trick for which the main apparatus is defective, and in which the operator is compelled to ask the spectator's admiration for what he might have done if only his prepared pack of cards or his inexhaustible bottle had been properly made. There are the obvious objections to a bold attempt which we trust may be followed by one equally bold, but more fortunately directed. That the book has merits it is hardly necessary to say; but these are to be found in the episodes, and especially in some charming love scenes between the hero and heroine, than in the bowl and dagger part of the story. From one of these scenes we may make a quotation. George Brand, the hero, and Natalie Lind, the heroine, are left alone for a few moments in an opera box, from which they have been seeing *Fidelio*:—

"Natalie!" he said, in a low and hurried voice, "I am going away to-morrow. I don't know when I shall see you again. Surely you will give me some assurance—some promise; something I can repeat to myself. Natalie, I know the value of what I am asking; you will give yourself to me?"

She stood by the half-shut door, pale, irresolute, and yet outwardly calm. Her eyes were cast down; she held her fan firmly with both hands.

"Natalie, are you afraid to answer?"

Then the young Hungarian girl raised her eyes, and bravely regarded him, though her face was still pale and apprehensive.

"No," she said, in a low voice. "But how can I answer you more than this—that if I am not to give myself to you I will give myself to no other? I will be your wife, or the wife of no one. Dear friend, I can say no more."

"It is enough."

She went quickly to the front of the box; in both bouquets there were forget-me-nots. She hurriedly selected some, and returned, and gave them to him.

"Whatever happens, you will remember that there was one who at least wished to be worthy of your love."

Natalie Lind, whose character is, to our thinking, one of the most attractive things in the book, is the charming daughter of Ferdinand Lind, a very clever and unscrupulous man, who holds a high office under the bogey-like Council of the Seven Stars Society. There is a mystery about Natalie's mother, which we shall not reveal, but which leads to some pretty and poetical scenes that are a welcome relief to the strange doings of the "Seven Stars" people. The beginning of the book is the introduction of Brand, a rich coal-owner, to Lind by his invalid friend Lord Evelyn, whose boyish enthusiasm for the Society and for Lind Brand's common sense gently rebukes. Brand, however, presently falls in love, first with Natalie, then with the cause to which, without knowing anything definite about it, Natalie is heart and soul devoted. One result of this is found in the pretty love scenes, from one of which we have made an extract. But there are, of course, other results of a different kind. Brand becomes an active worker in whatever vaguely suggested work the Society is engaged in—work which we are led to infer is, barring the occasional murder of a person whose crimes the law does not recognize, of an excellent kind. Presently he makes his proposal in due form for Natalie's hand, a proposal which, for reasons which we never clearly understand, Lind regards with extreme dislike. He is, however, by way of being "a politic gentleman," and he attempts with but moderate success to play a fast-and-loose game with Brand. On the one hand, he suggests to him to give up the whole of his fortune to the Society, becoming a sort of Poor Knight of the Order, and with this suggestion is coupled a carefully veiled hint that Natalie might in this case become his wife. On the other hand, Lind remarks, apparently quite apart from this suggestion, that some one is wanted by the Society to spend his whole life in Philadelphia, and that the selection of a person to enjoy this honour rests with him. The reader is for some time carefully and skilfully kept in doubt as to whether the estimate formed of Lind's character by Evelyn, who completely believes in him, or the less amiable conclusion arrived at by Brand, is the

true one. Here, again, one is struck by the odd difference between Brand's common-sense on many occasions and his extraordinary folly in thinking himself bound by every law of honour to keep a grossly and criminally illegal compact. But possibly the same view of the duties of members to the Council was held by the Home Rule M.P. who was "the most brilliant and amiable of diners-out," and the "Oxford don of large fortune and wildly Radical views," who figure early in the story as members of the Society. If, however, that was so, how was it competent for members to resign, as we learn later on that it was? However this may be, when Lind's commands are distinctly defied by his daughter and Brand, he comes out as the real stick-at-nothing villain which he is, and contrives, by some well-meant but strangely imprudent trickery, to get Brand chosen as the assassin of a certain Cardinal whose proceedings are not approved of by the "Seven Stars." The state of mind produced in Brand by this business is described with considerable force, and would be really moving but for the considerations already suggested. Anyhow, the author has got his chief characters into a commendable tangle. Brand, who has just reunited his promised bride to her mother, and whose heart is filled with the prospect of happiness, suddenly finds himself posing in the character of a sneaking cut-throat. How he is got out of the difficulty we do not propose to relate. In some ways this is the most exciting part of a story which is told with Mr. Black's well-known grace of style, and is illustrated by many pleasant episodes, but which has a radical defect.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.*

THE essay now reprinted by Mr. Richard Grant White comes to our hands with a certain opportuneness at this moment, though it does not appear that the condition of actual negotiations between this country and the United States on the establishment of international copyright can yet be described as satisfactory. Mr. White's object is partly to explain the real position of American men of letters in this matter, partly to set forth his own opinion on copyright in general. That opinion is one which has been maintained at various times by several eminent judges, and is now maintained by several eminent men of learning and letters—namely, that by natural justice copyright ought to be absolute and perpetual. We mean copyright in the exact sense, or what is called "copyright after publication"; the right of an author to the absolute control of his work before it is published having never been seriously disputed. What, on general principles of justice and convenience, a law of copyright ought to be is perhaps one of the most difficult questions in theoretical jurisprudence; and accordingly opinions are expressed upon it by those who contribute to the controversy with a truly daring and splendid confidence, and the rather because they are mostly innocent of legal training. Mr. White is no exception to this rule. He thinks the rights of the case as plain as the sun at noonday. Perpetual copyright is a manifest ordinance of natural justice, and it was "that accursed statute of Queen Anne" which did all the mischief:—

What man of common-sense and single eye does not see that the assumption of the lawyers is absurd, monstrous? . . . That a man's thoughts are his own cannot be disputed, and, like the plainest truths, it can hardly be proved. But they cannot be even possessed by or come to the knowledge of another, unless he communicates them. Does he lose his right of property in them by putting them upon paper? This is not a question of opinion; it is a question of fact.

And so on through several pages of vigorous, not to say vehement, writing. Unhappily the case is not so plain to everybody. Once allow that copyright is property like any other property, and the argument is irresistible. But the use of the word property begs the question—which is, in truth, whether copyright be a kind of property, and, if so, how far like other property. So lately as 1852 it happened, through a peculiar combination of circumstances, that the existence of copyright at common law became the subject of judicial discussion in the House of Lords. As the reports entitled *House of Lords Cases* are not familiar to the literary public, we shall make no apology for citing a paragraph or so from the opinion of one of the judges, by no means a mere technical lawyer or an enemy of letters:—

If such a property exists at common law, it must commence with the act of composition or creation itself, and must, as it seems to me, be independent of its being reduced into writing; it must also be independent of whether the author is willing to furnish copies at a reasonable price. . . . If it is the author's property he may give or withhold it as he pleases; he may communicate it to the public with a liberal or a niggardly hand, or withhold it altogether. And the same principle must be applicable to every other creation, invention, or discovery, as well as a poem, a history, or any other literary production. It must apply to every other offspring of man's imagination, wit, or labour; to discoveries in science, in the art and manufactures, in natural history; in short, to whatever belongs to human life. An ode composed and recited by an ancient bard at a public festival is as much the creation of his genius, and is published by the recitation, though not in the same degree, as the poem of a modern author, printed and sold in Paternoster Row. The speech of the orator, the sermon of the preacher, the lecture of the professor, have no greater claim to protection, and to the foundation of exclusive property and right, than the labours of the man of science, the invention of the mechanic, the discovery

* *The American View of the Copyright Question*. Reprinted from the "Broadway Magazine," May, 1868. With a Postscript by Richard Grant White, Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Copyright Association. London and New York: Routledge & Sons. 1880.

of the physician or empiric, or indeed the successful efforts of any one in any department of human knowledge or practice. And it is difficult to say where, in principle, this is to stop; why is it to be confined to the larger and graver labours of the understanding? why does it not apply to a well-told anecdote, or a witty reply, so as to forbid repetition without the permission of the author? And, carried to its utmost extent, it would at length descend to lower and meaner subjects, and include the trick of a conjuror, or the grimace of a clown.

The same point was made more briefly by the then Chief Justice of the Common Pleas:—

I see nothing [he said] to distinguish the case of the author or owner of a book or manuscript from that of the inventor or owner of a complicated and highly useful machine. Each is the result probably of great talents, profound study, much labour, and it may be of great expense; but as the inventor of the steam engine would at the common law have had no exclusive privilege of multiplying copies of his machine for sale, I see no reason, from the peculiar nature of the property, why the author of a treatise to explain the action of the steam-engine should have at the common law an exclusive right of multiplying copies of his work.

These opinions are not exactly directed, it is true, to the point of general policy; but they are suggestive on it. Are the champions of perpetual copyright prepared also to do battle for perpetual and exclusive property in inventions? If they say yes, the consequences become rather startling. We should now be paying an indirect contribution, every one of us, to the successors of those nameless benefactors of mankind who invented table forks, blacking, the corkscrew, and the common pump; or, to take a more specific instance from a hint unconsciously thrown out by Mr. White himself, some lucky representative of Pascal's next of kin or assigns would at this day be *dix fois millionnaire* with royalties on every wheelbarrow sold in the civilized world. But, if the answer be no, how is any distinction made out to justify it? Property in ideas being granted, it might not unreasonably be said that the ideas of the inventor are, as a rule, more original, better defined, more fully his own creation, than those of the author. Why, then, should his rights in his invention be less than those of the author in his book? It may likewise be observed that the argument from property is itself double-edged. In the case we have referred to another of the Judges said that the restraint on republication of a book already published which is meant by the term copyright in its more common use, so far from arising from the nature of the thing, "is rather in derogation of the natural right of an owner of a copy of a published book to make what use he will of his own property by copying it or otherwise."

Mr. Grant White adopts the ingenious theory, put forward as a legal argument a century ago, that the author of a published book never really parts with his original property. He "sells to each buyer a certain use only of the book. He sells the paper, the print, and the binding absolutely, but the book conditionally—that is, he sells the volume and the use of it, but not the copy." On this argument Mr. T. H. Farrer has aptly remarked that "a chattel going about the world with an implied covenant by every one who with or without consideration gets possession of it that he will not imitate it would certainly be a legal novelty." And again, as Mr. Farrer has also pointed out, the theory of absolute property necessarily breaks down in those very cases where, on the supposed principle of natural justice, it should be most applicable. "In those productions of the human mind which are most essentially original, and which are, at the same time, the most useful to mankind, in such things as the moral doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount, the intellectual theory of gravitation, of evolution, or of the conservation of energy, there is and can be no exclusive right." Once more, if it be said that the alleged property is not in ideas as such, but in the particular arrangement of words, is the property in the signs only—that is, in the "copy" of the words as printed on paper—or is it in the thing signified, the articulate sounds themselves? If the author's natural property does extend to the words themselves (and, on the principles and arguments relied on for perpetual copyright, we cannot see why it should not), then natural justice requires, not only that unlicensed reprinting, but that unlicensed reading aloud should be strictly forbidden. But, considering to what lengths the law of copyright in musical compositions has gone as it is (with results of gross hardship and annoyance to many persons who have done no wrong and deprived the copyright-owner of no penny of profit), we should not be much surprised if something of this kind were to be seriously proposed as an amendment.

Mr. Grant White's general conclusion is beautifully simple; he would like to repeal all the Copyright Acts both in the United States and in those kingdoms, whereupon he thinks it would follow, by legal consequence too clear for argument, that authors would be remitted in both countries to their original perpetual copyright at common law, and their property, like any other property, would be protected equally and perfectly by both British and American courts of justice. We fear Mr. Grant White has overlooked a certain case before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1834, where the following points among others were resolved by the majority of the Court. That, whatever may be the merits of the argument from natural right of property (which was left doubtful), there is no such thing as a common law of the United States, but only a sort of common stock of English law which has been adopted in various degrees and with various modifications by the several States of the Union. That the author's perpetual copyright at common law, whether or not it once existed in England, never existed in the State of Pennsylvania. That the article of the Constitution of the United States which gives Congress the power of "securing for limited times to

authors and inventors the exclusive use of their respective writings and discoveries" distinctly excludes the supposition that authors, any more than inventors, have an antecedent common-law right not limited in time. This decision is of course binding on all Federal courts, and, though not binding on the municipal courts of any particular State of the Union, would have great weight in all of them. Thus the application of Mr. Grant White's remedy would almost certainly leave the American author entirely without protection. Here there has been no positive decision; but in the case in the House of Lords above mentioned three out of the judges and Law Lords who took part in the discussion expressed opinions in favour of the common-law right; six, including Lord Brougham, himself a copious author, were against it; and four did not commit themselves. It is evident, therefore, that for British authors and publishers the experiment of simply repealing the existing Copyright Acts would be precarious in the extreme.

This, however, does not affect the soundness of the more general principle maintained by Mr. Grant White, that a satisfactory international copyright law would consist in the mutual extension by the two countries to each other's citizens of all the advantages conferred by the copyright law in either of them. But that would require, among other conditions, an assimilation of the term of copyright in the two countries. If this and other difficulties could be got over, the advantages are obvious; and in the case in hand they would probably be greater for the American than for the English public. "We should have," says Mr. Grant White, "the works of British and other European authors in a better form than that in which they are now, almost of necessity, presented to us. The American book-buyer, as well as the author, would profit by the act of justice; for the original publisher, having such an immense market thrown open to him, would publish for a large instead of a small sale, and would in the style of his issues and the proportion of his profit consult the tastes and the pockets of his new customers."

But here is just the worst part of the difficulty. The obstacles on the American side come, not from the authors, but from the makers of books. As the Copyright Commissioners have said, the most active opposition in the United States arises from the publishing and printing interests; and particularly, according to Mr. Grant White, from the manufacturers of the various materials of books. Apart from copyright, the British manufactured book would undersell the American one in the American market, even after payment of freight and duty. What the American manufacturing interests really want, and practically have under the existing state of things, is "the protection of American labour at high wages against British labour at [relatively] low wages." Hence the requirement persistently made, as one of the conditions for any copyright convention between the United States and England, that in order to obtain American copyright an English book shall be not only republished by a citizen of the United States, but remanufactured in the United States. The difference between American and British cost of production would ultimately be paid, upon this plan, by the buyer of the book. Apparently there is no chance of Congress being persuaded to enter into any arrangement save on this footing of taxing the American consumer for the benefit of the American manufacturer; and if no better terms can be had, perhaps these are worth considering. It seems to be thought that, if they are accepted, the authorized American reprints of books first published in England should be excluded from these kingdoms. But we incline to think, with the Board of Trade, that there is no sufficient reason for this. Suppose that an American publisher brings out with the author's consent a reprint of a popular English work in a cheaper form than the original English edition. Either there is a demand in England for a cheap edition or there is not. If not, the importation of the cheap reprint from America will be a failure, and the British publisher needs not to be protected or to protect himself against it. But if there is a demand, the remedy is in the British publisher's own hands. For the foundation of the American contention, and the knot of the whole difficulty, is that if both alike have to pay for copyright the British publisher can undersell the American even in the American market. How much more then could he do so in his own, where not he but the American would have to pay freight and charges? He would simply bring out his own edition, as good and cheaper, or as cheap and better, or possibly both better and cheaper, than the American one. Protection of dealer against cheaper production is bad economy for the community, but intelligible for the producer. English publishers seem now to be taking an alarm that their cheaper production will want protection against the dearer production of the United States. If it indeed be true that the English book trade is in so pampered and artificial a condition that it cannot stand foreign competition on its own ground, and with cost of production in its favour, why then the sooner this can be put an end to, by the dread of foreign competition or otherwise, the better for the English public. But perhaps it is rather idle to discuss the details of a possible agreement before we have a right to consider it probable that a settlement of any kind will come of this more than of various former attempts.

FORSTER AND DANIELL'S LIFE AND LETTERS OF
BUSBECQ.*

UNDER the Latinized form of Busbequius, Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq is not wholly unknown to the ordinary English reader. His name is embalmed in Bacon's essay on "Goodness, and Goodness of Nature"; he has been cited and laid under contribution by historians from Robertson to Motley; Gibbon has reflected upon him, perhaps too severely, for some half-serious proslavery inclinations; and the curious in old-fashioned Biblical commentaries may now and then light upon some illustration of Oriental manners given on the authority of "Busbequius." Horticulturists may remember that to him we are indebted for the introduction of the tulip and the familiar lilac, which last we now look upon as indigenous in villa gardens, and peculiarly characteristic of an English spring in the suburbs. Lovers of classical antiquity should know that for him is claimed the honour of having been the first to give a copy of the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, and that manuscripts and coins of his collection enrich the Imperial Library at Vienna. But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Lord of Busbecq came as near being a popular author as was possible to a man who wrote in Latin. More than twenty editions of his letters, including translations, were published in Antwerp, Paris, Basle, London, Oxford, Glasgow, and others of "the literary capitals of Europe." Within the last twenty years the revival of the irrepressible Eastern Question has caused, in France and Belgium at least, a revival of interest in one who knew so well "the Turk as he was when he dictated to Europe instead of Europe dictating to him." Unfortunately the interest taken in Busbecq does not seem to be always "according to knowledge." Messrs. Forster and Daniell have headed a section of the present biography "Removal of the Rubbish"—to wit, the errors and misstatements of ancient and modern date with which Busbecq's history has been gradually overlaid. No English reader, certainly, will be in danger of believing the assertion or suggestion of an eighteenth-century translator, De Foy, that when Busbecq came to England on the occasion of Philip and Mary's marriage, Henry VIII. tried to inveigle him into his service. But there are other myths not so glaringly false; and the most recent guides seem to be the most dangerous. "The present biographers make an onslaught upon M. Rouzière, who has apparently—no only repeat what we are here told—put forth a history of his own invention about Ogier Ghiselin's boyhood, attaching the story to an old house at Comines, which since 1800—the date of M. Rouzière's treatise—has been shown as Busbecq's birthplace. Neither must the inquiring tourist put his faith in M. Huysman's "striking picture," "Sullyman fait arrêter Busbecq, diplomate Flamand, Constantinople, 1555," though it has been bought by the Belgian Government, and now adorns the Hôtel de Ville at Comines. The incident, alas! never happened at all. Busbecq was for some time confined to his house by the Turkish authorities, and in speaking of his detention, De Foy used the expression, "une étroite prison"—a phrase which has given rise to a legend that the ambassador was confined in the Seven Towers. If Busbecq was imprisoned, it stands to reason that he must have been first arrested; and here you have the subject of M. Huysman's picture, to which the Belgian authorities have given the weight of their official sanction. Thus history is made.

So much for legend; now for facts. Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq was born in 1522 at Comines, though there is no evidence to connect him with the house which now claims to be his birthplace. The district from which he took his best-known appellation lay on the river Lys, about two miles from Comines, and is now within the modern French frontier. Its name, now spelt Bousbecque, in which we may recognize our familiar word *beck*, comes from that of a tributary of the Lys, still known as Becque des bois. In the fifteenth century the seigneuries of La Lys and Bousbecque passed by marriage into the noble house of Ghiselin, whose history is here carefully worked out, and made much more interesting than ancestral history usually is. Though sufficiently distinguished in their own day, the Ghiselins of Bousbecque would now be forgotten, were it not for the fame of Ogier, the illegitimate son of George Ghiselin II. by Catherine Hespiel, who is said to have been a servant at the château. Though Ogier was not, as has been fancied, the sole offspring of the Lord of Bousbecque, who in fact had three legitimate children, he seems from his earliest years to have been treated as a son of the house, and to have been brought up under his father's roof; and on his leaving the University of Louvain in 1540, a patent of legitimation was obtained for him from Charles V. Long afterwards, he bought a life-interest in the seignury of Bousbecque, which had by that time passed to a female line.

The authors permit themselves a flight of imagination as to the influence probably exercised upon young Busbecq by his father's connexion and neighbour, George Halluin, Seigneur of Comines. Halluin, the friend of Erasmus, and the adviser and critic of the grammarian Desputères, is an interesting character; but we could have dispensed with the long and avowedly imaginary discourse, beginning "My boy," and going on to "my dear young friend," which is here put into his mouth. What is certain is

that the lad was sent at the age of thirteen to Louvain, and that after five years' study there, he went the round of the Universities of Paris, Bologna, and Padua. His next appearance is in Winchester Cathedral, as one of the witnesses of the marriage between Mary of England and Philip of Spain, his position being then that of what we should call an attaché to Don Pedro Lasso, the ambassador of Ferdinand King of the Romans. If, as is said, Busbecq acted as secretary, it is possible, the biographers suggest, that "his despatches from England may still be lying among the archives at Vienna to gladden the heart of some future discoverer."

Only a few days after his return home in the autumn of 1554, Busbecq received a summons from Ferdinand to undertake the duties of ambassador at Constantinople. These duties are serious even now; but they are light compared to what they were at a time when "it is no exaggeration to say" that Ferdinand and his kingdoms "lay at the mercy of the Sultan, who might any day annihilate his forces, and take possession of his dominions." Nor was the post, though honourable, much coveted. "The Turks regarded an ambassador simply in the light of a hostage"; and had carried out this view by flinging Busbecq's immediate predecessor, Malvezzi, into a dungeon, from the effects of which confinement he never recovered, and by selling his servants for slaves. However, Busbecq—to judge by the speed with which he posted to Vienna—jumped at the offer; and, though he was more than once kept under restraint and surveillance—in his second letter he says that he and his colleagues had been little better than prisoners for the last six months—and though it was once intimated to him that he was in a fair way to be sent home noseless and earless, he came unharmed out of the lion's den, "bringing with me," he says, "as the fruit of eight years' exertions, a truce for eight years." It is to this period, from 1554 to 1562, during which he once revisited Vienna, that Busbecq's Turkish Letters, the most popular of his writings, belong. These four letters, of which we have a translation in the first volume of the present work, were written in Latin to an old fellow-student, Nicholas Michault, Seigneur of Indevelt, without any thought of publication. It was not till 1581 that the first Turkish Letter was sent, without its writer's sanction, to the press.

Although Busbecq, on his return from his second embassy to Solyman, felt, or at least professed to feel, a desire for a peaceful country life with his friends and his books, and though he moralized upon the miseries of Court life, where an honest man was as "an ass among monkeys," his services were too highly valued by Ferdinand, now Emperor, and his son Maximilian, for him to be allowed to retire. In the capacity of *écuyer tranchant* or sewer he accompanied the boy Archduke Rudolf, the future Emperor, and his brother Ernest to the Court of Philip of Spain; and though he soon left that post—perhaps because, as his present biographers suggest, he was too thorough a disciple of the school of Erasmus to be a *persona grata* to Philip's Jesuits—the liberal-minded Maximilian showed his undiminished confidence in him by appointing him governor and seneschal to his remaining sons. From 1570 Busbecq's employment lay in France, first in the service of Maximilian's daughter, the wife of Charles IX., and finally in acting at the Court of France as the Emperor Rudolf's ambassador, though, as our authors think, without being formally accredited. There is something pathetic in the story of his end. Though, as far as appears, he had never revisited the home of his youth since he left it for Vienna and the East, he still cherished the hope of one day returning there. He had bought the seignury, and restored the château; and a tradition still lingers at Bousbecque of his beautiful garden filled with tulips and lilacs and other rare plants. At last the veteran diplomatist, then seventy years of age, set out to take possession. Near Rouen, at a hamlet called Oailly, where he halted for the night, he was seized and carried off by a band of marauders, professedly in the service of the League. Though Busbecq bore himself bravely, lecturing his captors on ambassadorial privileges with such effect that they repented and brought him and his baggage back to Oailly the next morning, the shock killed him. He died at a neighbouring château, October 28, 1592, expressing a last wish that his heart at least might be laid in Bousbecque church.

The letters which Busbecq wrote from France to Maximilian, then King of Hungary, and to his son the Emperor Rudolf, are much less known than the Turkish Epistles. Indeed, the present translation seems to be the first in our language; and even in the original Latin the series addressed to Maximilian, dating from 1574 to 1576, as well as the last five letters to Rudolf, written during the wars of the League, have, we understand, been printed only in one scarce book, the second edition of Howart, published at Brussels, 1632, and "appear to have altogether escaped the notice of historians and biographers." The last of these almost unknown letters, dated from Mantes, August 27, 1590, describes the operations of Henry of Navarre before Paris, the approach of Parma and Mayenne to its relief, and the general expectation of an engagement, together with some curious details of Parma's preparations to receive the French cavalry—his musketeers behind ropes and stakes, well supplied with double bullets linked with copper wire, "very effective against horses," and his masked batteries of cannon loaded with chain-shot. The whole series of letters to Rudolf is of the highest value, not only for the history of France, but also for that of the struggle in the Netherlands, with regard to which Busbecq's testimony on some important points seems to have been overlooked by historians. But ordinary readers will probably find more entertainment in the discursive

* *The Life and Letters of Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq, Seigneur of Bousbecque, Knight, Imperial Ambassador.* By Charles Thornton Forster, M.A., late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, Vicar of Hinxton; and F. H. Blackburne Daniell, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

and gossiping Turkish Epistles, in which the whole of Busbecq's many-sided nature is revealed. We learn how he was always on the look-out for coins, inscriptions, and new plants; how it surprised him to receive in mid-winter nosegays of wild narcissus, hyacinth, and the flowers "which the Turks call Tulipan"; how he had a dead camelopard dug up for his examination; with what interest he questioned two Goths from the Crimea about their language, and took down a list of words "the same as ours, or only a little different." We hear all about his private menagerie at Constantinople, how the Assyrian lynx pined to death on being separated from a servant to whom it had taken a fancy; and how the tame stag turned savage, and was killed with difficulty. We learn how he disported himself, first bolting his gates, in shooting kites with a crossbow—though he knew it was wrong. Here too we have the original version of the story cited by Bacon of the Christian who got into trouble "for gagging in a waggishness a long billed fowl"; in truth the bird was a goatsucker. Busbecq, like Bacon, seems hardly able to commiserate a goatsucker; but he is loud in praise of the Turks' gentleness with horses, so unlike the rough ways of Christian grooms. Or, to take less trivial incidents, he brings before us the piteous sight of waggonloads of Hungarian boys and girls and long strings of chained men on their way to the Constantinople slave-market, "quæ cum viderem vix lacrymas tenebam." Still more grievous was it to see the Spanish prisoners who had been taken at Djerbeh in 1560 marched into Constantinople, staggering from weakness and fatigue, insulted and hustled. Busbecq did all he could to relieve the immediate wants of the unhappy men, besides advancing money and standing surety for ransoms to an extent that frightened him. But he was unable to harden his heart against gallant gentlemen who appealed to him to save them from the galleys; and he could only hope, with some qualms, that they would have the means and the will to repay their benefactor.

The present biographers have translated Busbecq's Latin into flowing English, and have produced a most readable book. The ease indeed of the style suggests that the translation must be a free one; and, as far as we have examined, this is so. We are not quite sure that we like the occasional amendment or Anglicizing of Busbecq's Turkish; for instance, jackals and yoghoort (sour milk) where he wrote *ciacales* and *Jugurtha*; Pasha instead of the older form Bassa; or the substitution of Aga in some cases where he wrote *prefectus*, and of Houris where he was content with *virgines*. In one place mention is made of Roustem's *dragouns*—a word which we do not find in any form in the corresponding passage of the Oxford edition of 1665; but it is possible that the translators may have followed some other text. With a similar reservation, we also question the propriety of the introduction of "Protestant disturbances" where our Latin text speaks of disturbances "propter novitatem religionis." Nor was it necessary to bring in the French expressions *à propos* and *canards*—some English equivalent could surely have been found for *cujus rei occasione* and for *fabula*. But we have neither space nor wish to be minutely critical. Mr. Forster and Mr. Daniell have worked out their subject with loving care; they appear to have hunted up every attainable fact, date, and document relative to their hero; they have elucidated his letters by frequent notes and a useful summary of Hungarian history; and we feel grateful to them for adding so much to our knowledge of a very remarkable man. In Busbecq, liberal-minded, enlightened, religious, a diplomatist, a scholar, a linguist, keenly interested alike in classic antiquity, in Teutonic philology, or in natural history and botany, we see the man of the school of the Renaissance at his best.

THE STUDENT'S HELMHOLTZ.*

THE interest taken in the modern theory of music has greatly increased within the last few years. The great discoveries and brilliant speculations of Helmholtz may be said really to have been the beginning of the subject, and already its importance is so far recognized that a paper in acoustics is now part of many of the University examinations for musical degrees. And this has happened in spite of much antagonism, for at first the support given by scientific results to those few musicians who were opposed to "equal temperament" caused the subject of musical acoustics to be looked on with dread and horror by all musicians, who, being content with the system, feared to see it cleared away, and pianos and organs with twenty or thirty keys to the octave, and other frightful mechanical difficulties of the same class introduced into their art. Of course text books are a natural result of examinations, but as a complete knowledge of this subject requires both a physical and musical training, the number of writers competent to produce works on musical acoustics is limited, and the number of books produced has been small. Many of them have great merit, but hardly one of them could be put into the hands of a student of music with any hope of his getting a clear idea of his subject; and up to the present time a student would probably do best by undertaking the somewhat alarming task of reading Helmholtz's gigantic work, for there, thanks to the great physicist's clear style and great grasp of

his subject, it is almost impossible to misunderstand him. Yet, as a beginner's difficulties are great in this subject, one of the titles of the present work, *The Student's Helmholtz*, is most attractive. Were an experienced teacher to take Helmholtz and mark passages in it as he would do for a pupil's reading, extract them and connect them by a few simple words, he would make a really useful text-book. This was what we hoped Mr. Broadhouse might have done; but we are disappointed. It is less a Student's Helmholtz than an attempt to write a partly original text-book and eke it out with quotations from Helmholtz, Sedley Taylor, Pole, Tyndall, &c. Within its covers may be found almost everything necessary to form a sound knowledge of the subject in the same sense that all the elements of a meal are to be found in the air, a glass of sea-water, a piece of chalk, a box of matches, and an old nail; but the chances of getting mental nourishment from the one are about the same as those of getting bodily refreshment from the other.

It has always appeared to us to be an error of judgment in writers on acoustics to spend so much time and space on the discussion of the crest and hollow waves of waters cornfields, &c., before passing on to the consideration of the air sound-wave of condensation and rarefaction. This course seems to us to be likely to confuse the ideas of the student, and there are other ways of clearly demonstrating the fact that a wave can move forward without any actual translation of the particles of the medium through which it passes. Whether this habit of other writers has confused the mind of the author of the work which we are now considering, or whether he has not the power of correctly describing physical phenomena, we cannot guess. But never have we seen such hopeless confusion as is to be found in the first few chapters of this book. Crest and hollow waves and air sound waves are inextricably entangled, and out of the jumble of ideas the author evolves the hope that the student may be able to mislead another by imparting to him the idea of "*Wave motion in the air by the rising (condensation) and falling (rarefaction) of air in a direction perpendicular to that in which the sound wave is travelling, be the latter what it may.*" The italics are the author's.

The author in discussing air-waves boldly makes use of the sinuous curves which are actual diagrams of the crest and hollow waves, without any warning that they are in this case the result of a mathematical artifice, or any attempt to show the relation between the curve and this form of wave. And even quotations from different authors follow each other without a word of explanation, the one dealing with crest and hollow waves, and the other with sound waves, and so on, for more than half the book. The extracts from other writers are made in full, no attempt being made to cut out irrelevant passages which refer to former chapters, and to figures which have not been reproduced in the text. What is a student to make of this passage (from a quotation from Airy) suddenly presented to him without a word of explanation?—

It has been seen in Article 48 that in a divergent oscillating wave of air such as we may suppose to be caused by the vibrations of a string, the motion of the particles is of the order $1/r$, whose first term varies as the distance raised to the power -4 .

And this appalling passage is quoted twice in the course of the present work, which is not intended as a book to refresh the memory of teachers, but as a text-book for musical students, who, as a rule, have no physical or mathematical training at all. With reference to the want of explanation of the curves representing waves noticed above, we must point out that the author's failure to explain the simple process of analytical geometry by which they are produced gets him into great difficulties in his chapters on compound tones, in which, in attempting to expound Ohm's law and Fourier's theorem, he actually speaks of adding two curves together.

There is one curious omission common to almost all the elementary text-books on this subject which we have read. They all discuss what they call Helmholtz's theory of consonance and dissonance; but the writers as a rule content themselves by pointing out that the "roughness" or "smoothness" of an interval when both notes are sounded together depends on the greater or smaller number of the partials of each tone which produce beats with each other of certain frequency. Why this beating should produce roughness, and why, if the beats are slower or faster, no roughness is produced, they none of them explain; and yet it is that very explanation which is Helmholtz's theory of consonance and dissonance. As he himself points out, this theory holds good in most cases without his speculations on the functions of the organ of Corti being at all insisted upon. All that is necessary is to point out to the student that an intermitting excitement of a nerve always produces a more intense sensation than a continuous excitement, when the intermitteances are faster than a certain rate and slower than a certain other rate, and that what holds good of nerves of touch and sight also holds good of nerves of hearing, and that hence comes the difference in kind of the sensations produced by the steady vibrations of a consonant chord and the fluttering vibrations of a discord. Perhaps as the majority of those who read Helmholtz are musicians who make themselves physicists for the purpose of studying the work, rather than men of general scientific education who are fond of music, this physiological point, one of the foundation-stones of Helmholtz's work, has partly escaped the attention even of careful readers, the musician being more inclined to read and remember the chapters on temperament and the many devices for playing keyed instru-

* *The Student's Helmholtz—Musical Acoustics; or, the Phenomena of Sound as connected with Music.* By John Broadhouse, Author of "Henry Smart's Compositions for the Organ Analysed," and "Violins Old and New," &c. With more than 100 Illustrations. London: W. Reeves. 1881.

ments in an approximation to the exact scale. In spite of his title of *The Student's Helmholtz* Mr. Broadhouse does not touch upon this point, though, as we may remind him, the title of the parent work is *On the Perceptions of Tones as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music*, and that it is quite as much to the clear explanation of the probable physiology of the ear as to his physical researches that Helmholtz's reputation as the scientific explainer of music is due. Even the functions, or presumed functions, of the organ of Corti ought not to be beyond the explanatory powers of a good text-book writer; and though these functions are still somewhat matters of discussion and speculation, yet great light has lately been thrown on the probability of there being some apparatus in the ear to select particular vibrations by experiments showing that such an apparatus does exist in even very low animals, a fact which has been proved in the case of certain shrimps by the simple device of playing the French horn to them.

Bad though this book is as an elementary treatise on sound, it nevertheless has good points in it, and Mr. Broadhouse may be congratulated on the calm musicianly spirit in which he discusses the relative merits of the tonic sol fa and the "staff" notations, and in the course of the discussion he shows himself a sincere lover of his art, and one who feels how much may be done by elevating the system of musical teaching. We may quote one passage of his defence of the staff notation as bearing on this point:—

"The 'average young lady' of course knows nothing at all about key relationship, but that is not because the system of notation from which she plays or sings is defective, but because she has never been taught all that the system is capable of doing. The flats, sharps, and naturals of that system, which are usually the *bête noire* of the said 'average young lady,' would not be enemies to reading at sight, but friends, if she had only been taught what purpose they served, and that, in fact, they are indispensable in any system of notation.

A similar largeness of mind is to be found in Mr. Broadhouse's treatment of the question of equal temperament. He shows that strictly equal temperament is so unbearable that it is never really used in practice, and that though an approximation to the exact scale is used by good musicians who are free to choose their tones, yet the exact scale is never thoroughly carried out. It is pleasant to find this subject discussed in such a spirit. We too often find writers, on the one hand, asserting that strict equal temperament of twelve exactly equal semitones to the octave is quite perfect enough, and that no difference is perceptible between harmonies played in such a scale and harmonies with perfect intervals; or, on the other hand, saying that chords in equal temperament offend every refined ear; that not only ought all music to be performed in the strictly exact scale, but that all violinists and vocalists worthy of the name of artist always do use their favourite method. Both classes of fanatics are of course beyond reason and argument. It is matter for regret that an author of Mr. Broadhouse's generally clear mind and impartial views should have attempted a task so unsuited to his powers as that of preparing a scientific text-book obviously is. But a bad text-book is a very bad thing, tending to hinder students in their progress, disheartening them, and disgusting them with their subject, and therefore can never be dealt with tenderly.

RABBI JESHUA.*

THE title of the book *Rabbi Jeshua: an Eastern Story*, is disingenuous, leading one to expect something quite different from the real contents. The uninitiated reader who expects to find an Oriental tale or apologue will be disappointed, and perhaps not unreasonably shocked, at being entrapped into a disquisition on themes which he has been accustomed to approach in a very different spirit. On the other hand the initiated, or at least the reader who has a smattering of Hebrew, will be prepared to find the life of Our Lord treated from a purely Jewish standpoint, and a glance at the preface will lead him to look for valuable illustrations of that life from Talmudic and other Hebrew lore. These expectations are also doomed to disappointment; for, although the work contains a vast amount of such learning in a highly concentrated form, it is not new and not always very obviously apposite; while the whole plan of the composition is in questionable taste. A learned Jew who, boldly proclaiming himself as such, should conscientiously set about compiling a treatise on the life and teaching of the Founder of the Christian Faith, would deserve and meet with a respectful reception. A Christian, who chose to adopt a secular and rationalistic view of all or part of the same subject, and brought learning, eloquence, and honesty to bear upon it, would also, as we know from at least one brilliant example, be justly appreciated, however much antagonism his views might provoke. But one who, with scholarship and eloquence at his command—for we must own that the book bears evidence of both—pretends to ignore the whole Christian fabric, assumes the very transparent disguise of an impartial inquirer, and travesties the characters of the New Testament history by giving them Hebrew names, will hardly gain much sympathy from a Christian public even if he escape the suspicion of profanity and pedantry. We are sorry to be compelled to make these disparaging preliminary remarks, for we feel that had the anonymous author not committed the initial fault of disingenuousness, his words and arguments would have been listened to with attention and respect.

Rabbi Jeshua commences with a description of the valley, of the Hasaya, or Therapeutæ, and other Jewish all more who frequented its wild solitudes, and dwells particularly on the work and character of St. John the Baptist. The local colour that is exact; the mysterious figure of the forerunner of the Messias is sketched with a masterly hand; but why speak of him as "Hanani of Bethania, the Hebrew Prophet of the Jordan Valley" and dispose of his mission to "baptize with water unto repentance" by asserting that "as a member of the sect of the Hasaya he inculcated the duty of washing in cold water as conducive to chastity"? We are glad to see that the author shrinks from the ultimate consequences of this assertion by speaking of it later on as "the initiatory rite of ablution." That the public profession of a prophet and wonder worker may be traced in an unbroken chain from the school of the Prophets in Samuel's time down to the fanatical dervishes of the present day is, as the writer suggests, an historical fact; but this proves little more than what is already accepted on all hands, that the constitution of society in the East has undergone scarcely any change; and it needs something more than mere implication to shake the faith of eighteen centuries in the mission of the Baptist and of his Divine Master and disciple. The New Testament narratives of the life of Jesus are thus spoken of:—

One chronicle is often attributed to Rabbi Saul, pupil of Gamaliel, and a native of Asia Minor. A second breathes the spirit of a narrow pharisaic sect of Shammai. A third, written by an Alexandrine Jew, is full of cabalistic lore and of Egyptian mysticism . . . but the following pages are based on a short but succinct account of the life of Rabbi Jeshua, which was written by one of his first disciples, Simeon has Saddik.

These names are easy enough to identify, but we fancy that a Jew would designate quite a different person by the last-mentioned title of "Simon the Just." The great objection, however, to the constant reference to "the pages of Simeon has Saddik" the authority of "Rabbi Saul," and the like, is that the author not only dogmatically assumes the truth of one view of moot and much-disputed points, but conveys to the unlearned reader the impression that contemporary records exist and materials are to be found in the Talmud and elsewhere for throwing clear light on the obscure portions of the narrative; and, worse than all, it conveys the utterly unfounded imputation that such illustrations have been willfully suppressed or kept in the background. Of course this implication is absurd, and may, no doubt will, be disclaimed; but such a book as the present may find its way into the hands of many to whom theological literature of the critical sort is perfectly unknown; and such a false suggestion, unintentional or not, is fraught with much danger. The fascinating style of a great portion of the volume makes this danger all the greater, and is one of the unfortunate results of that disingenuousness with which we are forced to charge the work. This is an age when scepticism is allowed fair play, and Christian advocates no longer fear to face it or to discuss its propositions and objections. It is therefore all the more unfair to inculcate sceptical opinions under an insidious disguise, and to endeavour to entrap listeners by a specious discourse. The man who could write *Rabbi Jeshua* ought to have the courage of his opinions; if he belong to the rationalist ranks, he need fear no persecution, and has no cause for concealment. If he be a traitor in the camp of the other side, he has good personal reasons for remaining a mere *nominis umbra*, but he justifies our oft-repeated accusation.

Having, as was our duty, called attention to the real nature and tendency of the book, and so removed the possibility of misunderstanding it, we may point out its most salient features. As a memoir on the life of Our Lord when stripped of all supernatural attributes and circumstances, it is not only a clever sketch, but a powerful testimony to the mighty influence on humanity which the mere human element of Christianity has exercised. The stores of Oriental myth and legend on which the author draws throw great light upon the surroundings of the central figure of the narrative, and enable us to understand much which before seemed vague and uncertain. But the most remarkable feature in the whole book is the life and movement which is thrown into the word-pictures which the author paints. Take, for instance, the following, conjectural certainly, but showing a deep insight into Oriental life:—

One scene alone we are able to picture to the mind's eye. It is the interior of a squalid building rudely constructed of stone, with a domed roof and whitewashed walls, a wooden desk or cupboard on one side, and an inscription in Hebrew over the door. From the building as we approach comes the hum of many children's voices, repeating the verses of the sacred Torah in unthinking and perfunctory monotone.

The aged teacher sits silent in the midst. As we look in, we see his huge turban, his grey beard, and solemn features appearing over the ruddy faces of the dark-eyed boys who sit on the floor around him. The long row of tiny red slippers extends along the wall near the door. The earthen water-bottle stands on the mat beside the Khazzan, or synagogue teacher, and in the cool shade of that dingy room the ceaseless murmur of the humble scholars of the village goes forth in the silence of the hot Eastern noon.

They are children of the richer members of the village community: of the Batlanim, or "men of leisure," who form the representative congregation at every synagogue service; of the "standing men," who go up yearly with the village priest for a week to Jerusalem, to fulfil similar functions in the Temple ritual. The poor cowerd may gaze from the door (standing in the scorching sun as his goats wander past) at the cool room with its chattering scholars: but he has no money to pay the Khazzan's fee, and must live and die like his forefathers, ignorant of even the letters of the alphabet.

Alone among this little crowd, we mark the noble and beautiful child, who is hereafter to be Rabbun Jeshua has Saddik. We note how the glorious words of the old Hebrew poets go home to his heart. We know

* *Rabbi Jeshua: an Eastern Story*. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

and responds over the comments of the teacher, and treasures the assurance that these old prophecies refer not to a long departed and glorious the Messiah, and the triumph of the faith of Jehovah. In those eager and hyacinthine features, the enthusiasm of a great nature is already manifest. In the lessons of the village school in Galilee, the foundation of a world-wide fame is laid.

The narrowness of the law, not as promulgated by Moses, but as taught by the hair-splitting and bigoted Rabbis of the time, is very well set forth, and much light is thus thrown upon our Lord's attitude towards it, as well as his relations with the despised and down-trodden peasantry of Judæa. The religion of Jerusalem was the profession of the rich and learned, and not the faith of the masses. "Their tongue was that of the Canaanite, their worship was that of the high places; and, save through the medium of a translation, the scriptures were unintelligible to the peasantry. The altars of local deities still stood (and still stand) on the mountain tops in Palestine; the shady trees and groves of the aboriginal cultus were still preserved; the stone heaps of Mercury were still built up, the mourning for Tanmuz still annually observed in Bethlehem. Thus, by religion, by language, and by race, the peasant was separated irrevocably from the richer student in the city." Add to this that they were ground down by the tax-gatherer, decimated by malarious epidemics, and could look nowhere for either sympathy or help, and we can understand how the poor country folk hailed with joy the Master who felt for and comforted their sorrows, and why they saw in Him their one and only hope, the Messiah who should save Israel. The question of the Messianic idea is gone into very fully by the author of *Rabbi Jeshua*, though many will demur to the statement that it was first developed among the disappointed patriots of Jerusalem when the House of the Hasmonæans fell: he is, however, constrained to admit that Jesus himself "firmly believed in his claim to be considered the future Messiah."

We need not dwell upon the rest of the narrative as given here; it follows in the main the lines of the gospel story, stripping it, however, of its supernatural element, and embellishing it with a good deal of fine writing which seems singularly out of place. The question of the miracles and their testimony he solves by saying that mysterious healing arts were part of the practice and profession of the Hasyna, and attributing most of the cures to "the unstudied yet undoubted influence which we have degraded by the names of mesmerism and electro-biology." The last assertion he supports by quoting our Lord's words, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." The raising of the dead to life he denies altogether, only admitting the case of the damsel of whom Jesus declared "she is not dead but asleep." We quote these instances only to show the tone of the writer, and the weak arguments to which he is compelled to descend in support of his theories, when once he travels off his proper line of local and mythological lore. There is one suggestion in the book, which, if not exactly proved, is a very striking one, and will be new to most readers; namely, as to the real nature of the charge of blasphemy which formed the ostensible ground for Christ's condemnation and crucifixion:—

The charge of false doctrines appears to have entirely broken down, and the trial turned finally on the pretensions of Rabbi Jeshua to the office and dignity of Messiah. The high priest demanded categorically an answer from Rabbi Jeshua on this point. "Art thou Messiah, the Son of the Holy One, blessed be He?" demanded Joseph. And the answer was equally definite, though to it Rabbi Jeshua added a quotation from the Book of Daniel, which illustrated his views as to the career of the Son of God.

It is astonishing to read that for this answer Rabbi Jeshua was condemned as a blasphemer. There was nothing blasphemous in the assertion that he was Messiah, nor was the title "Son of God" connected in those days with any claim of a supernatural character. Every son of Israel was a son of God, and Messiah, pre-eminently, was called by this title in the Psalms. Blasphemy among the Jews consisted, as has already been pointed out, in the utterance of the Divine Name, and the Mishna states clearly that the blasphemer was not guilty until he expressed the Name, "which, when the judges heard, they were instructed to stand up and rend their garments, which might never again be sewn."

How, then, are we to understand the fact that after the simple answer "I am" had been given by the prisoner, the high priest arose at once and called the Sanhedrim to witness, by the rending of his garments, that the Divine Name had been uttered, the pronunciation of which, according to its letters, condemned the prisoner to death? There is only one explanation possible, and this we find in reading the chronicle in Hebrew: for the word "I am" was the ancient and original form of the Holy Name, by which Jehovah Himself had made Himself known to Moses.

This is certainly ingenious, and gives a distinct reason for the vindictive action of the Jewish authorities and mob. A chapter on the "Sayings of Rabbi Jeshua" is merely an attempt to show that all the most divine and best accepted utterances of Our Lord are but iterations of certain well-known maxims of the Talmudic Rabbis. This sort of thing has been essayed several times of late years, and the Talmud has been repeatedly held up as the source of all the eloquence and morality of the Gospels. Canon Farrar, in his preface to Hermon's *Talmudic Miscellany*—a work from which the reader may judge of the Jewish secondary law for himself—has given a complete refutation of this hypothesis; and it may be useful to quote one passage from his able introduction:—"I venture to say that it would be impossible to find less wisdom, less eloquence, and less high morality, imbedded in a vast bulk of what is utterly valueless to mankind—to say nothing of those parts of it which are indelicate, and even obscene—in any other national literature of the same extent. And even of the valuable residuum of true and holy thoughts I doubt whether there is even one which had not been long anticipated, and which is not found more nobly set forth in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testa-

ment." Another chapter on Jewish superstition, and on the remnants of still older forms of demonology which survived in it, is both useful and instructive. But here, too, the author must have an occasional side-shot at some cherished belief or observance, as, for instance, when he says:—"In the death of Tammuz the nation annually mourned the approach of winter: in the joyful exclamation of his priests, who, on the 25th of December, used to proclaim 'Behold the virgin hath borne a son!' they welcomed the return of spring." The last chapter in the book deals with "England and Rabbi Jeshua," and is, in our opinion, its weakest part. It has a mixed flavour, something between works of the *Ginx's Baby* class and Mr. Monseur Conway's *Earthward Pilgrimage*, but without the force of either. It chiefly aims at proving, what no one denies, that there is a great deal in popular ritual, popular science, and popular aesthetics in the present day which is out of accord with the teaching of the Saviour. That *Rabbi Jeshua* is a remarkable book must be confessed, but it is scarcely a satisfactory one; and, although we would not place it in an *Index Expurgatorius*, we think that it is only fair to the public that they should be told beforehand what it contains.

THE WARDS OF PLOTINUS.*

BEFORE we enter upon a criticism of this *Story of Old Rome*, we must protest against the appearance it presents on the outside. Binding had indeed previously been carried to so great a height of extravagance that we did not think it at all likely that there was any variety of it left which could give us a shock. We find ourselves mistaken, however; and we have to own that what had hitherto seemed the very summit of folly has been itself over-topped. Should it be the ill fortune of our readers to have all three of these volumes lying on their table at the same time, and all with the same side uppermost, they will see a view of one side of the Forum at Rome. High up will rise before them a column with a statue on the top, and close to it they will see, printed in large letters,

THE WARDS OF PLOTINUS. *A Story of Old Rome.*

MRS. JOHN HUNT.

Should they, in very weariness of seeing the same staring view thrice repeated, turn the volumes over, then their patience will be tried by an equally staring view of the other side of the Forum. If they set the books on their edges, even then there will be no escape, for on the back of each volume is given the centre view, containing another column, and another statue on the top of it. Disagreeable as these bindings are to look at, they are almost worse to hold. They have a kind of sticky feeling about them which suggests oil and printer's ink. If the reader will follow our advice, as soon as he receives these volumes from the circulating library, he will at once get an old newspaper or a piece of brown paper, and provide each of them with a temporary cover. Should they be widely read, it is a melancholy reflection in what a miserable state these pictorial bindings will be when they come into the hands of those who read them last. They will, however, perhaps, represent more fitly than now the fallen glories of the Forum of Rome.

We cannot say, however, that the outside of this story does not in a certain sense fitly represent what will be found within. There too we come across a good deal of show, but the effect that is produced is not altogether pleasant. In fact, long before we had reached the end, we had become almost as heartily tired of the tale as we had been of the cover. It belongs to the class of historical romances. History is a good thing, and romance is a good thing; but when we find them so mingled that no one but the learned can tell which is one and which the other, we then feel inclined to parody a well-known saying, and at each striking incident, to cry out to the author, "If this is history, why then confound your romance; if it is romance, why then confound your history." We can easily believe that Mrs. Hunt has spared no trouble to give an accurate account of old Rome. She has had, she says, the constant assistance of her husband. In fact, in her preface she states that, "to his affection for the divine Plotinus, whom he has spoken of in some of his books as pre-eminently his favourite among the truth-seekers of the world," her story is due. The result, however, is very disappointing. So far from this book reading like a tale of men as they were in the third century, it does not read like a tale of men in any century whatever. The figures are all lifeless, and move about with as much ease as would the models at a wax-work show if they were fastened on to the ends of long poles and made to advance and retire at the will of the showman. We do not go so far as to say that the story does not contrast favourably with the descriptions given, in many of the most popular novels, of the people of the present age. Our author's old Romans are, we willingly admit, somewhat truer to nature than either the sinners or the saints of such a writer, for instance, as Ouida. But, after all, such praise amounts to very little. It is not more than if, in criticizing a signa-

* *The Wards of Plotinus; a Story of Old Rome.* By Mrs. John Hunt. 3 vols. London: Strahan & Co.

post on a village inn, we were to say that the lion is truer to nature than the unicorn. Both likenesses are equally ill-drawn, but in one the rustic artist has tried to paint what has existed and does exist; in the other he has wished to represent what never has been and never can be. It is in vain that our author throws in little scraps of Latin, and at each turn of the tale introduces some custom of the ancients. She does not for a single moment make us forget how thoroughly artificial and unnatural is her scenery. We can see nothing that is gained by her making her characters travel in a *rheda* and a *lectica* instead of a carriage and a litter. Nine out of ten of the young ladies who read her story aloud—for such stories always are read aloud, since they are of a very improving nature—will be sure to make an error in quantity and give the *i* in *lectica* short; while the tenth, fresh from the local examinations, or from Girton College, will triumphantly set her elders right, and so will give great offence. If it is maintained that *carriage* and *litter* raise a wrong picture in the mind, scarcely less wrong surely is the picture raised by the words *Appian Way* along which they are made to travel. An English way is almost as unlike the great *Appia Via* as the modern carriage and litter are unlike the *rheda* and *lectica*. What, moreover, is gained by making the characters when they meet and part use *salve* and *vale*? “*Salve, what ails thee, O Laberius?*” reads too much like the Irishman’s “*Parlez-vous français, monsieur?* Will you lend me the loan of your gridiron?” At all events, if these two words are to be admitted, they must not always be kept in the singular number, no matter to how many people they may be addressed. We come across such a sentence as the following:—“*Salve, O my friends!*” he exclaimed, in the most affable of voices.” The last glimpse that we are allowed to catch of the Christian martyr Fabian is when the aged man is being hurried to his death. “*Vale! vale!* true and faithful friends,” he exclaimed.” Perhaps at so trying a moment an excuse may be found for him if he thus breaks Priscian’s head; but the “*Salve, O my friends,*” of the man who spoke in the most affable of voices is past all forgiveness.

There is one fault above all others which should be most carefully avoided by the author who attempts to describe the life of the ancients. Nothing can be more unlike the present ridiculous art of word-painting, as it is called, in which the descriptions of scenery are carried to the utmost of extravagance, than the simplicity of the face of nature as it is drawn by a Greek or a Roman. No who would write a classical tale, let him abstain for many a long year from the novels of, at all events, the present half of the nineteenth century. If he must seek among the moderns an example which he should strive to follow, let him turn to the pages of Walter Savage Landor. Our author, unhappily, has tried to embellish her story by some passages of that kind of writing which is absurd everywhere, but is doubly absurd in a tale of classical life. There, at all events, we might have reasonably hoped to escape such a description as the following:—

The beauty of the Campagna was glorious in the morning sunshine. The storied plain of Latium gleamed with an emerald light. The temple on the Alban mount touched the blue heavens with a golden roof, and the Tyrrhene sea scintillated like crystal. Brilliant new-born flowers dotted the Latin vale with all the tints of the rainbow, and the long circular ridge of mountains in the background shadowed out a boundary, gleamy, hazy, and majestic.

This has, no doubt, a very pretty sound; but, when we come to put it together, and to try to raise the landscape before us, with its glorious beauty, its morning sunshine, its emerald gleaming, its blue, its gold, its crystal scintillations; its rainbow tints, dotted by brilliant new-born flowers; and the gleam, haze, and majesty of the boundary that was shadowed out by a ridge of mountains that was long and circular, our mind is struck by hopeless confusion. In another passage we read that “some drops of water scintillated in the golden hair” of a girl. What, we may ask, does a writer gain by changing the good old word “sparkle” for this modern favourite “scintillate”? What, too, is gained by that other favourite “sheen”? We read here of a diadem of unbroken sheen that rested on the topmost barrier of the amphitheatre, and was at the same time a great halo. In another passage we read of a circle of sheen that crowned every object. The diadem and the circle were both the effects of moonlight. Now we have been in Italy, and seen there the moonlight; but these diadems and circles of sheen were never seen by us, nor, we undertake to say, by any one else.

Mixed with these descriptions of what by courtesy only can be called nature are sentences to be found that are not unworthy of Mr. G. P. R. James himself. Thus a dissolute youth calls out to his comrade, who had taken a turn towards temperance and was skimming him,

“Seriously, man, so much abstinence, such an abundant contemplation of the infinite, will kill thee. It is a vampire for sucking out the strength. Away, away for a draught of Falernian! I have a right ancient vintage in my cellar just now, and it is long since thy lips kissed cup of mine. Nay, give me no excuse; I will not let thee perish; I have caught thee, thou truant, and I will keep thee to-night. A feast will strengthen thy weak body for to-morrow’s fast.”

Scarcely less James-like, though in a different way, is the description of a soldier setting out for war. “Dashing out of the peristylum, nodding his waving plumes to the martial sound of his rattling armour, he sprang upon his snorting horse, and spurred with fury in the direction of Rome.” It must not be supposed that such descriptive passages as these make up the chief

part of the three volumes. Abundant though they are, still more abundant are the philosophical discussions and the sermons. Whether all the philosophy and all the theology are sound, that we do not pretend to say. To fitly criticise such a book as this would require, not only an ordinary man of letters, but an antiquarian, an historian, a theologian, and a philosopher. Nay, even a poet, or at all events a student of the poet’s art, would be needed, for the volumes are interspersed with scraps of original verse. To our imperfect knowledge of this divine art they read uncommonly like the works of the unlettered muse as displayed in a country churchyard. For instance, we come across such lines as the following:—

Upon her grave the flowers we strew,
Where she has gone we too shall go,
And, palms of victory in our hands,
Shall stand where now our sister stands.

We must, by way of conclusion, do our author the justice to admit that there is no want of incidents in her stories, and that these incidents, perhaps, are not more improbable than those which we come across in the novels of society. A good many virtuous people die of disease or violence. A dissolute hero is reformed, becomes a Christian, and marries the heroine. A venerable physician, who at least eight times in the course of the three volumes—perhaps many more—smoothed his snowy beard, at last ceased to smooth it, and dies calmly. Plotinus also dies, and with equal calmness. With his death the Story of Old Rome comes to an end, and he and his reader at the same time find a not unwelcome release.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LENORMANT has undertaken a work (1) likely to be of equal interest to classical students, to the general reader, and to Italomaniacs. The latter class of persons have for the most part confined themselves to Northern and Central Italy, with which the associations of their favourite period, the Renaissance, are more specially connected. Magna Græcia, despite its natural attractiveness and the abundance of its classical and mediæval story, has been comparatively neglected. M. Lenormant’s plan is a combination of actual description and of history. He takes the famous places at the foot of the Peninsula one by one, sketches their actual appearance, and then unfolds their historical claims to attention. The result is a *mélange* equally instructive and amusing. The author has given himself plenty of space—Tarentum has more than a hundred pages to itself, and the pages are roomy and well filled; Sybaris and Thurii, eighty; Metapontum, fifty, &c. The chapters on Tarentum and on Sybaris may be selected as particularly good examples of the method which the author has adopted. It ought, perhaps, to be mentioned that, though M. Lenormant touches on almost all parts of the history of his subject, he seems to write with a special reference to the later Byzantine period, in which he regards a new Hellenization of the Italiote towns as having taken place.

The scholars of the Renaissance have of late years received a great deal of attention, and this attention has produced some remarkable work. Mr. Pattison’s *Isaac Casaubon* has been followed in England by Mr. Christie’s almost more remarkable *Étienne Dolet*, and M. Gauthier, though his work (2) is on a more modest scale than these two, has fairly earned a place for it beside them. This volume deals with the early fortunes of the University or rather College of Nîmes and its organization by Claude Baduel, in accordance with the principles championed at the same time by Sturm and somewhat later by the Jesuits—that is to say, the principles of an almost purely classical education. It so happened not merely that Nîmes was an early and remarkable instance of this scholastic reform, but that Baduel and his half successor, half rival, Bigot, were remarkably typical examples of two classes of scholars of the time. Baduel was a quiet and domesticated person with an ardent love of the theory and practice of education, a sincere belief in the reformed doctrines, and (apparently) a disposition at once amiable and public-spirited. Bigot, a friend of Dolet’s, had not a little of the character of that unlucky firebrand. His particular department was not pure scholarship, but a kind of neo-scholasticism, and he obtained considerable reputation as a teacher of philosophy. But his quarrelsomeness invariably brought him into difficulties, and he passed his life in a vagrant fashion, wandering from one university to another throughout France and Germany, always being greeted with a flourish of trumpets, and too frequently being driven out with as hearty a manifestation of general dislike. M. Gauthier has sketched the history of Baduel’s reforms and of Bigot’s disturbance of them very pleasantly, and his book, which has a good bibliographical appendix, is not merely interesting in itself, but has value as throwing incidental light on the causes (such as quasi-Republican constitution, an early introduction of the new learning, &c.) which made the southern cities of France rather than their northern neighbours the home of the Reformation.

M. Cochin, it is probably safe to say, is known to the generality of English readers chiefly by certain complimentary references which Mr. Matthew Arnold once made to him. Such persons will be not sorry to find in *Le manuscrit de M. Larsonnier* (3) at once

(1) *La Grande-Grèce*. Par F. Lenormant. Tome 1. Paris: A. Lévy. London: Dulau.

(2) *Claude Baduel*. Par M. J. Gauthier. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Le manuscrit de M. Larsonnier*. Par H. Cochin. Paris: Plon.

an explanation and a justification of the compliments which Mr. Arnold has paid to his French compeer. The book is a curious one in plan, and to very prosaic persons may seem a trifle extravagant. It purports to be the diary of a *professeur* who, when far advanced in life, is, owing to failing health and past troubles, afflicted with a kind of hallucination or monomania to the effect that time is going backwards instead of forwards with him, and that all the events of his life are thus recurring. There being no connected story, the awkwardnesses, or rather impossibilities, of this theme are avoided; and the detached fragment of autobiographic meditation exhibit the speculations of the *intellectus sibi permixtus* very strikingly. M. Larssonier's hallucination, or whatever it is to be called, connects itself easily with certain passages of Pascal, which readers of that author will readily enough recollect, and gives occasion to M. Cochin for some exceedingly careful and exquisite writing, destitute of the slightest attempt at preciousness, and so capable of serving as a very useful model and warning to certain English writers who aim at style. Nor is the sentiment and thought unworthy of the form. *Le manuscrit de M. Larssonier* is not a book likely to attain a wide popularity, but those who do read it will almost certainly read it more than once. From the merely literary point of view it is an extraordinary relief to come across so pure and academic a style after the literature of housemaids (and very badly brought up housemaids, too) which is represented by too many of the volumes which come before us on French even more than on English bookshelves.

A bolder man than M. Louis Jacolliot (4) we have seldom known, nor one possessed of more remarkable and novel information concerning England and India. How Sir John Lawrence massacred thirty thousand unoffending sepoy in the Punjab; how the Cawnpore proceedings of Nana Sahib were only reprisals for this brutality; how the entire Indian army is divided as to its officers into two parties—"les saints" and "les politiques," and how "les saints" greased all the cartridges with the deliberate and formal purpose of discarding idolators; how native shikarris consider it wise to introduce ambitious young English officers to rabbits in the first place to try their nerves, but always unearth the largest royal tigers at once for the heroic Gaul; how young English girls who are sent out to marry missionaries retire to the harems of casual native princes, and remit ten thousand a year home by way of a provision for their old age—all these things M. Jacolliot knows, partly at first hand, and partly on the authority of a certain surprising "M. de Warren, ex-officier de l'armée anglaise." The author's bravery in making these disclosures cannot be fully appreciated until it is mentioned that he has quite made up his mind as to the probable consequences. *Atqui sciebat que sibi barbarus.* It appears that at each apparition of M. Jacolliot's books "les journaux de la Cité l'injurient comme des cokneys ivres," because he shows up the innumerable crimes of our "nation d'écumeurs de mer." Persons are hired "à deux pence la ligne dans les bas fonds de la rédaction" for the purpose of throwing mud at the heroic M. Jacolliot. It will be observed that there is an evident touch of national vanity here. The cowardly editors of the City journals may content themselves with the penny-a-liner for ordinary dirty work, but when a Jacolliot has to be tackled the price rises. Even sheltered by the *bas fonds de la rédaction* the vile Saxon bravo demands twopence a line as wages for such an emprise. For our part, nothing is further from our intention than the notion of injuring M. Jacolliot. A survival of the fine old Anglophobe of the past is much too interesting a spectacle to excite any feeling but gratitude. We could indeed wish that M. Jacolliot had exhibited signs of a more perfect acquaintance with the language of the "race lymphatique et scrofuleuse" which exists under the foggy sky of Albion. The young woman whose career and sentiments "caractérisent admirablement la femme anglaise" is named Ketty, an appellation which seems to show that M. Jacolliot is not so intimately acquainted with our tongue as with the works of his compatriots. She addresses to him, "in the purest accent of the Thames," these words:—"Gentleman, I have the honour to wish you a good day." The accent may have been purely that of a bargee, and "wish" may be the fault of the wicked printer; but unluckily the phrase rather resembles French rendered into English with great blows of a dictionary than any actual turn of words likely to have escaped from a born Englishwoman, even of the most flagrantly lymphatic and scrofulous nature. Thus it would appear that M. Jacolliot's opportunities of acquainting himself with the facts of the Sepoy rebellion, &c., must have been somewhat limited. However, he was a magistrate in one of the French colonies (which, unaccountably enough, perfidious Albion has had in her possession half a dozen times and has given back as often), and he occupied, or occupies, his holidays in travelling about other parts of India, enjoying the hospitality of its "dominateurs féroces," and joining with the natives, who welcome him with tears of joy, in hoping for the expulsion of those fiends. His revelations as to English rule help to season his books in one way, as do anecdotes about Bayadères, descriptions of juggling, &c., in another. Let us hope that, though he seems to have written half a dozen voyages *aux pays de quelque chose* or other, his budget is not exhausted, for he is really a pleasant specimen of the weaker side of *das empy-françaises*.

By the side of the voluminous edition of M. Thiers's speeches now appearing it was but fair that the political utterances of the other *libérateur du territoire* should find a place. These two

volumes (5) give M. Jules Favre's speeches up to 1865. A short biographical introduction does no more than justice to his memory, and a portrait commemorates a very remarkable presence—one which deserved to be done justice to by a portrait-painter of the Brescian school. M. Favre would not have taken it as a compliment that his outward man should be described as singularly un-French. The description, however, has nothing in it which is offensive. The face is that of a Scotchman of the better type, and, with a little trimming of the hairy fringe which the nineteenth century allows so freely, might have made a typical countenance of the sixteenth century, one in which the "melancholia which transcends all wit" conflicts with evidences of capacity at once for thought and for business.

The sixth volume of M. Elisée Reclus's great geographical work (6) is entirely devoted to Asiatic Russia. It is as full of maps, views, and other assistances to comprehension as usual. Perhaps some fault may be found with the smallness of the space allotted to a portion of the vast district considered which is now of the highest political interest—the region between the Caspian and Afghanistan. But it is difficult to adjust the conditions of a work of reference to the particular demands of the moment.

M. Muntz's work on Raffaele (7) is an excellent example of the *livres de luxe* which still issue from the Parisian press in numbers quite disproportionate as compared with the numbers which appear with the impress of other cities and countries. The illustrations are extremely numerous, very well selected, and admirably executed. Not merely the famous pictures which all Europe knows, but the drawings preserved in such precious collections as those of Oxford and Lille are fully represented, and the author's critical attitude is a happy mean between the exaggerated appreciation of Raffaele common in the last century and the depreciation which has set in in some quarters since the discovery of the undoubted merits of elder and less conventional masters.

One of the greatest difficulties of the critic of to-day is to know what to do with the volumes which issue every six months with the name of M. Alphonse Karr upon them. They are, to put it plainly, leading articles reprinted, and the leading article, no matter in what language it may be composed, is a commodity which bears "perishable" written on the face of it. The preface which M. Karr has prefixed to this book (8) contains an assertion, which we have no difficulty in admitting—the assertion that the author simply claims the proverbial advantage of the bystander without affecting superior genius or greater experience in the game than the players possess. We can go further and say that, as a rule, it is easy to sympathize with M. Karr's point of view. But just as the most spirited diatribes against Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone, written from day to day or from week to week, would, if they were republished in a body, have a singularly lukewarm temperature to the critical thermometer, so M. Karr's attacks upon M. Gambetta and other persons somehow lack vivacity. The telegraph and the daily newspapers have killed the Draper and Junius. Gentlemen of the press can only claim their day or their week, even though they were—which not many of them are—worthy to rank in the same class with the author of *Les Guêpes*. However, M. Alphonse Karr seems to find publishers, and therefore presumably readers. *L'encre verte* contains many lively touches, a good deal of just criticism, ample evidence of its author's continued mastery over his pen, evidence ampler still of his superiority to the manias which carry too many Frenchmen hither and thither, according to the set of the political current. More than this we cannot say for it.

French literature has always been distinguished for the excellence of its monographs on individual characters and incidents of history, and with some allowance for the facility of modern work, and the too frequent decadence of modern style, it continues to deserve the distinction. The second volume of Captain Bourrelly's *Maréchal de Fabert* amply sustains the excellence of the first, and the author may congratulate himself on having written a book (9) which will always be necessary to historian or student of the singular and momentous episode of the Fronde. M. Giraud, who has proved his armour before now in this field, has produced an interesting book (10) on the *Maréchale de Villars*, the wife of the famous general who alone of the boasted commanders of France succeeded in making some head against Marlborough, who proved himself superior to Eugene, and who, in settling the Camisard outbreak, probably postponed the French Revolution for nearly a century. M. de Saint-Amand's work, like the rest of his series, is of a much lighter kind than these two useful and solid contributions to history (11). But the abundance of citations of contemporary documents compensates for a certain unnecessary brilliance and crackling of style. The same can hardly be said of M. Adolphe Dupont's *Souvenirs de Versailles* (12).

(5) *Discours parlementaires de Jules Favre*. Tomes 1, 2. Paris: Plon.
(6) *Nouvelle géographie universelle*. Par Elisée Reclus. Tome vii. Paris: Hachette.

(7) *Raffaël, sa vie, son œuvre et son temps*. Par Eugène Muntz. Paris: Hachette.

(8) *L'encre verte*. Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(9) *Le maréchal de Fabert*. Par J. Bourrelly. Tome 2. Paris: Didier.

(10) *La maréchale de Villars*. Par Ch. Villars. Paris: Hachette.

(11) *La dernière année de Marie Antoinette*. Par Imbert de St. Amand. Paris: Dentu.

(12) *Souvenirs de Versailles pendant la Commune*. Par L. Dupont. Paris: Dentu.

(4) *Voyage au pays des fakirs chérmeurs*. Par L. Jacolliot. Paris: Dentu.

A deplorable lack of appreciation of the gravity of the facts is manifest throughout. M. Dupont does not seem to have mastered the great proposition *res ineplo nulla res inepior*, and while he cracks jokes about the size of M. Rochefort's cigars, and expatiates on the polished demeanour—"on n'est pas plus régence"—of the mushroom functionaries of the Commune, he does not seem in the least to perceive that matters of the most serious kind are at stake. "Embrasser Mlle. Louise Michel et la trouver charmante," as a description of the present situation, is a very pretty *mot* no doubt. But the history of France makes one a little doubtful of the efficacy of *mots* as political weapons.

M. Gossot, with the best intentions, has somewhat "spoken himself" by the title of his book (13) on Marivaux. Any attempt to consider the moral side of a writer exclusively, especially of such a writer as Marivaux, is doomed to failure. But the volume, however faulty it may be in plan, deserves at least the passing attention of the student of French literature.

M. Evellin has produced a learned metaphysico-mathematical treatise (14) on the infinite. To any one who has once interested himself in questions of the kind books of this sort have the attraction of forbidden fruit, and at the same time the repulsion which that fruit exercises on the prudent man who has outgrown his youth.

If there were a French Dialect Society, M. Baissac's book (15) would be a welcome contribution to its publications. Whether, indeed, the lawless adaptations which "niggers" make of European languages lend themselves to anything like a grammatical reduction may be a question, but it is a question too large to enter upon here.

The series of popularized travels which M. Dreyfous has undertaken now includes a volume (16) devoted to M. Paul Soleillet, the great promoter of the Trans-Saharan Railway which is to make all North-Western Africa French, *pourvu que Dieu lui prête vie*. It is certain that the French, despairing of colonies elsewhere, have now founded all their hopes on Africa. Unluckily for them, they have to quarrel with Spain and Italy for the Mediterranean seaboard, to dispute the Senegambian and Guinea littoral with England. What will come of it we cannot pretend to say, but there is no doubt that M. Soleillet is a stout and determined voyager.

We have received the seventh volume (1887) of the useful *Année politique* (17), which M. A. Daniel edits and M. Charpentier publishes.

The only objection that we can find to Mr. Colbeck's edition of M. de Bonnechose's *Life of Hoche* (18) is that there are so many capital works of French literature and history as yet unedited for school use that it seems a pity to devote attention to what can hardly be called a classic from the point of view either of matter or of form.

Messrs. Hachette's new Atlas (19) bids fair to be an excellent one. The third fascicule which we have now before us contains maps of England, of Scotland and Ireland, and of the *Orbis veteribus notus* before Alexander. The execution of the maps is as admirable as might be expected; but perhaps it may be pointed out that the inclusion of Scotland and Ireland in the same map wastes almost more room than it saves.

M. Albert Delpit is a prose writer who stands in no need of praise by allowance; his verses (20), however, are thrown somewhat into the shade by the admirable lines which M. Victor de Laprade has written in commendation of them. M. Delpit's intentions are always excellent, but it is desirable to rebuke the Philistine forcibly if he is rebuked at all.

The dramatic monologue in verse of moderate compass is a recognized variety of French dramatic literature. If, however, the usual examples of it were not stronger than *Le vin gai* (21), we are inclined to think that it would cease to hold its position.

The publication of the late François Victor Hugo's translation of Shakespeare (22) in M. Lemerre's *Petite bibliothèque littéraire* has reached its sixteenth and last volume, which contains the Poems. There is no doubt that a better version has seldom appeared in any language.

In the same series, but, the author being "modern," without the attraction of Dutch paper, the third volume of M. Aulard's *Léopardi* (23) has also appeared.

The novels which come under our notice this month are few, nor are they of the first importance. In *Madame de Froumi* (24) M. Edgar Monteil continues his polemic against the clergy, *dans un but de propagande philosophique et démocratique*. His own description will probably suffice as a criticism. The Princess Olga

Cantacuzène has written a book (25) which is not devoid of pathos, but which handles a somewhat hackneyed subject, the self-sacrifice of a woman who, separated from her lover by accident for years, finds that on his return he has fallen in love with her younger sister. M. Ferdinand Fabre (26) also confines himself to the highway in the act of going out of it, taking for his subject the life of a curé in the South of France, a subject handled more than once latterly by romance-writers. His book, however, is carefully done, and does not by any means lack interest. Mme. d'Artigues is a lady who keeps abreast of the time. Her *Lettres de femmes* (27) between a fantastic young woman of the upper classes and a schoolfellow who belongs to the virtuous bourgeoisie (and who, to tell the truth, writes horribly vulgar French) have some merit of conception. When, however, the virtuous bourgeoisie undertakes to show how good a thing it is that religious orders should be turned out of their houses, *l'abbé*, to use a delightful phrase of M. Emile de Girardin's, *ne s'amuse pas franchement*. The English *abbé* in particular feels how unspeakably awful it would be if the average English novelist felt bound to take a side on political matters. We may come to that perhaps in time. M. Monchanin's book (28) is of the historical kind, dealing with the Paris of the Concini and with contemporary Madrid. It is well written, and not uninteresting, though it has a certain lack of the "go" which of late years few historical novelists have succeeded in communicating to their books.

(25) *Le mensonge de Sabine*. Par la princesse Olga Cantacuzène Altieri. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(26) *Mon oncle Célestin*. Par F. Fabre. Paris: Charpentier.

(27) *Lettres de femmes*. Par Mme. Alix d'Artigues. Paris: Charpentier.

(28) *Don Manuel*. Par A. Monchanin. Paris: Ollendorff.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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French Literature.

- (13) *Marivaux moraliste*. Par E. Gossot. Paris: Didier.
(14) *Infini et quantité*. Par F. Evellin. Paris: Germer-Baillière.
(15) *Le polois créole de l'île Maurice*. Par M. C. Baissac. Nancy: Berger-Levrault.
(16) *Les voyages de Paul Soleillet*. Paris: Dreyfous.
(17) *L'année politique*. Par André Daniel. Paris: Charpentier. 1880.
(18) *Lazare Hoche*. Par Emile de Bonnechose. Edited by C. Colbeck. Pitt Press Series. Cambridge: University Press.
(19) *Atlas universel de géographie*. Fasc. 3. Paris: Hachette.
(20) *Les dieux qu'on brise*. Par A. Delpit. Paris: Ollendorff.
(21) *Le vin gai*. Par Ed. Delannoy. Paris: Ollendorff.
(22) *Œuvres complètes de Shakespeare*. Traduites par F. V. Hugo. Tome 16^{me}. Paris: Lemerre.
(23) *Poesies, etc., de Léopardi*. Traduction de F. Aulard. Paris: Lemerre.
(24) *Madame de Froumi*. Par E. Monteil. Paris: Charpentier.

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University of London,
Burlington Gardens, W.
March 1, 1881.

By Order of the Senate,
ARTHUR MILMAN, M.A., Registrar.

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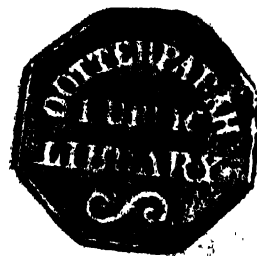
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THE TRANSVAAL ARMISTICE.

THE decline or eclipse of national spirit could not be better shown than by the comparative apathy with which the news of the armistice in Natal has been received in England. In face of the indistinct accounts which have so far been given by the Government of the origin of this arrangement, it is still possible to suppose that the idea of soliciting a cessation of hostilities as a consequence of three disastrous defeats was not due to Sir EVELYN WOOD's own judgment. The theory that the armistice is but a following out of instructions given to Sir GEORGE COLLEY would give some colour to an attempt to prove that the last act of that unfortunate officer was committed in the endeavour to save his country from humiliation. Speculation, however, on the causes which have induced Mr. GLADSTONE to order or to assent to such a proceeding is idle in the face of the proceeding itself. It has been sought to defend it on the plea of the original injustice of the war—a plea which it is not necessary to examine on the merits. The causes of the war, its justice and injustice, were perfectly known to the home Government before the first shot was fired at Laing's Nek, and nothing except the defeat of the English forces on three separate occasions has since happened to increase their knowledge. Not the least surprising part of the matter may seem to be that the Boers, who are aware of the great preparations made for their subjugation, should consent to a suspension of hostilities which will give time for reinforcements to arrive. This surprise, however, would probably be unreasonable. After undervaluing the courage of the Boers, it would be well not to undervalue their shrewdness. They have never attempted to execute forward movements beyond the territory they claim, and they probably calculate on being able to strengthen the pass against any force that may be brought against it. But the immediate advantage of an armistice is rather the moral effect which it produces in their favour on the other South African States. Mr. JOUBERT and Mr. KRUGER are not likely to be under the delusions of Radical speakers and writers at home. They know that the blow dealt to the reputation of England by this armistice must be a great help and stimulus to the Afrikaner feeling. That it has already proved to be such a stimulus is asserted by trustworthy information and cannot be doubted.

As to the immediate and local effect of the armistice it would probably be unwise to attach great weight to the various rumours which have been set afloat with regard to encroachments on the side of the Boers. As no stores other than provisions are allowed to be passed to the English garrisons, and as the release of the wounded from these garrisons is dependent on the good pleasure of individual Boer commanders, the advantages obtained by the revolted inhabitants of the Transvaal are perhaps sufficiently great as it is. That Mr. JOUBERT should have harried the people of Utrecht is not impossible, and such an act would show that the Boers, satisfied with having humiliated their enemy, are indifferent to the prolongation of the suspension of hostilities which the Government are ready to grant. The reported plundering of the Wesselsroon convoy might admit of a similar interpretation, and would not be inconsistent with the admitted scarcity of all provisions except fresh meat in the Boer camp. But neither of these reports, though the first comes

from numerous sources and in various forms, can be accepted without stronger corroboration than it has yet received. Not the least strange part of the affair is the irregular mediation which is said to be going on through the channel of President BRAND and Mr. DONALD CURRIE. The good offices of the PRESIDENT of the Orange River Free State have been accepted by the Government; but the selection of Mr. CURRIE as an additional intermediary is not known to have received any official sanction. There is, however, so little precedent for the whole negotiation that eccentricities of detail hardly require much comment.

Sir EVELYN WOOD had a difficult duty imposed upon him in the drawing up of a general order in reference to the defeat at Majuba Hill. The numbers of the troops engaged as well as of those who fell have been somewhat reduged by detailed accounts of the struggle, but no satisfactory account of causes of the disaster has yet been given. Sir EVELYN WOOD thinks it best to content himself with saying that Sir GEORGE COLLEY himself was the only person who could give such an account, and that Sir GEORGE is not alive to give it. The fact is indisputable; the inference scarcely satisfactory. Probably Sir EVELYN WOOD felt this, and therefore added his conjectural explanation to the effect that a small body of men, exhausted by a long night march, were attacked in an extended and unfavourable position, from which they were driven by overwhelming numbers. The evidence on the last point is not clear, and the rest of the statement amounts to a severe censure of his predecessor by the General who so speaks. It is, however, certain that by the conclusion of the armistice Sir EVELYN WOOD will have a considerable force with him, and he is said to have informed the Boers that, in the absence of their assent to such preliminary conditions as he has laid down, he will then attack at once. The notice appears to be superfluous, and if the report which states that the General assured his enemies in the course of negotiation that he already had with him all the men necessary for the attack, it seems unfortunate that it was not delivered before instead of after the action which is said on the spot to have placed the QUEEN's sovereignty in South Africa in jeopardy. President BRAND appears to have solicited a prolongation of the armistice about which the Boers themselves are for the reasons just given probably indifferent. Their reported and probably real confidence in their cause, and the contempt which, as the result of three victorious engagements, they feel for the English forces, together with the hope of support from the Dutch inhabitants of the States to the South, are probably stronger motives with them than any fear either of General WOOD or General ROBERTS. The latter officer, if he comes on the scene to negotiate and not to fight, will have an awkward and uncongenial task. In the absence of any trustworthy information as to the basis of negotiation it is difficult to come to a conclusion as to the possibility of securing the object to which the Government have made an at least apparent sacrifice of the honour of England. One suggested plan, that of marking out a kind of Boer reservation and retaining the principal part of the Transvaal under English sway, is hardly likely to be satisfactory to the insurgents. Elbow-room and arbitrary power over the natives are the two chief points of attraction in his present life to the Dutch inhabitant of the late South African Republic, and the acceptance of the plan proposed would endanger, if not destroy, his enjoyment of both. There is no one in this country who would not

would be an honourable settlement of the question, but the initial action which the Government have enjoined or sanctioned seems to render such a settlement impossible. It is a secondary, but still a grave, objection to that action that, by encouraging the Boers to be extravagant in their demands, it renders any settlement, whether honourable or dishonourable, that can be acceptable to other than extreme Radical opinion in this country unlikely, and thus increases the probable expenditure of blood and money while involving a certain loss in any case of reputation. The action of the Government has brought them into this dilemma, that, even if a settlement should be brought about by the present negotiations, they cannot, on their own showing, escape the charge of having gratuitously waged an unjust war; while, if it is not brought about, the honour of the country will have been dragged in the dust for nothing. Except in the improbable event of a considerable surrender of Boer pretensions, the failure of the negotiations and the vigorous and immediate prosecution of hostilities, with better skill and success than heretofore, is all that can be hoped for. Even this would leave much to regret behind it.

THE PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S first Presidential Message is scarcely open to criticism. Having no secrets to reveal, and scarcely any disputed propositions to maintain, the PRESIDENT has the good sense and good taste to address the people of the United States in an unpretending and simple tone. Almost the only disputable part of the document is an incidental recognition of the supposed expediency of a protective tariff. The PRESIDENT says that more than half of the population is engaged in agriculture, and that American manufactures make the country independent of foreign supplies. Few of the PRESIDENT'S adherents will draw the obvious inference that the larger part of the community is unjustly taxed for the benefit of a small minority. As no considerable section of the dominant party supports Free-trade, it is a matter of course that the Republican incumbent of the highest office in the Union should retain the opinions which he and his supporters professed during the election. It may be conjectured without disrespect that General GARFIELD has never carefully studied economic science. On questions relating to the circulating medium he has acquired a right to be heard by active participation in debates on metallic and paper currency. His Message, perhaps prematurely, congratulates the country on the resumption of specie payments, which cannot be really re-established as long as the holders of Government notes are not legally entitled to payment of the amount in coin. The PRESIDENT enunciates the sound doctrine that a promise to pay is not equivalent to payment; and he revives the constitutional doubt whether the issue of inconvertible paper money was within the competence of Congress. As greenbacks have long since been at par, there would be no practical difficulty in providing that they should be convertible on demand. The questions relating to the silver currency are, in consequence of recent legislation, more embarrassing, for the Treasury has been required to coin large amounts which cannot be pushed into circulation at their nominal value. The new SECRETARY of the TREASURY was a supporter of the Silver Bill, which was flagrantly, if not intentionally, unjust. The PRESIDENT expresses a hope that the proposed International Congress may provide means securing a bi-metallic currency in the States which may think fit to accept its resolutions. As it is certain that no such system will be introduced into England, it is not undesirable that foreign countries should at their own risk try a doubtful experiment. General GARFIELD agrees with his predecessor, and with Mr. SHERMAN, on the error committed by Congress in its late funding policy. Mr. HAYES'S last official act was to place a veto on the Bill, and, after the panic of last week, the mistake will probably not be repeated.

The PRESIDENT discusses at some length in temperate language the relation between the white and black races in the Southern States. It was a perhaps unavoidable misfortune that it should be necessary to place the emancipated slaves and their descendants on the same political and legal level with white American citizens. As Mr.

GARFIELD truly says, American institutions allow of no intermediate condition. The slave, as soon as he was liberated, became not only a freeman, but, under the constitutional amendment, one of the sovereign people. The inconveniences which have resulted, and which are not yet overcome, have probably had the effect of preventing the revival of schemes of conquest and annexation. The people of the United States have no machinery for ruling subjects, and the Southern communities are not inclined to admit inferior races to absolute equality. With the negroes within their borders they were compelled to deal, and the consequence has been a chronic disturbance of political equilibrium in the South. For several years after the war, Northern adventurers misgoverned some of the Southern States by the aid of coloured voters. Afterwards, the iniquities of the carpet-baggers, as they were called, produced an irregular but successful reaction. The negroes were coerced or intimidated into conformity, or into abstinence from voting; and the States were accordingly restored to the control of their former and natural rulers. The result was attained by evasion or violation of the law, sometimes with attendant circumstances of oppression amounting to cruelty, and up to the present time by a certain exercise of intimidation. It is apparently unjust to prevent electors from voting; but there can be no grosser violation of natural justice than the subjection of men of European descent to the dominion of negroes. Under the American Constitution a coloured majority has a right to exercise powers which cannot be practically tolerated. The supremacy of the unfittest is extending over the world under the form of universal suffrage; but democracy only maintains itself by mutual strength; and the negroes in a Southern State, even when they are more numerous than their neighbours, are essentially weaker. General GRANT made several ill-judged attempts to readjust the balance of power by the employment of Federal troops at State elections. His successor more wisely abstained from interference; and consequently the Democratic party, which has always leant on Southern support, commanded all the Southern votes at the late Presidential election.

General GARFIELD to a certain extent justifies the refusal of the Southern whites to concede political equality by dwelling on the ignorance of the negro voters; and he adds they are not the only uneducated part of the population. There seems to be no doubt that freedom has done much to elevate the character and condition of the coloured race; and the rising generation, with the advantage of schools, will attain a higher cultivation; but there is no reason to expect that the superior race will waive its claims when every negro can read and write, and when some of them have received a liberal education. There is hitherto no approach to social equality in the South; and marked physical differences tend to perpetuate separation. Wise statesmen will perhaps connive at a practical limitation of constitutional rights which happen to contravene natural order. The coloured citizens may find the fittest preparation for future political equality in co-operation with their former masters. Their votes will not be rejected by fraud or by force, if they are given for the right candidates; but it is idle to expect that democratic constituencies will allow the election of Republican representatives or officers by negro majorities. It is natural that the coloured electors should show their gratitude to the party which, for its own purposes, and by its superiority in war, effected their emancipation; but it is not for their interest to be Republicans while the dominant race professes Democratic opinions. The easiest road to power lies through alliance with its actual possessors. The Parliaments which sanctioned the despotic caprices of HENRY VIII. earned the right of being consulted on all legislative and administrative questions, which their successors used in opposition to weaker sovereigns. There can be no objection to General GARFIELD'S urgent desire for the extension and improvement of education. An illiterate rabble is the worst depository of power.

In undertaking to lay before Congress measures for conferring permanence of tenure on some members of the Civil Service, the PRESIDENT follows the example of his predecessor; and perhaps he may be more fortunate in attaining his object. Disinterested Americans are unanimous in their opinion that subordinate office ought to be independent of political considerations; but they have no power, and Senators and Representatives are pledged to the existing system both by their own inclinations and

by the influence of the election managers who return them to Congress. General GARFIELD himself holds his high position by means of contributions levied for party purposes on all the office-holders of the Union. He would probably have preferred a less objectionable machinery; but he could not reject the necessary condition of success. Even if the Civil Service was reformed, the vicious system of election would still be applicable to members of State and Federal Legislatures; but democracy and universal suffrage assume in the United States their most favourable aspect. It is much better that elections should be determined by intrigue, or even by corruption, than that they should be controlled by fanatical demagogues. No popular election has produced a more satisfactory choice than the Presidential contest. It may be added that the Democratic candidate also bore a high character. General GARFIELD presents a favourable specimen of a class which is justly popular in the United States. A part of his early life was employed in manual labour; he afterwards contrived to give himself a comparatively liberal education; and he served with credit as a volunteer officer in the Civil War. Of late years he has been known as an active and intelligent member of the House of Representatives, and he has had the more questionable merit of manipulating elections with skill and success. His elevation to the Presidency caused neither surprise nor dissatisfaction, though it had not been generally foreseen. The list of his Cabinet seems not to have excited any strong feeling. According to modern custom, the PRESIDENT has considered local and personal connexions as well as fitness for office. Of the new Ministers, Mr. BLAINE is generally known in England as a political leader and an orator. It is not certain whether he has paid special attention to foreign affairs, but American diplomacy varies little in substance or in tone. In common with his colleagues, Mr. BLAINE is a zealous opponent of Free-trade. The nomination of Mr. ROBERT LINCOLN proves that even in the United States hereditary pretensions are sometimes, though rarely, recognized.

IRELAND.

THE powers granted to the Government by the Coercion Bill have already been exercised, and a considerable number of obscure agitators, arrested in all parts of Ireland, have been lodged in Kilmainham Gaol. It is not clear what has induced the Government to leave Mr. DILLON and Mr. BRENNAN, the most active and prominent of the disturbers, so long at liberty to continue their work of agitation. Though some of the lower members of the conspiracy have used language of a coarser and cruder kind than their chiefs, few more definite incitements to resistance have been uttered than Mr. DILLON'S. It is possible that a misplaced tenderness for the position of a member of Parliament may have influenced Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry. Certainly Mr. DILLON has been of considerable use to them already, and they may reasonably think that he will continue to justify their conduct. Unhappily the need for the application of the powers granted, or in course of being granted, continues to be shown. The murder in Westmeath was deliberate and well-planned, and outrages of one sort or another continue to be committed, though it is evident that the strength of the revolutionary movement is for the time broken. Payment of rent, the best of all signs of this, is becoming more and more common, and in cases of persistent refusal the seizure and sale of stock has become a reality instead of a farce. With characteristic boldness the HOME SECRETARY remarked on Wednesday afternoon that the experiment of his Government in endeavouring to govern Ireland by the ordinary law had failed, and had shown that they were not justified in attempting it. The apology would be more acceptable if nothing but loss of credit to the Government in respect of statesmanship had resulted from their fancy for the experimental method. The relatives of the dead men who would be alive had the Government taken advice, the families who have been wholly or partially ruined in the course of their experiments, may not perhaps be fully appeased by the frankness of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S testimony to his colleagues' incapacity.

The second measure necessary for the complete pacification of Ireland will probably become law in a few days. Its passage through the Lower House has been dis-

tinguished by the usual course of events which must occur whenever a measure is discussed under urgency. Some days of languid and unreal discussion of points more or less unimportant, followed by several hours of uninterrupted divisions on undiscussed and unconsidered amendments, make up the programme. The anxiety shown by some Irish members in the course of the debate for the future comfort of incarcerated persons may have been partly selfish, but the accounts of the fate of the present prisoners of Kilmainham may reassure those who dread hardship for themselves and their friends. In all but name, the disorderly persons upon whom Mr. FORSTER has laid hands are being treated as first-class misdemeanants, and they have liberty of association with each other. Portions of the Land League funds are to be devoted to their comforts—the usual and natural end of political subscriptions in Ireland. The Arms Bill will not become law a day too soon. It is evident that most of the country districts are armed to the teeth, and though little is to be feared in the shape of open rebellion or combined violence on the great scale, it is impossible that the terror should cease so long as the instruments of maintaining it are in everybody's hands. Not the least frequent cause of one of the worst class of outrages—forcible entry of houses by night—is the desire to obtain arms, and when it becomes difficult or impossible to retain possession of these, the motive for such outrages will cease. A still more important point is that the passing of the Arms Bill and the enforcement of its provisions will prove to the people more clearly than anything else the vanity of their leaders' promises. From the very beginning of the agitation Mr. DILLON and his imitators have been unwearied in assuring their hearers that the Irish members of Parliament would take care to secure the right of possessing arms, called by one of the defenders of the cause the first right of a freeman. It will very shortly be evident that they have undertaken what it is impossible for them to perform; and, when this is once clear, their power will be gone. That the Irish tenants should be protected in holding the land was the chief promise of Mr. PARNELL; that no restriction should be put on their arming themselves was the chief promise of Mr. DILLON. Both pledges are in course of being shown to be futile; and the Irish people, who unite with a singular capacity of being duped, a shrewdness which is quite sufficient to find out those who have duped them, will for the time return to their normal condition of grudging obedience to the law. It would probably be too much to hope that the inutility of what the HOME SECRETARY calls the experiment of the Government will be impressed on their minds or on those of their supporters and successors.

The inconveniences of the absorption of the House of Commons in one particular kind of extraordinary business have not seemed to be felt, and the inconveniences of the remedies which have been applied to check obstruction also not. It is very desirable that a day should be found for the discussion of Mr. STANHOPE'S motion as to Canada, but the PRIME MINISTER, while expressing his full sense of the fact, is unable even to indicate a likely date. It is absolutely necessary that Supply should be taken in time; yet it is impossible to say how progress can be made with it, at least under the ordinary modes of business. Supply is the favourite bait of members disposed to obstruction at all times, and it is scarcely likely that at this present position of vantage will be left unoccupied without smarting from defeat. It is said that the little Radicalism who have given a fitful support to the Government have represented to their allies that the time has come for regaining by a moderate attitude in the good opinion of the English constituencies. Doubtless that the persons appealed to have any opinion of the good opinion of the English constituency—that they will be disposed to waive an opportunity of embarrassing the Government for the sake of a few obscure partisans. They can always count on the support of these latter in any anarchic design, but it is a consideration. Nor is it certain that the Irish, though on the whole they may have been suffering on themselves, have been in all cases with strict fairness in the application of the law. The brawl of Tuesday night was directed to Mr. FINIGAN and to his colleagues,

but it is not clear that, technically, Mr. O'DONNELL's complaint of having been tyrannically silenced is ill-founded. It is impossible for the Chairman of Committees or the SPEAKER himself to decide that a point of order is not to be considered until he knows what the point of order is, and on Tuesday night Dr. PLAYFAIR refused to allow the member for Dungarvan even to state his point. Divination of what a member is going to say can hardly be considered a satisfactory method of conducting the affairs of the House and the business of the nation. So long as grievances of this kind are allowed to exist, it is idle to expect that Irish members will abstain from troubling. It would probably be idle to expect it, even if there were no such grievances; but the ruling of Dr. PLAYFAIR and the oratory of the HOME SECRETARY are calculated to make trouble certain, as well as to awake a feeling of sympathy which is inopportune as well as, on the whole, undeserved. Sympathy with the party of Mr. PARNELL should be left to French ultra-Republicans and to beaten candidates for posts of high station in America, a remarkable group of whom is said to have recently telegraphed good wishes to a meeting called for the combined purpose of sympathizing with the Boers and the Land League.

LORD FORTESCUE ON THE EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE.

LORD FORTESCUE, in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, has suggested, under the appropriate heading of "Our Next Leap in the Dark," some contrivances which might perhaps render a new Reform Bill not wholly mischievous. The objection to all schemes of the kind is that they will certainly not be adopted. The object of so-called Parliamentary reformers is to insure the political preponderance of the multitude, which in turn affords them the necessary support. Government by agitators acting upon mobs is the democratic ideal, and even the metaphor of a leap in the dark has almost ceased to be applicable. The leap will be into a visible abyss, from which there is no return. It unfortunately happens that, through the operation of natural laws, the disposition of constituencies to control their representatives increases in direct proportion to their own incompetence. Questions of foreign policy are habitually debated by clubs and associations, including probably, with the exception of a few demagogues, not a single capable judge of the merits of such controversies. The Liberal leaders, and especially their chief, are largely responsible for the fatal custom of appealing from Parliament to the rabble. In not a single instance was Mr. GLADSTONE's wild and dangerous language checked or criticized by a popular audience. The unanimity which ordinarily prevails in political clubs sufficiently proves the worthlessness of their conclusions. Study, knowledge, and conscientious love of accuracy tend to produce differences of opinion. The war in the Transvaal, for instance, suggests many perplexing problems to those who understand its origin and tendency; but meetings of excited Radicals are not for a moment puzzled. As English democracy has in recent times broken with national traditions, regard for the honour of the country has almost ceased to affect popular feeling. On all questions, domestic and foreign, the verdict of the numerical majority may be easily anticipated.

The admission of the agricultural labourers to the suffrage, combined with the institution of equal electoral districts, will practically disfranchise the educated portion of the community. Lord HARTINGTON's reputation for prudence is greatly impaired by his rashness in pledging the Liberal party to household suffrage in counties; but in the present state of politics, the promise is irrevocable, and those who gave it have the power to redeem it. The concession would perhaps in any case have been unavoidable, though it might have been advantageously postponed. In two or three years the man on the other side of the hedge will unite his efforts with his friend on this side to endanger or overthrow existing institutions. Lord FORTESCUE's plan for averting a formidable danger is, at the same time, simple and ingenious, though the experiment which he proposes will never be tried. He would for the purpose of elections include all rural districts within the limits of the nearest borough, so far as to introduce into the borough constituency all householders who were not possessed of the county qualification. By

this method, the county constituency would be unaltered, while the agricultural labourer would obtain the vote which he is supposed to covet. If it were objected that the borough constituency might be swamped, Lord FORTESCUE would probably reply that, of two evils, he chooses the less. The large towns are already more democratic than the present county constituencies, and there would be a smaller change in the representation than that which will be effected by the impending measure. Lord FORTESCUE is not altogether satisfied with the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's Bill for the prevention of bribery and treating. He apprehends, probably with reason, that the limitation of the number of agents, and the prohibition of employing canvassers, will diminish the proportion of actual voters to the whole constituency, unless inflammatory speeches take the place of private solicitation; or unless disreputable election managers, willing to incur for a consideration the risk of punishment, take the place of respectable solicitors. It may be added, that Sir HENRY JAMES's scale of penalties is out of all proportion to the moral delinquency of corruption as it is measured by popular estimation. Experience shows that excessive severity tends to defeat its objects, and that punishment ought to be adjusted to the actual state of opinion, rather than to the judgment of strict moralists.

Though the Ballot is, like almost all innovations, irrevocable, those who disapproved of secret voting may be pardoned if they regard with a certain complacency its partial failure. It prevents intimidation, and it abolishes much wholesome influence; but against bribery it appears to be powerless. The particular form of miscarriage had not been foreseen by friends or enemies; and it may be doubted whether rigorous legislation may not cause similar disappointment. The elector who sees no reason why he should vote gratuitously is likely to survive till the commodity which he has to sell becomes worthless from the enormous number of votes. It is not known that there is any bribery at Manchester, Liverpool, or Glasgow, where each voter possesses only a small fraction of electoral power. On the other hand, it is possible that the enfranchised rural householders may be more cheaply purchasable than the workmen in the towns. If votes become unsaleable, or if it becomes dangerous to accept a bribe, the system of representation will be but slightly improved. An elector who abstains from selling his vote only because it is no longer marketable is not, on the whole, a valuable member of a constituency. In many cases he will place himself at the disposal of a frothy demagogue instead of earning the wages of corruption from a dispassionate agent. Acceptance of bribes may be more degrading than political fanaticism, but it is much less dangerous. If the system of the Birmingham federation continues to flourish, the American form of corruption will perhaps succeed to the ruder machinery of English bribery. Managers instead of constituencies will receive pay for their services in manipulating elections. The defect of American candidates is rather obscurity than extravagance. At a late meeting of Radical Clubs Mr. COWEN denounced the Birmingham organization on the fanciful ground that it had strengthened the Ministers in their promotion of the Irish Coercion Bills. He had himself defeated the local Association at Newcastle when it insisted on his opposing the foreign policy of the late Government; but, if he had not been well known as a democratic politician, he would probably have been overpowered.

Lord FORTESCUE refers with just contempt to the "flesh and blood" doctrine. The superstition which is symbolized by the phrase has seldom been more perversely exhibited than in some of the Ministerial schemes for the regeneration of Ireland. The franchise which at the present standard causes the return of Mr. HEALY and Mr. BIGGAR to Parliament is to be lowered as soon as the obstructive faction allows the Government to introduce any of its measures. In many counties and boroughs the change will have no practical effect, though it may render the paucity of electors in some petty towns a little less ridiculous; but it is asserted that it will weed the Irish representative body of the few Conservatives and moderate Liberals who now hold their seats. A still more preposterous scheme has been devised for creating little county Parliaments, which will probably be in many cases legalized branches of the Land League. There is no immediate necessity for any alteration in the grand jury system, though it involves some theoretical anomalies. If the grand juries make occasional mistakes, they have the merit of confining themselves to their own

business. The proposed County Boards, to be elected, of course, by household suffrage, will at once usurp political functions. The Boards of Guardians, with far narrower powers, have set them the example; and the managers of the Land League are exerting themselves to procure the election as Guardians of members of their own body. It is idle to attempt to conciliate the advocates of Home Rule by offering them a more complete control over local business. Their objects are not administrative, but political; and any powers which they may acquire would be used for purposes of agitation, without regard to the interests of property. It is probable that elected local Governments of counties may succeed better in England; but there also the power of imposing burdens is likely to be separated from liability to bear them. The late Government is greatly to blame for its negligence or weakness in not carrying a reasonable and moderate measure. The farmers cared little at the time for concessions which had been urgently demanded on their behalf; but it was certain that their claims would be renewed if they were not satisfied in advance.

GERMANY:

THE Imperial Parliament has been immediately on its reassembling provided with a subject to discuss which any other Parliament would regard as of considerable importance to itself and to the nation. It has had submitted to it by Prince BISMARCK a project by which the Budget shall be voted for two years, and the Parliament shall be elected for four years and only meet every other year. The Liberals naturally object that this scheme would kill the Parliamentary life of Germany. The mere fact that the German Parliament was on a different footing from all other Parliaments would discourage members, and lead them to think that their duties were not of so serious a nature as is supposed generally to be involved in the existence of a Parliament. The nation, too, would no longer look to Parliament as the exponent of its wishes and the guardian of its interests. The Government would be always governing, and the Parliament would be only occasionally discussing. Some members of the Clerical and Conservative parties feel these obvious objections so strongly that they are only willing to agree to the proposals of the CHANCELLOR on the condition that the Parliament, although voting a Budget for two years, shall still meet every year for other than financial purposes. This is a kind of compromise which pleases men who on a question of principle do not like to vote really either way. It would not in practice restore to Parliament the authority and position which would be abandoned by voting the Budget for two years. The experience of all Parliaments shows that when nations are new to Parliamentary life, they part with everything if they part with the control of finance. A Government which is sure of its money can always prevent any business being transacted of which it does not approve. If the German Parliament met in the years when no Budget was to be voted, the Government could bring its proceedings to an absolute standstill by the simple process of not proposing anything. Although the Parliament may theoretically initiate measures, yet the scheme of the German Constitution is such that no proposal has the slightest chance of success unless it comes from the Chancellor with the assent of the Federal Council. The Chancellor may have some motives of his own for making proposals, but if he is indifferent to suggestions which the country would like to see adopted, the only mode by which he can be roused into involuntary activity is by making him in some degree uncertain as to the amount of money that will be voted. When he of his own accord makes a proposal, the influence of the Government is so strong that he is tolerably sure to have his way in the main, and the only instrument of preventing his having his way altogether, and of driving him to make some concessions, is, again, the power of the purse. In the alternate years the Parliament would be in a dead-alive state, doing what the Chancellor orders, or doing nothing if he ordered nothing, and would soon be as anxious to be prorogued as he could be to prorogue it.

The arguments by which the proposed change is defended are worth noticing. In the first place, it is said with much reason that, if the Budget is considered merely as a financial arrangement, it is much better to allow it to continue in force for a time sufficient to test the merits

of its provisions. What amount must be raised to provide for the wants of the nation, and how shall it be raised, are the only two questions which have to be decided when a Budget is brought forward. The ordinary wants of a nation may be easily forecast for a couple of years, and the taxes which are the right taxes to impose in one year will in all probability be the right taxes to impose in the next year. And, if this is more or less true of all Budgets, it is specially true of the Budget of a federal State. The wants of the whole German nation are much more constant and can be much more easily ascertained than the wants of each small State, and the scheme of taxation adopted must necessarily be of a broad and general kind. For the purpose of effective Parliamentary control an annual Budget is indispensable, but for mere financial purposes a biennial Budget is at least as good as an annual, and in the case of Egypt the latest device of financial ingenuity has been to draw up a permanent Budget as most conducive to the interests of the Government, the nation, and the national creditors. The advantages of enacting that the German Parliament shall be elected for four years instead of for three, as at present, have been pointedly urged by Herr WINDTHORST. As things are now, he said, the elected are in the first year so full of their triumph, that they can think of nothing else. In the last year they are wholly absorbed in manoeuvres for being re-elected, and thus they have only one year in which they can approach public business in a spirit of appropriate calmness and impartiality. This is a good argument for Parliaments lasting four years if they meet annually, but it scarcely applies to Parliaments that meet only every other year, for they must meet either in the first or else in the last year of their existence. But the chief reason assigned for burying the German Parliament every other year is that its continued vitality interferes with the life of the Prussian Parliament. The proceedings in the Parliament that is really important are cut short in order that the proceedings of the Parliament that is comparatively unimportant may begin. In spite of all proclamations of German Unity, and Prince BISMARCK's denunciations of particularism, it is every day becoming more and more evident that the German Empire is a mere appendage of Prussia. Of all domestic questions, that of the Culturkampf is the most burning. It is essentially a German question; for the only kind of justification of the laws against the clergy is that the clergy were formerly accused, and are still suspected, of intriguing against the German Empire. But, as Herr WINDTHORST said, the field of battle in which the fight of the Culturkampf must be fought is the Prussian, not the German, Parliament. In spite of all his failures, he still hopes to win. He and his friends will, in the long run, ensure the triumph of religion over culture. But what he has to do is to persuade or frighten Prussia into a surrender. If he can but do that, Germany will at once follow the lead of Prussia; but he might as well talk to the winds as address Germany while Prussia is against him.

That Prince BISMARCK's proposal would kill Parliamentary life in Germany would be incontestable if only it could be said to be clear that there is any Parliamentary life in Germany to kill. The German Parliament does not appear to care whether it is buried or not. This is one of the most singular spectacles that Parliamentary history has ever presented. There have been many instances of a Parliament resisting vehemently its suppression. There have been instances equally numerous of a Parliament welcoming a conqueror or turning tail before him; but a Parliament which treats the question whether it shall or shall not be condemned to impotence with the equanimity with which the House of Commons deliberates whether it shall or shall not sit on the day of the Derby is a new and astonishing body. The German Parliament could not come to a decision, because there was not a full House. More than half the members thought that the question to be decided was not one of sufficient importance to make it worth while for them to take the trouble to be present. What is the use of talking of the Parliamentary life of a nation which cannot get half of its representatives to concern themselves when this Parliamentary life is to be snuffed out? Prince BISMARCK's health, too, is an unfailing barometer of the real interest that is felt in any political question. He gauged the amount of excitement aroused by his proposal, and found it to be so slight, that he sent word

that he was too ill to come himself to give explanations, then got well enough to give a large political dinner, and then was again too ill to speak. A Parliament that was so little interested in its own life and death was not worth addressing. If the German Parliament had been really interested in the matter, the proposal would probably never have been made. Prince BISMARCK, it must be owned, knows his countrymen well. He has calculated, and calculated rightly, on the progress of Socialism in Germany. Socialism desires the absorption of the nation in the State. Parliaments necessarily oppose this absorption, unless they are the mere tools of the Government; and in German Parliaments have always been frail plants, and are now being fast smothered by the strong rank grass of Socialism. The German State, not the German Parliament, is coming to be looked at as the embodiment of German unity. And with such a form of Socialism, biennial, or even quadriennial, Budgets are in complete harmony. Socialists, like all other people, wish to know how much of the produce of labour the State intends to consume for its own purposes, and how this produce is to be levied. When once the announcement is made, there is no reason why what is announced should not remain in operation for a considerable time. Prince BISMARCK has recently acknowledged that he is as much afraid of what in Germany is called Particularism as ever. But he thinks, and perhaps rightly, that, if he can but unfold Particularists in the meshes of a Socialist State, they will thenceforth lie still and give no more trouble.

THE HAMPSTEAD HOSPITAL CASE.

ON Saturday last the managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board were still regardless of their fate. The judgment of the House of Lords on the appeal in the Hampstead case had not then been delivered, and they could send an answer to the Chelsea deputation which breathed nothing but stern resistance. Before forty-eight hours were over their strength had gone from them. The decision of the Queen's Bench Division upon which they have so obstinately relied had been finally overruled, and for the future it rests with a jury to decide whether a small-pox hospital is a nuisance. The Chelsea Committee met on Tuesday to determine what they should next do to obtain for the district they represent the immunity which Hampstead has already secured for itself. They very properly decided not to interfere with the patients at present under treatment in the Fulham hospital, but to take immediate action to prevent any more patients from being sent thither. The Metropolitan Asylums Board have so steadily rejected all notion of compromise, and taken their stand upon their statutory rights, that they cannot wonder that the districts affected by their action should show themselves equally persistent. It may be at once conceded that the managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board are not likely to receive very tender treatment at the hands of a jury. The order appealed against in the Hampstead case was an injunction not to use certain buildings "as a hospital for small-pox or any other infectious or contagious disorder in such manner as to create a nuisance to the plaintiffs." For the purpose of the appeal it was assumed that the Hampstead hospital had been used in such manner as to create a nuisance, the contention of the Asylums Board being that they have a statutory authority to create a nuisance if they cannot do their work without creating one. The judgment of the House of Lords finally disposes of this plea. The Asylums Board is charged by Act of Parliament with the duty of providing asylums for reception or relief of the sick, insane, or infirm poor, and for this purpose the managers are to purchase or hire the necessary buildings. If no buildings suitable to the purpose are to be had, the managers are directed to buy land and build on it, but they are not invested with any compulsory powers of purchase. In the opinion of the House of Lords all these things may be done without causing a nuisance, and there is consequently no reason to suppose that the Legislature contemplated the creation of a nuisance as in any way incidental to the action of the Board. Had it done so, it would have taken care to give the managers the right to buy what land they wanted, and to bar any claims for compensation that might arise from the use to which it was to be put. By doing

neither of these things Parliament clearly showed that it had no intention to give the managers the power they had assumed to themselves. It will be open, of course, to the managers to contend in each particular case that a hospital is not used in such a manner as to create a nuisance. There is exceedingly little chance, however, that any such contention will be listened to. The sympathies of a jury will naturally be with the public who are exposed to infection by the collecting together of a large number of small-pox patients from various parts of London, and, unless the managers are prepared with much more conclusive evidence than any which has yet been brought forward, the verdict in the Fulham case will probably be identical with the verdict in the Hampstead case.

If the managers are wise, they will at once endeavour to come to terms with their adversary. It is plain that in any future proceedings at law they will be at a serious disadvantage. Public opinion is against them, and the verdicts of juries are very apt to give public opinion the force of law. It cannot be to their interest to have each small-pox hospital in turn made the object of a law suit, in which, if the dignity of the managers is saved, the public purse will be heavily drawn upon. The decision of the House of Lords makes fresh legislation imperatively necessary. There are now an unusually large number of small-pox patients to be dealt with, and it is impossible to deal with them effectually until it has been settled whether they are to be nursed in their own houses or taken away, and, if taken away, whether they are to be carried to a parish hospital or to a hospital in which the patients of many parishes are collected beneath a single roof. It was stated at the meeting of the Asylums Board on Monday that some of the central London parishes object to the local treatment which is desired by the parishes in the suburbs. The reason of this difference of view is plain. A small City parish is not likely to have many small-pox cases arising within its own borders; and, if it can but get rid promptly of the few that do arise, the chances of infection will be much lessened. No one has ever proposed to set up a small-pox hospital in the centre of London, so that the parishes in question can preach the benefit of the aggregate system with perfect safety to themselves. The large suburban parishes, on the contrary, cannot hope to be without frequent cases within their own boundary, while they are naturally marked out as sites for large hospitals, supposing the aggregate system to be adopted. They are consequently as much led by circumstances to favour the treatment of the disease in the locality in which it has arisen as the City parishes are led to favour its treatment in some other locality. Morally speaking, perhaps, there may not be much to choose between the two cases. Each district wishes to have small-pox treated in the way which will do least harm to its own people. But the case of the suburbs has one advantage over the case of the centre. The suburbs may be selfish, but their selfishness takes the form of readiness to bear their own burden, provided that they are not laden with other people's burdens in addition. The centre, on the contrary, is not even willing to bear its own burdens. If the two could change places, they would possibly change their opinions at the same time; but, though in this respect they may stand on the same level, it cannot be denied that the desire of the suburbs to treat their own cases, and no others, is superficially more respectable than the desire of the centre to get rid even of its own.

Between these two views, however, there is a gulf fixed which to all appearance can only be bridged over by Act of Parliament. Mr. TALBOT, speaking on behalf of the Asylums Board, is to ask Mr. DOBSON next Monday whether "he is prepared by legislation or otherwise to secure to the inhabitants of the metropolis the advantages which were intended to be conferred by the establishment of hospitals for fever or small-pox." That is a very reasonable inquiry to make, and it is one which even in the present almost hopeless state of public business ought to receive but one answer. In one way or another the advantages which were intended to be conferred upon London by the Act of 1867 ought to be conferred still, and if the Local Government Board has not the power to make the necessary provisions, it ought to apply to Parliament for fresh powers. It must not be taken for granted, however, that these advantages can only be conferred in the way contemplated by the Act of 1867.

Two things at least will have to be considered before resorting to further legislation in that sense. In the first place, is anything gained by collecting the small-pox patients of London in a few outlying hospitals? At present four such hospitals undertake the charge of 804 patients, 140 being at Homerton, 119 at Stockwell, 218 at unhappy Fulham, and 327 at still more unhappy Deptford. It is contended by the districts in which these hospitals are placed that they are still more a source of disease than they otherwise would be by reason of the number of patients treated in them. Each fresh case admitted multiplies the chances that the infection will be communicated to the houses near. It is contended by the districts through which the patients have to pass that the chances that the infection will be communicated to others are increased by their needless conveyance over long distances. If a small-pox case is treated where it arises, the danger is limited to that particular neighbourhood. If it is carried to a hospital six miles off, it may, according to this view, communicate the disease to the whole district over which the patient travels. This is the case against large hospitals, and it remains to be seen whether the managers of the Asylums Board can rebut the evidence on which it is founded. In the next place, is there any truth in the theory that a patient's chance of recovery is positively lessened by his being placed in a large hospital? This also has been often asserted of late; and, if it can be made good, the last stronghold of the managers will have been carried. It might conceivably be expedient to insist on the establishment of large hospitals in the suburbs if it were found that the patients recover very much more surely and quickly when they are treated in this way than when they are treated in parish hospitals. Consideration for the general welfare of London might override consideration for the particular welfare of this or that district. But if patients die in larger numbers when they are brought together in a few hospitals than when they are scattered over many small ones, general equally with local interests demand that the aggregate system shall be discontinued. This is the issue upon which the Local Government Board has now to bring its medical knowledge to bear.

M. GAMBETTA'S MORNING CALL.

FRENCH politicians may fairly be congratulated on the ease with which they get up a sensation. The talk of Paris for the last week has been the wonderful fact that the President of the CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES has called on the President of the REPUBLIC. This unprecedented event has been the subject of official notes and inspired statements, as well as of articles embodying every shade of favourable or unfavourable comment. The whole affair conveys a useful warning to great personages not to allow their mutual relations to become so distant that when it is necessary for them to go into conference they cannot visit one another without becoming objects of universal attention. Possibly M. GAMBETTA may not dislike the testimony which is thus afforded to the exceptional importance which now attaches to his slightest movement. But, though it may answer his present purpose that his call upon M. GRÉVY should be the object of as much speculation as the visit of one Emperor to another, it is not a happy state of things for France. Real and nominal authority ought to go together. There may be reasons why the most powerful man in France should hold no political office, but they are at best reasons which serve as guides in making a choice between evils.

The purpose of M. GAMBETTA's visit has been variously described as to convert M. GRÉVY to the merits of the *Scrutin de liste*, and to assure him that, whether he becomes a convert or not, M. GAMBETTA has no intention of disturbing him in his seat. From the missionary point of view, the call does not appear to have been successful. M. GRÉVY has been fortunate in lighting upon an argument which it is not at all easy for M. GAMBETTA to dispose of. Will the result of the general election, if it takes place under the *Scrutin de liste*, be identical with, or different from, that result if the election be held under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*? This is in appearance a most innocent and natural question, but it places the advocates of the *Scrutin de liste* in an exceedingly embarrassing dilemma. If they reply that the change in the distribution of the electors will make no material change in the composition of the Chamber of Deputies, they

at once lay themselves open to the rejoinder, Then why make all this ado about nothing? It was not in this mild way that the *Scrutin de liste* was defended when first the question was mooted. It used then to be said that M. GAMBETTA wanted a Chamber returned by a different process from that now in use because he wanted a different Chamber from that now returned. He could not take office until he saw his way to forming a Government which could count upon a homogeneous body of supporters in the Legislature, and this he felt sure could never be obtained in a Chamber elected by the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. If, on the other hand, the defenders of the *Scrutin de liste* make answer that they expect the adoption of their proposal to make a radical change in the composition of the Chamber, they risk the loss of that general Republican support without which they cannot be sure of carrying the Bill. So long as a deputy is allowed to hope that his seat will be as safe under the proposed system as it is under the existing system, he is under many inducements to vote for the Bill. It is much pleasanter, no doubt, to be M. GAMBETTA's friend than to be M. GAMBETTA's enemy. But, if M. GAMBETTA's friendship is to do no more towards bringing him back to Parliamentary life than M. GAMBETTA's enmity, it will be better for him to keep to the system under which he has a safe seat rather than wander off to one under which he may very possibly have no seat at all. If success under the *Scrutin de liste*, and the possibilities that may flow from M. GAMBETTA's good will, are but the two birds in the bush, the deputy may after all determine to abide by the bird in the hand in the shape of success under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. The statement of the argument in this form does infinite credit to M. GRÉVY's practical ingenuity. After all, if M. GAMBETTA is to get *Scrutin de liste* voted, he must get it voted by the present Chamber. So long as the members of that Chamber think that by voting it they secure their re-election by M. GAMBETTA's help, they may reasonably prefer this to securing their re-election in opposition to him. The immediate prospect is the same in the latter case as in the former, while the ultimate prospect is very much better. But if it once comes to be believed by the members of the existing Chamber that M. GAMBETTA's object in forcing on the adoption of the *Scrutin de liste* is to replace them by deputies better suited to his ideas, they will no longer be under any inducement to vote for it. If under no circumstances can they look for M. GAMBETTA's support, their best policy is to resist an alteration in the distribution of the electors which will have the effect of making his support indispensable.

The partisans of the *Scrutin de liste* so plainly see the force of these considerations that they are taking every opportunity to assure the deputies that no radical change in the composition of the Chamber is dreamed of. Indeed, they could not change it, even if they would. Of what use would it be to run unknown men against candidates who between them have for years past secured the confidence of the whole department. In their several *arrondissements* these candidates possess legitimate influence, and the authority which naturally belongs to men whom the choice of the electors has already sent to represent them in the Legislature. What could be more foolish and more certain to provoke defeat than to ignore such considerations as these? Even if it were possible to vary the composition of the Chamber by a resort to these tactics, there would be no advantage to be gained. Upon all essential points the existing Chamber is in harmony with the country, and as this is the one indispensable condition of a good representative body, it would be impossible to change it for the better. Here, however, comes in M. GRÉVY's question—Then why change it at all? The answer given is that, though the same men would come back to the Chamber under the *Scrutin de liste* as under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, they would come back less trammelled by local obligations. When they have a larger body of electors at their back the deputies will feel a larger sense of responsibility, and be able more completely to subordinate the interests of their particular district to the interests of the country at large. Whether this be true or not, it is evident that to argue the question on this ground is to make it one of very secondary importance. So long as it could be contended that under the *Scrutin de liste* the choice of the electors would fall upon a different type of candidate from that in which it falls under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, the Bill was, at all events, worth discussion.

If the choice of the electors is to fall upon the same type of candidates under both forms of *Scrutin*, the change is not great enough to excite much enthusiasm.

M. GAMBETTA, however, where the manufacture of enthusiasm is concerned, is able, unlike the Israelites, to make bricks without straw, and it would be extremely rash to suppose that he will not find an opportunity in the course of the next few months for the exercise of this useful talent. This is not the first time that M. GRÉVY has been credited with a determination to shake himself free of M. GAMBETTA, and to form a Ministry which shall be independent enough to act alone. Hitherto, however, nothing has come of these bold resolutions. M. GRÉVY was supposed to sympathize with M. DE FREYCINET, but this did not for a moment postpone M. DE FREYCINET's fall. In the same way, it is now supposed that M. GRÉVY will insist on his Ministers saying definitely which side they are going to take in the approaching debate. If any members of the present Cabinet refuse to support the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, they must make way for successors of sounder views. It is difficult to feel much confidence in the execution of these magnanimous designs. Unless they are to remain mere dreams, they must involve the possibility, at all events, of an open quarrel between M. GRÉVY and M. GAMBETTA, and this is a danger which even a courageous man may not feel disposed to encounter. If *Scrutin de liste* is carried against the Cabinet, it will be carried against the President of the Republic, who stands behind the Cabinet. In that case will the resignations which must follow the adoption of the new scheme stop short at the Cabinet? Will not the President himself feel that he has been personally convicted of misinterpreting the feeling of the country, and that there is nothing left for him to do except to resign his office? The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* has an alternative solution to suggest in a recognition by M. GAMBETTA of "the necessity for the Republic of preventing the premature close of its first real Presidency." It is not impossible that M. GAMBETTA will be more impressed with the necessity for the Republic of hastening the election of the first real President.

RAILWAYS IN THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

THE Treaty of Berlin, so far as it affected Eastern Europe, contained two sets of provisions. There were territorial and political arrangements embodying the results of war or designed to prevent war in the future, and there were arrangements which contemplated the establishment of a state of peace, and regulated the communications by water and land between Austria, Turkey, and the provinces which had at one time formed part of Turkey. The two chief of these provisions were those regarding the waterway of the Danube and those regarding a railway from some part of Austrian territory to Constantinople. The treaty laid down that, in order to increase the guarantees of navigation on the Danube, which is recognized as of European interest, all fortresses and fortifications then existing on the course of the river from the Iron Gates should be razed, and no new ones erected. No vessel of war was to navigate the Danube below the Iron Gates, and regulations respecting navigation, river police, and supervision were to be drawn up by the European Commission, assisted by delegates of the riverain States. The execution of the works intended to remove the obstacles which the Iron Gates and the Cataracts place in the way of navigation was entrusted to Austria and the riverain States on this part of the river—that is, Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria were bound to afford every necessary facility for the prosecution of the enterprise. Nearly three years have passed since the Treaty of Berlin was signed, and this long time has been consumed in preliminary negotiations. Austria has not begun the works at the Iron Gates, the fortresses below the Iron Gates have not been razed, and the regulations determining the user of the waterway have not been drawn up. Austria may have been very glad not to have had to find money for expensive works, and the Bulgarians may have been reluctant to raze fortresses which they got without any trouble to themselves, and which their great protector may have thought it convenient they should retain. But the hitch in the negotiations has been, at least nominally, in framing the regulations of the waterway. Austria wished for

an acknowledged supremacy in the Commission by which these regulations were to be put in execution. The minor States, and especially Roumania, denied the title of Austria to this supremacy. Below the Iron Gates the river flows between Roumanian and Bulgarian territory, or wholly in Roumanian territory, until it touches Russia on the left bank of the Kilia mouth. Russia, therefore, was interested in insisting on the equality of the riverain States, and through Roumania combated the pretensions of Austria. At last the protracted conflict appears to be on the eve of being brought to a close. Austria and Roumania are both satisfied, and to celebrate this happy state of things the Prince of Roumania, it is said, intends in a few weeks' time to proclaim himself a King. What good it can do him or his country were it not that Greece has for half a century been allowed to have a King, and the Roumanians not unnaturally think that an honour conceded to Greece should not be denied to them. They are much richer than the Greeks, much more numerous, and have really fought and distinguished themselves in fighting; and if it is objected that their King may be any day upset by a revolution, they may reply that this is not only true of Greece in a general way, but that at this moment the King of Greece is threatened with a revolution unless he will allow his brave subjects to flesh their swords.

With regard to railways, the treaty provided that Servia, so far as it was convenient, should take the place of the Porte in the engagements which Turkey had contracted towards Austria and towards a Company for making and working the railways which were to pass through what had become Servian territory. Further, in the sanguine and gushing language of diplomacy, it was laid down that the conventions necessary for carrying out the contemplated railway should be concluded between Austria, Turkey, Servia, and Bulgaria immediately after the signing of the Treaty. In real life the representatives of the four Powers have only in the last few weeks begun to discuss what are the existing engagements by which any of them are bound, and, in a still more vague way, what new engagements they shall each of them undertake. Austria has long contemplated the establishment of railway communication between Vienna and Constantinople, and in 1875 it got Turkey to undertake to prolong the existing line from Constantinople to Tatar Bazardjik not only to Sophia, which is now the capital of Bulgaria, but to Nish, which is now Servian, but was then on the Turkish side of the Servian frontier. This is the line which the treaty provided should be carried out; but the treaty has remained inoperative, because, before work could be begun, a number of preliminary points had to be settled, and at present none of these points have been settled. It had first to be ascertained where the money was to come from, and then what duties were to be levied at each frontier. Then what were to be the rates for through freight; and, lastly, and above all, what direction the railway was to take. It is especially Austria that wants to get railways made through territory that was or is Turkish, and Austria has two very distinct points that she wishes to reach. She wishes to get to Constantinople, and she wishes to get to Salonica. The difficulty of dealing with small jealous States like Servia and Bulgaria is so great that at one time Austria, in order to reach Salonica, contemplated a line from Brod through Bosnia, and then through purely Turkish territory. The engineering difficulties, and the extreme poverty of the districts which this line would traverse, appear to have induced Austria to abandon this project. Salonica and Constantinople may be both reached by diverging lines from Sophia; but to get from Vienna to Sophia there are two distinct routes, each of which has much to recommend it. The one line may be termed the Servian, the other the Roumanian line. The first would go from Pesth down the valley of the Danube, would cross the Drave, and would enter Servia by an enormous viaduct connecting Semlin and Belgrade, whence it would proceed along the valley of the Morava to the Bulgarian frontier and be carried on to Sophia. The other would start from Hermanstadt, the capital of Transylvania, which is already in railway communication with Vienna, would get through the Carpathians by the Rosenthurm pass, would cross the Danube somewhere near Kakhova, and would thence proceed along the valley of the Isker to Sophia. Austria, after having long

hesitated, seems to have decided to give the preference to Servia. The Servian route is considerably the shorter, and Austria may have found it easier to deal with Servia than with Roumania. But, as Austria wishes to get to Salonica from Sophia as well as to Constantinople, she has to negotiate with Bulgaria and Turkey for this new line as well as for the old line from Sophia to Constantinople; and as the country through which the main line and the diverging line are to pass is very rough and difficult, there are endless opportunities for discussion as to the direction the railways are to take, where junctions are to be formed, and who is to undertake the most costly portions of the work.

The money difficulty, great as it may seem, will not stop the enterprise being some day carried out. Whatever direction the lines to Constantinople and Salonica may ultimately take, the nature of the ground must be such as to make the cost very great. The lines must necessarily be lines with innumerable cuttings, bridges, and tunnels. To say that the districts traversed will be for the most part poor is to paint them in too favourable colours. They are not so much poor as unoccupied by civilized man. It must also be long before the through traffic can be of a lucrative kind. As for Turkey finding a sixpence for railways, that is entirely out of the question at present, and must be out of the question for many years. Nothing more hopeless than the state of Turkish finance can be imagined. Taxes are being demanded five years in advance, and the last poor belongings of the miserable provincials are being sold to satisfy this extortionate demand. The Porte cannot borrow, for bankers will not lend unless they are allowed to collect the Customs duties, and Turkey sticks to its last shred of independence, and knows that a Government which allows foreigners to collect its Customs duties is a servant and not a master. But Austria is planning these railways in view, not of the present, but of the future. It means to hold in its control the lines of communication between Vienna, the Bosphorus, and the *Ægean*, for strategic and political, not for financial, reasons. If it makes up its mind to secure this object, it is far too rich and powerful not to succeed sooner or later. It will get the money somehow, and the political pressure it can exercise on Servia, on Bulgaria, and on Turkey, or the successors of Turkey, will be irresistible. With Servia it has already succeeded. There is a Railway Convention actually under discussion in the Servian Parliament, and rival contractors have been anxiously competing for the privilege of carrying out the works. The heads at least of a commercial treaty between Austria and Servia have been arranged, and the through rates offered by Austria are too favourable for Servia to reject. Probably neither Bulgaria nor Turkey wishes very heartily to see a line dominated by Austria penetrating its territory. But, after the usual amount of shuffling and hesitation has been gone through, both must yield. The Treaty of Berlin is always staring them in the face. They are bound to co-operate in making a line from Constantinople to Nish, and Austria has nothing to do but to hold them to that to which they are bound. They are not in the same way bound as regards the line to Salonica; but common sense, the interests of their pockets, and political influence will unite in compelling them to own that, if Austria is to get to Constantinople, there is no reason why she should not get to Salonica also. So long as it was supposed that Austria wished to extend her territory or her direct political supremacy in Eastern Europe, it was easy to imagine how she might be opposed. But schemes of such wild ambition are quite as distasteful to Austrians as they can be to the enemies, the critics, or the supposed victims of Austria; and as for the peaceful and indirect influence which Austria will gain by dominating a railway system, not only is there no reason why she should not have it, but it is as certain as anything can be in European politics that she will have it, and this certainly is a most important element in the calculation which speculative minds may like to make as to the future of Eastern Europe.

THE ITALIAN MERCHANT NAVY.

THE Italian Government is a good deal troubled about the condition of the merchant navy. The geographical position of Italy ought to give her a high place among maritime nations, but something or other

seems lately to have been at work which is stronger than geographical position. Italy does not now hold a high place among maritime nations. She did so, in respect of tonnage at all events, no longer ago than 1877; but she is now behind, not only Great Britain and the United States, but also France and Norway. Between 1869 and 1879 there was a decline of 80 per cent. in the tonnage of the ships building in Italian dockyards, the total in the former year amounting to 100,000 tons and in the latter year to 21,000. Naturally where there are fewer ships there will be fewer sailors. In a single year the number registered in the various seaports fell from 210,000 to 167,000. Probably the decline would have been still greater but for the difficulty of finding employment on land. The tonnage of the ships gives but an inadequate idea of the state of decadence into which the merchant navy of Italy has fallen. Out of 8,000 sailing-ships, only 1,800 are of over 100 tons burden. The remainder are only suited to small coasting traffic. If the steamers of any size are added to this minority, we get a total of about 2,000 ships, varying from 600 to 1,000 tons in burden. These are all that Italy has to show for deep-sea voyages or even for the longer coasting trips. Italian ships are not even able to hold their own in their own ports. In 1871 about seven-tenths of the ships in Italian harbours were of native origin. To-day, in spite of the progress that Italy has made in many ways during the last ten years, the proportion is somewhat smaller. English, French, Austrian, German, and Dutch rivalry are all dreaded by the Italian sailor, English competition being of course the most formidable. These statistics are certainly extremely discouraging to Italians who wish to see their country making as conspicuous progress in the region of commerce as in the region of politics. A decline in the merchant navy may not argue a corresponding decline in the foreign trade of the country, because that trade may still be carried on in ships belonging to other nations. But it does argue the loss of many of the profits incidental to foreign trade, as well as a marked decline in the energy and resources of the population. Empty dockyards and sailors seeking employment on land imply a good deal of distress in various ways. The men who were once employed, whether in the yards or on board ship, are now either starving or crowding into other occupations which have already quite as heavy demands on them as they are at all able to meet.

The causes of this decline seem to be various. The report to the Chamber of Deputies by Signor BOSELLI, which has furnished us with the preceding figures, assigns the first place to the indolence of the Italians as regards the provision of steamers. Italy has 8,000 sailing-ships, but of the infinitely more useful steamers she has only 151. A nation which thus contentedly drops behind in the race cannot wonder that it is hopelessly beaten. In the mercantile marine steamers are to sailing-ships what ironclads are to wooden ships in the navy. It is by their number and value that a merchant navy is really estimated. If it is weak here, it is of little use for it to be strong elsewhere. The English and French ships which trade with Italy are almost all steamers, the Italian ships are almost all sailing-vessels. Consequently, even if the Italian ships were very much better than they are, it would be but an old world kind of excellence, quite unsuited to the severe conditions of modern maritime competition. As regards the provision of steamers, Signor BOSELLI is of opinion that Italian patriotism has been shortsighted as well as languid. France and the United States, when they want iron ships built, take their orders to English dockyards. The Italians insist on employing their own dockyards for this purpose, a plan which may have a momentary advantage in the way of giving employment to native workmen, but does not do much to increase the supply of ships. This is not the only reason, however, for the strange decline in the tonnage of Italian ships. Injudicious taxation is in part to blame for it, as indeed it is for a good many other things in Italy. Merchant ships are subjected to a variety of administrative requisitions which are exceedingly vexatious to everybody except the Custom House officers. The supposed object of these requisitions is to bring in money to the Government; but the only result that can certainly be attributed to them is to take money out of the pockets of the owners whether of the ship or of the cargo. Again, the character of the officers of the merchant navy does not stand high, and this is a very important consideration for a capitalist who is

meditating how he shall invest his money. Shipwrecks, it is believed, are caused in many cases quite as much by the incompetence of captains as by the fury of the winds or waves. If the men who navigate the ships were more worthy of confidence, merchants might be more willing to provide cargoes for them to carry. In addition to these causes of decline there is one which Signor BOSSELLI does not mention, and that is the exaggerated attention which Italians have lately paid to politics, especially to foreign politics. If the zeal which has been wasted in outcries about *Italia Irredenta*, and in finding money to pay for a needlessly large army, had been spent in investigating the causes which prevent Italy from growing rich, the ultimate gain even to the political status of the country would have been immense. No one wants to attack the Italians. The army is only maintained to keep up the national illusion that it behoves them to attack other people. This useless expenditure diverts the thoughts of politicians and the money of the taxpayers from directions in which both are urgently wanted.

The real remedy, therefore, for the decline of the merchant navy is not suggested by Signor BOSSELLI. He does not bid his countrymen mind their own business, and in this way enable the Government to make fewer demands on the national revenue, and, by consequence, to bear less hardly on those out of whose pockets the revenue has to come. What he does suggest is the extension of a system which, with some seeming inconsistency, he at the same time declares to be in part responsible for the state of things which his Report describes. The system of paying subsidies to certain privileged Companies tends to weaken the rest of the mercantile marine. But at a time when this system of subsidies is largely resorted to by foreign Governments, it would not be wise in the Italian Government to give it up. If it is not given up, it will be well, Signor BOSSELLI thinks, to carry it still further. The two leading Italian Navigation Companies are much pressed by the competition of the French Transatlantic Companies, and Signor BOSSELLI suggests that something should be done to improve the communication between Italy and India, and to establish communication between India and America. The directors of the two existing Companies declare that, if they do not get more help from the Government, they cannot possibly stand up against French competition. So convinced, they say, are they of this, that, if the Government does not consent to provide this additional help, it will not be worth their while to maintain even their present services. It seems clear that, if the Government adopt this course, as apparently they are about to do, the improvement will be exceedingly partial. The only aid worth talking about that a Government can give to a merchant navy is to let it alone. There is a great deal to be done before it can be truly said that the Italian Government lets its merchant navy alone, and so long as it cramps the natural energy of its subjects by vexatious taxes, it will be of very little use to try and atone for its errors by devoting a fraction of those taxes to the subsidizing of particular shipowners.

MR. JAMES SPEDDING.

THE lamentable accident which has cut short Mr. James Spedding's life by a violent and sudden end, though in fulness of years, has inflicted a loss on the world of letters which is not the less because it will be immediately felt only by a small circle. Mr. Spedding combined a wide range of knowledge and interests with fastidious delicacy of taste and an almost morbid shrinking from notoriety. Had he lived at an earlier time, he could hardly have escaped being a voluminous author. In the seventeenth century he must have been a humanist and a scholar by profession. If, living when he did, his own standard of workmanship and diligence had been less exacting, he might have produced popular work in abundance with infinitely less pains than it cost him to produce in moderate quantity work which utterly disclaimed any seeking of popularity. But we have no right to regret that he exhibited in the highest degree, and in a degree even approaching to exaggeration, precisely those literary qualities as to which the present time is most apt to fall short, and stands most in need of examples. It may be thought by some that Mr. Spedding might have done better than to devote to one gigantic monograph, as he practically did, his mastery of English literature and his unsurpassed critical power. And in itself it may not be unreasonable to doubt whether the editing and illustration of Bacon's works was a task of adequate worthiness to fill a lifetime—at any rate, the life of such a man as Mr. Spedding. We shall say nothing strange to any one who knew him, or who knows his work, in

saying that he had all the intellectual qualities that go to make a historian of the first rank. Why, then, one is tempted to ask, did a man capable of treating the history of England confine himself to treating the history of Francis Bacon? But those who knew Mr. Spedding may also doubt, on the other hand, whether he would have been induced to put forth his powers on any considerable scale except by such a self-effacing task as he actually undertook. His one fault was that he was incapable of personal ambition. He could be roused only by having a cause to champion that was wholly apart from any interest of his own. To vindicate the place which appeared to him justly due to Bacon as a man and a philosopher he counted no pains too great. We were about to say that even the least were in his eyes too much to spend on establishing a reputation for himself, but the truth is that he never thought of his own reputation at all. More than once he declined to be added to the Athenæum Club under the special power entrusted to the Committee of electing annually "a certain number of persons of distinguished eminence in science, literature, or the arts." The only distinction he ever accepted was the honorary fellowship of Trinity, his old college at Cambridge. His attachment to Cambridge, indeed, was never broken. There he was the friend and companion of such men as Thackeray, Lord Houghton, the Archbishop of Dublin, Mr. Tennyson, Charles Buller, and John Stirling; and to him, we are now free to say, Mr. Tennyson's lines "To J. S." were addressed. For many years afterwards James Spedding's rooms in Lincoln's Inn Fields were a well-known meeting-place of these and other like-minded Cambridge men of younger generations. To the very last there were men fresh from the University who found in Mr. Spedding, notwithstanding all their disparity of years, not so much a patron, or counsellor, or teacher (though no one who was with him could fail to learn much from him), as a friend. The secret of this was partly that Mr. Spedding's mind was not of those which grow old. Advancing years brought no abatement of his intellectual curiosity. In quality it was of the rarest kind—a constant and disinterested desire of knowledge, unhesitating and unostentatious; and this, together with his untiring and minute perseverance, might well in other circumstances have led him to scientific eminence. As it was, literary criticism was the line in which his activity ran by preference. His minor work in this kind was much scattered, both in time and in its manner of appearance, and there are probably few persons whose knowledge and memory will at this moment serve them to appreciate it at anything like the value due to it as a whole. But Mr. Spedding was certainly one of the best critics of our time. His especial strength was in exact and intimate knowledge of Shakespeare and other contemporary English literature. Here he had the advantage of possessing in an eminent degree not only the grammatical and historical knowledge of a scholar, but the fine perception and sympathy, and the sense of humour and irony, for want of which so many expounders of Shakespeare have made shipwreck. Mr. Spedding's work on Shakespeare is not great in bulk, but every word of it is weighty. Besides the papers which he wrote on various occasions, much good criticism of Shakespeare's text was communicated by him to the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare, and is preserved in their notes. But his interest in Shakespeare was not that of a mere reader; he was keenly alive to the fortunes of the English stage, and followed with close and acute observation for nearly half a century the performances of our best actors. Only a small part of these observations, we fear, was ever embodied in published writings. Enough is left, however, to entitle Mr. Spedding to high rank as a dramatic as well as a literary critic. To characterize his criticism generally would be a hopeless task on this occasion; it would almost amount to drawing the character of the man. His patience in investigation, his judicial temper, his refined power of analysis, and a subtle humour that was peculiarly his own, have all left their mark on his judgments of other men's work, whether in the past or in the present. If Mr. Spedding had any fault as a critic, it was that of being over-generous to his friends and too astute in finding merits.

We have spoken of Mr. Spedding, as he will be remembered, chiefly as a scholar. But it must not be supposed that he was merely a bookish man. Action and administration were not the business of his life, but he showed himself amply capable in them. For some little time he was a public servant in the Colonial Office, and when the first Lord Ashburton went on his special boundary Commission to America, Mr. Spedding accompanied him as private secretary. On their return to England, the permanent Under-Secretaryship of the Colonies was offered to him; he declined it in order to execute without interruption the work to which he had already determined to give the best of his life. In other matters of private enterprise (but so far public as they involved gratuitous or onerous work for a common good) Mr. Spedding showed himself energetic and helpful. The London Library—now at the age of forty years prosperous beyond expectation, and settled on its own freehold—was founded at meetings held by a few friends in the Lincoln's Inn chambers already mentioned. The Toxophilite Society, of which Mr. Spedding was an active member till a few years ago, was carried through a time of great difficulties, involving even danger of extinction, chiefly by his opportune exertions. Reversing the common weakness of mankind, he was exceedingly diffident before action, and acted well and vigorously when action was thrust upon him.

Mr. Spedding's conversation was, in a certain way, reserved. He never seemed to understand why any one should think it worth

while to seek his company. Those who did seek it were freely and amply rewarded. They learnt what it was to be with a wise man never arrogant, a critic never impatient, and a humourist never bitter. There was a kind of serene warmth and light in James Spedding's talk at its best. Brilliant outbursts of wit were not at his command, but he had what is better in the long run, an equable flow of good spirits justly seasoned and tempered by fine appreciation both of the ludicrous and the pathetic in human affairs. His habits were as simple as would have become a scholar in past times. He travelled little or not at all. His personality was the reverse of obtrusive; but his lofty and well-shaped head and expressive features marked him as one whose thoughts were more than common. In this we are expressing no partial judgment or individual fancy, for Mr. Spedding was chosen by Mr. Watts as the model for one of the heads in his great fresco painted for Lincoln's Inn Hall. It will be long before James Spedding or his work is forgotten by true lovers of English literature. We have here gathered up only a few fragments of what ought to be remembered concerning him.

MORE NEW MORALITY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S admirers have at different times fixed upon different public benefits for the organization of which they suppose him to be a special commissioner of Heaven. Among these, it has been more than once suggested, is the promulgation of an entirely new code of public morality, differing in some very remarkable ways from the old. We have more than once called attention to those contributions to a new science of ethics; but it seems to be time to register some recent and striking additions, no one of which is indeed the direct and individual work of the Prime Minister, but all of which may be said to spring from his influence and teaching. The first has reference to the very old-fashioned virtue of Courage. The new Courage, as illustrated in the Transvaal armistice, might be made the subject of a most instructive discourse to a modern Nicomachus. It has excited immense admiration in the breasts of extreme Radicals, Parisian ultra-Republican newspaper writers, and such-like cattle, but seems to have made even the average British Liberal, who has not slept off the debauch of the general election, a little uneasy. How, say some of these people, is it that if eternal justice and pure valour did not at the time of the Queen's Speech require us to make terms with the Boers they require us to do so now? To this it can only be answered that circumstances alter cases, and that the circumstances in this case are three decided beatings. The justice of the Boer cause, the magnanimity of abstaining from coercion, have been very literally hammered into the head of the Government. They were blind, but the Ingogo and Majuba have made them see. This, it is to be observed, gives an excellent idea of the new Courage. The old required certain preliminaries to be observed before the sword was drawn, but when it was drawn admitted no issue but victory, or such defeat that continuance of the struggle was impossible. The new allows quarrels to be lightly taken up, and to be dropped on strictly prudential principles. If the enemy displays unexpected science and pluck in the first round, suspect the justice of your cause; if he gets you into Chancery in the second, wonder whether you are in the right; if he scores again in the third, throw up the sponge at once. The process is convenient, it saves discomfort and expense, and it may be even thought to savour of piety, as recognizing the hand of Providence in the defeats encountered. But, as has been said, it is curiously at variance with the principles of the old Courage; and it is evidently quite time to restore the moral tone of the country by inculcating the theory, as well as displaying the practice, of the new. At present the average Briton feels that he but too well deserves the *signalement* given of him by his Continental un-friends. He is red in the face, but it is with blushing rather than with beef.

The establishment of the principles of the new Courage of themselves, as has been hinted, require some considerable advances towards the drawing up of proposals for a new Justice; but there are other signs which show the necessity of this still more clearly. Annoyed at the resipiscence of the Government in the matter of the Arms Bill, the chief organs of the Radical party are comforting themselves by thoughts of the good time coming, when the Land Bill at last appears. Great pains are taken to inculcate upon the British newspaper-reader that he is to clear his mind of all cant to the effect that what is just in England is just in Ireland. It is far from being so; there are, in fact, two justices, if not several, as the excellent Baron Grimm discovered long ago. In England, if a man covenants to pay so much rent for so much land, it is (or, rather, will be provisionally until it is time to take up the English land question) just that his covenant should be enforced. In Ireland it is not. The reason of this is that there is a very strong impression in the mind of the Irish occupier that he is part owner of the land. It is true, of course, that this doctrine of part ownership was strenuously repudiated by the very persons who are now in power ten years ago. It is true that millions of money have been sunk by purchasers who fondly believed that the State was selling them—or guaranteeing them in the title to—not a part ownership, but an ownership in fee simple. *Chansons que tout cela*. The Irish tenant, we are told, has in some cases held the same land for generations. This may be said with equal if not with much greater truth of the English and Scotch tenant. But, to give the

Irish tenant his due, he has one claim which his English and Scotch compeers have not—he steadily maintains his belief in his part ownership. It is this in which the new Justice sees his sacred claim. If you go on believing that a thing is yours, or even saying that you believe it, then, says Astræa Redux, it is yours. It is true that there seem to be practical difficulties in the way of elaborating this simple rule into a generally workable theory. The race of thieves, for instance, which is nearly as old as the race of Irishmen, has steadfastly maintained and asserted in theory and by practice its belief in a part ownership of all the property of honest men. It is probable that from the beginning of the world—a prescription respectable even in comparison with Milesian arguments—there never has been wanting a larcenous person of some sort or other to hold up the sacred banner of the doctrine of part ownership in the goods of his fellow-creatures. Brutal laws have ignored the claim and punished its assertion just as they have done in the case of the poor Irishman. Even the terrible history of England's dealing with Ireland, which causes the Radical bosom to heave and the Radical eye to moisten, scarcely comes up to the chronicle of the dealings of proud and tyrannous honesty with pickpockets, burglars, brigands, pirates, and all the other varieties of the champions of the part ownership theory. Not only this, but the thief has a claim to recognition which, at least according to the old Justice, is much stronger than that of the Irishman. For he has never by covenant or compromise barred his right. It is without a flaw, stainless, handed down—if not exactly from father to son—yet from generation to generation of thief-kind. It will, therefore, be necessary for the new Justice, in arranging its rules of distribution, to take a much wider view than it seems at present to contemplate. Yet—which is fortunate for the chances of a harmonious theory of ethics—the new Courage and the new Justice must be admitted to run together in a curriicle admirably. The new Justice says that every man is to have anything which he claims with sufficient persistence. The new Courage deprecates resistance to any one who hits out with tolerable vigour. Rude persons may say that the new Courage and the new Justice taken together appear exactly to correspond to the old pusillanimity. "In Saturn's reign such mixture was not held a stain," and, as we all know, Mr. Gladstone was to bring back, and is bringing back, the reign of Saturn.

Pusillanimity, however, is technically opposed, not so much to justice or to virtue, as to another virtue—magnanimity; and, as it fortunately happens, an illustration of the new Magnanimity has been contributed lately by a distinguished free-lance on Mr. Gladstone's side. The ideal of the new magnanimous man can hardly be better sketched than was done by Lord Derby in his speech last week as to the Candahar question. It will be admitted by the most determined enemy of the House of Lords that in theory at least magnanimity should be the special virtue of a peer. He exists in order to represent that virtue, if only by suggestion and afar off. Lord Derby, therefore, in indicating the whole duty of peers, indicates at the same time the essence of the magnanimous man of the later nineteenth century. This whole duty, it may be remembered, consisted of two parts. Lord Derby's ideal peer never looks further back than the last general election; he only looks forward in order to see how he may haply avoid a snub from the Government of the day or from the halfpenny, penny, and twopenny newspapers. His conduct is thus outlined for him with a delightful distinctness. What are the merits of any question in the past? Look at the last general election, search the speeches of the chief speakers, and count the majority by which the opinions therein contained were approved. That will tell you all about the past. What will be the conduct of a wise man in the future? Look at the most recent utterances of the Government—they must be the most recent, for the mind even of Heaven-born Ministers is given to change—and see what course of conduct is likely to be approved by them. This will tell you all that can be told about the future. So, with one eye on Dad and the other on the last few days' file of the *Times*, the magnanimous man steers his prudent course. If the people were hopelessly wrong a year ago, it is not his business to tell them so now. If they are likely to be angry with what he says now, it is still less his business to say it. Probably Lord Derby's ideal of the perfect politician's attitude is that of Mr. Herbert Gladstone on the disestablishment of the Church. Personally you may not like a thing, politically you may vote against it because it is not yet urgent, but directly the mandate is given you obey. The sheep are to take command of the shepherd, the soldiers will have the goodness to tell the captain where to go and what to do. This is the attitude of the new Magnanimity. Merits? Questions have no merits. Patriotism? Patriotism is bosh. Self-respect? No sensible man has so much respect for himself as when he is returned by a thumping majority in a manufacturing town. Unpleasantness of being kicked? It is much better and much less unpleasant to be kicked—even if the kicking be certain—the day after to-morrow than to run your shins into risk to-day. This last is a fair version of the celebrated aphorism about war by the author of the *Whole Duty of Peers*. It perhaps comes more properly under the head of Courage than of Magnanimity; but this last, as has been frequently observed by students, is a rather composite virtue. It would be possible had we space and time to enumerate many more characteristics of the magnanimous man of the new ethics. How he keeps his servants as long as may be convenient to him, and turns them off as soon as he has an opportunity; how he cries "hands off" to a nation which he thinks not likely to

do him much harm, and "hands on" to one which might be unpleasant to him if he interferes with its acquisitiveness; how he has one tongue for the hustings and another for the Treasury Bench, and so forth, might be told. In most of these points he differs curiously from the person whose name he has borrowed. There is, however, one point of resemblance. The new magnanimous man, like the old, is rather a pig-headed person, at least so long as the majority are with him. As long as his majority is untouched he will blandly remark that he is not open to conviction, that anybody is welcome to argue with him, but that his mind has no room for arguments in it, which indeed is sometimes true. In a certain lack of amenity of manner, too, he resembles his prototype of the Greek, though not of the mediæval and early modern, time. It is a particular pleasure of his to kick men who are down and to insult men who are unpopular. In doing this, indeed, he is probably true to the principles of the new *Courage*. A person or a party which has shown itself able *parcere superbis*, may probably have acquired the right *debellare subiectos*.

THE ORIGIN AND PRESENT ATTITUDE OF MORMONISM.

IT is only natural that Judge Goodwin, in his striking—not to say startling—paper contributed to the current number of the *North American Review*, should regard the attitude of "the Mormon Church" chiefly from its bearing on the political future of the United States and of Republicanism generally, of which he considers it "an open enemy." But in estimating its present attitude and prospects, which he views with undisguised indignation and alarm, he is inevitably led to review its antecedents. His account of the origin and growth of Mormonism will not indeed be new to those previously familiar with the subject, though some details, which there is no reason to believe exaggerated, may perhaps surprise them. But it is impossible to read the story again without a passing thrill of amazement, even in an age of spirit-rapping, Agapemones, Mrs. Girlings, and other strange portents, that so marvellous a delusion, or to put it in another way, such an audacious imposture, should ever have taken root and thriven, as it has. Subsequent experience, to be sure, has abundantly confirmed the well-known saying of Thucydides as to the little trouble men take in the ascertainment of truth, but the historian of religious enthusiasm might add a seemingly still more paradoxical but hardly less unimpeachable axiom, as to the much trouble men—and notably women—will put themselves to, for no personal interest of their own, in the maintenance and propagation of manifest error. Judge Goodwin confines himself in the main to facts, and his facts are sufficiently instructive, but his only attempt at an explanation is, to say the least, inadequate, though it goes some way to explain the very disinterested zeal of female missionaries for their adopted creed. We can readily believe that "the women had imbibed the Christian idea that it was glorious to suffer for their Church"—as suffer they certainly did, and do, at Utah—while the "men clung eagerly to a faith which honoured most the man whose lusts were strongest." Mormonism, like Mahometanism, to which the writer compares it, owes something of its success no doubt to the free scope given to sensual natures by "making animalism the keystone to the arch of its creed." But against this consideration must be set first the conspicuous fact that Mormon, like Mahomet, claimed moral immunities for himself which he did not allow to his followers; "he robbed men of their property and of their wives, and yet he lived on to old age, for was he not a prophet of the Lord?" And in the next place it is not true that any creed, however corrupt, thrives simply by virtue of its corruption. A social arrangement which "honours most the man whose lusts are strongest" might become popular with certain classes for its practical convenience, but it is a libel on human nature to suppose that men will permanently give the adherence of their faith to a religion which is the consecration of the basest animal passions, as such. *Viduo meliora proboque* is perfectly compatible with *deteriora sequor*, and the most corrupt faiths, that have had any vitality in them, have lived by virtue of such remnants of goodness as they retained or seemed to retain; it is the handful of just men still left who for awhile avert the doom of Sodom. What the redeeming elements in Mormonism may be it is not so easy to determine. The lofty claim to an universal theocracy, to constitute "a celestial kingdom on earth"—which looks like a grotesque caricature of the mediæval Papacy in the zenith of its power—may for some minds possess an irresistible fascination, though it results, so far as it is realized, in a grinding tyranny. To that point at all events the writer first calls attention, as the *fons et origo* of what he holds to be, if not checked in time, a deadly menace to all free government.

The dream of the Mormon leaders, he tells us, is that one day all the governments of the world will be brought under their rule; and hence they explicitly teach that every government framed by man is illegal; that the President and Apostles of their Church are by divine revelation the direct vicegerents of the Almighty, and are divinely guided to rule the people entrusted to their charge in all matters, spiritual and temporal. This claim is admitted by their followers and rigorously enforced upon them. They receive little instruction, and are strictly forbidden to read books or journals which attack their faith, the policy of the Church being to keep the masses ignorant and poor. The authority of the States Government, when it happens to conflict

with that of the Church, goes for nothing; if it cannot be resisted by force, it must be evaded by fraud. "Betsy Young, a daughter of Brigham, who has broken away from the Mormon Church, declares that the first thing to open her eyes to the atrocities practised, under the name of religion, in Utah, was the wholesale perjury resorted to by her father and others high in authority, in order to circumvent the laws and defeat justice." In accordance with their principle of absolute submission to the authority and devotion to the interests of the Church, the population of Utah, who, in their ordinary conduct, are peaceable, frugal, and industrious, would any day, at the command of their rulers, lay waste their towns and cities and go forth, whithersoever they were bidden, in search of a new home, and "whether committing atrocities, or themselves perishing from exposure, would say their prayers and sing their hymns in the very ecstasy of fanaticism." The people, it seems, already hold the balance of power in Idaho and Arizona, and are swiftly peopling Washington, Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado. The vote of Idaho for Congress was carried at the last election by a brief order from George Cannon, "first Counsellor of the President," who did not himself leave his office in Salt Lake City; "all the Mormons in Idaho voted as a unit." Judge Goodwin reckons that, if Mormonism is suffered to go on unchecked for ten years longer, Cannon will dictate all the elections between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, i.e. over a region as extensive in area as all the United States east of the Mississippi river, "a region of measureless resources, the seat of a future empire, a succession of mountains rich in minerals, and valleys many of which contain magnificent land." It may be worth noting that this George Cannon, upon whom, it seems, Brigham Young's mantle, as leader, has specially descended, as well as his successor in the President's office, John Taylor, are not, like Brigham himself, Americans but Englishmen. And the voting power under their absolute control is strengthened, both morally and numerically, from the law in Utah giving the franchise to women, and to alien women within a month of their arrival, without even requiring of them an oath of allegiance to the United States. It need hardly be said that all Mormon women vote—as women would for the most part vote everywhere—simply as they are told, "understanding no more of what they are doing than a wild native of the Cannibal Islands would of 'the Resolutions of '98.'" It was, adds the writer, this slavish obedience and utter death of free thought, rather than polygamy, which caused the masses of Missouri and Illinois to rise in a frenzy and drive the first nucleus of the bogus creed from their midst. It is clearly, as he expresses it, a system "absolutely un-American in all its attributes. It is a theocracy managed by a plebeian aristocracy . . . the organization is fanaticism and superstition solidified." The present numbers are about 150,000, but are increasing as fast as immigration and polygamy can augment them, and the leaders openly proclaim their intention of subjugating the whole Union to their rule. "They condemn all laws which conflict with any tenet of their creed; are as careless of their oaths as a Chinaman, and bear as little allegiance to the United States Government as do the Chinese. The control of the chiefs, as in Mohammedan countries, is absolute; their organization superb; the discipline of the people perfect." They collect in tithe a million dollars annually. What seems more surprising is that they have become such a power in the States during the last few years that demagogues in Congress, and great moneyed corporations, with their subsidized newspapers, pander to them. And hence "this institution has now become an absolute terror and menace to the United States," and Judge Goodwin thinks that, if vigorous measures are not promptly taken to check the growth of the monster evil within the next fifteen years, nothing less than an exhaustive civil war will suffice for the purpose.

But here the question naturally arises, how this Mormon power has waxed so strong? To this he replies by a statement of facts, which is in itself sufficiently interesting, but hardly seems, as we have already intimated, to supply a satisfactory explanation of the result. The real author of the new creed was one Sydney Rigden, who was born and reared in Pennsylvania, and was expelled for heresy from the First Baptist Church in Pittsburgh in 1823, when he was preaching Communism. From this he "naturally drifted into Mormonism, for he was steeped in incendiarism before he was born," his father being actively engaged in the Whisky Insurrection. Rigden was a keen-witted ambitious man, better qualified to devise a new faith than to propagate it; he had "little magnetism" and too much education; in short he was the Cavour rather than the Garibaldi of the movement. He required an assistant for making it work, and found him in a tramp, who was perambulating the country with a "peep" stone, telling fortunes, by name Joe Smith. Smith, who had a sensual nature, and plenty of "magnetism," became the willing dupe of Rigden, and after a proper course of training managed to supersede his master. Rigden had embodied in his religious code a provision for "senting to the dead for eternity," whereby lost souls might be saved through a celestial (posthumous) marriage with living converts to the Mormon creed. Joe Smith, whose instincts were rather for the concrete than the abstract, preferred real women to doubtful and unsubstantial ghosts, and substituted a "sealing" to those still in the flesh. He had therefore a fresh revelation, and thus polygamy became part of the Mormon faith. But he made himself so obnoxious to the populace that he was at last murdered, and of course at once became to his own disciples a martyr as well as a prophet; his death in fact did more than his not very edifying career on earth to consoli-

date the Mormon Church. Brigham Young, an able and unscrupulous ruler, to put it plainly, succeeded to his supremacy. The way had been paved for him in the abject superstition Joe Smith had inspired in his followers, and for the rest an indomitable will, and abundant "animal magnetism" proved the secret of his success. There is a prevalent notion that, however ruthless and even ferocious to outsiders, to his own people he was a father and a pastor. In truth he was such a cruel and intolerable tyrant that "his dying peacefully in his bed is almost an impeachment of eternal justice." His people dared not disobey him, and for thirty years he ruled them with a rod of iron. His avarice was as insatiable as his lust; "it is said that he never saw a beautiful woman that he did not seek to possess her, never saw a profitable business, fine house, or horse, that he did not plan to obtain without giving any fair compensation. Instead of being the shepherd he perpetually preyed upon the flock." His temper towards those without may be judged from a well authenticated story, that on being asked how he reconciled his professed acceptance of the Bible with the refusal to pray for his enemies, he replied, "I do pray for them daily—that they may all be damned." It is significant that he regretted the existence of gold and silver mines in the hills of Utah, and expressly forbade his people to work them, while foreign speculators who attempted to do so were either driven away or assassinated. "If mines are opened," he said, "men will grow rich; with riches they will want fine houses and horses; their women will want fine clothes; and the result will be the destruction of our holy religion." That his system should have survived him appears hardly less wonderful than that he should have survived his success in enforcing it. But thirty years of such an administration had turned its subjects into slaves, while the example of habitual profligacy, perjury, theft, open and secret murder, and fraud of every kind set by their prophet had bequeathed to them the conviction, which he often enforced in his sermons in the Tabernacle, that any crime perpetrated in the interests of the Mormon Church is an act of duty. George Cannon, already mentioned as his virtual though not official successor in the government, was named by him as delegate to Congress, with the avowed object of "thrusting polygamy down their throats," and he still occupies that post, "and is the sweetest, smoothest, and most plausible sophist in all this round earth." We have already said that he is an Englishman. We have no room to quote the elaborate account of the organization of the Church recently given by "Bishop Henry Lunt, of Cedar City, Utah," to a correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle* who had interviewed him. But we may say that at the head of it is a President, with two Counsellors, Twelve Apostles, a Head Patriarch, a Presiding Bishop and various subordinate dignitaries. Bishop Lunt added that this was the year of jubilee of the Church, which looks forward with perfect confidence to the day when it will hold the reins of the United States Government, and "after that we expect to control the continent." He proceeded to expound in detail the instrumentality, sacred and secular, by which this result was to be achieved. His closing words ran thus; "We have another advantage. We are now and shall always be in favour of woman suffrage. The women of Utah vote, and they never desert the colours of the Church in a political contest. They vote for the tried friends of the Church, and what they do here they will do everywhere our principles and our institutions spread." Judge Goodwin thinks that, "while nothing will change the old Mormons"—the rulers being conscious impostors and their adult followers incorrigible dupes—the best hope for the future lies in the growing restlessness and dissatisfaction of the young, who, with the American flag overhead, and "some echoes of the boom of the power-press" sounding in their ears, cannot persistently resist the ideas of freedom which are in the air. But he also insists strongly that a blow should be struck at once at the whole system of polygamy and the temporal power of the Mormon Church, before it is too late. His feeling towards Mormonism, which is probably very general among his countrymen, is not very unlike that entertained by mediæval Catholics on somewhat similar grounds towards the Albigenses, who were regarded, as Dr. Maitland has shown, not only as a religious but a social and political nuisance. And, if some peaceable solution be not meanwhile discovered, it may quite conceivably issue some day in a crusade organized, like that of Innocent III., to stamp out the obnoxious sectaries in a sea of blood.

PRIMITIVE BOYCOTTING.

MAN cannot be adequately defined as a Boycotting animal. The lower creation also practises this art. The herd proverbially Boycotts the stricken deer; sheep, birds, and even fishes, we believe, have the sense and spirit to shun the diseased or unlucky members of their society, and behave, to alter Bill Sikes's praise of his dog, "quite like (Irish) Christians." In Europe Boycotting flourishes most in Irish and in "exclusive" circles; but it is one of the chief institutions of primitive men, whose whole life is spent in Boycotting and being Boycotted. The part which the institution plays in the Mosaic law is well known, and so stringent are the rules of "uncleanness" that a great part of the community must have daily found itself marching to Coventry. Among contemporary savages a violent and almost excessive dislike of the dullness of family parties seems to have been the chief

agent, or one of the chief agents, in making this exclusive-ness fashionable. No doubt there is a great deal to be said against family parties. People who meet so often have nothing new to say to each other, and are obliged to listen to weary old stories, or to revive exploded old discussions and quarrels. People who know each other so intimately think they can dispense with much of the courtesy of common life. The results are known and deplored by all, and relations in civilized lands avoid each other's company as much as possible.

Savages carry the principle further, and most members of the domestic circle Boycott each other habitually under the sanction of terribly severe penal laws. To speak to a mother-in-law or a sister at any time, or a father-in-law or many other relations at certain fixed times, is almost a capital offence. No one exactly knows what the spiritual punishment may be; that depends on the wideawakeness to wrongdoing of the local deity at any given moment. The gods of the heathen are capricious beings, and now (as Mr. Trevelyan's undergraduate translated Horace) "add to the incestuous person the entire man" rapidly, now follow the guilty with halting foot. Though it is a digression, we cannot but mention here the singular Bushman conception of divine morality. The Bushman god is named Cagn; pedantic persons spall it Otkaggn. According to Qing, a native theologian and sportsman consulted by Mr. Orpen, "at first Cagn was very very good and nice, but he got spoiled by fighting so many things." A deity like Cagn, or the Australian Browin, may be good and nice, or may be in a bad temper, after his exertions in "fighting so many things," and a savage who says "good morning" to his sister, or wife, or mother-in-law will be supernaturally punished or let off just as it may happen. But to break the rule of domestic Boycotting is a spearing affair with the savage secular arm.

By way of explaining the number and hardness of the rules of primitive Boycotting, and indeed of domestic life in general, among undeveloped men, let us take a view of an Australian encampment about dinner-time. Every male has been out hunting, and has brought in his game. The members of the family are all in their proper places. The husband sits on the left-hand side of the fire, the wife behind it; the little boys with her, the little girls with their father. The grandfather is on the right-hand side—inconvenient for the wife, who may not speak to, or take any notice of, her venerable relation. The grandmother is behind the father, well away from the fire, but, as a man may in most cases speak to his own mother, this arrangement is comparatively pleasant. A man must always cut his mother-in-law in Africa and Australia. When a Kafir woman meets her son-in-law, she squats behind a bush, while he slinks past, hiding his face with his shield. Mr. Lorimer Fison "once saw a man of the Australian tribe Wangaratta full of the utmost distress and disgust because his mother-in-law's shadow had fallen across his legs. He had been lying at the foot of an enormous gum-tree, which hid him from the old lady's view as she approached, and so the catastrophe occurred." Among less scrupulous savages, mothers-in-law are not absolutely Boycotted, but there must be no *tutoiement*; they are respectfully addressed in the dual or plural. Even so, the presence of relations by marriage (among certain American tribes a man must strictly Boycott his own father-in-law) always brings a chill constraint into the family circle. This is the more inconvenient because a man and a hunter is bound to give much of his game to these same relations, his wife's parents. Thus Boycotting stops a good way short of the Irish system, which chiefly exists for the opposite purpose of depriving landlords, agents, and paying tenants of food. If a married black fellow, aided by an unmarried black fellow, kills a kangaroo, the whole quarry goes to the father-in-law and mother-in-law, except the left leg, the share of the married man, and the right leg, the property of the bachelor. If a married man is lucky enough to spear a native bear his parents-in-law get the left side and two legs, he himself obtains part of the head, and gives his wife a portion, while she supplies her sister with the ears. These negotiations naturally have to be conducted through the wife, while the hunter makes his own arrangements with his own father and mother. When a wombat is slain the father-in-law only gets the backbone, and the mother-in-law some skin. Much ill-feeling is naturally caused, we may presume, when a hunter is always supplying the camp with wombat, and never with native bear or kangaroo. Owing to the simple and salutary rules of intercourse, however, the mother-in-law cannot reproach the bread-winner, or rather, we should say, the wombat-winner, of the family. Such and so simple are the rules of precedence and the regulations of housekeeping among the untutored children of the Australian bush.

The primitive Boycotter by no means confines himself to avoiding his wife's parents; he is often so exclusive as not to be on speaking terms with his wife. A custom of this sort seems to have prevailed as late as the time of Herodotus in Miletus. Some of the old Ionian ecclonists, says Herodotus, (i. 146) "brought no women with them, but took wives of the Carians, women whose fathers they had slain. By reason of this slaughter the women made a law for themselves, and handed it on to their daughters, that they should never sit at meat with their husbands, and that none should ever call her husband by his name." Probably this story about the original cause of offence was devised to account for the custom which made wives and husbands as far as possible Boycott each other. In some of the islands where the natives are always killing and eating the crews of British gun-boats, the Admiralty or the Solomon islands, wives and husbands are on such distant terms that they may be

said never to see each other at all, and only meet with the greatest mystery and secrecy in a plot of common ground where the ordinary rule of Boycotting does not hold good. The Spartans, in the first year of marriage, showed the same extraordinary reserve, which has its modern parallel in the pains taken by newly-married persons to appear old domesticated people. The Aleutian Islander, says Mr. Farrer, quoting Dall, "knows nothing of what civilized nations call modesty," yet the bashful creature positively blushes when he is obliged to speak to his wife, or to ask her for anything in the presence of others. Custom compels them to assume the attitude of perfect strangers; and it is greatly to be desired that this rule, or a modification of it, might be introduced into Germany, where betrothed people behave in company as if they were alone in a wilderness of space, or possessed the secret of fern seed. The Hottentots used to have a bad character for domestic affection, because they were never seen to speak to their own wives. But the Hottentot is not really cold and indifferent; he is only compelled, by the law of his people, to Boycott his wife. The lady may never enter her husband's room in the hut, and the husband, as among the Spartans, must never be seen in the neighbourhood of the wife. Among the Yorubas, an African tribe, this domestic Boycotting is carried out with the extremest rigour. A woman is forbidden to speak to her husband, and may not even see him if it can possibly be avoided. Apparently a similar custom existed among the early Sanskrit-speaking peoples, for the wife, in the famous story of Urvasi and Pururavas, says to her lord, "Never let me see thee without thy royal garments, for such is the manner of women." And when this rule is accidentally broken, Urvasi must "softly and suddenly vanish away," like the victims who have looked on the mysterious Boojum. The Circassians are equally shy. "A Circassian bridegroom must not see his wife nor live with her without the greatest mystery," and the unconverted natives of the Fiji Islands display the utmost distress of mind when adventurous missionaries suggest that there is no real harm in a man's living under the same roof with his wife. So far do the Hios carry this feeling, and so opposite to our own are their ideas of decorum, that "it is the correct thing for a wife to run away from her husband." In this case the lady Boycotts her lord, and it is his duty to try to make her return to the family tent. Domestic Boycotting goes even further than this among the Fijians and other islanders of the Pacific. The young Kaneka bolts with a wild scream into the bush if you even mention the name of his amiable sister, while in Fiji not only brothers and sisters, but first cousins of opposite sexes, strictly Boycott each other, and may neither eat together nor speak to each other.

If civilized races once, as there seems good reason to believe, obeyed these stringent rules, it is difficult to see how society was ever constituted at all on its present amiable terms. The first men who asked their mothers-in-law to dinner, or took their sisters to the play, or led out their cousins in the Corroboree, or waltz, must have been regarded as the worst of heretics and revolutionary offenders. It is a positive fact that in barbarous life many men, and all women, pass a good part of their time in seclusion; they are Boycotted, and if in South Africa they see other members of the tribe these unlucky persons are turned into stone, just as the Australians are if they hear the wild dog speak to them. There is no hope except in prompt flight. One Australian, mentioned in Mr. Howitt's *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, did manage to escape, after hearing a wild dog pronounce the one word "bones." But there are examples of less fortunate Bushmen being turned into stone merely because they met a girl who was Boycotted because she was being "initiated" into the savage mysteries of the Bona Dea. In New Zealand, Boycotting, there called *tabu* (the word has acquired a social sense in English), applies to "earth, air, fire, water, goods and chattels, growing crops, men, women, and children." The Pakeha Maori got Boycotted by breaking a *tabu*, and was only released after being stripped of all his clothes, and having every pot and pan in his house broken by a friendly medicine-man. "The household then came flocking back." Many of our Irish fellow-subjects would be glad to get off as cheaply.

CARNIVAL TIME IN ROME.

THE Roman Carnival is one of those survivals of the middle ages which every one feels somehow bound to see at least once in his life. A visit to Rome is carefully timed by visitors of all nations to fit in with the Carnival, so as to combine the gaiety supposed to be inseparable from that season with the more intellectual delights of venturing down catacombs or trailing through museums. As the time draws near hotel prices rise, rooms grow scarce, and the tables d'hôte brim over with a mixed multitude full of eager expectation of the joyous festivities that they look for at the hands of the world's capital which they have come from afar to see. It is quite touching to see how many elderly, and indeed very old, people are to be found amid the throng. Some of these, no doubt, have the excuse of escorting young relatives, daughters, or nieces, or cousins, for whom seeing the world is held to be a good thing. But by far the greater number have come solely for their own pleasure. Truth to tell, this much-vaunted Carnival is something like a faded beauty existing on the reputation of a past day. Poets and romancers have done their utmost to keep up that reputation by their glowing pictures

of its charms, and now hotelkeepers and shopkeepers do their utmost to maintain a delusion that helps to fill their pockets at the expense of a too credulous public. A week before the show begins tickets are hung out all along the Corso to signify that windows and balconies may be hired for the ten days that it lasts. The owners ask exorbitant prices from the inexperienced, and are very ready at inventing lies to prove that the particular spot where they have the good fortune to dwell is the only one where the whole thing can be seen to the best advantage. Either their balcony is just opposite the loggia where the King and Queen are to appear every day, or the racehorses are to start or to be stopped in front of it, or it is the only one from which you see equally well both up and down the street; any fiction, in short, that will serve as a bait to the simple Englishman who at the bidding of his wife and daughters pays down any number of francs that will ensure this desirable gazing point. His female tyrants assure him that to have a balcony on the Corso is the proper thing for every one who is in Rome at this season, and that in this balcony he will be expected to show himself every afternoon while the merry-making lasts.

It is amusing to watch how the enthusiasm cools down, and how at the end of one day of it most of the Englishmen, at any rate, would gladly pay as large a sum as they have already paid for the right to their balcony to be let off appearing in it again. The table d'hôte and the hotel sitting-room all the evening are ringing with complaints. Here an old gentleman tells you that he thinks being pelted with *confettacci* very poor fun indeed, and that, but for the difference of the name, one might just as well be peppered with gravel by London boys, an indignity which in his own country he should never have thought of submitting to. He then asks you anxiously whether he will ever be able to get the white stains off the new hat and coat which he had unwarily put on for the occasion. The old lady, well on to eighty, who has been waiting for the Carnival, as she herself says, with all the eagerness of a girl of fifteen, has brought on a sharp attack of rheumatism by sitting some five hours in a draught, and determines to rejoin her grandchildren at Naples at once to be nursed by them through the illness which she fears is to be the only reward of her curiosity. Everybody, old or young, is loud in condemning the famed *corso dei barberi*, which is simply a few runaway horses being hooted along the street, and feels a sore sense of having been shamefully imposed upon. But there are still the masked balls to look forward to, and the disappointed pleasure-seekers brighten up at the prospect. There is much discussion in the several family parties as to the propriety of the ladies being allowed to enjoy this simple spectacle. Great is the triumph of the maidens who succeed in persuading an indulgent father that to have a box in the theatre where the *veglione* is to take place implies no participation or even approval of such practices, and cannot in any way bring them under the censure of Mrs. Grundy. They sally off in high spirits, for a masked ball must surely be a very enjoyable thing. When they come back in the small hours of the morning, they admit that the theatre was very hot, and that the whole thing would have looked better if there had been more fancy dresses, and if those there were had been better worth looking at; if the dancing had been less confused, and if the men had taken their hats off and stopped smoking at least while they were dancing. Long before the ten days have passed all the strangers are heartily sick of the whole thing, confetti and flower-throwing, horse-races, *veglioni*, and all, and think they may as well go on to Naples at once, instead of waiting, as they had intended, till Lent began. Here and there a strong-minded person who has come for the Carnival solely that he might say that he had seen it, boldly says that he wishes he had said so without seeing it.

But the places of those who depart sad and sorry at this fresh proof of the illusiveness of life are soon filled by newcomers buoyed up by the same anticipations of fun that was once felt by the retreating band. A whole bevy of excursionists, four hundred strong, and all of ripe middle age, not one among them under forty, so the newspapers note, arrive just in time for the grand Shrovetide demonstration with which the Carnival winds up. On this the last day the Roman people turn out *en masse*. Every street becomes an animated stream, emptying its inhabitants into the Corso, which by two o'clock is densely crowded from end to end. Some poor attempts to give the street a gala look have been made by draping windows and balconies with coloured calicoes. Those inhabitants who deem the adjustment of such draperies either too expensive or too troublesome, indulge the public love of decoration by simply hanging bright or sad-coloured hearth-rugs, table-covers, or curtains out of the windows. In England we should merely think that all the houses were being cleaned, and the housewives airing their bed furniture; but here in Italy it seems to be taken as the orthodox sign that the whole city is given over to rejoicing. When the Corso is thronged to overflowing, and every place on the stands on the several piazzas, every chair on the church steps, has found an occupant, the carriages begin to thread their way as best they can through the living mass, and the so-called flower-throwing begins. But let no one imagine that there is any lavish scattering of the snowdrops, anemones, and violets with which spring has now starred the slopes of the villa gardens. The ordinary missiles are little slabs of hard twigs of laurustinus, which have been battered about and trodden under foot till they are thickly coated with the sand of the Corso, which, flying in the eyes of the victims at whom they are aimed, cause temporary blindness and much suffering.

All this, however, passes for excellent fun. Now and then a group of masquers struggle through the throng, dealing promiscuous blows with inflated bladders, and uttering at intervals discordant yells by way of adding to the general feeling of hilarity. The costumes are simple in the extreme; dominoes of white or coloured cotton, looking much like night-gowns or shabby dressing-gowns, are prevalent, but are occasionally relieved by a figure in a scarlet skeleton-suit, wearing a hideous mask, and with horns on his forehead, to show that he is meant for a devil. At last the great pageant of the day is seen looming far up the street. This is the demonstration of the French Art Academy. It is an enormous white-and-gold car, drawn by six horses, and preceded by three outriders with waving banners. The car supports a gilt figure of Roma, with the world in her right hand, and is covered with French artists in white cashmere and satin costumes of the fashion of the Court of the last of the Valois, the plumes being clasped to their hats with silver marguerites, in compliment to the reigning Queen. But a much more gorgeous pageant draws near, with sound of trumpets and drums; and, as soon as the crowd can be induced to divide enough to let them through, a long train of Arabs, well mounted, and glorious in turban and burnous of every colour of the rainbow, followed by a horde of slaves of every shade of black and brown, in full dress of nose-jewels and bangles, passes slowly by. These are the escort of an Indian princess, splendidly dressed, and smiling right and left from the lofty height of her palanquin. She is followed by two real camels, one carrying a palanquin and the other a palm-tree. The enthusiasm caused by this cavalcade is so great that a great green alligator with wings that comes next is allowed to pass almost unnoticed. A few minutes more and there is a great sound of whip-cracking and a great deal of kicking and plunging on the part of six very small, but very restive, steeds. It is soon evident that these are men with horse heads, who are doing horses' duty in drawing a carriage, the inmates of which are all masqued as animals. The coachman who is making such vigorous use of his whip has a donkey's head, and bears on his back a scroll proclaiming "Schiaviti all'uomo, protezione degli animali." There is literally nothing more in the way of cortège or cavalcade to look at, but the crowd seem quite content to look at one another till two violent explosions give notice for all carriages to leave the Corso clear for the horse-race. This takes about an hour to effect, but at last the horses are brought out into the Piazza del Popolo. The animals are evidently eager to be off, and get it over; so the last one kicks down the barrier intended to restrain them, and off they all start, rushing through the crowd that closes again behind them, and indeed is so careless about opening to let them through, that it is miraculous that so few accidents happen. Then follows the fighting of the *moccoletti*; and, later on, when the night has darkened, there comes down the Corso, with much flaring of flambeaux and tumult of music and shouting, the procession that accompanies the gigantic figure of the Carnival, mounted aloft on a triumphal car, to his cremation in the Piazza del Popolo. Emblematic figures of the paper currency are committed with him to the flames by way of uttering the popular feeling on that subject. Everybody has turned out to assist at this closing scene; the whole vast Piazza, the steps of the obelisk, the windows and roofs of the houses, the porches of the churches are literally swarming with human beings. There is no pushing and shoving; every one is perfectly good-humoured and willing that other people should see the sight as well as he himself. Women and children thread the throng unhurt, and yet there is no interference of policemen or gendarmes. Even the satiated sight-seer may find this great concourse of the Roman people a thing worth seeing. It almost saves the Carnival from being thrown into the common stock of those amusements which ought to be ticketed "our failures."

MARCH WEATHER.

IF poetry sings the praises of the merry month of May, prose may denounce the miseries of March. March is generally malignant; it is always treacherous. You can never know what any day will bring forth; and when you rise in the morning to read the signs of the weather you are seriously exercised as to the details of your toilette. Nor is it only the signs of the weather, as shown forth in the set of the wind and the temperature of the sitz-bath, that tell of the quick transitions of an inclement climate. Should you have the seeds of incipient disease lurking anywhere in the system, early morning in March is sure to search them out. You feel shrewd twinges of pain in unsuspected quarters, suggesting lumbago, rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, possibly even congestion of the chest, or incipient inflammation of the lungs. It must be confessed that in the murky light of a grim March morning one is disposed to take gloomy views of existence generally. Even the cold glint of the bright sunshine from skies of steel or lead is far more likely to be depressing than exhilarating. It is more apt to bring your silent sorrows into relief than to soothe the senses into temporary oblivion. Any troubles that beset you are sure to be magnified, and, though the biting air ought to be bracing, you descend to the breakfast-table in a state of despondency that tends distinctly towards dyspepsia. Far too frequently, when you have gone out for the day, your worst

forebodings are realized. We know not what the effect of our easterly March winds might have been on the hardy savages who wandered about prehistoric England in their suits of skins picked out with wood. We do know how it tells on constitutions that may have been rendered unnaturally sensitive in centuries of progressing civilization. It is rasping and grinding as well as cutting. It works its way through the bones into the marrow, seeming to grate the marrow up the wrong way. It sets the whole of the delicate nerve-system out of tune, irritating its external expressions into most unmelodious discord. The most genial of mortals feel almost morose; while those who are more quick-tempered or excitable are provoked into morbidly unwholesome frames of mind, ranging from an apathy to something like insanity. Nor are the baleful influences of the nipping east winds confined to the more refined classes of society, or even to the human race. We may generally trust proverbs when they treat of weather-lore, and we are all familiar with the old saw—

When the wind is in the east,
It is good neither for man nor beast.

What ought to be pleasure becomes positive pain under such circumstances; and it says much for the passion for sport so profoundly rooted in the English character that there are many men who profess to amuse themselves in the open air in March, almost persuading themselves and others that they have succeeded. There is salmon-fishing for instance; and we grant that the excitement of a heavy salmon on the hook, with the consequent exercise, if you have been fishing from the bank, may make one forgetful for the time of weather and everything else. But there are blank days for the rod-fisher in March as in other months; and there are drawbacks to the probable prelude to his sport in any case. We imagine you propose to fish one of the Scotch rivers, and in those northern latitudes March is invariably and inordinately severe. At the moment of this present writing Scotland is buried many feet deep in snowdrifts; but that is of course somewhat exceptional. We are content to take things as we find them in ordinary. You have been putting up at an inn or "hotel," which is very fairly comfortable in the tourist season; but which, expecting few visits from strangers in March, has retrenched its general arrangements, and reduced its household staff to a peace establishment. The fire in the coffee-room smokes, the coals refuse to burn; and you snatch a ghastly parody on a hearty Scotch breakfast, without even succeeding in getting honestly warm. But things are more deplorable without than within, as you learn when you venture beyond the outer door. When your numbed fingers have unlatched it, it is dashed violently inwards in your face. The east wind is blowing half a gale, howling down the valley, breaking the surface of the river into a leaden-coloured wash, and eddying the backwater into ugly little whirlpools. There is an "uncanny ough" in it, portentous of something worse to follow; and when you cast your eye upwards to the lowering heavens, you are neither reassured nor exhilarated. There is a drift of black across a background of grey, with occasional glimmers of angry brightness. Were there greater attractions within doors, or had you not come so far for your sport, you would assuredly renounce fishing for the day. As it is, you feel bound in conscience to persevere, though even your enthusiastic attendant looks literally blue on it. Warmly dressed as you are, trotting at the double towards the water where you mean to begin, fails to bring your blood into healthy circulation. Wielding the long and ponderous rod does something, to be sure, towards blowing up your internal furnaces; but you are irritated beyond measure by the vagaries of the wind, which seems bent upon keeping the line and fly out of the water. Whatever you endure for the thrilling sport, you know you are being driven to neglect the refinements of rod-play that should command the success which is the only recompense for this probation of sufferings. You lose heart and hope, and forget yourself still further. Then from those black belying clouds that loomed so ominously on you comes a "blash" of sleet and hail on your cheek. When it has thoroughly chilled and damped you it blows over, leaving you in expectation of another burst of the kind, and very indisputably more miserable than before. In fact, you experience all the sensations that picturesque historians have attributed to the soldiers of Napoleon's grand army in the early days of the retreat from Moscow; while you have neither *esprit de corps* nor the prospects of glory and the Gazette to sustain you. All that is left is to endeavour, like the Marchioness in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, to make believe very much that you are having a good time of it; and should you succeed in that adroit feat of self-deception, we should say you are very much to be congratulated.

Salmon-fishing in Scotland on a bitter March day is a sample of pleasuring in northerly latitudes. But in England we have our open-air amusements too, and steeple-chasing has set in actively with the beginning of our English "spring." Racing, whether on the flat or over fences, is become a business like any other, and business must be attended to in spite of its inconveniences. But we must say that in the middle of our March the profession of the book-maker, setting aside its speculative profits, appears to us anything but enviable; while as for the jockeys who are "put up" on "the pigskin" in such weather, we are inclined to look on them in the light of martyrs or heroes. It must require equal quickness of intelligence and presence of mind to calculate the odds and make intricate reckonings while wading above the ankles in chilly clay, with the wind snatching the last faint vestiges of

feeling out of fingers that fumble with the metallic pencil. It must require considerable nerve to grin and bear it when a naturally grasping disposition, trading upon slender means, has been wrought by a series of losses into sullen malevolence or savage frenzy. But book-makers are bound to cultivate self-control, and they may comfort themselves in their misfortunes with the sanguine hope that the revolutions of Fortune's wheel will bring them right side upwards in the end. The jockeys must harden their hearts to bear themselves boldly and coolly when infallibly their resolution will be severely tested. When a brilliantly groomed race-horse in high condition is stripped of his clothes in a stinging hail snow, he naturally begins by dancing on his hind legs and venting his annoyance in eccentric evolutions. The jockey who has trained that he may ride down to weight must feel stripping in similar circumstances at least as much; but he must possess his soul in apparent patience, while he screws his courage to the sticking-place. His is no easy task at best; nor is it made the pleasanter by the feeling that he carries an amount of money which its excited investors will be loth to lose; that the eyes of the course and its captious critics are upon him, and that his reputation as a rider will be affected by their verdict. He is sticking by instinctive grip and force of habit to the lightest of damp and slippery saddles on a spirited horse that is "pulling double" already. Possibly, indeed, "spirited" may be a euphemism for vicious, though in reality, should it be so, that makes little difference when the horse has got over the preliminary gallop and is ranging up with the others at the starting-post. After two or three false starts have nearly maddened him, the actual signal is given and away they go. Were we one of the riders we should rather not have gone round the course beforehand to examine into the details of the obstacles arranged for us. Good luck must do much for one under such awkward conditions, and where "ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." All that may be pretty confidently surmised beforehand is that the ingenious stewards have done their best to make things disagreeable if not dangerous. That surmise is strengthened at the first one or two fences, where the taking off on the slippery turf is as awkward as the landing is ugly. And it is amply confirmed at the formidable water-jump, which is the grand sensational obstruction of the meeting. By that time the rider's blood may be up, though if he hopes to win he is bound to keep his coolness; and, if his blood be up, so much the better for him. But in any case it is a thrilling situation when the horse is screwing the bit into the corner of his powerful jaws; when the wet bridle is slipping in the cold fingers, and the slight saddle seems sensibly to have diminished in size; when you are riding for the leap neck and neck, with a rival coming up on either elbow; and when, if you can spare the time to cast a glance back over your shoulder, you see jealous competitors charging behind, who are likely enough to light on your shoulders should you come to grief. Casualties in the spring steeple-chases are common enough; and, if a contemplative rider were to weigh contingencies in advance, he might compound for a fractured collar-bone or a couple of broken ribs, and think himself on the whole tolerably fortunate. We might indefinitely multiply our pictures of the sports and pleasures of an English March. We might go yachting in the sudden storms that compel one to clasp the covers on the hatchways and put "the fiddles" on the rolling dining-tables, so that existence on board ship becomes one horrible nightmare, varied by the distortions of involuntary gymnastics. Or we might talk of the troubles of ordinary travel when, lured abroad for premature touring by the lamb-like blandishments of the end of the month, we have been caught in the intensity of Continental cold with very inadequate clothing. But we may have said enough to set sympathetic chords a-throbbing in the bosoms of sufferers who have been victimized in the pursuit of pleasure, nor do we desire to harrow their feelings gratuitously by needlessly exaggerating their unspeakable griefs.

A WEEK ON THE NILE.

THE excursions which may be made on foot from the dahabieh are often the most pleasant. Where everything is new and strange, from the table-topped mountain in the background to the dark peat of the river bank; from the blue-robed women with their water-jars to the slender funeral plume of the palm tree; from the brilliant primrose-coloured sky to the shining expanse of the Nile, you can never feel bored until Egypt is as familiar as England. The native Egyptian is always interesting. He is courteous in his manners to a stranger. He is cheerful and contented under oppression. He is hardworking, and so honest that you may trust him with your purse and money uncounted. As you pass through a village you will be asked over and over again to stop in and have a cup of coffee; and you may walk all day without hearing so much as a whisper about backsheesh, and without meeting a beggar, except of the religious kind. The traveller who has been on the Nile before will perhaps be more easily satisfied with the appearance of the villages and people than the stranger. He will observe this year a very different state of things from that which existed under the late ruler. There is not only greater evidence of material prosperity, but it is reflected in the faces of the populace. No greater sign of the real change that has taken place can be remarked than this. We did not know what the misery

must have been until now that it is removed. Strange to say, the peasant, when you speak to him on the subject, attributes his comparative contentment invariably to the fact that under the new régime he has notice given him of the taxes, and knows beforehand both how much will be expected of him and when he must pay. Not even the abolition of the oppressive Salt-tax and other vexatious imposts affects him so much. It is a powerful commentary on the rule of the beneficent Ismail. A walk through a rural district is now, therefore, very different from what it was even two years ago; and when, as about Beni Soof, the scenery is of that park-like character which we are accustomed to consider exclusively English, we are not sorry if want of wind or the delayed return of a messenger from Cairo obliges us to tie up at the bank and spend a day or two in short excursions among the villages and into the town.

If you ask the dragoman how far it is to Beni Soof—or, for that matter, any other place—he invariably makes the same kind of reply. "It is two or three miles, exactly." No Egyptian has any idea of linear space. The same word—"sah"—serves him equally for a mile or for an hour. You understand how this is when you have reached any town which lies "two or three miles, exactly," inland. The first part of the road is across a ploughed field towards a dead wall, over which fine old trees are visible. The Mudir's garden, you are told, it is, with his palace, which looks rather like a tumble-down French château, such as is called in some provinces a "haye," built round wide courts, with cattle passing to their pasturage through distant gateways, and horses picketed in the open air, under the overarching acacias. The experienced traveller on the Nile, who knows how troublesome the attentions of potentates often become, would hurry by in silence; but it is not possible to convey his sentiments to his companions in time, and their talk, perhaps their laughter, bring out the great man. He wears a costume exactly like that of an English clergyman; his coat has a standing collar, his tie is white, his waistcoat and trousers are black, and, it must be confessed, a little rusty. On his head is a biretta, but it is of crimson felt. The Mudir carries a string of beads in one hand, which adds to his eminently religious aspect, and he wears the air of a man absorbed in the contemplation of holy things. As Governor of a province containing many thousand inhabitants, he has, of course, much to think of; and his air of abstraction may not be affected, nor the little start with which he catches sight of the party from the dahabieh. His greeting is most courteous. All he has is at their disposal. He will do himself the honour of returning with them to their boats, and asking how they like the Nile. Finally, he has many horses, which he indicates with a wave of the hand, much as the late eminent millionaire may have called for "more carriages and four." The day's walking prospect is over. On the Nile, more perhaps than anywhere else, one member of a party must control his own likings, and give in to the wishes of the others. The ladies are charmed with the handsome Turk. His mother must have been a lovely Circassian. How many wives has he? What good French he talks, and even a little English! How dignified his manners are! And he has probably power of life and death over his people—only think! Such are the remarks which the Governor's visit elicits; and his offer of horses is willingly accepted, while the dragoman descends to him mendaciously of the ancient lineage and enormous wealth of the party under his charge. If, however, you wish to ascertain for yourself how far "two or three miles, exactly," may be, and, tearing yourself away from the blandishments of the great man, set out for the chief town with a sailor for your guide, you soon understand how it is that a mile and an hour are synonymous terms in the Egyptian tongue. The path skirts round a village, so that the traveller describes two-thirds of the circumference before he strikes out, over a canal bridge, into open fields, traversed by high, narrow mud banks. The country is in places covered with young sugar-cane, in places with maize, just ripe. Everywhere it is intensely and brilliantly green, except where a patch of velvet brown shows in the distance that ploughing for the second crop has begun. You walk round three sides of a vast field, in the middle of which the reapers are encamped behind shelters—we may almost call them huts, but they have no roof—of the strong maize straw. The men are threshing with long sticks. The women are carrying in the ears and winnowing. The children are superintending the feeding of the cattle on the broad leaves stripped from the straw. The whole scene looks as if it had come into life from a bas-relief at Sakkarah or a painting at Beni-Hassan. Then a smaller canal is reached, and, after following its course on one bank for twenty minutes, the traveller finds a crossing, having perhaps to wade, and then returns down the other bank to the place at which he first struck the canal. Soon he comes to another village, where he insists that his guide should ask the way, feeling sure he has come a long round. No, he has come the right way, and if he goes on as he began he will eventually reach the town, which he now learns is, as it was, two or three miles away. He has walked for an hour, yet he seems still close to the river, and thinks, as well as he can judge in the clear Egyptian air, that the long pennon flying from the yard of his dahabieh over the Mudir's trees is not more than a short mile distant.

But people of irritable disposition should not go for a winter on the Nile, unless it be to learn a lesson of patience. There is no use in being in a hurry. It will not advance you a step when the wind is contrary or too high. You can only reflect that the average time of the voyage will be the same whether you go fast

or slow, to-day or to-morrow. It is, of course, a different matter if you have come for only a week or ten days, and do not care for native harvests or Turkish pashas, but would prefer, if you are stationary, to be near some celebrated ruin or in sight of a pyramid. You have not come out for the pleasure of visiting the neighbouring dahabieh and condoling on the state of Ireland. It may amuse you to hear in one boat that the ladies are scandalized because their waiter puts a night shirt over his ordinary dress as a preparation for attending at dinner. It is rather dull to spend half an afternoon when the captain is sure the wind will change in sitting on the deck under the flapping awning. The only excitement is offered by a cockfight, and we must hope that the Englishman who nowadays witnesses such combats with pleasure, or even complacency, is very rare, or has the excuse of having been greatly bored. But, if you would interfere in the interests of humanity, as you mistakenly count it, you are informed that the fowl now promenading the bank are from your own hen coop; that during the voyage they inhabit the open boat which your dahabieh drags after it; and that it is necessary that all the cockerels should be allowed to fight it out at the beginning of the voyage, so that, the strongest having shown himself conqueror, his life may be spared, and his powers devoted to keeping order in the coop. That you find yourself interested in the social economy of the henroost betrays the state of mind into which even a week on the Nile may bring you. There are few ways, it must be conceded, by which a traveller in search of rest as well as climate can obtain what he wants so easily. The highest excitement for days together lies in the result of a game of chess or a rubber at whist. Like Mr. Toots you take no pleasure even in your tailor. The coldness of the early morning makes you wrap yourself in shawls and plaids, and perhaps you even put a silken "cutia," or Damascus handkerchief, over your head at breakfast. As midday comes you divest yourself even of your coat, and are glad if you have taken an experienced friend's advice and furnished yourself with a gorgeous gown in Cairo. So, too, if you wear your London boots on deck, you annoy your fellow-travellers by the noise they make in the cabin below, and you find yourself in slippers all day. Stiff collars are a nuisance when it is hot, and gloves impossible. The best head covering is the native square fez, because it resists the sun's rays best, and need not be taken off even at table, where there is always a thorough draught. In short, the sooner you conform to the habits of the natives the better, shaving your head and wearing a turban, clothing your body in loose wrappers, easily put on and off, and covering your feet with the wide slippers of the country, which you can take off occasionally when you are out walking, if you want to wade over a canal, or to empty out the sand. It must be recorded, however, on the other side of the question, that a gentleman—he was, we have been told, the editor of a Californian newspaper—wore black broadcloth and a tall silk hat throughout the Nile voyage, and declared them eminently suited to the climate.

YACHTS.

MR. G. L. WATSON, the naval architect who designed the *Vanduaara*, recently delivered at Glasgow a lecture on "Progress in Yachting and Yacht-Building," of which a short account is given in *Hunt's Magazine* for the present month. According to this writer, who seems to have devoted almost as much attention to the history of pleasure vessels as he has to the art of constructing them, no mention of yachting as a sport is to be found before the year 1690. Eight years after this date, Peter the Great, when visiting England, took delight in navigating a yacht; and Mr. Watson seems to look on the craft which he sailed in as the forerunner of that remarkable vessel built for the present Czar, which was destined, it was said, to revolutionize naval architecture, and was so marvellously constructed that Sir E. Reed was able to dine on board her comfortably during a voyage from Scotland to Spain, which has hitherto remained her solitary achievement. Whether Peter the Great, if he could be revived, would look upon this ship as the legitimate development of his work may perhaps be doubted. His fondness for sailing does not seem to have made it fashionable in England, as during the eighteenth century yachting was little indulged in, and did not become a recognized sport or amusement until the present century. After the conclusion of the great war yacht clubs came into being, and their number increased gradually at first, afterwards rapidly. In 1852 there were, according to Mr. Watson, 17 Royal Yacht Clubs, and there are now at least 31, besides a great number of minor ones. The fleet of yachts has increased in larger proportion than the clubs. In 1850 there were 503, in 1864, 895, in 1878, 1,883, and in the present year there are, says Mr. Watson, "fully 2,000 yachts, having a gross tonnage of 100,000 tons, and valued in the aggregate at four millions sterling." It may be deemed a matter for regret that so huge a sum of money should be devoted to mere amusement; but it may in fairness be urged that no healthier or better form of amusement has yet been devised, and that yacht-racing is the one sport which involves no cruelty, and is free from all corruption.

After giving an account of the growth of the fleet which has now become so large, Mr. Watson turned to yacht-building, and spoke of the progress which had been made in the art of designing, and of the present method of ballasting and equipping vessels.

For a long period racing yachts were built with great beam in proportion to their length, and on what was known as the cod's-head-and-mackerel-tail principle—that is, with a bluff bow and a fine run, there being an idea prevalent that the pressure of the water as it closed in on a vessel of this kind more than compensated for the resistance of the full bow. The fallacy of this view was seen clearly enough by some builders and some amateurs before the advent of the famous *America*; but the yachtsmen of those days were a conservative class, and it was not till the schooner distanced everything that the advantage of a long bow was generally appreciated. It is not unfrequently said now that the victories of the *America* were almost entirely due to the admirable set of her sails; but there can be no doubt that this opinion is erroneous, and indeed it can only be held by those who are not acquainted with the subsequent career of the celebrated yacht. After being used as blockade runner, scuttled, sunk, and brought to the surface again, the *America* was, at a comparatively recent date, refitted as a yacht. She has on more than one occasion sailed against modern vessels, and has acquitted herself admirably, thus showing clearly that her early successes were, to a great extent, due to the excellence of her form. That form English yacht-builders were not slow to imitate, and at first they did so with some exaggeration; but the spirit of emulation was raised, and intelligent attention was given to the designing of sailing-vessels. Since the days of the schooner's triumph there has been a slow but steady improvement in the English yachts, and there can be no doubt that they are now, as sea-going vessels, very superior to the American craft, though the latter would probably beat them in light winds and smooth water. Mr. Watson in the latter part of his lecture described the changes which have taken place in form, to wit—the gradual deepening, narrowing, and increase in displacement, and the alteration in the method of ballasting, which, by the way, has not been in all respects beneficial. Then, passing from the position of the historian to that of the prophet, he spoke of the racing yacht of the year 2000, "framed of arminium, plated with manganese bronze, and ballasted with platinum and gold," and with this description of an ideal vessel concluded his excellent lecture.

In spite of the doubt which has of late been cast on Sir G. O. Lewis's famous *dictum* about centenarians, there is, we fear, very little chance that Mr. Watson will be able to record the successes of the bronze yacht; but it is to be hoped that he will for a long time to come continue his labours as the historian of yachting, and it is not impossible that within a few years he may have to record alterations in the design of sailing-vessels almost as remarkable as those caused by the *America*. The rule of measurement, which decides the size of yachts for competitive sailing has been for many years past the subject of intermittent argument and dispute, is now once more under discussion. This rule, as need hardly be said, is based on what is known as the builders' old measurement, long abandoned for men-of-war and merchant vessels, and its leading feature is, that it taxes beam more than length, and does not practically tax depth at all. Several forms of the rule are at present adopted; but it is only necessary to refer to two, the old rule of the Royal Thames Yacht Club and that of the Yacht Racing Association. According to the first, the length of a vessel is measured from stem to sternpost; according to the second, it is measured from the fore to the after end of the load water-line. This method of estimating length constitutes, no doubt, a marked departure from the Thames rule; but both rules appear equally to encourage the production of long, narrow, and deep vessels. That a system of measurement which is specially favourable to one particular type is faulty can hardly be doubted, and during past years many and angry have been the assaults on the Thames rule. Strange to say, however, though theoretically indefensible, it does not seem to have produced bad vessels hitherto, though in one effect its operation has been bad, as it has led to a vicious system of ballasting. Under it the builder's object is, of course, to make a long, narrow vessel, and the necessary stability is obtained by giving great depth and placing lead ballast very low. Up to a recent date, however, designers did not yield to the temptation to exaggerate length, and the vessels planned under the Thames rule seem in many cases to have approached the proportions which—so far as length and beam are concerned—are most approved by naval architects. It seems now to be very generally thought that a sailing-vessel which is to unite speed with good qualities in a sea should have a length of about five times her beam. The most successful yachts of the day, as shown by the performances of several seasons, are, beyond all doubt, the *Florinda* and *Miranda*. The former has a length of 4.59 beams, the latter a length of 4.81 beams. The *Vanduaara* and *Samana*, which came out last season, and achieved so much, have lengths of 5.0 and 5.17 beams respectively. The racing yacht which, so far as we are aware, is longest in proportion to her breadth is the much-discussed *Jullanar*, of which the length is 5.47 times, and by Y. R. A. measurement 5.86 times her beam. It is, then, abundantly clear that, up to the beginning of last season, the Thames rule had not led to the construction of vessels of bad proportions fit for racing and for nothing else. Of late, however, there have been signs of a disposition to take every possible advantage of the present system of measurement. Forty-ton cutters of extraordinary length have been designed, and a so-called ten-ton vessel has been begun which is 50 ft. long by 6 to 7 in breadth. Yachts of this type would have an enormous advantage in racing, as they would be really far larger than others nominally of the same size, while, in all proba-

bility, they would, for various reasons, be quite unsuited for cruising; in fact, they would be, to use a term which is often very wrongly applied, more racing machines, and naturally the adoption of such extravagant proportions has a good deal disquieted the yachting community. It is seen that the well-designed and seaworthy yachts now afloat will be driven out of racing waters by ungainly monsters, and a strong desire has been felt that the Thames rule and the Y. R. A. rule, which now seem likely to be abused, should be altered. Various alterations have been proposed, but there is only one which merits any attention. This is the amendment which has been accepted by the Council of the Yacht Racing Association, and submitted by them to a general meeting of that body. According to this suggested new rule, the square of the length is to be multiplied by the breadth and the product divided by 1,200, the result giving the tonnage. Without going into details, which would be superfluous to those who have paid attention to the subject, very wearisome to those who have not, it would be impossible to compare fully the operation of this rule with that of the Thames and Y. R. A. rules; but it may be said briefly that the old law greatly favours length as against beam, while the proposed rule puts a penalty on excessive length. In so far as it does this it must have a beneficial effect, as it can hardly be supposed that any one will seriously maintain that a sailing-vessel should be eight or nine times as long as she is broad. It has, however, to be considered whether this benefit may not be too dearly bought, and whether the new rule may not be found unduly to encourage beam at the expense of length in the same way that the old rule encouraged length at the expense of beam. The question has been carefully discussed by the well-known writer who treats yachting subjects in the *Field*. He has taken the trouble to draw up a table setting forth the comparative dimensions of yachts of 40 and 122 tons, which could be built under the present Y. R. A. and under that proposed. This table shows that, with a proportion of 5 to 1, a larger vessel can be built under the new regulation than under the old. With 5½ to 1, on the other hand, the present rule is more beneficial to the builder, and with greater proportions there is an increasing penalty on length. Below 5 to 1 the operation of the new system, as compared with that now in force, greatly favours beam, and it may seem therefore at first sight as if the change in the law would tend to produce very broad, short vessels, such as are liked in America, but are justly abhorred by English yachtsmen. The writer in the *Field*, however, takes great pains to prove that this would not be the case, and certainly brings forward very powerful arguments in favour of the proposed method. Considering, apparently, that five beams is the best length, he shows that a 122-ton vessel of 3½ beams would be 10·25 feet shorter and nearly five feet broader than the yacht of five beams, and urges that the gain in breadth would be no adequate compensation for the loss in length. Ten feet in length would no doubt make a great difference in sailing, and the longer yacht would, as a sea-going vessel, be very superior to the other. Some doubt may, however, be felt as to her being decidedly superior as a racer. The shorter craft would have, as has just been said, five feet more beam than the other, and in smooth water and light breezes this would give her an enormous advantage, as her initial stability would be so much greater than that of her comparatively narrow antagonist. Her sails, it may be said, would be much smaller, but this would not necessarily be the case, as, with a vessel intended only for fair-weather sailing, sailors would not mind a good deal of boom outside the counter. If such a yacht were modelled in the manner advocated by the late Mr. Froude for larger ships, she might be in light breezes a most formidable antagonist to a five-beam vessel in spite of the much greater length of the latter. What beam is worth in fine weather has been shown often enough. The *Florida*, as we have stated above, has a length of 4·59 beams, the *Miranda* of 4·81. No one who has seen much of these two vessels can doubt that, with every allowance for the advantages of the yawl rig, the *Florida's* extra beam gives her a certain slight advantage over the schooner in beating to windward in smooth water. When there is a strong breeze the yawl's superiority is less marked. There is then some reason for supposing that the new rule might possibly lead to the construction of vessels of an objectionable type. We do not say that it would, or that any evils which might arise under it would be so great as those which may arise under the present one; but, in spite of the very able arguments of the writer in the *Field*, it cannot be considered as perfectly certain that the effect of the new rule might not be in some respects prejudicial.

It is therefore a matter for congratulation that the Y. R. A. has not hastily accepted the proposed change, and that, at the meeting held last week, it was determined to refer the matter to the whole body of members, and only to accept a two-thirds majority. The practical result of this decision will probably be to leave the question in abeyance for some time to come, and on the whole it is better that it should not be decided at present. There is no fear that any more monsters will be planned now that it is known that a change in the rule is probable, and nothing could injure the reputation and authority of the Y. R. A. more than anything which bore the semblance of precipitate legislation. During the time which will probably elapse before the subject is again brought forward the new rule will be considered in all its bearings; and, if there are serious drawbacks to it, means of amending it so as to prevent the adoption of extravagant types will doubtless be found. That the present law cannot be allowed to obtain for

much longer seems clear, but it is equally clear that the new law should be well considered. Even if it be clearly shown that the new rule should be adopted as it stands, the result of the delay will be beneficial, as sceptics will be convinced, and the Y. R. A. saved from the reproach of being too ready to change. It is hoped, therefore, that the question may be postponed for the present, and that the next time Mr. Watson takes up his pen he may be able to record that, after full consideration, a new rule for ascertaining a vessel's size was adopted, which led to more equitable measurement, to fairer competition, and, in time, to improvement in design.

EMIGRATION.

THE marked increase in emigration which we found twelve months ago when noticing the returns for 1879 was still more marked during the past year. According to the returns which have just been issued by the Board of Trade, it appears that the total emigration from the ports of the United Kingdom in 1880 amounted to 332,294, against 217,163 in 1879, being an increase of 115,131. But in these figures are included the foreigners who sailed from ports in the United Kingdom. These, of course, take nothing from our population, though no doubt they give valuable employment to our shipping; and we leave them out of account, therefore, in the remarks we are about to offer. Of British and Irish emigrants last year to ports outside of Europe there were 227,542, against 164,274 in 1879, being an increase of 63,268. Since 1853, when the nationality of emigrants from British and Irish ports was first distinguished, this latter number has been exceeded only three times—namely, in 1853, 1854, and 1873; so that the British and Irish emigration last year was practically as great as it has ever been, except during the period of the Irish famine—when, however, we cannot determine its magnitude. Of course it is to be borne in mind that in 1853-4 the population of the United Kingdom was very much smaller than it is at present, and that consequently the emigration was proportionately, though not absolutely, very much larger than last year. Still it is a very noticeable fact that the figures should have risen so greatly and so suddenly. After the Crimean war the emigration from these islands began steadily to decrease, and reached a minimum in 1861, when it was as small as 65,197. After that it began again to increase, and rose to a maximum in 1873, in which year it was as large as 228,345. It then again began to decrease, and fell to a minimum in 1877, when it was as low as 95,195. Once more it began to increase, and last year, as we have already seen, amounted to 227,542. This ebb and flow in the tide of emigration from this country is noteworthy, and it will be observed that it follows a special law. Receiving its first great impetus from the Irish famine, when it became abnormally large, it seems since to have been mainly regulated by the material condition of the United States. In 1861, as will be remembered, the War of Secession broke out. Business was disorganized, and there was a general fear amongst intending emigrants that they might be pressed into the armies of the North. In that year, therefore, the number of British subjects who landed in the United States was smaller than it had previously been since the Irish famine. But, in fact, for the preceding three years it had fallen to about half what it had been in 1857. In the latter year, it may be recollected, there was a great panic in the United States, and business was depressed during the years we have just mentioned. Emigration thither accordingly fell off, and, as we have said, reached the minimum in the first year of the War of Secession. The war gave rise to a special industry and, consequently, to a great demand for labour, and emigration again began to increase, and went on expanding up to 1873, when occurred the great railway panic. During the years of depression which followed, it fell off until 1877, when the lowest point was reached. The tide of prosperity in the United States then turned, and with an increasing demand for labour emigration also increased. That we are not attributing too much importance to the United States labour market will be seen from the fact that, of the total of 227,542 who left these shores last year, as many as 166,570, or about 73 per cent., went to the United States.

A little reflection will show us that the relation we have been tracing is most natural. Community of language, laws, and origin might reasonably be expected to attract the people of this country to the United States; and, doubtless, does exercise considerable influence. But that community of language, laws, and origin alone do not determine the movement is evident from the fact that the emigration to our colonies is small, and varies but little from year to year, while the emigration of foreigners, particularly of Germans, varies, like that from this country, with the condition of the labour market in the United States. The truth is that the great determining cause is the almost illimitable demand for labour which exists in the United States when trade there is good. The native population is large enough to be able to absorb and assimilate the elements which are added to it year by year. It is enterprising, energetic, and pushing enough to lead, to fashion, and control these elements. And it has wealth enough to give them productive employment. There are two great conditions which make immigration into a country both safe and advantageous. The native population must be large enough to assimilate the foreign addition, and to impose upon it its own customs and manners, or else the new comers, having none of the attach-

ment to country which so immensely aids law elsewhere, will soon introduce anarchy, if not revolution. At the same time, there must have been a sufficient accumulation of wealth to set the new comers to productive employment. In time it may be, and no doubt will be, that our colonies, and particularly our Australian colonies, will be in a position safely to absorb a very large immigrant population; but, at present, they have not advanced sufficiently to do so. The United States, however, have now reached a point when scarcely any imaginable addition of foreigners could do them serious injury, while the accumulation of wealth has reached a point at which the more the new comers, the more rapid will be the development of the country.

Mr. Giffen, both in the report which we are now noticing, and in that for last year, directs attention to the fact that the tide of emigration from this country seems to increase with a revival of trade, and fall off in periods of depression. At first sight this seems anomalous. One would rather expect to find emigration greater in bad times and less in good. But it is to be borne in mind that the crises in the United States generally precede those in this country, and the return of prosperity there also takes place first. For example, the panic of 1873 preceded by a considerable time the depression of trade here at home; and the revival became great and well marked there before prosperity returned here with us. It is natural, therefore, that the more enterprising of the poorer classes here at home should be attracted to a country where the revival of trade has become more pronounced and reached a further stage. Besides, it is to be recollected that in a country like this, which is already so thickly populated that the struggle for existence is, even in the best of times, intense, very large numbers must become discontented with their lot when depression lasts long. They are, therefore, inclined to employ the first money they earn on the return of good times to try their chance in a country which affords greater opportunities for rising in the world. It may be asked, if this is so, how it happens that the United States, which themselves suffer severely from crises every now and then, do not also witness a large emigration. But, as a matter of fact, they do. The tide of emigration from Europe to America is not more marked or more continuous than is the movement of population within the United States themselves, from the East to the West. The centre of population has been steadily shifting more and more to the westward; and the present revival in trade there was preceded by a migration to the new and unsettled lands of the West of almost unprecedented magnitude. Indeed, it may be said without much exaggeration that the revival of trade in the United States was largely due to the fact that the mechanics and mill-hands, who in the inflation period and under the influence of protective tariffs had been collected in the great towns of the Eastern and middle States, were dispersed by the panic of 1873, and sought new homes and new employment in the wheat-growing lands of the North-West. As it happened, a series of good harvests in the United States was contemporaneous with a series of very bad harvests in Europe. In consequence the surplus produce of the one continent was available for the needs of the other, and produced the prosperity which is now so great. It is probable, therefore, that emigration on a large scale will continue for some time longer from Europe to the United States; but, for reasons which we shall presently point out, it is not likely that the present year will witness an increase upon the last, rather, perhaps, we may expect a slight falling off.

The increase of emigration from British and Irish ports was accompanied by an increase of immigration homewards. Thus the immigrants of British and Irish origin numbered last year 47,007, against 37,936 in 1879; being an increase of 9,071. This increase is small, no doubt, compared with the increase in emigration. But it is in accordance with past experience, immigration, like emigration, increasing in good times, and falling off in bad times. The course seems to be for emigration to increase much the more rapidly in the early years of a trade revival, and to be nearly overtaken later on by the increase in immigration, and then for both slowly to decrease until the tide of prosperity turns once more. The immigrants of British and Irish origin were distinguished from others for the first time in 1876, and their numbers steadily decreased up to 1879, when they numbered only 37,936. Last year, as we have already seen, they began again to increase, slightly exceeding 47,000. In 1877 immigration so nearly balanced emigration that the difference was only 31,305—that is to say, the loss of population through the departure of our own people had almost come to an end. Since then emigration has increased so rapidly that it exceeded the immigration last year by as much as 180,535, or almost six times as much as in 1877.

We said above that the great increase in emigration last year was to some extent exceptional, and our reason for saying so is that there was a sudden and a very remarkable increase in the Irish emigration. The Irish emigrants, who in the three years 1853-55 formed 61 per cent. of the total emigration from these islands, had fallen in 1879 to 25 per cent.; but last year they rose again to 41 per cent. The absolute increase was from 41,296 to 93,641; and, what is more remarkable, the greater part of this emigration took place in the first six months of the year. Almost the whole of the Irish emigration is to the United States, and, naturally, it varies even more than the whole British and Irish emigration with the state of trade at the other side of the Atlantic. But there was this additional cause operating last year, that, as we all remember, the harvest of 1879 was the worst experienced in Ireland since the famine years. The whole western coast of Ireland was very little removed from actual famine. The Government had to

step in to administer relief, and even outside the districts specially scheduled there was intense and deep distress. It is not surprising, therefore, that almost all the young and enterprising persons who could scrape together the means, and were not bound to remain in Ireland by ties too strong to be easily broken, should be eager to get to the United States, away from such deep distress at home and to such great prosperity there. Accordingly, we find that, out of the 93,641 persons of Irish origin who emigrated last year, over 63,000—that is to say, over 67 per cent.—took their departure in the first six months. The harvest of 1880 was good in Ireland, and as soon as it became plain that it would be so, there was a slackening in the tide of emigration. Possibly also political influences, and the hopes they aroused, had their effect; at any rate, it is remarkable that, while emigration from Ireland doubled in a single year, two-thirds of the total emigration of 1880 occurred in the first half of the year.

REVIEWS.

THE BOKE NAMED THE GOUVERNOUR.*

THE *Book of the Governor* is one of a class of books which better suited the general tastes of the sixteenth century, but which will not lack readers in the nineteenth, and perhaps not in the twentieth. The author is, indeed, a personage of considerable interest both in himself and in his writings. But, in spite of the large influence which he exercised on the thought and life of his own age, he became practically forgotten. Politically, his fame was eclipsed by that of the more illustrious statesman who may be said to have died the victim of the personal cruelty of Charles I., and who is said to have been his kinsman. So much more prominent became the figure of the latter that even Hallam speaks of the *Book of the Governor* as the work of John Elyot. This neglect of later ages is no matter for surprise. Elyot worked throughout his long career for a definite purpose, and his purpose was answered far probably beyond his highest hopes. He found that education in his own time rested on no solid basis, and that in some professions a merely empirical practice was kept up by a pretence of knowledge which was virtually nothing better than a sham. The apparatus for teaching was miserably deficient, and he set to work to improve it with a zeal which entitles him to a place scarcely below that of Colet or Ascham. In short, he took in hand a task which was of the first importance at the time, and his efforts were on the whole rewarded with a signal success, although that success itself brought on him what he may perhaps have regarded as one of the greatest misfortunes of his life. Throughout the long series of years in which he was able to think and to write, he devoted his whole energy to the advancement of learning; and the large circulation attained by his books showed that his efforts were fully appreciated by his countrymen. These books have a further interest in their bearing on the history of the English language. To its strength and beauty Elyot was thoroughly alive; but he felt not less keenly the poverty of its vocabulary for practical work in many of the most necessary regions of thought, and he resolved deliberately to supply the want by the adoption of words from other languages. Of these words not a few may be pedantic and absurd. It was, in truth, scarcely possible for one in Elyot's position to avoid overshooting his mark; but a large number of his words have been permanently established in ordinary English speech as well as in the diction of science. Elyot saw clearly that a vast multitude of notions could never be expressed by terms built upon purely English roots; and he therefore adopted a method just the opposite of that by which Mr. Barnes is trying now to effect a counter-revolution. At least he helped to make the substitution of such terms as "fore-begged thought puttings" and "twinsuchness" for "preconceived ideas" and "duality" impossible; and we may be justified in thinking that Elyot in the sixteenth century was better able to give an estimate than we can be now of the probable result of such experiments.

Of Elyot, then, it may safely be said that neither his personal history nor his book-work ought to be forgotten. An effort was made about fifty years ago to rescue them from this neglect; and the edition published in 1834 by Mr. Turberville Eliot was the first which had appeared for about two centuries and a half. The fact that the edition now put forth by Mr. Croft is the tenth is proof of the large success achieved by Thomas Elyot as an author in his own and the next following generations. Mr. Eliot's edition, based professedly on one of 1564, or, as Mr. Croft thinks it must have been, on the one of 1546, seems to have fallen almost dead from the press, and scarcely to have deserved a better fate. He claimed consideration for the amount of thought and trouble which he had bestowed upon it; but he assuredly mis-conceived altogether the duty of the editor of such a work as the *Governour*. Refusing to hold himself responsible for its "apparent quaintness or obscurity of style," he made it his business to "simplify the composition of the original work," and he got through his task by dint of changes which converted "adumbrations" into "adjunctions," "verbe" into "herb," "craftesman" into "crafts of men,"

* *The Boke named the Governour*, devised by Sir Thomas Elyot, Knight. Edited from the First Edition of 1531 by Henry Herbert Stephen Croft, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

"taken with the maynure" into "seized with the mania," and "comeliness of nobility" into "comeliness of no utility." In the matter of the book his shortcomings as an editor are not less serious. Whole paragraphs are wanting, the absence of which, Mr. Croft remarks, can generally be discovered only by comparison with the black-letter edition; nor did Mr. Eliot make the least attempt to explain in foot-notes any points in the text which could not fail to be either obscure or unintelligible to readers of the present day. Lastly, he seems to have mistaken altogether the very purpose of the book. In his view it is "an able treatise on the interesting and important science of political economy," and his hope in republishing it was that it might serve as an antidote to "the visionary schemes of political enthusiasts who broach doctrines which cannot be reconciled with religion, justice, or with reason." With such a mode of treating a work which is strictly ethical he could scarcely fail to go wrong in every portion of his task; and we might wonder, not that his edition was neglected, but that it had any sale at all.

By pointing out the defects and wrongdoings of his predecessor, Mr. Croft defines his own duties as an editor; and it must, we think, be allowed that he has fulfilled them with abundant conscientiousness. Sir Thomas Elyot's purpose was to deal, as Mr. Croft somewhat strangely expresses it, with "the ethics of morals"; and in carrying out this purpose he ranged at will over the whole ethical philosophy of the ancient world, working up his subject with an infinity of historical illustrations. But, although almost every sentence which he wrote down has either a direct reference or an allusion to some passage which he had come across in his wide reading, he seldom gives any references, and fails often to name the writer whose words he may be citing. Mr. Croft has taken on himself the verification of this vast multitude of quotations, more or less exact, or of adaptations from passages of a like meaning in other writers; and he has naturally found that the task involved huge labour. Working on for years, he has at length accomplished it, and the result is an assemblage of notes which cannot fail to increase the reader's interest in the perusal of a text in itself highly suggestive as well as entertaining, even if we take no account of the author's singular earnestness in his work. Not content with the completeness of this part of his undertaking, Mr. Croft has bestowed equal pains on his glossary, which fills nearly two hundred pages of small type. This glossary shows throughout his wide and accurate learning; but, if he has erred at all, he has erred in the way of giving his readers too much rather than too little. Sixteen of the closely printed columns of the glossary are given to the word *Cocknays*, *cockney*. Nothing more perhaps can be done to illustrate the history of its usage by English writers; but the wealth of information on this point seems to throw little light on the origin of the word, and in this respect the short entry of Mr. Skeat in his *Etymological Dictionary* of the English Language is far more satisfactory. Mr. Croft proves by a plethora of citations the fact that the word bore generally a disparaging meaning; but we may reasonably wish to know why it should have done so, and Mr. Skeat here offers a suggestion, which he calls "a mere guess," urging that the possible connexion of *cockney* with the Middle English *coke* should not be overlooked. The word bears, he adds, a remarkable resemblance to the Welsh *coegynidd*, meaning "conceited," "simple," or "foppish," from *coegyn*, a conceited fellow, which seems to suggest a further comparison with the Gaelic *goigianach*, cockcomb-like, and the Old Gaelic *cuan*, void, hollow.

Lastly, Mr. Croft has prefixed to the *Boke of the Governour* a biography of Thomas Elyot, which for many readers may have an interest greater than that of the work which it precedes. It is written with great care, nor can it justly be urged that it is overloaded with irrelevant matter—a sin to which the writers of memoirs for which there is some dearth of material are often tempted. It certainly cannot be said that Elyot lived only for book-work, but he attracts us chiefly as a writer, and still more from the motive which prompted all his tasks. His one object was to render the citizen more fit to do his duty in the commonwealth, and more particularly those citizens who are to exercise authority in it. With Aristotle this included the whole body of freemen; but Elyot had to take the word with some limitation, and he put out his book with no slight misgivings as to its reception. In setting forth the training needed to fit a man for functions of State, he had to speak clearly about many prevailing faults and vices which had taken deep root, and which many were content, and even eager, to pass off as virtues. He had to attack many vested interests, and the grounds on which he did so, as in the case of medicine, might be condemned as perilous not merely to those interests, but to society and religion. Against such criticism he found a defender in no less a personage than the King, who, he says, "with princely wordes full of majestie, commended my diligence, simplicitie, and corage, in that I spared none estate in the rebukynge of vice"; nor can it well be doubted that Elyot's appointment as Ambassador to the Emperor in the Low Countries was his reward for writing this book. This honour, which we may suppose largely added to the number of its readers, was for him the beginning of troubles. Henry VIII. was not lavish in the pay which he accorded to his envoys and ambassadors, and sometimes the pay accorded was kept back, or not bestowed at all. Many were thus unable to appear in a manner worthy of the accredited Ministers of the English sovereign. Like others, Elyot had to draw on his own resources; and when he came back very much the poorer for the high office which he had filled, he had to face the further losses involved in his being chosen to serve as

Sheriff of Cambridgeshire. Writing to Cromwell, he makes no secret of his straits. His journey, he says, had been "moche grievouse" to him,

for that I have brought myself thereby in grote dett, spending therein almost six hundred marcs above the Kinges allowaunce, and thereby am constrained to putt away many of my servantes whome I loved well. . . . I borrowed of the Kinge a hundred marcs, which I wold fayne paye if myn other creditours wer not more importune on me than Frencheshold be. Sir, for as moche as the Kinge allowid me but xxs. the day, and I spent xla. the day, and often times four marcs, and moreover I receyvyng the Kinges money in angells, I lost in every angell xivd. sterling . . . I heresaye that I am named in the bill of Sheriffs for Cambrige Shyre. If the Kinge should appoynt me, than am I more undone, and shall never be able to serve him nor to kepe my house; consydering that no man eskapith oute of that office withoute the loss of one hundred marcs, and as for my practice in office ye somewhat doo know. If Godd sent me not other lyving I were likely to begg.

Elyot's application to Cromwell was useless; but he contrived to get on, and he carried on the tasks of his life to a time when Cromwell and his more illustrious friend, Thomas More, had long since fallen victims to the despotism of their master. That Elyot should still address Henry in language not less glowing than that which he had used before the commission of these crimes is perhaps not to be wondered at; but, although he may not be chargeable with meanly disowning his friendship with More, we cannot say that this aspect of Elyot's public life is specially attractive. It is singular, as Mr. Croft remarks, that Elyot should never have made the least reference in any of his books or in any letter thus far discovered to the story told by William Roper, More's son-in-law, that Elyot received the tidings of More's death from the mouth of Charles V. himself, who, on Elyot's saying that he knew nothing about the fact, told him that it was very true, adding, "If wee had bine Mr. of such a servaunt, of whose doings ourselves have had these many yeares noe small experience, wee woulde rather have lost the best cittie of our dominions than have lost such a wortheie Councillor." Mr. Croft thinks that the truth of this story, "which in itself is too precise to be disputed," is indirectly confirmed by other circumstances, which he goes on to examine minutely.

Of Elyot's writings the *Boke of the Governour* was undoubtedly the most important; and to many it may be interesting chiefly in its relation to other works which influenced the thought of his age, while they guided his own. To some of these, as to the *Institutio Principis Christiani* of Erasmus, he refers directly; of the *De Regno et Regis Institutione* of Patrizi, from whose pages he borrowed largely, he makes no mention; but it is enough to say that it was no part of his plan to give references systematically. In working out his design he looks on the whole world of thought as a field from which he may gather such materials as may be likely to serve his purpose, and he writes as one saturated with a learning which, from its very bulk, sometimes becomes unmanageable. Hence the number of digressions, which often run to prodigious length, and seem to make him lose all remembrance of his immediate topic. The subject of poetry leads him to descant on the objections urged against poets from the mischievous portions of their works; and on this path he advances until he has to pull himself up with an effort. "In defendynge of oratours and poetes I had all mooste forgotten where I was." In his statements of fact he is seldom far wrong; but he sometimes strains his evidence unduly. The occasional mention of the dances of youths and maidens by ancient writers is a perilous foundation for the general statement that "in every daunce, of a mooste auncient custome, there daunseth together a man and a woman, holding each other by the hande or the arme." But, in truth, the chapters on dancing are throughout wonderful specimens of recondite symbolical doctrine, interesting from more than one point of view, although, it may be, wearisome from others.

On the whole, Elyot's book, although successful, brought him no great wealth. But the nobleness of the man comes out in the confession that money was not the end for which he had put down his thoughts upon paper. He might, he knows, have better consulted his worldly interests in other ways. But he says:—

To excuse me of my foly, I will professe without arragauce, that when I considered that kunninge contynueth when fortune flyteth, havinge also rynging in myn care the terrible cheeke that the good maister in the gospel gave to his ydel servaunte for hidyng his money in a clowte and not disposing it for his maister's advauntage, those two wordes, *Serve nequam*, so altered my sperites that it caused me to take more regarde to my last rekenyng than to my riches or worldly promotion. And all though I do neither tyspute nor expounde holy scripture, yet in suche workes as I have and intend to sette forth, my poore talent shall be, God willinge, in such wise bestowed that no mannes conscience shalbe therewith offended.

Mr. Croft has rightly judged that to the career and the writings of such a man, if fitly brought before them—as they are in these volumes—Englishmen will not be indifferent.

SKETCHES IN INDIAN INK.*

THESE sketches, we are told in the preface, are intended for people in England who may wish to know how Indian exile acts upon Englishmen and Englishwomen. We sincerely trust that there are amongst civilians, members of the staff corps, and merchants and planters, a good many on whom an Indian career has acted in a very different way. Too many of the characters

* *Sketches in Indian Ink*. By John Smith, Junior. Calcutta: "Englishman" Office. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

are bores or snobs. It is true that there is no attempt to describe an elopement or a seduction, and that there is some local colouring and a few clever remarks. But there is nothing whatever to delude the author into the belief that he is gifted with a talent for describing society; or that he can turn out pen-and-ink sketches worthy of a moment's comparison with his predecessors in the same line. Of Anglo-Indian life, as it flits about in mess-rooms, hill-stations, dinner-parties, the racquet-court and the cricket-ground and the racecourse, he has very likely seen something. But he has the merest surface knowledge of native society; he writes under a scarcely concealed dislike of chiefs and princes and their country; and it is difficult to say whether, supposing his knowledge of India to comprise the days before the Mutiny, he could ever have had any genuine interest in either old *régime* or new. It is a perilous thing, too, to invent names which suit your characters and give an inkling of their professions. This sort of device has been effectively resorted to by Walter Scott and by Thackeray. But when the writer laughs at the late Samuel Warren for giving his men and women nicknames taken from the nursery and the schoolroom, he falls into the same error himself. To describe an indigo-planter as Blueskin; a Judge of Sessions as De Murrer; a pugnacious clergyman as Boxer; a young civilian as Cadwallar; and ladies as Mrs. Fryske and Mrs. General Bangles; is no proof of invention or literary skill. And if the language which these personages employ, the topics they select, the sermons they preach, and the amusements in which they indulge, are to be taken as fair representations of society in Upper India, all we can say is that Colonel Smith must have had the ill-luck to fall in with a good deal of vulgarity, or else that, in a world where there has always been some healthy leaven to purify the mass, he has an eye for little but the low parts of human nature. When *Oakfield* was published a quarter of a century ago, an Anglo-Indian official was asked by a dignitary of the Church whether in the Indian services there were really such excellent persons as Stanton, Mr. Middleton, Miss Middleton, and others. On receiving a reply that there were such in the speaker's humble opinion, the Churchman snapped his fingers, and said that, with such leaders, society, in spite of Cade and other low characters, could not be demoralized.

Neither does the author seem to us very accurate or felicitous in the few historical allusions and the sketches of natives with which he tries to vary the dull festivities of English magnates. For instance, he endeavours to prove Macaulay wrong in his allusion to a well-known Urdu couplet about the horses and elephants of Warren Hastings. The contention of Colonel Smith is that the lines refer to the hasty flight of the Governor-General from Benares, when Chait Sing, if he had only known it, had the ruler of India in his power. Here there is a remarkable confusion as well as an omission. In the original lines, as applied to the Governor-General, the saddle is put properly on the horse and the howdah upon the elephant; and Hastings, though doubtless not ostentatious in character, went in and out of Calcutta on caparisoned elephants, as those animals had not then been excluded from within the Mahratta Ditch. When, some quarter of a century afterwards, Colonel Monson retreated in confusion before Holkar, the Sepoys altered the current saying about Hastings, and laughed at Munsee Sahib running away with the saddle on the elephant and the howdah on the horse. It would have been much to the purpose had this venturesome critic recollected a homely proverb about putting the saddle on the right horse. Then we have a specimen of very loose evidence on which Mr. Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, is represented as having held the rope ladder by which Sir Philip Francis tried to curry off Mme. Grand, who became the wife of Talleyrand, from the house of her first husband. The letter of M. Grand himself, as quoted in an essay of the late Sir John Kaye on Philip Francis, is now before us. From this we find that when Philip Francis had managed to get clear off, his friend and accomplice, Mr. Shée, was caught and tied to a chair by a faithful Rajput Jemadar; and that Mr. Shore and others were said to have been clamorous for the prisoner's release. It also appears that, on the sole evidence of this Jemadar, the injured husband accused Mr. Shore and others with active complicity, to which these gentlemen replied very naturally to the effect that they had merely come forward on hearing a disturbance. Any one conversant with the proclivities of native witnesses, who invariably make a drag-net of every one present at a row and put them down as defendants lest they should be called as witnesses on the other side, will know what value to set on the evidence of a "faithful black" anxious for the honour of his master. Moreover, it is clear from the evidence given at the trial in the Supreme Court that Mr. Shée was the chief participator in the villany, while Mr. Shore's high character all through his career is quite enough to clear him from an improbable accusation tacked on by a native witness to a stratum of solid fact, and reproduced by M. Grand in a narrative evidently written under the most excited and violent feelings, as was very natural.

Macaulay said once that, after the appearance of Byron's poetry, no novel was quite complete without some unhappy Larr-like peer. Similarly after the Mutiny and the Nana, Azimullah, and the rest of them, few Indian tales have been wanting in some native chief with a furtive glance, a polished demeanour, and obsequious flattery that veiled the blackest of hearts. In these sketches the "Baron" is loud-voiced, which, by the way, a native rarely is, and he is elegantly said to be a compound of the tiger, the snake, and the gorilla. This Oriental Front-de-Bœuf is denounced to the magistrate by one Ishmael Beg as having

abducted, confined, and ill-treated his sister. Sheikh Shaitan Buksh—an improbable compound or combination of words—the aforesaid Eastern Baron, in order to be on an equality with his opponent, rides into the station, pays a visit to the magistrate, and gives his own version of the occurrence, to the effect that the accusing Ishmael had gone off with a large sum of money entrusted to him for the purchase of a horse, and was trying to seduce the Sheikh's wife. After this interview, the magistrate determines to go to the spot himself; and so far there is no violent improbability in the narrative. Many an active magistrate has mounted his best Arab, and has ridden a dozen miles or more under a burning sun or a hot wind, to release a captive, to arrest a noted bad character, to visit a bazaar ravaged by fire, or to prevent an affray about boundaries and ripe crops. On arrival at the "Baron's" residence, the experienced eye of the magistrate at once detects the *zenana* or women's apartments, and a "wild gipsy-like woman," with dishevelled hair and marks of recent ill-treatment, rushes out and throws herself at his feet. Of course she corroborates the tale of Ishmael and denies any lawful marriage with the chief. Hitherto all this might possibly have happened as described. Native Rajas do certainly carry off women, ill-treat them in seclusion, and get up false counter-claims. It is also within official experience that active magistrates have been resisted when forcing an entrance or endeavouring to apprehend a prisoner, and that they have been subsequently waylaid and murdered by vindictive scoundrels of the Front-de-Bœuf type. Mr. Blake, many years back, was assassinated at Jaipore in a sudden tumult. Mr. Fraser was waylaid and shot at Delhi by a bravo acting at the instigation of a Nawab, who was afterwards hanged for it. Captain Alcock, being mistaken for Mr. Unwin, the experienced magistrate of a district in the North-West Provinces some thirty-five years ago, was dragged out of his palanquin at night by a noted Dacoit and his band, and then and there murdered. But we do not think that any native ever tried to get rid of an English functionary in the sudden way attempted by Shaitan Buksh, or that any magistrate would have been so simple as to fall into such a trap. Mr. Ernest Hathaway, for such is the magistrate's name, tells the Chief that he is to be responsible for the lady's safe-keeping, and that some "definite arrangement" must be made on the morrow, and then he leaves the palace accompanied by one of the young men whom Shaitan Buksh has thoughtfully assigned to him as an escort. At a convenient place in the road, where the sand is deep and the horses slacken speed, the mounted Pathán unsling his firelock, and quietly puts a bullet into the unsuspecting Englishman. However, the shot is not fatal; and Mr. Hathaway, after becoming insensible and delirious, is sent to the hills, and nursed by two charming women; and then he very speedily becomes engaged to the attractive young lady of the story, who only waited to know her own mind and is very sorry for having listened to any naughty stories about her lover, a native chief, and a woman.

As an instance of the carelessness of the author, Shaitan Buksh, in the first chapter, is very properly called a Sheikh. Towards the end of the tale he figures as a Raja; in short, he becomes a Mahomedan and a Hindu by turns. We are very sorry to add that, to the eternal discredit of the police and the judicial authorities of Ilkimpore, both Shaitan Buksh and the murderous Pathán escape without summary punishment. No steps are taken to procure any evidence against the former, and the latter escapes by a timely flight. Noted villains in these sketches have an easy way of getting off, in spite of police, telegraphs, and other means within the reach of detectives and magistrates. Perrival L., who is a great scamp but bears an ancient name, marries a charming young lady, seventeen years of age, and "full of joy and trust and undeveloped affection." That he ill-treats his nice young wife, and prefers to her a wretched and tawdry half-caste, is, of course, part of his character. The young wife is thrown violently out of a buggy, and the wicked husband murders his own father-in-law; but, although these atrocities take place at a large military station in the Upper Provinces, the villain is enabled to hide, take the mail train to Calcutta, at the lowest computation six hundred miles away, and get clear off to New Zealand or Australia. We fear the author's experience in mess rooms hardly qualifies him to be a judge of the possibilities of distance, time, and ordinary departmental activity. Another military demirep tries to ruin his brother officer at cards, and after having fought endless duels, fairly runs away from the levelled pistol of the Honourable P. Walsingham. The *roué* had imprisoned and half starved a native banker in a subterranean chamber; and we hear nothing more of this fighting but runaway Englishman till his blackened corpse is recognized inside the Cashmere Gate at the fall of Delhi. The very mutineers had been so ashamed of him that, although he had pointed the guns against the English troops on the ridge outside, they left him nailed to a cross.

This writer is probably capable of producing something better than this poor stuff. An imitation of Carlyle's peculiarities is decidedly clever, and there is a fair amount of intelligence and observation. But, to write a good novel or story about India, a man should not hate the country and people as this writer obviously does. He has not even a good word to say for life in tents during the cold season. This is a time to which a civilian, engineer, or surveyor, chained to the desk for eight months in the year, looks forward with feelings akin to those of a permanent official in the English Civil Service who can get away in September or October

to salmon-fishing and grouse-shooting in the Highlands or to the Italian lakes. The independence, the pure air, the repeated change of scene, the absence of endless interruptions and petty worries, the lawful combination of sport and pleasure with work and intercourse with the agriculturists, invest camp life with unfailing attractions. A distorted account of a time so passed describes it as "the most horrible six weeks that ever I spent in my life." India was not conquered, and will not be civilized or be held, by men holding these opinions, and it would be unjust to the present race of officials to think that they set about their duties in the spirit with which they are credited in these third-rate tales.

HAROLD SAXON.*

THERE is a masculine ring about the syllables of "Alan Muir." The author of *Harold Saxon* confirms the inference by the use of the personal pronoun belonging to the stronger sex, and even a reviewer is unaccustomed to contradict a lady. Yet "every one who has been so patient as to read this history with common care" as far as the middle of the third volume will have pondered in much perplexity the opening sentences of a chapter which, indeed, bears as a heading "Her Pretty Way":—

Unless the readers of this story have been exceptionally fortunate in life, each of them has known at some time the sensation of relief which follows when we throw off a tight-fitting garment put on without consideration and worn with excruciating pain; while all the time we have been forced to look pictures of attention or enjoyment. The reviving circulation, the expanded lung, the freer breath, the relief from torture, may be reckoned among the most felicitous experiences of human life, and almost repay the sufferer for the past.

Mr. Alan Muir may have known in his day the miseries of tight boots; but these are not usually known as "garments." As a Scotchman he may have also groaned in spirit under other bonds of fashion to which a Southerner would patiently submit; yet "the expanded lungs" and "freer breath" of relief do not fall in with such a supposition, and it is certain that no waistcoat-buttons could bear the strain which the author so feelingly describes. Another and analogous difficulty meets the patient reader a little further on:—

Mrs. Vesey's dress was nothing short of faultless. Five-and-twenty years ago, fair reader, a bonnet was a bonnet indeed . . . it was a bonnet that covered the whole head, and the neck, and the ears, and came down under the chin, and was tied with a substantial bow of ribbon. It did, as one must confess, faintly suggest the idea of a coalscuttle; but . . . mightily as the bonnet was in size, it yet allowed the sun to behold something of a neck of very queenly mould.

The ordinary male writer, before presuming, if he presumed at all, to describe such mysteries, would have turned to the pages of a recognized authority, and, instructed by John Leech, would scarcely have identified the "Kiss-me-quick" bonnet of "five-and-twenty years ago" either with the earlier "coalscuttle" or with Alan Muir's description of it. To a young lady, certainly, the fashions of 1855 would seem as much ancient history as those of 1830; but then the author of *Harold Saxon* is not a young lady, but a man. As a man, too, we cannot concede to him any indulgence on the plea of "Varium et mutabile semper," which we should willingly grant in the case of a lady novelist who might provoke us half-a-dozen times in as many consecutive chapters to the contradictory assertions that the book was tolerably readable, and intolerably foolish.

The principle that in a modern novel the hero should be in love with three women at once, of whom one at least should be married, has been established by so high an authority, and has been so recently re-affirmed, that no reasonable objection can be taken to Harold Saxon's relations with Gertrude Treasure, Kathleen O'Brien, and the lady of the bonnet, except possibly on the ground that he was a clergyman. Even this criticism has been anticipated by the author, who assures us that the clerical hero did not believe anything, and therefore confined his ministrations in Theodosia Chapel to its pulpit, carefully avoiding the reading-desk. Sermons, as reported or conceived by writers of contemporary fiction, are usually deep and wondrous utterances, breathing we know not what of soul-agonies and the like; and Alan Muir has faithfully copied the regulation pattern. In Harold Saxon's case this style may have been true to nature; for it is known that somewhere about the time of his ordination the Bishop of London requested from one of his candidates information whether the sermon submitted, as was then customary, to the Episcopal judgment was intended for an educated or an uneducated congregation. In the latter case, the Bishop remarked, they will not understand a word of it; in the former, they will think that you are mad. And Mr. Saxon, whose story is described as "of the Church and the world," began his experiences of the Church in the East-end of London. This region, as the ancient manor of Stebonheath, was formerly a favourite royal hunting-ground, and has since passed into the hands of the novelists, who range in it at their will, starting by general consent such game as they may please. It is therefore quite natural to learn that in the parish of Whitechapel "on every acre there dwelt a thousand heathen," the area of the parish consisting actually of 174 acres, with a population, including many Jews and some Christians, of

34,874. The larger Whitechapel Union, on an area of 406 acres, has an average population of 189 to the acre; but "a thousand" certainly sounds better in a story, especially "heathen." In the same way, it is natural to find the Rector of Whitechapel "casting his big body on the little lodging-house sofa, which squeaked like a mouse as it felt the descent of the ponderous frame" in his preparation "to smoke a quiet pipe" with the curate. But from the East End the scene rapidly changes to "Great Axemouth," a "city" somewhere on the southern coast, where, as is usual in "cities," the clerical element in society was strong. There were, in fact, rather more than forty clergymen, of whom "about thirty were of the Gossamer," or Low Church, "party; about five of the Threshem," or High Churchmen, while "the Moderates, as represented by the Vicar, may have been half-a-dozen more." Great Axemouth, it will be observed, differed from other cities in the curious fact that the head of its hierarchy was not the Bishop with his Chapter of Cathedral clergy; but a modest "Vicar," with 400*l.* a year, whose patron, and possibly lay rector as well, was a young baronet given to breakfasting on brandy and beefsteaks, and to making presents of diamonds, at a cost of 500*l.*, to Miss Fanny Featherloe, "the queen of burlesque" at a "London theatre where beauty and dancing are always to be found," and in private life an estimable young lady who lived at home with her old mother, "kept her heart faithfully for the man of her choice, a fellow-actor, and kept her presents, too." There was a bishop somewhere about, available on emergency for the Great Axemouth people, "a quiet, fatherly ecclesiastic," "mild, white-haired," and "old"; but of him we catch only a passing glimpse in his easy chair as he deplores many times over his inability to "refuse to induct" to the vacant vicarage a certain Reverend John Rudd, a popular preacher who appears in the second volume with a black eye, and who disappears from the scene in the third, "half under the vestry table" before evening service, "delivering a second handful into the mouth of the organist, which finishes off his front teeth." It may be well to explain in passing that the author of *Harold Saxon*, in common with many older and wiser persons, disapproves of the buying and selling of church patronage through ecclesiastical agents; and that, by way of emphasizing this censure, the representative of this agent class, one Mr. Augustus Fly, is made to enter on his profession by being physically kicked downstairs, a process which is repeated metaphorically by his biographer at intervals throughout the story. The early client of this gentleman, Mr. Harold Saxon, is made also to fall downstairs, but with no other assistance than that of a small dog, and with results which prove in the end highly beneficial to his fortunes.

Next to the extermination of traffickers in advowsons, the purpose, if there be a purpose, with which this story has been written would seem to be the exhibition of a remedy for the Agnosticism of the day, especially as it prevails among interesting young men and is associated in their views of life with a contempt for young ladies and a general disbelief in love. The charm is effectual, to be sure; but, like many of the charms of the middle ages, its extended use is hindered by the two difficulties that it is very costly, and that the conditions under which alone it can be secured are more than exceptional. Two heiresses with something approaching half a million between them are not waiting everywhere to solve the perplexities of the drifting clergyman and the demented layman, his friend; nor is it usual for a well-endowed young lady to lie stone-dead and cold in a deserted house by the sea, which the storm-waves are preparing each moment to dash into ruins, while notice is on its way to the coroner, till it suddenly occurs to her to begin to sing, and then to ask, as she stands "flooded in the moonlight," "'Why'—with a pause of fatigue before she went on—'why have you left me alone so long in that cold room?'"

This young person is Miss Gertrude Treasure; and the two gentlemen thus addressed are Harold Saxon and one Donoughmore O'Brien. To the former she had become casually engaged many years before, and had kept up an affectionate correspondence with him as her "darling old man." She had declined, indeed, on various pretexts, to marry him, as to which, seeing that he had private reasons of his own to consider, he did not much complain. But as the plot of the story depends on Harold's entire ignorance of any relation between Gertrude and O'Brien, it is, to say the least, a trifling oversight on the part of the author to make O'Brien, after relating to Harold the history of his secret marriage, go on to tell how not long afterwards his brother Anthony "threw a note on the table before" him, saying, "Your friend Miss Treasure desired me to give this to you privately." It was the key to the whole secret; and nothing whatever comes of it. It is, however, due to the author to state that mere conditions of sequence in time are not allowed to interfere with the development of the idea of his work. The second heroine remained with her father and her two brothers at Florence till she was fourteen; and she was just "entering upon her thirteenth summer" when, after the return of the family to England, she is first introduced to the reader. Upon the tragic history of this young lady's two brothers, Donoughmore and Anthony O'Brien—the sudden end of the one, the stormy despair of the other—we would dwell if it were possible. They were twins; they grew up exactly like each other; they were dressed with faultless care, and that "dress, down to the smallest particular," was the same in both. In one moment, too, they met their fate. Sworn by the bond of brotherhood never to desert each other, bound by the maxims of an adamant philosophy to defy, or to deny, all charms of woman, they both fell hopelessly in love with Gertrude Treasure the first moment they saw her at the

* *Harold Saxon: a Story of the Church and the World.* By Alan Muir, Author of "Children's Children." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1882.

luncheon table of her father the rich farmer. But across our most determined efforts to think of, or to describe, the consequent catastrophe, with fitting seriousness, there come the memories of Alice in her interview with the two brothers who "resolved to have a battle," and Donoughmore and Anthony transform themselves into Tweedledum and Tweedledee, while the phial which had contained the deadly draught becomes the little white rattle lying on the ground. If again we try to picture from his own and "Gertrude's story" the agony of the surviving brother as he "went hither and thither over the grounds," his "clothes and face torn with branches of trees—what a face! Tyn, gashed in several places, covered with blood and disfigured with dust"—yet another figure arises from still earlier memory of the man who, "wondrous wise" as the philosophic Donoughmore himself, had like him "jumped into a quickest hedge" with as disastrous consequences. It is useless to make any further attempt; but we may suggest to the author that the machinery by means of which the distracted husband is concealed by Gertrude is just a little too extravagant and impossible for waking readers.

But *Harold Saxon* is not a book for serious criticism. Its simple ignorance of affairs in the Church, and its happy innocence of the world and its bad ways—for the chapters about Miss Fanny Featherstone are charming in this respect, and the boat incident with Mrs. Vesey shows that there are other things with which the writer is as little familiar as with the "mushroom" hat, which would undoubtedly have formed Muriel's "head-gear" on the occasion—are in perfect keeping with the form which the speculations of modern unbelief are made to assume. "The struggle," cries Donoughmore, suddenly, as they stand by the seashore, "shall not be long!"—

The order of nature is doomed. The sun shall set to rise no more. The last beam of light shall be swept from the sky amidst the roar of some universal tornado, which shall be the herald of returning anarchy. And if nature be thus doomed to extinction, who shall express the brittleness of human joy? Nature is the struggle of the universe to escape from chaos. But deep shall swallow up deep. Society shall sink and be lost in the gulf of nature. Nature shall drop into the gulf of chaos. I see the globe wrecked. I hear the helpless cries of her millions as she rushes wildly into the blackness of some untrodden destruction.

Whether this prose-ode be original, or deliberately "after" Bon Gaultier's "Death of Space," it is equally deserving of high praise, both for its conception and execution. As a vision of "Infinity creeping into her shell" it is almost perfect.

As with some of the characters of *Harold Saxon*, in whose stead other figures will rise than those which the author presents to us, so it is with the personality of Alan Muir. He is, we know, a man of experience in the Church and the world, stern and severe; but yet there does arise persistently the picture of a freshly-emancipated schoolgirl, whose first blushing literary effort, *Children's Children*—a book which we have not the happiness of remembering—had for its subject Dolls, and who has been wont to charm her room-mates with thrilling or entrancing stories in those delicious half-hours when the candles are put out, and all talking strictly forbidden, and when the horror or the suspense of the narrative deepened as some approaching footstep suggested the dread of a loss of conduct-marks all round. What need could there be of balanced probabilities in the plot, or of precise consistency in details, when the auditors were softly dropping off to sleep, and perhaps the story-teller herself found the directions about wearing the diamond locket fading away from her own thought as completely as they faded from the consciousness of Gertrude in her trance? With such a vision before our eyes, we could not find it in our hearts to write a word in unkindly criticism of the lively and harmless nonsense which has amused us in *Harold Saxon*.

THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE.*

"BUT for all, to my seeming," said Don Quixote to the author at Barcelona, "this translating of one language into another—excepting those queens of tongues, Greek and Latin—is much like beholding a Flemish tapestry from the wrong side, where, although the figures be seen, yet are they so covered with threads which hide them, that their smoothness and beauty cannot be seen." The quotation might appropriately be taken as a motto and plea for considerate criticism by whoever undertakes the difficult task of rendering *Don Quixote* into English. The smoothness, in other words, the flowing style of the original, is far from making the task any easier. It is by no means in one of those "easy languages" the translating of which "argues neither genius nor eloquence." Yet our translators have apparently been hitherto of a different opinion. They have treated Cervantes with a carelessness few Englishmen would be bold enough to show to the classics. His work has been made a vehicle for the translators' own literary quarrels or satire; it has been rendered by workmen who had no qualification for the undertaking beyond a love for the original, and it has been done as hack work. Allowing that the merits of his English style are to exempt Shelton from this general censure, yet his work is inaccurate, and the translation which goes by his name is probably not all by his hand. Moreover, even if his rendering were free from mistakes, it gives no longer a true picture of the original. It is now in style much

the older of the two. The Castilian of Cervantes is, as Don Juan Valera insists, "not a dead language"; it is, with few and unimportant exceptions, the language which is spoken to-day. In the meantime the whole tone of English prose-writing has undergone a profound modification. The Spanish of Cervantes is simpler and freer of movement than the English of his contemporaries. The translator who undertakes to present the *Don* in an English dress to-day would therefore do better to take, if not Thackeray, at least Fielding, for his model, rather than mould his style on Ben Jonson. The Spanish language has been far more stationary than ours. Its literature was greatly influenced by the French during the last century, and lost colour and character in consequence. The few writers of that period were men of little or no originality. The principles and the style they adopted were in them mere echoes—the letter, but not the spirit, of French literature; and, being utterly uncongenial to Spanish taste, struck no root. The literary revival of this century has produced nothing great, but it has at least the merit of being national. It has drawn for its style on the language of the people, which remained unchanged under the French varnish of the Court and the academies, or it has reverted to the great models of the sixteenth century. The best writers of this generation—Castro y Serrano, for instance, or Pedro de Alarcon—are nearer Cervantes, or even Santa Teresa, than they are to the Padre Isla. There was not life enough in the Spanish literature of the last century to modify the language. The utmost it could do was to introduce a few Gallicisms, which are now being weeded out.

If there is, then, any foundation for these observations, it follows that an English translator of *Don Quixote* should avoid going to the English contemporaries of Cervantes for his style; since, even supposing him to be successful in his reconstruction of the language of a former generation, the result would only be that sort of literal rendering which is no true translation. Still more should he be careful to avoid using words which are older than his original. The main fault we have to find with Mr. Duffield's translation is that he does both of these things, adding to the difficulty which must exist in translating Cervantes the further difficulty of putting back the language some two hundred and fifty years. His translation, though not free from errors, is more generally accurate than any hitherto made. It is needless to say that he has added nothing of his own, while the very few suppressions he has made do not affect the substance of the book, and are justified by changes in taste, but the effort to be archaic hampers his style, and leads him into anachronisms. The following quotation is a fair specimen of Mr. Duffield's style. It is from the eleventh chapter of the first part, which gives the Don's adventures among the goat-herds:—

Seeing him [i.e. Sancho] standing his master said to him, "That thou mayest know the good which is comprehended in knight-errantry and how quickly they who exercise themselves in ministering to it come to be honoured and esteemed of all the world, I desire that thou seat thyself here, at my side, and in company with these good people, and be one and the same with me, who am thy master and natural lord, and eat of my dish and drink out of the cup out of which I drink, for of knight-errantry may be said the same as of love, that it levels all things."

"Gramercy," quoth Sancho, "but I can tell your worship that if I had plenty to eat, I could eat it as well and better standing and by myself than if I were seated on a level with an emperor. And besides, if I must speak the truth, I relish much more what I eat in my corner without niceties and ceremonies even though it be bread and onions than turkey cocks at other tables where I am forced to chew slowly, drink little, wipe me often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind to, nor do other things which solitude and liberty grant. Argal, good master, these honours which your worship would put on me for being minister and follower of knight-errantry—as I am being squire to your worship—change them into other things which may be of more advantage and profit to me; for these, though I hold them to have been received in full, I renounce from here to the end of the world."

"For all that," said Don Quixote, "thou hast to sit thee down; for he who humbles himself God shall exalt," and taking him by the arm he compelled him to sit near himself.

Now this passage, which, as we have already said, is a fair example of Mr. Duffield's manner, illustrates what is worst and best in it happily enough. It is an accurate translation; but we feel that the style is not natural to the translator—that he is conscious of effort in composing—which is the effect least produced by Cervantes, one of the most spontaneous of writers. Besides Mr. Duffield has gone out of his way to choose words which are antiquated or peculiar, and therefore improperly put in the mouth of Sancho. A certain pedantry is proper enough to the master, when consciously playing the part of knight-errant, though at other times he is perfectly unaffected; but Sancho's language is that which his worthy descendants are speaking at this moment, except where he uses an ambitious word picked up from the Don or a scrap of Latin from the priest. It does not follow as a matter of course, because a conceited clown in Shakespeare used the word "argal," that it is a proper translation for Sancho's "asi que," or that minister is a proper rendering for his "ministro." The latter, as an ecclesiastical word applied to the servants in the sacristy, meant something very different from "minister" for Sancho. Mr. Duffield seems to us to yield too often to the temptation of using an out-of-the-way or utterly obsolete word without regard for the fact that the Spanish original is still in familiar use. An instance of this is found in the frequent use of the word "rouncy," as a translation for rocin. Not only does Mr. Duffield use it in the narrative, but he puts it in the mouth of the housekeeper, who would have been considerably surprised to find herself speaking an unknown tongue. The use of the word is hardly justified by a quotation from the *Canter-*

* *The Ingenious Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha*. Composed by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. A new Translation from the Originals of 1605 and 1608, by A. J. Duffield. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

bury Tales. Much of Chaucer was obsolete long before 1605, and we may ask, Why stop at Chaucer? Once set on so good a road, why not go right back to King Alfred, his well of English is even less defiled. And there are many other words of the same kind—"assured" as the translation of *seco*, "ruthful," "cautelous," and so on, words which, as they are antiquated, need not have been used to translate the commonest Spanish words.

Nor is Mr. Duffield completely free from mistranslation pure and simple. "*Del sahumero os hago gracia*" is rendered "For the perfumery I thank you," as if the original had been "*Oa doy gracias*." The word used ought to have been excuse or remit. "Windmills of eleven stories," for "*molinos de once piedras*," is perhaps a misprint for "stones," though we do not find it in the *errata*. In the expression "*caballero asnalmente*," Cervantes makes a play on words, such as he was very fond of, and which is perhaps not capable of exact translation, but "mounted asswise" is surely a mistake. The point of the original lies in the fact that "*caballero*" means both horseman and knight in Spanish. Perhaps it could not have been preserved in any case, but it need not have been thus replaced. The Don was not mounted like an ass, but on an ass. Once or twice Mr. Duffield contrives to unite in one sentence a too literal translation and a mistake. Thus the Don's challenge to the traders from Toledo, "*Todo el mundo se tenga si todo el mundo no confiesa*" is rendered by "Halt all the world, and let all the world confess," whereas the Knight of La Mancha ordered everybody to stop unless everybody confessed what he desired them to confess as to the beauty of the peerless Dulcinea. Thus, too, we have "successes" for "*sucesos*," and "gracious artifice" for "*gracioso artificio*." One of Mr. Duffield's mistakes is made prominent by occurring in a passage which he has selected for comparison with a passage from his predecessors. He gives "*palacio woods*" for "*rincones de los palacios*" where Motteux has accurately translated the "corner of great men's houses."

Before leaving Mr. Duffield's translation we have a few observations to make on his prefatory matter. Mr. Duffield advances a theory that Cervantes had a hidden meaning; that he was making a disguised attack on despotism, priestcraft, and even, as we gather, on at least some of the doctrines of the Church. He asserts confidently that the clergy felt themselves assailed, and tried, if not to suppress the book, at least to damage it. We cannot find any evidence in support of either statement. The book could never have been published without the consent of the Inquisition, which, had it pleased it, could have immediately suppressed it. As for the esoteric doctrine theory, which is mainly due to L. Viardot, it can only be maintained by such forced interpretations, and ingenuity in finding references where none were meant, as would equally serve to prove that the book was written to demonstrate the possibility of squaring the circle. But Mr. Duffield is not consistent with himself in his explanations. Not only was Cervantes a great religious reformer, but his book was written to abolish the books of chivalry; not to laugh at more bad literature, which was the intention with which Cervantes undoubtedly began it, but to free Spain from "that form of delirium which comes from the unnatural excitement of the fancy." The whole country was given up "to the dazzling wonders of a heavenly, an earthly, and an infernal chivalry which made men mad." Putting aside the question how far this is a true description of the books of chivalry, we have to account for the fact that it was the men of Spain's greatest generation who were made "mad" by them. The works which formed the favourite reading during boyhood of such men as Cortes and Diego de Mendoza cannot have been merely noxious. Besides, if the literary taste of the country was in this corrupt state, how came it that *Don Quixote* had such immediate and complete success? The fact is that books of chivalry were falling into discredit long before Cervantes attacked them, both in and out of Spain. Mr. Duffield would appear to be so eager to explain the hidden meaning of his hero's life and book that he has been somewhat hasty in his examination of the facts. This becomes still more noticeable in his sketch of Cervantes's life. Mr. Duffield tells us that Cervantes was born "on the 9th of October, 1547—at least so it has been said in official quarters"; whereas all that is known is that he was baptized on that day. Again, he says "he became the friend of the father of the Spanish theatre"—meaning, no doubt, Lope de Rueda, who was very far from being the father of the Spanish theatre, and whom Cervantes only says he had seen. As to his military life, "*Cervantes . . . enlisted*," as Mr. Duffield puts it, "first under the banner of the Colonna, but finally deciding for the career of a soldier, fought his first and last battle under Prince Don John of Austria." He was throughout a Spanish soldier in Don Diego de Urbina's company in the *tercio* of Moncada; and, although Mark Anthony Colonna was a general in Philip II.'s service at one time, he was then commanding the galleys of the Pope; and, moreover, Cervantes never was in the service of that family. At Lepanto his galley was stationed with the Venetian squadron of Barberigo; and, so far from that being his last battle, he took part in the expedition against Tunis; and, after his release from captivity, he re-enlisted for the invasion of Portugal and the *Terceiras* under the Marquis of Santa Cruz, and was in the fight against the French. We recognize the zeal with which Mr. Duffield has set about his difficult task, and, while we acknowledge the success which he has attained, we cannot help regretting the hasty and uncritical spirit displayed in some parts of his work.

MAX MÜLLER'S SELECTED ESSAYS.*

MR. MAX MÜLLER has reprinted, in two handy volumes, a selection from his *Essays on Language, Mythology, and Religion*. No one has done so much as Mr. Müller to kindle English interest in these subjects. He has a large and active band of followers, and even those who, like ourselves, differ greatly from Mr. Müller's explanations of the growth of mythology, must admit that his hypothesis was a necessary stage in the development of opinion. When philology became a powerful scientific instrument, people naturally expected it to pick many difficult locks, and it has been freely applied as the key of mythology. We propose to examine, in this review, Mr. Müller's use of this key, and to consider some other explanations of the difficulties which he thinks he has solved. As Mr. Müller has subjected his work "to a more careful sifting," his views may be regarded as, for the present, final.

His article on Comparative Mythology (vol. i. 306) was originally printed in 1856 in the *Oxford Essays*. It has lately, as we have seen, been "carefully sifted." In this essay (i. p. 306) Mr. Müller remarks:—"As far as we can trace back the footsteps of man, even on the lowest strata of history, we see that the divine gift of a sound and sober intellect belonged to him from the very first; and the idea of a humanity emerging slowly from the depths of an animal brutality can never be maintained again in our century." If by "maintain" Mr. Müller means "persistently uphold," this prediction has been falsified by Mr. Darwin. As to the soundness and sobriety of early man's intelligence, we fear the remark is only true in practical matters. In mythology, savages show an insane credulity, as when an African tribe believes that the world was made by a big spider. About his daily life, man, as soon as he exists, is perfectly wide awake. But the backward races—savages like the Australians, Bushmen, Red Indians, and the rest—do not display a sound and sober intellect even now in those matters with which Mr. Müller is concerned—namely, religion and mythology. The very reverse is the case. The credulity of savages; their explanations, neither sober nor sound, of the universe in which they find themselves are the marvel of missionaries from Charlevoix to Dr. Moffat. These explanations are treasured in the mythology of savages, which consists, from Kamtschatka to the Cape, and from Australia to Lapland, of a series of wild propositions about "gods and beasts and men." Mr. Max Müller recognizes in the essay which we are examining a similar "insanity" in the mythologies of India, Greece, and Rome. The word "insanity" is his own. "Was there," he asks, "a period of temporary insanity through which the human mind had to pass, and was it a madness identically the same in the south of India and the north of Iceland?" (i. 309). To this question we reply, certainly there was such a period of temporary insanity, as civilized philosophers count madness. Savages vary much in intellectual development, but the common characteristic of all their physical, metaphysical, and spiritual philosophy is something which certainly, to civilized men, has all the appearance of lunacy. Remains of this period of temporary insanity are freely scattered through the mythologies of the cultivated races. "The traditions of the Red Men," says a writer in Schoolcraft's Collection, "are the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid rendered into Indian." Our view would be briefly stated if we said that the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid are the traditions of Red Men, Eskimo, Ahts, Bushmen, Kanakas, Zulus, New Zealanders, Fijians, rendered into Latin. Ovid used the materials which the ancestors of Greeks and Romans, when they were in the intellectual condition of Murri and Maori, bequeathed to later religions. These materials were the expressions of savage speculations which, to modern ears, sound like insanity.

Now let us turn to Mr. Müller's theory:

Let us think [he says] of the times which could bear a Lykurgos and a Solon—which could found an Ateopagos and the Olympic games, and how can we imagine that, a few generations before that time, the highest notions of the Godhead among the Greeks were adequately expressed by the story of Uranos maimed by Kronos—of Kronos eating his children, swallowing a stone, and vomiting out alive his whole progeny. Among the lowest tribes of Africa and America we hardly find anything more hideous and revolting.

A natural and obvious explanation of Mr. Müller's difficulty is that the ancestors of the Greeks were once in the intellectual condition of the lowest tribes of Africa and of America; that they, like the Africans and Americans, found nothing incredible or revolting in the "swallowing myths," and that these myths, once admitted into tribal religion, got a hold on mythology which was never shaken off. There is nothing contrary to experience in this explanation. We know that the Athenians in their mysteries, like the Australian Maori and the African Bechuannas, daubed themselves over with bran and clay. We know that the Athenian maidens when they arrived at puberty danced the bear dance, imitating the attitudes of the bear, in the temple of Artemis, just as the daughters of the Australian Kurnai dance the bear dance now in the ceremony which admits them to the ranks of marriageable women. Harpokration, and even Liddell and Scott, indicate these savage rites under the words *ἀρουαίρειν* and *ἀρουαίρειν*. We prefer to look on the passage of the human intellect from the "temporary insanity" of savagery as one of gradual evolution. But, on Mr. Max Müller's system, man's early philosophy should have been more rational; and so Mr. Müller

has to devise a scheme by which man's original soberness and soundness were degraded to the condition in which Greeks imagined the story of Kronos and the stone, and the hideous mutilation.

Let us examine now Mr. Müller's theory of "the mythopœic period." It is hard to do this properly in a short review, where we are inevitably obliged to give a mere summary of a long process of explanation. As we understand Mr. Müller, "the mythopœic period" (i. p. 355) was "previous to any national separation" of the stocks which are spoken of as the Aryan race. Even before the separation the Aryan race was, as we may say, civilized. "They knew the arts of ploughing, of making roads, of building ships and carts, of weaving and sowing, of erecting strongholds and houses, more or less substantial. . . . They had tamed the most important domestic animals; they were acquainted with the most useful animals." Here we must explain that myths identical in grotesque and incredible hideousness with those of Greece are found among contemporary races which cannot plough or make roads, or build ships or carts, and which have few domesticated animals. We should, therefore, expect to find similar myths among the Aryans also before they could plough or sow, or tame horses or oxen. Are we to believe that the Aryans, after they were civilized, evolved myths identical with those framed by other races before they are civilized? We presume that this is Mr. Müller's theory. His explanation of Aryan mythology we may attempt to state thus:—Early language was necessarily material, or perhaps we should say physical, in its character. Breath, spirit, shadow are physical facts, and their names became names for life, soul, ghostly shade. Again, early language had "necessarily" [why?] "terminations expressive of gender"; so that the names for earth, sky, and so forth, "received, not only an individual, but a sexual character. . . . What must have been the result of this? As long as people thought in language, it was simply impossible to speak of morning or evening, of spring and winter, without giving to these conceptions something of an individual, active, sexual, and, at last, personal character." May we not ask whether language was not constructed on these principles because early man thought that all things had a personal character? Mr. Müller's view is that things acquired a personal character in obedience, on the other hand, to the terminations of early language. The Australians conceive all nature as not only gifted with sex, but arranged, like the natives, into a few families. Such notions are universal among savages. Did these notions give rise to the languages in which gender is denoted, or did the languages give rise to these notions? Leaving that part of the problem, we return to Mr. Müller's theory. All words for all nature in early language implied life, sex, personality. Here we have the germ of a story about the things of nature conceived of as persons. But "all these sayings, though mythical, are not yet myths. It is the essential character of a true myth that it should no longer be intelligible by a reference to the spoken language." This sentence, if we correctly understand Mr. Müller, contains the gist of his theory. May we state it shortly thus:—Before and after the Aryan separation a number of personal and sexual names for the things of nature, and of statements about nature, existed, and were understood. Before and after the separation the different scattered tribes evolved new terms, lost the meanings of the old names and statements, while retaining the forms, and so found themselves in possession of a number of traditional expressions which had ceased to be anything but stories or myths. This process would be facilitated by the large number of synonyms for the same object which exist, Mr. Müller says, in the more ancient languages. And thus, if our reading of Mr. Müller is correct, the figurative terms of the civilized undivided and divided Aryans became the myths of the united and separated Aryans. These myths, as we have said, contain many features identical in character with the myths of the lowest savages. We are to believe that language had lost its meaning, and that words had been converted into myths before and after the Aryan separation. If myths grew up before the separation, how long before may the process be dated? May it be carried back to a time when Aryans had not become civilized, but were still in their savage condition? If this is granted, then the Aryan myths which are identical with those of Ahts, and Bechuanas, and Murri arise from a state of mind also identical with that of low savages. Now, an investigation of the intellectual conditions of savages proves that their myths are the natural expression of their belief in magic, in the intercommunity of man's nature with the nature of animals, plants, winds, and stars, and are a statement of the results of their crude efforts at physical and metaphysical philosophy. In short, savage myths are the fiction and philosophy of a childish and unsteady intellect. That condition of the intellect is constantly being examined by students like Mr. Tylor and Sir John Lubbock; but we are not aware that their researches have anywhere discovered among human beings the stage of intellect and of language, from which Mr. Müller, in the essay we are examining, derives mythology. In that stage of language most objects have dozens of names, each "originally an appellative or predicate, expressive of what seemed at the time the most characteristic attitude of an object" (i. 376). Mr. Müller adds, "in the course of time the greater portion of these names became useless, and they were mostly replaced in literary dialects by one fixed name, which might be called the proper name of such objects." Among the innumerable races which have no literature, and no literary dialect, do we find any or many in which the sun, for example, the wind, and the dawn, have each between ten and fifty names? Do those

names get applied to other objects which happen to possess the same quality? Is there, or is there not, a body of historical evidence for this condition of language co-extensive with the distribution of myths identical in ridiculous, disgusting, and incredible character? Mr. Müller refers for examples to the Vedas (i. 377). But the Vedas are acknowledged to be the singularly artificial compositions of an age and a race which may almost be termed completely civilized. This being admitted by Sanskrit scholars, what evidence about the origin of religion or mythology can we reasonably expect to derive from the Vedas?

Mr. Müller's theory of the origin of myths presents many singular difficulties. One will instantly occur to every reader. Mr. Müller, like the later Greeks, like Pindar and Plato, and probably Homer (whose mythology is singularly pure), is horrified and astonished by the state of mind in which Greeks could believe in the mutilations and cannibalisms and bestial amours of gods. Such beliefs, when found among savages, do not, even to Mr. Müller, appear so very remarkable. Cannibal men, cruel men, men who believe in their own descent from beasts, naturally see little harm in cannibal gods, cruel gods, gods who intermarry with beasts. But it is odd, certainly, that Greeks should have had similar superstitions. Mr. Müller's explanation is that an accident, an inevitable accident, of language, degraded men, almost completely civilized, to the grovelling credulity of cannibal savages, whose ancestral heroes married wolves and musk rats, or were crabs and crayfishes. Can any unbiased student doubt that the theory which makes cannibal and bestial myths proceed from cannibal and bestial minds is more rational than that which says the myths were forced on civilized minds by a corruption of language? Or are we to aver that Ahts, and Dacotahs, Murri, and Khonds, and Kanakas, were all at one time civilized, that processes of language corrupted their mythology, and that they adopted cruel and cannibal customs, and insane beliefs about kinship with animals, that they might conform their conduct to their new religion, the religion of language in decay?

Mr. Müller's theory is so widely accepted, and has such almost undisputed sway in modern mythological speculations, that we have thought it deserving of a fresh examination. Postulating a sober condition of the primitive intellect in matters of mythology, Mr. Müller was compelled to devise a theory of degradation to account for classical mythology. That theory he based on philological facts, for which we ask a corresponding amount of evidence. But the hypothesis necessarily falls into all the perplexities of the theory which makes degradation as the rule of human evolution.

In leaving this topic we must guard ourselves against being supposed to hold that no myths arise from confusions of language. There are plenty of such examples. Again, we go on no theory of man's slow emergence from "animal brutality." We take man as we find him, in Australia, Africa, America—as perfectly human, but inordinately childish in his explanations of the universe. We maintain that it was not confusion of language which degraded Greek mythology, and, as a consequence, Greek religion and conduct, to a savagery like that of Bushmen. Savage mythology, savage religion, savage practices were the early conditions of Greek thought and behaviour, and were never completely burned away by that ardent Hellenic spirit which flamed and fell too swiftly to complete its purifying task.

FLORA HEPBURN'S MARRIAGE.*

EVERY ONE knows, if only at second hand, the disadvantages of being surrounded by a melancholy ocean. But it may be doubted whether any one is in a position to appreciate the real drawbacks of that position so fully as the critic of novels. He is perpetually surrounded by the most melancholy of oceans, an ocean of first and second books which sometimes promise more or less well, but which hardly ever perform. From what we remember of Mr. Laurence Brooke's earlier work, he is a person on whom if not exactly great expectations, at any rate expectations not wholly small, might have been founded. His *Queen of Two Worlds* showed a certain faculty of imagining or reporting character, and a certain faculty of tolerably brisk and interesting narration. *Flora Hepburn's Marriage* ought to have shown some development and expansion of these good gifts. As a matter of fact, it shows a distinct and lamentable falling off. That there is a certain repetition of the component parts of the former book does not very much matter. All our best living novelists, and some novelists of the past who were much better than any now living, have repeated themselves constantly. If the repetition is accompanied in each case by some fresh display of literary talent or some fresh evidence of observation of human nature, it may be excused, or even more or less thankfully accepted. For the creative talent is not to be had for the asking, and in default of it we must be satisfied with that which is observant and analytic.

Unluckily, *Flora Hepburn's Marriage* shows no new evidence of observation and criticism of life on Mr. Brooke's part. Nay, more, it gives, we are afraid, pretty clear evidence of much acceptance of second-hand estimates of that life, a thing altogether intolerable in novel-writing. It may seem absurd to find fault with a man for spelling Lafite with two ts, as Mr. Brooke does throughout his book, yet we have more than once noticed

* *Flora Hepburn's Marriage*. By Laurence Brooke. 3 vols. London: Tinsley & Co. 1881.

that this word is a kind of shibboleth. Besides, Mr. Brooke, not merely spells the literal Lafite with two *ts*, but his whole book is a kind of vast repetition of this blunder. Flora Hepburn is the daughter of a man of excellent family, and originally of some wealth, who has dissipated most of his means by gambling, and has been forced to retire to Leybridge, a country place where he may live cheaply. The theme of Mr. Brooke's first volume, or of most of it, is the old and well-worn one of the pettiness of country society and the rivalry of unmoneyed birth and of moneyed vulgarity therein. To handle this well needs a very sure and fine touch; and Mr. Brooke's hand is neither sure nor fine. Here is an instance. Major Hepburn, as we have said, is a middle-aged man, who has lived in the best society. The time of the book, too, is apparently about ten or twelve years ago; so that he cannot be said to be of other than the present generation. Leybridge is disturbed by the advent of two young men—a soap-boiler, or something of that sort, with a great deal of money, and a good-looking addition to the garrison who has just exchanged from a cavalry regiment. The Major is asked by a good-natured, but rather vulgar, woman to come and meet the latter, Jack Charteris, and this is what he replies:—"I regret, my dear madam, that I cannot assist at the public glorification of this young man, whose advent seems to have created such a stir in our small world. But at present my health is so indifferent that I should make a poor guest. I must beg you to excuse me. Mr. Charteris will receive so much homage that he will be able to dispense with mine." Mr. Brooke hastens to tell us that Major Hepburn's mind was a small one. But we are quite content to let the question of his capability of representing the conversation and manners of persons of Major Hepburn's class rest on this speech, which is simply an impossible one for a gentleman of the latter half of the nineteenth century. "Very sorry, Mrs. Lake, not at all well just now," the live Major would probably have said; and, if he had been very small and very spiteful, he might have added, "Daresay the young fellow will get on without me." But as for Grandisonian sentences, such as those we have just quoted, Mr. Brooke might just as well have made him speak in Japanese. So much for the Hepburn papa; this is the daughter's fashion of speech:—"Have no fear of me, papa; there is no *roturier* blood in my veins. I could keep a whole regiment at bay. No man will ever dare to be disrespectful to me." We should think not. A young woman who can talk like that would certainly put any number of nineteenth-century regiments to flight. As with the *père noble* and the heroine, so is it with the *jeune premier*. Jack Charteris, a young gentleman, and represented as exceptionally natural and unassuming, habitually expresses himself in a style of the noblest rhetoric worthy of his own great-grandfather. "I should be very happy if she would; but my acquaintance is hardly sufficient to enable me to ask her personally." This, translated from fiction into fact, is, we presume, equivalent to, "I wish she would; but, you see, I don't know her well enough." Lieutenant Charteris, however, is far from considering such a style of address proper or pleasing. Even in circumstances when most men speak naturally—that is to say, when he is making love—he retains his grandiloquence, and talks extracts from the Polite Letter-writer. We know few things which spoil the enjoyment of a novel more than this sort of stilted and unnatural talk, unless it be the unnatural and evidently secondhand portraying of character which, unfortunately, is also noticeable in *Flora Hepburn's Marriage*. A book must have a very interesting story indeed to atone for such defects.

Unluckily the story of *Flora Hepburn's Marriage* is very far indeed from being extremely interesting. Flora and the excellent Charteris begin to philander in Polite Letter-writer language at an early period, and continue as they have begun. The young woman who has nothing *roturier* about her, and who could keep a whole regiment at bay, selects as her place of pasture with her admirer a meadow with a public path through it, but fortunately they are not discovered. Charteris, being a simple person, wishes to go to papa in the proper manner, but Flora, for no wholly comprehensible reason, objects, and a great many scenes are taken up with her objections. At last they are secretly married. That the circumstances of the marriage are wholly impossible—a curate marries them in a drawing-room before two witnesses—is but a trifling matter. It seems to be part of the rite of initiation into novel-writing that the neophyte shall take an oath to ignore the existence of the first Earl of Hardwicke. As Major Hepburn immediately succeeds to a baronetcy and a fortune, the innocent reader may think that all goes smoothly. It does not—very far from it; but we are not going to spoil such fraction of story as Mr. Brooke has to tell his readers by indicating the precise nature of the roughness. Suffice it to say that Flora behaves very badly, and Charteris very foolishly, indeed in a manner which almost deserves the word imbecile, and woe comes to all parties. Under what circumstances it comes to pass that marriage again becomes possible for the lady, we need not take the trouble to explain, but Mr. Laurence Brooke has seen in the fact an occasion for a very preposterous "machine" in dealing one of those pieces of second-hand social satire which are so common nowadays, and which for his sins he evidently affects. Flora has a dream. She supposes herself to be married, and her second husband (it should be said that he has been accused of stinginess) suggests that "these things—a fête she is giving—cost an awful lot of money." Her most intimate friend, also a character of the story, comes up and asks her after her husband; the reply being, "I don't think we ever meet except on the stairs." Then her

own husband leaves her for a fortnight with a very insufficient explanation of his reasons for absence, after which the ghost of Charteris turns up, of course very unpleasantly. This dream prevents Flora from marrying, and she ends by devoting herself to good works, while her friend, Mrs. Bingham, fulfils the prophecy of the vision, and becomes a fashionable beauty—in 1870, by the way, which seems to be a slight anticipation of dates. Thereupon Mr. Brooke concludes with some unexceptionable morality:—

I must leave my reader to decide which has the happier life. Mrs. Bingham has set her heart upon perishable things. The woman who subsists upon admiration and popularity must tremble every time she looks at the glass. Her tenure of power hangs upon her beauty, and what art can prevent that from fading? At no distant date she will be supplanted by a younger and fairer rival. What torture will be hers then? To see her portraits displaced; the people who crowded round her crowding round her successor, &c. &c.

Regarded as material of "copyheads" intended for young ladies of promising looks this might indeed have some merit, but it is dull reading otherwise.

We are sorry to have to pronounce so unfavourable a judgment on a novelist who once seemed, as Mr. Brooke seemed, to promise fairly well, but it cannot be helped. *Flora Hepburn's Marriage* has an insufficient plot, and the plot is worked out with more insufficient appliances of observation and literary skill. Some of the scenes between Flora and Charteris do not lack pathos, and the strange situation of the latter, a husband and not a husband, might in the hands of a strong man have turned out well. We are afraid that Mr. Brooke is not a strong man—indeed, we are half induced to doubt his being a man at all. We have seen what he makes of professional beauties and the separate system of husband and wife. A personage not yet mentioned, Mrs. Brierwood, the women's rights advocate, is another instance of the cut-and-dried satire which is so terribly boring in a novel. "With a woman possessing your powers of penetration I am certain that to know men more intimately, will be to despise them as I do." This sentence is perhaps sufficient. So again with Verschoyle, Flora's second suitor. Mr. Brooke has taken a character which in itself is neither good nor bad, but which has capabilities, the character of an easy-going, wide-awake, and rather selfish man of the world, who has never had occasion to deny himself anything, and who rather late in middle life falls really, though not very deeply, in love. Here there is no room for cut-and-dried satire, because the features of the part are not sufficiently salient to have been made the mark of any such. Therefore, Verschoyle is simply null; a human doll who takes up so many pages of *Flora Hepburn's Marriage* and nothing more. Mr. Briggs, the *nouveau riche*, is more capable of receiving colours from Mr. Brooke's second-hand palette, and they are laid on pretty thickly. But the only character in the book which shows the least trace of real power, and this in no very marked degree, is that of Jack Charteris. He is a very improbable young man, and, as has been hinted, more than rather foolish; but as an example of amiable and honourable Quixotism there may be something to be said for him. He is, however, not strong enough to carry even a single volume on his own unaided back, let alone the regulation three, and the book is, therefore, not a little dismal. Even its absurdities are not of that daring kind which affords a certain consolation. They only go to show that the author has endeavoured to draw a picture of the daily life and speech of modern men and women without knowing how modern men and women really live and speak. It is possible that Mr. Brooke has only been unfortunate in his choice of a subject; but, if it be so, his misfortune is still great enough in all conscience.

WARREN'S TEMPLE OR TOMB.*

THERE is an apparently insuperable difficulty awaiting any one who attempts to criticize the theories or dogmas laid down by Mr. Fergusson, in that whatever arguments he may bring forward will fail to meet with the slightest attention. After all the controversy which for years past has concentrated itself upon his singular notion of the site of the Holy Sepulchre, we find Mr. Fergusson from time to time—and may count upon finding him while life lasts—coming forward again with a more dogmatic assertion of his crotchet than before, yet without the faintest indication that anything has been said on the other side. That such a controversialist should ever retreat from his declared position is never to be looked for, if only for the reason that, like Nelson, he can never see the signal. What can be the use of taking up such a challenge for the twentieth time—the challenge of a man who gives out that he "has met no one during these twenty years able or willing to discuss the matter," and that "if there is any one in this country who has taken the trouble to master the subject in all its bearings, he can only express his regret that he is not acquainted with his name"? Those whom he admits to have dabbled in the matter are summarily set aside, as failing in some particular of the manifold qualifications essential to a mastery of it. That each one in his special department concludes against Mr. Fergusson's single verdict goes for nothing. Architects, archaeologists, Talmudists, divines, students of Eastern records may come to one conclusion, only to be set aside. Lightfoot and the Rabbins have attempted

* *The Temple or the Tomb; being further Evidence of the Authenticity of the Present Site of the Holy Sepulchre, &c.* By Charles Warren, formerly in Charge of the Exploration at Jerusalem. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

the task with great industry, but "they failed for want of local knowledge and of the architectural skill necessary to solve the problem." The late Mr. Lewin was a formidable opponent. He, however, "knew nothing of architecture, and was familiar only with the classical branch of the literature of the subject." The high architectural, as well as archæological, repute of the Count de Vogüé might be supposed to entitle him to speak with some authority on a theme which he had made a special study. Mr. Fergusson goes, indeed, so far as to allow that "Count de Vogüé knows both the art and literature of the subject." That the Count should go dead against him he can only explain by his opinions being biased "by sincere devotion to his infallible Church." That the Church of Rome claimed to be infallible on matters of topography, and that she had in any way bound the faithful to a belief as to the site of the Temple or the Holy Sepulchre, may be within Mr. Fergusson's private knowledge, but is assuredly new to us. That the late Professor Willis of Cambridge was pre-eminently qualified by his knowledge both of the architecture and the historical authorities involved to give a satisfactory opinion upon the subject, would be most commonly allowed, and is admitted in express terms by Mr. Fergusson himself. But before Mr. Fergusson's theory was published Professor Willis had committed himself to an opinion as regards the Sepulchre, and, with a *naïveté* of confession which we cannot too highly commend, we are told that "it would be demanding a little too much from human nature to ask any one in his position to confess the error of his ways, and to admit the success of a rival." Another such rival of a formidable kind Mr. Fergusson had to meet in the "great American Dr. Edward Robinson." A still graver charge, however, is made to dispose of all claim in this quarter. Without even the poor excuse of religious zeal, Dr. Robinson had, it seems, been guilty of inserting two definite articles into the text of Eusebius. "He knew, of course, that he was stating what was not true." The eminent American topographer and biblical student no longer lives to defend his character, but his conclusions rest upon researches and evidences which speak for themselves, and swell the chorus of conviction to which have been since contributed the voices of explorers and inquirers like Messrs. Williams, Palmer, Besant, and the official unbiased staff of the Royal Engineers in the service of the Ordnance Survey and the Palestine Exploration Fund. Whatever minor differences divide these individual authorities, testifying to the independence of their judgment, one and all against one solitary and unsupported enthusiast give their unhesitating verdict that the Dome of the Rock was built to cover, not the Tomb of Christ, but the site of the Temple of Solomon.

In *The Temple or the Tomb* Colonel Warren, R.E., who had charge of the first party of exploration under the auspices of the Fund, surveys in ample detail, though without much systematic arrangement, the whole ground of controversy between Mr. Fergusson and his opponents. His book—made up, in part, of detached lectures upon special points herein involved, in part of notes and critical fragments, loosely strung together—is not one to be read continuously with any degree of pleasure. The facts, bits of historical evidence, biblical and historical quotations, and telling critical argumentation, which he leads to the attack are not marshalled with much strategic method, and pretend to no artistic show of array. They are hurled at the enemy's position in a highly desultory way—horse, foot, and dragoons in turn. Yet each arm must be allowed to be effective; and, though the fire may be loose and intermittent, there is scarcely a shot but tells.

In the first of the four sections of his work, on the parallel holiness of Zion and Moriah, Colonel Warren sums up briefly the historical proofs on which rests the comparative topography of the Holy City. From abundant passages out of the canonical Scriptures, supplemented by the books of the Maccabees, Josephus, and the Talmud, he makes it clear that Jerusalem, Zion, and Moriah were not interchangeable terms, but designated fixed places—the first being applied to the Holy City as a whole; the second, to the westernmost of the three main hills which made up the group, Moriah being the hill to the east, on some part of which, by universal consent, the Temple was built; the third hill to the south-west being known as the Upper City. The Ordnance levels shown in Colonel Warren's contour map prove the last of these to be the highest of the three hills, 2,470 feet above the sea, Mount Zion, originally the highest, having been cut down by the Maccabees under Simon forty or more feet to its present level, 2,430 feet above the sea. This rocky Mount of Zion may without hesitation be identified with Jebus, the original Canaanite fortress taken by Joshua, the Akra of the Septuagint and of Josephus, called also by the Jewish historian the Lower City, being, when cut down, overlooked by the upper city, or city of David, to the south of it. It thus became before Herod's time the citadel of Jerusalem. Round it Herod threw his first wall, his second wall being built upon the lines of the old wall round Zion. Some ten years after the Crucifixion the third wall was built, including the suburb north of Zion, and bringing in the still more lofty hill towards the west (2,490 feet above the sea) traditionally connected with the Holy Sepulchre. In the time of Pilate the plan of the city thus displayed an indented wall bounding Zion to the north-west, Golgotha being in the re-entering angle without the wall, past which ran the main thoroughfare from Jerusalem to Jaffa and Cæsarea. This is in entire accord with the rabbinical rule made clear by Lightfoot, that nobody should be buried within fifty cubits of the wall of a city.

The easternmost of the three original hills is by universal con-

sent known as Moriah. It is once only mentioned in Scripture as the place upon which Solomon built his Temple (2 Chron. iii. 1), though tradition in later times, if not even then, identified it with the site of Abraham's intended sacrifice. On what portion of this rocky plateau, now known as the Haram or Noble Sanctuary, stood the Temple of Solomon, and what were the dimensions of the second temple as enlarged by Herod, is the point to which all the present discussion converges. The focus of interest lies in the Sakhra, the rudely hollowed mass of unworked native rock which rises above the pavement of the noble building thence designated as the Dome of the Rock, traditionally known as the Mosque of Omar. What was this cavern in its origin? when was the building erected over it? by whom, and for what purpose? these are the questions on which Mr. Fergusson stands at bay against the entire host of his critics. This cave he maintains to be the tomb of Christ, and the vaulted building over it to have been erected in its honour by Constantine. Before him, no one is known to have questioned its having been the site selected by David. Which, then, is it, Temple or Tomb? Whatever its original use or subsequent purpose, it was clearly about the last site to have been used as a place of sepulture. It was the well-known rule with the Jews, induced by the nature of the soil, to bury their dead in *kokim*, receptacles hewn in the native rock, branching right and left from a main gallery driven into the face of a cliff or quarry, the mouth of this gallery being closed until the next occasion of interment with a slab or block of stone. Such was the case when Joseph "rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre" (Matt. xxvii. 60). In utter contrast to this is the site of the Sakhra—on the very summit of a hill; a natural fissure or crevice, not "hewn," as was Joseph's new tomb; and bearing no trace of the habitual mortuary chambers, or *kokim*. Nothing, at the same time, could be more appropriate for the purpose of a threshing-floor, to which the rock above is assigned by the traditional belief that here stood the angel who stayed the plague, the site being in consequence bought by David from Araunah, and the Temple built over it by Solomon; the highest peak of the hill being naturally chosen, that the corn might be winnowed in the breeze, and the fissure below serving for husbanding the grain. To what other cause but this sacred association with the history of David can we assign the fact that to this day, through all the vicissitudes through which the area of the Haram has passed, this hollow mass of native rock has upreared its rugged head, unprofaned by human tool, in strange contrast with the richness and splendour of the over-arching Dome and surrounding pavement, an object of veneration to Jew and Moslem alike? In later times, it is true, as told by the Arabian writer Mejr-ed-din, additional sanctity came to be attached to the rock as the spot from whence the Prophet sprang on his memorable night's journey on the back of his steed Burak. But in the self-same story we read that the same stone was recognized by Omar, the finder thereof, as the site of the Temple of David. The particulars of this history are quoted by Colonel Warren from Professor Palmer. The holiness of the spot caused it to be regarded, these authorities combine to show, as the Kiblah of all the faithful, until superseded by the Kaaba of Mecca. Here, they point out, was erected by Abd-el-Melek the octagonal building popularly, but erroneously, known as the Mosque of Omar. It is not really a mosque. Here Mr. Fergusson is unquestionably right. Neither is the rectangular building called the Mosque of Hebron. Nor is the latter properly a tomb, but in reality, as our author points out, a place of prayer, or *makam*, adjoining the cenotaphs of the prophets, as in the case of the Wells, or saints' tombs abounding in the East. So at Jerusalem the Dome of the Rock is the well, or oratory; and the Akra mosque, in which Mr. Fergusson would see the site of Solomon's Temple, is, with the other praying places in the Haram area, turned towards Mecca, while the Dome of the Rock, on account of this difference, and not because of its being, as Mr. Fergusson maintains, a tomb, has not its front towards Mecca. In the following passage Colonel Warren sums up briefly the leading points which he has to make good, and which he proceeds to fortify in abundant detail:—

1. That all local indications, all historical accounts, all Christian, Jewish, and Moslem traditions, prove that the Temple of Herod extended from the West Wall of the Noble Sanctuary to the east, from the south wall to the north of the Dome of the Rock platform.
2. That the Dome of the Rock was within the Temple area, and therefore could not have been the sepulchre.
3. That there could not have been ordinary tombs about the site of the Dome of the Rock.
4. That the Dome of the Rock is not a building of the time of Constantine.
5. That Constantine never built any dome over the Holy Sepulchre.
6. That no transference of sites is possible in this case, the historical accounts being so continuous.
7. That Arculf's plan (made in A.D. 680, before the asserted transference) closely resembles the present Holy Sepulchre, and is entirely unlike the Dome of the Rock.
8. That the site of the Sakhra is that which was uncovered by Omar, that it is the traditional site of the Temple among the Jews, and that the Dome of the Rock was built by Abd el Melek.
9. That the present Holy Sepulchre is that which Constantine uncovered, according to all accounts and traditions.

Though all evidence points to the Temple having crowned the summit of Moriah, Mr. Fergusson's theory huddles it away into what our author on comparison of levels calls a hole. The area of Herod's building with its precincts is made to shrink from the magnificent proportions of Josephus to a square of six hundred

feet or less, measured from the south-west angle of the Haram, whereas there is no fact more certain than that the wall of Solomon extended the whole length of the southern face, it being upon the huge foundation course of the east wall that the inscription in old Phœnician letters was found. That the Temple buildings ranged to the north of the Dome of the Rock is made clear by the discovery of the fosse partly filled up by Pompey, and by the identification of the site of the gate Tadi in the northern wall, stoutly denied by Mr. Fergusson, though spoken of in the Middoth. In his dogmatic assertion that the Dome of the Rock was built by Constantine, the only erection of Abd-el-Melek having been the Mosque-el-Aksa, marking the site of the Jewish Temple, he is flatly contradicted by a letter written to the Caliph, quoted by Mesara. Besant and Palmer, speaking of the building of the Dome of the Rock and the Mosque separately as now complete. It is his way to make light of authorities opposed to him, never hesitating, where necessary, to "correct" the figures of Josephus or to "do violence" to the text of Scripture. Contemptuous of tradition as he shows himself to be when in opposition to him, he is so eager to fortify his view of the Dome of the Rock as a tomb as to hamper his theory with the astounding idea that here was the burial-place of David and the early kings. We are to believe that in the sepulchre of David, of which St. Peter speaks as then well known (Acts ii. 29), burial was accorded to one crucified as a malefactor. Hardly less rash can we consider his challenge that, if the Dome of the Rock was not the work of Constantine, "the whole of our architectural science is an illusion." Happily there are architects distinguished in the practice no less than the science of their profession to maintain, as Colonel Warren amply sets forth, that in plan and design the structure is strictly Saracenic, largely indeed made up of materials from the spoils of Constantine's magnificent structures, the pillars round the Dome, for example, being of various marbles, and both capitals and bases differing in pattern and dimension.

With no less clearness and force Colonel Warren draws out the testimony of history and topography to the authenticity of the site traditionally assigned to the Holy Sepulchre. It is *a priori* equally hard to conceive that a spot so hallowed should have passed away from the recollection of the first Christians, as that at a later date a change should, either by fraud or lapse of memory, have come over the popular belief. But this presumption is as nothing in comparison with the weighty proofs which our author is able to adduce from his careful survey of the site by the light of historical notices the most varied and authentic. Eusebius, who was present at the dedication of Constantine's church, which took the place of the Temple of Venus, built doubtless by the Romans in derision of the sacred spot, speaks of the preparation of the site, and its relation to the magnificent range of buildings designed by the Emperor, extending eastwards to the Temple Mount. The direction of Constantine's church, still to be traced by the foundations, is in a line exactly at right angles with the Haram wall. The testimony of the Bordeaux pilgrim, A.D. 333, of St. Cyril, A.D. 347, and of St. Jerome, who lived at Jerusalem, A.D. 400, comes in to the same effect. Whatever proof might have been adduced by the architecture of the fane itself has been hopelessly set aside by its total demolition under Chosroes the Persian. The like fate befell the second church built upon its ruins by Modestus, A.D. 629, and described by Arculf, who visited it in 680, whose plan is of supreme importance for the entire topography of the Holy City. Thrice burnt and rebuilt during the eighth and ninth centuries, the group of churches over and round the Holy Sepulchre were again totally destroyed under the mad Kaliph el Hakim, A.D. 1010. The church now existing, built in the main by the patriarch Nicephorus, A.D. 1048, modified by the Crusaders, extensively damaged by fire in 1808, and subjected to alteration as lately as 1867, when the Dome, partly open, was entirely covered in, has of course nothing save the site in common with the original memorial building of Constantine. But no impartial student can, we feel assured, lay down Colonel Warren's able work without being convinced that the site has, at all events, been identified beyond doubt.

MINOR NOTICES.

MRS. COMYNS CARR proves by her volume called *A Story of Autumn* (1) that the art is not lost of composing out of the simplest materials a story which shall be really interesting and charming, without any hint of "sensationalism," over-sentimentality, or fine writing. The "Story of Autumn" is told by a certain Miss Craven, daughter of the aged Rector of Firley, to one of the girls living hard by, to whom she has constantly been kind. This girl, full of some little love grief, goes for comfort to her old friend, and presently says to her:—

"What was it that happened when you were young, Miss Craven?"

"Many things, child, many things."

"Ah, yes; but one thing I mean. Won't you tell me?"

She mused. "There's great comfort in thoughts of another's happiness," said she.

"Yes," I answered doubtfully.

"Ah, that will not come to yet awhile, Kate. But be patient," replied this old maid, who, of all old maids, has ever seemed to me the most patient herself.

"You and I have both made a mistake," she went on, "but the mistake's end was only the necessary consequence of the beginning. Kate, if things had happened as we wished, may be we should have been less happy than we are now. That seems poor fun, eh, child! and I forget that you have no 'have been' yet. Well, well, if you should chance to be an old maid when you come to my age, dear, think of what I say now, and I am sure you will not be an unhappy one."

Then follows the story, which the supposed narrator tells in the third person, since, as she says, "there was so little of the 'I' about her (Miss Craven) that I can never think of her as talking of herself." The story is, as we have hinted, of the simplest possible kind, and the more credit is due to the author for having made it one of the most attractive little volumes that we have read for a long time. The attraction lies in a combination of qualities which are by no means too common among story-writers. The story is told as simply and directly as it is imagined, there is no attempt at mystification, and no pauses for the writer to pose as a moralist. The characters explain themselves, and are drawn with a light yet firm hand. The style, easy and pleasant, has a character of its own without a touch of affectation, and for once the self-sacrifice which women authors are too much given to glorifying indiscriminately seems the only natural and proper thing for a girl like Miss Craven to do. We must not close our notice of an excellent little volume without a word of praise for the descriptions.

A very interesting account by Mr. Nicholson of the Roman Villa near Brading, in the Isle of Wight (2), has been reprinted from the pages of the *Antiquary*. The volume is very well got up, and is illustrated by capital photographs.

People who know and share Peacock's dislike of the Learned Friend and the Steam Intellect Society may at first sight look with some disapprobation on a volume of patches from the *Spectator* (3). But they will, perhaps, remember that many readers of the present day would recoil in dismay from the volumes of the *Spectator* unless they should chance to be lured on to them by the volume of selections which we are now considering. They will also recognize the fact that no one could be better fitted than Mr. J. R. Green for the task of compiling such a volume, and, finally, they will certainly read Mr. Green's Introduction with interest and pleasure.

The comparatively early death of the late Dr. Appleton deprived the English world of letters of a very earnest devotee of literature, and of what is perhaps rarer, a capable organizer of literary work. The fragments here given of Dr. Appleton's own work (4) may not give the highest idea of his powers, but in truth those powers did not in such work find their appropriate field of operation. The *Academy*, and the memories of the numerous friends which the *Academy* gathered round its editor, are really his chief monuments, and of both of these the Life prefixed to this volume gives account, much of it being composed of contributed "remembrances." Dr. Appleton had a very high ideal of the standard which a literary journal ought to maintain, and he thought, perhaps rather hastily, that that standard might be best maintained by adopting the Continental practice of signed articles. In its earlier form at least the *Academy* was a remarkable publication. Personally its editor was extremely and deservedly popular with those who knew him, and this volume, though in form it might have been more attractive, does him no more than justice.

To the Calendar of the Incorporated Law Society for the current year (5) is prefixed a carefully arranged account of the origin of the Society, and of its progress towards its present position, with a review of its past doings.

Messrs. Browne and Theobald's useful volume (6) contains the statutes relating to railways in England, with notes of the cases decided up to November in last year. The whole subject has been comprehensively and carefully treated, and an excellent index has been made by Mr. Montague Lush.

The thirteenth annual volume of Crockford's *Clerical Directory*, for 1881 (7), has been issued.

We have also to note the eleventh issue of the smaller *Clergy Directory* (8).

The *Medical Register* for the current year (9) appears considerably earlier than has hitherto been the case, and there are various important improvements in the latest and carefully revised issue, among which we may specially notice the useful reference table which will be found in p. 68 and the greater clearness of type.

Herr Sachs's German Grammar (10) opens with a fair promise

(2) *A Descriptive Account of the Roman Villa near Brading, Isle of Wight*. Reprinted from "The Antiquary," by Cornelius Nicholson. London: Elliot Stock.

(3) *Essays of Joseph Addison*. Chosen and Edited by John Richard Green. London: Macmillan & Co.

(4) *Dr. Appleton; his Life and Literary Relics*. By J. H. Appleton, M.A., and A. H. Sayce, M.A. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(5) *The Incorporated Law Society's Calendar for the Year 1881*. Published by the Authority of the Incorporated Law Society.

(6) *The Law of Railway Companies*. By J. H. Balfour Browne and H. S. Theobald. London: Stevens & Sons.

(7) *Crockford's Clerical Directory for 1881*. Thirteenth Issue. London: Horace Cox.

(8) *The Clergy Directory and Parish Guide, 1881*. London: Thomas Bosworth.

(9) *The Medical Register, 1881*. London: Printed for the General Medical Council, at Her Majesty's Printing Office; and published and sold for the Council by Spottiswoode & Co.

(10) *Sachs's German Conversational Grammar*. London: Whittingham & Co.

(1) *A Story of Autumn*. By Mrs. Comyns Carr, Author of "North Italian Folk." London: Remington & Co.

in the preface. He gives it as his opinion, and we entirely agree with him, that the natural way of learning a foreign language is to learn first to speak, then to write, it. In pursuance of this theory he has written this Conversational Grammar, to the opening pages of which we turned with pleasant anticipations after reading the preface. We were not a little surprised to find that Herr Sachs's boasted natural method is a simple variation upon our old enemy Ollendorff. Here are a few examples from one of the earliest "Reading Exercises":—"The brother is tall," "The uncle is happy," "The hat of the uncle is small." As we get a little further on we find that "He is politer than you," and that "(The) Lead is dearer than (the) iron"; while towards the end of the course we find ourselves proudly announcing that "We know already the declension of (the) proper names. It is not so very difficult." We are almost weary of protesting against the monstrous folly of sticking to this antiquated fashion of trying to teach languages, but it will be admitted that this is a glaring instance, since from the preface one might think that the work was a sort of expanded Prendergast.

The eighth volume of the "Hundred Greatest Men" (11) Series is devoted to "inventors, discoverers, and philanthropists," and includes the names of Gutenberg, Columbus, Pallas, Franklin, Montgolfier, Howard, Arkwright, Watt, and Stephenson. Professor Fiske has written a commendably brief introduction to the volume.

A second edition has appeared of Wigram's *Justices' Note-Book* (12). The work has been corrected and revised up to December last, and an index has been added.

It is hardly necessary to say a word as to the great value of the *Foreign Office List* (13), the fifty-fourth issue of which we have received.

We have also to note the issue of the *India List* for 1881 (14).

In the present year *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage* (15) reaches its 168th year of publication. Certain changes, all of which are for the better, have been made in the typographical arrangements; and it is worth while to note the increased difficulties of revision spoken of by the editor in his modest preface. One very interesting addition will be found in p. 731, on which are given the arms, lineage, &c., of Charles Colmore Grant, seventh Baron de Longueuil of Longueuil in the Province of Quebec, Canada, creation 1700. On this Dr. Mair has the following note:—"The undermentioned Feudal Barony is entirely exceptional, and is the only Canadian hereditary title existing. The Patent of Nobility, signed by King Louis XIV., granting this title to Charles le Moyne for distinguished services, is remarkable for creating, not only a Territorial Barony, but also conferring a title of honour upon himself and his descendants, whether male or female. The cession of Canada to England, by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, made no change in the legal right to hold honours; since this period each successive head of the family has, by assumption of right, used the title; but it was not officially recognized by the British Government until December 4th, 1880."

The fifth volume of the new and complete edition of Mr. Bret Harte's works (16) contains several short stories, among them "Jeff Briggs's Love-Story," which we take to be in the writer's happiest vein, and also contains the well-known parodies called "Condensed Novels."

The *Star of the Fairies* (17) is a prettily-told fairy story, which is further remarkable for some of the most preposterous efforts in the way of illustration that have ever been given to an astonished world.

The style and quality of Mr. Wildings' attempts in verse-writing may be judged from the fact that one of his pieces is headed "Study in White and Blood" (18). Among many objections to a silly little volume, which had better not have been published, we may note that the writer's notions of rhythm and scansion are, to say the least of it, primitive; and that, choosing *Faust* for one of his subjects, and seeming by the introduction of Margaret to keep to Goethe's version, he writes in the apparently sincere belief that Faust is damned at the end of the play.

A *Death-Ring* (19) is a story which, with some obvious mistakes, has a good deal of freshness and invention. The notion of a highly-born, highly-educated, and highly-bred gentleman taking up, through stress of want, the profession of head detective to a private inquiry office is, if somewhat incongruous, at least to some extent novel; and the idea is worked out by the author with considerable skill and tact. It is of course necessary to represent the

office, and the way in which its affairs are managed, in a light somewhat different from the real one; and it is also necessary to ignore, or to keep carefully out of sight, all the meaner side of the calling which Aubrey Delaware has adopted. Nor perhaps is his manner of adopting it the most natural that could be imagined. He and his mother (who, by the by, is a very fascinating old lady) were struggling with the bitterest poverty, in consequence of the sudden and harsh injustice of an old uncle who had during his early youth spoiled him to the top of his bent; and, in the midst of their distress, the mother fell ill and Aubrey could get no work. "One night I went out desperate. I had come to the last gasp, and for the morrow knew not literally where to turn. I knew that evening what despair means, if I never did before—felt it, realized it." Then, standing in a dreamy, half-stupified state on a bridge, he heard an eager conversation between two men. "The fellow," said one, "has forged and got off with a pocket-book worth thousands to me. You can't trace him or it. I tell you, Polmark, I would this moment chance five pounds down to any man who would hunt it out." I heard that. I was my own self-possessed self directly. I turned round, and said coolly, 'Put your affair into my hands, gentlemen, and I will find you both pocket-book and forger within a short time. Pay my expenses only, because I am too hard up to do so myself. I will claim nothing more until I get the book, Mr. Polmark, of course I know your name. More than I do yours,' he said, scanning me sharply. 'Are you a detective?' 'By nature,' I answered, bowing. 'I don't want to interfere with your work; employ me.' The other man laughed very much at my cool assurance. 'Odd encounter, faith,' he said. 'Chance it all, Polmark. Give this gentleman-detective of nature the job, and I'll chance my five pounds. 'I don't believe'—he had been watching my face all the time—that he will cheat us. Take his offer, Polmark. Your present staff have failed.'" This odd, and if improbable not ill-invented story is, at a certain stage of the tale of *A Death-Ring*, told by its hero, Aubrey Delaware, to Olive Vernon, a well-born young lady who has also for the moment taken up the detective line, not for money, but to oblige her uncle, and who listens to Delaware's adventure with "eyes fixed on his face all this time, actually glowing with eager interest, filled with tears." One result of this can of course be readily enough foreseen; but many things have to be done and endured before this is arrived at. The particular motive which induces Mr. Mordaunt, Olive's uncle, to go to Mr. Polmark and engage Delaware, and subsequently to take the rather remarkable step of engaging his favourite niece as a private detective under the orders of Delaware, is a burning desire to discover the murderer of Olive's dead brother Sidney, a task which the Government police and detectives have failed to accomplish. The murder had been committed in a somewhat singular fashion, which may be left to readers to find out for themselves, and there was good enough excuse for the ordinary detectives not finding the clue which the brilliant intellect of the heroic Aubrey at once lighted upon. One thing Delaware finds out almost immediately, that he has to search, if his idea is the right one, for an Englishman with snake-like eyes, a large nose, a mole under his ear, and a possible taste for chemistry. He does not know either where to look for him, or whether, if he finds him, he will have any chance of bringing home to him the crime which he suspects him to be guilty of. The really exciting events which follow from this beginning are compressed—would that all novels were so compressed—into two thin volumes, which also contain a very ingenious, and in its way no less exciting, under-plot about Olive Vernon's living brother and a beautiful girl with whom he falls in love, and with whose union with him there seems for a time to be a fatal barrier. The story is one which can be confidently recommended to amuse an idle hour.

The Calendar of the Mason Science College, Birmingham (20), contains, together with full information as to the College and its classes, an account which was certainly worth preserving of the opening ceremony in October last, and the address delivered by Professor Huxley.

Mr. O'Byrne has compiled a very interesting little volume (21) which chronicles the various deeds of bravery in many parts of the world which have earned for their doers the valued distinction of the Victoria Cross.

Mr. Lodge has translated, evidently as a labour of love, and in the first instance with a view merely to his own instruction, Winckelmann's well-known *History of Ancient Art* (22), to which he has prefixed a Life of Winckelmann, which one almost regrets not to have in a more handy form. We can for the present at least do no more than chronicle the appearance of a work of this character and extent.

A new edition has appeared of Mrs. Oliphant's *The Makers of Florence* (23), which was reviewed at length in these columns when it first came out some three years ago.

(20) *The Mason Science College, Birmingham, Calendar for the Session 1880-1881*. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers.

(21) *The Victoria Cross: an Official Chronicle of the Deeds of Personal Valour achieved in the Presence of the Enemy from the Institution of the Order in 1856 to 1880*. Edited by Robert W. O'Byrne. London: Allen & Co.

(22) *The History of Ancient Art*. Translated from the German of John Winckelmann. By G. Henry Lodge, M.D. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(23) *The Makers of Florence*. By Mrs. Oliphant. Third and Cheaper Edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

(11) *Portrait Collection of the Hundred Greatest Men*. Vol. VIII. Industry. With an Introduction by Professor John Fiske. London: Sampson Low and Co.

(12) *The Justices' Note-Book*. By W. Knox Wigram. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Son.

(13) *The Foreign Office List*, 1881. Compiled by Sir Edward Hertslet, C.B. Fifty-fourth Publication. London: Harrison.

(14) *The India List*, 1881. London: Allen.

(15) *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Titles of Courtesy*, 1881. Edited by Robert Mair, LL.D. London: Dean & Son.

(16) *The Complete Works of Bret Harte*. Collected and Revised by the Author. Vol. V. Stories and Condensed Novels. London: Chatto & Windus.

(17) *The Star of the Fairies*. By Mrs. C. W. Elphinstone Hope. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(18) *Songs of Passion and Pain*. By Ernest Wilding. London: Newman & Co.

(19) *A Death-Ring*. By Edith Stewart-Drewry. 2 vols. London: Mour & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE ASSASSINATION OF THE CZAR.

THE murder of the CZAR has at last been accomplished. After three failures within two years a fourth attempt has been made, and has proved successful. Last Sunday the CZAR was returning from a military review, and had paid a visit to his sister. He was driving along a canal, when a bomb was thrown which shattered his carriage and wounded some of his attendants. The assassin was immediately seized, and the CZAR was unhurt. He got out of his carriage to look to the wounded, although he was pressed to drive off at once to his palace. He had hardly alighted when some one close to him threw a second bomb, which inflicted mortal wounds on the CZAR and is thought to have killed the person who had thrown it. The CZAR died an hour or two afterwards. About twenty people were killed or injured by the two explosions. The thrower of the first bomb is supposed to have made revelations, and, at any rate, the police have made arrests of persons indisputably connected with the plot, and have discovered that a mine has been dug under the roadway by which the CZAR habitually drives from the Winter Palace. Everything reveals the fixed determination of a number of perfectly reckless conspirators, who were resolved that if the CZAR did not die in one way he should die in another, who were perfectly willing to die in killing him, and who were entirely indifferent as to the number of persons whom they might kill at the same time. Except that it has been successful the attempt is exactly like the previous attempts of the Nihilists at assassination. As before, the police were warned that a new attempt was to be made, and, as before, the police could not see what was going on under their eyes. It is not wonderful that the police should not detect a person who carries a bomb in his pocket and is going to explode it. The assassin who was arrested is said to have had a spare bomb in his pocket, which was found on him. These engines seem to have been cunningly and scientifically constructed, and thus contrast remarkably with the clumsy infernal machine more recently used without effect at the Mansion House. If the police cannot find out who are making bombs in Russia, or cannot stop their introduction into the country, they cannot possibly prevent their being used by any one who is ready to use them before he is arrested. But some of these bombs have got into the hands of such persons as are known to a considerable number of persons in different parts of Europe, although it is unknown to the police of the capital where they are being kept at hand until the time comes. Even if the bombs could not be traced beforehand, it is very strange that a mine should be dug in the immediate neighbourhood of a palace without the police having any suspicion of what was going on. It may be added that, as before, the assassin who was arrested turns out to be a man of some education and position. He was a student in the School of Mines, and was quite a young man. All these things must be taken into consideration when the import of this tragical event is to be calculated. It must be accepted that, with the murderous appliances which modern science has devised, a sovereign cannot long escape if persons of a particular sort determine to kill him. But these persons must be of a particular sort. That they should be willing to die and pitiless of the fate of innocent bystanders gives them no special character.

Most assassins go as far as this. They must also have some motive so deeply felt as to make them not only combine, but persist in combination. They must have money at their disposal, and official friends who, consciously or unconsciously, help or screen them. They must be persons of education and intelligence; and they must be persons whose presence in the place where the attempt is to be made seems natural—that is, they must be in such a position as that of a student of mines, and not in that of the poorer sort of Poles, who might wish to kill the CZAR, but who would never be allowed to hang about St. Petersburg. All these conditions appear to be fulfilled by the Russian Nihilists; but the Russian Nihilists must be very exceptional people to fulfil them.

All Europe has rung with the indignation, horror, and pity which this act of extreme audacity and wickedness was sure to provoke. Every Court has gone into mourning, every people has sent messages of sympathy to the family of the victim. The English Parliament has voted appropriate messages of condolence to the QUEEN and the Duchess of Edinburgh. The first thing for the civilized world to express the natural feelings of humanity. But when this has been done, the question is sure to force itself on general attention how there happen to be such exceptional people as Russian Nihilists, and what is the motive which is strong enough to make such persons combine, and go on combining, until, after three desperate attempts at the murder of a Sovereign, they at last succeed. There are many causes which impel men to become assassins that are intelligible. It is easy to understand how foolish, wrongheaded, half-mad people try to kill a king to gain notoriety. Others, again, like the Pole who tried to kill the CZAR at Paris, may think that they and those dearest to them have suffered great wrongs, and wish to exercise personal vengeance on the wrongdoer. Others, again, like ORSINI, may wish to punish a sovereign for not having adopted a particular line of policy, or may hope that, even if he escapes, when his life is attempted, he may be frightened into adopting the policy which they wish to see him adopt. But the Nihilists do not appear to have wished to kill the CZAR because he personally had done anything they thought to be very wrong, or because there was some definite thing which they wanted him or his successor to do. If the reports of their views which have been published may be trusted, they wished to kill the CZAR simply because he was the CZAR, because he was a sovereign, and among sovereigns was conspicuous as having more of the power of sovereignty than any other sovereign. A meeting appears to have been held at New York in which a Russian and a German addressed an assembly of Socialists, and calmly approved the crime of St. Petersburg as calculated to impress on the world the great doctrine that all sovereigns must die. That it cannot possibly do any good to kill one sovereign when he is immediately succeeded by another, and that the immediate effect of the odious act of assassinating a sovereign is to make the mass of mankind cling more fondly to royalty, is perfectly true, but the Nihilists and their friends seem to be quite deaf to it. The real origin of those attacks on sovereigns is probably that there is a large amount of discontent in modern society; that long habit and old traditions shape this discontent into secret societies; and that these societies, in order to avoid falling to pieces, must do something. It seems to be a law of the existence of secret

societies that action, however useless, must follow conspiracy. The standing organized police, and the right feeling of the societies make action on a large scale impossible. Action must be the action of individuals, and individuals cannot do anything more striking, dramatic, and encouraging to discontented persons than to kill a sovereign. In Russia, where the discontent is great, where the attractions of conspiracy are very strong to half-educated minds, and where the greatness of the CZAR is always present to every one, it is the CZAR whose death seems the most conspicuous end that those who long to act can achieve.

Speculation has already been busy, both within Russia and without it, as to what effects on the policy of Russia this murder of ALEXANDER II. will carry with it. But if the Nihilists have killed his father neither because he did something which they very much disliked, nor in order to get a policy adopted on which they had set their hearts, there seems no especial reason why the new CZAR should be impelled to do anything which he would not have done if his father had died a natural death. Whatever he does—whether he grants reforms or withholds them, whether he makes war or preserves peace, whether he pushes forward the boundaries of his Empire or keeps them as they are, he must equally take his chance of being killed in his turn, merely because he is the CZAR. If, therefore, the influence of the murder is set aside, the new CZAR can only do what any new CZAR would do. He may have some personal views or wishes, but in the main he must be guided by the traditional policy of his country, and by the present needs of his people. ALEXANDER III. may not be as closely tied by the bonds of affection to the German Royal family as his father was; but he cannot leave out of sight the permanent interests of Russia when he thinks what a friendly, if not intimate, alliance with Germany is worth to him. He may make some changes in the political system of Russia, and the Russian papers have ventured, or have been directed, to assume that he will do so; but it is Russia and the Russians with whom he has to deal, and he can only make such changes as Russia and the Russians are forward enough to endure with advantage. The burden of the Empire that has fallen on him is frightfully heavy; and not only must he bear it, but the way in which he must bear it is fixed for him within narrow limits of divergence. It may be possible to under-estimate, but it is very easy to exaggerate, the difference which the accession of a new sovereign can make in a country like Russia.

URGENCY IN SUPPLY.

A CONSIDERABLE party defeat always throws the party defeated into a condition of fretful explanation, and it is not to be wondered at that the vote of last Monday night has had this effect on the supporters of the present Ministry. According to the conditions of the urgency vote, the nominal majority of rather more than eighty which Mr. GLADSTONE obtained was in reality equal to a minority of more than a hundred, each Aye being for the purpose equal to but a third of a No. The subsequent events of the evening must, however, have been even more irritating to the extreme partisans of the Government than the vote itself. Not merely Conservatives, but even Irishmen, removed their obstructive motions with polite readiness. A considerable number of votes were taken with only the usual minute cavilling from professed estimate-critics, and at the close of the night rather more business had been done than is at all usual on such occasions, though not so much as might have been done had the Government been ready with it. Subsequent days were equally profitable. This rapidity, so inexplicable on the alarmist suppositions which had induced Mr. GLADSTONE to propose that the House should put itself in irons at the very moment when it is supposed to possess and to require most liberty, has thrown the before-mentioned partisans into a paroxysm of paradoxical excuse. The impression which seems to have obtained in the provinces—Mr. GLADSTONE's favourite source of political wisdom—that his motion was a "bogus" one, intended to get rid of the awkwardness of demanding urgency for coercion only, may be dismissed as the offspring of maladroit zeal. If Ministers get through their business in time, as they appear likely to do, "the practical object of declaring urgency," we are told, "will have been fully

"obtained." It seems to escape these ingenious arguers that everybody wishes for the attainment of the object; the only difference of opinion is as to the choice of the means. The process of roasting, to use the old parallel, can be equally effected by burning the house down and by making use of the ordinary fire and spit; the question is whether it is worth while to adopt the more expensive method.

To put, however, these ebullitions of a very natural pique aside, there can be no doubt that the refusal of the Opposition to grant urgency on Monday was justified. The grounds of that refusal may be said to have been double, or rather treble, two being peculiar to the occasion, and one of a general character. That urgency and Supply are things which should be kept apart as much as possible is perhaps the weightiest argument of all. But, from the merely practical point of view, the arguments applicable to the particular case probably deserve to have precedence, and precedence was accordingly assigned to them in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Manifesto. This Manifesto was of itself an evidence of the needless and unnatural restrictions which the state of urgency imposes. The vote, when it is demanded, must be granted or refused without discussion; and thus the leader of the Opposition has no means of explaining his attitude except by addressing the astonished electors of North Devon; while the PRIME MINISTER has no means of reply except by the aid of a little comedy got up between himself and an independent member who "wants to know." The points handled in this roundabout fashion are, however, sufficiently clear. The first question is, Had the conduct of the Government in relation to business been such as to deserve the assistance which they demanded? the second, Was that assistance necessary for the due accomplishment of the business of the country? The first question can hardly be answered except in the negative by any person who has not made up his mind beforehand. By the shilly-shally about the Arms Bill, which involved the dropping and revoting of urgency, and the consequent loss of much valuable time; by omitting on more than one occasion to take business for which an opportunity presented itself; and, above all, by going out of their way to irritate the Irish members, and thereby to embitter and prolong their opposition, the Ministry have been guilty of something more than contributory negligence in regard to the present state of affairs. But it may be granted at once that mere irritation at this conduct and at the insufficient return made by it for the unwavering abstinence of the Opposition from any factious use of their powers would not have justified the refusal of urgency if the public business required it. It is, however, exactly this point which is most in debate. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, whose experience and business-like aptitude are not denied by anybody, asserts that public business does not require it; Mr. GLADSTONE, a greater authority, but a somewhat less disinterested one, asserts that it does. To examine the minute points of date and detail on which this dispute turns would be out of place here. It is sufficient to say that Mr. GLADSTONE's denial admittedly depends upon two propositions; one, that there ought not to be Saturday sittings at this period of the Session; and the other, that the House of Lords cannot be expected to sit on Wednesday. Considering that but a week or so ago the House of Lords did sit on Wednesday for the convenience of Mr. GLADSTONE and his Government, the argument cannot be congratulated on its strength, though it has of course served those who cannot forgive that House for being wiser than themselves as an occasion of railing. But, weak as it is, it probably yields in imbecility to the argument about Saturday sittings. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, it is a less evil to fetter the privileges of the House of Commons and to limit the immemorial freedom of discussion in reference to Supply than to oblige members to give up an afternoon or Ministers to hold Cabinet Councils an hour or two earlier or an hour or two later than usual. This is the argument of the house and the spit over again. The spit is rusty, and it would take a little trouble to make it turn. The house can be set on fire by the spurt of a match.

The real inconveniences of the granting of urgency in Supply are, however, much greater than these particular and incidental arguments show. The Government might be wholly guiltless. There might actually be scant time for compliance with precedent or statute as to the time of voting money, and yet it might seem wise to hesitate about this new innovation. It may

be admitted that the constitutional objection seems on the face of it pedantic. But, as in a good many other things which have the same appearance, there is a fund of solid reason in it. True, the traditional jealousy of Ministers of the Crown has entirely lost its original justifications. But it is not certain that it has not acquired others of equal force in losing these. A conspiracy of a Minister with the Crown against the people is impossible; a conspiracy of a Minister with the people, in a moment of intoxication, against their own true interests is exceedingly possible. All obstacles in the way of the success of such a conspiracy chafe the modern Radical, and his most outspoken mouthpieces openly declare that the machinery of Parliamentary government must be altered entirely. That machinery is not sufficiently powerful for swift destruction, and it must be made more powerful. If only for this consideration, too strenuous opposition can hardly be offered to the removal of the salutary checks now existing. But there is more to be said than this. A hold upon supply is of greater value to an Opposition than any other of the drags they possess. The cure of the Estimates and of the means of providing for them is the least welcome, but at the same time the most necessary, part of a Minister's business. They must be attended to; they are of the first importance, and yet they bring him in most cases little credit; they can have nothing directly to do with his pet political projects, and, by their subdivision into minute parts, each of which can be criticized and objected to, they present innumerable handles for the enemy. Hence every Minister, no matter what his politics may be, would like to hurry over the Estimates. But he cannot, because he can by no possibility do without them. The House has in them exactly the same check on him that it had of old on personal government by the Crown. Mr. GLADSTONE of course denies, as he has a perfect right to do, that his desire is to get "the cream of the Session" for party work. It has been thought a pertinent reply to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to ask whether the Irish Land Bill is party work. It is no part of our business to put arguments in Sir STAFFORD'S mouth, but he certainly would run little risk in boldly replying that it is. No Land Bill would have been required at all but for the party measure carried by Mr. GLADSTONE ten years ago. None would probably be required now if his Government had shown proper firmness on their accession to office, and none is at all likely to be either proposed or passed which is not much more of a party than of a national measure. Even this consideration, however, does not exhaust the matter. The danger which has been over and over again insisted upon, the danger of this perpetual dram-drinking of urgency on the part of the House, is more than ever present in such a case as this, where it is asked to adopt urgency in reference to its most ordinary business, and, moreover, to that particular kind of business to which, both according to reason and according to precedent, urgency is least applicable. That 296 Liberal members should have been found to vote in favour of the surrender of what on all Liberal theories of government, as distinguished from Democratic-despotic ones, is the most important of all the privileges of the House, will always remain a striking instance of the mechanical condition to which wide suffrage, caucuses, and a fanatical devotion to a particular leader can reduce a majority.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

THE course of proceeding which might be adopted by the obstructive faction during the conduct of ordinary business was watched with anxious curiosity. The offenders had nothing to gain by interrupting debate and legislation, except as far as injury to Parliament may be deemed an advantage to themselves. It was possible to pretend that their shameless obstinacy was suggested by insuperable objection to the protection of life by extraordinary methods, or to the disarmament of the Irish population. It would have been difficult to devise excuses for interference with the progress of Supply or with the annual measures which it is necessary to pass; but it would have been hasty to assume that obstruction might not be removed, because it would be irrational as well as mischievous. Agitators cannot often afford to suspend the operations which prevent their existence from being forgotten. The ulterior object of making their presence in the House

of Commons intolerable to their English and Scotch colleagues might also, perhaps, in their opinion be promoted by a continuance of their recent proceedings. In the meantime they probably regard with unqualified satisfaction the restrictions which have in consequence of their conduct been imposed on freedom of discussion. The consideration which has perhaps for the moment inclined them to moderate counsels may be the hope of an alliance with the extreme section of the Liberal party in and out of Parliament. As Mr. SHAW, Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY, and other rational Irishmen, have repeatedly explained, the managers of the Land League have deeply injured the cause which they professed to support. The same persons have perhaps excited still more general indignation by their ostentatious defiance of decency and good order in the House of Commons. It was possible to deny or to explain the connexion of the Land League with murderous outrage and intolerable tyranny; and English demagogues were not unwilling to accept and repeat the excuses of Irish agitators. The record of obstruction in the daily reports was forced on the knowledge of the whole community; and it was not illogically inferred that the enemies of Parliamentary freedom were also tyrants and oppressors at home. If the little faction which has so long defied the great majority of the House henceforth abstain from wilful waste of time, their differences with the ultra-Radicals may perhaps be removed. It would not be necessary for their purpose that they should withdraw their outrageous abuse of Mr. FORSTER, or that their female confederates on platforms should retract the remarkable statement that Quaker and liar have now become synonymous terms.

The practical operation of the coercive measures cannot be immediately ascertained. It is satisfactory to learn that the Government has at once used the weapons which were placed in its hands by arresting a certain number of persons known to be guilty of agrarian or treasonable offences. The leniency of the treatment to which they will be subject is, at least in some cases, absurdly inapplicable to their characters and to their crimes. One of the victims of legislation which is said to be unconstitutional has been tried more than once for a murder which the prosecuting authorities must have attributed to him on probable grounds. Other offenders are still more undoubtedly guilty of the minor offence of exciting the populace to crime by inflammatory speeches. The arrest of a few persons of comparatively respectable position has been denounced as inconsistent with Mr. FORSTER'S statement of the objects of the Bill. He spoke of the necessity of checking the proceedings of lawless ruffians rather than of the expediency of restraining their abettors and patrons. It is highly probable that the worst offenders are not the lowest in rank. It is barely possible that among the prisoners one or two may be innocent; but there is a necessary uncertainty in the administration even of ordinary criminal justice. In England, and probably in Ireland, few persons are committed for trial who ought not to be afterwards convicted, though in some cases legal evidence may not be forthcoming. If it is true that, in consequence of the relaxation of the despotism of the Land League, contumacious or timid tenants are beginning to pay their rents, the beneficial result of the Act will be highly satisfactory; but the reports of the state of the country vary, as might be expected, with the temper and the opinions of newspaper correspondents. The chief agitators, who are still at large, fully understand the importance for their purposes of perpetuating social anarchy, even when open resistance to law has become dangerous. They are now making it their business to hold Land League meetings at which the tenants will be again advised to fix for themselves the amount of rent which they shall pay, and to conspire against any landlords who may attempt to enforce their claims. Mr. PAENELL thought it prudent to cancel the profligate recommendation that outgoing tenants should destroy or reduce the value of their holdings by ploughing up grass lands; but many modes of injuring owners of property have not been expressly anticipated by statute. It may be hoped that the LORD-LIEUTENANT will not hesitate to arrest agitators who suggest the execution of criminal conspiracies.

The Land League party in the House of Commons displays a tardy prudence in allowing necessary business to proceed during the short interval which will elapse before the introduction of the Land Bill. Their leader has re-

peatedly announced that no measure which the Government is likely to propose will satisfy the demands which he has urged the Irish peasantry to prefer; but the Land League section, though it may feel or profess disapproval, will not venture to reject offers which may afterwards be treated as instalments of justice. The real danger to property consists more in the vague theories of Liberal members than in the extravagant doctrines of Mr. PARNELL and his followers. The revolutionists will, as in many other cases, practically swell the numbers of theorists who still profess a certain respect for law and justice. Schemes of partial spoliation may assume the appearance of a compromise between moderate reforms and anarchical proposals. The Land League may have other reasons for acquiescing in changes which it will nevertheless denounce as inadequate. Experience has confirmed the probable conjecture that every interference with the rights of property serves as a precedent for further encroachments. Although in 1870 Mr. GLADSTONE repeatedly declared that his measure conferred no right of property on occupiers, his party, if not himself, have during the recent agitation repeatedly asserted that the Land Bill changed the entire condition of the tenant by substituting a legal status for a position merely founded on contract. It is not yet known whether the forthcoming Bill will purport to be a mere expansion of the former Act. It is strange that the hopes of moderate politicians and of menaced landowners are at present founded rather on the rumoured opinions of Mr. GLADSTONE than on the disposition of any of his colleagues. It is true that Lord HARTINGTON in the early part of the Session limited the objects of legislation to the removal of any defects which might be proved to exist in the Act of 1870; but he still sits in the same Cabinet with Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. FORSTER, all of whom have at different times promised that the Land Bill would be large enough to satisfy the most zealous sections of the Liberal party. It will be prudent to submit, if possible, to innovations which can scarcely fail to involve future danger; but the arguments of Lord DUFFERIN and Lord LANSDOWNE will not have been answered but overruled by superior force. The Irish tenants will regard any concession which may be contained in the Bill as irrevocable; and the present majority of the House of Commons will support the Government, though some of them may at the same time protest that its offers are insufficient. It has become a rhetorical commonplace that the Bill ought to be comprehensive and generous, with a generosity which is to be practised at the expense of the landlords. It will in any case infringe on the received principles of political economy; but the rejection of the measure would be followed by more sweeping proposals of change. It is possible that for a time it may check agrarian disorder; and it is certain that any settlement which may be made will soon be disturbed.

THE TRANSVAAL.

THE secret of the Transvaal negotiations has been studiously preserved by the Government hitherto. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues deserve credit for their recognition in office of the facts which they ignored in Opposition. Secrecy is the essence of business in war and diplomacy, though it occasionally suits the immediate purpose of demagogues to advocate an impossible frankness. The rumours which are due to the various Correspondents of the London daily press are of varying probability; but as they are mutually contradictory, it is unnecessary to examine them in detail. Confident statements that the prolongation of the armistice for four days has resulted in a practical agreement are met by equally confident assertions that a resumption of hostilities is unavoidable. Sir EVELYN WOOD is reported to be confident of his ability to force the Nek in the latter case, and but for the singular ill-success which has hitherto attended the efforts of English generalship, there would be little doubt about the matter. If nearly four thousand seasoned troops of all arms, amply provided with artillery, cannot dispossess forces scarcely superior in number, destitute of artillery, undisciplined, and led by amateur generals, the art of war, at least as practised by our commanders, is a farce. At the same time, such sifting as is possible of the intelligence received as to the probable dispositions of the negotiating

parties is calculated rather to furnish grounds for hope than for reasonable expectation to those who desire a bloodless and honourable settlement. Mr. GRANT DUFF is not in a prominent official situation, and his tendency is rather to exaggerate the importance of his individual opinion. But he would hardly have ventured upon a statement so categorical as that which he vouchsafed at Oxford unless he had at least some knowledge. According to this statement, an immediate laying down of their arms on the part of the Boers and the reference of the whole matter to a Royal Commission are the initial conditions of any agreement. It is possible that these conditions may be accepted, but they hardly agree with the tenor of the information which has come from the Boers' side. According to reported conversations, the authenticity of which in the main there is no reason for doubting, Mr. JOUBERT represented the laying down of arms as a thing out of the question. The acceptance, too, of a Royal Commission would be an unqualified acknowledgment of that which the Boers specially repudiate, the sovereignty of the QUEEN. The guarantees which in consequence of their alleged experience of English bad faith they are said to demand, seem to be incompatible with any such arrangements. It is impossible to guarantee that a court of arbitration will decide one way. These calculations, however, involve a considerable number of unknown quantities, and it is impossible to do more than indicate the general probabilities of the case. The desire of the Government to come to a settlement, and the reasonable apprehensions which the Boers must entertain of the heavy odds shortly to be brought against them, may succeed in bridging the present chasm. But it may be said with some safety that qualified English opinion, which is unfortunately not now the opinion which directs public affairs, would not approve any considerable advance on the terms indicated by Mr. GRANT DUFF.

The prolongation of the armistice, and the general ignorance of the tenor of the negotiations carried on during it, have helped to foster the barren dispute as to the side from which proposals for a truce originally came. Ministers have fenced upon this point more than upon any other, and it was long uncertain whether Sir EVELYN WOOD had been instructed to make fresh advances, whether the negotiations were merely a continuation of the *pour-parlers* interrupted by the ill-starred attempt on Majuba Hill, or whether some unknown circumstance accounted for them. It seems that the supporters of the Government are literally correct in stating that advances from the Boers preceded advances from the English commander. But as the Boers acted only in reply to a solicitation from President BRAND, whose agency Lord KIMBERLEY formally accepted some time ago, the actual origin of the proposal must be admitted to have come from our side. The point would be of small importance if it were not connected with other points, the importance of which is very much greater. The dissatisfaction with which the news of an armistice immediately succeeding three defeats was received has been entirely misunderstood by some persons in this country. The entire want of reasonable justification for adopting now proceedings which, if justifiable, ought to have been adopted months before, was a heavy objection. The shock to national feeling which it has become usual and perhaps natural with some persons to confound with national vanity was another and a heavier. But a still stronger and a wholly practical objection remains behind. No reasonable person wishes to expend the blood of several hundred Englishmen and Boers merely to make a salve for the wounded pride of the English people, or to wash out the memory of the incompetence of an English Ministry. But every reasonable person must see that a settlement obtained under present circumstances must be wanting in the conditions of value and endurance which would be present if it were obtained after the restoration of the credit of our arms. At present, whatever their official utterances may be, the Boers must feel that we have taken up arms against them unjustly, and have been unable to use the arms which we have unjustly taken up. That they have had to fight us at all will be a reason for distrusting us in the future. That they have fought us successfully will be a reason for despising us as well. Distrust, accompanied by fear, may serve as the basis of a tolerable state of relations between two communities who, in the future as in the past, will have much to do with one another;

distrust accompanied by contempt can hardly be regarded as likely to furnish such a basis. If there were no native question, no neighbourhood of warlike and independent and semi-independent tribes, no Orange Free State, no Afrikaner party in the colonies, it might be possible to disregard these considerations; as it is, it is impossible. Very few Englishmen wish to dragoon the Boers into absolute submission; all Englishmen who understand the question wish that whatever settlement may be arrived at should at least have the air of being given by, not extorted from, England.

On the whole, it seems likely that some settlement will be arrived at in the course of the next few days or hours. Although, for reasons already given, that settlement can hardly be satisfactory to persons who do not consider patriotism an obsolete absurdity and political foresight a useless cumbering of oneself about chances, some elements of practical comfort may be found in it. The Transvaal business has been from the beginning a *gâchis épouvantable*. Almost all politicians of all shades of politics are agreed that the annexation was at best doubtfully justifiable on the facts as shown, and that the facts were not, on the whole, shown correctly. The famous submission to the twenty-five policemen was construed into unconditional submission; the ill success of badly organized commandos against SECOCOENI was supposed to convict the Boers of national cowardice; their quiescence in the immediate pressure of a Zulu war and the presence of a great English force was supposed to show the likelihood of future good behaviour when this pressure was removed. Afterwards, though the complaints put forward as to the conduct of "that man LANYON" are doubtless exaggerated, it seems certain that sufficient care has not been taken to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of a peculiarly touchy people. Of the conduct of affairs since hostilities began the less said the better. Any close of such a chapter may be plausibly argued to be preferable to its continuance. But there are weightier reasons still for acquiescence in any settlement not utterly intolerable. The hands in which the government of the country at present is have proved themselves so inadequate to the conduct of difficult matters, that it is simply patriotic to desire that their inadequacy should not have further opportunities of displaying itself. Ministers who can be driven from their purpose, solemnly expressed in the official programme of their policy, by the pressure of a defeat abroad or a threatened agitation at home, are fit only for quieter waters than those of South African wars.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

THE French Republic is once more in presence of a great opportunity and a considerable danger. Its enemies have begun to pay it the best tribute that it is in their power to offer. They are divided upon the question whether they shall try to agree with the Government which until now they have persistently combated. In spite of a Republican policy which is described but feebly when it is called unconciliatory, the Church is no longer anxious to continue the struggle. The clerical organs properly so called breathe nothing but resignation. The Bishops have taken to reading ST. PAUL'S Epistles, and to drawing thence instructions to Christians to submit themselves to the temporal authorities without a too narrow scrutiny of their historical claims. The NUNCIO has shown a marked civility to the Government. The Pope has quietly accepted the new Bishops proposed to him by the President of the REPUBLIC. In short, the Church has insensibly passed through another crisis, and has accepted, without enthusiasm but apparently without any thought of retracing her steps, the existing order of things. This singular transformation has been going on for some little time without attracting much attention, and if it had been acquiesced in by the whole clerical party, it might have remained unnoticed a good while longer. What has brought it before the public is the schism which it has effected among the clericals themselves. It seems certain that the policy of the NUNCIO has been extremely distasteful to the Legitimist Right, and that very strong efforts have been made to bring about his recall. In the happy days when PIUS IX. was Pope, Mgr. CZACKI would have been recalled long ago; indeed, he would never have got to Paris except by an accident. But LEO XIII. is a ruler of different temperament and different ambitions, and

Mgr. CZACKI has been sent to Paris, not in ignorance of his tendencies, but because of them. Consequently all that the Legitimists have got for their pains is a semi-official note which fixes the NUNCIO more firmly in his seat than ever. It has been announced in one of the clerical journals that the Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen, who is now in Rome, has had several interviews with the Pope and with Cardinal JACOBINI; that he has taken advantage of these interviews to assure the Pope of the profound satisfaction with which the French Episcopate has seen the prudent and skilful policy which the Holy See has pursued towards the Republic, and of the earnest desire entertained by the great majority of French Catholics that no change should be made in the representation of the Pontifical Government at Paris; and that he has been assured in reply that the NUNCIO enjoys the full confidence of the Holy See—a confidence which has only been increased by the attacks of which he has recently been the object. This undisguised approval of the new attitude of the French Episcopate seems to have been more than Legitimist patience could endure. They have been accustomed to regard the Church as their own peculiar property, and to assume that orthodoxy and sound views upon divine right were inseparable supernatural gifts. They have now been forced to reconsider their position, and to admit that the clergy may not always be safe guides in politics. The very journals which, when their party was all powerful at the Vatican, would not allow that the laity had any more right to think for themselves in secular matters than in matters relating to theology, now proclaim with equal vehemence that, though they yield all respect to the clergy within their own sphere, they cannot allow them to claim any authority outside that sphere. The doctrines which brought MONTALEMBERT within a measurable distance of excommunication are now proclaimed by the men who were his bitterest enemies. So long as the Church said what it ought to say, it had no more docile children than the French Legitimists. Now that it has taken to preaching peace with the Republic and good will to men who owe no allegiance to HENRY V., they measure out their obedience with the most watchful and grudging accuracy. So much goes to the Pope because he is Pope, but if he presumes upon his Pontifical character, and even hints that the welfare of the Church demands that it shall not associate itself with any one form of government, he must at once be made to feel that he has gone beyond his tether, and has presumed to advise French Catholics upon a point of which they are better judges than he.

Whether the quarrel has been precipitated by the recent publication of a new Legitimist programme, or has itself hurried on that publication, does not appear. Obviously, however, the recent speech of M. DE MUN at Vannes constitutes a new political departure, and the circumstances under which it was delivered have made the severance between the Legitimists and the Clericals extraordinarily conspicuous. M. DE MUN announces that the time for acquiescing in existing institutions has passed away, and that the Republican Government must be overturned by a diligent use of the weapons it has itself provided. By an express clause in the Constitution, that Constitution is capable of revision, and nothing has been laid down as to the form which the revision is to assume. The two Chambers are permitted to meet together in Congress, and when thus gathered together they may, if they so please, convert the Republic into a Monarchy. That M. DE MUN should persuade himself that any two Chambers that could possibly be got together in France would implore the Count of CHAMBORD to ascend the throne of the BOURBONS would seem impossible if it were told of any other party than the French Legitimists. They have shown, however, a natural turn for misreading the views of their countrymen which practice has now brought to an unusual point of perfection; and there seems no reason to doubt that M. DE MUN was really recommending what he thought to be a practicable and peaceable means of bringing back the King. But he failed by anticipation to convince the ecclesiastical authorities. The Bishop of VANNES did all he could to dissuade him from making a speech at all, and when he found that M. DE MUN was not to be turned from his purpose by the whole French Episcopate, refused to allow him to sleep at the Seminary, and forbade his clergy to attend the meeting. M. DE MUN is now consequently in the position of a class of men which he has always held in the utmost detestation. So far as his relations with the

POPE and the Bishops go, he is no better than the despised Liberal Catholic. He draws nice distinctions between this and that function of the Sovereign Pontiff, and decrees on his own supreme authority that obedience is due to LEO XIII. in this character, while disobedience is permissible in that.

This, then, is the opportunity which is now offered to the Republic. The Church is once more in search of a temporal ally, and its support may plainly be had on very easy terms. It is no slight concession on the part of LEO XIII. to be willing to live at peace with a Government which has banished the Jesuits, dispersed the religious orders, and secularized the communal schools. The POPE, we may be sure, has not gone this length without many misgivings and immense opposition from his own natural advisers. The Government has only to meet the POPE half way, and to make the working of the new laws as little irritating as possible, in order to see the secret or open opposition of the last ten years die gradually away as the fuel of fresh political extravagance is withdrawn from it. The danger is that, instead of welcoming the changed attitude of the Church as an indication that it is time to abandon a policy which even its authors can no longer pretend to be necessary in self-defence, the Republic may lay too much stress on the fact that this change has followed with remarkable closeness upon the adoption of a policy of active hostility. It is to be feared that the Left will be inclined to argue that the more the Church is oppressed the more submissive she is likely to become. If, they may say, the measures taken by M. DE FREYCINET and M. FERRY have already had such excellent results, what may not be expected from patient continuance in well-doing? While the clergy believed themselves to be strong in the affections of the people, they could hardly be brought to tolerate the Republic; now that they have seen with what indifference the people have viewed the infliction of one heavy blow after another, they are only anxious to avert what may yet be in store for them. If this latter reasoning prevails, an ecclesiastical truce is not likely to be proclaimed for some time to come.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

THE result of the Coventry election may perhaps be accidental; or it may be due to anomalous and unsatisfactory causes; but, on the other hand, it may possibly indicate a partial reaction. The two Irish members who went to Coventry on a mission from the Land League may perhaps have done as much harm as good to the party which they honoured with their support. The indigenous mob treated Mr. FINIGAN as his own constituents would have dealt with an opponent from a distance; and it is probable that some more respectable electors voted for the Ministry because it had incurred the enmity of a seditious faction. It may be hoped that, unlike some other boroughs, Coventry has purged itself of former corrupt tendencies, in which indeed constituencies can no longer indulge with impunity; and it would be unjust to suspect either the candidates or their friends of offering illicit temptation. On the whole, the chances seem to be in favour of the assumption that the election represented the general opinion of a borough of secondary rank. A few weeks ago a Conservative victory at Wigan was ingeniously interpreted as a proof that coercion was unpopular in Lancashire. In that case the party which had returned a member at the general election obtained a largely increased majority. At Coventry the fortunes of the previous contest have been reversed. The Liberal party found in Sir UGHTRED SHUTTLEWORTH a candidate of ability and political influence; and there is no doubt that Mr. BRASSEY, who came to support him on behalf of the Government, was sincere in his expression of confidence that he would be returned. The defeat must be mortifying, even if it can be explained away. The only other recent election resulted in a questionable triumph for the Government. It is true that the vacancy in East Cumberland was caused by the death of a Conservative member; but until the general election the representation had for a long time been in the hands of the Liberal party. Mr. GEORGE HOWARD, the virtual head of a popular and powerful family, had been elected member for the division on the death of his father, who had held the seat with little or no opposition for the lifetime of a

generation. In the late contest Mr. HOWARD was opposed by Mr. LOWTHER, a comparative stranger to the county, who proved during the canvass, as formerly in his official career, that his respectable abilities were not accompanied by taste or discretion. With all the advantages on his side, Mr. HOWARD was returned by the narrow majority of thirty. The result scarcely proves that the Government commands popular enthusiasm.

At the close of his last administration Mr. GLADSTONE attached exaggerated importance to the defeat of the Government in several local contests. His successors, having been in this respect apparently more fortunate, were tempted by their victories at Southwark, Liverpool, and some other places to precipitate the contest which ended in their total defeat. It appears that occasional elections are sometimes, but not always, significant of the tendency of political opinion. The Coventry election implies disapproval of the Government rather than preference for the successful party. The Conservatives are at present too weak in numbers to be rival pretenders to office, and the more judicious of their number probably congratulate themselves on their freedom from responsibility. It is difficult for a Liberal Ministry, even with the aid of a considerate and patriotic Opposition, to carry on the government. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE were in office, he would be attacked with the same reckless fury which was exhibited a year ago in Midlothian. The extreme Radicals, who sympathize with the Land League in its defiance of the Government, are still more hostile to the Conservatives, who have steadily supported the measures proposed for the protection of life and property. The questions of foreign, colonial, and Indian policy, on which Parliamentary parties are really divided, tend to unite the Liberal masses with their official leaders. The Radical householder takes it for granted that the Transvaal and Candahar ought to be abandoned; and he is taught by the journals of his party to believe that in international disputes the English nation is always and everywhere in the wrong.

The direction of straws which, like casual borough elections, purport to show which way the political wind blows, must at present be observed with even less than ordinary confidence. Allowance has to be made not only for local currents and eddies, but for the withdrawal of the pressure which is usually applied by Parliamentary discussion. Except on one or two occasions in the House of Lords there have been during the first two months of the Session no regular debates. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he has delivered two or three weighty and eloquent speeches, has been compelled to restrict himself to the duty of furthering if possible the progress of business. Finance, legislation, and foreign policy have been superseded by a barren struggle with a score or two of perverse brawlers. It is believed that the constituencies have, with the exception of the lowest rabble, sympathized with the great majority of the House in its attempts to maintain order and freedom of debate; but neither the failures nor the successes of the Government have raised any issue between political parties. With the exception of a few candidates for notoriety, the Conservatives have supported the Government; and even where the Opposition object to the standing orders proposed by Mr. GLADSTONE, the questions in dispute are unintelligible or uninteresting except to members of the House. In the meantime Mr. GLADSTONE's list of thirty urgent reforms is left in abeyance. The financial measures which he has prepared must for the present be postponed; but his pleasant duty of distributing a surplus may perhaps revive a waning popularity. The introduction of the Irish Land Bill will probably be followed by an entire change in the present relations of political parties. If the measure is moderate and just, it will alienate the Radicals, and a revolutionary scheme will force the Conservatives into active opposition, even if it is unwillingly accepted by moderate Liberals. The Bill has been preceded by much injudicious boasting, in which Mr. GLADSTONE himself has never joined. The orators who demand or promise a large and generous measure are not careful to remark that benevolence can only be practised by the robbery of one class for the benefit of another.

Mr. GRANT DUFF and Mr. COURTNEY lately represented the Government at a dinner of the Oxford Palmerston Club. The name of the institution furnishes a warning to the founders of similar political institutions. Half a century ago the CUMBERLANDS and ELDOES of the time used to celebrate at the meetings of the Pitt Club the

doctrines of commercial monopoly and religious intolerance. The great Minister whose memory they desecrated had been the first official patron of Free-trade, and he had sacrificed power in the cause of Catholic Emancipation; but his surviving partisans associated his name with their own prejudices and passions. Lord PALMERSTON is not believed to have sympathized warmly with the brilliant colleague who was destined to be his successor, and he would probably not concur in any opinion or measure of the present Cabinet, except the Protection Bill and the Peace Preservation Bill. Mr. GRANT DUFF adheres to some of the traditions of the older and better time. Mr. COURTNEY would be opposed to Lord PALMERSTON on every domestic and foreign question. At Oxford he took occasion to expatiate on the unity and discipline of the Liberal party. His satisfaction may perhaps be well founded, though it has become a Liberal commonplace that a body of politicians so original and so highly enlightened is incapable of the monotonous unanimity which is attributed to the Conservatives. It cannot be denied that the Government has, in the contest with the Irish obstructives, been supported by its followers, with the exception of a few extreme and insignificant seceders; but a large majority consisting partly of the bulk of the Opposition scarcely proves the harmony of the followers of the Ministry. The section to which Mr. COURTNEY belongs is not likely to desert Mr. GLADSTONE as long as he leads the party of movement. The Liberals who utterly distrust his policy may perhaps continue to suppress their chronic dissatisfaction. It is only in private that they can prudently or properly express their real opinions. A disruption in the party or in the Cabinet is not at present imminent, and it is to be strongly deprecated. The Conservatives, even if their party interests were to be considered, have nothing to gain at present by a Whig secession. Two or three years hence, when discontents have accumulated, the Conservatives may perhaps hope to recover office by the aid of proselytes. If they can add a few other triumphs to their victories at Wigan and Coventry, their prospects may gradually improve.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

WHEN Mr. CHILDERS comes to explain the provisions of the Army Discipline Bill, he will be in no want of a shield at which to aim his lance. A Correspondent of the *Standard* in South Africa has kindly cut out the SECRETARY OF STATE'S work. Mr. CHILDERS will have to show how the mysterious punishment which is to take the place of flogging will work in cases such as that mentioned in Monday's telegram. "The other day"—so it runs—"a vedette, placed to watch a valley by which the enemy frequently approach our lines, was found drunk at his post. Many crimes of this and other descriptions have taken place, and the military authorities are powerless to punish, and have indeed no means whatever, short of shooting, of maintaining discipline." Mr. CHILDERS will, no doubt, say when he approaches the question in Parliament, that no confirmation of these statements has been received from the General in command. It would be impossible to govern soldiers under a Parliamentary system if the SECRETARY OF STATE were not always enabled to give this kind of assurance with a safe conscience. The dirty linen of the army, more perhaps than that of any other department of the public service, needs to be washed at home. But when he has pleaded official ignorance to the full, Mr. CHILDERS will not be out of the wood. There is nothing in the statement telegraphed by the *Standard* Correspondent which is in the least degree improbable, and in recommending a new punishment in place of an old one, it is necessary to show that it will answer the same purpose as the old one and answer it equally well. Mr. CHILDERS'S device will at once be applied in imagination to the state of facts, real or imaginary, described in the *Standard*, and it must stand or fall by the success with which it endures this test.

The offence of which the telegram just quoted gives an instance is one which there is a strong temptation to commit. A man is placed to watch a point by which the enemy may possibly approach, and he finds that the duty is dull so long as the enemy does not show himself, and alarming so soon as he does. Whether he is waiting

in weary expectation of something happening, or considering with himself how best to carry back his news without exposing himself to the enemy's gaze, the sentry is inclined to have recourse to liquor to support his courage, and to make the time pass a little less slowly. The only motive for abstaining from liquor which is likely to have much weight with him is the dread of the penalty which will certainly follow upon detection. Before the abolition of corporal punishment a soldier knew very well what would happen to him if he were found drunk at his post. He had been flogged himself, or he had seen others flogged, and either from experience or observation he could realize fairly well how he would feel if he found himself in the Provost Marshal's hold with the cat waiting to descend upon his back. If anything would avail to keep him sober, it would be the prospect of making, or possibly renewing, acquaintance with this unpleasing instrument. Mr. CHILDERS has now to invent some penalty which shall be equally deterrent, and will equally admit of being applied in the conditions in which the British army now finds itself in South Africa. The disclosure is one to be looked forward to with more curiosity than hope. Imprisonment is impossible where there is no prison; and, where soldiers are young, there is some fear lest, even if it could be had, it might become too popular. The rapture of the strife is not equally enjoyed by all men; and it is quite conceivable that some of the exceptions might be anxious to qualify themselves for a punishment which would necessarily have the effect of keeping delinquent soldiers out of harm's way. On the eve of a battle even custody may not be disagreeable, provided that it is really safe custody.

There are, no doubt, alternative forms of physical torture which might be equally well calculated to destroy any desire to drink which may exist in the soldier's mind. These are not punishments, however, which English officers are good at inflicting, and some of them might be open to objection, on the ground of withdrawing the soldier from active service for a longer period than is the case with flogging. It is a further evil attendant upon the use of these expedients that they are almost of necessity resorted to at the arbitrary pleasure of the commanding officer. No military code prescribes hanging up a man by his thumbs, but the practice is not, we fancy, unknown in more than one army. There are other expedients which, though they inflict physical suffering, stop short of torture, and it is from among these perhaps that Mr. CHILDERS intends to select his new penalty. There would be no harm, for example, in a man being ordered to do all his drills for a certain time in irons or with a heavy shot fastened to his leg, and to spend some days under this discipline might conceivably be too high a price to pay even for the fearful joy of getting drunk in presence of the enemy. But these are punishments which can only be applied on the parade-ground, or at most on the march. A man who is found drunk to-night cannot be sent into action to-morrow with shot fastened to his legs. All that he has in the way of agility and endurance may be wanted before the day is over, and to send him to fight at a disadvantage is to put others besides himself in peril in order to read him a moral lesson. There remains death, but this is a terribly severe penalty to resort to except in the very gravest cases, and, moreover, it takes away from the delinquent all power of being again useful. There are men in every regiment who are not hopelessly bad soldiers—perhaps not bad soldiers at all, except when they are drunk—who have been kept in some sort of order by the fear of being flogged, and will now have no really effective sanction before them, except the prospect of being shot. They will know in most cases that this prospect is not at all likely to be realized, and the exceptions when an unusually severe officer orders them to execution will be too rare to be really deterrent. On the other hand, if executions were frequent enough to be really dreaded, they could only be resorted to at the cost of throwing away useful soldiers in deference to a sentimental dislike to the infliction of a smaller punishment. The soldier who prefers death to the lash does not exist for any practical purpose. If the feeling is ever found, it is in men who are not in the least likely to commit the offences which entail flogging.

This, however, is the ridiculous dilemma into which the weakness of the Government has brought the military authorities. They must either shoot men for offences which do not deserve death, or they must practically let them

go unpunished. How Mr. CHILDERS proposes to get the army out of the difficulty which he and his colleagues have created we have no idea. Nor have we the least belief that any way out of it really exists. Flogging combined in itself certain recommendations which made it the best of all punishments for an army in the field. For troops in barracks a substitute may probably be found, and no great harm may come of it if it is not in all respects as effective as the penalty of which it takes the place. But what may be sufficient in barracks is not sufficient in the field, and it is with the field that Mr. CHILDERS has now to deal. If he can suggest a punishment which is free from all the drawbacks which have been enumerated, he will take very high rank as an inventor. There is, however, every reason to fear that his forthcoming patent will turn out unworkable.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

THE Ambassadors of the Great Powers have now been for some weeks engaged in the difficult task of finding a means of preserving peace between Greece and Turkey. They do not appear to be getting on very fast or very well. They have to find out what is the most that Turkey will give and the least that Greece will take, and it is hard to find this out when neither side will tell its secret, and when neither side, perhaps, knows what its secret is. The Ambassadors, too, now occupy a new and peculiar position. When in October last the Porte made its counter proposals to the decisions of the Conference of Berlin, the Ambassadors, speaking collectively and in the name of Europe, at once pronounced that those counter proposals would not do, and were not even worth a moment's discussion. They were united, and gave a united sentence. Now they work each for himself, and only meet on one common ground, that of wishing to see peace preserved. They are brokers, not judges, and want to get an offer from one principal which they can recommend the other principal to accept.

The Porte wanted them to begin and say what it was they would recommend, but this was quite inconsistent with their present modest position. It would be most inconvenient for them to make a proposal without being sure that it was one that Turkey would accept, for then Turkey would begin to haggle with them and not with Greece, and this is not the business of brokers. After many delays they at last got Turkey to begin, and Turkey, while positively declining to give up an inch of Epirus, talked of increased concessions in Thessaly. To give a definiteness to vague talk the Ambassadors asked for a map on which Turkey should trace the line it meant to adopt as the Thessalian boundary. Turks do not like making maps. There is something rigid, businesslike, and accurate about maps which is distasteful to the Oriental mind. The Ambassadors kept meeting in their solemn confiding fashion, but there was no map for them, and so they had to wait and meet again. At last they got a map, or something that did duty for a map, and could begin discussing how the tracing of the Turks was to be altered. They did something more. They got the Turks to propose that Crete should be surrendered as an equivalent for that part of Epirus which was not to be surrendered. So far they have succeeded, and what they are now apparently endeavouring to achieve is the pushing back of the Turkish frontier in Thessaly to the very furthest limits which Turkey will permit. If they can get the frontier pushed back to any considerable degree, they will then have an offer which they can submit to their other principals, the Greeks. With Crete and almost all Thessaly in their hands, they will have something to give which they may think it reasonable to expect Greece will accept. If it refuses, the negotiations will be at an end. These good brokers will have done the best for the Greeks that they found it practicable to do, and it is for the Greeks to judge whether this best is good enough for them. Europe is not signifying its will either to Turkey or Greece. It has no will to signify. It has no opinion as to what either party ought to do. It only strives to see a bargain made, and to see such a bargain made that it can advise those to whom it is submitted for rejection or approval to accept it.

The Hungarian PRIME MINISTER has just assured his Parliamentary hearers that the concert of Europe is un-

broken, and that Austria will do her best to maintain it. The whole character of the concert is changed from that which it wore in the days when it was a concert that led to making decrees and to the enforcing of decrees. It now decrees nothing, because it will not enforce anything. But even in its present shrunken limits it is a good thing, and does good. It is not much, but it is something that the Powers should at the last moment work together to get a bargain for Greece which Greece may accept with profit and honour. It is also something that, if there is to be a war, the Powers should agree to do all they can to localize its limits. But what is meant by localizing the limits of the war if war breaks out the future only can show. The Powers can easily agree that they will not send any of their troops or ships to give assistance to the Turks or the Greeks, but what are to be the limits of the localized war? Is it meant that Austria will keep in check Servia and Montenegro, and that Russia will hold down Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia? There is almost sure to be trouble for the Turks in Albania, in Syria, and in Arabia. If the war or the commotions that will grow out of the war are to be localized, the limits in which it will be localized will be very wide. Then, if the Greek navy proves superior, is it to be allowed to visit and annex any islands where there is a Greek population to welcome it, or to blockade it if it cannot force the Dardanelles? If the Turkish navy proves superior, is it to be allowed to anchor off the Peiræus, and to throw its shot into Athens? It would be extremely convenient to the onlooking Powers if the Greeks and Turks would meet in the plains of Thessaly, have one good big battle, and decide the issue of the war at a stroke. But, although this may happen, it is not at all probable that it will happen. It is much more likely that the Turks will remain on the defensive, and use the shelter and support of their fortresses. The war may thus linger on, and in a lingering war very much may happen to excite the passions and provoke the alarms of the onlookers. What will then become of the localization of the war? It is because they see how difficult it may be to localize the war that the Powers are honestly anxious to prevent its breaking out. But, although all are anxious that peace shall be preserved, and all are agreed that the way to preserve peace is to get an offer which may be proposed to Greece as worth its accepting, there are naturally some who work harder than others at getting the best offer possible. England, no doubt, leads those who work hardest for this end, and this is the sense in which it must be understood that Italy and Russia are inclined to be in a great extent guided by England. France hides its light under a bushel, while Germany and Austria co-operate in the task of getting something reasonable to offer to Greece, but acquiesce in, rather than push forward, the endeavours made to determine what this reasonable thing shall be.

Meanwhile, both Turkey and Greece are rapidly completing their final preparations for war. Greece is calling in, not the reserves of her army, but the reserves of her population, and is demanding service from those who have been hitherto exempt. Turkey is fortifying Volo, and pouring in through that convenient port the last contingent she thinks necessary for the defence of Thessaly. In point of finance, it may be said that Turkey has no money, and Greece has no more money, so that, as regards their impecuniosity, both sides are equally prepared and impelled to fight. The Greeks are perhaps the more eager for war, for they know less of what war means, and they think with much justice that they have been hardly treated, that France has deserted them in an unaccountable way, and that the Berlin Conference ought not to have made a pompous award in their favour if this award was to mean nothing. Still, reason can make its way into excited and wounded spirits, and if they could get Thessaly and Crete without firing a shot, the Greeks may be expected to reflect in time that they could hardly hope to get more even by a successful war. Turkey may lose more, but the Greeks will not gain the difference. Albania may make itself independent of Turkey, but it will also make itself independent of Greece. If a new Power comes to Salonice, it will not be Greece, but Austria. On the other hand, if Turkey has much to lose by war, and is so far impressed with a sense of its dangers as to be willing to make considerable concessions to avoid war, there are limits to the concessions which the SULTAN can make. When

he pleads the difficulty of handing over an unwilling Mahometan population to a Christian Power, he is talking of something which to him is very serious. He has to think in the first place of his own life. Who is most likely to try to kill him is not unnaturally his chief thought, and, after the possible emissaries of his nearest relations, he most dreads the attack of a fanatic infuriated by the thought that the chief of Islam has been false to his faith. Then there is his religion, and his religion forbids the cession of Mahometan territories and peoples except under pressure of conquest. If war goes against him, he is perfectly justified in yielding to fate. Russia conquered him, and he had to bow; if the Powers ordered him to do specified things under pain of war, he could not be bound to enter on a perfectly useless struggle. But Greece is not a conqueror, nor a formidable opponent; and to give over without a fight unwilling Mahometans to a little State that he thinks he could easily beat, raises a very anxious case of conscience in his breast. Lastly, there is the Caliphate itself. The Caliph is the champion of the Mahometan world, and if he ceases to be the champion of this world, why should he be its Caliph? The late Khedive of Egypt has been amusing his hours of enforced leisure with the compilation of elaborate proofs that the SULTAN has no right to call himself Caliph, and the Arabs are said to be filled with the idea that it is their present mission to provide a new Caliph from the original home of the Prophet. If the Greeks have got their feelings, the Turks have got their feelings too, and it may be equally a mistake to suppose that policy and expediency will exclusively guide the one or the other.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

THE discontented officers who regard Wellington College as a memorial of broken promises and disappointed hopes have at last seen the end of their uncertainties. Practically, indeed, they were in this happy position seven months ago, for with the publication of the Report of the Royal Commission the prospect of any radical change in the constitution of the College completely disappeared. It was settled last August that Wellington was not to be made a cheap school for the children of living officers, and that is naturally the point about which living officers are chiefly excited. Still, until the Committee of the Governors appointed to consider the recommendations of the Royal Commission had made their report, the subject was not finally laid on the shelf. It might even have seemed conceivable to some sanguine and imaginative spirits that the Governors' late remorse might yet wake, and that the doors of the College might at last be thrown open to as many boys as there is room for at a payment of 30*l.* a year. The appearance of the Committee's Report makes it plain that no such work of grace has been going on in the Governors' hearts. As regards the character and cost of the school they are hardened and impenitent sinners.

It must be admitted that with the settlement of this central point most of the interest of the subject has disappeared. If we notice the observations of the Committee, it is rather because they wind up a long controversy than because in themselves they specially call for remark. The Committee examine the recommendations of the Commissioners one by one, and, as is the wont of such Committees, they give reasons in almost every case why these recommendations should not be adopted. The Commissioners suggest that, as the boys on the foundation at Wellington are seldom without relations who could pay something towards the cost of their education, 25*l.* a year should be charged for every foundationer not exempted in consideration of special circumstances; and that the money thus gained should be spent on the admission of twenty-three more foundationers. The Committee object that a payment of 25*l.* a year would exclude "many boys in straitened circumstances who are now able to obtain admission," and propose that the charge for every foundationer should be 10*l.*, which is the sum for which the Governors are bound by contract to take the eighteen boys nominated by the Patriotic Fund, which would enable them to increase the foundation by eight boys, instead of by twenty-three. The reason given by the Committee does not seem of much weight; since, if a payment of 25*l.* a year would exclude

some boys who now get in, the substitution of eight for twenty-three as the number of the additional foundationers will equally exclude boys who would otherwise have got in. Another means of adding to the foundation suggested by the Commissioners was the reduction of the amount retained by the house-master out of the payments made to him by each boy. At present 90*l.* a year is thus retained, and the Commissioners were of opinion that this sum might be reduced by 15*l.* The Committee point out that the instances quoted by the Commissioners of schools in which the proportion of the payments retained by the house-master is less than it is at Wellington are misleading, since the salaries paid to the Wellington masters are much smaller than in most other schools of the same class, while in some of the cases quoted the number of boys in a house is larger. The Committee are not, therefore, prepared to recommend the Governors to make the proposed reduction. As regards the suggested reduction of the head-master's salary, the Committee prudently remark that no decision upon the subject "can be arrived at by anticipation." When the office is vacant the Governors will consider whether effect can be given to the Commissioners' recommendation. Something must plainly depend upon the condition of the educational market at that time. The present head-master is willing, however, to waive the payment of any capitation fee in respect of the eight additional boys to be placed on the foundation.

There is another point touched upon in the Report of the Royal Commission about which the Committee are silent. This is the audacious suggestion that the masters "ought to aim in their training of the scholars at inculcating 'by precept and example a strict simplicity of life.'" Interpreted by the brutal mind of a Philistine and economical parent, this might be taken as discouraging the acquisition of blue china and aesthetic draperies. As no master who combined artistic culture with manly self-respect could brook any interference in this direction, the Committee are probably well advised in saying nothing. Upon the kindred question whether it ought to take 80*l.* a year to board and educate a boy at Wellington, when it takes only 67*l.* to board and educate a boy at Haileybury, the Committee are scarcely more communicative. They think that any controversy founded on a comparison between the expenses of Wellington and those of other public schools would be unprofitable, inasmuch as, if those expenses can in any way be curtailed, it ought to be done without reference to any such comparison. We cannot but think, however, that some opinion might have been given by the Committee on some of the specific charges of extravagance which were brought against the school by some of the witnesses before the Royal Commission. In dealing with the Report of this Commission, we instanced the evidence of the medical officer, and pointed out that when this gentleman is constantly obliged in the discharge of his duties to urge a boy not to eat the full amount of meat provided, there was reason to suppose that the amount which has thus to be cut down is somewhat in excess in the first instance. As to the allegation of the same authority that the College beer is needlessly strong, it is best to imitate the reticence of the Committee. It is a subject upon which providers and consumers seldom see eye to eye. There is one means, however, which the Committee think might be made available for the reducing of expenses; and, as this is one which is not mentioned by the Commissioners, the recommendation to try it has doubtless been given with peculiar pleasure. A public school of five hundred boys can be more economically managed than one of four hundred, and at present Wellington does not come up even to this lower figure. As, however, this increase will necessitate certain enlargements in the school buildings, it may be doubted whether the effect of it is likely to be immediately felt either in an increase in the number of the foundationers or in a reduction in the payments made by the house boys. There can be no doubt, however, that these and all similar questions are really matters to be determined by the authorities of the school. Circumstances have unfortunately brought Wellington College exceptionally before the public; but it certainly would not be to its advantage that the public should retain that habit of discussing its affairs which has unavoidably grown up during the last two years.

ALEXANDER II.

ALEXANDER II. was born on April 29, 1818, and was thus a little more than a year older than the Queen. When he was seven years old his uncle Alexander I. died, and his father Nicholas succeeded. One of his earliest memories was therefore that of the military revolution, the stern and swift repression of which seated the Emperor Nicholas firmly on the throne, and the memory of which determined the severe character of his reign. Its dangers never ceased to be present to his mind, not only because it was very nearly successful for the moment, but because it was the work of men young, educated, and aristocratic; because it proposed to use the army as the means of success; and because it was the expression of those ideas—fanciful, liberal, and revolutionary—which had at one time gained a strong hold on the visionary mind of his brother Alexander. Thenceforward to mould the aristocracy into a set of cringing courtiers, to make the army everything and merge everything into the army, and to stamp out Liberalism at home and abroad, were the fixed purposes of the Emperor Nicholas, and they were never abandoned for an instant during the thirty years of his reign. In this atmosphere of repression the heir to the throne grew up, cowed by his father, obedient to him, admiring him, but at the same time disappointing him. Alexander did what he was told to do, was a colonel at seventeen, directed military schools, and served a campaign in the Caucasus. But his heart was not in soldiering, and his father saw that it was not. The youth was too much like his mother and his mother's race for the work of iron and blood in which his father was absorbed. The Emperor Nicholas had married the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, and she brought to her new home not only the memories of a daughter who had seen her mother insulted by Napoleon, and her father stung by the oppression of Napoleon into trying once more the fortunes of war at Leipzig, but the vague tenderness of German poetry and the gentle morality of German pietism. She inspired her son with as strong a distaste for everything, bad or good, to which the ardour of the French Revolution had given birth, as her husband himself could feel; but she aroused in the boy the desire to do right which has been the standing characteristic of the Royal family of Prussia, and that cultivation of the inner life which permits men, even when yielding a mechanical obedience to the strictest discipline, to dwell secretly in the region of soothing or melancholy dreams. When he was twenty-three Alexander was allowed, through his mother's influence, to make a love match with the Princess Marie of Hesse-Darmstadt, and lived happily, but in almost as great reserve as if he had not been the heir of all the Russias. He saw peoples rise and thrones tumble down in 1848, he saw his father's legions sent to crush the Hungarians, and earn the eternal ingratitude of Austria. He saw the Crimean war break out; he heard of Alma and Inkermann, of the collapse or seeming collapse of the allied armies, of the strange turn of events by which the besiegers were turned into the besieged, and of the enormous efforts by which the allies were endeavouring to repair their misfortunes when, in March 1855, he was called to the deathbed of his father, and was told that the mighty burden of Empire was, in a few short hours, to descend on his unwilling shoulders.

Even when a sovereign is an autocrat it is often difficult to say whether the policy he pursues is the policy he imposes on his advisers or the policy he accepts from them. It was supposed that the new Emperor was inclined to peace, and a Conference was held at Vienna to ascertain how far this supposition was justified. But either Alexander or Russia would not give way, the proposal to exclude Russian vessels of war from the Black Sea was rejected, the Conference broke up, and then the fight went on until Sebastopol was taken, and the anxiety of France to escape on almost any terms from a costly war enabled the Czar to make peace on terms singularly advantageous to his country. Could Lord Palmerston have had his way, the power of Russia might have been broken for years. As it was, Russia nursed her strength for a little time, and then showed herself stronger than ever. This peace, which Russia had reached after enormous sacrifices, but with considerable credit to her arms, was turned without delay by the Czar to the useful purposes of domestic reform. He had long been known to have in view some project for the emancipation of the serfs. When he had power and leisure he set to work, and this time the work done was unmistakably his. The Czar, and the Czar alone, gave freedom, hope, and property to more than twenty millions of serfs belonging to others and to as many belonging to himself. A Commission was appointed to report on the shape the project was to take; but it soon appeared that there was a radical divergence between the views of those who wished to give the serfs a new life and the views of those who wished merely to improve the life of the serfs as it was. The Czar cut the knot, and, by a stroke of his pen, decreed that the serfs should be free, should be communal proprietors, and should be exempted from the penal jurisdiction of the landowners. It was a great, a bold, and a wise measure; but the change was not really so great as the bare statement of its leading features would suggest; it awoke many heartburnings and jealousies; and, like all changes, it carried evil as well as good with it. The peasant was still tied to the soil, and could only change his place of abode under the most severe restrictions. Frequent contests, which still remain unsettled, arose as to what portions of an estate were to be given over to the peasants and what were to remain to the landlord. The conscription, increasing taxation, bad brandy, and

slovenly habits of cultivation never slackened their hold on the peasant, and it may be doubted whether the material condition of the millions in Russia is better now than it was twenty years ago. Other reforms were also contemplated or attempted by the Czar. There was an endeavour to institute something like local self-government, but it cannot be said to have been carried very far, as those to whom local self-government was entrusted have never been certain whether they had it or not, or whether they were intended to report what their constituents wished, or what the Government wished they should wish. The administration of justice was also recast. New courts, new codes, new rules of procedure were invented, and legal remedies were made, at least on paper, more intelligible and more accessible. Within certain limits trial by jury was instituted, and even Russia was allowed to share in the advantages of the bulwark of English liberty. But trial by jury is like confidence in aged breasts. It is a plant which grows very slowly, and is soon choked off in an uncongenial soil. In Russia its frail life only lasted until it was found that juries let off persons whom the Government expected to see condemned. It was then replaced by the more robust and trustworthy mechanism of courts-martial.

In his foreign policy the Czar has in some distinct ways shown his own personal leanings and influence. His strong attachment to his mother's family and the affection shown him in return by the German Emperor have very largely contributed to that alliance between Germany and Russia which so largely shaped the fortunes of Europe during the contests of Prussia with Austria and France. It was the Czar, and not the adherents of the traditional policy of Russia, that responded to the appeal of the people and launched Russia into the perils of the Turkish war. It was the pious wish of the Czar to blot out every humiliation which could attach to the memory of his father that made him insist that at the end of the Turkish war every condition imposed on Russia when the armies sent forth by Nicholas were stricken down should be abrogated, and that the admission of the Russian fleet to the Black Sea should be followed by the restoration of Bessarabia and the surrender of the Armenian fortresses. In other incidents of Russian foreign policy during his reign, in Russian opposition to the creation of the Italian Kingdom, in the contemptuous refusal of Russia to permit the interference of England and France in the affairs of Poland in 1863, in the audacious repudiation of a leading provision of the Treaty of Paris while the Franco-German war was going on, and in the momentous step taken by Russia in 1875 when she forbade an unprovoked attack of Germany on France, and gained the undying hatred of Prince Bismarck, the hand of Prince Gortschakoff is to be traced more clearly than the hand of the Czar. In subordinate matters and in distant scenes the Czar has frequently had a policy created for him by adventurous officials who have pushed forward the limits of his Empire or his influence, and who have taken their chance of being rewarded or disgraced. Their zeal has generally been rewarded, but this is a part of the traditional policy of Russia, and had scarcely anything to do with the personal views of the Emperor. But that Alexander II. should have been so habitually guided by the traditional policy of Russia must be taken into account when an estimate is being formed of his life and character. It may perhaps be said of him that he was a man who had strong impulses, but who yet was not impulsive. He had that kind of good sense which warns a sovereign, however powerful, that he must not go too far, must avoid committing himself, and must be ready, if necessary, when he has got far enough in one direction, to move in a different and perhaps an opposite one. Before the emancipation of the serfs he told the refractory nobility that he was Czar and should enact what he pleased; but after the emancipation he told the disappointed peasants that he was Czar, and that not a line could be altered in that which he had enacted. Nor was it merely good sense and firmness that kept him from going too far in the path of reform. He was not a philosophical reformer or an enlightened constitutional monarch of the Western type. He was before all things the Czar, and he never shrunk from acting as Czars have been accustomed to act. He sanctioned the cruelties by which Poland was driven into revolt in 1863, and the ruthless tyranny by which, when the revolt was crushed, all classes in Poland above the peasants were ground to powder in the Russian mill. Siberia, and more Siberia, and ever more and more Siberia, was as much his answer as it had been that of any of his predecessors to the appeals of aspiring subjects. He was as ready to interfere, after the fashion of Czars, in small things as in great; and, having ordered his young men to learn science to open their minds, he suddenly ordered them to learn classics to close their minds. He was as powerless, and perhaps, as time went on, as unwilling, as any other Czar to remedy the confusion of Russian finance, or to check the corruption of Russian officials. In his days the serfs have been emancipated, and the country has been what is termed covered with a network of railways—that is, some lines have been made where they were wanted, and some where they were not wanted, to an extent not insignificant in so vast a space. Otherwise, there is probably no great difference between the Russia of to-day and the Russia of a quarter of a century ago.

The later years of the Czar were clouded with war, revolution, attempts on his life, and those domestic troubles of his own creating which were notified to the public by his recent marriage with the Princess Dolgorouki. Whatever his faults may have been, he was a tender-hearted, compassionate, and courageous man. During the

early part of the Turkish war he was in a most unhappy position. He had the good sense to abstain from a task for which he was so totally unfit as that of directing military operations. He could only sit and wait in a lonely Bulgarian town, hearing the sad accounts of his faithful soldiers being cut down by thousands in what seemed an ineffectual struggle, visiting the wounded in the hospitals, and so stricken with sorrow that in their far-off homes his subjects began to see, and almost to worship, in their Czar the greatest and most sublime of sufferers. From the time when his life was attempted at Paris in 1867 he was noticed to be an altered man. He was conscious that he had done much for his people, and he had been taught the bitter lesson that no amount of well-doing can make the life of a Czar safe. After the end of the Turkish war, he found that not only was his life exposed to danger, but that a knot of persons were determined to kill him. He was shot at by a retired officer, the train in which he was supposed to be travelling was blown up, the room in the Winter Palace in which he had by the merest accident not sat down to dinner was shattered, and now the end has really come, and he has been killed. He had shown on Sunday last his habitual courage by insisting on going out to a review in spite of very positive warning, and he displayed in the last act of his life his habitual kindness by refusing to escape from further danger until he had seen to those wounded by the first missile. After the attempt of the Winter Palace he would neither abdicate nor retire into privacy, but he placed all the executive authority in the hands of Count Melikoff, and only watched more or less closely how his substitute went on. The experiment was a successful one in many respects. Russian society seemed to be beginning to breathe a little more freely, a kind of liberty was given to the press, systematic inquiries were made into the wants of the provinces, order reigned in Russian towns, and at last Count Melikoff saw his way to abandoning his exceptional position, but retained his power in the guise of an ordinary Minister of the Interior. In the background stood Alexander II. like the spectre of Ozardom, not directing, not reigning, but existing with the awful majesty and latent omnipotence of the Czar, until his enemies should succeed in bringing his mournful, but not undignified, existence to an end. He had lived his life, he had wrought his work, and perhaps a sudden and violent death was the best means of endearing his memory to his people, and letting the good he had done live after him.

A POLITICAL POT-POURRI.

NOT very long ago one of our contemporaries made a doleful complaint to the effect that "the hobby-horse is forgot" in political life—in other words, that the lighter shades are sadly wanting just now in the picture of public affairs. As there can be no suspicion of a want of imaginative penetration in the quarter to which we refer—where it has just been discovered that Mr. Gladstone is a man of peculiarly calm and equable temperament, as shown by his wearing a black skull-cap, and going round Scotland in the *Grantully Castle*—the only way in which we can account for the complaint referred to is that the complainant has not looked in the right place. For the political comedy never ceases to be comic—that is to say, to those who have eyes to see. Here are a few instances collected almost at random from the daily papers during a range of forty-eight hours only. We might amplify them considerably by extending that range a little. For instance, few things more genuinely comic have ever been seen than the intense disgust of the Radicals at the falsification of Mr. Gladstone's predictions as to the course of Supply on Monday and Tuesday night. The ingenious Liberal M.P. who wrote to the *Times* indignantly protesting that not a single thing occurred on either of those nights which would have been prevented by the rules of urgency, and arguing from this that urgency might just as well have been imposed, is in himself a study for a contemplative humorist. A great novelist once described two of his characters as "gazing on each other with animated countenances" for some moments in the silent enjoyment of a just revealed instance of ingenious rascality. So might others gaze in silent enjoyment of that Liberal M.P. To know that such a man exists is something; it brings one very near to the discovery, the possibility of which used to animate the thoughts of the late Mr. Carlyle when he meditated on the whereabouts of the stupidest man living. To have the cover narrowed to the walls of St. Stephen's, to know that the betting is not much more than three hundred and sixty to one against identification of the paragon at the first trial, and that an easy process of exhaustion would bring the odds down to a very short figure indeed, is of itself delightful. It is more delightful still to feel sure that the unlucky writer is not the least conscious of the sublime folly of his argument. "You might just as well have let me put you in irony, for you have been quite as quiet as if I had."

Let us go back, however, to our stipulated adventures of forty-eight hours. Ireland, of course, furnishes a considerable part of them. How charming, for instance, was that remark of Mr. Dillon the other day, that plaintive expostulation with the Government. They had promised, he said, to arrest only village tyrants, dissolute ruffians, and so forth, and they had actually lodged in Kilmainham "as respectable men as any of that platform." The occupants of the platform are not reported to have grined; the audience, for an Irish audience, seems apparently to have

faculty of seeing a joke) did not greet the truism with uproarious laughter. Nobody present saw the joke, and the fact that nobody saw it makes it perhaps of a more delicate flavour. Hibernian still, but less obviously delightful and delightfully obvious, was the remark of another Land League chairman that Sir William Harcourt was "the rejected representative of a sink of iniquity." The cold Saxon mind would take this for a compliment, inasmuch as to be rejected by a sink of iniquity can scarcely be said to be evidence of vice. But these verbal assertions of the right of self-government as regards the misuse of sense and the English language pale before the pleasant fiction or fact with which the Reverend Mr. Kenney, P.P., regaled his flock at Ennis a day or two ago—the secret history of the Irish Church Disestablishment, and also of the constant fears which have arisen in ultra-Protestant minds as to Mr. Gladstone's religious soundness. It was not the Clerkenwell explosion which determined Mr. Gladstone to disestablish the Irish Church. That act was a kind of earnest of his conversion. But, after all, "when everything was prepared to receive him, and the altar candles were lighted," Cardinal Wiseman received a letter from him stating that he had changed his mind. The wrath of a prince of the Church, trifled with in this manner, may be better imagined than described. And then the waste of the candles! It is only to be hoped that the Cardinal, having book and candle all ready, and doubtless bell also, did not at once fulminate his most elaborate curses at the head of this most unseasonable changer of his mind. And yet, as Lamb would have said, can there be anything in the story? For Mr. Gladstone certainly has been known to change his mind with great rapidity, and the lighting of the candles is a valuable piece of circumstantial evidence. If Father Kenney had a piece of one which he could satisfy impartial observers had been actually lighted, it would be very serious. Pleasant, again, is it to consider the arguments of Miss Anna Parnell on the subject of outrages. At a meeting of the London branch of the Ladies' Land League, Miss Parnell undertook the castigation of Mr. Jesse Collings, who objects to outrages on cattle. With convincing force Miss Parnell showed that it was impossible for her brother to denounce outrages, because such denunciation would be equivalent to an acknowledgment that they had been committed by his followers. An equally strong argument was found in the fact that it was the person who was unpopular with his neighbours whose cattle were houghed. The stupid Saxon thinks he sees in this the act of the neighbours. Not at all; the unpopular villain does it himself that he may get compensation at the expense of his enemies, and so revenge himself on them. Nothing can be clearer. As usual, however, with Irish defenders of cruelty to animals, Miss Parnell endeavoured to carry the war into the enemy's country. Walking through an aristocratic London square, it seems (the story begins rather like the unlucky joke which lost Lamb's unfortunate friend his place on the "Oracle"), Miss Parnell met a cat. Miss Parnell has a weakness for cats, and we parenthetically but heartily wish she had a weakness for nothing worse. So the cat and the agitatrix exchanged courtesies, and the agitatrix gave food to the hungry cat. The populace flocked round her, and informed her that it was the custom of the brutal Saxon to abandon his cats when he goes from his luxurious London home to the castle whence he tyrannizes over a down-trodden peasantry. Now mark the contrast. "In Ireland," says Miss Parnell, "that cat would have been put into a blanket" (not and tossed, as the reader may anticipate, but) "and carried to the other house." From a rather intimate acquaintance with the manners of the English cat, we doubt whether that independent animal would relish the blanket. However, Miss Parnell has hit a real blot in the thoughtlessness on which she comments. Perhaps she would do well to remember that the cruelty which horrifies English lookers-on is not thoughtless, but deliberate and systematic. However, to make these reflections is to treat Miss Parnell rather too seriously, and, besides, we promised only Democratic handling of topics in this article.

If we have hitherto confined ourselves to Ireland, it is from no want of home subjects. Indeed, as we have hinted, the deliciously problematic Liberal M.P. who has such a charming fashion of arguing ought to supply food for silent laughter for at least a week. But there is plenty more. It may not be true that, as some reports have it, the senior member for Northampton, in the debate the other night about his colleague, being confused by Mr. Gorst's arguments, hit upon the happy compromise of styling him "the Hon. Mr. Bradlaugh." But if it were true, this new Americanization of our institutions would be sublimely typical. Less suggestive but larger subjects for passive merriment suggest themselves in Mr. Grant Duff (who may be surprised to find himself a cause of mirth), and still more in the New Party. How Mr. Grant Duff went down to the Palmerston Club dinner at Oxford with the object of assisting in the praiseworthy task of bringing up young Liberals under glass in that ungenial atmosphere; how he knew all about the subjects on which his chief had just said he knew nothing; how he laid down an ultimatum as to terms with the Boers, and how very shortly afterwards it appeared that the two points of Mr. Grant Duff's ultimatum are just the very things which the Boers protest they will never concede; all these things make a pleasant story. If it be said that the Transvaal war is too important a subject to regard jocularly, it may be at least replied that Mr. Grant Duff is not too important a personage to receive such treatment. On the whole, however, the home event of the last week which deserves most attention from the politician with a sense of humour is perhaps the formation (or rather the

formativus, for the actual formation can hardly be said to be complete) of the New Party. The New Party has not settled on its name, or apparently on its principles. It avoids, perhaps wisely, the numerical appellations which have been in favour of late. But it meets assiduously and strives to come into being. All that appears to be clearly known about it is that it includes—or when it comes into existence intends to include if it can—Mr. Cowen, Professor Beesly, and Mr. Hyndman, as odd a trinity surely as any one could meet on a day much longer than any that March allows for the search. The New Party, as far as its immediate programme goes, appears to be mere old Chartism, writ not exactly large, but in different letters. Triennial, instead of annual Parliaments, is the only alteration noticeable to a casual observer. These things, however, are after all only means to an end, and it would be extremely interesting to know what the end of the New Party (we have no evil intentions in the use of that ambiguous term) is to be. Mr. Cowen would probably like to use it to destroy Russia; Professor Beesly to exterminate the wicked race of literary men whom he so much hates, and who are given to misrepresent the best of sovereigns like Tiberius; Mr. Hyndman to do something—what, we believe, nobody, not except himself, knows—with India. But, when Russia has been subdivided into sixty or seventy Republics, with manhood suffrage, annual Parliaments, &c., and when the last literary man is dismissed to his appropriate Tartarus amid the plaudits of an enfranchised world, and when the sponge has been passed over India's debt, and over the establishment of her services, civil and military, what will the New Party do then? To what mysterious goal will it bend its majestic steps? These are questions which may be answerable, but which none has yet answered; and the New Party thus continues to loom in the political mist, a pleasant subject of conjecture, of observation, and last, but not least, of amusement.

Such is a sketch of the subjects contributed to the *comédie humaine* by the recorded public events of some two or three days only. Far be it from us to claim that we have extracted all their sweetness; on the contrary, we have only indicated the sources of that sweetness to the judicious public; and, in face of this generous abundance, complaints are made that there is nothing to laugh at. Such conduct is, indeed, in the expressive Scotticism, "spanning your mercies."

ASHBURNHAM HOUSE.

If the losses involved were less irreparable, there would be something almost grand in the nonchalance with which we see the works of our great English architects destroyed piecemeal, almost without a protest, certainly without effectual interference. One by one the few beautiful buildings which relieve the monotony, or atone for the vulgar pretentiousness which is the characteristic of modern London, disappear, and with them page after page of history is wiped out, and a crowd of memories scattered recklessly to the winds. Wren's works are rapidly becoming fewer. Temple Bar—that unjustly decried but really dignified gateway, not unworthy of its great architect, and well suited to its surroundings, with its odd suggestions of the "Bridge of Sighs" at Venice, with all its memories of royal entries, and civic processions, and quartered traitors, and decapitated Jacobites, and "spying glasses" let at a halfpenny a look at the ghastly spectacle, and Johnson and Boswell quoting Latin verses at one another—is the latest sacrifice. Now it is gone the usual reaction has set in, and people begin to regret it. After Wren's City gateway, Wren's City churches are going fast. St. Antholin's, with its taper spire—one of Wren's loveliest creations—with its sisters, St. Benet's, St. Bartholomew's, Allhallows, and others—has been pounded down into Portland cement, while the stones of St. Mildred's, rescued from the same ignominious fate by Mr. Ffytche, are still lying in that gentleman's park near Louth. St. Mary-at-Hill, which we are glad to believe we had some hand in rescuing when it was attacked three years ago, is threatened again by the Inner Circle Railway, and unless a vigorous defence is speedily organized, its graceful domed interior will become a thing of the past. But it is not among Wren's works alone that the hand of the destroyer has been busy, witness Northumberland House and the colonnade of Burlington House, whose graceful semicircle seemed to Horace Walpole like the vision of a fairy palace raised in a night-time, whose pillars are mouldering in a rubbish heap in Battersea Park.

The most recent object marked out for destruction is Ashburnham House; not the well-known town house of the Earls of Ashburnham in Dover Street, so long the residence of the Russian Ambassador, but the mansion of the same name in Little Dean's Yard, erected by Inigo Jones for a former member of the Ashburnham family, and occupied till his recent demise by the late Lord John Thynne as his canonical house. It appears that the authorities of Westminster School, still shortened for room, notwithstanding the alterations which have swept away the famous "shed" and other historic landmarks, have long since cast envious eyes on the range of buildings running westward from the school-room (the old monastic dormitory) which lies to the south of the cloisters, and the site of the Refectory, of which Ashburnham House forms the westernmost.

Our apprehensions were raised a few days since by a paragraph in the daily papers announcing to the world that a compact had been made some time since between the Governing Body of the

school and the Dean and Chapter, by which the former might on the next avoidance take possession of these houses and work their wicked will upon them. We inquired, and found the statement only too true; that, unless warned off by indignant antiquaries, the rapacious school would infallibly seize on, and destroy, Inigo Jones's lovely creation. While we write we read that the seal of the Governors has been affixed to a request to the Dean and Chapter to complete the bargain. Small reverence would the school authorities show for the priceless relic of Jones's architecture. Individually the members of the Governing Board may not be dead to æsthetic influences, but collectively they are bound to be superior to such weaknesses. A seventeenth-century nobleman's mansion cannot meet the requirements of a school. We ourselves have seen a *scuola primaria* kept in the magnificent halls of a Genoese palace, and—such is the radical difference between an Italian and an English schoolboy—without damage to its frescoed ceiling and rich architectural decorations. But we are sure a Westminster boy would feel strangely out of his element in Jones's richly stuccoed chambers or on his pillared staircase; while even in these luxurious days, a Westminster master might find Ashburnham House a costly and comfortable domicile for his *ménage*. But surely there can be no call for any haste in demolition. The circumstances of Westminster School are not such as to render the question of enlargement one of immediate urgency. Boarders are few; day-boys are not overpoweringly numerous.

But, whatever may be the future of Westminster School, an earnest protest must be raised against its being allowed to swallow up Ashburnham House. This is indeed a building that London can ill afford to lose. Small as its dimensions are, nowhere is the genius of the great introducer of classical architecture among us more unmistakably felt. Little as it is now known, the grand staircase, with its short stately flights of broad, low stairs, broken with dignified landings; its panelled walls and lovely oval lantern, which is the chief feature of the house that has survived the conflagration of 1731 and modern innovations, is an architectural composition whose merits have "claimed the attention and secured the admiration" of all who have become acquainted with it. Sir John Soane, the architect of the Bank of England, a man of eccentric but original genius, thought so highly of it that he had a series of drawings made to illustrate its plan and details, and exhibited them as instructive examples to his pupils at the Royal Academy lectures. A little later, the late Mr. George Gwilt was so struck with the beauty of the design that he made drawings of it with his own hand, which were engraved by Le Keux for Butler and Brayley's *Public Buildings of London*. The main order on the first floor is Ionic, with capitals of the Roman type, with eight angular volutes. The columns and half-columns which support the panelled ceiling and the boldly enriched entablatures are fluted. The oval dome which crowns the whole springs from twelve smaller columns also of the Ionic order, but unfluted, arranged in four groups of three. If there be a fault in the composition, it is that their upper columns are somewhat too diminutive. The chief apartments are entered from this staircase by arched-headed doorways with very bold but somewhat heavy projecting keystones. They include a drawing-room of exquisite proportions which was once surmounted by a cupola, and a state bedroom, now the dining-room, with a graceful tribune. They are ornamented with heavy cornices, stuccoed ceilings, and other rich, but well-designed and harmonious, decorations. The exterior of the mansion is perfectly plain, but well proportioned. The front towards Little Dean's Yard, of which there is a good view in Smith's *Westminster*, taken 1808, shows two wings and a slightly receding centre, in dark red brick, with a uniform range of tall narrow sash windows lighting the principal floor. The northern face looks out on the interior wall of the demolished refectory of Westminster Abbey, with the Confessor's Norman arcade below, and Abbot Litlington's decorated windows and roof corbels above. The site of the great hall (130 feet long by 38 broad) forms the garden of this and the adjacent house, now occupied by Mr. Turle, the venerable organist of the Abbey. Traces of the conventual kitchen have been discovered at the south-west angle.

The history of Ashburnham House is somewhat obscure. Britton, more than half a century back, speaks of "the difficulty of reconciling and combining the varied and vague traditional annals of nearly two centuries." Nor, though there could be little difficulty in working out the history from the Chapter records, do we know that anything has been since done to elucidate it. We have explained that it is said to have been designed by Inigo Jones for one of the Ashburnham family. The history of the family, "one," writes Fuller, "of stupendous antiquity, which hath been equalled by its eminence," would point to the celebrated "Jack Ashburnham," the trusted and faithful attendant of Charles I., his confidant and companion both in his flight from Oxford to Southwell in 1646, and in his escape from Hampton Court to the Isle of Wight the next year, as the person for whom the mansion was built. He was born in 1603, and was the eldest son of Sir John Ashburnham, who is handed down to posthumous fame not very engagingly, in his son's epitaph in the church of Ashburnham in Sussex, rebuilt by him after he had retrieved his fortunes by marriage, as "that unfortunate Person whose good Nature and frank Disposition towards his Friends is deeply engaged for them, necessitated him to sell the Estate which had been in his Family long before the Conquest (?) and all the Estate he had elsewhere, not leaving to his

Wife and six Children the least Substance." Inasmuch as the epitaph goes on to say that within two years of the easy-going gentleman's death, which happened in 1620, "not one of his children but was in Condition rather to be helpful to others than to want support themselves," Jack Ashburnham may well have been in a position to employ the leading architect of the day when he was in the zenith of his fame (the Banqueting House, Whitehall, was built between 1619 and 1621) to erect his town mansion in the fashionable classical style. The site for his mansion, probably at that time a strip of useless unoccupied land adjacent to the old ruined Refectory, would be probably obtained on a long renewable lease from the Dean and Chapter. In 1708 we find his grandson John, the first Lord Ashburnham, residing here, having been married ten years before in Westminster Abbey. He could not, however, have made this house his usual place of abode, for his death took place in 1710 "at his house in Southampton Street, near Bloomsbury Square." The house remained in the possession of the family twenty years longer, until 1730, when the lease was purchased by the Crown of his son John, who that same year, "in consideration of his great merits," had been raised to an earldom. The object of the purchase was to secure a place for housing the King's and other libraries belonging to the Crown, including the celebrated Cottonian library of manuscripts, which, after their purchase by the Crown in 1706, had remained six years, together with the other collections, in the old Cotton House, at the back of the former House of Commons, which afterwards became the residence of the Commons' chief clerk, in vain expectation of the erection of the new library, the erection of which had been ordered by the Act of Purchase, and had then been removed, in 1712, to what remained of Essex House in the Strand. From Essex House the manuscripts were removed back to Westminster in 1730, and placed in Ashburnham House, under the care of one Mr. Bentley, the deputy of his great namesake Dr. Robert Bentley, the celebrated Master of Trinity, who had been made Keeper of the King's Libraries throughout England, in succession to Justel, in 1694. Dr. Edward Gibson, afterwards Bishop of London, had been a rival candidate to Bentley; but the place was actually given to one Mr. Thynne, with whom a compromise was effected, which was no secret at the time, Bentley engaging, on his resigning his post to him, to pay him 150*l.* out of the yearly salary of 200*l.*

Scarcely had these invaluable collections been placed in their new repository when they were near being burnt to ashes, to the incomparable loss of literature and the world. In the early morning of October 23rd, 1731, a fire broke out in the house which, in Dr. Monk's words, "did much damage to the Cottonian collection, and was very near destroying the whole united treasures" (*Life of Bentley*, ii. 308). Bentley, we are told, happened to be in town, at his post, and hastened to the rescue of the imperilled treasures, of which he was the official guardian, assisted by Speaker Onslow and others hastily summoned from their beds by the alarm. Bentley's first care was to secure what he considered the palladium of the library, the Alexandrine MS. of the Holy Scriptures, the famous Codex A, presented to Charles I. by Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Alexandria, and then of Constantinople in 1628. Dr. Freind—not the famous physician, Dr. John Freind, confined in the Tower by Walpole as privy to Atterbury's plot, and charged by him with blackest treason, but subsequently basking in Royal favour as physician to Queen Caroline, wife of George II., but his brother, "Doctor Bob," Head-Master of Westminster School—was one of the earliest on the spot; and, in his letters to Lady Sandon, he draws an amusing picture of the great scholar seen issuing from the burning house in his flowing dressing-gown, a huge periwig on his head, and the Codex under his arm. This catastrophe reduced the manuscript volumes from 958 to 861, of which as many as 105 were almost hopelessly scorched or shrivelled. The patient industry and delicate manipulation of the late Mr. Planté succeeded in restoring fifty-one of these damaged volumes to legibility, and subsequent Keepers have recovered others whose charred condition seemed past remedy. We may here mention that after this disaster the collections were removed to the old Dormitory of Westminster School, "their last migration before the year 1752, when they were given to the British Museum, and found a resting-place in Montague House."

In 1739 Ashburnham House once more reverted to the Chapter, the remainder of the lease having been purchased of the Crown out of money granted by Parliament for the repairs and improvement of the Abbey and its precincts, which were then being vigorously prosecuted under Dean Wilcocks. He "being a gentleman of taste and judgment," according to Gwyn, had courageously swept away no fewer than four prebendal houses, which were nesting under the walls and encumbering the cloisters of the Abbey. To compensate for the loss of these Ashburnham House, the part damaged by the fire having been pulled down, was bought and divided into two residences, which were assigned to Dr. Welles and Dr. Barker. At the beginning of the present century Ashburnham House was for many years the residence of Dr. Andrew Bell, the founder of the "Bell Scholarship" for clergymen's sons at Cambridge, and the introducer of the once famous "Madras system" of mutual instruction in our primary schools; the precursor of the pupil-teacher system which has rendered the education of our national schools so much more thorough and efficient, and has kept up a constant supply of well-trained teachers. Bell's was a strongly marked character, and his services to the cause of primary education both in India and England

deserve to be remembered; but he was possessed by such an overweening sense of the importance of his "discovery" that, in the words of his friend and literary executor Southey, it "left no room in his heart and soul for anything else," while the fear that it was failing of just appreciation, and his jealousy of the rival system established on the same lines by Joseph Lancaster, made it "a perpetual torment to him, whatever good" writes Southey, "it may ultimately produce to others." From an exaggerated estimate of himself and his work Bell nourished "a sure conviction that the more fully he was known, the higher would be the opinion formed of his character, so that whatever related to him would be deemed of importance by posterity" (Southey to May, 1833). He therefore never destroyed a paper, and Southey describes with dismay the sacks full of letters and documents of all kinds sent down to him at Keswick to sort, arrange, and publish. Too bulky for the narrow limits of Greta Hall, already filled to overflowing with his own books and literary collections, they were deposited in a building at the end of his garden, where Bell's amanuensis spent several months parting the precious from the vile, for Southey's inspection. Again and again does the Laureate groan over the uncongenial work, for which his 1,000*l.* legacy was felt to be but an insufficient compensation. A still later occupant who has illustrated Ashburnham House was the brilliant poet, essayist, and historian, Henry Hart Milman, who resided in it till his nomination to the Deanery of St. Paul's in 1849. Its last tenant, as we have said, was the late Sub-Dean of Westminster, Lord John Thynne, a very worthy specimen of the dignified aristocratic clergyman of the older generation which it is the fashion now to disparage, but whose high-bred courtesy, quiet dignity, and faithful discharge of the duties of his office—it is easier to admire than to imitate. It would be an additional source of regret if his death were to be followed by the demolition of the noble house which was in such true harmony with his stately bearing. The expressed intention of the Dean and Chapter to resist the threatened spoliation is extremely satisfactory. Chapters are but trustees, and are bound to hand on to their successors, unimpaired what they have received from those who have gone before them.

"BIRER RABBIT."

THE capabilities, ambitions, and personal adventures of the rabbit have been hitherto greatly neglected in the literature of fable and allegory. The world, which seldom looks below the surface, regards with contempt an animal which possesses such ridiculous and inadequate weapons of self-defence and such deplorable lack of personal courage. The rabbit has, it is true, a pleasing exterior, with a graceful head, expressive, though melancholy, eyes, picturesque ears, and sensitive mouth; yet, even with these advantages, he offers little scope for a writer of fable, because it seems impossible to endow him with any single quality which commands respect. One cannot admire a fellow-creature who meets every danger, real or imaginary, with instant and precipitate flight. We may venerate meekness as a cardinal virtue in the abstract; but when a person is meek, not from a sense of duty so much as from weakness of frame, absence of claws, and cowardice of disposition, that person is commonly little thought of. It is perhaps also against a rabbit that he belongs to so numerous a tribe; it seems as difficult to single out one rabbit from a warren as one herring from a shoal, he is one among millions, rapidly multiplying, though rapidly destroyed; he would overrun the whole round world, and eat up every green thing that therein is, but for his enemies, who devour the devourer. Then there is something contemptible in belonging to a race no member of which was ever in any warren—though the memory of the oldest inhabitant is short indeed—known to die a natural death. Other animals, again, possess distinct characteristics which connect them with the emotions and qualities of man; there are "spiritual correspondences"; they become types of human character; we liken our fellows to them; one is a wolf for appetite, a pig for earthliness, a monkey for tricks, a bulldog for tenacity, a mole for blindness, a skunk for general disagreeableness, or a bandicoot for baldness. When such a comparison is set up, the most stupid observer knows at once what is meant, and sees before him, in rude but effective outline, the manner of the man. But what, one asks in sorrow, are the distinguishing characteristics of a rabbit? and what would be thought of a man who was likened to a rabbit? We should picture to ourselves a creature with no fight in him, without any strength or any resource in danger, or any hope except to live and enjoy; a man born to be plundered; the natural victim of every rogue; whose mere appearance would be an invitation to all foxes, ferrets, weasels, martins, stoats, and polecats to come and devour their prey. He would be imagined, in short, to have been born, like the rabbit, for no other purpose than to satisfy for a few moments the ever-hungry maw of his enemies; to fill, for a brief space, the Universal Pot.

These be truths, and it might seem hardly worth while to state them; but there are special reasons why, at the present moment, by way of *amende honorable*, we should confess our late low opinion of the rabbit, for we must be immediately prepared to change that opinion altogether, and to regard the despised creature for the future with respect and admiration. We have, in fact, been recently introduced to a collection—short as yet, but we hope still growing—of genuine legends, fables, and gestic in which

the rabbit shows himself a fellow quite superior to his previous reputation, and, indeed, full of resource, cunning, wit, and mirth. It will be a matter of rejoicing to every candid mind to feel that this animal, too, has at length joined those creatures with whom children are brought up to sympathize. Henceforth, whether he is basted with onion sauce, or roasted, or curried, he will be looked upon with more respectful eyes; classical associations will gather round the dish; and the knowledge of his many good qualities will doubtless improve his flavour.

Let us suppose that, by some lucky chance, a copy were to be found of the famous "Renart" story in its most primitive form, that in which it left the brain of the ingenious person who conceived it or first adapted it to the social conditions of his time. It is easy to trace the great complicated allegory, with all its additions and later growths, back to an early form. The story of how superior strength may be met by cunning is one which would be naturally interesting at a time when the world was a great deal vexed by strong men strongly armed, always hungry, and always wanting meat and wine for nothing. What more natural allegory than the quarrel of the wolf and the fox? The earliest form of this legend would contain none of those envenomed sayings which mark the hatred of an oppressed people; none of the *nuances*, none of the discordances, the irrelevancies, the intrusions of erudition, and the multiplicity of allusions, which are found scattered up and down the great cycle of *Renart*, from *Reinardus Vulpes* to *Renart le Contrefait*. It would be the simple tale of how the cunning beast outwitted the strong beast. Later on will be found allegorized resistance to the King, the Church, and the Law. But in the first plain, unvarnished tale Renard lives in the little country house with Hermeline his wife, and his sons Percehaie, Malebranche, and Rovel; he in no way resembles a hero of early French epic; he is not brave; he performs no great exploits; he is assisted by no magicians; his desire is simply to bring his enemy to discomfiture and death, and then to live at home undisturbed, as any simple country gentleman might wish. It is strange that this same tale of craft against strength, once so popular, between the Rhine and the Loire, should be found in the plantations of the Southern States, and should have been the principal delight and consolation of the negroes in their long years of servitude. Yet, unless the editor of the stories called *Uncle Remus* (London: David Bogue) has misled the world, this is actually the case; from one generation to the next the slaves handed down their stories of how by wit, dexterity, and craft the rabbit defended himself successfully against his enemies.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, who introduces us to Uncle Remus, thinks it necessary to assure us that his intention is entirely serious—we like those who amuse us to be serious—and he goes on to assert that the legends which he has collected are so familiar in the South that they have "become part of the domestic history of every Southern family." Many of them, it is true, are familiar in other forms, a fact which we leave to professors of folklore for explanation; we may, however, record the fact that one or two are common not only among the negroes of the Carolinas, but among the Amazonian Indians, and also in the Far East of Siam. The important point, however, for us is the very singular and appropriate selection of the rabbit as a hero, because it is immediately obvious that of all creatures the slave could probably find none whose condition more resembled his own. He is the most helpless of animals, surrounded on every side by enemies; he is liable to attack from every quarter and from almost every creature; he has no place of safety; there is no law to protect him; he is at the caprice of his masters. Yet the rabbit defeats his enemies, enjoys their discomfiture, and gets the laugh on his side in the end. He is not, in the fable, represented as asking respect for his virtue, his honesty, or his truth—did over any one ask respect for the black man on account of these qualities? He is *malin*, mischievous, and, on occasion, revengeful; he is not depressed by his condition; but, on the other hand, is gay, merry, sprightly, full of wit and of fun. These are the qualities which the slave must present to his masters. And, like the rabbit, he must show no distrust, seem to suspect no danger, pretend blind confidence, seem easily seduced by honied words; and yet, when his enemy is once within his grasp he will, also like the rabbit, be ready to *boil him alive*.

The language of the negro as given by Mr. Harris differs somewhat from that to which Mr. Stowe and other writers of nigger patois have accustomed us. It is not always easy to understand it, and perhaps one might find fault with the spelling. For instance, the word *brer* (= brother) would, we think, from our personal observation be more correctly written "barrer," but perhaps Mr. Harris knows best. The stories principally turn on the following motif. "Brer Fox bin doin' all dat he could fer ter ketch Brer Rabbit, en Brer Rabbit bin doin' all he could fer ter keep 'im fum it." Thus Brer Fox spies his friend afar off "lopin up de big road," and invites him with a friendly compliment to stop for a chat. Brer Rabbit declines to do so on the ground of being "monstus full of fens"; however, not to show distrust, he invites his enemy to take dinner with him. Brer Fox consents, but on the appointed day does not come, preferring to lurk outside on the chance of picking up one of the family. Brer Rabbit sees the tip of his tail and sings:—

De place wharabouts you spill de grease
Right dar you're boun' ter slide:
And whar you fine a bunch er ha'r
You'll sholy fine de hide.

Next day the Fox invites the Rabbit to return. He accepts and goes, finding the Fox "wrop up wid fannil," and looking "mighty weak." But his suspicions are awakened by the curious fact that though there is a carving knife on the table there is nothing in the dish pan. "Look like you gwine ter have chicken for dinner, Brer Fox?" sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. "Yes, Brer Rabbit, dey er nice, en fresh, en tender," sez Brer Fox, sezee. Den Brer Rabbit sorter pull his mustash en say, "You s'n't get no calamus root, is you, Brer Fox? I done got so now dat I can't eat no chicken 'cep'in' she's seasoned up wid calamus root." En wid dat Brer Rabbit lipt out er de do' and dodge mong de bushes."

Then the Fox made a Tar-baby out of tar and turpentine and set it up in the road, and waited in the bushes to see what would happen. Presently the rabbit came along and stopped, seeing the baby—

"Mawnin'!" sez Brer Rabbit, sezee—"nice wedder dis mawnin'," sezee.

"Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox he lay low.

"How duz yo' sym'tums seem ter sogashuate?" sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Brer Fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she sin't sayin' nuthin'.

"How you come on, den? Is you deaf?" sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. "Kaze if you is, I kin holler louder," sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Youer stuck up, dat's w'at you is," says Brer Rabbit, sezee, "en I'm gwinter kyore you, dat's w'at I'm a gwinter do," sezee.

"Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummock, he did, but Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"I'm gwinter larn you howter talk ter 'specttubble fokes er hit's de las' ack," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. "Ef you don't take off dat hat en tal me howdy, I'm gwinter bus' you wide open," sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin' nuthin', twel presently Brer Rabbit draw back wid his dis', he did, en blip he tuck 'er side er de head. Right dar's whar he broke his morlases jug. His dis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt 'im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Ef you don't lemme loose, I'll knock you agin," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, en wid dat he foteh 'er a wipe wid de udder han', en dat stuck. Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nothin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natal stuffin' outen you," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nothin'. She des hilt on, en der Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don't ru'n 'im loose he butt 'er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa'ntered fort', lookin' dez ez innocent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin'-birds."

The way in which the Rabbit extricates himself from the difficulty is, oddly enough, exactly the same as that in which, in the Persian story translated by Professor Palmer, Rustam escapes from Akwan Dev:—

"Well, I speek I got you dis time, Brer Rabbit," sezee; "maybe I ain't but I speek I is. You been rummin' roun' here sassin' atter me a mighty long time, but I speek you done come ter de cen' er de row. You bin cuttin' up yo' capers en bouncin' roun' in dis naberhood outwel you come ter b'leve yo'self de boss er de whole gang. En den you allers some're whar you got no bizness," sez Brer Fox, sezee. "Who ax you fer ter come on strike up a 'quaintence wid dish yer Tar-Baby? En who stuck you up dar whar you iz? Nobody in de roun' worrl. You des tuck en jam yo'self on dat 'Tar-Baby widout waitin' fer enny invite," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "en dar you is, en dar you'll stay twel I fixa up a bresh-pile and fires her up, kaze I'm gwinter bobbyeue you dis day, sho," sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit talk nighty 'umble,

"I don't keer w'at you do wid me, Brer Fox," sezee, "so you don't fling me in dat brier-patch. Rous me, Brer Fox," sezee, "but don't fling me in dat brier-patch," sezee.

"Hit's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "dat I speek I'll hatter hang you," sezee.

"Hang me des ez high as you please, Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, "but do fer goodness' sake don't fling me in dat brier-patch," sezee.

"I ain't got no string," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "en now I speek I'll hatter drown you," sezee.

"Drown me des ez deep ez you please, Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, "but do don't fling me in dat brier-patch," sezee.

"Dey ain't no water nigh," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "en now I speek I'll hatter skin you," sezee.

"Skin me, Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, "anatoh out my eyeballs, 't'out my years by de roots, en cut off my legs," sezee, "but do please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in dat brier-patch," sezee.

"Co'se Brer Fox wanta hurt Brer Rabbit bad ez he kin, so he catch 'im by de behime legs en slung 'im right in de middle er de brier-patch."

Presently the Fox sees the Rabbit a long way up the hill, "settin' cross-legged on a chinkapin log, koamin' de pitch outen his hair wid a chip," and from this position of vantage he calls to the Fox, "Bred en bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox—bred en bawn in a brier-patch!" This story is a fair specimen of all. Had we space we should like to quote the tale of how Brer Rabbit makes Brer Fox put on saddle and bridle, and rides him, as the lady rode Aristotle in the *fabliau*, into the presence of "Miss Meadows en the girls." It is instructive, too, to read, how he fooled the Turkey Buzzard and turned the tables on the Fox who wanted to smoke him out of the chimney; how he destroyed the Wolf; how he patched up a friendship with the Fox; went out hunting with him and got all the game for himself; how he devoured all the butter; and how he brought Brer Bar to unmerited disgrace, with other stories, which we must pass over. To sum up, the stories, as was said before, should effect a complete revolution in the general estimate and reputation of the Rabbit. More than this—they point to an immense field open for those who are in search of new character, new scenery, and new dialogue. The negro of the Southern States has hitherto only been sketched, never stuffed, save perhaps by Mr.

Leland in his excellent portrait of "Ebeneser." Mr. Harris shows that he is full of curious stories, traditions, and superstitions. But as yet no one has collected them and set them down. Only a Virginian, indeed, or a Carolinian, or Georgian, would be competent to do so, because only one born and brought up among the people "bawn and bred in de brier patch" could do justice to their language, know how to get at their traditions, and understand their simple satire.

PIUS VII. AND THE CONCORDAT OF 1801.

A CONTROVERSY, arising originally out of the Abbé Martin's strictures on "Ritualism"—noticed at the time in our columns—is being carried on between him and one of our weekly contemporaries as to the precise relations of Church and State established by the Concordat of Pius VII. with Napoleon in 1801. The Abbé has lately republished in a volume, entitled *Anglican Ritualism as seen by a Catholic and Foreigner*, the papers he contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* and *Contemporary*. In one of these, it may be remembered, he falls foul of the Erastianism of the English Church in no measured terms, the point specially dwelt upon being the appointment of the Bishops by the civil power "through a Minister who may be anything, even an Atheist." In reply to this his reviewer in the *Spectator* not unnaturally called attention to the terms of the Concordat of the Pope with Napoleon I., which he himself summed up thus:—"The First Consul nominates a hundred bishops [there were only sixty by the by] and the Pope institutes them. They nominate the parish priests, and these are paid by the State. They take the oath [to the Constitution]. The priests who do not submit are transported." Napoleon added with characteristic urbanity—his sincerity is more open to question—that he was himself indifferent to all religions, being a Mahometan in Egypt, and a Papist in France, as best suited his conscience. To this criticism the Abbé replied after some weeks' delay, that the real question is not what a tyrant may seek to impose, but what the Church accepts, which of course is obvious enough, and equally obvious is the reviewer's rejoinder that the Pope did accept the Concordat, some provisions of which he goes on to cite as well as certain clauses from the Organic Articles. On this a fresh controversy broke out, in which the *Tablet* has taken part, as to whether Pius VII. ever accepted the Organic Articles at all, which the Abbé denies and his critics affirm. It appears clear at all events that in a subsequent Concordat with Louis XVIII. in 1817 it was agreed that only such of the Organic Articles were abrogated as conflicted with the doctrine and discipline of the Church, and some thirty years later, when the question was raised in the French Chambers, in 1845, M. Thiers insisted that the Court of Rome was as much committed to the observance of the Organic Articles as the French Government. The *Tablet* therefore is certainly incorrect in affirming that "the Pope never was a party to those [Organic] laws," while the assertion that he "did not concede to the secular Government the right of rearranging the French Sees, or give the secular Government the right of suppressing Sees, or of depriving recalcitrant bishops of their jurisdiction," is true, so far as it is true, only in so purely technical a sense that the distinction indicated is practically without a difference. With the particular dispute between the Abbé Martin and his critics—none of whom seem to us to be quite accurate in their statements—we have no desire to meddle. But the question thus raised is an interesting one, and one not of purely historic interest, for the Concordat marks the line of demarcation, not only chronological but moral, between the old Gallican Church of the middle ages and the *ancien régime* and the modern Church of France, which are as unlike each other as two bodies bearing the same name and identified by a common principle of national and ecclesiastical continuity well can be. Moreover the changes effected by the Concordat and Organic Articles, Erastian as the process undoubtedly was, may also be regarded from another and hardly less significant point of view, which appears to have escaped the notice of all parties alike engaged in the recent discussion. To the record of what actually occurred at that critical period we will now turn.

It was, as Ranke recounts, from the field of Marengo that Napoleon deputed the Bishop of Vercelli to open negotiations with the Pope as to the re-establishment of the Catholic Church in France, which however could only be purchased by enormous concessions. These, adds Ranke, Pius VII. at once determined to make, though including the alienation of Church lands to the value of 400 millions of francs, and the complete reorganization of the French hierarchy and clergy, who were henceforth to be appointed and paid by the Government. A more elaborate account of the proceedings about the Concordat will be found in the third volume of Thiers's *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*. We must content ourselves here with a brief review of the principal points of interest. When Napoleon in 1799 assumed the reins of Government he had the sagacity to perceive at once that, as a matter of political expediency and for the consolidation of his own power, it was necessary to reconstitute the French Church in its old connexion with the Roman See. The Concordat signed at Paris July 15, 1801, by Joseph Bonaparte, as representing the French Republic, and Cardinal Consalvi, as plenipotentiary of the Pope, was the result of these convictions. The leading principles of this remarkable compact present an unprecedented novelty in ecclesiastical

history, and certainly appear at first sight to involve a complete subordination of the Church to the civil powers. The entire existing episcopate, whether bishops appointed under the *ancien régime* and thus still recognized by the Church, or archiepiscopal bishops holding under the Civil Constitution, were peremptorily required to resign their Sees under compulsion—only ten days being allowed them to make up their minds—and a new circumscription of dioceses, reducing the number by more than half to sixty in all, including ten archbishoprics, was to be at once substituted for the old one. Even the Archbishopric of Rheims, the grandest and almost the oldest in France, was swept away, though restored by Louis XVIII. in 1817. To these new Sees the First Consul was to nominate and the Pope to institute, and Napoleon further insisted, in spite of the urgent remonstrances of Pius VII., on selecting his nominees from the ranks of the Constitutional as well as the orthodox Bishops of the old hierarchy. The Bishops were to appoint to parochial curas, but only priests approved by the Government, and the canonical status and rights of parish priests were abolished. The Catholic religion was formally declared to be, not the established, still less the true faith, but—"The religion of the majority of Frenchmen," and, as such, was to be protected and paid by the State. The clergy were to take an oath of allegiance to the Government, and a prayer for it was to be inserted in the liturgy. And the wholesale confiscation of Church property already mentioned was to be accepted as an accomplished fact. In accordance with the first and most startling of these revolutionary arrangements the Pope demanded of the Bishops of the ancient hierarchy, of whom 81 still survived, the immediate and unconditional resignation of their Sees, while he addressed another Brief to the Constitutional prelates—who had never acknowledged his jurisdiction—urging them to return to Catholic unity. It is hardly wonderful that of the 81 Bishops, whose vested interests and prescriptive rights, to say nothing of the rights of their Sees, were so contumeliously ignored, 36 demurred to this arbitrary requirement, of whom fourteen were residing in England. Those who persevered in their resistance were afterwards called the *Petite Eglise*. The Constitutionals had of course no *locus standi* ecclesiastically, and they were forced to resign their preferments, not with a very good grace generally, to the Government at whose hands they had originally accepted them. Meanwhile the Pope and the First Consul proceeded at once with the reconstruction of the French Church on the lines agreed upon without the least regard for the remonstrances, protests, or petitions for delay addressed to them. The prelates who refused to resign were summarily deprived, and Cardinal Caprera as legate *a latere* gave institution to those named by Napoleon for the new Sees. It was in vain that he endeavoured to extort from the twelve Constitutionals, whom Napoleon insisted on including among them, a retraction of their previous schismatical oath to the *Constitution Civile*: the First Consul would not allow it, and the Cardinal succumbed.

In this compact, formally accepted and acted upon by Pius VII., the humiliation of the Church seems tolerably complete. There was however appended to the Concordat, under the name of *Articles Organiques*, a further series of still more sweeping regulations, which moreover bear more directly on papal claims, and of this supplementary code all knowledge was withheld from the Pope till after the Concordat had been signed. The articles were such as the following:—No document from the Court of Rome was to enter France, and no papal emissary to exercise his functions there without authorization of the Government, nor might any decrees of foreign Councils, General or Provincial, be published in France without previous examination and approval. Appeals *comme d'abus* were restored, and cognisance of them assigned to the Council of State. No religious marriages were to be solemnized by the clergy till a certificate of the previous execution of the civil contract had been produced. Restrictions were even placed on the Bishops in conferring holy orders. Against these Organic Articles the Pope protested in full Consistory, but we have seen that a qualified assent was afterwards given to them, and they have in most particulars been regularly enforced. That the Concordat, with or without the Organic Articles, was a direct infringement of the ancient rights and liberties of the Gallican Church, as such, there can be no sort of doubt, and it is probable that Pius VII. submitted unwillingly, and, as he himself explained at the time, only in order to avoid worse evils, to so daring an innovation on the traditional usages of Christendom. But there is another way of looking at the matter from the Roman standpoint, which the successors of Pius VII. at all events and their leading adherents have never lost sight of. Such a pontiff as Leo XIII., whose instincts all point in a liberal and constitutional direction, would have liked the procedure even less than Pius VII., but we may safely conjecture that Pius IX., who exulted in every innovation which tended to augment his own prerogatives, would have eagerly caught at such an opportunity, if it had been offered him. There is much indeed, as Mr. Jervis has pointed out, in the Concordat of 1801 to remind one of the Concordat of Bologna three centuries before between Leo X. and Francis I., when Pope and King agreed, as Pope and Emperor agreed afterwards, to sacrifice for their own ends the liberties of the national Church, which was thus subjected to a double dictatorship, secular and spiritual. The autocratic act, which by a single stroke of the pen annihilated the constitution of a thousand years and replaced the hierarchy of Charlemagne and St. Louis by the hierarchy of the first Empire, was no doubt dictated by Napoleon for purposes of his own, but it was effected

by Pius VII. in the plenitude of his apostolic power. And as no such stretch of papal prerogative had ever been attempted or dreamed of by the Hildebrands or Innocents of a former day, the later apologists of Ultramontanism have taken good care that the newly created precedent shall not be forgotten. We must not enter here on the theological question hotly discussed in the later middle ages, and deliberately left open by the Council of Trent—partly in deference to the vigorous maintenance of their *jus divinum* by the Spanish bishops present there—whether episcopal jurisdiction is derived immediately from Christ or mediately through the Pope. But there can be no doubt, as learned canonists like De Marca and Thomassin have shown, of the historical fact that bishops were originally elected, confirmed, and consecrated without any direct intervention of the See of Rome. And this had been the established discipline in France till the Concordat of Bologna swept away the rights of Chapters and Metropolitans alike, reserving to the Crown the absolute right of nomination to bishoprics and to the Pope alone the confirmation and institution of the royal nominees. One practical result of this new prerogative was shown when for eleven years the Pope refused to institute the prelates named by Louis XIV., who had subscribed the Four Gallican Articles of 1682, and thirty-five dioceses were thus left vacant, till at length the bishops designate were induced to withdraw their signatures and thus purchase institution. It was perhaps a logical inference from this novel claim of the Papacy, that those to whom it could absolutely assign or refuse jurisdiction it could also absolutely deprive. But still it was a new idea even among ultramontanes that bishops held their Sees of the Pope simply *durante beneplacito*, much as English bishops during the reign of Edward VI. took out commissions to act from the King revocable at his will and pleasure. And nothing less than this was implied when Pius VII., after peremptorily requiring the whole French episcopate to resign their Sees, proceeded at once to deprive all those who refused or hesitated to comply, and suppressed about half the Sees by his own sole authority.

The occasion for this autocratic achievement was no doubt sufficiently humiliating and disastrous for the Church, but the act itself, and in its consequences, tended directly to the aggrandizement of Papal power. It was the avowed design of Napoleon to make himself master of the Church, with the Pope for his head chaplain, and hence he insisted that the papal rule could not be too exclusive and absolute so long as it was exercised under his own control. The canonical rights of parish priests were abolished that they might become, as notoriously they still are in France, the mere creatures of their bishops—"an army to whom we say, march, and they march," as a Cardinal Archbishop not long ago expressed it in the French Senate—while the bishops themselves were held in absolute subjection to Rome. And it is noteworthy that when Pius IX. started his new hierarchy in England no canonical rights were bestowed on parish priests. No such prelato as Bossuet would be possible in modern France. And when we think of the great ultramontane reaction of the present century, and of the master minds who promoted it, such as Lamennais and De Maistre, we are irresistibly reminded of Pius VII. and the Concordat. Even writers like Cardinal Newman can hardly help referring in a tone of something like triumph to the destruction of the old Gallican Church, and the terrible cataclysm out of which the new *régime* was born. After a glowing description of the horrors of the French Revolution, when "the breath of the Lord went forth upon the face of the earth and the very foundations of society were melting in the fiery flood it had kindled," he bids us mark how "great changes have been wrought, but not those which were anticipated. . . . The Gallican Church, with its much-prized liberties, and its fostered heresy, was swept away, and its time-honoured establishment dissolved. Jansenism is no more. The Church lives. The Apostolic See rules. That See has greater acknowledged power in the Church than ever before." In other words the autocracy of Rome, first formally proclaimed in the Vatican decrees, has been raised on the ruins of national independence. It may sound like a paradox to say so, but it is not the less strictly true that the transaction which, when viewed in its circumstances and its agents, constitutes the extremest and most violent encroachment of Erastianism on the liberties of the Church, which was probably so regarded at the moment by all concerned, has yet proved both the starting-point and the most conspicuous exemplification of the pretensions of modern Ultramontanism.

UNFREQUENTED PARIS.

NO one who has not made the experiment can know how many difficulties beset the unfortunate seeker after truth when he attempts to explore the unfrequented quarters of a great city, nor can he form any adequate idea of the manner in which these difficulties multiply themselves when the city in question is Paris. To the average Parisian that quarter of Paris in which he lives is the universe; and he will discourse concerning those parts of the city in which he has never happened to set foot much as an imaginative astronomer might speak of unknown stars whose rays had not yet reached our world. Moreover, the poor quarters of the city lie more out of the beaten track in Paris than they do in London; and it is possible to walk beside them and round and round them without suspecting their existence. This is notably the case in regard to what we may, in default of its having any

name of its own, call the "Chiffonniers' town." Although this strange locality is more widely known than some others to which we may presently refer, it is yet so much out of the way as to make it worth while to describe its exact whereabouts. It lies, then, beyond the northern slope of the hill of Montmartre, it is bounded to the south by the Rue des Cloys and to the north by the Rue Marcadet, and is completely surrounded by a high stone wall. It covers a considerable tract of ground, and was used during the Commune as an artillery park. The entrance to it is through a large wooden door in the Rue Marcadet, opposite the cemetery of Montmartre. Before we go any further, it will be well to warn any intending visitor that the inhabitants, although a very tolerant folk, cannot endure the sight of decent clothes, and that amongst many healthy symptoms to be noted in them, the most prominent is a deadly abhorrence of the tall hat of civilization. To attempt to take them in, on the other hand, by any assumption of "blouse" or of silken "casquette" is absurd, however "quaint and curious" your knowledge of Parisian slang may be; but they will be pleased by the attention, and when you come among them will comment pleasantly upon your good breeding and taste in adopting the outward habits of the country in which you happen to find yourself. Such, at least, was our experience. The *coup d'œil* when you find yourself within the entrance is a striking one. Immediately before you lies an open space with grass growing here and there between heaps of rubbish. In the centre is a sort of avenue of young trees and plants in every stage of decrepitude, leading up to the houses, or, "to speak by the card," boxes, in which the *chiffonniers* live. These are about six feet square, and the roofs are kept in their places by heavy stones, such as one sees on the cottages in exposed situations in other places. The roofs are for the most part of wood, whereas the walls are composed of all things which are generally considered unfit to build with, so that the appearance of a Rue Marcadet *chiffonnier* in his house may be best likened to that of a caddis in his strangely-constructed abode. On the occasion of our visit a high wind had been blowing, and more than one member of the community was busy rebuilding his house, which had been blown down in the night. On all sides a bustling activity prevailed, men and women busily sorting the contents of their baskets, while numbers of dogs of an unknown breed barked lustily at our approach. Strangers are, indeed, few and far between in the *chiffonniers' town*, for no man from the outer world ever comes to sell them anything, a street of shops kept by their *concoyons*, existing, not indeed within their own walls, but in another enclosure close by. Here dwell bootmakers, a butcher (a great expert at making a cat found dead into a toothsome dish), tailors, and lampmakers, who provide the triangular lanterns with which the members of the "profession" go their rounds at night in search of prey. Go through that strange little street, of which the houses come up to your shoulders, at what hour of the night you will, you will still see the bootmakers at work on the cast-off shoes which their customers have picked up in the Paris gutters. Not the least striking things to note among these people are their good humour and their comparative cleanliness. Some of the interiors, indeed, contained carefully-arranged furniture and old prints, framed and hung up on the walls, but we are forced to admit that the inhabitants were, without exception, unnecessarily filthy both in dress and in person. But their lot appeared happiness itself compared to that of some of their brethren whom we found living not far off in the Cité Bablot—a horrible block of buildings, with doors like rat-holes, standing in the midst of filth unutterable in the Rue Jacques Cartier. This place was almost unapproachable on account of its smell, and its inhabitants were evidently living in utter misery. This abominable place, we are happy to add, has been destroyed within the last few days, and there is now nothing left to show that it ever existed. We cannot leave this quarter without speaking of the curiously picturesque scene it presents at night, when the *chiffonniers* are starting on their rounds. There is next to no light in the streets, so that the distant windmills of Montmartre stand out grandly in black masses against the red glare in the sky from distant Paris; and the *chiffonniers' lanterns*, dangling between their feet, creep down the hill of the Rue Marcadet, like a little army of glowworms. The adjoining Quartier des Epinettes is also not without its beauty at night, or here and there in the daytime. Like all the out-of-the-way parts of Paris, it is lighted by oil lamps, slung on wires across the street, or hanging at the desolate corners from a sort of wooden galleys. The back streets of this quarter (chiefly composed of low stone huts with flat red tile roofs) have a great resemblance to the old streets and lanes of the southern French towns—a resemblance which is not a little strengthened by the unsavoury odours which prevail in this unfortunate district, which has acquired the worst reputation for villany of any in Paris. Nor is this to be wondered at. The endless labyrinths of small passages, the rambling houses with half a dozen entrances, and the numerous courts or "cités" which abound on all sides, make it a splendid place to hide in, or to escape from if pursued. These "cités" are many of them of recent construction, and certainly reflect no credit on the persons who suffered them to be built. The space between what must by courtesy be called the houses, although they are far more like cattle-stalls, rarely exceeds four feet. No provision of any sort whatever exists for drainage, and here on either side of the footway some of the most abandoned ruffians of Paris may be seen in the daytime taking their ease in their chosen abode—which they mostly do in sunshiny weather by lying on their backs on the floors of their dens with their feet projecting through the doors—forming an avenue of boots, which might be monotonous

to the eye of a spectator but for the interposition of a bare foot or two. As a rule, they seem to be left completely to their own devices—the police contenting themselves with making a raid in force from time to time, on which occasion the *sergents de ville* pay dearly for such victories as they may win. In a recent attack on the Cité Villa des Fleurs the members of that body which M. Victor Hugo abhors barely escaped with their lives.

One of the most distinctive features of this quarter is to be found in the number of disreputable *auberges*, wherein dances (entrance gratis) are given twice a week, or in some instances every night. It is well not to confound these *bals*, wherein a stranger's life would not be safe for an instant, with the numerous places of public entertainment frequented by the lower orders of the working classes, which have so often been described in terribly vivid language by imaginative "Own Correspondents" as centres of corruption, but where nothing worse is to be found by a commonplace observer than dulness unutterable. Side by side with all this ruffianism exists the most abject poverty. Miserable men and women are to be seen cowering in wretched rooms, without beds or furniture of any kind. Assuredly those who say that there is no such poverty to be found in Paris as that which disgraces London have never walked in this wretched district. It is a comfort to escape from it, making our way through the Porte de Olichy towards the outlying Boulevard de la Révolte.

Here means are afforded us of solving a problem which had often perplexed our leisure moments—what becomes of the worn-out cheap-jacks' carts. Our attention is attracted by a notice board on which is written in letters of vermillion, "*Issy plus sieurs voitur à vendre*," and behind this strange specimen of modern French are ranged gipsy caravans in imminent danger of tumbling to pieces, surrounded by ragged people eagerly disputing their value. Nor have we to go far to discover to what purpose they are destined. They are converted into houses by the simple expedient of wheeling them off to a convenient spot, knocking off the wheels, and crawling into them then and there with one's wife and family. Much of the space between the Fortification line and the Boulevard de la Révolte is occupied by such habitations, which, although they somewhat lack picturesqueness, have at any rate the merit of originality.

Once in the Boulevard de la Révolte, we make straight for the Cité St.-Germain, which is another stronghold of the *chiffonniers*, but which differs from that in the Rue Marcadet in every respect, setting aside the fact that it also is cut off from the thoroughfare by a wooden door which is generally closed. This place (without exception the most disgusting we have ever come across either in Paris or anywhere else) appears to have been skilfully planned for the fostering of all such diseases as are begotten of dirt and corruption, and its inhabitants are the lowest and most ruffianly of their kind. The aspect at night of that part of the Boulevard on which this *cité* is situated is such as to make one doubt whether one can be in a civilized country; for "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" may here be seen working his wicked will unmolested. Thick volumes of vapour rise from the *bouches d'égout* which abound on every side, rendering the air not only unfit, but impossible to breathe. The sight is not one to be forgotten, and we earnestly hope that among the numerous schemes recently set on foot for improving the condition of Paris, this ugly corner will not be overlooked. Of the "Carrière de l'Amérique" at La Villette we do not intend to speak at any length; in outward appearance it closely resembles the worst corners of the Quartier des Epinottes which we have already described. The most striking part of it forms a little citadel, built on a hill of mud, and is the favourite retreat of those juvenile malefactors whose ages average from fourteen to twenty years, and who gain a precarious living by committing robbery with violence in the out-of-the-way streets of the capital. Not far removed from them, however, dwells another commonwealth, that of the professional beggars—a people by no means deficient in humour, and far more amusing to observe *chez eux* than elsewhere. Here those lines of the poet are verified which declare that

The poor and the halt and the blind
Are keen and mighty and fleet.

The old man stricken with paralysis may be seen dancing merrily with his grandchildren, while the blind mother looks on with complacent delight, and a whole crowd of lamentably maimed folk suddenly regain the use of their limbs, and turn into the neighbouring wine-shop to have a drink. We cannot conclude this article without warning any intending explorer of the "eccentric quarters" of Paris against the "Quartier Mouffetard." This most tiresome place has given us more trouble and annoyance than the rest of Paris put together. In bygone years it was undoubtedly the same sort of district as those which we have been describing; and although it is an undisputed fact that the poorest members of the population, together with most of the criminal classes, have migrated in a body from the south of Paris to the north, this same quarter Mouffetard has remained enveloped in mystery as far as the outer world of the Parisians is concerned, and there is no end to the legends with which one is plagued concerning it. It is as a matter of fact a prosaic and fairly well-conducted district, absolutely devoid of any characteristic feature, and offering no interest whatever to those whose lot it is to live outside its limits.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

AMONG the many good deeds of the Early English Text Society not the least is the reprinting in its extra series of the entire collection of English Charlemagne romances. It would be perhaps ungracious to qualify this expression of gratitude with a wish that the editor of the series had a somewhat wider acquaintance with the French originals of his texts and with other early French literature than he seems to possess, though it is certainly irritating to find Wace's work described as the *Roman de Rose*, an unholy combination of two widely different things. When, too, Mr. Herrtage says, in reference to the *Chanson de Roland*, that it contains in the French six thousand lines, he seems to be confounding the Oxford version, the only complete one which he mentions, and which has but four thousand lines, with the Venetian, which does indeed contain six thousand, but of which the last part is altogether posterior and, so to speak, unimportant. These, however, are minutiae into which there is no need to enter at present. Our object in this article is not to criticize the reprints, but to point out some considerations of a purely literary and historical interest which arise from the comparison of the French with the English romances of Charlemagne.

In the first place, the small number and the extreme rarity of the English romances in comparison with their originals deserve notice. The French *Chansons de Geste*, without counting in obvious *remaniements* of the same poem, reach the round hundred in number, and of these all but the crusading cycle of the *Chevalier au cygne* and a few isolated examples deal directly or indirectly with the Emperor à la barbe fleurie or with his immediate ancestors and descendants. The English romances are barely half-a-dozen, they are in each case preserved in unique or almost unique copies, and they are for the most part direct, and not often very intelligent, translations of the French originals. In this respect the different fortunes of the legends of Charlemagne and of Arthur afford a curious example of the influence of a spirit of nationality on literature. To the great Arthurian cycle the contributions made by men of English birth were at least not less important—if they were not a great deal more important—than those made by Frenchmen, while no original Charlemagne romance is certainly known to have been written by an Englishman, and none, save perhaps the burlesque journey to Constantinople, seems to have achieved great or general popularity in any language but French. It is true that the greater intrinsic attractions and capabilities of the Arthurian story must be allowed to count for something. Germany, which may be said to have been unprejudiced in the matter, or rather to have had as strong an inducement to devote itself to the enlarging of the Charlemagne legend as England had to devote itself to the enlargement of that of Arthur, preferred the latter, and, comparatively speaking, neglected the former. The truth seems to be that the Charlemagne legend and the poems which make it up are so exclusively French in spirit, construction, and general characteristics, that, though they had out of France the attraction which all interesting stories written in the chief literary language of a time have, they hardly took root or flourished. Only in Gallia Cisalpina does such a root seem really to have been struck, behing as a result the curious bastard French *chansons* of which the so-called *Macaire* is the chief example, and the famous *Real di Francia*. The general question, however, of the distribution and reception of the Charlemagne romances is too large a one to handle here, and we must confine ourselves to the special comparison of their French forms with the English versions which are now being collected and made generally accessible. It is necessary to add that, at least in one instance, an English version has preserved to us a *Chanson* of which no exact English equivalent is at present known, the "Siege of Melayne."

The first point which strikes the reader is the general inferiority in technical execution of the translations to their originals. A good deal has been said—in some cases we suspect by persons who have read very little of it—of the wearisomeness of the assonanced or rhymed tirade of the *Chansons*. Like most metres of the time it was, doubtless, rather intended to be declaimed than to be read, though its prosody is as a rule very careful. But even at its worst it never falls into the singsong doggerel of the English common measure, or, still worse, the six-line stanza (sometimes doubled into a twelve-line one) which Chaucer put to an open shame in *Sir Thopas*. Such metres as these latter stand self-condemned for a long narrative poem, not less for the way in which they break up the sense and cramp the expression, than for the tiresome monotony of cadence which is inseparable from them. In English blank verse, rhymed couplets, and stanzas of the roomy kind, such as the Ottava Rima and the Spenserian, are the only proper vehicles for narration. It is much more difficult to say what the ideal metre in French is for such a purpose, but at the risk of differing with most authorities, we shall declare our own preference for the Alexandrine tirade of irregular length, with its single rhyme or assonance. To begin with, the absence of any fixed scale of length enables the writer to observe what would be called in prose paragraphs—a thing impossible otherwise, except with blank verse. In the second place, the continued rhyme, at least in French, for it would hardly be possible in English, rather assists than interferes with the narrative. Thus the original writers had over their translators a decided superiority of vehicle. In the second place, they had the still greater superiority of writing about a subject which still awoke sympathetic feelings in their own minds. In all, except the very latest, *Chansons de Geste* the impress of a very

distinct and definite "public opinion," if it may be so called, on social and political matters is clearly observable. Some French writers have rather exaggerated this, and have still more exaggerated its attractive features, but for all that it is there. The intractable nature of the French feudatory, his determination to have his rights and to avenge his wrongs, his singularly scant reverence for any person or institution, were it king, or wife, or child, who stood in his way, his indifference to anything but fighting, an odd kind of religion, and some rude creature comforts, all these things had distinct existence in the world in which the authors of the *Chansons de Geste* found themselves. They had almost ceased to exist, even in the France of the fifteenth century, the usual date of the English versions; they had entirely ceased to exist in the England of that date, at least as a set of social conditions which imposed upon the mind of writers. Hence, in the hands of the English translators, the Charlemagne romances become only a variety of *romans d'aventures*; they are told for the story merely, and the moral and social atmosphere disappears. Now, the *Chansons* are by no means adapted to such treatment as this. Their attractions as mere stories are, as a rule, of the meagrest. If they are enjoyed at all, it must be because of the singular atmosphere they breathe, the delight of battle which finds expression in them, the sonorous roll of the verse at its best, the occasional flashes of genuine poetry which break out, the epic repetitions which are sometimes so striking in themselves, and which always have such a curious critical interest of the comparative kind. Most of these things, if not all of them, disappear in the bald abstracts or watered translations which represent them in English, and they become frankly intolerable.

Of all these disappearances, the disappearance of the poetic flashes before mentioned is the most afflicting. Why it should be so, it is hard to say, for assuredly, as England has shown abundantly since, there is no abstract poetical inferiority in the language or the race to be considered, but very much the reverse. Mr. Herrtage has printed, for the first time completely, the English fragment of the *Song of Roland*. It is impossible, of course, to say what text the translator had before him, but as the only two texts of the oldest form—the Oxford and the Venetian—agree pretty closely as far as they go together, it is not likely to have been very different from the former. It is hardly too much to say that wherever the poet, in the words of an English craft-brother, "has his eye on the subject," the translator promptly "spoils the passage," and that in a very odd way, not by insufficient rendering, but by simply omitting the best things. No passage in old French poetry is more famous, and more deservedly famous, than the lines describing the wailing of the elements and of the land of France for the death of Roland, which made all men fear that the end of the world was come; here are the two versions side by side:—

En France en ad mult mervucillus
turment
Ores i ad de tuncire et de vent
Pluies et gressils demesurement
Chiedent i fildres et monut et
suvent;
Et terre moete co i ad veirement
De Saint Michel de Paris jusques
seinz
Des beseneun tresques ports de guit-
sand;
Nen ad recet dunt del mur ne cra-
vent.
Cuntre midi tenebres i ad granz
Ne ad clarte se li ciels ne si font
Hume nel veil ki mult ne creepant
Dient plusor co est definement
La fin del secle ki nus est en present
Il ne secevent ne dient veirement
Co est li grans dolors por la mort de
Rolant.

But while our folk fought togedur
Ther fell in France a straung
wedur,
A gret dork myst in the myd-day-
tym
Thik and clowdy and euill wedur
thene,
And thiknes of steris and thunder
light
The erthe dynnyd doilfully to wet.
Foullis fled for fear, it was gret
wounder,
Bowes of trees then bresten asunder,
Best ran to bankis and cried full
sore
They darst not abide in the mor.
There was no man but hid his hed
And thought but to dy in that sted.
The wiked wedur lasted full long
From the morning to the evensong.
Then rose a cloud even in the west
As red as blod withouten rest
It showed down on the earthe and
ther did shyn
So many doughty men as died that
tym.

Let us do justice to everybody. The excellent translator is entitled to the entire credit of the blood-red cloud, which no doubt he thought an immense improvement. But, as he has omitted all the best of the original—the sorrow of the elements for the death of the hero; the trembling of the very land of France for the son she had born; the dread, not of mere vulgar death, as he has put it, but of the end of the world, for which the earlier middle age was always waiting—it is to be feared that his account *per contra* does rather more than redress the balance. This prosaic spirit, this missing of the points of the original, is apparent everywhere, the real excuse for it being that the points themselves were unintelligible. Of a very different kind, but illustrating the same thing, is a passage in *Sir Ferumbras*. In the French original Charlemagne has captured the Saracen Emir whose daughter, Floripas, after the habit of Saracen young ladies in the *Chansons*, has taken a violent fancy to a Christian knight, and is quite ready for baptism or anything else. Her father is less pliant, not having the same inducements. Whereupon Floripas delivers this unfilial speech:—

Et Floripas s'ecrie Karles que demourés
Ce est un vis diables pourcoi ne l'ociés
Moi ne caut se il meure, mais que Gui me donnés.
Je le plorai moult peu se j'ai mes volentés.

This outspoken brutality shocked the English translator:—

To the Emperour said Florippe than
Why tarriest thou so long with that man
That hath thee and thine aggrieved?
All is for nought ye aboute goos
Ye ne bringeth him never to your purpos
Y leve thereto myn hed.

Here the lady certainly does not call her father an old devil, nor does she in so many words demand his death. But, on the other hand, the savage directness and force of the "*Mais que Gui me donnés. Je le plorai moult peu se j'ai mes volentés*" is lost wholly. This cry, the curiously repulsive echo of that "*Mais que j'ai Nicolete ma tres douce mie*" with which so many readers have fallen in love, is perhaps the most notable thing in the whole poem, and the translator has not given it. In fact, these Charlemagne romances were altogether an exotic in England, and there is hardly reason for regretting that we have not more of them. Those we have are, from the purely comparative view, interesting enough; but intrinsically their interest is linguistic merely, and hardly in the least literary.

CONVERTED PRIGS.

A FLIPPANT writer has observed that "no one is ever converted except prize-fighters and captains in the army." The remark is no less untrue than profane. A glance at the advertisements in the shop-windows of serious districts will often give us the information that "Happy William, the Converted Basket-maker," is about to recount his experiences, or that "The Converted Gipsies" are at present "working" the south-western suburbs of a sinful metropolis. Fancy suggests that the entertainment afforded by a troupe of converted gipsies is likely to be miscellaneous and interesting. When Mr. Charles Honeyman's sermons on the Romance of Religion cease to draw, we might hint that this enterprising divine should call to his assistance a band of converted Christy Minstrels, warranted to discourse none but spiritual music. Converted bank directors were not long ago to be commonly met with in the West of Scotland, but the cruelty of an iron law removed many of them from their sphere of usefulness.

Perhaps the classes of converted persons indicated in these sentences make rather too much noise about their own happy change of mind. "Are you a converted character?" said a disciple of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to a casual artisan in the streets of Edinburgh. "No, sir; I'm a plasterer," the young man replied, with much simplicity. He, at least, made no fuss about his spiritual condition. The Prig, too, when he is converted, does not commonly boast of the great and salutary change. His new life makes itself manifest in his works and ways; nor are there many more edifying and amusing studies than the behaviour of the converted prig. There are, of course, prigs and prigs. The species is very difficult to define, and the word is generally used to designate any one whom we do not like, while we have no particular charge to bring against him. On the whole, probably, the common character of the prig may be said to consist of a belief in his own superiority and in the extreme gravity and importance of the matters with which he is pleased to concern himself. The happy latitude of this definition admits of the existence of prigs in all classes of mankind. We have most of us, in what the Scotch sacred lyricist calls "Life's gay morn, when sprightly youth with vital ardour glows," known the religious prig. He was of any sect, but he always had an air of gathering together his raiment when the profane approached him, as nervous people do in the plague-stricken cities (if there are any cities) of Mesopotamia. He also appeared to suffer from a confirmed cold in the head. This kind of prig is rarely converted, and generally blossoms into a colonial bishop or the clerical master of a select private school for the children of the aristocracy. But when he does change his course he becomes, we regret to say, the weakest sort of fast man, a fast man with hours of remorse, which he drowns in the bowl, and with an incurable tendency to keep the king up his sleeve, and to bet on certainties. This sort of prig is probably dimly aware that his only chance of getting decently through life is to entrench himself in collars of the stiffest starch, and to protect himself from familiarity with the world by obtrusive austerity, and the sanctified cold which so promptly repels the worldling. It is much to be desired that he should never be converted at all, but should remain for ever in the untorturing condition of demure and acrid respectability.

Art has her prigs as well as religion, and they are, of course, wonderfully abundant in the æsthetic age which has given us Mr. Birch's griffin, and which promises us civic statues on Blackfriars Bridge. We have not ventured to call the religious prig a hypocrite. Very few persons know when they are hypocrites themselves, and it is still more difficult for the observer from outside to be certain that a man has not a little grain of sincerity in his beliefs and practices. The artistic prig, then, has perhaps some feeble natural interest in art. In another age, he might have got as far as taking lessons in poonah-painting or coloured chalks. But he has found out that practical power is the last thing which is needed in the modern amateur. It is soul he wants, with a properly arranged attitude of body. All this the artistic prig very readily acquires, his initial difficulty being to avoid laughing at his own

nonsense. But practice soon makes him perfect in this part of the profession, though we presume he occasionally goes out to waste places, like Barnes Common, to laugh, as the Australian neophyte did whenever the missionary came to explaining the immortality of the soul. But let us imagine the case of the conversion of the æsthetic prig. It may be brought about in various ways. The most creditable change is produced when the sweet enthusiast suddenly becomes aware of the real character and aims of some of the high-priests of his religion. Many young persons are led astray by fashion, folly, and the affectations of boyhood, without really knowing where their guides are leading them. When their eyes are opened there is a healthy, but rather amusing, reaction. To kick the chief *tohunga*, or wizard of the sect, becomes a scarcely repressible desire. Then comes the fury of the renegade. The converted prig hurries to the barber and has his flowing locks cut down to a military brevity. He sacrifices his hair on the empty sepulchre of the art of the period, as Greek maidens dedicated their tresses to Diana. He worships what he had burned, and burns what he had worshipped, like *Ménage*, that example of a converted *Précieux*. He is no longer to be seen in the frock-coat which used to swathe him like a delicate shroud. "He will never be friends again with roses, he will hate sweet music his whole life long," like Mr. Swinburne, and his aversion for lilies will even exceed the exaggerated dislike he entertains for the other vegetable. He does not sell his large library of modern minor poets, for that is impossible, as the most enterprising bookseller will not give twopence a volume for the works of our less popular singers. Probably he is obliged to pack his "Arrangements" and "Nocturnes" into large paper parcels, which he drops furtively over the edge of the Embankment. It is difficult to do this without attracting the eye of the law, and the mind of the policeman is apt to receive explanations with incredulity. But the converted prig sticks at no sacrifice. He discards his great-coats, which were deeply furred about the neck and cuffs. He burns—ah! saddest sacrifice of all—his pre-Raffaëllite neckties. It really is with a pang that he sees the silks of strange dyes, *eau de Nil*, and subtle green, and lurid red, and admonishing grey, and silver-blended strands of delicate woof disappearing in the flames. The manuscript poems follow them. They perish like the tomes of those who had used curious arts in Ephesus, and brought their books together, and burned them before all men. One comfort is that the price of the manuscript poems would by no means amount to "fifty thousand pieces of silver." What a collection must that Ephesian one have been, what a thought for the amateur! but this is a digression. The converted prig is now scarcely to be recognized by his old friends; indeed, he does not want them to recognize him. His short hair is covered by a billycock hat (billycock, "in case it mattered," as Mr. Carlyle says, is probably a corruption of the last-century word bullycock), and his graceful shoulders are now draped in a seedy old shooting-coat. He has made a complete change in his vocabulary. The Chinese and the Kaffres, when any friend dies, proscribe all words which even remotely resemble his name. In the same way the converted prig tabus "subtle" and "supreme." His lips move to utter the term "consummate," but he substitutes for it "clipping." He reads nothing but the newspapers, and in them little but the City article and the sporting intelligence. He develops an extraordinary interest in even obscure rowing-matches and in the shooting of glass balls. Pictures of Pets of the Fancy assume the place deserted by portraits of the long-chinned ladies of his love. He expresses anxiety about the future of Knurr and Spell. He regrets the decline of cock-fighting. He attends glove-fights. He purchases a velocipede—to such extremes does reaction hurry a soul naturally feeble—and he has been known to join a corps of volunteers. Finally, after a few months of these and similar extravagances, he devotes himself to a profession, or becomes a member of the Stock Exchange, and renowned for the vehemence of his patriotism.

The career of the converted political prig is not unlike that of his æsthetic brother. He, too, shows a feverish and irritating earnestness almost in his cradle. He is a leader of the extreme left in his house debating society at school, and at the University his home is the Union. He talks with perfect gravity (in fact, he never sees a joke) about "the House" and its rules. He excites himself about the election of a sub-librarian, imploring all his friends to vote. He reads Mr. Herbert Spencer, and has *Mill on Liberty* bound like a prayer-book. When asked to attend chapel, he reflects on the intolerance of a sacerdotal order, and inveighs against "the pale name of priest." Many years ago, when Mr. Bright was in his genial prime, he fixed his faith on that "sublime tribune." Now he hankers after Mr. Bradlaugh, calls Mr. Auberon Herbert a renegade, and thinks that Mr. Chamberlain does not go far enough, while Mr. Courtney lacks the courage of his opinions. He is never so happy as after a British defeat, and, to tell the truth, he has plenty of chances to enjoy this satisfaction. But even this politician is occasionally converted. A Minister makes one apology too many, or constructs a dirt-pie which only himself can swallow. The political prig suddenly has his eyes opened. He hates and breaks with his past. He ceases to lecture to "The Young Atheists' Mutual Improvement Association." He drops his friends and admirers—the Radical chemist's assistant and the photographer's sceptical young man. He no longer speaks of Mr. Gladstone with bated breath. He assumes a spruce, fierce, and somewhat military air. He would like to know young guardsmen, and has quite ceased to inveigh against the vices of an indolent and pampered aristocracy. Like Mr. Carlyle, he revels in the "cheery stoicism" of that

severely-trying class of persons who happen to be dukes and earls. He confounds the working classes, and is great on the topic of the wickedness of popular holidays. He hopes that our Parliamentary system is on its last legs, and would not be sorry to see his favourite military man seize the reins of Government. He is for exterminating the Boers and annexing Central Asia. In fact, he, like the converted æsthetic prig, is still a prig, still resolutely and earnestly bent on doing what he considers the right thing. It is only his point of view that is altered.

THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY CONFERENCE.

THE invitations to the International Monetary Conference have been sent out. They are said to be addressed in identical notes by the Ministers of France and the United States at the several Courts which are asked to send representatives, and the meeting is to take place in the middle of next month. It is stated that both Germany and Italy have accepted, Germany, however, making it a condition that she is not to be understood to have pledged herself to any course in agreeing to send representatives. But England has unexpectedly made a difficulty. According to the explanation given by Lord Hartington to a deputation from the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce last week, and repeated the next day by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons, it seems that the invitations practically commit those who accept them to the principle of bimetallicism, and our Government has very properly required a modification in the form of the notes. Negotiations, we are told, were still going on last week, and no announcement has since been made as to how they have resulted, or whether they are still at an end. But we presume that the two inviting Governments will not allow the Conference to be defeated by such a difficulty. We may assume that the required modification will be made, and that the Conference will take place. This initial difficulty, however, does not promise well. In any case it warns those concerned not to reckon on the complaisance of the British Government.

It is generally said that of the two inviting Governments the French is the most interested in the objects of the Conference. We are, however, by no means convinced that it is so. It is quite true that the French monetary system is at present in a very unsatisfactory state. Until a few years ago France had practically only gold in circulation. The scarcity of cotton caused by the American Civil War had led to the exportation of nearly all the French silver for the purchase of cotton in India, and gold had completely taken its place. Even when specie payments were resumed after the Franco-German war, gold almost alone became current; and the Bank of France held scarcely any other coin and bullion but gold. During the past few years, however, a great change has occurred. It will be recollected by our readers that, in accordance with what is known as the "Latin Convention," France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece maintain a double standard—that is to say, both gold and silver coins of full weight are legal tender for debts of any amount, and the full legal tender coins of each of the five countries are current in the remaining four. When Germany resolved to substitute a uniform currency for the various currencies previously existing, and to adopt a single gold standard, the Latin Union attempted to protect itself by stopping the coinage of silver pieces. It was feared that the silver demonetized in Germany would flow into the Latin Union countries, and displace the gold, and that thus France and her monetary allies would be deprived of the superior metal for the benefit of Germany. To prevent this, as we have said, the suspension of the silver coinage was decreed. But still the silver five-franc pieces remained legal tender as before. The result has been that, though no new silver has been coined, silver has been gradually taking the place of gold in the coffers of the Bank of France. The public practically has rejected silver. It is found to be too heavy and cumbersome, and people naturally prefer either notes, or the lighter, smaller, and handier gold coin. But the silver which has thus been rejected from the circulation flows into the Bank of France. At the same time a succession of bad seasons has been visiting France with deficient harvests both of corn, wine, sugar, and silk, but particularly of corn and wine, and France consequently has had to import immense quantities of wheat from America, and of wine from Italy and Spain. Owing partly to the enormous protective tariff of the United States, and partly to the heavy taxes at home, the French have not been able to pay for those imports from the United States by the export of commodities, and they have therefore had to ship large quantities of gold. Thus the Bank of France has been rapidly losing its gold until, according to the Bank of France return of last week, there remained of gold only 22,336,000*l.*, against 48,616,000*l.* in silver. Even these 22½ millions sterling are kept up only by withdrawing gold from the circulation. For political purposes the Government has induced the Bank not to raise its rate of discount, as it ought to have done long ago, so as to protect its metallic reserve, and in return for the complaisance of the Bank the Government has engaged to order the Receivers-General to pay into the branches of the Bank scattered all over France the gold coming into their hands. By this means the gold reserve has been prevented from falling lower; but, on the other hand, the metallic currency is gradually being drained. If this state of things continues much longer, it is quite clear that France will find herself entirely without gold—that is, without the metal which has now

become the medium of international trade settlements. There is no doubt that this is a very grave state of things, well deserving the attention of the Government. But it is to be borne in mind at the same time that France is usually a creditor country—that is to say, that she usually exports more than she imports, and consequently that there is a balance due to her. Of late an exceptional succession of bad harvests has altered this state of things. But it is not in the nature of things that bad harvests should continue much longer, and if once the tide turns and a succession of good corn and wine harvests sets in, the balance of trade will again be in her favour, and she will be able to replenish her circulation with the gold she has now lost. We do not, therefore, agree with those writers who are of opinion that France is in desperate case, and has no choice but to fall back upon the single silver standard. Rich countries, like rich individuals, can afford to make many mistakes, because they know that they have the means of repairing them whenever they choose. And France, when all is said, is one of the richest countries in the world. If France really desires to have a gold currency, she has the means of buying gold in any amount she likes, and she, at least, need not fear the competition of Germany and Italy. The French Government, however, is not satisfied to rest in this conviction. It is not willing to pay the price that would be exacted in the replenishing of the gold reserve, and it thinks to evade the obligation by this device of a Monetary Conference.

The difficulty of the United States is entirely different. They have had a succession of good harvests, as exceptional as the bad harvests we have been speaking of in France. They have consequently exported a very large excess over their imports, and they have, therefore, received immense payments in money. In the latter half of 1879 and of 1880 they received from Europe over 30 millions sterling in gold, and during the past four or five years they have retained the whole production of their own gold mines. They must, therefore, have very nearly as much gold as they require. But they have rich silver as well as gold mines, and the proprietors of the silver mines induced Congress a few years ago to pass an act requiring the coinage of 4,800,000*l.* in silver every year. The public, however, in spite of this Act of Congress, will not accept the silver, and consequently it has accumulated in the Treasury vaults. The Treasury thus finds itself in this difficulty. It has to go on adding nearly five millions sterling every year to the mass of silver already upon its hands, and, in spite of all sorts of devices, it cannot force the coins into circulation; though it pays them out to its officials, and in exchange for greenbacks and banknotes, the silver comes back again as soon as it goes out. To a country as rich as the United States it would, of course, be no very great loss to sell off its silver, even at its present depreciated price. But no government wishes voluntarily to incur a loss for no purpose. Besides, the United States Government is wedded to the idea of Protection, and it desires, if it can, to secure for the owners of silver a full price. Its real object, therefore, is not to secure the circulation of silver at home, for that the public will not endure; but to ensure its subjects against the depreciation of a very valuable product. As yet, it is true, the United States have not as much coined silver to dispose of as France; but they have silver mines which are every year adding to the mass, and if the price falls, these mines become less valuable; and, therefore, the wealth of the country is lessened just as much as the wealth of France will be lessened by the depreciation of the silver now held by the Bank of France. The new Government is, therefore, as anxious as that just gone out of office for the success of the Monetary Conference. In his Inaugural Message to Congress President Garfield says:—"Confusion has recently been created by variations in the relative value of the two metals; but I confidently believe that arrangements can be made between the leading commercial nations which will secure the general use of both metals." And, acting upon the belief thus enunciated, Mr. Garfield has appointed as one of the Commissioners to the Paris Conference the late Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts. It is not probable that Mr. Evarts would accept the mission unless he thought it likely that the Conference would lead to some practical result, and, in fact, the appointment of such a man is the strongest evidence that could be afforded of the earnestness of the United States in calling together this Conference.

It may be assumed that Italy will agree to what France and the United States are so earnest in urging; but the conduct of Germany is not so easily forecast. In the Reichstag one day last week Herr Scholz, a commissary of the Government, read a paper in the name of Prince Bismarck which throws some light upon the subject. After stating that the Prince is in favour of the *status quo*, he went on as follows:—"The Imperial Chancellor holds the opinion that there is not enough gold for the single standard policy to prove successful even in those countries where that system already exists. The Chancellor thinks that the scarcity of gold must first be faced, and compares this state of things to a blanket thrown over two persons, which, not being wide enough to cover them both, is drawn first by one and then by the other." It would seem from this homely illustration that Prince Bismarck is strongly desirous of some such solution as is aimed at in the Conference. If there is not enough of gold in the world, even for the countries which have already adopted the single gold standard, it is clearly desirable that the pressure upon the money markets of the world should be lightened. And therefore it seems to follow that Germany will be glad to co-operate with France and the United States. But

the Prince, we are told, is in favour of the *status quo*. Now the *status quo* in Germany is this. Theoretically, gold is the only standard of value; but the one-thaler pieces of the old silver coinage have not yet been all called in, and, until they are called in and demonetized by Imperial proclamation, they retain their legal-tender character. In theory of law, that is, Germany is a gold standard country; but in actual fact she is a country of the double standard. Both silver and gold are not only current, but are legal tender for all debts and to any amount. The change, then, from the existing system to that proposed by France and the United States would clearly not be great. It would only be necessary to adopt the relation of 15*½* to 1, as proposed by France, to make silver not provisionally only, as at present, but permanently legal tender, and to enact that silver, like gold, must be freely coined for all who bring it to the Mint. That, in fact, is the sole change that is needed. Whether the Prince is prepared, however, to make this change remains to be seen. It would clearly be the wisest policy, now that he has incurred the expense of a large gold coinage, though we are still of the opinion we have so often expressed in these columns, that the true course for Germany would have been to have retained the single silver standard which she possessed formerly.

As regards our own country, the care taken by the Government not to commit itself to bimetallism is only honest. It is quite clear that we shall not change our own monetary system. We are perfectly satisfied with it. It gives us, in fact, all the advantages we can expect from any system, and it would be unwise, therefore, to make any alteration in it. Whether the United States and Germany will make the change they deem necessary on other grounds, when they find that we are thus resolved to make no alteration, remains to be seen. As regards the United States, more particularly, we expect much difficulty, for Americans are of opinion that their country is destined to become not only the richest and greatest in the world, but the great banking centre, and they will be very reluctant, therefore, to leave to England the advantage of a monetary system which unquestionably is the best.

REVIEWS.

CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.*

MR. FROUDE cannot be accused of any want of despatch in beginning the fulfilment of the duties which have been confided to him as literary executor of the late Mr. Carlyle. Indeed we are not aware of any instance in which the remains of a deceased author have been published at so short an interval after his death. No cogent reason existed for the precipitancy with which these volumes have been produced; and as they will hardly add to the fame of the great man whom we have so lately lost, and will certainly not tend to increase the reputation for judgment and discretion already enjoyed by their editor, there is ground for wishing that more time had been given to the revision of the matter now presented to the world.

It appears from the editor's preface that some years ago Mr. Carlyle placed in his hands a collection of letters written by his wife, then deceased, with the warning that before publication they would require anxious revision. At that time he believed his own end to be approaching, but in fact his life extended over another ten years, and finally he made over to Mr. Froude all his private papers and writings. Among these were discovered the contents of the present volumes. There are the thoughts and recollections he committed to paper, as the outpourings of his sorrow on receiving the news of his father's death; secondly, an account of his friendship and connexions with Edward Irving; another, of his intercourse with Lord Jeffrey; slight memorials of Southey and Wordsworth, and the long wail of grief which is devoted to the memory of his lost wife. Mr. Froude informs us that he advised Carlyle that these should be printed with the requisite omissions immediately after his own death; and it seems to have been at one time intended that he should have revised them himself. This, however, could not be done, and it appears that the *Reminiscences* are now printed as found, with the admission on the part of the editor that most of them were probably not intended for publication; a point which will be sufficiently clear to all who read them. Much of them was written in the terrible time succeeding Mrs. Carlyle's death; and Mr. Froude mentions that Carlyle's condition was so singular at this time that he was afterwards unconscious of what he had done, and did not recollect having written about Irving when Mr. Froude came upon that portion of the MS., and inquired about it from him. A few occasional reservations are mentioned as having been made; and of course it is impossible to guess to what extent matter undesirable for publication has been withheld. What does appear rests on the responsibility of the editor alone, who has allowed the man who has for so long been an object of the highest public honour and the greatest private esteem and regard to exhibit himself in some of his worst and most wayward and whimsical humours, to an extent which will hardly tend to enhance his character for doing justice to others or for possessing any real sympathy with humanity.

* *Reminiscences* by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

Passing on from these preliminary regrets, it is impossible to entertain any doubts as to the curious interest and value of the matter thus thrown open to the public gaze. The various reminiscences taken together, and sometimes overlapping and repeating themselves, as might be expected, form a very near approach to a full autobiography, with the singular feature that the writer does not form the central figure or hero of his story. This circumstance gives an unusual charm and freedom to the narrative. Carlyle is always discoursing of other people as his subject, and not ostensibly of himself; but the triple strand which he has thus spun supplies an almost complete history of his own life. It is sometimes harsh and rough, and often sad and sombre enough; but through it all runs and gleams the golden thread of tender recollections of his wife, from the early anecdote of "Mamma, wine makes cosy," to her latest heroic and self-devoting efforts to screen him from the troubles and annoyances of life. Indeed, to this remarkable woman Carlyle must have owed chiefly whatever amount of happiness was allowed to him in this world, struggling as he always was with ill-health and against a sort of splenetic hatred of almost all the literary work which he undertook. Without her he could hardly have sustained the battle of existence; and no man has ever poured forth more tender and grateful recollections of the partner who had alleviated his lot than Carlyle has done in these memories.

The portion of them which will be read with the most unalloyed pleasure is that which is dedicated to the memory of his father, a sort of rhapsody of affectionate recollections committed to paper during the first few days after his death. From the account of those who were accustomed to hear Carlyle discourse of his own early days, it would seem as if these recollections much resemble his talk about the rural life of Annandale, its old people and ancient ways. The man who, by his own exertions and conduct, raised himself from the position of a working mason to that of a fairly substantial farmer must have had some striking qualities, although similar success has been and still is not uncommon in Scotland. It may be a comfort to Southrons to know that he did this in Burns's own country, but without having ever read three pages of his poems. His bringing up of his children seems to have been stern, earnest, and authoritative, and Carlyle does not look back on his childhood as a time of joy; but he ceased to live habitually with his father after he was ten years old. James Carlyle taught his family that work was the only thing to be done, and that it must be done well. Upon this it is interesting to speculate how far Carlyle's own career and the value of his literary work might have been altered if he had during his own life been compelled to do some regular work, not of his own choice. That, or a family of children of his own, would have been the two things most likely to break him in for a different and more practical sort of exercise of his great powers. His general notion that the world ought to have been altogether altered to suit himself might have been considerably modified; and he might not have continued his barren and perpetual outcries against things as they are; while he might have departed from his apparent resolution to offer no suggestion how they could be possibly improved.

The account of Edward Irving is in all ways valuable, and will add interest to the memory of a man whose influence upon Carlyle was at one time considerable, but with whom intimate intercourse ceased to be possible when the weaknesses and eccentricities of the friend of his youth gained absolute dominion over him. The character of old Adam Hope herein introduced is a capital one; and the remarks on the simplicity and earnestness of the Scots dissenters of the last century are excellent, pointing out that dissent in Scotland is merely a stricter adherence to the National Kirk, and that these old dissenters are definable as "Free Kirk making no noise." Irving was the elder of the two men, and was engaged in teaching, while preparing for the ministry—at one time dominie at Haddington to Carlyle's future wife—and perhaps might himself, as it would seem, have been her husband, but for a previous, and as it turned out not very happy, engagement elsewhere. The acquaintance began therefore by Carlyle in an attitude of reverence for the man who was preceding him in the task of schoolmastering, and afterwards of the ministry, then marked out for himself also; but lapse of time naturally altered this, and a most brotherly and sincere affection came to exist between them. Carlyle calls him later on "noble Irving, the faithful older brother of his life, in those years."

And so the two friends took walking tours together in the intervals of their irksome taskwork, and after two years of it, both went to establish themselves in Edinburgh, where Carlyle describes his position as forlorn enough, and himself as beginning the long curriculum of dyspepsia which was to be his companion through life. Irving's preaching is described as full of thought, but wanting in definite head and backbone; and from the anecdote told of his driving one of his congregation fairly out of church by it, the character of his pulpit eloquence must have been rather denunciatory than inviting. In Tlaton Garden later on it attracted large and fashionable audiences, and was one of the phenomena of the day. In visiting Irving at Glasgow, Carlyle had his first glimpse of wealthy town life, and seems to have liked it. A great turning point in Carlyle's life was his engagement as tutor in the Buller family, Charles Buller having an interval to fill up between Harrow and Cambridge; and this appointment was obtained upon Irving's introduction. A very early piece of literary work done by Carlyle was a translation of Legendre's *Geometry* commissioned by Brewster, for which he was perfectly competent, although he did not hold mathematical distinction, even of the

highest eminence, in more outward respect than any of the other reputations usually looked up to by the majority of mankind. To this succeeded more important and congenial work, the *Schiller* for the *London Magazine*, and the *Wilhelm Meister*; and in 1824 Carlyle came to London on a visit to Irving, by whom he was introduced to the family and to the house of a gentleman well known at the time, from whom he received much kindness, and of whom and his belongings and surroundings Carlyle is allowed by his editor to give his opinions, which are not altogether of an amiable and grateful kind—fit enough to be written for his own satisfaction, but hardly fit for at least present publication. His host is a bore and a humbug, and the account of the circumstances of the domestic life to which Carlyle was familiarly admitted comes ill from one who must have received considerable advantages from his intimacy at the house when a young man and a stranger in London. The existence of even one person still alive to whom all this could not fail to give annoyance should have been a reason for suppressing it. To the lady of this house Carlyle owed an introduction to Coleridge, then living at Highgate. He was to him only "a puffy, anxious, abstracted-looking, fattish old man," talking of matters of no interest. So, in other places, Heine is "blackguard Heine"; Charles Lamb and his sister are "a very sorry pair of phenomena"; Sir William Molesworth is "a poorish, narrow creature"; and Lady Holland is "a kind of hungry ornamented witch, looking over at me with mere carnivorous views," of whom, however, Carlyle learned to think better afterwards. *Darwin on Species* is wonderful to Carlyle as "indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind; never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought upon it." Would it not have been kinder to Carlyle's memory to have omitted all this also?

After the termination of the Buller engagement Carlyle went to France in company with some members of that family. The description of the first view of Paris by night, from the heights of Montmartre, is fine—a sort of pleasure not now to be enjoyed, when all places are entered by the inevitable railway station. He saw Legendre and La Place, heard Ouvrier lecture, and saw Talma in *Edipe* at the Théâtre Française, who elicited some genuine praise; "incomparably the best actor I ever saw." All this time the strange conduct and delusions of Irving were leading to an increasing estrangement between Carlyle and himself, and finally their intercourse dwindled down to almost none at all. The closing sketch of his career is a fine one, and seems to exhaust in short compass all that there is to be said about it. The year passed in solitude at Hoddam Hill seems to have led to the working of a great change in Carlyle's spiritual nature, which he himself terms a "conversion," and this gives occasion for one of the most remarkable passages in the book.

The reminiscences of Jeffrey show him in a very agreeable light as the friend of a young author, to whom indeed at one time he offered a pension of 100*l.* a year from his own income. Yet Carlyle is allowed to exhibit himself as angry with him for not procuring his appointment to a public employment, for which he admits he had no sufficient qualifications, Jeffrey having Government patronage as the Lord Advocate of the day. He wanted to be made Observer at the Observatory in Edinburgh; but, although possessing some acquaintance with mathematics and astronomy, he had never looked through a telescope in his life. There was much pleasant intercourse, as it seems, between Jeffrey and his wife and the Carlyles, husband and wife; but here again an anecdote is printed which, amusing as it is, had better not have been permitted to see the light, telling as it does entirely against the narrator of it.

Carlyle was sitting comfortably in the Lord Advocate's lodgings in Jernyn Street when he was disturbed by the entrance of another visitor. First, he is put out by Mrs. Jeffrey's anxieties to give a cordial reception to an old friend, who, upon his entrance, is described so as to make him appear utterly unworthy and ridiculous, and then Carlyle, evidently smarting under some fancied want of attention to himself, takes the first opportunity of bolting in a huff. The gentleman, now long deceased, was a well-known person, but the misspelling of his name (as given by Carlyle) has not been corrected by the editor. Afterwards Carlyle more completely identifies him, by inquiry of Sterling of the *Times*, who informs him that "He's a damned old humbug; dines at Holland House," where, by the by, Carlyle never did dine, as he himself relates. Finally Carlyle writes "this was all the history I ever had of the poor man; whom I never heard of more, nor saw, except that one time." He is in fact brought in only to be made absurd, and to be knocked down like a super crossing the stage in a pantomime. *A propos* to misspelling, it may be noted that the name of "Ellice," so well known in political and social life, is given as "Ellis" by Carlyle, and this also remains without correction by Mr. Froude.

Carlyle's married life began in 1825, and in 1834 he settled in London, occupying the well-known house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, until his death. The portion of the Reminiscences which is headed "Jane Welsh Carlyle" is nominally consecrated to her memory, but contains the materials for his own biography for the last fifty years of his life, during which his most important works were written; and he became almost an inspired prophet for some and a grievous stumbling-block of offence for others. The history and belongings of Mrs. Carlyle's family form perhaps the least generally interesting part of what relates to her, but they will no doubt be read with eagerness by those whom they more especially concern.

For three or four years Carlyle's chief source of income was derived from giving lectures—a grim business, to which nothing but dire necessity drove him. To himself it was, although very differently appraised by those who heard and have since read them, a “detestable mixture of prophecy and play-actorism,” as he has chosen to define it. This began in 1838, and soon Carlyle became a notability in London, and was an honoured guest at many well-frequented houses. He had indeed the opportunity of seeing, as much as he pleased, what may be described as the really best society, and he thoroughly enjoyed it, but not without the usual protests and complaints. Here, however, he honestly bears witness to its excellence, saying that “certain of the aristocracy did seem to him very noble . . . and he would vote it (with its perfection of human politeness, its continual grace of bearing and of acting, steadfast honour, light address, and cheery stoicism) actually yet the best of English classes.”

The *Letter Day Pamphlets*, the *French Revolution*, and the *Cromwell* raised Carlyle's literary reputation to its highest point. The terrible tussle with *Frederick II.*, which occupied him for thirteen years and cost so much toil, hardly resulted in any increase of fame. After the death of his wife, he is not known to have written anything but the present *Reminiscences*, of which it must not be supposed that they do not contain much that is altogether worthy of their writer—the man whose well-known works have roused and delighted, and assisted to furnish the minds of two generations, and whose nature, with all its strange whims, was essentially of a fine, manly, generous, and thoroughly independent and conscientious character. His vast intellectual power, his faculty for laborious and minute research into the subjects which interested him, and (apart from exaggeration) his righteous abhorrence of all that is unreal, unwholesome, and untrue can never be forgotten.

It will be for posterity, however, to pass the abiding judgment on Carlyle's place in English literature, to which he has contributed so much that is new and valuable. His originality and fertility of composition, great as were with him the pangs of parturition, have seldom been equalled. The example of his life, and much of what he wrote, cannot have been without its effect upon the temper of the time in which he lived; but, on the whole, he may be not unfairly described even by an admirer, in the words applied by himself to Goethe's *Faust*, as one who quitted the ways of vulgar men, but without light to guide him to a better way; or more truly perhaps, as one who did not follow up the light which he had.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

WE confess to being less pleased with the story which opens and gives its name to Mr. Henry James's latest volumes than with those which follow it. “Not to keep dinging it dinging into one so,” said Tony Lumpkin in a fit of exasperation with his mother; and the phrase might with some show of justice be applied to the method which Mr. James has chosen to adopt in *Washington Square*—a story, which to put it briefly, is too long both for its materials and for the manner of using them. The events are far less exciting than those which occur in *Northanger Abbey* or *Mansfield Park*, and the way of narrating them is not unlike a diluted and modernized version of the way in which the author of those novels was prompted to describe the scenes which she observed and imagined. Mr. James, “fine,” to use a pet word of his own, as his insight and style are, and great as may be what a contemporary has with characteristic impulsiveness called his “genius,” can hardly yet take rank with the writer to whom we have just referred. The constant insistence upon trivial traits of commonplace character is a dangerous thing to attempt, and the daring in the case of *Washington Square* is hardly excused by the success. Not one of the characters is really interesting, while some are entirely repulsive. The heroine is a kind of washy imitation of Mr. Trollope's charming, if too constant, Lily Dale, and the young man who in the end does not marry her is, if anything, meaner than Crosbie, and has the disadvantage, from an artistic point of view, of escaping poetic justice, so far as one is told, whether in the form of a violent assault or of that more serious and galling misery which overtook Crosbie in his married life. The father of the heroine has some distant kind of relationship with Mr. Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice*, but is a less interesting person; while his sister's elderly love of romance gives but a feeble relief to the not very agreeable, and somewhat dull, tone of the whole story. The resemblances which have suggested themselves to our mind may be purely accidental, and if the work had not been unduly spun out it would have mattered little or nothing whether they were accidental, or even whether they existed, of not. The fact is that the tale or sketch, or whatever it should be called, is about twice as long as it ought to be. The actions, or want of actions, of a flashy, avowed young man, of a cynical, clever father, of his determined and high-hearted, though not brilliant, daughter, and of her sentimental aunt, over a very commonplace case of love-making and jilting do not bear telling, at least as they are told in *Washington Square*, at the length at which Mr. James has chosen to tell them. Such things are tiresome in real life; and though they are less

tiresome when described and dissected by Mr. James, yet his skill in the knowledge of the causes of things which lead to tiresomeness fails to give any real interest to that which is in its essence deeply uninteresting. Nor does the fact that the story is written by an American and deals with American life lend any extraneous or factitious attraction to its course. Everything that Mr. James tells us of might, with certain superficial and unimportant differences, have happened in ordinary English life; and, indeed, the whole notion of Mr. James's story has frequently been employed with success by English novelists. These novelists, however, have generally avoided the cardinal fault, already referred to, of Mr. James's work, that of trying to interest readers in characters who are utterly and hopelessly uninteresting. A few more touches of interest and attraction in Catherine's character might have made a difference in the tone of the whole work; we might have felt that she was a *filles* unjustly and stupidly *incomprise* by her father; and one who might be loved for herself as well as sought after for her expectations. As it is, it becomes difficult to call up any indignation for her father's no doubt superficial estimate of her character, and impossible to believe that Morris Townsend or anybody else could have been attracted by her without any thought of her prospective dollars. It may have been, and it very possibly was, Mr. James's object to depict this side of life exactly as it is; and no doubt he has succeeded in giving a curiously exact and keen representation of the cause and effect of varied emotions, most of them of a very low order, in an everyday kind of life which is common to all civilized communities. But we would submit that to do this is a task decidedly unworthy of Mr. James's undoubtedly remarkable talent. There is, it may be noted, a curious discrepancy between the general method of the story and the style occasionally adopted. For instance, when, after the father's death, things have come back to conditions in which it might yet be advantageous to Morris to marry Catherine, he comes back to make a new proposal which is rejected with a somewhat stolid dignity. In the hall he meets the sentimental aunt, who “appeared to have been hovering there under the irreconcilable promptings of her curiosity and her dignity.”

“That was a precious plan of yours,” said Morris, clapping off his hat.

“Is she so hard?” asked Mrs. Penniman.

“She doesn't care a button for me—with her confounded little dry manner.”

“Was it very dry?” pursued Mrs. Penniman, with solicitude.

Morris took no notice of her question: he stood musing an instant, with his hat on. “But why the deuce, then, would she never marry?”

“Yes; why, indeed?” sighed Mrs. Penniman. And then, as if from a sense of the inadequacy of this explanation, “But you will not despair—you will come back?”

“Come back? Damnation!” And Morris Townsend strode out of the house, leaving Mrs. Penniman staring.

Catherine, meanwhile, in the parlour, picking up her morsel of fancy-work, had seated herself with it again—for life, as it were.

This is the end of the story, in which it will be observed that Mr. James sticks to his *Mérimée*-like plan of leaving the reader to make his own estimate of the probable results of the situation, and which is perhaps neither much better nor much worse than the contents of the eighty-five pages which lead up to it.

The *Pension Beaurepas* with its careful and clever pictures of certain American characters as they appear in their European tour, is far more easy, if not in itself more pleasant, reading than *Washington Square*. The people described are at least more characteristic, and, partly perhaps because the narrative is not stretched to an undue length, the reader's interest is certainly better sustained. Mme. Beaurepas herself is a not unattractive person to meet either in the pages of a *nouvelle* by Mr. James or in real life, and one's sympathies cannot but be enlisted for the sufferings of Mr. Ruck. At the same time it must be said that there is nothing very new either in Mme. Beaurepas or in Mr. Ruck; that there is a kind of affectation of cynicism about the story; and that, like other stories of Mr. James's, it ends with an imitation, which has become irritating by dint of repetition, of earlier, and possibly better, writers' methods. It must, however, be admitted that there is a certain pathos in the final scene.

What saves the two volumes we are now considering from being dismissed altogether as work far from being up to Mr. James's best mark is the *Bundle of Letters* which closes them. Here it becomes a matter of absolutely no consequence whether he has or has not taken a hint from any other writer. The *Bundle of Letters* can stand perfectly well by itself on its very marked and original merits. One clever French writer has given the correspondence of two persons affecting each other with complete success. Mr. James has dared further; and, in this instance at least, his daring is fully justified. Nothing could well be better than his estimate of the curious people assembled together for a time in one house, and of the curious views which they entertain of one another. One of the letters, from Louis Leverett to a Boston friend, is “quite consummate”—

If you repeat my remarks to any of the West Cedar Street circle, be sure you tone them down as your discretion will suggest. For yourself, you will know that I have always had an immense desire to see something of *real French life*. You are acquainted with my great sympathy with the French; with my natural tendency to enter into the French way of looking at life; I sympathize with the artistic temperament; I remember you used sometimes to hint to me that you thought my own temperament too artistic. I don't think that in Boston there is any real sympathy with the artistic temperament; we tend to make everything a matter of right and wrong. And in Boston one can't live—*On ne peut pas vivre*, as they say here. I don't mean one can't reside—for a great many people manage that; but one can't live,

aesthetically—I may also venture to say, sensuously. This is why I have always been so much drawn to the French, who are so æsthetic, so sensuous. I am so sorry that Théophile Gautier has passed away; I should have liked so much to go and see him, and tell him all that I owe him. He was living when I was here before; but, you know, at that time I was travelling with the Johnsons, who are not æsthetic, and who used to make me feel rather ashamed of my artistic temperament. If I had gone to see the great apostle of beauty, I should have had to go clandestinely—*en cachette*, as they say here; and that is not my nature: I like to do everything frankly, freely, *naturement*, *au grand jour*. That is the great thing—to be free, to be frank, to be *satyf*. Doesn't Matthew Arnold say that somewhere—or is it Swinburne, or Pater?

Here Mr. James is, it seems to us, at his best; and we can only hope that he may in future have a keener eye for the limits within which the dissection of more or less commonplace character may or may not be attractive.

VOYAGES OF THE ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN TO AMERICA.*

IT is a happy thing for the general reader when a writer who has for years made a special study of any large subject is willing, as a piece of by-work, as it were, to undertake the unassuming duties of the editor of some book which has formed but a small part of his investigations. We have seen far too much of men who edit a work or publish selections urged on, not by the fulness of their minds, but by the emptiness of their pockets. They first choose a subject—such a one as they hope may catch the public taste—and then they try to learn of it just as much as will serve their turn. If they can make their empty show of knowledge pass with the vulgar, they are indifferent to the contempt of the learned. Their books sell, and that is all they are meant to do. It is a relief to turn from the work of men of this kind to such a volume as the one before us. Mr. E. J. Payne was already known as the careful editor of two volumes of Burke's works in the Clarendon Press Series before he published his *History of European Colonies*. In this latter book he showed an amount of knowledge of a very wide subject which, we venture to say, has been possessed by no other writer. He has since then confined his studies to one branch—by far the most important of this wide-spreading history—the colonization, namely, of America. In writing a full narrative of this great movement, he has, of course, been led to study carefully the collection of Hakluyt's voyages. From them he has selected thirteen narratives, and has edited them with historical notices. In a very interesting introduction he gives a rapid sketch of the course and the effects of modern discovery. He clearly traces the work done by the different nations of Europe in opening up the world. He shows how it was not till science had done its work, and done it through the men of Italy, and the struggle had begun of commercial enterprise and political ambition for a share in the substantial results, that England stepped in to bear her part in the history of maritime exploration. In a few pages he shows how vast an effect was wrought on the future of the New World by the reformation in the Old World. Spain, the spoilt child of the Papacy, had been endowed by its parent with the New World. "Catholic England had acquiesced in the title thus acquired. Protestant England prepared to dispute it." As Mr. Payne says, the incidents of the Spanish conquest of Mexico and Peru are well known, and no less known are the incidents of English colonization in New England, Virginia, and the Windward Islands. But a gulf of half a century, more or less, divides the period of English colonization from the period of Spanish conquest. How, he asks, is this gulf to be bridged over? Where shall we find an explanation of the transition from the old America—an America enslaved, mediæval, Spanish, and Catholic—to the new America, an America free, modern, English, and Protestant?—

Fixing narrower limits to the inquiry, we may ask, How is that in the beginning of its history we find America wholly Spanish and Portuguese, and at the end of a century find that it has become European? How is it that in the sixteenth century we find Europe tranquilly acquiescing in the Spanish occupation of America, and entertaining no suspicion whatever as to its ultimate destiny, while in the seventeenth we find all the powers of Western Europe engaged in a struggle for its possession? And how is it that in this struggle we find England taking the lead from the beginning, in course of time absorbing all foreign elements, and ultimately bringing about the great change which has made America, in all its length and breadth, a continent of free states, framed more or less on an English model, and all having their principal commercial and social connection with England, and that connection an increasing one?

The solution to these questions is to be found, as our author says, in the narratives of the Elizabethan seamen. It was these daring men, and not the Puritan emigrants of New England, or the commercial adventurers who cultivated the tobacco plant in Virginia, who were the real founders of English America. The voyage of the *May Flower*, if in one way it was the first, was in another way the last of a long series of enterprises. It is true that in Elizabeth's reign no colony was permanently settled, but it was then that the path was paved for our vast colonial empire. There were, as Mr. Payne shows, four great causes which soon after she had ascended the throne united to force English enterprise irresistibly on the path of its destiny. There was "an economical cause, dependent on the increase of wealth, a commercial cause, dependent on

the steady widening of the field of navigation, and a political cause, dependent on the impending breach with Spain." The fourth was an intellectual cause. English thought had been widened in one half-century as perhaps it has scarcely been widened in all the centuries that have followed. The old world of classical learning had been thrown open to it, and from it the Bible was no longer kept hidden. Its range was no more to be limited to our island-home, "and, as ever happens, its strength and sagacity increased with the increase in the field of its operations." If the progress of discovery owed much to this intellectual cause, it paid back its debt to the full. There is a fine passage in one of Hazlitt's Lectures on the dramatic literature of the age of Elizabeth, in which he gives a sketch of the three great causes which, according to him, at that time "operated to mould and stamp the poetry of the country." Third among these causes he places "the discovery of the New World and the reading of voyages and travels. Green islands and golden sands seemed to arise, as by enchantment, out of the bosom of the watery waste, and invite the cupidity, or wing the imagination, of the dreaming speculator. Fairyland was realized in new and unknown worlds. . . . The people, the soil, the climate, everything gave unlimited scope to the curiosity of the traveller and reader. Other manners might be said to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, and new mines of wealth were tumbled at our feet. It is from a voyage to the Straits of Magellan that Shakespeare has taken the hint of Prospero's Enchanted Isle." He next quotes those beautiful lines in which Spenser defends himself against the charge that his *Faerie Queene* is but "the abundance of an idle brain" and "painted forgery." If any one maintains that none do know "where is that happy land of faerie," to him the poet answers:—

But let that man with better sense advise,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And daily how through hardy enterprise
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Fern?
Or who in venturous vessel measured
The Amazon huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever view?

It is not too much to say that no one has much chance of entering into the world of thought in which Spenser, Shakespeare, and even Milton lived who will not take the trouble to read some at least of the voyages of their great countrymen. Like Desdemona they must "seriously incline" to hear the narrator as he speaks

of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

The present is an age of handbooks; if there is no royal road to learning, it is hoped that at least a common one has at last been provided in half-crown manuals. It was only the other day that we read somewhere or other that a work that has been lately published about Pepys would teach the reader far more than all the volumes of the Diary. There may be extracts of beef and essences that in one spoonful contain the nourishment of a whole meal. But great writers are not like great oxen, and those who wish to really know them must take them as they are in all their bulk. We must go even further than this. If we would really know the men of any one time we must read the books which they read, not much less than the books which they wrote. At all events, we must read a selection—a selection, but not an abridgment, still less a manual. It would seem to be the case with many people that their minds are so thoroughly modern, that they find a great difficulty in reading anything which has not been carefully prepared by one whom we may perhaps be allowed to call a literary cook. The great thoughts of old writers have to be first hashed and then highly seasoned before such people as these can manage in any way to swallow them. In this they remind us of a custom among the Esquimaux as told in the account of Frobiisher's voyages. "The women," says the writer, "feed their children with flesh which first they do a little chew in their own mouths." Yet it is not easy to believe that even these lazy readers, if they once made the effort, would find any difficulty in going through the narratives that are contained in the volume before us. Mr. Payne has spared them one trouble. He has skimmed for them the very cream of Hakluyt's collection, and has successfully guarded them against the chance of stumbling on a single dull piece of writing. But, happily, besides these triflers in the field of literature, there are many who only want a guide to lead them into new paths of learning. To them Hakluyt's collection may be known only by name. They will be delighted to read these thirteen narratives, which, to use the editor's words, "reflect, with the closeness and fidelity which only belongs to contemporary records, the aspect presented to English eyes by the great field of new enterprise which was opened beyond the sea to Englishmen of Elizabeth's reign. Those who wrote them," he goes on to say, "were, for the most part, men who had themselves taken an active part in the work, and who were scholarly enough to use the pure and expressive English of Shakespeare's day with ease and effect."

There is yet another class of readers for whom they ought to have a strong attraction. Unless English schoolboys are greatly changed for the worse, there ought to be many a one among them whom they will cheat of his hour of play as much as ever did

* *Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen to America: Thirteen Original Narratives from the Collection of Hakluyt. Selected and Edited, with Historical Notices, by E. J. Payne, M.A., Author of "A History of European Colonies."* London: Thos. De La Rue & Co. 1880.

Scott's *Marmion* cheat their grandfathers. But at times we fear that *Robinson Crusoe* no longer holds its place as prime favourite among young readers. Their taste, like that of their elders, is too often spoiled by the highly-seasoned dishes which are served up before them. Fidelity to nature seems to have lost much of its charm even with the young amidst the general rage for what is called sensational writing. Yet we must confess that we cannot help looking upon the boy who says that he does not care for *Robinson Crusoe* in much the same way as Johnson looked upon Bishop Percy's daughter, who said she had never read *Pilgrim's Progress*. "No!" replied the Doctor, "then I would not give one farthing for you!" We shall be slow, however, to admit that an English schoolboy can be indifferent to these old tales of daring of the great seamen of his race. He must be moved as he reads how high these sailors held the name of Englishmen, and how they felt, in the extremity of peril, that "they should," to quote one of the writers, "as true Englishmen and faithful friends, supply one another's wants in all fortunes and dangers."

What a happy use might be made of such a collection of voyages as this if out of it geography were taught! Nothing can well be drearier than the common manuals through which children are carried, or rather driven, as they are taught the names of places. Who cares to know the position of a country or a town of which he knows nothing except that it is marked on a map? But the class which should follow Drake, for instance, in his famous voyage round the world, with a good chart before their eyes, would find that geography is indeed a study of high interest. We could certainly have wished that Mr. Payne had been somewhat more liberal in his supply of notes. While his introductions are all that we could desire, we see places where a note, either on the meaning of a word or some point in geography, might with advantage have been added. We must not, however, let our last word be one of censure; but we must thank him for thus placing within the reach of the general reader a book which is, in so high a degree, both interesting and instructive.

ETCHINGS OF AMERICAN FERNS.*

ENGLISH fern collectors rarely trouble themselves much about the range and number of exotic species. The pleasure of the game, as of most of such pastimes, depends upon its exactitude. There are exactly fifty species of ferns known to exist within the British Islands, and the collection becomes a sort of solitaire-board, the object being to fill that half-century of spaces as soon as possible. It has hardly been sufficiently observed how much the precision of attainable aim has to do with the pleasure of sport; the fact must be commended to the notice of the next writer on the natural history of collecting. To come down to the humblest class of acquisition, how many thousands of young persons take pleasure in collecting postage-stamps, the actual number of which is known and catalogued, while how few have the courage to put out upon the trackless and practically limitless ocean of postmarks! If we rise to the healthier pursuit of most schoolboys, how immense a preponderance we find of collections of butterflies, where the number is strictly limited, over those of moths where the range, when we go down to the groups of minuter forms; the *tortices* and *tineade*, is too wide for the ambition of a lifetime! But ferns are the butterflies of botany, and they attract the collector in the same way, by their restricted range and definite number. He will be surprised to find, if he opens the attractive volume before us, that the collection of ferns in North America, notwithstanding the immense and varied range of territory covered, is no less exciting than it is in England. For, while we possess fifty indigenous species, it appears that in a tract of the American continent including all Canada and New England, and extending in the west beyond Kentucky and south to the borders of Georgia, there are only known to science sixty-seven native varieties.

We learn with surprise that Mr. Williamson's is the first popular handbook on American ferns yet published. The author, who scarcely gives us any letterpress, and who depends entirely upon his illustrations, first essayed his work in modest form, as *The Ferns of Kentucky*. His book, however, was felt to "supply a want," and the ferns of that State are so characteristic of the whole of North-Eastern America that he was able, by including a few more species, to give a new edition a more national importance. English fern lovers would perhaps value the volume more if some fuller account were given of the habits and distribution of each species; but the plates alone are of great charm and interest. It will perhaps be of most importance to English readers if we consider first the similarities, and secondly the differences, that exist between the English and American flora in this particular. We are bound to take Mr. Williamson as correct in his statements, and especially in his limitation of existing species. The anarchy that exists in the nomenclature of ferns—an anarchy that can most easily be brought home to the reader by the instance that one single genus is known to botanists, according to the school they have been brought up in, as *Isoetes*, *Polystichum*, *Aspidium*, *Dryopteris*, and *Nephrodium*—this anarchy determines us, in speaking of ferns both English and American, to use the old English name, and not Mr.

Williamson's name. For American species we must use American names.

In the first place, it is a very curious fact that twenty out of our fifty species are found to be indigenous also in America; although we confess that, to obtain this clear number, we have forced ourselves to believe that our British *Cystopteris Dicksonia*, the very doubtful species found only in a cave near Aberdeen, is not distinct from the American *Cystopteris montana*, which it seems to resemble in its lush growth and crowded pinnae. The very common English ferns seem, from Mr. Williamson's brief notes, to be as abundant in the States as with us. The ordinary wood polypody, the long rhizomes of which, rooted in the branches of trees, and covered with a shaggy, golden beard, are so familiar an object in all parts of our islands, is so common in America, "that it gives a character to the vegetation." Its refined relative, the oak-fern, is equally at home on both sides of the Atlantic; but, in the place of our beech-fern, *Phlegopteris*, the Americans have a *polypodioides*, in the etching of which, however, we detect nothing that distinguishes it from the British species. The Transatlantic *heragonyptera*, on the other hand, is easily distinguished from the *robertianum* of our limestone districts, with its clammy touch and strong geranium odour. The common bracken is as characteristic a feature of American landscape as it is of English. We wonder if Mr. Williamson knows the curious West-country superstition that all the bracken in the world has but one root, and that that is the reason why the plant can never be eradicated. The main stock of this single root must lie, it would seem, somewhere close under the still vexed Bermoothes. Among the *aspleniums*, Great Britain and America possess alike *trichomanes* and *viride*—the twins of the fern family, "Brunetto, the dark, and Blancheline, the fair"—*ruta-muraria*, whose rich, round fronds leave on meddling fingers as rich a dust as any butterfly's wing, and *filix-femina*, gentlest of ferns, by European botanists long since separated from the coarse and wiry company of *aspleniums*, and made to sit solitary as a genus, *athyrium*. Of the other American *aspleniums*, some, such as the broadly lanceolate *ebenoides*, and *angustifolium* in its simplicity, are entirely strange to us. Others seem but narrowly divided from our species; *Bradleyi*, which grows on bluffs of sandstone in Kentucky, is very like our familiar *marinum*, although the latter prefers a shady humid locality; *montanum* comes as close to our *lanceolatum* as cousins can venture to do, while *parvulum* seems to be the lost norm from which all known *aspleniums* have diverged. It is to be noticed, however, that the States do not possess any of our more eccentric *aspleniums*, such as the pointed and scarcely fern-like *germanicum* and *septentrionale*, with their dried flicker of fronds, or *Petrarchæ*, the rarest of British species, which looks as though a mischievous child had robbed it of half its pinnules. The commonest fern of English lanes, *Asplenium adiantum-nigrum*, is also unknown in America, and there seems to be no species there which exactly takes its place.

The three extraordinary genera with which botanists close their category of the *filicinae*, the so-called "flowering-ferns," are represented more abundantly, but not more characteristically, than in the British Isles. For instance, we have but one *Osmunda*, the magnificent *regalis*, which makes all swampy places golden in autumn with its vast spikes of seed at the end of its pale fronds; but the Americans, in addition to this their commonest species, have a *Claytoniana* and a *cinnamomiana* not specially distinct in form or structure. The genus *botrychium*, the moon-fern or lunary, to the magical powers of which several of the Elizabethan poets bear testimony, is represented all over both hemispheres by one very beautiful species, which occurs as far away as Kamshatka. This is the only variety known in the British Isles; but the Americans possess no less than seven species, several of which lose the peculiar form which we know in the lunary—that is, the cluster of kidney-shaped pinnae—and approximate the *osmundas* and even the *lastræas* in shape. Last of all the genus *ophioglossum*, or adder's tongues, which are to the races of ferns what the lampreys are to the race of fishes, has two representatives in America as with us, though only one of these, *vulgatum*, is common to both hemispheres. In each case there is besides this a pigmy species, a little withered tongue a couple of inches high, which is called *humaticum* in Europe, and *bulbosum* in America, the only apparent difference being that the former has a fibrous and the latter a tuberous root.

Among striking forms that occur among British ferns, and are not found in America, the delicate and transparent filmy-ferns, *hymenophyllum*, are perhaps the most noticeable by their absence. The English hard-fern, *Blechnum spicant*, one of the commonest adornments of our moorlands and watercourses, has no near relative across the Atlantic. Our parsley-fern, *Allosorus crispus*, is also unknown; but is represented by an American parsley-fern, *Cryptogramme acrostichoides*, which would seem, from Mr. Williamson's etching, to be only distantly allied to the English species. Of the vast genus *adiantum*, the true Maidenhairs, each continent possesses one species in its northern districts; ours, the hope and despair of collectors, is *Capillus Veneris*; that of the Northern States is *pedatum*, one of the commonest inmates of our conservatories, where it is largely cultivated for bouquets.

The American fern-flora possesses a few types unfamiliar to us. Four species of *cheilanthes* present us with a curiously woolly or hirsute fern, divided into innumerable pinnules, and preserving the pubescence from the root to the very tips of the fronds. A delicate genus, *pellaea*, is recommended to gardeners by the deep-purple colour and eccentric shape of its principal species. The wood-

* *Fern Etchings; illustrating all the Species of Ferns indigenous to the North-Eastern United States and Canada.* By John Williamson. Louisville, Kentucky.

wardias, giant ferns that fill the swamps of Virginia, resemble nothing that we know on this side of the ocean. But, on the whole, there are only two ferns which are entirely strange to us in form and habit. One of these is *Schizaea pusilla*, a dainty little plant found in the pine wastes of New Jersey, which throws up threads three or four inches high, at the extreme end of which is fastened a little cluster of pinnae, looking, in Mr. Williamson's etching, like the very point of a beech-leaf. The other is the climbing-fern, *Lygodium palmatum*, a plant stranger still to those who have not seen it in English conservatories, where its eccentricity and beauty are making it a great favourite. This fern throws out slender, flexible stalks many feet in length, with star-like fronds at long intervals, the whole starting from a running root-stock, so that a healthy plant can be trained over trellis-work, and form a little fairy bower for a dormouse or a green frog. It is certainly one of the prettiest and strangest ferns in the world, and seems to be quite abundant in the States.

Mr. Williamson's etchings are careful and faithful in most instances, but the plates seem to be worn and the impressions are rather faint. In some cases, where the fern is a familiar British species, we do not find it characterized so faithfully as we should wish. The illustration of *rutamuraria*, for instance, must have been taken from a weak and straggling specimen, or else the habit of the plant is very different in America. It is a curious fault, too, in a botanist, to omit the one distinction between *trichomanes* and *viride*, the dark stalk in one case and the pale one in the other; Mr. Williamson's etching makes *viride* the darker of the two if anything. But these are exceptions, and, as a rule, the etchings are very pretty in themselves, and exact from a scientific point of view.

NOTES AND SKETCHES FROM THE WILD COASTS OF NIPON.*

JAPAN has been a favourite theme with authors of late. We have had works on beaten and unbeaten tracks through the country and on the arts and language of the people, and now Captain St. John supplements the information we have thus obtained by giving us an account of his shooting tours on the wild coasts of Yesso. Captain St. John tells us in his preface that he was induced to publish the present work by the advice of friends. We always look on this kind of announcement as ominous. If an author has anything of value to say, he is generally well aware of the fact, and does not require the pressure of friends to induce him to appear in print; at the same time Captain St. John's frank admission that he has not the same confidence as his friends in the probable success of his book, and that his sketches are "rough," and have no pretension to being scientific, disarms criticism to a certain extent, and compels us to treat the book on the level he has chosen for it.

This being accepted, the book is not without its merits. The author visited parts of Japan which have scarcely been trodden by any English traveller, except Miss Bird, and he had even more opportunities of mixing with the people than were enjoyed by that adventurous lady. His love of sport led him into out-of-the-way districts, and brought him into communication with the inhabitants of secluded villages, among whom the native manners and customs remain untainted with any foreign influences. But with all these advantages he never peered below the surface of all he saw and heard. He does not appear to have made any effort to learn the language of the people, but to have been content to observe and to pick up scraps of information at secondhand. The island of Yesso, which forms the chief subject of his notes, is the northernmost portion of Japan, now that Saghalien has been absorbed by the Russians, and is interesting on account of its physical features and its inhabitants. The results of volcanic action on the surface of the soil are everywhere apparent, and impart a bold and striking aspect to the scenery, while the vegetation, which, in spite of the rigour of the wintry skies, is luxuriant, adds a wild charm to the landscape. Bears, deer, wild boars, and foxes have almost undisputed possession of the forests, and are disturbed only by the occasional attacks of the native Ainos, who venture inland from the coasts only to seek for food in winter when the shores are deserted by the fish, and for skins and horns for the purposes of trade.

Of the Ainos themselves Captain St. John has not much to tell us, and on the subject of their language his information is vague. "They have," he says, "no written language. In connexion with Japanese a mixture of both is used." Having disburdened himself of this enigmatic sentence, he passes on to the more familiar subjects of their appearance, and their manners and customs. Unlike the Japanese, their physique is square and powerful.

their features are regular and good, and in expression decidedly pleasing; they have neither the high cheek-bone nor oblique upper eyelid peculiar to the Mongolian family. . . . Their temples are flat; forehead broad, square, and high; arch of the head flat; entire head round and well shaped; their lips are full, but not particularly so, eyes very dark, eyebrows straight, and parallel to the axis of the orbits. Their most peculiar characteristic is their hair, which is very coarse, black, long, and straight, and in great profusion in both sexes. The men wear long, flowing beards and moustaches. Their entire body is invariably covered with hair, and very frequently to an extraordinary degree. The children are also hairy little things.

But, though superior to the Japanese in outward bearing and appearance, they are infinitely inferior to them in every other respect. Of all civilizing arts they are completely ignorant—and, indeed, are little removed from savages. Their dwellings are the rudest huts, and their habits are filthy. But, on the other hand, they are peaceable, honest, and hospitable.

No gleam of a higher life breaks the monotonous dreariness of their existence. Religion they have none, and their only objects of worship are posts of peeled wood, "whittled nearly to the top, from which the pendent shavings fall down in white curls." A few birds and beasts have a degree of sanctity attaching to them, and bears enjoy the doubtful privilege of being so highly esteemed for their strength and courage that it is the object of every Aino to kill as many as he can, that he may inherit the characteristics of his victims. Each spring young bears are caught, which, after having been carefully suckled by the wives of the chiefs, and tended until they are full-grown, are ruthlessly murdered at a public festival, amid shouts of "We kill you, O bears! come back soon into Ainos." A feast follows, at which the carcasses are devoured and an inordinate quantity of *sukô*, the national spirit, is drunk. The subjection of these poor savages to their more intellectual neighbours is complete, and the contempt in which they are held by the Japanese is equalled only by the fear they entertain for their masters.

The fisheries of the island furnish employment to a large proportion of the inhabitants. The coasts and rivers abound with salmon and other kinds of fish, which are exported to Japan and China in large quantities. Captain St. John asserts that in the Ishikari River 6,000 tons of salmon are annually taken between the end of August and the beginning of November; and, in partial confirmation of this statement, Miss Bird says that on this river 20,000 salmon are not unfrequently landed in a pair of seines in one day. But, though owners of all this wealth, the Ainos are only allowed a small share of the profits. Breachloading rifles, ironclads, and the new universities of Yedo and Yokohama are expensive institutions; and, though they contribute nothing to the protection or enlightenment of the Ainos, they add mightily to the taxes extracted from these unfortunate people, who are called upon to pay over to the imperial exchequer from ten to twenty-five per cent. of the value of the yields of the fisheries.

But the Ainos interested Captain St. John less than the animals which share the possession of the island with them. He is evidently not only a sportsman, but a keen lover of natural history also. His observations on the habits of the objects of the chase are minute and accurate; and his book, if it had no other value, would be an interesting contribution to the natural history of Japan. Of the Japanese in the other islands of the Japanese group his verdict is in accord with that of all those acquainted with the country, more especially as it was before the late mania for everything European seized upon the Government. Their kindly hospitality, the cheerfulness of their dispositions, and the primitive simplicity of their manners won for them golden opinions from travellers, and especially from those who had previously experienced the chilling indifference of the Chinese people. Instead of a studied coldness, if not direct rudeness, travellers were received in out-of-the-way villages with a frank and genial welcome; and, instead of their arrival being the signal for the disappearance of the women and children, the young girls greeted them with a friendly *Ohayô*, "Good day to you?" and busied themselves in providing a comfortable lodging for them. It is unfortunately true that, as Captain St. John says, "the refined and gentle manners of the natives soon disappear before this Western civilization." The majority of the foreigners who visit Japan is composed of merchant sailors, who have introduced into the ports all the evils belonging to a higher civilization, with but slight traces of its more elevating effects. To such influences a simple-minded, impulsive people, such as the Japanese, are peculiarly susceptible, and, when foreign liquor accompanies these debased foreign manners, drunkenness, coarseness, and vulgarity naturally follow.

A curious illustration of the inferior position occupied by Japanese women was observed by Captain St. John at the harbour of Matoya, where a particular kind of edible seaweed is found in large quantities. The divers employed to collect the weed were, he noticed, all women, and on inquiring the reason he was told that, in consequence of a man having been on one occasion seriously bitten by a large fish when engaged in the work, it was now deemed advisable to employ women only:—

At low water [says the author, in describing the operations of the divers] numbers of boats put out from the villages, having one man and eight or ten women in each. The man manages the boat, while the women strip and drop quietly into the water. Each woman has a tub, which floats on the surface, until filled by the owner's repeatedly diving and bringing a handful of weed up at a time. These women remain under water about thirty seconds, and on coming to the surface float about as much at home as a lot of seals, diving again in a very short time. . . . For two hours or more they will stick to their work, then coming on shore stand or squat round a huge fire, lighted on purpose, in some sheltered nook. Here they chat and bake their olive-coloured bodies to a good brick-dust red.

Having completed his service in Japan, Captain St. John sailed for Hong Kong, where he exchanged his hitherto peaceful occupation of surveying for an active pursuit of pirates. It is an undoubted fact that the southern coasts of China are infested by pirates, who prey, not only on the junks of their countrymen, but on becalmed sailing vessels and small passenger steamers belonging to foreigners, and no doubt Captain St. John did good service in the raids he made upon their haunts. But there is an air of wholesale condemnation in his narrative of his anti-piratical

* Notes and Sketches from the Wild Coasts of Nipon; with Chapters on Cruising after Pirates in Chinese Waters. By Captain H. C. St. John, R.N. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1880.

cruises which suggests the unpleasant thought that perhaps, after all, he may in some instances have been mistaken. In fact, on one occasion, a party of English friends, who ventured to approach his vessel in a junk, very narrowly escaped being raked by his ever-ready Armstrong before they could give him to understand that they were no pirates. There is nothing in the outward appearance of a piratical junk to distinguish it from an honest trader. They are both fully armed, one for offence and the other for defence. It is only, therefore, on overwhelming evidence that any condemnation can be arrived at. This, judging from what Captain St. John tells, he does not always seem to have had, and yet he had no hesitation in attacking and destroying whole fleets of junks. All this portion of his work is, however, a tale of bygone days; post rank was still to be won, and the author could boast but of a gunboat as his domain. This anachronism illustrates one of the inconveniences of the book. We are never sure of what year the author is speaking. It is true that dates are occasionally mentioned, but when three separate tours of service in Japan are referred to, and events are related which occurred on more than one visit to China, the medley is likely to result in some mental confusion. His description of the scene of the death of St. Francis Xavier on the island of Chang-chuen is an instance in point. The casual reader would naturally imagine that the spot was now the same "God-forsaken sort of place" that Captain St. John describes; whereas for more than a decade a handsome little chapel has covered the spot where the saint died, and where his body awaited its removal to its present resting-place at Goa.

Of Captain St. John's style we cannot say much in praise, and though the work is not without interest, its materials are of so fragmentary and personal a nature that it is likely to enjoy a higher estimation among his friends than among the public at large.

TWO MINOR NOVELS.*

IN spite of all the vices laid by novelists at the door of the higher classes, they have generally been admitted to possess the virtue of self-restraint in language and outward manners. The nobly-born gentlemen and ladies, on the contrary, whose sayings and doings fill the pages of *Divided* present a singular combination of impulse and calculation. They pour out their feelings on the most delicate subjects to utter strangers, they abuse their nearest relations in terms that would not be out of place in Seven Dials, at the same moment that they are laying elaborate plans for the furtherance of their own desires. Their conduct is neither probable nor pleasant. At the opening of the story the heroine, Sylvia Fortiss, daughter of a baronet living in Grosvenor Square, presents herself before an eminent physician to whom she is completely unknown, and tells him that she means to feign illness in order that he may be called in, and despatch her to Brighton for a change of air. At Brighton she will find Mr. Percy Meynell, a penniless young man, to whom she had engaged herself, but whom she resigned, in consequence of the pressure laid on her by her mother, in favour of a rich, stupid, and coarse Mr. Lionel Wyndham, in a few days to become her bridegroom. What is her object in this trip to the seaside does not clearly appear, as she announces in the same breath her intention to fulfil her promise to her fiancé; but sense is not the leading characteristic of any of the people in *Divided*. The doctor declines to further this scheme, and the marriage takes place as arranged. Mr. Meynell, the discarded lover, makes up his mind that the path of duty leads him to take a rich wife, and he expresses this determination with the frankness and good taste common to all the characters:—

"Poor child, poor dear sweet child," he had said [the observation refers to Sylvia], "she loves me, and I love her with all my heart, but nothing save misery can be the consequence. For her sake, no less than for my own, I will put a barrier between us which even love cannot overlap; to-morrow morning I will ask old Faulkner to give me Margaret. She isn't altogether disagreeable, and if I am to be married, I may as well take her and her money. Besides, I have flirted desperately by reason of my wretchedness, and if I retract now, I shall get into bad odour with all wary mothers. Yes! It is better for Sylvia that I make Miss Faulkner my wife as soon as possible."

This delicate-minded young man, who has such limited ideas about love's power of overlapping barriers, does not, however, marry the heiress. She breaks off the engagement at the last moment in favour of a lord, and Percy speaks of the affair in these terms:—

"Heard the news?" he said to every acquaintance he encountered.

"What news do you mean?"

"Oh, about myself; just a little agreeable trifle, you know."

Soon after this Mr. Wyndham is drowned when skating, and his rival plucks up heart, and when the first year has elapsed proposes again, and is rejected. Then Mr. Meynell resolves to work at the Bar, and betakes himself to Bloomsbury, where he boards with a struggling barrister and well-connected wife. It is curious to notice the way in which Bloomsbury is looked on by all the characters—by those who are supposed to be sensible, as well as by those who are not. If Bloomsbury were a little back slum in Bermondsey they could not be in more complete ignorance of its geography. It is no less instructive to notice the manner

in which professional men are regarded, and regard themselves. Lady Fortiss herself, the wife of a baronet, contemplates a lady who marries a barrister, or her own daughter, who ultimately wishes to marry the eminent physician, with much the same feelings that a countess two hundred years ago would have entertained when she heard of a projected alliance between a child of her own and the family chaplain or the village apothecary. Even the more democratic members of her world only admit people engaged in professions on sufferance, and are the subject of many comments for inviting even men of genius to their evening parties. Nor does this point of view seem strange to the physician—we are not thrown so intimately into the company of the barrister. "I know I am not her equal in station," says Dr. Clarke Taylor when he is proposing for Sylvia, and it appears perfectly natural to all parties that he should so consider himself.

The language of *Divided* is such as might be expected from the plot and the characters.

"Mamma, I have something to say to you" [observes the elder daughter of Lady Fortiss]. "Mrs. Meynell told you a horrid lie, a mean lie too, about the people Percy is living with. Do you know who they are? . . . Mrs. Walsingham, the vulgar woman in whose house young Meynell has taken up his abode, is the daughter of your friend Gladys, and of him who would now be Lord Milbury."

We cannot sufficiently admire the naïveté of the assumption that vulgarity was impossible to the daughter of one who might have become a lord; but we are quite willing to allow that Mrs. Walsingham was possessed of very remarkable qualities, for she could contrive to keep her two children spotlessly clean in a small house in Bloomsbury at a late hour in the afternoon. The English tongue is not, however, good enough to express the sentiments of these high-born people, who, like the gods in Homer, have a language different from that of mortals. French and Italian epithets are scattered liberally through the pages, in a manner suggestive of the game in which nouns and adjectives are given at hazard, and it is left to the skill of each person to bring them into the story. "Lady Fortiss was a little surprised by the quiet dignity with which Mrs. Walsingham" (the daughter of the possible lord) "received her overtures of friendship on the occasion of her second call in Taviton Street, but she was forced to acknowledge to herself in *petto* that it was very 'good form.' " "You are no judge of the *commes-à-fait*," observes another lady. "'I knew her very well,' said Percy, trying to be *déjàgé*, but looking a little disturbed"; and again, a few pages on, "She had not exclaimed 'Who can it be from' or 'One of Tompkins's stupid letters, I shan't read it now,' as we all do exclaim when we are perfectly *déjàgé* (*sic*) as to our correspondents."

But perhaps it is hypercritical to quarrel with our author over her choice of foreign words, when the English her characters indulge in leaves so much to be desired—almost as much indeed as their sentiments. "Very so" is a favourite mode of expression with them. However, elegance of language is hardly to be expected from a gentleman who, after his wife's desperate illness, remarks to her doctor, "They tell me she is going on well—where's the proof of it so long as she lies there looking so detestably weedy?" from another gentleman who says of the heiress to whom he had proposed for her money, "I would not marry the woman now if the alternative was penal servitude for life"; or from ladies who speak of their male acquaintances without any handle to their names.

With Mrs. Burnett's name on the title-page it is needless to say that *A Fair Barbarian* is quite another sort of book. The fair barbarian is, in fact, a very rich and pretty girl from Nevada, who drops unexpectedly into the midst of a little town like Cranford in Mrs. Gaskell's novels to pay her aunt a visit. Her calm self-possession and elegant toilettes produce a great sensation among the old maids and young ladies, who are all accustomed to take their fashions from Miss Chickie, the one milliner of the place, and their manners from Lady Theobald, their autocrat. Octavia, however, unlike Miss Daisy Miller, of whom she sometimes reminds us, is merely frank, not fast. She is willing, and even anxious, to learn English ways of behaving, though she admits that it is not as nice to be found fault with as she expected it would be. But, notwithstanding her simplicity, she has a trait which has occasionally surprised us in other American girls of whom we have read—we mean the way they pause and consider any remark made to them before they reply to it. If an English maiden has nothing ready to answer at the moment she changes the subject; but an American weighs the question carefully, and then gives her opinion, a plan which undeniably has its advantages. A very pretty and pathetic contrast to Octavia is provided in Lucia Gaston, the down-trodden granddaughter of Lady Theobald. Lucia is by nature of an open and true disposition as the girl she wishes to take for her friend, but she has been driven into little concealments by the sternness of her grandmother, and thus her love of truth and her desire for peace are perpetually at war. Octavia produces a great effect on her, and she feels impelled at times to speak out her own opinion, because she knows it is her temptation to be silent and cowardly, yet is visited by pangs of remorse afterwards, lest she should have been pert or ungrateful. There is much delicacy in this little portrait, and the reader feels happier when Lucia is allowed to marry in her own way, though it is to be regretted that, in order to produce this desirable end, Mrs. Burnett should have introduced the name of a living English nobleman into the story. We do not feel much anxiety as to Octavia. She is a pleasant, sensible girl; but no one could doubt her ability to take her own way,

* *Divided*. A Novel. By the Author of "Shakespeare Stories Simply Told," &c. &c. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co.

A Fair Barbarian. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett, Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." London: Wm. & Co.

and get the better of circumstances. *A Fair Barbarian*, has, on the whole, pleased us better than any of Mrs. Burnett's other books, full of cleverness though those may be. Fortunately there is no dialect in the book, for Mrs. Burnett has hitherto depended too much on her clever use of provincial dialects.

M. VALERIUS MARTIALIS.*

IT is perhaps not wonderful that a terse and appreciative translation of Martial should be to seek—nay, that even prose versions and literal renderings should strike the scholarly reader as inadequate—because his fame depends on his pathos as well as his humour, and he shines in tenderness and beauty as well as in lighter descriptions and *vers de société*. Perhaps therefore it is unfair to expect that the great and unique epigrammatist should be represented in any one version with unvarying success, and certainly we have found it so in some two or three French versions, and more than one or two English translations in prose or metre. We have now before us two volumes, a translation and a compendious edition of the author; the former like Martial in the character he gives of himself, good, bad, and indifferent by turns, but, on the whole, possessed of considerable merit; the latter, the careful and often ingenious work of a ripe scholar and tutor who has, besides giving to young students a careful selection of the best epigrams, also taken considerable pains to correct and reduce the exaggerated estimates of German Professors such as W. S. Teuffel on the average morality of Martial. He reckons him as one of several literary names of excellence imported from Spain into Rome in the latter half of the first century after Christ which laid claim to real genius, and were masters in their particular branch of art. He was born at Bilbilis, a Roman colony on a rock over the river Salo, famed for its gold and its steel manufacture; and his parents, Fronto and Flaxilla, were rich enough to give him education and culture, though probably nothing in the way of money. To Rome he went at twenty-three, about six years before Nero's death, carrying, perhaps, letters to the house of Seneca, from Spain, and so gaining introduction to the house of the Pisos. It does not seem that he ever followed any calling save literature; and our clear information of his life from himself begins about five years after Domitian's accession, A.D. 86. Under him he retained the notice of the palace he had gained under Titus, as well as the distinction of "Jus Trium Liberorum," and the "Tribunatus Semestris," i.e. a military tribuneship resigned after six months, though conveying equestrian privileges for life. Besides getting Roman citizenship from the Court of Domitian for several provincials, he does not seem to have got many more marks of palace favour than an occasional invitation; but, as Mr. Stephenson shows, without Imperial favour Martial got considerable presents for his verses, and the client's *sportula* of more than *centum quadrantes*, as well as the occasional presents of the *Saturnalia*. Mr. Stephenson makes it pretty plain that the poet's poverty must have been exaggerated, and that many a modern literary man would be content with Martial's means. He probably had his Nomentan villa before that on the western slope of the Quirinal. Mr. Stephenson too has cleared Martial of another gratuitous charge—namely, the imputation of gross immorality; "There is no evidence that he participated in the grosser vices of his time. His gravest fault seems to have been to laugh where he should have felt shame, and made literary capital out of other men's vices." He refutes Teuffel's unjust statement that the subjects of Martial's epigrams are mostly from the obscene side of real life. Much that has been said of his fulsome flattery of Domitian is excusable on the score of his necessity of Court patronage and his predisposition to magnify Domitian's merits and overlook his faults. And a great deal is atoned by warm-hearted kindness to inferiors, the scope he affords to incidents of genuine pathos, the indignation he feels at acts of selfish cruelty, and which is exhibited in, for example, i. 88, on the grave of the slave-boy Alcimus, or, ii. 66, the cruel punishment inflicted by a Roman lady on her tirewoman Plocusa. It may be well to quote Mr. Webb's versions of those at this point, adding such light on both as Mr. Stephenson throws in. That on Alcimus alludes to the open space fringing the high roads round the city which formed the Roman cemeteries, "*Alcime quem raptum domino crescentibus annis*," &c.:—

Torn from thy master's home by fate,
Loved youth, in beauty's opening bloom,
No Parian marble's tottering weight
With transient splendour marks thy tomb.

For thee beside Labican way
The box her pliant branches rears,
And there the vine's dark shadows play
O'er grass that's dewy with my tears.

Accept, dear youth, what grief has done;
Thus lasting honour shalt thou crave.
I ask when Fate my life has spun
That such as these may deck my grave.—P. 5 (Webb).

As Mr. Stephenson notes, *Lavicana* is Schneidowin's spelling on

* *Selected Epigrams of Martial*. Edited, with Notes, Introduction, and Appendices, by Rev. H. M. Stephenson, M.A., Head-Master of St. Peter's School, York, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

Select Epigrams from Martial for English Readers. Translated by W. T. Webb, M.A., Professor of History and Political Economy, Presidency College, Calcutta. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

the faith of the best editions. The road ran past the Labicium, La Colonna fifteen miles from Rome. *Levi*, in v. 2, suggests the sepulchral form, "S.T.T.L. Sit tibi terra levis." Some understand *buros* and *prata* to mean wreaths of box leaves and meadow flowers; others, trees and turf, as is most in keeping with v. 8, "Hinc tibi perpetuo tempore vivet honor." Jeremy Taylor, as Mr. Amos notes in his *Martial and the Moderns*, introduces the two last lines in his funeral sermon on the Countess of Carbery; Pope imitates their burden in his "Elegy on the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady"—"What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace," &c.

The other deals with the cruelty exercised by a Roman dame on her tiring-woman, which the poet says made her deserve her head-shaving. The Romans fancied the touch of a salamander would make the hair drop off. "*Unus de toto peccaverat orbe comarum*":—

Of all the ringlets that within
The head's encircling cluster lie,
Ill-fasten'd by a faltering pin,
A single curl had slipped away.
With the same glass, in which she spies
This fault, the fair her vengeance sped,
Beneath the blow Plocusa lies
Struck down with bruised and bleeding head.

Henceforward each ill-omened tress
Let Lalage disordered wear;
And never more may handmaid dress
The locks of such a maniac's hair.
Let salamander mar their grace,
Or ruthless razor shave them clean;
That so the mirror'd form we trace
May match the glass in which 'tis seen.—P. 17.

In the 118th Epigram of Book I. is a good epigram in witty reply to a stingy friend who asked the loan of Martial's book. He is told he may buy at small cost and trouble, but is hiding his meanness under a pretended compliment. The whole is done in prose by Mr. Amos in *Martial and the Moderns*, p. 62, and from v. 10 to 18 in the *Westminster Review*, p. 444 (see Mart. 118, 1, "*Occurrit quotiens Luperco nobis*") :—

As often as you meet me, Luperus, you immediately say, "May I send my slave boy that you may give him your book of epigrams that I may return as soon as I have read it." I answer, "There is no need to put your boy to such trouble. 'Tis far to come to the pear-tree, and I live up three pair of stairs, and those high ones (*sed alto*). You can get what you want much nearer. You often walk into Argiletum [=Paternoster Row?]; you will find there a shop opposite Caesar's forum; its door-posts from top to bottom are covered with inscriptions, from which you may soon learn the names of all the poets whose works are for sale. Seek for me out of these. You need not ask Atricius (for this is the name of the master of the shop) if he can find me. He will hand my book down from the first or second nest, bound with purple and polished with pumice, for the price of five denarii." "You are not worth so much," quoth Luperus. "You speak wisely," say I.

We have preferred the prose because given in full, whereas the verse is somewhat abridged, both equally indicating the book-shops and their old-fashioned sign-names. Domitian, we find, was born in the sixth or Pomegranate quarter of the city.

In Mart. Ep. i. 43, Martial has a lively epigram on a stingy host, who set before his many guests nothing but a starved boar to eat. It begins

Bis tibi trecenti fainus, Mancine, vocati,

and is rendered thus by James Elphinstone, a fair versifier of 1782 :—

Thine invited were yesterday, Mancin, threescore;
Nor was anything served to thy guests but a boar.
Not the grapes that the last from their parent depend,
Nor the apples that with the sweet pippin contend,
Nor the pears that are bound by the limberly broom,
Or pomegranates most like fleeting roses in bloom.
Not a cone of rich clots, from the country afar,
Not an olive Pic-nun had pent in a jar,
Naked Aper quite harmless the company charmed,
And confessed himself slain by a pigmy unarmed.
But our eyes had the sense, which alone he would feast,
On the sand we have often admired such a beast.
Hence to thee be a tusk presented no more,
But be thou, Charidemus-like, served to a boar.

The use of "*bis triceni*" for an indefinite number of the "*meli-mela*" or pippins, and the rural milk-cheeses of conical shape from Sassina in Umbria, are duly paralleled by Mr. Stephenson, who also points out the play on the meanings of *pomo* to serve at table, exhibit in arena, and simply to set. "May you never sit down to a boar after this, but be set down face to face to the boar that killed Charidemus." Martial is very flush of epigrams on disappointed dinner-hunters of the type of Selius, such as are Lib. ii. xi., xiv., and xxvii. The first is too long to quote, but explains exhaustively why Selius has a clouded brow, and his ugly nose nearly touches the ground; it is no friend's *pote*, or friend, wife, or slave's death; no steward or bailiff has proved defaulter. It is but that he dines at home. Ode xxvii. is shorter and more manageable, and begins

Laudantem Selium cœna cum retia tendit
Accipe sive legas, sive patronus agas;
"Essete," "gravior," et "nequiter," "auge," "beate,"
Hoc volui! facta est jam tibi cœna; tace.

It has been thus translated anonymously :—

Angling for dinner; Charles, at every line
I read him, puts me to the blush!
Delicious! charming! exquisite! Divine!
Hush, Charles! you've earned your victuals! hush!

Here follows a version by Mr. Webb of an epigram on one who painted hair on his bald scalp with black ointment. Martial tells him he will never need a barber—a sponge would at any time shave his head (vi. lvii. p. 69, Webb):—

Mentiris fictis unguenti, Phœbe, capillos.
Your head with unguents you besmear,
And counterfeited locks appear;
And, Phœbus, with this painted hair
You cover all the part that's bare.
No need of scissors for this head;
A sponge will shave it clean instead.

Mr. Stephenson compares this epigram with vi. 74, where the best reading of v. 2 is "*Calvam trifilem semitatus unguento*" (though some have read *semitatus*, half-touched); the poet speaks of one who has "walks (semitæ) of coloured pomade between the wisps of hair on his bald head."

Every one is acquainted with some form of the jest about good water being dearer at Ravenna than wine, and we shall quote Mr. Webb's version as our last sample for brevity, though for variety's sake we should have preferred to find room for the description of Faustinus's Villa at Baia (iii. 58). The former runs in Latin:—

*Callidus imposuit nuper mihi copo Ravennæ;
Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.*
I at Ravenna chanced to dine,
And found mine host a cheat:
For when I asked for tempered wine,
The rascal sold me neat.

The reason for the badness of Ravenna's water lies in the epithet "paludosa," and on its having been built on piles in a lagoon.

No reviewer can hope to note even a title of the good epigrams or epigrammatic translations of Martial; indeed, it were well if encouragement could be given to a pensive version of a century or two of the best. Happily when Professor Mayor of Cambridge shall have matured his expected critical and explanatory commentary, we shall be in a better position to get amateur "scrinia reclusa."

GERMAN LITERATURE.

VOLTAIRE has made the history of Charles XII. of Sweden (1) classical, and his biography, with all its superficiality and inaccuracy, will probably survive the more laborious works of better-informed writers. In fact, the history of Charles is not one of those for which a minute accuracy of detail is essential. The broad outlines of the Swedish monarch's career are unmistakable, and unalterable by any amount of scrutiny, and the permanent effects of his meteoric transit across the field of European politics were too insignificant to call the special faculties of the philosophical historian into exercise. There is much more room for a professed military historian like Captain von Sarauw, who, at the same time, while mainly occupied in the study of the romantic paladin and heaven-born strategist, does not by any means neglect the politician, who, if not himself precisely a statesman, exercised for a long time a powerful influence on the deliberations of most European Cabinets. It is solely in these points of view that, apart from the singularity of his character, Charles deserves remark, for he represented no great principle, and at most only a personal and, if strictly analysed, selfish policy. Captain von Sarauw speaks very disparagingly of the Swedish historians, who have, he says, either been more compilers, or else have misunderstood and misrepresented their hero. His own estimate of Charles is much more favourable than usual. He acquits him of the mere appetite of fame and conquest usually laid to his charge, and declares the mainspring of his actions to have been his unwillingness to suffer Sweden to descend from the position among the Great Powers of Europe to which Gustavus Adolphus had raised her. The situation was a radically false one. Favourable circumstances, and the genius of a long succession of monarchs, had given Sweden a place in the councils of Europe altogether out of proportion to her extent, population, or resources. Charles wished to keep that place, and all his actions in the field and in the Cabinet were directed with rigid consistency to that end. Success in the long run was impossible, and the brilliant achievements of the early part of his reign served merely to draw him on into enterprises utterly beyond the strength of his kingdom. The fatal day of Pultowa found the hitherto invincible hero in such desperate circumstances that the situation could hardly have been altered by a victory. Viewed in this light, for which there is unquestionably much to be said, Charles's career acquires a dramatic as well as a romantic interest otherwise wanting to it. He appears as the victim of a fatality as inexorable as that which obtains in Greek tragedy. Captain von Sarauw makes the best case he can for his hero on every point, and certainly seems to show that policy, as well as stubbornness, may have inspired his apparently senseless proceedings at Bender. At the same time he does not seek to deny that Charles was preternaturally obstinate; that, though he may not have warred merely for war's sake, he liked nothing else half so well; and that he laboured throughout his life under miscalculations which accelerated, instead of retarding, the decline of Sweden.

(1) *Die Feldzüge Karls XII. Ein quellenmässiger Beitrag zur Kriegsgeschichte und Kabinetspolitik Europa's im xviii. Jahrhundert.* Von C. von Sarauw. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

The book is accompanied by an excellent military map and some plans, but is unprovided with the still more necessary index.

The name of Delitzsch as an editor guarantees the worth of Dr. F. Weber's posthumous summary of the code of divinity embedded in the Targum, Midrasch, and Talmud (2). Dr. Weber's treatise is drawn out very systematically, and is apparently a very fair attempt to methodize and condense the Oriental exuberance of the Jewish commentators. It is divided into three parts, the first treating of the general Jewish conception of divine revelation as embodied in the Law; the second, of special doctrines, especially of sin and atonement; the third, of the Messianic idea, and Jewish eschatology in general.

Herr Gelzer (3) has devoted immense pains to the settlement of the minute points involved in the chronology of Julius Africanus. It is difficult to conceive a more thorny undertaking; and it is, moreover, one whose success can only be estimated by those willing to bestow as much trouble upon its examination as the author has taken in its execution.

Bestmann's History of Christian Morality (4) is designed to trace the general perfecting of the moral consciousness in nations and individuals under and by Christianity, but begins with a survey of morality in the pre-Christian period, which occupies nearly two-thirds of the first volume; and the exposition of Christian morality has not advanced much beyond the most general definitions. The second part will be more distinctly historical. The style is more concise than the treatment, and in general very lucid; the author's point of view is that of moderate orthodoxy.

The occurrence of the heathen formula D. M. (Dis Manibus) upon undoubted Christian sepulchres has occasioned much speculation and controversy. Herr Becker has, for the first time, brought all known inscriptions of this kind together (5). His conclusion is that the formula had become, from established use, merely conventional, and was employed by the stonemason merely from the force of habit.

C. Holsten's "Gospel of Paul" (6) is mainly a commentary upon the four great Epistles, with which a complete translation is interwoven. The commentary follows Meyer to some extent, but supplies other elements which the author considers to have been hitherto deficient in Pauline exegesis. It is distinguished by few graces of style, but is acceptable as the work of a commentator of obvious independence and belonging to no traditional school. The first volume contains the Epistle to the Galatians and the First Epistle to the Corinthians. In his treatment of Paul's relations with the original apostles involved in the former Epistle the writer is in substantial agreement with the Tübingen school.

There seems no end to the posthumous publications of Richard Rothe (7), but their abundance is sufficiently accounted for by the circumstance of their being chiefly notes or drafts of academical lectures, which grow fast upon an industrious professor who makes a point of not repeating himself. A history of the pulpit in the shape of a series of academical lectures must necessarily be very incomplete, and the incompleteness is aggravated by the circumstance that the lectures, delivered in 1835, terminate with the death of Schleiermacher, or just at the period when the pulpit was beginning to experience a great revival in England, France, and America. A history of preaching that has nothing to tell of Newman, Lacordaire, and Channing must obviously be most imperfect, and even greater names, in English pulpit history at least, are conspicuous by their absence. It will hardly be believed that, while Tillotson, Secker, and Blair are fully and fairly criticized, obviously from a first-hand acquaintance, Jeremy Taylor and South are not even mentioned. In fact, the lectures are sufficiently elaborated for a divinity class, but hardly for the publicity they have now received, which evidently was not contemplated by the author. Their strong point is the account of the patristic and mediæval preachers, which evinces thorough knowledge and impartial criticism, and, if published separately, would make a very satisfactory manual.

After a long period of comparative neglect, Descartes (8) is attracting more and more attention as a philosopher, perhaps from the extent to which his psychology is leavened with physiology. This substratum of natural science in his system comes very much to view in Dr. Koch's careful exposition of his system. Dr. Koch has the highest opinion of Descartes when regarded in connexion with his successors and as the author of an enormous impulse communicated to philosophy; in himself he is rather the embryo than the creator of a distinct philosophical system. His great merit, Dr. Koch thinks, is to have stimulated research even more power-

(2) *System der altjüdischen Palästinischen Theologie.* Von Dr. F. Weber. Herausgegeben von F. Delitzsch und G. Schnedermann. Leipzig: Dörfling und Franke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Sextus Julius Africanus und die Byzantinische Chronographie.* Von H. Gelzer. Th. 1. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Geschichte der Christlichen Sitte.* Von H. J. Bestmann. Th. 1. Nordlingen: Bech. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Die heidnische Weiheformel D. M. auf altchristlichen Grabsteinen.* Von F. Becker. Gera: Reisewitz. London: Nutt.

(6) *Das Evangelium des Paulus.* Dargestellt von C. Holsten. Th. 1. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Dr. Richard Rothe's Geschichte der Predigt, von den Anfängen bis auf Schleiermacher.* Herausgegeben von A. Trümpelmann. Bremen: Heinsius. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Die Psychologie Descartes' systematisch und historisch-kritisch bearbeitet.* Von Dr. Anton Koch. München: Kaiser. London: Williams & Norgate.

fully than his contemporary Bacon; his works have assisted the absolute dissimilarity of extension and thought.

The Norwegian Professor Storm's (9) treatise on the English language is one of remarkable merit and interest, and should excite considerable attention in this country. It is to be divided into two parts, the first treating of the actual condition of the language, the second, which one would rather have expected to have preceded, of its history and development. In its composition the author has enjoyed the advantage of being assisted by many English correspondents, especially Mr. Sweet, and has evidently taken the greatest pains to keep himself abreast of all contemporary advances in English philology. Dealing with the living language, the volume is anything but dry. Very many of the points discussed involve research into popular manners and customs, calling the newspaper and the familiar speech of ordinary life into requisition. In some places, Professor Storm's pages are a mosaic of citations from authors of every degree, from Shakespeare down to *Judy's Sugarplums*. The controversy between Moon and Alford is discussed in a spirit more than usually favourable to the "Dean's English"; letters from correspondents are inserted dealing with the actual difficulties and scruples of the philological conscience, and on the whole the right impression is conveyed that the language of a great nation in a state of continual intellectual and social ferment is not a thing to be regulated by academies, but is itself a natural phenomenon to which laws cannot be prescribed, but from the intelligent observation of which laws may be deduced. One very valuable feature of the work is the copious analysis of the recent literature of the subject, including some important books, such as Sievers's treatise on pronunciation, as yet little known in this country. There is also a useful bibliography of books on the language; including philological editions of Shakespeare and other classics, and literary histories. No notice is taken of recent proposals for disfiguring the language on the plea of simplifying its orthography; we hope it may be inferred that Professor Storm does not consider them worthy of notice.

The progress of the Latin language towards becoming the universal speech of the western half of the Roman Empire (10) has afforded Professor Budinszky matter for a very interesting book. Beginning with Italy, he sketches the gradual disappearance of the idioms with which Latin had originally to contend, whether cognate dialects like the Umbrian and Oscan, allied languages like the Greek, or strange and barbarous tongues like the Etruscan and Messapian. The steady, though in some places partial, intellectual subjugation of Spain, Gaul, Britain, the German and Illyrian provinces, and Africa is next successively sketched, and, depending for its elucidation on the evidence of medals, inscriptions, and the testimony of the classical writers, proves anything but an uninteresting inquiry. Such topics as the persistence of Iberian inscriptions on the local coinage of Spain, the essentially military character of the Roman occupation of Britain, and the impediment thus offered to the diffusion of Latin, the failure of Constantine's endeavours to imprint a Roman character upon his new capital, the peculiarities of African thought and diction, are all fertile in points of the greatest interest and suggestiveness. Another chapter treats of the relations of the Latin and Greek languages, and the singular indifference of the most accomplished and inquisitive Greeks to Latin literature.

Louis Schneider (11) is an actor of some reputation, conductor for many years of the *Soldier's Friend*, a journal popular among the Prussian military, and he is at present attached to the person of the Emperor of Germany. This post brought him into close connexion with the Emperor during the campaigns of 1866 and 1870-71. He has much to tell of considerable interest, and the matter of his narrative is well set off by a genial style. From the rarity, however, of published judgments of foreign actors upon the English stage, the most interesting part of his memoirs to English readers will perhaps be his account of his visit to England in 1842, and his acquaintance with Macready, Charles Mathews, and Mme. Vestris. He considers Macready's *Macbeth* the finest Shakspearian impersonation he ever witnessed.

The late King John of Saxony (12) earned an honourable reputation among literary sovereigns by his translation of Dante. A posthumous volume of miscellanies further attests his amiability and culture, without bringing to light anything that would have attracted especial attention without the prestige of such distinguished authorship. The first part contains a number of addresses on public occasions, sufficiently appropriate, but hardly worth reprinting; the second the narrative of a youthful tour in Italy, to which the same remark is applicable; the third a body of elegant occasional verse; and the fourth some additional observations on the study of his Majesty's life, Dante.

Sacher-Masoch's "New Jewish Stories" (13) are a contrast to

most of his former works, except in their lively and eminently readable character. They are in no respect sensational, touch upon no moral problems, and are in no respect open to the charge of prurience. They are rather anecdotes than fictions, intended to exhibit some particular feature of Jewish life, and are mostly of a humorous cast.

A bibliography of German Shakspearian literature would be a valuable compilation, if accurate; but it is to be feared that Herr Unflad's (14) is disfigured by many imperfections.

Herr Burdach's essay upon the Minnesingers Reinmar and Walther von der Vogelweide (15) is an important contribution to the history of ancient German poetry in general, as well as to that of the poets especially discussed. Reinmar was the Court poet of Vienna; while the erratic Walther represented the dawn of refinement among the affluent classes in general.

"The Parisian Hours" (16) are a series of metrical prayers accommodated to the daily offices of the Church, of more philological than poetical value.

The last number of the *Rundschau* (17) introduces a new Norwegian novelist, Alexander Kjelland, whose "Battle of Waterloo" seems to promise a reputation of the same class as that of Björnson, Boyesen, and other writers of the school of narrative fiction which has of late years arisen in Norway. The current instalment of Gottfried Keller's "Singedicht" is most idyllic, and ranks among the most agreeable passages of his writings. Another excellent literary contribution is the memoir of Annette von Dröste-Hülshoff, the best of German poetesses, and one of the best poetesses of any country. In her correspondence and the recollections of her friends Annette appears as a most delightful person apart from her literary endowments, clever, sensible, and as unaffected as if she had never aspired to intellectual distinction. Dr. Preyer concludes his tribute to our countryman Braid, the first scientific investigator of hypnotism; and Herr von Weber tells Germany much more about English canals than is generally known in England. Karl von Hillebrand's essay upon Guizot in private life exemplifies the difficulty of separating the domestic existence of a statesman from his public career. The same pedantry and stiffness which were fatal to Guizot in the latter capacity prevented his appearing in an amiable light as a private man, except to the few who were thoroughly intimate with him. Among the minor contributions should be noticed a highly sympathetic tribute to Carlyle.

(14) *Die Shakspeare-Literatur in Deutschland*. Bearbeitet von L. Unflad. München: Unflad. London: Nutt.

(15) *Reinmar der Alte und Walther von der Vogelweide*. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Minnesangs. Von K. Burdach. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Die Pariser Tagezeiten*. Herausgegeben von S. Waetzoldt. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

(17) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. vii. Hft. 6. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OR

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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

(9) *Englische Philologie. Anleitung zum wissenschaftlichen Studium der Englischen Sprache*. Von Johan Storm. Vom Verfasser für das deutsche Publikum bearbeitet. 1. Die lebende Sprache. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Nutt.

(10) *Die Ausbreitung der Lateinischen Sprache über Italien und die Provinzen des Römischen Reiches*. Von Dr. Alexander Budinszky. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Aus meinem Leben*. Von Louis Schneider. Berlin: Müller. London: Kolckmann.

(12) *Aus dem Nachlasse des Königs Johann von Sachsen*. Herausgegeben von A. Petzhöldt. Dresden: Baensch. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Neue Jüdischen Geschichten*. Von Sacher-Masoch. Leipzig: Morgenstern. London: Nutt.

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THE TRANSVAAL COMPROMISE.

A SMALL but well-fought skirmish at Potchefstroom, in which Lieutenant DALRYMPLE HAY deserves the credit of showing that defeat is not inevitable in conflicts with the Boers, has concluded the operations of war in the Transvaal. Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS is perhaps rather to be congratulated than to be consoled with under all the circumstances, though he has in a manner been sent up on a fool's errand. Soon after the Potchefstroom affair Lord KIMBERLEY in the House of Lords and Mr. GLADSTONE in the House of Commons were announcing the terms by which the Ministry have carried out the promise of the QUEEN'S Speech. There is no necessity to discuss again the general merits of the conduct which has led to the Convention of Laing's Nek, or the aspect of that Convention viewed from the point of national honour. Silence is the best course open to those who do not care to emulate the conduct of HAM on the one hand, or to invent new meanings for the words courage, magnanimity, and statesmanship on the other. It need only be said that a Government which was really convinced of the justice of the claims which it now allows, and at the same time determined to maintain the honour of the country, would have published the conditions it intended to accord immediately after the reception of the news of the revolt, and would have adhered to them in the face of victory as well as in the face of defeat. But it is too late for any such reflection as this, or perhaps too early. Even in these days the constituencies take some time to imbibe the ideas which influence their conduct, and the platform eloquence which was so powerful in favour of the present Government is likely to be wanting against them. Nor is it desirable that both parties in the State should regard national disasters and humiliations merely as convenient levers for the overthrow of their political opponents.

The same unreality perhaps attends the consideration of the true version—now at last obtained—of the disaster at Bronker's Spruit, the claim for justice against the murderers of Dr. BARNER, and some other things of the same kind. Those who urge these points are likely to be met by the Government with the famous "Vous vous écarter de la question." The question is an apparent settlement at any cost, not the punishment of bygone atrocities, or even, it would seem, the safeguarding of faithful friends from the vengeance of the triumphant Boers. The Royal Commission is to busy itself with the questions of frontier and of the policy to be adopted towards the natives, probably because too many good friends of the Government belong to the various Societies for protecting aborigines and repressing slavery to make it safe to neglect these points. But nothing was at first said of securing the position of the loyal Dutchmen, or of Englishmen resident in the Transvaal. Nor did the question of indemnity to those who, on the faith of the declared immutability of the annexation, have purchased property in the territory, now to be given back to the Boers, appear to have entered into consideration. Inquiries later produced gratifying assurances that the point would be considered, but at first it seemed to Lord KIMBERLEY and Mr. GLADSTONE too unimportant for mention. Of the positive conditions, some are merely concerned with the moment. Such are the withdrawal of the Boers, the maintenance for the present of the English garrisons, and the undertaking not to advance into the Transvaal.

The last appears, on the face of it, an unwise concession; and it makes the withdrawal of the Boers from Laing's Nek comparatively meaningless, while, inasmuch as Laing's Nek itself is in Natal, the QUEEN has bound herself not to occupy her undisputed territory. The garrisons appear to have been well able to hold their own; and therefore, as far as these parts of the Convention go, the advantage is clearly with the Boers. The first four articles are, however, of the greatest importance. These stipulate—first, the suzerainty of the QUEEN; secondly, the complete internal independence of the Boers; thirdly, the control of foreign relations by England; fourthly, the establishment of an English Resident at Pretoria. In substance these conditions seem to grant to the fullest extent the demands with which the Boers took up arms. Looked at in detail, they amount to a settlement which would have been tolerable enough if it had been freely granted, and not extorted from England under the pressure of defeat. Suzerainty means anything or nothing, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's gallant reference to Eastern Roumelia, if not wholly well timed, was legitimate, and indeed inevitable. The value of the admission of a Resident depends almost entirely on the powers with which he is furnished, such an officer occupying in different cases positions varying from that of Mayor of the Palace to that of a mere Consul-General. Complete self-government is enjoyed by many English colonies, and there is no reason why it should not be enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Transvaal, provided it is not intended to mean untempered anarchy. One of the original complaints which led to the annexation was that it was impossible to recover a debt in the South African Republic, and there is no reason to believe that the Boers will be more ready to discharge their liabilities, public and private, when they have been victorious over the English than when they were unsuccessful against the Caffres. The control of foreign relations may sound a greater concession to those who do not know that it was partially possessed before than to those who do. It is construed as depriving the Boers of the right to make peace and war, and as transferring that right to the English Government. The latter have certainly shown their ability to make peace, though perhaps not equally their ability to make war. But it must not be forgotten that while the formal right to make peace and war will remain with the English, the right to provoke war and to disturb peace will rest with the Boers as a necessary consequence of their self-government. The division seems, on the whole, to be doubtfully equitable and certainly inconvenient.

Let it be repeated, however, that it is not the tenor so much as the circumstances of this arrangement which make it necessary to regard it with distrust and dislike. In the abstract the establishment of a kind of larger Andorra or San Marino, rendered powerless for harm, and giving its inhabitants the right to enjoy their unsocial license without disturbance, has nothing in it peculiarly open to objection, and might very likely bring the will-o'-the-wisp of confederation somewhat nearer. Arranged a year ago by the present Government, such a settlement would probably have been received with but little grumbling by either political party, and would have had a chance of bearing peaceable fruit. Offered three months ago and unflinchingly adhered to, with the addition in case of resistance of an insistence on the right to march an English army through the country, it would have been

awful but tolerable. As it is, besides the danger of a renewal of the old difficulties, it presents many new and far more formidable ones. It does not need a pessimist to see in it the beginning not the end of troubles. Two entirely distinct springs of danger seem to be unsealed by it. In the first place, there is the certainty of a dangerous ferment in the minds of the native tribes, notably the Zulus and Swazies, both of whom despise the Boers, and with cause, while hitherto they have had a salutary respect for the English. It is to be feared that savage warriors will not understand the refinements of home-keeping Radicals about magnificent courage and sublime superiority to the considerations of military pride. They will not comprehend the niceties of suzerainty and the control of foreign relations, and will either in their innocence think to gratify us by avenging our defeat on the Boers, or imagine that they can with impunity attack those whom the foes they have themselves overcome have defeated so easily. Nothing, it is known, determined the Zulus to submission so much as the completeness with which their country was invaded and traversed, and nothing is so likely to convince them of our failure as the undertaking not to march into the Transvaal. But the natives outside the Boer limits form only one party to the question. Every one who knows anything about the subject knows the antipathy with which the Dutch portion of the population of the Cape States regards the hitherto dominant race. Their superiority in numbers has hitherto been compensated by an inferiority in military prestige and by the fear of England. The present proceedings are not calculated to make this equilibrium stable. The incendiary language of the insurgent leaders might be dismissed as a merely legitimate weapon if it did not correspond to known sentiments and wishes of the Dutch and the Afrikaner population generally, outside as well as inside the territory of the resuscitated Republic. It is possible, of course—almost all things are possible—that things may turn out better than they seem likely to turn out. But South Africa is a perpetually smouldering fire, and it breaks out into actual blaze at the very smallest addition of new fuel or disturbance of the old ashes. It is to be feared that a new and formidable occasion of conflagration has been supplied by the statesmanlike irresolution of an English Ministry and the unfortunate failure of an English general.

RUSSIAN CHANGES.

THE circular despatch and manifesto of ALEXANDER III. is, as befits the occasion, vague and conventional in tone, though perhaps some passages in it may hereafter prove to have had a practical meaning. The EMPEROR recognizes his primary and indispensable duty when he declares that his first care will be the improvement of the internal condition of Russia. Experience will show whether he intends to effect his object by granting any kind of Constitution. Since the time when the death of his elder brother made the Grand Duke ALEXANDER an important personage, he has been supposed to combine with some kind of Liberal sympathies the narrowest prejudices, and perhaps the most dangerous propensities of his countrymen. It has been thought that he blamed his father for maintaining without change the autocratic mode of government; and it was known that his influence was directed to the promotion of a warlike policy in 1876. ALEXANDER II. had neither taste nor aptitude for military pursuits, although he thought it necessary to join the army in Bulgaria after its early reverses. The new EMPEROR seems to have inherited in an altered form the propensities of his grandfather, but he is not supposed to favour despotic principles of civil administration. NICHOLAS I., though he spent his life in drill and parades, discovered in the war of 1827 and 1828 that he had no skill or ability as a general. The CZAREWITCH, during the late Turkish war, commanded a large army with creditable success, and he is believed to have despised and resented the incapacity of his uncle, who was Commander-in-Chief. The possibility of his pursuing hereafter an adventurous and aggressive policy is perhaps increased by his consciousness of military ability. At the beginning of his reign he will be too much occupied with questions of internal policy to engage wantonly in schemes of conquest. The danger will be greater when he may perhaps be tempted to divert attention from domestic complications and trou-

bles. Some indication of the EMPEROR's tendencies will be furnished by his choice of a successor to the aged CHANCELLOR. The employment of General IONATIEFF would raise apprehensions of a policy of turbulence and intrigue. Count SCHOUVALOFF would be disposed to maintain the European peace which is in some degree the result of his prudence and moderation. Count MELIKOFF is not known to have taken any active part in foreign affairs, but his services both as a general and as an administrator may probably recommend him to the confidence of his Sovereign.

No inference can be drawn from the official rebuke inflicted on journalists who in the first hours of the new reign undertook to urge the immediate introduction of constitutional or representative government. Even for the safety of the EMPEROR, it was, as they contended, necessary to divide the responsibility which in popular estimation, as in truth, is now concentrated on the head of the Autocrat. The assassins of the present day draw no nice distinctions between despotism and limited monarchy. Within two years the King of ITALY narrowly escaped the attack of an assassin. An Irish member lately was understood to express in public a hope that an English HARTMANN would be found to murder the QUEEN. The Nihilists would not be for a moment conciliated by the convocation of a Russian Parliament. As long as property, family relations, and civilized society exist, they will continue their detestable machinations. The ruffians who at New York, Chicago, and unhappily also London, met to celebrate the assassination of ALEXANDER II., rejoiced in his death less because he was an absolute ruler than because he held one of the most conspicuous positions in the world. A similar explanation may probably be given of the sympathies of M. ROCHEFORT, which extend alike to the murder of the EMPEROR and to Mr. PARNELL's schemes for plundering Irish landowners. Although it is unlikely that ALEXANDER III. should adopt liberal measures in the hope that they may conduce to his personal security, he may perhaps try the experiment either of a legislative or of a consultative Council. The election of either body would probably be entrusted to the local Assemblies, which already exercise certain municipal and judicial functions. The nobility, though they have never exercised political power, might perhaps be allowed separate representation; but absolute sovereigns, when they part with a fraction of their authority, are, for the most part, jealous of aristocratic influence, and they are anxious to satisfy popular aspirations. It is impossible to foresee the result of any measure of the kind. A Parliament may be a mere form, or it may engross all the powers of Government; but there are circumstances in Russia which would tend to restrain hasty encroachments on the prerogative of the Crown. The peasantry would be slow to understand that their allegiance was due to any authority but the Czar. Some of them may be open to revolutionary incitements, but they would feel no enthusiasm for an Assembly of members belonging to the upper and middle classes. Ambitious reformers would consequently have to deal not only with an Emperor commanding an enormous army, but with a hostile population. It is nevertheless barely possible that a Parliament would do good by exposing the abuses of administration. The Turkish Parliament, which, after a short existence, disappeared during the Russian war, exhibited unexpected patriotism and independence. If any kind of representative Government is possible in Russia, it may be as reasonably established at the beginning of a reign as on any other occasion; and it would be more advantageously introduced by an Emperor who still retained vast powers than by agitators or even by popular leaders.

Administrative improvements would be safer and easier than constitutional innovations, and they are more urgently required. The late EMPEROR did much to purify the tribunals, and he abolished some of the cruel punishments which were habitually inflicted at the discretion of minor officials; but the arbitrary jurisdiction of the police, and especially the exile of untried prisoners to Siberia, involve the perpetration of grievous wrong. The traditional hardships of the penal journey are still inflicted on sufferers who may be innocent, and who are perhaps neither convicted nor accused of any ordinary crime. The outrages committed by the Nihilists have naturally rendered the authorities suspicious; and political malcontents are punished because they might perhaps have conspired against the Government. Many of the exiles are transported by administrative measures,

without the pretence of judicial inquiry. It is not known whether the plots of the Nihilists are in any way connected with the anomalies of political sentences; but VERA SASULICH, who began the late series of assassinations, had suffered heavily through the cruelty and tyranny of the police. More desperate conspirators may probably be instigated by motives with which it is difficult to reckon. The subversion of received morality has produced a race of fanatics who are willing to incur any risk in the cause of crime. The Nihilists in Russia, the Communards of Paris, and the wretches who practise murder and arson in Ireland and in England are beyond the reach of reason. Any measures which may be found necessary for the protection of the EMPEROR and his family and servants against assassins will be approved by Europe. It unfortunately happens that no suggestion can be made of means for the promotion of the object. It had been vainly hoped that conspirators had been baffled or alarmed during the administration of Count MELIKOFF. The late trials were also supposed to have resulted in the discovery and punishment of the principal leaders. Henceforth a period of comparative tranquillity will fail to restore public confidence. No early change is to be expected in the foreign policy of the Empire. The reputed dislike of ALEXANDER III. for Germany will, if it really exists, be suppressed or suspended. It is possible that Russia may intervene more actively than before in the negotiations for the extension of Greek territory; but experience shows that sovereigns on their accession generally follow, at least in the first instance, the policy of their predecessors. The new EMPEROR may perhaps not feel his father's sentimental attachment to his kinsfolk at Berlin; but he will not willingly provoke the hostility of his powerful neighbour. Political assassinations, which two or three centuries ago were sometimes organized by one ruler against another, now form a common ground of danger and of co-operation to all crowned heads. A friendly understanding with Germany implies pacific relations with Austria. The EMPEROR is supposed to regard France with friendly feelings, and he has no personal cause of quarrel with England. Any Parliamentary experiment which he may try will be watched with interest and good-will.

THE NAVY.

IN the Session before last the House of Commons ordered the Admiralty to make out a list of its own broken pledges; that is to say, to give an account of the amount of shipping estimated for, and of the amount actually built, during a period of fourteen years. The Admiralty had perforce to obey, and painful was the story they had to tell. In seven years out of the fourteen the work done at the dockyards had been largely below the amount promised, and the improved method of estimating tonnage adopted in 1874 had not led to any diminution of the deficiencies. It is true that in 1875-76 the Admiralty built 282 tons more than they promised, and that in the succeeding year they very nearly carried out their engagements; but they were 1,918 tons short in 1874-75, 2,775 tons short in 1877-78, and 1,666 tons short in 1878-79. How far the promises made for 1880-81 have been broken cannot yet be ascertained; but, unfortunately, there is no reason for supposing that the vicious habit of undertaking too much in order to please the House of Commons early in the Session has been abandoned. The pleasure, therefore, with which the unusually ambitious programme lately announced had been received should be tempered by the thought that, in all probability, the official imagination which burns so ardently at Whitehall has produced its usual effect, and that the eloquent SECRETARY of the ADMIRALTY has followed the example of the more or less eloquent First Lords who have preceded him, and has promised considerably more than can possibly be achieved.

It must in fairness be said, however, that the amount of work promised is so large that, if only a fair proportion of it is done, the strength of the navy will be greatly increased. The criticism made by Liberal members on the naval administration of the late Government has not been forgotten now that the Liberals are in office. During the latter part of Mr. SMITH's reign it was urged against him, not without justice, that he did not build enough. Lord NORTHBROOK, Mr. BRASSET, and Mr. TREVELYAN are rightly determined that the Admiralty shall no longer be liable to this reproach, and they intend to advance rapidly and

to complete a large number of very powerful vessels of war. In the first place the *Inflexible* is to be completed. In the discussion on the Estimates last week Mr. TREVELYAN was able to assure the House of Commons that she would be ready for commission in June. This ship was begun in February 1874, so that when she is finished her construction will have occupied seven years and a half. It is true that all work on her was suspended for some time owing to the utterly unnecessary inquiry which Sir E. REED forced on the Admiralty; but, when every allowance is made for this delay, the time taken in building her must still appear enormous. We once said of this ship that she would probably be finished about the same time as Cologne Cathedral; but in this we were over-sanguine, for the Cathedral has long received its final, while the *Inflexible* still lingers in the hands of the artificers. She is to be followed by the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*, vessels which, though smaller than she is, much resemble her, and belong to the first rank of ironclads. Three line-of-battle ships, to use the old expression, will therefore increase the strength of the navy during the present year, if the Admiralty keeps its promises. The *Polphemus*, a vessel of extraordinary design which is generally supposed to have been suggested by that wonderful veteran, Sir GEORGE SARTORIUS, who fought at Trafalgar, is also to be ready to ram antagonists and to discharge torpedoes innumerable before April 1882. In advancing vessels the Admiralty mean to work as hard as in completing them. The *Colossus*, a steel ship of 9,150 tons, now building at Portsmouth, and the *Majestic*, of the same tonnage, now building at Pembroke, are to be more than half completed; and the *Collingwood*, a barbette ship, designed some time ago, but apparently only just begun, is to be rapidly advanced. With second-class ships the present Board of the Admiralty promises to be as active as with the greater ones. Two fast cruisers of a new type, intended to possess very high speed and great offensive power, were projected by the late Board. To these the present Board have seemingly added one, and they intend to add another. None of these vessels will be ready this year, but they are to be pushed on, to use the official expression, and probably two of them will be added to the navy in 1882. At the time when they are launched it may be hoped that considerable progress will have been made with two new vessels which are to equal them in speed, and greatly to surpass them in strength and defensive power. Impressed, and certainly most justly impressed, with the absolute need for fast cruisers to protect our commerce, the present Board have caused a new design to be prepared, on which apparently all the constructive skill of Mr. BARNARD and his staff have been concentrated. The projected vessel is to be of 7,300 tons, and to have engines of 8,000 horse-power, which will be protected by steel-faced armour 10 inches thick. Her speed will be 16 knots, and she will carry *en barbette* four 18-ton breech-loading guns, which at 1,000 yards can pierce 13 inches of steel-faced armour, and other guns, smaller, but of great range. One ship of this type is to be begun at Portsmouth and another at Pembroke, while a third is to be constructed in a private yard. Unfortunately it is not very likely that any one of these will be able to take the sea before 1885 at the earliest.

With regard to smaller vessels the Admiralty does not intend to be idle, though there is not to be the same proportionate activity as with larger ones. Three gunboats are to be finished, and seven more or less advanced. A despatch vessel is to be begun, and two paddle-steamers are to be built. How many torpedo-boats are likely to be set afloat during the year it is impossible to tell. At present there are only nineteen of the larger kind, and this certainly is a miserably small number for our navy; but Mr. TREVELYAN stated that there were thirty in course of construction. As, however, the Estimates give no information respecting these marvellous little vessels, it is impossible to say how many are likely to be added to the effective naval force during the year. It is greatly to be hoped that there has been no niggardliness with respect to these, as their importance in warfare can hardly be overrated, and as large numbers of them have been added to foreign navies. In another and even more important requisite for warfare, offensive and defensive, our navy has been allowed to lag behind, but the present rulers of the Admiralty seem in some slight degree to realize the mistake which has been made. For

a considerable time past foreign Governments have seen that muzzle-loading guns on board ships of war must be replaced by breechloaders, and have taken steps to effect that important change; but our Government has been content to remain idle, and at the present moment there is not, to use the words of the SECRETARY of the ADMIRALTY, a single heavy breechloading gun mounted on board any of our ships. Some measures are now to be taken to supply this very grave deficiency. The *Shah* and *Raleigh* and other vessels are to be armed, at some time not indicated, with breechloaders, and a weapon of enormous power has been designed for the new steel cruisers. Happily there will be plenty of time to perfect it before they are likely to be afloat.

In other and smaller matters great attention has obviously been paid to the needs of the service by those who now govern at Whitehall, and the scheme of the Admiralty for the coming financial year is at once more ambitious and more complete than any that has for a long period been offered to the House of Commons and the country. Unfortunately the disagreeable question we have spoken of above must necessarily arise with regard to it. How far will it be carried out, and what percentage must be allowed for the shortcomings which, when the lapse of twelve months has dimmed the memory of glowing promises, officials pass lightly over? One fact which, patent as it is, appears as yet to have attracted little attention, seems to throw a certain doubt on Mr. TREVELYAN's elaborate programme. The present Board propose very largely to surpass during the coming year the shipbuilding which the late Board projected for the year now expiring. At the Royal Dockyards they intend to build 3,600 tons more than their less aspiring predecessors proposed for 1880-81. Yet, strange to say, they ask for very little more money. The net increase over the sum voted for the expiring year is only 158,984*l.*, and this certainly cannot be considered a large amount when so much is undertaken. Clearly the Admiralty hope to effect considerable economies in some respects, and there is too much reason to fear that one of their economies will be most unwise. The late Board took so much trouble about the repairs of ships that their successors need not for a time go to any great expense on this score; but, nevertheless, some repairs are necessary, and these they seem likely to neglect. Mr. W. H. SMITH, when commenting on Mr. TREVELYAN's speech, pointed out that in the Estimates no provision whatever is made for the repairs required by the *Raleigh*, the *Bellerophon*, the *Rupert*, and another vessel. Either, then, there must be considerable expenditure on work of this kind which has not been allowed for, or else a saving of the most foolish kind is contemplated. Another way of saving, yet more unwise, has also seemingly found favour at Whitehall. While proposing to add largely to the strength of the navy, the Admiralty intend to diminish the number of seamen in the service. The reasons given by Mr. TREVELYAN for this step were not a little curious. He said that the decrease in the number of blue jackets asked for was mainly due to the diminution which it was thought necessary to make a few years back in the number of boys. No doubt a diminution in the number of boys was made, and, as we urged at the time, most unwisely made, by the late Administration. Now this reduction is given as a reason for diminishing the number of sailors, or, in other words, the efficiency of the navy; and, marvellous to say, the policy which has produced this bad result is to be followed, as the number of boys is to be yet further reduced. Our present supply of seamen being insufficient, the future supply is to be lessened. The extent to which this reduction has been carried does not seem to be generally appreciated, and it may, therefore, be worth while to call attention to it. In 1878 the number of boys asked for was 6,300; in 1879 it was 5,300; in 1880, 4,900. Now the Board proposes to reduce yet further this small number, and only asks for 4,700 boys. It is not difficult to foresee that a few years hence we shall have a First Lord complaining of the difficulty of manning the navy, and demonstrating in the most indisputable manner that seamen for war-ships require long training, and that a force of them cannot be improvised. It is scarcely possible to doubt that the present Board is making a grave mistake for the sake of a temporary saving. In another respect they seem blind to the advantages of wise expenditure. They propose, it is true, to authorize the construction of breechloaders; but they do not appear even now fully to

realize the defective nature of the present armament of the navy, or the urgent need that there is for changing it as rapidly as possible. In a brief but pertinent speech, which has scarcely attracted the notice it merited, Mr. RENDEL, the member for Montgomeryshire, pointed out how deficient our war-ships are in offensive power, owing to their having only muzzle-loading guns. He showed that the guns with which the new cruisers are to be armed will have, weight for weight, double the power of the guns now used, and argued, logically enough, that the whole British navy might be considered to be at half power according to the existing state of artillery. To show how conscious the rulers of foreign navies are of the necessity for re-armament, he went on to state that one Company alone was now making 116 guns, every one of which was equal in power to the guns of the new cruisers, and all of which were being made for vessels actually afloat. In answer Mr. TREVELYAN could only say that he and his colleagues were not entirely responsible for the present state of things, and that the War Office had taken money for 12 big guns and 103 smaller ones. In other words, the War Office is authorized to make at some future time not specified, guns for the most part far inferior in power to those which are now being made by one private firm. It seems, then, that, though the present rulers of the Admiralty contemplate the introduction of breechloading guns, they have failed to realize the absolute necessity for prompt and extensive change, or, at all events, have not urged it with sufficient energy on the War Office. This error with regard to a subject which is now thoroughly understood, and the other errors which have been mentioned, are much to be regretted, and greatly detract from the merits of a scheme which is in some respects the best and most complete that has been submitted to Parliament and the country for many years.

THE CANDAHAR DEBATE.

THE debate on the abandonment of Candahar in the House of Commons was in this respect inferior in interest to the earlier debate in the House of Lords, that its conclusion was a foregone one. No one except reckless partisans could say that it was certain, however probable it might be, that the Upper House would affirm Lord LYTTON's motion. No one with the slightest power of political observation could doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE's obedient majority—returned, as Lord DERNY reminded us, especially to undo the Afghan policy of the late Government—would obey the instructions and example of Mr. GLADSTONE's INDIAN SECRETARY, and refuse to listen to argument. It is true that the question of the retention of Candahar is entirely independent of the question of the Indian policy of Lord LYTTON. It is only connected with it in the sense in which the conduct of any affair is dependent on the conduct of affairs previous to it. That we went to Candahar, let it be granted for the sake of argument, was a mistake, or even a crime. It does not follow that our retiring from it is an act necessitated by sound judgment and good conscience. It is necessary to repeat this, wearisome as the iteration may be, because of the steady ignoring of the point by almost every defender of the action of the Government. But that ignoring of itself almost settled the question of the decision of the House of Commons. It is a merely necessary compliment to an assembly of ordinary intelligence to suppose that, so long as it refuses to look at more than one set of premisses, it can only come to one set of conclusions. Yet the House of Commons had some interesting new matter before it. It was, of course, unfortunate that the papers sent for by the Government should have gone astray. But the fact of the transference of Candahar to ABDURRAHMAN was more definitely in evidence than it had previously been, and with it the imminence, if not the certain consequence, of a conflict between ABDURRAHMAN and AYUB. The Russian forces on the northern border of Afghanistan who were loft in *nubibus*, somewhere near Akabad, have been heard of on trustworthy information. They are on the lower course of the river which flows past Herat, and there is nothing to prevent General SKOBLEFF from having himself rowed to the very gates of the famous city. Sir LEWIS PALMER has completed a singularly able, moderate, and, above all, actual plea for the retention of the position. The acceptance of the principle of paying the cost of Indian warfare

has made it more than ever necessary that England should take the utmost care to avoid unnecessary expense in future. So that the Commons had the means of considering the question with not a little fresh light, if they chose to use it, instead of shutting their eyes and echoing Lord HARTINGTON's *non possumus*. The advocates of the abandonment might at the eleventh hour have risen to the level of the occasion, and have addressed themselves seriously to the task of converting reasonable opponents, instead of abusing Lord LYTON, Lord SALISBURY, Sir BARTLE FRERE, Lord NAPEIER of MAGDALA, and every one who has dared to differ with them. For it must be once more asserted that, at any rate, a very large number of those who doubted the wisdom of the Government course did so on grounds which are as compatible with a disapproval of the march into Afghanistan and the Treaty of Gandamak as with an approval of those proceedings.

When, however, the debate actually began, a statement was made by Sir CHARLES DILKE, which in one sense took all the interest out of it, and in another added to that interest very considerably. Sir CHARLES informs us that the new CZAR has recalled General SKOBELEFF to St. Petersburg, and has put a stop to all those operations which have recently occupied Russia in Central Asia. Cavillers may wish that the statement were made in a more precise and definite manner; they may remember that General KAUFMANN is a very hard man to put a stop to, and that he has survived not a few discouragements; they may inquire whether this putting a stop means the relinquishment of the Akhal oasis, as well as of all designs on Merv. If it means this, *cadit questio*, at least to a very great extent. If it does not, the arguments remain as before. Yet those arguments, as usual, were handled with entire one-sidedness in the discussion. We shall take leave to pass over Mr. P. J. SMYTH's eloquent but unpractical disquisition on ethics, which had besides been amply answered beforehand in the House of Lords. The remaining advocates of abandonment rested their case for the most part on the old untenable grounds. Sir CHARLES DILKE manifested his fitness for the office he holds by saying that nothing had changed in the situation since the Treaty of Gandamak. Mr. BUXTON echoed Lord DERBY's contention *populus locutus est causa finita est*. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE obeyed an impulse pardonable in a young speaker fresh from his studies by talking about the fall of Rome. Unfortunately for his argument, the fall of Rome was preceded by withdrawals, not advances, and he himself showed that he was entirely unacquainted with the actual wishes even of the most forward of the forward Indian school. Mr. STANHOPE from the practical and Mr. GIBSON from the political side had no difficulty in making good their case, and the discussion of the financial question by the former was in particular complete. But Sir CHARLES DILKE's statement, if it can be accepted in its full sense, at once took the point out of his own arguments and gave a practical victory to his opponents. If the Russian conquest of South-Eastern Turkistan is really given up, if the troops are withdrawn—say to Kizil Arvat—the Akhal Tekkes restored to their independence, all attempts at rectification of frontier abandoned, and the pioneering zeal of the Transcaspian officials in one direction and the Transoxian officials in the other restrained, the main argument for the retention of Candahar at the present moment will be gone. There will remain not a few arguments of weight drawn from the internal condition and recent history of Afghanistan, but they are of less importance. Accepting Sir CHARLES's statement as an accurate and frank one, we at least have no difficulty in admitting that the case for abandonment and for retention becomes so even that it hardly matters on which side the balance inclines. Quetta did very well as a post of observation while the Russians were on the Caspian Littoral and behind the Oxus; it will do very well when they return to that position. But all depends on that; and if that is the case, the Opposition and the opponents of the abandonment of Candahar have gained a virtual victory far more gratifying, because more nationally beneficial, than a party triumph in Parliament.

It may seem that this is allowing too much to the single point of Russian operations and designs. But, in truth, the nearest approach which has been made by any opponent of the retention of Candahar to a statement of the actual position is that made by the *Times* on the morning of the debate. "To retain Candahar is frankly to declare

"to have begun to prepare for it." The words adumbrate the truth, but in so doing, after the manner of shadows, they disfigure it. "To retain Candahar," it would be fairer to say, "is to declare to Russia that we have at last begun to prepare for the struggle, and so to hint to her that she had better not attempt it." We are not of those who regard the earth as a hunting-ground from which it were good and pleasant to chase the CZAR. On the contrary, we believe that the interests of Russia and England in Asia, at any rate, can only actually clash if aggression on the one side is tempted by cowardice or ostrich-like blindness on the other. But, so long as statesmen like the Duke of ARGYLL affect to ignore the facts of Russian advance; so long as the preposterous doctrine that the further that advance is continued the further ought Great Britain to draw back finds utterance outside of Colney Hatch or the Eleans Club, so long will this very temptation exist. There can be no doubt at all in the mind of any one who knows geography and military history that, while the Russian possessions on the south-eastern Caspian shore were confined to a fringe of coast, as they were but the other day, Quetta was as good an outpost as we needed. But the circumstances have been entirely changed by the advance which has brought the Russian arms, not indeed to Merv—Merv, as has been more than once pointed out, is a place of comparatively small importance to us—but to the neighbourhood, as by hardly an exaggeration it may be called, of Herat. Some partisans may exclaim at this expression; but if, as is stated, the Russians are at Tejend, they are, in reference to Herat, much as an army on the Lower Danube is to Vienna, with the difference that the obstacles in their way are fewer. In one sense, of course, their presence in the last corner of Turkestan is indifferent to England, inasmuch as England has not the slightest wish to go there herself. We have nothing to do beyond the Hindu Koosh; the point is to recognize that Russia has nothing to do on this side of it. In theory, English statesmen of all parties recognize this fact; in practice, the leaves of the artichoke are allowed to be eaten one by one. Perhaps, if any one chooses to advance the argument, the invasion of Afghanistan was especially unfortunate in determining Russia to recover her lost prestige by overwhelming the Tekkes, and in giving occasion to AYUB's expedition, which showed the astonishing ease with which Afghanistan itself can be traversed. But, if it be so, a sensible man does not abstain from attempts to put his burning house out because he disapproves of the conduct of the person who sets it on fire. It would be as reasonable to do this as to decline to recognize the fact that the Cossack horses have actually drunk of the stream which flows past Herat, and that from Herat to the border of India a hostile force has marched with guns and baggage almost before our troops, then all but on the spot, could get ready to meet it.

CRETE AND THE PORTE.

THE accounts of the negotiations at Constantinople are not encouraging. According to a not improbable conjecture, the personal fears of the SULTAN have been revived by the assassination of the Emperor of Russia. There are not, as far as is known, any Nihilists in Turkey; but religious or political fanaticism may be equally dangerous. It is possible that zealous Mahometans might resent and revenge the voluntary transfer of territory containing a population of true believers to the dominion of infidels; yet it appears that the Turkish Ministers have lately proposed a similar surrender. The suggestion that Crete should be substituted for a part of the disputed territory on the mainland seems to have been a grave mistake. The Turks have weakened their title to a possession which was for the time undisputed, without displacing any argument which had recommended to the European Powers the arrangement which was approved at Berlin. The reason for giving Thessaly and Epirus to Greece was not so much the expediency of enlarging a petty kingdom, as the justice of emancipating a Greek and Christian population from an alien and obnoxious sovereignty. It follows that the annexation of Crete or of all the islands in the Archipelago to the Greek kingdom would not invalidate the claim of Thessaly and of a part of Epirus to liberation. If the annexation is not now effected by

diplomatic or forcible methods, the demand will be repeated again and again until it is finally conceded. It is difficult to understand the obstinate refusal of a sacrifice which would be far more tolerable than the almost certain consequences of a rupture. The majority of the Powers would have agreed to exclude Janina and Metzovo from the territory to be surrendered, though some of them reserved the alleged right of Greece to insist on the frontier defined at Berlin in default of an immediate settlement. According to the latest accounts, the Ambassadors had suspended the negotiations, although they still left to the Turks the option of a voluntary overture.

The conditional willingness of the SULTAN to surrender Crete may probably be explained by the limited nature of the sovereign rights which he still retains in the island, and also perhaps by the belief of his advisers that the Greeks would not find Crete a desirable possession. The Mahometans there form a minority of the population, and they no longer retain exceptional privileges. Their Christian neighbours, who are as warlike as themselves, have, since the establishment of local administrative independence, taken advantage of their superior numbers to affront and perhaps to oppress the once dominant race. The Governor, though he is a Greek Christian, is unpopular because he is supposed to be loyal to the SULTAN; and it is said that the Cretan Assembly intends to punish him for the discharge of his duty by reducing his salary. The prospect of a war between Turkey and Greece has caused disturbances in parts of the island, which may probably expand into civil war. It may have been thought at Constantinople that so insubordinate a dependency was not worth keeping, or at least that the loss of the island would not compromise the interests of the SULTAN so directly as the curtailment of his continental dominions. It was strange that the Turks should expect the European Powers at the last moment to abandon their claims for the purpose of engaging in a fresh negotiation. The Greek Government and its friends and patrons will take note of the admission that the possession of Crete is not indispensable to the safety or greatness of the Turkish Empire; and at a more convenient season they will proceed to draw the practical conclusion that an island with a considerable Greek population ought to be annexed to the kingdom. Not many years have passed since an obstinate insurrection in Crete was openly promoted and favoured by the Government of Athens, which was fitfully encouraged or at other times checked by the capricious policy of NAPOLEON III. It is remarkable that since that time the Greek Government has advanced no claim to the acquisition of the island.

Travellers and residents who have studied the petty politics of Crete attribute to the Christian inhabitants a desire of local independence, combined, as usually happens in such cases, with a dislike of the continental Greeks. Little communities are in proportion to their isolated circumstances almost always jealous of their neighbours, even if they are not inclined to affect superiority to strangers. The inhabitants of the Isle of Wight contumeliously stigmatize as "overers" visitors or immigrants from the Hampshire coast. The people of Crete are not fully conscious of their own insignificance, or of the precarious position of small Republics among the great military States of the present day. For the moment they are content if only they are allowed to treat as inferiors the Mahometans of the island; and they are not certain that the Government of Athens would leave them as completely to themselves as the lax and careless rulers to whom they now pay a nominal allegiance. In the event of a war which may perhaps spread over the Levant, the Cretans, if they succeed in conquering the Mahometan population of the island, will necessarily ally themselves with Greece; and on the conclusion of peace they may find it prudent to submit to annexation; but there is no reason to suppose that they are at present anxious for the change. Their civilization is perhaps more backward than that of the Greek kingdom, but they share the commercial and maritime tastes which have raised their countrymen to prosperity in all parts of Europe. The cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece proved, as might have been expected, disadvantageous, at least in the first instance, to the population which was ostensibly liberated from foreign supremacy. The Cretans would certainly lose nothing by severance of their slight connexion with Turkey, and they might perhaps ultimately form part of a considerable

and flourishing State. It is evident that their fortunes could furnish no consolation to Greeks of Thessaly or Epirus for the continuance of their subjection to Turkish rule.

While the SULTAN'S Ministers persist in haggling for doubtful advantages, the danger of war becomes every day more imminent. The Greeks cannot afford a prolongation of doubtful peace, and the Turks have taken advantage of the delay to improve their preparations for defence. The season is now favourable to military operations, and a decision can scarcely be postponed beyond the end of March. It cannot be denied that irresistible force, combined with helpless acquiescence in the course of events, presents an unsatisfactory and undignified spectacle. The Powers, if they were only united in policy and in action, might command where they vainly entreat; but reciprocal jealousies and conflicting wishes leave them at the mercy of two such Governments as those of Turkey and Greece. The concert of Europe on which Mr. GLADSTONE has often relied would fully justify his confidence if only it happened to exist. In present circumstances his Government has been forced to content itself with a verbal or Platonic co-operation which is fully understood or despised by the principals in the quarrel. The English Government have from the first been consistent in a policy which has proved to be impracticable. French policy, on the other hand, has veered into an opposite quarter since the beginning of the negotiations. Germany and Austria have probably never varied in the intention which Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE ought to have in the first instance ascertained and taken into consideration. It would have been right to coerce Turkey by the united determination of Europe; and in the presence of insuperable differences of opinion and of policy, it would have been judicious to restrain the warlike propensities of Greece. The present condition of affairs, unless the negotiations should in spite of probability succeed, is not creditable to European statesmanship; but it is a hard and unprofitable task to distribute the responsibility among the several Governments. It was assuredly not the business of England to make war on Turkey either alone or in concert with Russia. If implied threats have not been carried into execution, the error was not in final inaction, but in premature menace. It seems that the Turkish Ministers have, with characteristic obtuseness, taken the present occasion to inflict on the Governments of Bulgaria and East Roumelia affronts or slights which, though of little intrinsic importance, might serve as pretexts for a quarrel. The neighbouring provinces will not move without the permission of Russia, but it is possible that the Slavs may be let loose at the time of the Greek invasion of Turkey. If a general struggle begins, it will be difficult for Austria to abstain from an intervention which might produce grave results.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

THE evidence collected by the Duke of RICHMOND'S Commission forms a very large but a very interesting volume. The witnesses were, for the most part, well chosen, knew the business of farming and the condition of agriculture thoroughly, and said what they had to say in a direct and intelligent way. The questions put to them were generally pertinent, and had the effect of making them state what they knew, and think out their thoughts. What have been the causes and extent of agricultural distress? whether legislation can do anything to help the agricultural interest? and what is the probable future of English agriculture? were the three prominent enquiries to which the Commissioners had to address themselves. The information they sought was principally obtained from those who were conversant with the districts where the distress has been greatest, and what is chiefly remarkable in the testimony given is the unanimity with which the most competent observers pronounced that the distress was in the main attributable to the weather. Some portion must be attributed to defective systems of cultivation, and another portion to foreign competition, but these portions are altogether insignificant as compared to the mass of distress caused by four wet seasons, of which the fourth was the wettest. It is most important to bear this in mind. On land where the soil is of a kind to be much injured by rain, English agriculture in a period of long-continued soaking rain broke down. English land laws may be bad or good,

the English system of tenure may be bad or good, American competition may be dangerous, or not so very dangerous after all, but what has caused seven-tenths of the present distress is not bad land laws or a bad system of tenure, but excessive rain. This definite calculation of seven-tenths is to be found in the evidence of Mr. HUSKINSON, a land-agent, landowner, and farmer in Nottinghamshire, one of the counties which notoriously has been one of the chief scenes of recent distress. He had taken much pains to justify the conclusion at which he arrived. He has 500 acres under cultivation, and during the four wet years he had an annual loss of 600*l.* In quantity and quality his wheat and barley were short to that amount. After deducting what he lost through the price of his produce being lowered by foreign competition, he estimated the loss caused by the weather at seven-tenths of his whole loss. Other witnesses who had not gone into so accurate a calculation found even greater fault with the weather. They all agreed that the farmers in the districts of which they were speaking had little grain to take to market; that this little was bad in quality; that the cattle would not put on flesh; and that the rain did it all, or almost all. Rents had previously gone up; but during the bad time there was a general abatement of rent. Rates had gone up; but the witnesses were fully aware that in the long run rates fall on the landlord. The losses, too, of the cultivator were so enormous that rents and rates hardly entered into his calculation. An Essex farmer stated that on a farm of 500 acres he lost 1,500*l.* in 1879, and 1,250*l.* in 1878. The price of meat was high, but the cattle could not thrive in such constant wet. The pay of the labourer has advanced, and he now gets an average of a pound a week in many parts of the country; but the total cost of labour to the cultivator has not increased, as the use of machinery makes the employment of fewer hands necessary. There remained no other great cause of distress but the weather, and the weather was in the opinion of these experts bad enough to account for anything.

It must, of course, be understood that the witnesses did not say that even if the sun shone as brightly and as continuously as it ever shines in England, there might not be a point at which foreign competition would cause agricultural distress. All they said was that in the particular instance of distress under consideration the primary cause of suffering had been rain and not competition. If American competition brought down wheat to 40*s.* a quarter and beef to sixpence a pound, then they allowed that the sun could not save the farmer. Whether American competition is likely to have so much of success they, for the most part, forbore to speculate. So far as they ventured to give an opinion they evidently lean to the view that, with a decent amount of sunshine, the British farmer would, after a time and under certain conditions, be able to get a fair living. Time as well as sunshine must come to his aid. The bad effects of rain do not cease when the rain stops. The land is sour, and the character of pasture is deteriorated. There is an enemy of farmers known as blue or razor grass which stifles good grass in wet times, and one witness, when asked whether it had not made its appearance, replied that it had not only made its appearance, but had put everything else on one side. But much more serious than this state of the land is the loss of the farmers' capital. During the wet weather the farmers lost and lost, the banks got frightened, lessened their accommodation, called in their advances, and the farmers were cleaned out. There are exceptions to everything, and some farmers, no doubt, have started with ample capital, but witnesses acquainted with large tracts of country agreed that farmers, as a rule, begin with no more than 4*l.* an acre. Very often this modicum is diminished by the payment of heavy compensation to the outgoing tenant; but, apart from this, many farmers have lost during the four wet years an average of 1*l.* per acre, so that they must have got to the end of their capital. To find new persons who are willing to embark fresh capital in what has just been shown to be a losing business is a difficult thing; and banks that have saved themselves, or very often have not saved themselves, by calling in their advances will be shy of running new risks. And the difficulty of finding new farmers with new capital, which must have been felt even if sunshine would put things right again, is much enhanced by the farmer having now to farm under new conditions. He must be, if he is to succeed, a different sort of man, and he must work in a different way.

Before, however, the farmer can get a fair start he must have a good landlord. By a good landlord, as a very intelligent witness observed, must be understood a landlord who contributes his proper share towards getting the greatest possible amount of produce out of the land. The worst landlord, if these witnesses are to be trusted, that a farmer can have is himself; the best is a great proprietor. Peasant proprietorship, so far as present experience goes, does not answer in England. There is more of it than is commonly supposed. There are many small farmers in Lincolnshire. In one division there were a few years ago 3,000 owners of less than 30 acres. They are, said a Lincolnshire witness, a hard-working and hard-living class, but are entirely dependent on good seasons, and in bad times die rapidly away. Great proprietors are the best landlords, not only because they can afford not to press the tenant in bad times, but because they can put proper buildings on the land, and still more because they can keep experienced resident agents who see that what is done by the landlord is done properly. Nothing is more sad in the volume than the experience offered by one witness after another that an almost endless amount of money has been wasted in draining, because landlords have not been willing, or have not been able, to afford the expense of an agent competent to see that the drainage has been properly carried out. Where such agents cannot be afforded, landlordism will become a business which young proprietors, present or future, will have to learn, and Sir BALDWIN LEIGHTON was so penetrated with this truth that he proposed to the Commission that the surplus revenues of Oxford and Cambridge, instead of being wasted on useless professorships, should be devoted to the technical education of the coming landowners of England. When a farmer has got a good landlord he must show himself a good farmer. As a rule, if these experienced witnesses are to be trusted, English farming has not been good in recent years. The tendency, as one of them said, of farmers within the last few years has been to take as little trouble as they can and get as large a return as they can for it. This will not do in the future. What is wanted is that the farmer shall be more alive than he has been. He must go into his business as other traders go into their businesses. He must think of one thing and of one only—what it will pay him to produce and what it will not. He must be inventive and ready to turn his hand to anything. The keeping of poultry is very anxious and troublesome work, but he must keep poultry. Market-gardening requires some skill and involves some risk, but he must do his bit of market-gardening with a confident and light heart. If he goes in for milk, he must calculate to a nicety whether it will pay him best to contribute to the winter or the summer supply. He must be a better buyer than he is now, and not waste his money on the wrong sort of cattle or on adulterated manures. Probably in the course of time such a race of farmers may grow up, but at present a diffident man may hesitate as to whether he is really the kind of paragon who is qualified to put his money into this difficult, venturesome, and lately unsuccessful business. But, fortunately, most men, especially if they have a little wholesome ignorance of affairs, entertain such a good opinion of themselves that, if the sun will but give a proper amount of encouragement, there may be before long an adequate supply of farmers who have much courage and some little money, and who will persuade themselves to think of the four wet years as of an evil dream.

M. GRÉVY AND HIS CABINET.

FRENCH politicians are certainly to be complimented on the ingenuity with which they manufacture new varieties of crisis. The discussions which have been going on in the Cabinet during the past week, and the result which has finally been reached, are of an entirely original type. The Bill for substituting the *Scrutin de liste* for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* has been under consideration by the Committee to which in the French Chambers all Bills are referred as a matter of course. One of the forms which this Committee has to observe is the examination of a Minister with a view of ascertaining the view of the Government on the proposed legislation, and the Cabinet had accordingly to decide what should be said in its name

with regard to the change in the size of the constituencies. As soon as the subject was thus brought formally before them, it appeared that, as occasionally happens with a jury, there was not the slightest chance of their coming to an agreement. M. FERRY prefers the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, M. CONSTANS prefers the *Scrutin de liste*, and the other Ministers range themselves under one or other of these leaders. There can be no doubt as to the importance of the question whichever happens to be the view taken of it. Even from a strictly party standpoint, there is a unanimous belief that it will have very grave results, though alike among Republicans and reactionists the most opposite opinions are held as to what these results will be. Consequently it seemed almost necessary that the Cabinet should make up its mind one way or the other. What is the use of a Government which has no collective opinion on a measure which everybody is agreed will effect a very great change in the composition of the only one of the public powers which is directly elected by universal suffrage? In the first instance, M. FERRY seems to have had no answer to give to this inquiry, and M. GRÉVY is understood not to see an answer to it yet. But, then, the process of arriving at a collective opinion was not a pleasant one. If M. GRÉVY had himself been in favour of the *Scrutin de liste*, all would have gone smoothly. He would then have been in agreement with M. GAMBETTA, and when this is secured nothing else is of much moment. But M. GRÉVY is strongly opposed to the *Scrutin de liste*, and he was not at all inclined to dismiss the Ministers who took the same view as himself, in order to fill their places by Ministers who take the same view as M. GAMBETTA.

There was another course open to him had he chosen to adopt it. Under the Constitution the President has the power of appointing and dismissing his Ministers, though, as in other constitutional countries, he has to exercise this power in deference to the declared wishes of the Chamber of Deputies. But in this case the Chamber of Deputies has not made known its wishes. No one can positively say beforehand whether those wishes, when they come to be expressed in a vote, will be in favour of the *Scrutin de liste* or the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. Therefore the President of the REPUBLIC was at liberty to say that it was necessary to reconstruct the Cabinet in one sense or the other, and that, in the absence of any guidance from the Chamber, he intended to reconstruct it in the sense with which he himself agreed. Nor is it at all obvious what harm could have come of his so doing. M. CONSTANS and those who think with him would have resigned their offices, and M. FERRY would have met the Chamber at the head of a homogeneous Cabinet. If he had succeeded in defeating M. BARDoux's Bill, the approaching general election would have determined whether upon this point the existing Chamber represents the country. If M. BARDoux's Bill had been carried against the Cabinet, M. FERRY and his colleagues would have made way for Ministers more in accord with the mind of the deputies. Instead of this, long and fierce discussions seem to have been held, not on the question which side the Cabinet should take, but on the question whether it was necessary for the Cabinet to take any side at all. Strange to say, this question has been answered in the negative. The Cabinet have come to a compromise, and have agreed to remain silent during the debate. What makes this decision the more remarkable is that it has apparently been come to against the will of M. GRÉVY. The President of the REPUBLIC so far condescends to the ideas of common men that he keeps a newspaper. In France almost every politician has an organ of his own, and M. GRÉVY may not have chosen to be less well equipped than his neighbours. The objection to the plan is that it shows the serene and irresponsible PRESIDENT to be a man of like passions with his storm-tossed and responsible Ministers. It is evidently not at all the same thing to M. GRÉVY whether his ideas or M. GAMBETTA's upon the relative merits of the two *Scrutins* are adopted. Within certain well-defined limits he had every right to give effect to his own ideas rather than to M. GAMBETTA's. It rested with him to choose whether the *Scrutin de liste* should be presented to the Chamber with the seal of Cabinet acceptance or with the stamp of Cabinet disapproval. It is not likely that M. FERRY would have rejected a commission to form a Ministry on the basis of opposition to the *Scrutin de liste*; but, if he had been unwilling to run the risk, M. GRÉVY might easily have found some

one else who was willing to take his place. Or, if this was too bold a course for M. GRÉVY to decide upon, there was another alternative open to him. There is no doubt that the President of the REPUBLIC, so long as the Constitution remains unchanged in title and spirit, must in the end take Ministers from the Chamber, and not seek to impose Ministers on it; and M. GRÉVY might, if he liked, have dismissed M. FERRY, and commissioned M. CONSTANS to form a Cabinet on the basis of opposition to the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. The PRESIDENT would then have done at first what he will have to do at last; and the Chamber would have been saved from the danger which now awaits it, of approaching a subject of great moment and great difficulty without any authorized guidance.

Supposing that neither of these alternatives recommended themselves to M. GRÉVY, a third remained. He might have tolerated the ridiculous compromise to which Ministers have given their consent, and have taken pains not to let it be seen that he either cared what opinion they had or wanted them to have any. Instead of this, M. GRÉVY has done the exact opposite. The newspaper which is understood to represent his views has been quite unable to leave the subject alone. It has returned to it again and again, and always in the same strain of contemptuous exclusion of the possibility of a persistent maintenance of neutrality on the part of the Cabinet. Unless there are reasons for what he has done which are not apparent on the surface, M. GRÉVY has simply courted defeat. The Constitution puts him beyond the reach of party conflicts, though in the present instance he had accidentally a right to take part in them. What he has done is to show quite plainly that he wishes to take his share in this particular controversy, but that he has allowed himself to be shut out from it by Ministers whom he has the power of dismissing. There were abundant reasons why M. GRÉVY should have resisted the temptation to descend into the arena of political strife, but none why he should remain outside it and yet allow the journal which he is understood to inspire to lament that he has been unable to persuade M. FERRY to descend into it with him. After the remarkable exhibition which it has pleased the friends of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* to make of themselves, it is hardly likely that the Chamber of Deputies will display much enthusiasm in defence of it. M. GRÉVY may have many virtues, but he is not a match for M. GAMBETTA.

MEXICO.

GENERAL GRANT, it is announced, has given up the presidency of the World's Fair Commission, partly because he finds that no one takes any interest in the World's Fair, and partly because he is going to Mexico. No one at present wants another huge Exhibition, and flagging interest in such an enterprise cannot be whipped up by calling a huge Exhibition a World's Fair or by putting General GRANT at its head. Experience has shown that very big Exhibitions can only come off with success if a considerable interval of time elapses between one period of large shows and another. Philadelphia and Paris have used up for the present such sensations of delight as World's Fairs can give. It is now the period for comparative repose, and for little countries to have little shows. Spain proposes to take the lead in these minor spectacles, and to have next year an Exhibition at Madrid. She has quite as good a title as any other country of the second rank to send out her modest invitations to the world. She can offer travellers a country worth travelling in, she has a capital where works of art of the first class are to be seen, and she has special products of her own which show very high perfection of workmanship. Her only drawback is that at the time of year when alone most people have leisure to go to an Exhibition her climate will bake her guests until they will wish they were anywhere out of the sun. Those, however, who can stand being baked will have an opportunity of observing how much and how little there is of real progress in Spain. There is now a settled Government; there is a beginning of activity; there is a disposition, which used not to exist, to deal with foreigners. On the other hand, Spain is still very backward, and her backwardness is due partly to the character of the people and partly to its social condition. And what is true of Spain is true of Spanish colonies. Spain is at the head of the Spanish world, and all the

Spanish world resembles Spain. General GRANT gives up an American Exhibition and goes to Mexico. Others, released from the terrors of a new American Exhibition, are invited to go to Spain. All will do what is really the same thing. They will get away from the atmosphere of the most go-ahead of modern societies to the atmosphere of societies which are just beginning to go ahead after their own peculiar fashion. What is happening in Spain is happening in Mexico. What may be expected of Spain may be expected, although in a less degree, of Mexico. What cannot be expected of Spain can still less be expected of Mexico; for Mexico is not only a colony, and a colony is as a rule inferior to the home country, but it is a ruined colony. It is a second-rate Spain which has allowed itself to tumble into ruins, and is only very slowly and partially beginning to get out of its ruined state. A Mexican town is generally a collection of hovels, which show where the Indians are, and of ruined palaces, which show where the Spaniards have been. And the aspect of the towns reflects the condition of the country. Mexico has to be re-made, and even if it could be re-made it would be, at the best, what Spain was thirty years ago, and would have to tread the difficult path of gradual progress to be, in time, what Spain is now.

A little more than a year ago General GRANT paid his first visit to Mexico. He was then a very great man for Mexico to welcome, and Mexico treated him as a very great man. He had been received in Europe on a footing almost equal to that of royalty, partly because he had been twice President of the United States, and partly because he was the conqueror of the South. When he got to Mexico, he had not only this flavour of royalty about him, but his greatness was expected to continue and increase, and he was looked on as the coming President for a third term of office. While in Mexico he did much to stimulate the interest of Americans in Mexico as a field of enterprise, and the disposition of Mexicans to think that American money was worth having, even at the risk of some amount of political danger. During the past year American money has flown freely into Mexico, and the flow of much more has been promised. General GRANT goes back with the prestige of having done something to promote this flow, but without the prestige of a coming Presidency. He has not been re-elected, and in the United States men who have been prominent and have ceased to be so are soon forgotten. The political influence of General GRANT is now probably very small, if he can be said to have any. He returns as connected with the flow of money, and not as in any way representing the authority of the United States. And the flow of money into Mexico must be pronounced wise or unwise entirely on its own merits. It will either answer to pour capital into Mexico or it will not. Time alone can show the prudence or imprudence of American schemes for developing the resources of Mexico, but there can be no doubt at all as to their vastness. Nor are they mere paper schemes. They are schemes for which a considerable amount of money has been subscribed and on which work is actually being done. Of these schemes there are two that may be called comparatively small and two that are very large indeed. The two smaller schemes are a railway from the American border to the port of Guaymas, and a railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The first supplies a real want. It gives a fairly good port much to the south of San Francisco to a system of American railways which at present have no outlet in the Pacific except San Francisco. The second is the Panama railway over again, except that on the one hand it is longer, while on the other hand it is very much to the northward, and offers a route at least two thousand miles shorter to San Francisco than the Panama route. If, however, the Panama railway is destined to be killed by M. DE LESSERS's canal, a Tehuantepec railway could scarcely hope to escape a similar fate. To save it from its too probable destiny Captain EDE, who has gained fame by his very successful and ingenious work in opening the mouth of the Mississippi, proposes to revive an idea not unfamiliar to Honduras bondholders, and to transport ships bodily across the Tehuantepec Isthmus. It is a magnificent idea, and one that most people would be glad to see other people subscribing to test practically. Captain EDE hoped to get assistance from the United States Government, and obtained a report from a Committee in his favour, but his hopes were dashed when a vote was taken. The larger schemes are two systems of railway from the city of Mexico to the American border, one with the gauge of our English railways and the other with a

metre gauge, each being connected when it gets to the border with American systems of its own gauge. The line with the broader gauge, which is known as the Central Railway, has a distance of about twelve hundred miles to traverse in order to reach the border. For a third of the distance its course takes it to towns which for Mexico are populous and thriving, and to districts which for Mexico are naturally rich. It then goes off into the wild. The narrow-gauge line would have a distance of about a thousand miles to traverse to get to the border; but it may, if it pleases, abridge the distance by using its rival for a part of the way. Both schemes are in the hands of influential Americans. Both have real money behind them, both have the promises of handsome subventions from the Mexican Government, and both have authority to branch off in a vague way and go to some undetermined port on the Pacific. In addition, the Central Railway proposes to make a connexion between San Luis Potosi and the port of Tampico to the north of Vera Cruz, which would greatly abridge the distance between the sea and the interior of Mexico, and divert in a corresponding degree the traffic that now goes to the interior by Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico.

These railways have their drawbacks. Purely Mexican traffic is shown by experience to be of a small volume. It grows, but it starts from a very humble beginning, and it grows as slowly as everything must grow in a ruined Spanish colony. The social condition of Mexico puts, and must long put, a bar to everything like rapid progress, the land being held for the most part in large tracts by absentee proprietors, who cultivate it most imperfectly, and have neither the money nor the wish for improvements. The second drawback of these railways is that they go for a long part of their course over a barren and almost uninhabited plateau. The third drawback is that, although they are promised handsome subventions by the Government, it is at present impossible for the Government to pay them. It has not got, and cannot get, the money to make good its promises. In order to meet these three drawbacks, it has been proposed that tracts of land on each side of the line shall be given to the railways, and that this way of getting railways made, which has been successfully adopted in the United States, shall be employed in Mexico. These tracts of land will, it is supposed, be occupied by American settlers. There will then be a traffic other than a purely Mexican traffic; the lines will go not through a desert, but through the homes of thriving immigrants. The Government will give land which it has got instead of money which it has not got. The scheme, if it could be carried out, would be in a merely financial point of view of great advantage to Mexico; but there are many serious practical difficulties in the way of carrying it out. The Government, where the land is decently good, has not got land to give. The land that is worth having is in the hands of private proprietors who would have to be bought out. And, taken as a whole, the land is not at all good. It is not like the rich plains of the Mississippi and its tributaries, of which newcomers were enabled by railways to utilize the natural wealth. It has been explored centuries ago by the Spaniards, and has been left barren because the Spaniards decided that it would not pay to work it. Politically, if the scheme were carried out, the occupation by Americans of the land on each side of the chief means of communication would give the United States a dominating influence which would almost amount to annexation. But this would only happen when the scheme was carried out. While it was being carried out the settlers would have to cultivate their sterile holdings in the midst of a jealous, hostile, and, for a great part, lawless population; they would be under foreign laws; and, so far as they were protected, they would have to appeal for protection to a scanty foreign army. There seems no very clear reason why enterprising Americans should migrate to bad land when they can migrate to good land; why they should come under laws which they do not understand, instead of remaining under laws which they do understand; or why they should trust to Mexican warriors to keep off enemies whom they have created for themselves. No doubt all these difficulties may be overcome in some way that is not now discoverable; but the question for the moment is whether they really exist or not, and whether, if they do exist, General GRANT, or any one else, can overcome them.

MR. CHAPLIN'S MOTION.

THE debate on Mr. CHAPLIN'S Resolution was needlessly confused by Mr. MUNDELLA'S desire to convict the mover of inconsistency. Mr. CHAPLIN spoke in high praise of the Act of 1878, and Mr. MUNDELLA tried to show that this view was incompatible with a wish to substitute total prohibition of the landing of live animals for compulsory slaughter at the port of landing. The answer to this is obvious. Mr. CHAPLIN admires the Act of 1878 because it went a long way in the direction of prohibition. But he would have admired it still more if it had gone all the way, and he now proposes that, in view of recent facts, it should be made to go all the way. There is no real inconsistency between the two positions. The man who admits that half a loaf is better than no bread is not debarred from contending that the whole loaf would be better than the half, and that something which has happened since the half loaf was conceded has proved that the whole ought now to be given. Mr. MUNDELLA would have done better to argue, as was done by another speaker, that the Act of 1878 was a compromise, and that those who seek to disturb a compromise must not wonder if the effect of their effort is to reopen the whole question. It would hardly be to the advantage of cattle-producers that the policy assented to by the last Parliament should be reviewed by the present. In this sense the Government may be said to have befriended the farmer by meeting Mr. CHAPLIN'S motion with a direct negative.

The facts of the recent outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease were not disputed by Mr. MUNDELLA, and though Mr. CHAMBERLAIN preferred to speak of Mr. CHAPLIN'S "assumptions," he made no serious attempt to set up a counter theory. At the beginning of last September the foot-and-mouth disease scarcely existed in this country. In the course of that month it broke out in the North of France, and shortly afterwards a cargo of live beasts coming from the infected district, and suffering severely from the disease, was landed at Deptford. They were slaughtered at the port of landing, but within three days the disease made its appearance in the London dairies, where it had been absolutely unknown for nine months. It is maintained by Mr. CHAPLIN, and not denied by Mr. MUNDELLA, that it was almost certainly conveyed from Deptford to London by some of the drovers employed about the diseased beasts. Upon the case as thus stated Mr. CHAPLIN founds his prayer, that in future live cattle should not be imported from countries as to whose freedom from disease the Privy Council are not satisfied. Very little was said in the debate upon a point which to those who are not experts seems of considerable importance. What guarantee is there that, if the importation of live animals from infected countries were forbidden, the exclusion of the disease would be complete? If it could only be communicated from one animal to another, the question would answer itself; but disease which can equally be conveyed by human beings may presumably lurk even in dead carcasses, and from thence be communicated by those who handle them to living cattle. On Tuesday Mr. CHAPLIN was all for the importation of dead meat. If he had been chairman of an Australian Meat Preserving Company, or the patentee of a new freezing process, he could not have shown more enthusiasm in the cause. But, if the exclusion of live cattle is not a specific against the introduction of the foot-and-mouth disease—and so far no one appears to have said that it is—he might be equally ardent the year after such exclusion in favour of the exclusion of dead meat. In that case consumers would no doubt be saved from the rise in price which may conceivably accompany any serious destruction of English cattle; but they would be saved from it at the cost of the entire extinction of foreign competition. It would not be wonderful if, like DAVID, they preferred the pestilence to being thus delivered into the hands of their natural enemies. According to Mr. MUNDELLA, the value of the living animals imported into the United Kingdom in 1879 was 7,000,000*l.*, while in 1880 it rose to 10,000,000*l.* That is a very rapid increase, and, as it is accompanied by a great improvement in the quality of the cattle sent, it seems to show that the conditions of the English meat supply are undergoing a remarkable change. As we have often pointed out, the whole question of restriction of importation turns in the end upon one point. Will the meat consumer gain more by the exclusion of disease than he will lose by the exclusion of meat? If foreign meat formed merely a

fraction of the total supply, and if there were no reason to suppose that this proportion would be materially increased, the argument for whatever measure of prohibition that seemed necessary to keep out disease would be unanswerable. It would be poor comfort to the consumer who found 95 per cent. of his meat supply disappearing by disease to hear that no restriction would be placed on the import of the remaining five per cent. The rapid increase of importation deprives this reasoning of much of its value. If the importation of foreign cattle is playing every year a larger part in the mechanism by which the food supply of the country is regulated, it would be exceedingly rash to interfere with it to an extent which might permanently divert it from our shores. It would be bad policy to sacrifice the next generation of consumers to the interests of the present generation, and a measure of prohibition which left us nothing but the trade in dead meat to look to as the alternative to our own herds might in the end have this result. The Legislature has to guard against two coequal dangers. On the one hand, there is the risk that the home-grown meat, which at present forms by far the larger part of our supply, may be lessened in quantity, and consequently raised in price, by the importation of disease from abroad. On the other hand, there is the risk that the foreign trade, which, in virtue of its unascertained capacity of development, may eventually give us the larger part of our meat supply, may be hampered by injudicious restrictions. The only means by which these alternative evils can be escaped is by steering a middle course between them, and the compromise which Mr. CHAPLIN seeks to upset does on the whole provide us with this middle course. Slaughter at the port of landing is not a universal and infallible remedy against the importation of disease, but it makes the danger very much less. When the Act of 1878 was under discussion, it was contended that even this amount of interference with importation would be extremely injurious to the foreign cattle trade. The experiment has been tried, and it has been found that compulsory slaughter has not prevented a very large increase in the value of the cattle imported. Mr. CHAPLIN would have us carry the experiment further in the hope that it will again be successful. But the conditions under which it would be tried would be widely different. It has been found that restriction on the importation of live cattle has had the effect of increasing the trade in them. Mr. CHAPLIN asks Parliament to prohibit the importation of cattle from infected countries, in the hope that the consequent growth of the trade in dead meat would fill up the gap. It is possible that the advance of scientific discovery may some day originate a method of preserving dead meat which shall make us independent of the importation of cattle. But until that day comes Parliament cannot in the interest of the consumer consent to a measure of entire prohibition which might conceivably have to be applied to all countries at once.

Fortunately it has not been shown that the facts as stated by Mr. CHAPLIN require such stringent treatment. The ground of his argument is that the disease which is brought to the port of landing by cattle may be carried inland by the human beings who have to tend them, even though the cattle themselves are not allowed to leave the market alive. It appears from Mr. MUNDELLA'S speech that several important precautions which the Privy Council has now ordered to be taken were not in use in September last. It is certainly possible to ensure that no one who has been in the neighbourhood of diseased cattle should be allowed to leave the market until his person and clothes have been properly disinfected. At the worst, it costs less to keep drovers in quarantine than to exclude foreign cattle from the English market. What has been done successfully in the diseases of human beings can hardly be beyond reach in the diseases of animals.

THE BISHOPS' BIBLE.

II.

IN describing some of the earlier editions of the Bishops' Bible we had occasion to notice the remarkable variations in the Old Testament of 1569, as compared with that of the first edition of 1568, and we called attention to the fact, hitherto unnoticed either by critics or bibliographers, of the recurrence in the second folio of 1572 to all, or nearly all, the inferior readings of the first edition. The only account of this singular anomaly that we can suggest is the following. We suppose that the second folio was printed

as far as the end of the Old Testament before the 4to. of 1569 was published, that certain critics had called attention to the numerous errors of a serious kind, as well as minor blemishes, which disfigure the first edition almost as soon as it was published, and that a thorough revision was immediately made of the historical books of the Old Testament, the results of which appear in the alteration of several hundred passages in the smaller-sized volume issued in the following year. As these were adopted in subsequent editions of both sizes, it is plain that some accident must have prevented their being incorporated in the second large folio of 1572, intended for use in churches. Little or no exception seems to have been taken to the renderings of the New Testament, for these are very little altered in the 4to. of 1569; but when we come to compare the two large folios of 1568 and 1572, the differences in the New Testament are very striking. They may be counted by hundreds, some changes having been made in every book, and we believe we may say in every chapter, though we do not profess to have examined them so minutely as definitely to assert this as a fact. With regard to these alterations, which certainly are for the most part improvements, and were adopted in subsequent issues of the book, we have something more than conjecture to guide us. Strype, in his Life of Archbishop Parker, has given us a list of several corrections supplied by a Greek scholar of the day named Laurence, of whom little is known, but who at least was a far better scholar than any of the bishops employed upon this part of the work. It may be that Parker had asked him for criticisms on his own portion of the work, which consisted, as far as the Gospels and Acts are concerned, of the first two Gospels, and that Laurence travelled a little beyond his brief and introduced two or three additional remarks on passages which he had casually noticed in the rest of the volume. It is quite incredible that so good a scholar would not have found many more equally astounding blunders in other books if he had critically examined them. In point of fact, some one must have done so, for the changes made in accordance with Laurence's criticism do not amount to one hundredth of the whole number of those that were made in the new edition of the New Testament in 1572. So much misapprehension has prevailed as regards these notes that we will say at once that it is certain Laurence was referring to the first edition of the Bishops' Bible and to no other; and that all his suggestions were adopted in the second folio edition of 1572, without a thought apparently having been given to what he really meant, while in one case at least a most absurd blunder was made in attempting to introduce the correction proposed by him. It occurs in the 21st chapter of St. Matthew, v. 38, where *κατασχεμεν* had been rendered somewhat freely *Let us enjoy*. Laurence objected to this translation, remarking that the word meant "Let us take possession or seizin." The editor of this second folio edition, not understanding that the word "seizin" is a substantive governed by the word *take*, made a verb of it, and altered it into *season*, and printed the clause "*Let us season upon his inheritance*," and in this form the verse appears in every subsequent edition of the Bishops' Bible that we have seen from 1572 to 1602 inclusive. We cannot speak of the edition of 1606, as we have never seen it, and we believe that there is only one copy in existence.

We have hitherto spoken principally of the changes introduced into the second and third editions of this Bishops' Bible, and that with the special object of showing how carelessly the whole affair was designed and executed. We ought perhaps to have observed in our preceding article that the first edition of this Bible was so carelessly set up that it seems to have been corrected after some of the sheets had been struck off. We have observed at least thirty leaves in which there are variations, and yet it is otherwise certain that there was only one edition of the date 1568. Under the circumstances, it was scarcely likely that, even after all the improvements in the Old Testament in the second edition and of the New Testament in the third, that a tolerable translation of the Bible should have been produced. But any criticism that would be fair and just must be made upon some edition subsequent to 1572. Probably the fairest test to take, except for the Psalms, would be that of 1602, which there is very good evidence to show is the edition used by the compilers of the Authorized Version in the comparison of the existing translations which they made with a view to rendering their own version as perfect as possible. We believe, however, that this edition does not differ from the folio of 1585, which bears on its first title "Authorized and appointed to be read in Churches," and on the title of the New Testament "Perused and diligently corrected," except as regards the version of the Psalms, which in this edition alone of all those subsequent to 1572 contains the Bishops' version. Another specimen of careless editing is shown in this edition in that it notices the psalms appointed for morning and evening prayer respectively without making any allusion to the day of the month to which they belong. Setting aside, then, any consideration of the corrections made of serious mistakes, as well as of inferior renderings of words and phrases, which cannot be estimated at much less than four thousand in the New Testament alone, it must still be pronounced a very poor production. The scholarship of its translators was far inferior to that of their predecessors who laboured at the Genevan Bible, and as regards command of the English language it is decidedly inferior both to the Genevan and to that which is commonly called The Great Bible of 1539. Dr. Westcott seems to have been unwilling to prosecute his inquiries in the Old Testament part for fear of what he might discover to the disparagement of the scholarship and learning of the translators; whilst Dr. Eadie

has criticized several passages both of the Old and the New Testament with considerable leniency. He has not, for instance, noticed that sometimes in the Old Testament the version is utterly unintelligible. We quote a single instance of this. The 11th verse of the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes is thus rendered:—

For the wordes of the wyse are like prickes and nayles that go thorowe, of the auctoures of gatheringes [which] are geveyn of one shep-herde.

But when Dr. Eadie speaks of the Bishops' version as being more stately than precise, he is scarcely happy, we think, in his illustration when he selects 2 Cor. ix. 5 as an instance:—

Prepare your prepromised beneficence, that it might be ready as a beneficence and not as an extortion.

Another instance of absurdity, in this case apparently the result of mere ignorance, occurs in Hosea ix. 11:—

Ephraim their glorie shall flee away like a bird: for birth, for wombe and conception.

It is, however, due to the translators to say that this was altered in 1569, though the same mistake was reproduced in 1572. We could give many more instances to show that the bishops of Elizabeth's time had but a faint perception of that single step which is said to distinguish the sublime from the ridiculous; but we must utilize the space that remains to us in giving some account of the notes which have been added to this translation.

These are few in number, and such as there are are strikingly contrasted with the business-like tone of those of the Genevan Bible. The instructions given to the translators were "To make no bitter notes upon any text, or yet to set down any determination in places of controversy." And to this they strictly adhered, with the one exception of a few most ridiculous side blows at the Pope and the doctrine of the Mass. The doctrine of the Trinity was not considered to be in controversy, and so attention is sometimes called to the texts adduced in proof of that doctrine. Neither was it considered an open question that sacraments are nothing more than seals of a grace previously bestowed; and, though the translators left out many of the more strongly expressed Calvinistic notes of the Genevan, yet some suggesting the same doctrine were retained, and others implying it were added. This is most remarkable in the Acts, done by Cox, Bishop of Ely, who, in Queen Mary's reign, had been living among the exiles in Germany. He is especially careful in the nineteenth chapter to explain away the doctrine of baptismal grace in three different notes, much after the fashion of the notes in Tyndale's Testament of 1550 and the Genevan Bible; and this not in the way of controversy, but as if it were, as it really was, the received doctrine of the Church of England at that time. The Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation are also stated by this writer in a note to Rom. ix. These perhaps are the passages where controversial notes are most apparent. In the rest of the Bible the character of the notes is puerile and trivial in the extreme. There is no evidence to show that Parker was specially addicted to Calvinism, and it must be admitted that in the parts of the Bible translated by him there is little or no doctrine of any kind insinuated. But notes are very sparingly added to the portions of the Bible which he himself translated. Those on Genesis and Exodus were extensively altered in the second edition, and in one instance—Gen. iv. 7—the explanation given is absolutely contradictory to that of the first edition. They are for the most part of the most puerile description. Short specimens are as follows:—In Gen. xxxii. 20, on Jacob's preparing a present for Esau, the marginal note is, "All giving and receiving of presents is not evil." On Exodus xv. 20, *à propos* to Miriam's dancing, we have introduced newly into the edition of 1569, and retained, we believe, in all subsequent editions, "which ought not to be a cloke for our wanton dances." Neither is the tone of the notes on the New Testament such as to give a very exalted idea of the intellectual power of the Archbishop. We extract the whole of the annotations on St. Matthew as a specimen.

- Gospel.*—*Gospel*, that is, tydynges of our salvation by Christe.
- Matthew i. 1. *the booke.*—That is, the rehearsal of Christe's lineage and life.
25. *and knewe her not.*—This phrase doth not import that he knew her afterward, as the lyke phrase used, Mat. 5. 18 d. and Psal. xxi. or that she had any mo children.
- ii. 13. *his mother.*—Joseph was not the father of Christ, els the angel woulde not have said, Take y^e childe and his mother, but rather Take thy chylde.
- iii. 2. *Repent y^e.*—This worde is, after a faulte to be wyse, with a munde to amende.
- vi. 34. *Sufficient unto the day is the evyl therof.*—That is, the present day hath enough of her own grief or affliction.
- ix. 15. *Chyldren of the bryde chamber.*—That is, ministers attending in the bryde chamber.
- x. 11. *there abyde.*—Shut not your lodging untill y^e go out of the cite.
39. *he that feedeth his life.*—That is, he that wyll save his lyfe.
- xxii. 15. *one proselyte.*—One brought from gentilitie to his religion.
16. *A detter.*—Both to God and to man for to performe it.
- xxvii. 54. *A centurion.*—A captaine of one hundred men.

Our account of the notes to the Bishops' Bible would not be complete if we failed to notice the one point in which the translators neglected to comply with their instructions. They followed them to a ridiculous extent in adopting the readings of the Great Bible, when manifest improvements had been made by the Genevan translators, but they either forgot them or else voluntarily ignored them when there was an opportunity of giving a hit at the Pope and the Roman system. Perhaps the most striking

instance of this occurs in the note to the words *make marchandize* in 2 Peter ii. 3. It is as follows:—

That is evidently seen in the Pope and his priestes, which by Hes and Hatteries well men's souls: so that it is certayne that he is not the successour of Simon Peter but of Simon Magus.

In conclusion, we may observe that the same careless editing which we noticed as regards the first three editions of this book seems to have followed it to the end. Even in the editions of 1585 and 1602, which may be pronounced to contain the final improvements made by the Elizabethan bishops, the marginal notes were cut down to the dimensions of those of the small 4to. of 1569, where frequently notes were left out simply for want of room in the margin of the page, so that in this one respect these editions are inferior to the first two folios of 1568 and 1572.

We shall add no more than this, that we think the book was worthy of the bishops who occupied the English sees in the reign of Elizabeth.

We have said that there was no attempt after 1606 to revive this version, and in a previous article on the Geneva Bible we observed that that version was finally suppressed by Laud. It remains, therefore, for us to notice that there was a large folio family Bible with notes, and plates, printed by M. Lewis, and issued in 1775, which is described by Lowndes as a Geneva, and has sometimes passed off for a Bishops', because it has on its title-page the words "By the Archbishops and Bishops," &c., followed by Parker's preface. It is really a Geneva as far as the Old Testament is concerned, and a Tison of the New, there being no variations that we have detected worth notice, except the substitution of "aprons" for "brooches" in the 3rd Chapter of Genesis. We suppose it may be classed by itself as the single specimen of a Geneva Bible which is not also a Breeches Bible.

THE COURSE OF BUSINESS.

THE master of a sufficient majority in Parliament enjoys the immunities of *rex Romanus*, and is, if not *super grammaticam* (though, in the matter of Queen's Speeches, he is frequently this also), at any rate above feeling any awkwardness which may arise from unfulfilled prophecies and mistakes in generalship. It is probable, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone felt but little annoyance at having to make on Monday last a statement about the course and prospects of business the tenor of which was at singular variance with the tone of his demand for urgency in Supply. When making this demand he had drawn the most gloomy picture of the state of things should it not be granted. He also, with rather characteristic impatience of defeat, remarked after the division that the House had put the direction of its affairs in the hands of the minority, and he reserved a mysterious power to the Government of seriously considering the situation. Accepting Mr. Gladstone's version of the vote on Monday week, it can only be said that it is rather a pity that the affairs of the House are not always in the direction of those who, according to the Prime Minister, have directed them during the last fortnight. Last week was a week of quiet and orderly progress, and the present week has not been behindhand in the dispatch of business. The Candahar debate, for which the Government, despite their eagerness, could not before find room, or definite promise of room, got itself fixed on Monday. Mr. Chaplin had the greater part of a night for his foot-and-mouth disease motion, which enabled the Government to show that they have no intention of unequally benefiting farmers unless there is a possibility of injuring landlords at the same time. The long-promised Land Bill has at last had itself put down definitely for the seventh of next month, the eve of the adjournment for Easter. This adjournment, as is proper after so abnormally early a Spring Session, is to extend over a longer time than usual—a time, however, which will be hardly a holiday time for politicians, inasmuch as it will doubtless be taken up with warm discussion of the Land Bill itself, which will come on for second reading immediately the House reassembles. Between the Candahar debate and the adjournment, the Mutiny Bill and Mr. Gladstone's financial statement occupy the most prominent position. The latter will, no doubt, afford its maker an opportunity of showing the remarkable dexterity with which he manipulates finance, a dexterity not denied even by the malcontents who say that it is easy to distribute surpluses which have been previously created by unnecessary taxation. The programme before Easter is thus of the most orderly and inviting character. The most urgent votes in Supply secured, grumbling private members propitiated by at least an apparent dedication of some little time to their concerns, a safe party triumph on an important question of foreign policy secured by the ingenious *mot d'ordre*, not to attend to any argument in which the word Candahar occurs—all these good things have been given to Mr. Gladstone by the action of the Opposition which so greatly disturbed him last week.

The substantial advantages secured by this action of the Opposition doubtless consoled Mr. Gladstone for the non-fulfilment of his forebodings of evil. Another incident of the same night possessed more than the disagreeables of this non-fulfilment without its corresponding advantages. It has been pointed out before that the conduct of the Chairman of Committees in refusing to allow Mr. O'Donnell even to finish the sentence in which he wished to put a point of order was highly inconvenient, and the inconvenience turned out to be exactly what was expected. The

member for Dungarvan brought up the matter on a question of privilege, and showed that the remarks he had been going to make were entirely in order and had nothing to do with the previous ruling of the Chairman. Dr. Playfair could only make the very lame excuse that he feared Mr. O'Donnell was going to do what it seems Mr. O'Donnell was not going to do. The Chairman of Committees might perhaps with advantage have spared a sneer in which he indulged as to the inner consciousness of the member for Dungarvan. The awkward thing on the occasion seems to have been the inner consciousness of Dr. Playfair, which informed the Chairman of Committees of the tenor of a yet unspoken sentence of Mr. O'Donnell's. It was natural and characteristic that the Home Secretary should hint a doubt whether Mr. O'Donnell's explanation was not invented as an afterthought; but here, too, the insinuation was unfortunate. For, so long as Chairmen of Committees refuse to allow members to finish their sentences, so long will it always be possible for them to invent plausible explanations afterwards. Dr. Playfair's haste in deciding on this occasion is particularly to be regretted when it is remembered that his remarkable reluctance to decide on the famous night which brought about urgency was the original *causa malorum*. To refuse to advance at the right time, and to rush on headlong at the wrong one, may be proceedings not altogether inconsistent; but the one can hardly be considered as atoning for the other. The incident placed the Government in this awkward position—that their officer had exceeded his duty, thereby bringing upon a person, at least technically guiltless, immediate punishment and the chance of still heavier punishment in future; for it must be remembered that the next time Dr. Playfair interprets a half sentence of Mr. O'Donnell's unfavourably, Dungarvan will cease for the time, perhaps for some considerable time, to be represented. There may, of course, be different estimates of the exact loss which the House and the country would in that case sustain; but these estimates cannot affect the question of the improper use which has been made of the rather arbitrary powers granted by the House to its officer. Probably Mr. Gladstone was right in thinking that a formal censure of the Chairman of Committees was to be deprecated, though it is not easy to see how his position was strengthened by the exposure of the over-haste with which he acted.

This incident, as well as the whole course of Parliamentary history for the last three months, tends to support the view of those who hold that the due progress of business in the House of Commons depends much more on the hands that manage it than on the weapons with which those hands are armed. Despite a certain very hackneyed quotation, it is by no means certain that any one can govern with a state of siege, and it is certain that a state of siege results in demoralization of the governed, and in not a few acts of injustice to individuals which had much better not be committed. It is felt that the powers entrusted to Speaker and Chairman by urgency ought to be used, and used they are accordingly. No one denies that obstruction is a great evil; the only question is whether urgency is not a greater. For the present, at any rate, it may be hoped that we have heard the last of it, though even before Easter difficulties may still arise. The Mutiny Bill has not infrequently been a devil's bowling-green in the Parliamentary sea; and the introduction of the Land Bill, unless the unexpected happens with singular unexpectedness, will be the signal for discussion which must necessarily be long and minute, and which may in all probability be acrimonious. Hitherto the restrictions which Sir Stafford Northcote succeeded in placing upon the granting and using of urgency have worked very well. Mr. Gladstone's hint, uttered with characteristic petulance on the first occasion when they worked against him, to the effect that they would have to be reconsidered, may have been nothing more than a passing ebullition of temper at the check. So long as these restrictions subsist, the Opposition are at least so far masters of the situation that they can resist any attempt to stifle discussion or to "rush" a Bill through any of its stages. In the case of renewal of actual disturbance and mere filibustering there is no doubt that the Government will receive the support to which it is entitled. But it is earnestly to be wished that in such a case the means which might have been tried, and which almost certainly would have been effectual a few weeks ago, may be preferred to future *coups d'état* of however mild a kind, and even to premature declarations of urgency. A walking match of divisions on undiscussed amendments is not a dignified spectacle, nor is it creditable to the reputation of the House as a place of free debate, where the vote is at least by courtesy supposed to follow the conscience and the judgment. It is not impossible that some private members may follow Mr. Dillwyn's example in drawing up for their own amusement and the edification of their colleagues fancy codes of projected measures for reducing the present gap between the ordinary and extraordinary conduct of business, and facilitating the former. Such codes are harmless; they are even useful in their way, but they cannot be said to be very practical. No alteration of importance in the conduct of business can proceed from any source but the Government of the day, and it would be a misfortune if any such alteration proceeded even from the Government of the day without the full concurrence of the responsible Opposition.

A FRENCHWOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF SOME FAMOUS FRENCHMEN.

AMONG the various volumes of memoirs, correspondences, and reminiscences which just at present are following one another in such haste from the French press, the *Souvenirs de Madame Jaubert* certainly occupy a place in the front rank. Mme. Jaubert, who is still living, knew almost every one who was worth knowing thirty or forty years ago, and has here collected her reminiscences of Berryer, Musset, Lanfroy, and Heine. The book has its faults, the primary one being that it is not simple and straightforward enough. Mme. Jaubert gives lengthy reports of detailed conversations in which several persons took part. Thus we are introduced to a whole circle of more or less brilliant talkers at Berryer's château, and in the reminiscences of Musset the poet's figure is set against a background of less conspicuous personalities, all revolving round Mme. Jaubert in that lady's drawing-room. The reader never knows how far he is to take the conversations seriously. Obviously they cannot be taken as an authoritative report of what actually was said; and there is quite enough internal evidence to show that Mme. Jaubert's first preoccupation has been to make her puppets talk smartly and well, her second to give us the substance of what men like Berryer or Musset actually said. The company is not one of men and women who talk always sensibly and now and then brilliantly. The strain at smartness is unceasing and perpetual; there is no relief, no light and shade; and the want of simplicity and naturalness in the dialogue not only prevents the reader from being greatly amused, but inclines him to yawn. These ingenious persons are all, as represented by Mme. Jaubert, too clever by half; and, moreover, their conversation is now and then singularly unedifying. This last is a feature of the book which cannot well be illustrated by quotation, but which certainly is highly curious. Despite its interest, however, in this and other respects, it would hardly have excited the considerable interest it has in France if it had nothing to rely upon but reports published in 1881 of conversations held between 1840 and 1850. But substance is given to it by a number of letters from Berryer, Musset, Lanfroy, and others which have not hitherto been printed, and of which some are in a high degree interesting or characteristic. Moreover, the faults which make the three first sections of the book on the whole an unsatisfactory piece of reading do not apply to the reminiscences of Lanfroy and Heine. Here Mme. Jaubert's memory has not had to travel so far back as in the earlier part of the book; and the circumstances under which she knew the two men—Lanfroy, a recluse, and detesting intellectual gymnastics above all things, and Heine a paralytic—do not lend themselves to anything but a simple and straightforward record of her intercourse with both.

The account of Berryer so largely consists either of the unedifying reminiscences of which we have spoken, or of lengthy reports of impossible conversations, that there is not much left to quote. A noticeable point, however, is Berryer's almost physical repulsion towards Protestantism. He loved the pomp and ceremony of Catholicism, and used to say, "At the very idea of being in Protestant Geneva, with M. de Broglie on one hand and M. Guizot on the other, I suffer a physical oppression, I feel myself stifling." His views of the political feeling of his country are noticeable as uttered forty years ago. Prince Belgiojoso, a Milanese high in favour with Mme. Jaubert, had asked Berryer whether he thought the old aristocracy of France could possibly become again what it had been before the Revolution. Berryer said, "No, Prince, all is changed in France. At the time of my candidature, in traversing the South I have been able to convince myself how entirely that part of France, though remaining Royalist, had lost all trace of the aristocratic hierarchy. That is what Henry V. must understand, if he ever comes to his own again; otherwise he will only pass and disappear. Since all is changed in France, the form of government must change as well." Later on, when the Empire had been re-established in France, and seemed solidly planted there, Berryer's previous were not less sagacious:—"Poor France, dear country!" he used to say to his friend Ernest Picard; "I shall not live to see the end of the Empire; but you, my dear Picard, you are young, you will be present at the catastrophe, the degradation, the ruin, the shame. We are walking into it, running into it. What blindness! what blindness!" The only good story told in the chapter on Berryer has nothing to do with Berryer. It is Prince Belgiojoso's account of the way in which Rossini's *Tancred* was written:—"The opera was written in six days at my house near Milan, and that in the intervals of a hunting party. When we got back in the evenings, wearied out by ten hours' hunting in the forest, Rossini would take a seat at the corner of the table, in the interval before the dinner that was to recruit our energies was served, and cover some sheets of paper with notes. Then, with the dessert, installing himself at a piano placed there on purpose, 'Come, Emilio,' he said to me, 'and thou, too, Pompeo' (my cousin, endowed with a splendid bass voice), 'come, my children, let us try that!' And you should have seen us deciphering this close scribble, the master taking to himself all the parts as yet wanting. As to the choruses, we attacked them with the full force of our lungs, thinking thus to give ourselves an idea of the effect on the stage. Then Rossini would return to his corner to alter and add other sheets. The interest we took in the business kept us awake. Why, we thought at last that we were ourselves composing! Bed-time at last. At six in the morning, a blast from Pompeo's horn awoke us

all, and we set to our hunting again, without giving another thought till the evening to this famous *Tancred*, of which I have the original manuscript in my house at Milan." Berryer here took up the conversation, and told the following anecdote in reference to this same Pompeo:—"I was present one evening at a very droll dispute between Rossini and him. Pompeo had sung the first air of the *Barber* miraculously well, accompanied by the composer on the piano. At the finish the latter, delighted, rises from his seat and embraces the singer with the words, 'Admirable, my dearest Pompeo, thou hast understood me!' 'Understood!' cries the indignant amateur; 'I believe you! better than you understand yourself! You have made a masterpiece without suspecting it. All that there is in it of imagination, talent, truth, all that is inimitable, is a sealed book to you! I could teach you a thousand things about this composition, but I won't,' he concluded, with a dignified air, 'I keep it for myself.' 'Povero me!' said the composer, 'how he maltreats me!' And he laughed till the tears came."

In the pages on Alfred de Musset the chief feature of interest is constituted by some very curious and characteristic letters from Musset himself. In one of these he explains and apologizes for certain faults of manner with which his "marraine," as he used to call Mme. Jaubert, had reproached him. "Every one," he writes, "is agreed on the unpleasantness of my manner in a drawing-room. Not only do I agree with everybody, but this unpleasantness is more unpleasant to me than it can be to any one else. Whence comes it? From two main causes, pride and shyness. Such are the charming principles on which I have to base my sublimary existence. One does not change his nature; needs must then to make the best terms with it one can. I have been doing my best for some time past, that you must allow. . . . You tell me of people who would willingly express to me now and then the pleasure my writings have been able to give them. I pledge you my word that, of any ten compliments, nine are absolutely intolerable to me; I don't mean that they offend me, or that I find them false; they simply give me a consuming desire to take myself off. Explain that if you can. . . . There is a phrase in your letter which is very true, very just, and it is a melancholy one for me. 'You estrange men of head and heart who feel themselves moved to desire your friendship.' Yes, it is true; and do you suppose that I do not perceive it? that I do not regret it now and then?" The subject-matter of these letters is not always merely of a personal kind. Sometimes Musset asks his correspondent's opinion on a literary matter, generally on some point in his own poems. Thus he writes:—

What do you think of these three verses?

Lorsque ma bien aimée entr'ouvre sa paupière
Sombre comme la nuit, pur comme la lumière,
Sur l'émail de ses yeux brille un diamant noir.

I am anxious to know if that pleases you. I have written it with two good things, a little saying of yours and the remembrance of Pauline. I warn you that some people have found it bold, but it is certain that boldness is a fault?

The greater part of the correspondence is, however, taken up with the history of Musset's love affair with the Princess Belgiojoso. The Princess was glad to have Musset for a friend, but would hear nothing of love. The poet, however, would have a grand passion or nothing, and reviled the Princess to Mme. Jaubert as the most heartless of coquettes. This is one of his letters to his confidante, which is characteristic both of Musset's weakness of fibre and also of the queer humour of which he possessed so large a share:—

Godmother,—Your godson is done for!!! Do you know what this poor wretch has done? He has written a letter with his heart upon the page, no reserves, no embellishments, no wrappings up, no triflings, no nothing. And he has been hit over the head for it. He has received a reply—O godmother! a reply which should be printed in capitals. Yes, Madame, y—e—s, that reply might, and perhaps ought, to be committed to the press. The noble disdain in it falls to about 80 degrees (not centigrade) below zero; its perfect calm is 120 degrees below that point; the whole representing a 200 horse-power or thereabouts.

And now, can you imagine what this poor wretch first did on receiving this immortal reply? He (that is, I) began by weeping like a calf for a good half-hour. Yes, godmother, hot tears, such as I have shed in my best days, my head in my hands, my two elbows on my bed, my cravat under foot, and my knees on my best coat. There I sobbed like a child that its nurse is washing, and had besides the advantage of sufficing like a dog that is being sewn up (metaphor from the chase).

As you may imagine, after this I was in such a state of vexation that I could swim in it.

My room was a perfect ocean of bitterness, as people say, and I took headers in the water, one after another. Vli! Vlan! flau! pagu! &c.

After this exercise I became prodigiously angry. I can't tell you with what; but very angry I was, and that lasted two good hours. Thank heaven, I didn't break anything.

Then I began to feel somewhat tired, and I began to cry again, but only a little, by way of refreshment.

After that I ate four eggs. They were fried. And then (which means now) I felt tired again. I am quite worn out by all I have been through, which is why I am writing you all this trash.

You would die with laughing if you could see me: my hair like a forest; my left eye starting from my head, my right still unswelling and half-closed and very black, my nose as red as a carrot, and my face pulled out like an old mask that has got wet at a fair.

Ah, Jove! These are thy little games! The devil take them; for they are worse than games of hazard.

Sacre bleu, godmother, these little jokes are painful enough in their way.

Now, seriously, henceforth I shall abstain from all correspondence or connexion whatsoever with her most Serene Highness; I won't play any more, under any pretext whatever.

There are plenty of similar letters in the collection; but a sample is quite sufficient to illustrate Musset's strange and very faulty character. There can, however, be no question that, in dealing almost solely with his love affairs, Mme. Jaubert has presented the poet from an unfavourable point of view. As if by way of contrast, her next chapter of reminiscences is devoted to Pierre Lanfrey, the historian of the Empire, the first feature of whose character was uncompromising rectitude and an almost austere sense of personal dignity. He remained unmarried, though by no means unsusceptible to the attractions of feminine society, partly for the sake of his work and partly for the sake of his independence. He refused, though poor and even comparatively obscure at the time, the post of first leader-writer on the *Journal des Débats*, because the Orleanist leanings of the paper did not exactly square with his personal convictions. He conquered fame and an honourable position among men of letters simply by the rare qualities of his work, without any attempt to make himself popular or even particularly agreeable as a person, and he not only had every intention of winning this position, but knew he should do so. Yet there was nothing disagreeably self-assertive about the man. He would not be the tump cat of Mme. Jaubert's or any other Parisian drawing-room; but he was quite capable of a kindly and playful humour in his dealings with those whom he loved and trusted. Mme. Jaubert told him on one occasion that, so far from calling him "rosebud," as a pretty Englishwoman with whom they were both acquainted had done, in reference to the extreme youthfulness and ruddiness of his personal appearance, she would call him by the far apter name of Ferocino. Lanfrey accepted the implied rebuke, promised that he would suppress his satirical vein in conversation in future, and ever afterwards in writing to her signed himself Ferocino. The jest pleased him, and on one occasion he left a little bronze Japanese tiger cat, which he had expressly purchased, at Mme. Jaubert's door by way of a *carte de visite*. Of the many interesting passages in her reminiscences of this most notable man, perhaps the best is the account of their long railway journey together from Paris to Switzerland, in company with Mme. Jaubert's niece. Lanfrey became effusive and confidential in the small hours of the morning, and told his friend a good deal that he had never told any one else about his early life. He was expelled from the Jesuit College at Chambéry, where he received his education, at the age of fifteen, for the following reason. Lanfrey had already developed a strong taste for history, and made an audacious Jesuit pamphlet, which he had found in the college library, the basis for an historical essay in refutation of all its assertions. He was watched and suspected, and ordered to appear before the Father Superior:—

Then began a singular contest between a boy just fifteen and a chief who united to the authority of his position all that the Jesuitical quinquennium of a trained intellect could summon to its aid to overcome the pupil's strength of resistance. When the competitive examinations came round, the college used to be very proud of my numerous nominations. This time was drawing near, and the Superior did his best therefore to draw a confession of crime from me along with sufficient expression of contrition to justify indulgence. Irritated by my obstinacy, he tried threats. I should be sent back to my mother. Ah, that was a tender point. I knew all the sacrifices that this would involve. To keep myself from giving in, I kept repeating to myself that, Roman matron as she was, my mother would approve of my conduct. Once more persuasive mildness replaced threats. "My child, you must think of the future. Your brilliant studies would be continued here." . . . Then suddenly the chief's anger burst out at the continued obstinacy of the pupil. Calling to one of the minor brothers, he ordered him to fetch a couple of the college servants, and turning to me he said, "You have concealed about you, placed on your chest, the wicked document I demand. If you don't give it up at once, I shall have it taken from you by force. Now choose!"

I could not come out conqueror from such a struggle; a contest on such terms was too ignominious. "I yield to brute force," said I, giving the manuscript. . . . What has become of it, I wonder? Some day it may turn up perhaps.

Such was the boy who was to become the most uncompromising of historians, and such he remained through life. Of the history itself Mme. Jaubert does not tell us much that is new. Very interesting, however, is Lanfrey's account, given to her, of a too brief conversation with Thiers. Mme. Jaubert asked Lanfrey one day, jokingly:—

"Have you really forgiven him your terrible dissection of his work on the Empire? Thiers, I am sure, owes you no grudge for it. The incapacity for rancour is one of his most precious qualities as a statesman. But I should like to know whether, when you are together, the historian never makes his appearance?" "Your question, my dear friend," replied Lanfrey, "is singularly *à propos*. Three weeks ago I happened to be next him at the dinner table. All at once he leant over to me, and for the first and only time he said: 'Ah, mon cher! if I had only known you when I wrote my History of Napoleon.' He continued speaking, but I could not distinguish the words. 'Of Napoleon,' said I, to induce him to repeat what he had been saying. I saw the lips move, but not a sound passed them. Painfully moved by this melancholy symptom of the approaching end, I pretended to have heard. Divining from his expressive pantomime that he was trying to say something which would have the effect of surprising me, I articulated a 'C'est fort curieux!' proposing to myself to resume the subject another day. Another day! but his hours were numbered; once more only he came to my house, and that was the last time."

THE BURDEN OF FURNITURE.

THE heavy and the weary weight of modern furniture is beginning to be something more than a minor misery. Twenty years ago, when people took a house, the man left the furnishing to the woman, much as rustic and savage persons leave the cares

of agriculture and of work in general to the other sex. The lady had what she considered a good time, she passed many hours in shops, she bought just what she liked. She never dreamed of going to a series of lectures on tables, chairs, and "horres" for towels. She was not made unhappy by the difficulty of reconciling usefulness and art in an umbrella-stand. She never read books on furniture, like one by Mr. Edis (*Decoration and Furniture of Town Houses*. Kegan Paul and Co.) which we have been studying with feelings of extreme depression. A lady got what she liked, and what her neighbours had. Her only doubt about a coal-scuttle was whether it should be adorned with a coloured copy of one of Landseer's big dogs, or with an equally brilliant study of a pretty girl with a pink parasol. Her dining-room carpet was "roses, roses all the way," like the triumphant career of Mr. Browning's patriot, before he came to grief at the next general election. Her drawing-room carpet was adorned with lilies of the valley on a green ground. The curtains were green, too, and hung from a very thick gilt beam, not unlike a large model of a Roman battering-ram. Her chimney-pieces were of plain black or white marble, and on these she arranged vases of pink and white glass, the gifts of her excellent friends. In the middle of the drawing-room was a large round rosewood table, on which illustrated Christmas books were arranged in a circle. Most of the drawing-room chairs were tiny gilt ones, on which large men invariably sat down, with ruinous results. The mirrors were big enough to have practised figure-skating upon if they could have been laid down on the floor. The walls were usually papered either with a velvety kind of "flock" paper or with a light lavender tissue, on which roses and blue dahlias were repeated regardless of expense. The fenders were made of shining steel contorted into patterns. When these arrangements had been rapidly completed people settled down among their effects and thought no more about the matter. Men never gave the subject a thought from first to last.

Since those early days we have survived several revolutions in furniture. First the Gothic business came in. Our tables were to be of oak, with little things like small church windows in the legs. Our chairs were like those of the end of the twelfth century. Everything was "pointed" to the last degree. We were instructed to have our crests and bearings emblazoned and embroidered on our curtains. Small houses were made as far as possible to resemble baronial halls about the date of *Front de lauf*. Coal-scuttles were huge oak chests with brazen joints and fittings. Whatever was not oak was brass, *robur et æs triplex*, in the domestic furniture of an advanced person, say fifteen years ago. Then came that great and sacred movement, the Renaissance of Queen Anne. Probably Mr. Thackeray and *Diamond* were the great unconscious causes of this revival. It was natural that a writer who knew the Augustan age by heart should admire its architecture, furniture, and plate. But people less well acquainted with the nymphs Kneller drew, and the books Bentley read, went in for Queen Anne. They produced such a mixture of dates and styles, as Mr. Thackeray described in the account of Buttons's Coffee-house, in *George de Barnwell*. "Queen Anne" was a general term for any furniture remotely resembling what was produced between the death of King William and the accession of the Regent. The influence of Mr. Morris then made itself felt, an influence which combines much beauty and careful workmanship, with a suspicion of melancholy and mildew. This was exaggerated by "the Passionate Intense," if we may coin a double term on the model of "the Fair Impertinent." Then the cheap upholsterers rushed into the field, and flooded the market with flimsy things in black wood and sham Japanese drawing, which they styled "Queen Anne," or "High Art," or "Early English" furniture, at random. People now buy a brass coal scuttle, and an ebonyed what-not, and think themselves authorities on the decorative arts. The whole affair is over-done, and too much talked about. There is nothing natural or spontaneous in taste. Mr. Du Maurier, aided by some heavy moralists, and some imbecile fribbles, male and female, has made household furniture almost the leading question in modern ethics. If a man or woman prefers to be surrounded by walls and floors that are not glaring in colour, or shares Charles Lamb's liking for china, or for prints, or for old books, he or she is apt to be spoken of as an "æsthete," and reviled as a kind of stealthily corrupt person. On the other hand, people who are either destitute of taste, or who conceal their possession of that quality, give themselves insufferable airs of moral robustness. They are always feeling their moral biceps, and thanking heaven that they are not as other men, even as these æsthetic characters.

The great thing in these purely domestic and personal matters surely is that people should leave each other alone. At present a sensible person who has arranged his house as he likes to have it is subjected to a double annoyance. He is claimed as an ally by the die-away dowdies of the mouldy school, or by the gaudy frumps who boast of their own indifference to taste. It seems a most absurd and puerile thing that people should go to books and lecturers to learn how to buy chairs and tables, curtains, and wall-papers. There can be no natural taste while these topics are debated with the ardour of religious controversy. Buy what you like, what you can afford, what will last, as good workmanship should do, and what you can easily carry away with you when you change your house, is the only advice that is worth offering. Mr. Edis says that a great many people do not know what they like. This is because they have been so disturbed and worried by the exaggerated earnestness of artistic affectation on one side,

and of pharisaical morality on the other. The consequence of this want of naturalness and certainty of taste is a demand for "Cantor Lectures" on furnishing, which Mr. Edis has delivered, and of books on decoration and furniture, like that in which he has embodied his lectures. His book may do some people good—the rich ignorant people who put themselves in the hands of an expensive fashionable upholsterer. The tradesman is sure to fill their houses with all the newest rubbish in the way of sham Japanese work and sham antiquities. But perhaps his victims are beyond hope, even from books. They generally belong to the large class which is incapable of reading at all; and, as they like to be deceived, deceived let them be. They are the born prey of upholsterers.

Mr. Edis adopts a tone of moderation in his book, and is righteously severe on all the sham black-and-gold and flimsy tawdry painting of the shops. He tries to show how furniture may be both pretty and cheap, and often recommends simple deal. Unluckily that wood is too often unseasoned, and splits after it has been a week in a house. The designs of furniture and decoration in Mr. Edis's book too often threaten his readers with the nervous affliction known to Americans as "the jumps." "A Drawing-Room Corner," which forms the frontispiece, seems to us "a dread and grimly thing," as the poets say. Beginning at the top, you have a cornice which is inoffensive. A large space is then occupied by a painted frieze. On the right hand is a low wall, with a peacock sitting thereon, and a number of tall plants sprawling around. A big, buxom lass, with bare arms, is watering the plants, and looking round towards the door, where a swain is perhaps about to enter. On the left-hand corner of the frieze we make out a lady, apparently of Japanese origin, a garden, two common tubs of the well-known saucer shape, and a pitcher. Beneath the frieze the wall is papered "with fruits and flowers, and other winged things," if we may quote a poet now rarely read. Many pictures are hung on the wall. There is also a kind of *armoire*, full of porcelain, and the panels are decorated with pictures of young ladies' faces. Beneath are some very big books, "Liddell and Scott," and atlases, we should say at a guess. There is a mirror, very deeply framed in decorative brass-work; there is a sconce with candles, a table with books and flowers, and a few chairs. Mr. Edis himself is the designer. Now, as a matter of taste, we cannot pretend to like this drawing-room corner. The young ladies, and flowers, and pitchers, and tubs, and the peacock, and garden-wall would continually fret and distract us. The other young women on the panels seem no less pertinacious and annoying. But this is purely a question of taste, and we do not see how morality comes into it. Let a moralist of the press come into the room, and his desire would be to break all the porcelain. But it seems very nice porcelain, and can be moved when the owners change their house. We do not know whether the painting is a fixture, but we hope so, because the next tenants will certainly paper it over when they come into the house.

Mr. Edis has a picture of a dining-room which is not more congenial to us. The tenant has found the abomination of desolation—namely, "an ordinary mantelpiece" in the room. This shows us "how a common mantelpiece may be treated" or converted. You run a light rod beneath the shelf on which you hang curtains to hide its ordinary sides. You crowd the shelf with china (what will the moral critic say?), and add three other shelves also rich in porcelain. Above the shelves is another frieze. "After fashioning this, never another may he fashion, whoso stored in his craft this device," as Homer says about the belt of Hercules. Four mediæval characters, headed by a rather bald man, are being welcomed by a mediæval host, reinforced by an elderly lady, a child, a greyhound, and so forth. The word "Welcome" is blazoned in the middle, and a text from Shakespeare is printed on the wall. In the arrangements of the study mantelpiece Mr. Edis redeems his character in the eyes of the moral censor. Here there is comparatively little blue china. Two old corselets are propped on the top of little cupboards. In one cupboard stand two "double-shot scatter guns," in the other are a sabre, a bill (we think) and something not unlike an assegai. In these rough times the householder needs this shining store. There is an alarm of burglars; he steals into his study, braces on his corselet, takes his two loaded guns, a sabre, and an assegai, and boldly confronts the furtive intruders. For less capital occasions, a range of sticks and whips is visible beneath a row of plates. The pipe of peace is kept in a small cupboard above the shelf of the mantelpiece.

It will be seen that Mr. Edis is not the advocate of a life devoted to constant worship of porcelain alone. If people want advice about furniture, his is generally sound and simple, and he always insists on the necessity of honest workmanship. His affection for painted mural decorations is one with which we cannot sympathize, but his book will interest, and possibly instruct, readers who do not know what they like in matters of household taste. Mr. Edis thinks they are the majority of mankind.

SOCIALIST JOURNALISM.

FROM the horrible, like the sublime, to the ridiculous is but a step, and were it not for the stern reality of the attendant circumstances, the manifesto just issued by the Socialists in London on the occasion of the assassination of the Czar would

be almost amusing. The document in question appears in a German paper, entitled *Freiheit*, which is the organ of the extreme Socialist party, which is published in London every Friday, and which is now in its third year of existence. The number to which we refer is ornamented with a bright red border in honour of the dastardly deed which is extolled in the pages of *Freiheit* in the coarsest and most brutal strains. The leading article is entitled "Endlich," and is headed by a quotation in verse:—

Though thou seize on this or that one,
One of them at length will reach thee—

It begins with exclamations of triumph that the words of the poet have been fulfilled, and the Emperor of Russia, "one of the most horrible tyrants in Europe, whose destruction had long been sworn, is *no more*." The italics are in the original. It was, says the *Freiheit*, "as the monster was returning from one of the usual amusements which the blind hordes of blood and iron slaves provide for him, and which are called 'military parades'—that the death-doom long pronounced reached him and did for him." "Five times," it goes on to say, "had it been granted to this Canaille to touch the boundary line between Here and Yonder, and to prate about the finger of God having saved his accursed life, when the hand of the people stopped his mouth for ever!" Throughout the document the Imperial victim is always the "tyrant," the "monster," the "canaille," and the like, while the assassin is "one of those dauntless young men whom the social revolutionary movement in Russia has brought to the front"; the ghastly details of the injuries inflicted on the Czar are gloated over with savage sarcasm, and even the death and wounds spread amongst the harmless bystanders are made the subject of congratulation. But the chief source of joy to the amiable writers is the "manifold and drastic" effect of the news upon the princes and ruling classes throughout the world, "those guilt-laden ones who have long a thousand times merited a like fate." The German Emperor—we omit the qualifying epithets which are not only unpleasant but monotonous—"was thrown into convulsions through excitement; similar things took place at other Courts, and howling and gnashing of teeth reigned in every capital." Then comes the moral of the event. "The ruling classes see in the recent annihilation of a tyrant *more* than the mere act; they stand face to face with a significant attack on authority *as such*." This frank avowal is almost refreshing; it reduces the principles of the party to a simple and intelligible form, and appeals to the members nearly in the words which a well-known writer of burlesque puts into the mouth of one of his revolutionary heroes:—

But we must post things!

Vive la Republique! ha, ha! down with most things.

All who are guilty of the unpardonable crime of respectability and order are doomed, and "long-forfeited heads tremble from Constantinople to Washington." Society, at any rate, need be in no doubt about the real nature of the Socialist programme. The remainder of the article is conceived in a similar spirit; it laments that regicide is so seldom practised, "For if at least one crowned scamp were destroyed per month, there would be less desire to play at monarchy." The suggestion is a somewhat unsportsmanlike wish, as the game would become too scarce if killed in this wholesale way, and where would then be the opportunity of the "dauntless young men" who throw bombshells? Great Titchfield Street should really consider the advisableness of a "close time" for tyrants. The whole concludes with the prayer that "the dauntless deed, which—we repeat it—has our full sympathy, may animate the revolution far and wide with fresh courage."

The next article in this pleasant little paper glorifies the Paris Commune, the outbreak of which is to be held, it appears, as a Socialist holy day by the workmen of all countries. But what is most to be admired is the business-like manner and magisterial impartiality with which the powers whose seat is in Great Titchfield Street dispose of the fate of the world. The case of each country is taken in turn, and of course the wrongs of Ireland are not forgotten; after devoting a column to this subject and to the distribution of lands in the country amongst the aristocracy by various monarchs, the *Freiheit* thus pronounces sentence:—"We declare that private proprietorship in land shall never be recognized; least of all, that proprietorship which has been only won through royal plundering and royal favouritism." This is good news for the Land League. The Thunderer of Great Titchfield Street has pronounced the doom of "landlordism," and we shall look forward with interest to future articles in *Freiheit* upon some of those "dauntless young men whom the social revolutionary movement" in Ireland has brought to the front, and who fearlessly fire into bedrooms where babies of the tyrant class are sleeping. It is true that England and its Queen are not openly or specially attacked in this number; nor is the reader counselled to introduce bomb-practice in London or Windsor for the present. Possibly the contempt of the *redaction* for "authority as such" is modified by the knowledge that there is a policeman to be found upon the beat outside the office door: and that a too ardent patriot is here less likely to earn the crown of political martyrdom than to be bound over to keep the peace and be locked up in default. The recent mean and clumsy attempt upon the Mansion House is, however, noticed; and there is evidently a feeling of regretful sadness that the particular "executor of the people's justice" concerned, to quote the *Freiheit's* favourite phrase, cannot be claimed as a comrade. There is, certainly, a show of mysterious wisdom in speaking of the powder-box as

being placed upon the spot where it was found by an "unknown hand" in quotation marks; but the fact that the writer is obliged to confess that he could suggest no motive for the stupid outrage, and hints at the "international police" being at the bottom of it, seems to show that it has no connexion with the Socialist movement. It is significant, however, that the incident is chosen as the only piece of news concerning England worthy of insertion in the paper. It was "a significant attack upon authority as such," a piece of "pure cussedness," in fact, which recommends itself strongly to the apostles of the revolution. It is enough that there should be a person of position, and that an unknown should, so to speak, "heave half a brick at him," to earn the "fullest sympathy" of Great Titchfield Street. All police are "international" with the *Freiheit's* writers; they are all unworthy minions of the same tyrant band who dare to assert that folks have a right to the enjoyment of their own lives and property. The news from America is more apposite, and a greater cause for rejoicing. There a great and glorious assembly of the champions of freedom was held; a classical or historical scholar had even been found to supply them with an appropriate motto, "Sic semper tyrannis," and "after the Russian General Klemenko had expressed his joy at the successful deed, General Hasselman took up the debate and said, 'Alexander is not the only bloodhound in Europe. The Emperor William is not one whit better, and the whole family deserves to be rooted out.'" After this amiable sentiment the meeting telegraphed to the Russian Committee the following encouraging message:—"Brothers, we approve your good example. Kill, destroy, make *tabula rasa* [classical again], till all your enemies are annihilated!" We are not told if the message reached the Committee in Russia without any official hindrance.

Coarse and ignorant bombast is like a bad engraving; so long as it offends only against good taste it may be let alone; but when either offends against common decency and the first principles of morality, the case is altered, and the interference of the law becomes a duty. The liberty of the press is one of our most cherished privileges, and Englishmen can point with pride to the fact that English journalism, unfettered as it is, has been ever on the side of true freedom and progress. The very responsibility which liberty of action confers has always proved a safeguard against license, and it may be laid down as an axiom that no popular outbreak or disturbance of society has ever been traced, in this country at least, to the freedom with which opinions are allowed to be expressed. When, however, alien agitators in our midst openly assail the very groundwork of society, and preach murder and sedition, it becomes a question, not of curtailing these privileges, but of considering the advisableness of applying existing remedies against immorality and crime. What must strike every one in reading such literature as this journal which assumes the name of "Freedom" is the obstinate stand which it makes against freedom itself. The very basis of society is the fact that it is an organization for ensuring the exercise of freedom by its members, limiting that exercise only where individual liberty of action would act prejudicially to the interests of the rest. The Socialist, at least as he allows himself to be represented in such publications, by endeavouring to uproot society is aiming the deadliest blow at personal liberty. England, in providing an asylum to refugees of all sects and opinions, acknowledges the existence of possible political grievances, and offers unlimited freedom to those who either cannot, or believe that they cannot, obtain it in their own country. It is scarcely fair to repay this hospitality by so gross an abuse of it as that contained in the Socialist organ to which we have called attention; but we will not do the many strangers who have sought and found a home amongst us the wrong of believing that the base, criminal, and bloodthirsty sentiments which unscrupulous agitators utter in their name represent the opinions even of social democrats. Jealous as the country naturally is of the privilege of asylum to political offenders, it has never been proposed to extend the privilege to mere vulgar criminals, who commit outrages against the common law; and it may be as well to remind the writers of this miserable but pernicious sheet that incitement to murder is a criminal offence even in this country. The unrestrained publication of the *Freiheit* is a disgrace to the community and an insult to our neighbours; it probably owes its continued existence hitherto to its obscurity, like some forgotten fever-breeding sewer; but, in the interests of moral sanitation, we have felt it our duty to call attention to the nuisance.

THE CLOSING OF SURREY CHAPEL.

WE may hardly perhaps be disposed to endorse the somewhat enthusiastic declaration of the Chairman of the last public gathering assembled in Surrey Chapel, on Monday evening, that "this is one of the most hallowed and sacred spots in South London." But the series of valedictory services and meetings which have been held during the last fortnight to celebrate what is almost the centenary, as well as the closing, of the Chapel—for it was opened in June 1783—do not lack a plausible justification. What Westminster Abbey is to the National Church, and Moorfields Chapel—the scene of Lord George Gordon's incendiary zeal and afterwards Cardinal Wiseman's pro-Cathedral—the Roman Communion in England, Surrey Chapel is to the Nonconformists. It is certainly not the oldest Dissent-

ing place of worship extant but it is the one which has the best claim to be considered historical. And curiously enough it is not altogether Nonconformist either, for its ministers and congregations would have claimed, we believe—it is necessary now to use the past tense—to be Dissenting members of the Church of England. From first to last the English Prayer-book, with certain adaptations, was used there, and, if we are not mistaken, the surplice was worn by those who conducted its services. Rowland Hill the founder was himself in deacon's orders, and among those who occasionally assisted him in his ministrations were not only eminent Dissenting preachers like Parsons and Jay but two of the personages chronicled by Sir James Stephen as "the four great Evangelical Fathers of the Church of England," Thomas Scott, and Henry Venn, who were like himself, disciples of Whitfield. Surrey Chapel indeed was never attached to any particular denomination, but was a kind of neutral ground where in former days moderate Dissenters and Evangelical Churchmen were supposed to be able to meet for mutual edification. For many years past it has been chiefly associated with the name of Mr. Newman Hall, but he and his followers in fact left it five years ago, to migrate to the more pretentious fane of "Christ Church" in the Westminster Bridge Road, which they still occupy. Since then it has been in the hands of the Primitive Methodists, but has now at the expiry of the long lease reverted to the freeholders, and will most likely be pulled down. But its interest is mainly an historical one, from its connexion with Rowland Hill and the religious movement a peculiar phase of which he represented. And in order to perpetuate this historical memory the edifice attached to the new "Christ Church" is named Hawkstone Hall from the ancestral mansion near Shrewsbury, where Rowland Hill was born. There are probably few even now who have not heard of the great preacher, though to most men of the present generation the name of Rowland Hill would more naturally suggest the founder of the penny post. Fifty years ago, or less, there were few who had not heard him, for he only died in 1833, and he went on preaching till within a fortnight of his death.

Rowland Hill was born in 1744, when the Wesleyan movement was already making itself felt as a power in the country, and the Evangelical revival, which followed in its wake, and claims Whitfield rather than Wesley as its patriarch, was as yet in its first youth. He was of good family, and was educated at Eton and Oxford, and two of his brothers held preferment in the Church. Of the two others the eldest represented his county in parliament, while Sir Richard Hill distinguished himself in the army and won the rank of General. Rowland from an early age, manifested signs of the religious enthusiasm which was then in the air, and he began to preach at Cambridge and in Dissenting Chapels in London while still a very young man. He was in fact, together with some of his chosen associates, sent away from Oxford on account of his "Methodism"—a charge as serious in those days as "Puseyism" at a later date—and is said to have applied several times for ordination before his request was granted, nor does he appear ever to have received priest's orders. But so great was his reputation as a preacher that, on Whitfield's death in 1770, there was a very general wish that Rowland Hill should take his place. The plan seems to have fallen through owing to the opposition of his family to his occupying so prominent a position in a sect that was everywhere spoken against. He continued however to make preaching tours in various parts of England till in 1782 the first stone was laid of Surrey Chapel, which was opened for service in June of the following year. Of this chapel he held the incumbency for fifty years, but this did not prevent his still devoting the summers to his missionary peregrinations throughout England and Wales, and even sometimes Scotland and Ireland, nor was he ever without an admiring and zealous audience. It is said of Whitfield that he had cultivated the histrionic art to a perfection which has rarely been obtained even by professional actors, and Foote and Garrick, who used frequently to hear him, observed that "his oratory was not at its height till he had repeated a discourse forty times." This may help to explain the remarkable contrast between the marvellous effect produced by the delivery of his sermons, and the dulness to an ordinary reader of the seventy-five discourses of his still extant, which a sympathetic critic has compared to "a sermon by one of the preachers distinguished as Evangelical, with a little added to its length and a good deal subtracted from its point." Yet he could boast, after his famous trial of strength with the Merry-Andrew at Moortfields, of "350 awakened souls received in one day, and I believe the number of notes [from other persons 'brought under concern'] exceeded a thousand." He was indeed quite ready to meet the Merry-Andrew on his own ground, for a natural propensity to mirth enabled him to adapt the comic as well as the tragic muse to devotional, or at least, predicatorial, purposes, as when, on seeing Shuter, the comedian, during the run of his popular performance of "Kamblé" among his hearers, he exclaimed, "And thou, poor Kamblé, who hast so long rambled from Hill, come thou also. Oh, end thy ramblings, and come to Christ."

We have dwelt on Whitfield's comic vein because Rowland Hill certainly emulated in this respect the methods as well as the teaching of his master. His quaint and abrupt sallies of wit undoubtedly added much to the popularity, if not to the dignity, of his preaching, as when he dropped a heavy Bible from the pulpit on the head of his stertorous clerk in the desk below, with the awakening admonition, "If you won't

hear the Word of God, you shall feel it." On another occasion he looked at his congregation through a large hole in his pocket handkerchief, observing, "There's a nice housewife for you," and pointing to his wife who sat in her pew below. It has been said of him by a French critic that his innumerable homilies had the piquancy "of a pamphlet, a proverb, and almost of a caricature." This critic adds the somewhat perplexing comment that, "as regards what is called 'the dignity of the pulpit,' one understands that in the country of the Shakspearian tragedy this expression has little force," especially in "a sect which shuns the pomps of the Anglican Church." In our own day the City Temple has a name for jocosity quite as broad as Rowland Hill's, but not, if report speaks true, so uniformly subordinated to the ends of Evangelical edification. In later years his style was graver, as is not wonderful, when we recollect that he went on preaching regularly till his death in his eighty-ninth year. As he always preached extempore very few of his discourses were published. His chief work, the *Village Dialogues*, ran through six editions the last of which appeared in 1809. None of the other writings he left behind him can be said to possess any permanent value. One of them, in which all kinds of theatrical amusements, balls, concerts, soirées, horse-races, and the like, are vehemently denounced as incompatible with the spirit of Christianity, passed rapidly through three editions. In another he criticizes with some asperity the various religious bodies in Scotland, which evidently looked with no favour on his vagrant apostolate in that country. The General Assembly indeed went so far as to issue a *Pastoral Admonition* against him, which proves that the influence he acquired there must have been considerable. English readers would be more interested in a brochure which touches on what is still a burning question in the Established Church, the sale of livings. It is entitled *Spiritual Characteristics, represented in an Account of a most Curious Sale of Cures*, and was published anonymously on occasion of an Act of Parliament requiring beneficed clergymen to reside. It is full of anecdote, pleasantry, and sarcasm, and is described by a perhaps too partial biographer as combining the vigour of Cobbett with the humour of Swift, the logic of Bentham, and the eloquence of Fox. It may at least serve to explain why he made for himself so purely independent a position, and was so little in sympathy with the authorities and actual working of the Church of his own day. Yet his relations can hardly have been very intimate with his Dissenting brethren in the ministry, who would look with suspicion on his modified Anglicanism and his aristocratic connexions. When he was buried under the pulpit of his own Chapel, his nephew Lord Hill, then Commander in Chief, was the chief mourner.

It is sometimes asked whether, in this age of universal education and a cheap press, the pulpit still retains the power it formerly possessed. The fundamental distinction between a hearing and a reading age, due to the invention of printing, must of course at once be allowed to affect materially the exclusive force of oratory, whether secular or sacred, as an engine of popular influence. No political party in these days would "set on the orators" against a powerful rival, as did the opponents of Alcibiades. Nor would a modern usurper, like Richard III., consider the sermon of a favourite preacher at Paul's Cross the most effective means of impressing his claims on the general public, or a modern sovereign care, like Elizabeth, to "tune the pulpits"; they would prefer to "hire the press." In the graphic account Thucydides has left us of the arrival at Athens of the news of the seizure of Elateia the centre of interest is the market place, and the fatal tidings of the destruction of the Athenian army in Sicily was first promulgated in a barber's shop, but the Chelsea pensioners in the picture are reading the news of the battle of Waterloo in the Gazette. The early Fathers and the leading Reformers—for the press was then still in its infancy—were great preachers as well as theologians, but religious convictions are propagated now by other means than the pulpit. And it must further be admitted that the mere spread of knowledge and opening out of new lines of thought has of itself limited the unique supremacy once exercised over men's minds by religious ideas: the scientific lecturer and Parliamentary speaker dispute the monopoly once enjoyed by the preacher. But, after making full allowance for these obvious and inevitable changes, it may fairly be questioned if the influence of the pulpit within its own sphere, when the right man can be found to wield it, is at all less than it was a century ago. There is indeed one notable difference, for whereas at that period the Anglican clergy were commonly reproached, not wholly without cause, with being "dumb dogs that could not bark," and the pious Philistine, who "went where he could get most good," as the phrase ran, was pretty sure to go to Zion or Ebenezer, now it is just the reverse. Angel James, Robert Hall, Rowland Hill, and Edward Irving have passed away, and have left no successors. If we look back over the last fifty years the names that most readily occur to us are such as Melville, Simeon, Newman, Robertson, Liddon, names of different calibre and recalling very different schools of thought, but all belonging to preachers of unquestioned power who have delivered their message from the pulpits of the English Church. Wherever, and in so far as, our modern pulpits have really lost their charm, it is not, we suspect, because men refuse to hear the voice of the charmer, but *carent quia vate sacro*. Preachers like Robert Hall were listened to for this reason above all that they believed firmly in their own mission. They spoke, not because they had to say something, but

because they had something to say, and were resolved to leave their hearers, whether friendly or unfriendly, no excuse for mistaking what it was. *Possunt quia posse videntur* is in other things besides a boat-race the true secret of success.

GUARDIANS OF THE POOR.

TO-DAY the nomination of candidates for the unpleasant but important post of Poor Law Guardians will be completed, and in about a fortnight the votes will be collected. As a class the London Guardians have greatly improved. There is still much to be amended in the administration of some Unions, but the gross scandals which were formerly common have been abated, and an approach has been made to a uniform treatment of the London paupers. There are two opposite temptations to which Guardians of the Poor are necessarily open. They have to stand between the pauper and the ratepayer, and it is not always an easy matter to apportion their respective claims. The advocates of the two extreme views are largely responsible for one another's excesses. The brutality which has sometimes been shown to the inmates of workhouses and to the recipients of out-door relief has naturally excited the indignation of philanthropists; while the disregard to all considerations savouring of economy which has occasionally marked the reaction against undue parsimony has been extremely irritating to the large class to whom the amount of the rates is a serious matter. There is really no antagonism whatever between economy and good administration, but nowhere is it more difficult to get this fact recognized than in the relief of the poor. Charitable people do not always remember that the Guardians are not dealing with their own money, and needy ratepayers sometimes forget that relief which is neither adequate nor appropriate may be more costly in the end than a larger outlay undertaken with more judgment, and a larger view of consequences. Nothing is gained by denying that the motives which lead men to become Guardians of the Poor have sometimes very little to do either with the poor themselves or with the ratepayers at whose cost they are relieved. A candidate comes forward with many protestations of his desire to save money and of the identity of interest which unites him with the mass of the electors. The persons with whom his interests are really identified are the various contractors who hope to profit by his good word. More than three-quarters of a million was spent last year on the relief of the poor in London, and to those who have a strong belief that where so much money passes through the Guardians' hands some of it is sure to stick, there is something inspiring in the sound of such a total. Contractors are seldom ungrateful, and the tradesman who is chosen to supply a workhouse with the article in which he deals will certainly desire that the Guardian at whose instance his tender has been accepted shall be something the richer for his intervention. Any one who has had much to do with Committees which have to lay out money will remember how honestly convinced each member may be that his own friend is the man who can best be entrusted with whatever it is that has to be done, and it would be idle to look for any special delicacy on this head among Boards of Guardians. The skin is nearer than the shirt, and the friend whom he has seen has more claim upon a Guardian than the ratepayers whom he has merely canvassed. A Guardian whose conscience is not quite easy upon the question of favouritism is likely to be especially scrupulous upon other points. If he feels that the price paid for the workhouse supplies has been a little high, he will be all the more anxious that they shall be dispensed with strict frugality. Extravagance from which neither he nor his friends can derive any benefit is peculiarly distasteful to him.

The really extravagant type of Guardian is not often met with, though a larger outlay is constantly urged upon the authorities by amateur Guardians outside. The explanation of this is probably to be found in the peculiar character of a Guardian's work. That work is both uninviting and enlightening—uninviting because it deals almost entirely with the unattractive side of poverty; enlightening because it brings those who do it into contact with the poor as they are, and not as they wish to be thought by those who befriend them. Unfortunately the ratepayers are not always careful enough to distinguish between real and apparent economy. The man who is constantly in want of pence cannot easily be brought to believe that an expenditure of pounds may in the end be a saving of them. The truth of this is often seen in other branches of the public service, but in none perhaps is it so conspicuous as in the administration of poor relief. The two great heads to which it applies are education and sickness, because the judicious outlay of money in those two directions greatly helps to lessen the number of permanent paupers. In every Union in the kingdom there is a certain percentage of orphan or deserted children who are really dependent on the Guardians for their chance of making a livelihood for themselves. According as they are well or ill taught, and as care is or is not taken in putting them out into life, will be the probability that they will do well or ill when the start has once been made. Their training in the workhouse school will determine the degree in which they escape the taint of pauperism when they leave it, and the degree in which they escape it will in its turn determine whether they do decently well for themselves or come

back as adults to the workhouse which they left as children. Yet upon nothing has there been more difficulty in inducing Boards of Guardians to spend money than upon the education of the children who have only the Guardians to look to. The dislike of the poor ratepayers to paying for giving a workhouse child advantages which they can barely secure for their own children is at the bottom of this. It is, after all, a natural feeling—a mere application to a particular case of the maxim that charity begins at home. Only by very slow degrees is it possible to convince those who thus reason that, if they want to escape future outlay, they had better consent to present outlay. The child of the poor ratepayer will suffer for want of proper schooling, but he will not suffer so much as the child who has been brought up in a workhouse. To the latter pauperism is the natural and accepted order of things; “the house” is his only notion of home. Consequently, unless education has given him a better ambition, it is to “the house” that he returns as a matter of course whenever he is in difficulties. There is scarcely any expenditure which would not be cheap to incur in order to break this pauperizing habit. The case of the sick is closely parallel to the case of the children. The one thing that true economy demands is that they should be got rid of as speedily as may be, and with the least possible chance of their having to return to the workhouse infirmary. This is a harsh-sounding but perfectly true way of describing the process of complete cure. As neither law nor public opinion will allow of sick paupers being killed off, they can only be got rid of by making them well. Great advances have been made of late years towards the recognition of this truth; but it is so easy for a workhouse infirmary to fall back into its old unsatisfactory state, that constant care needs to be taken in the choice of the Guardians with whom it practically rests to say whether it shall be suited or unsuited to the purpose it has to fulfil.

It is impossible, of course, when dealing with so large an area as London to offer any specific suggestions as to the candidates who best deserve to be supported. But there is one piece of advice which may safely be given, and which, if it were generally followed, would exert a most beneficial influence on the composition of Boards of Guardians. It is simply to take some pains to distinguish between the candidates between whom the ratepayer has to make his choice, and then to vote for the candidates picked out. The great enemy to good local administration of all kinds is indifference. When a Board of Guardians is bad, the cause, nine times out of ten, is that no one has taken the trouble to make it better. The right men will not come forward as candidates because they feel no certainty that they will be supported even by the ratepayers who languidly wish for reforms, and when the list of candidates appears, the same ratepayers complain that there is no one in it whose name they know, and so it is not worth while to vote. It never occurs to them that among these unknown candidates there are at the worst some who are better than the rest, and that by taking some trouble to make inquiries it would be perfectly possible to discriminate between them. It is hard to say how much improvement might not be effected in local administration if the ratepayers would make a point of voting at every election. Their natural dislike to support men of whose policy they know nothing would soon cure their ignorance. It would matter little for whom they voted on the first or second occasion. As the habit became confirmed they would exercise their franchise more intelligently, and from taking a part in the voting to taking a part in the selection of candidates would be but a short and inevitable step.

THE LAMOUREUX CONCERTS.

M. CHARLES LAMOUREUX, the late conductor of the Grand Opera at Paris, has given two orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall which have been the cause of no little excitement in musical circles. It was understood that the conductor's aim was to introduce to the English public the works of French composers as yet unknown or but little known in England. We were told that we were as yet ignorant of the French school of music in the higher branches of the art, and that heretofore we had only heard the less artistic, though vastly pleasing, light music of Opéra Bouffe. It is a fact that there was an impression amongst the British musical public that the really thoughtful and artistic works performed at concerts were, with a few exceptions, principally of Teutonic origin, and that the symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert were works which had no equal in the French school; and, although we are not quite ready to abandon our opinion on the subject, we are quite willing to believe that French music is capable of giving something that really would rank with that class of music just referred to. With these feelings we hailed the advent of M. Lamoureux, with his works unknown to the English public, with an eager curiosity. The interest in the works of Berlioz, with which we sympathize completely, is now, it may be said, at its height, and, therefore, there is no wonder that more music of the same school should be welcome to the English musical public. M. Lamoureux had chosen an orchestra which numbered amongst its members some of the highest talent in England, and, from what we have heard of its performance, he had evidently given his best attention to the rehearsals and produced an effect which was completely satisfactory. With a fine orchestra, and a strong and accomplished

art was placed before us with every advantage. One thing, however, was wanting. M. Lamoureux was unfortunate in the choice of the works which he introduced in his programmes. The names of the composers were certainly sufficiently unknown in England to excite curiosity; but we regret to say that their works failed to create that interest which would have been accorded to them had they been of the value they were said to be. M. Lamoureux, in spite of his admirable orchestra and his efficient conductorship, can hardly be said to have advanced the cause which he had at heart. A glance at the programmes of the two concerts will show us that, with the exception of Berlioz and Saint-Saëns, M. Lamoureux has excluded those composers who would at least have been at once accepted as representatives of French music. We do not find in either programme the names of Gounod, Thomas, or Bizet, composers we should have been delighted to hear, and whose works have by no means been exhausted in England, and those works of the two other masters, Berlioz and Saint-Saëns, which M. Lamoureux has given, and which were of any value, have already been produced in England, and have met with the success which they deserved. Another mistake which M. Lamoureux, in common with many other French conductors, has fallen into, is that of exercising his discretion in cutting out certain portions of a work of a composer. We cannot speak with certainty, for we do not know whether the discretion was judiciously exercised in the particular instances which came under our notice at these concerts; but we cannot help thinking that it is hardly fair to a composer to excise one of the movements in his work as was done by M. Lamoureux in Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole* in the case of the intermezzo, and in Massenet's *Nouvelle Suite d'Orchestre*, which was composed expressly for M. Lamoureux's concerts, in the case of the ballet. With these exceptions, however, the concerts, as far as performance was concerned, were a decided success, and M. Lamoureux deserves great praise for the admirable manner in which he conducted his excellent orchestra.

The first of these concerts began with Berlioz's second overture to his opera of *Benvenuto Cellini*, entitled “Carnaval Romain.” In his Memoirs Berlioz tells us that during the rehearsals of the *Benvenuto* under Habeneck the *saltarello* which is contained in the *allegro* of this overture was not played fast enough by the orchestra. “Quicker! quicker!” urged Berlioz; until the distracted conductor, striking the desk in his anxiety, broke his violin-bow. “Mon Dieu, monsieur,” said Berlioz, coolly; “you may break fifty bows, but that will not prevent the movement from being too slow. This is a *saltarello*.” Habeneck, in a huff, dismissed the orchestra for that day. The Symphony in F by T. Gouvy, which followed, was a masterly composition, but seemed far from being a great work. This composer, who has met with a fair amount of success in Germany, cannot be said to rank amongst those musicians which we have already named as representative of French music in England at present, although it is evident from this work that he has studied to some purpose in the higher branches of his art. Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole* is not a composition of the highest class, and, as we have said before, it was not given in its entirety. This work has already been given in England at the Crystal Palace Concerts, when Señor Sarasate was the soloist. “Aurore,” *morceau* for contralto and orchestra, by M. B. Godard, though admirably sung by Mme. Patey, was nevertheless but a dull production; and the “*Réverie du Soir*,” from the *Suite Algérienne* of M. Saint-Saëns, in spite of the excellent playing of Mr. Doyle in the viola solo, was far from interesting. This may have arisen from the fact that the other parts of the work were denied us and the “*Réverie du Soir*” when heard with its surroundings may perhaps be of value as a musical work. Some further “*Fragments*” from a work of Massenet's entitled “*Les Erinnyes*” followed, and the concert closed with the Hungarian march from Berlioz's *Faust*. There were three vocal works in the programme sustained by Mme. Brunet-Lafleur and Mme. Patey, the most noticeable of which was the charming duo “*Béatrice et Bénédict*,” by Berlioz.

The second concert began with the *Nouvelle Suite d'Orchestre*, by Massenet, already mentioned, which calls for no further notice. It was followed by an air from Spontini's opera *Fernand de Cortez*, sung by Mme. Brunet-Lafleur, and this was succeeded by the *Ouverture de Sigurd*, an unpublished opera by E. Reyer. This is gloomy and quasi-Wagnerian production and did not excite much attention. A Concerto in F Minor by Ch. M. Widor, which was the next piece, was to a certain degree interesting on account of the excellent playing of Mme. Montigny-Remaury, who overcame difficulties of no ordinary kind as far as the execution of the work was concerned with a facility that was worthy of all praise. Of the work itself we cannot say that it ranks in the first class of composition of its kind, and we must protest against the absurd effects produced in the “*Andante religioso*.” The principal subject is a chorale, each phrase of which is succeeded by a recitative-like passage in the orchestra, the effect being somewhat quaint; but when the orchestra take up the chorale with mutes on the stringed instruments, accompanied by the most florid and commonplace bravura on the pianoforte, the effect is incongruous, not to say absurd. In a concerto mutes are out of place as a rule, and in this particular instance the use they are put to is almost ludicrous. An air from Gluck's *Armide* followed, sung by Mme. Brunet-Lafleur, the grand composition of which served to place the wild extravagance of Saint-Saëns's remarkable *Dances Macabres* in strange relief. This *Dances Macabres*, the most important piece of either concert, is a work already well known in

England, but it has, we venture to say, never been better interpreted than at M. Lamoureux's concert.

The author of the analytical programme, which seems, by the by, to be becoming in these days of programme music a most important item at a concert, ventures to give us "the lines" written by Henri Cazalis, "which M. Saint-Saëns has sought to illustrate," and which, he says, "may be thus freely rendered in English:—

Zig, zig, zig. Death keeping time strikes a tomb with his fist, and at midnight plays a dance, zig, zig, zig, on his fiddle.

The winter wind whistles, and the night is dark. Sighs are heard in the lindens, while skeletons gleam through the shadows, running and leaping in their shrouds.

Zig, zig, zig. Each frisks about. We hear the rattle of the dancers' bones.

But presto! all at once the circle is empty. They hurry, they fly—the cock has crowed.

In this we have, says the analyst, the "poetic" basis of M. Saint-Saëns's *Poème Symphonique*, and a sufficiently grim one it is. We cannot say what object the analyst had in view in translating the words of M. Henri Cazalis into the bald version that he has given us; but certainly the *Danse Macabre* does not give us the impression that any words, especially these, are required to explain the music. This strange and original production is written for the orchestra and solo violin, whose first string is tuned to E flat instead of E natural, giving an unusually weird effect to the whole work. After a curiously extravagant use of his flat fifth, Death, the solo violin, leads off on a theme suggestive of the song in Boito's *Meftiste*, "Son lo spirito che nega," which is utilized in a very masterly manner to the end of the piece, the orchestra acting as chorus to the solo violin, which was ably played by M. Sainton. The cock-crowing episode is used most delicately, and the whole of this remarkable piece is brought to an end with a few bars of plaintive wail from the solo violin.

After Mme. Montigny-Remaury had played three pieces for the pianoforte in admirable style, the concert closed with some detached portions from a ballet by Leo Delibes of an unimportant kind. The vocalists at these concerts were Mme. Brunet-Lafleur and Mme. Patey. Of the former it is only necessary to say that, though possessing a fine voice, she is prone to the pernicious habit of the *vibrato*. Mme. Patey's *sostenuto* was a welcome relief, and of her singing generally there is no necessity to speak here. M. Lamoureux, in spite of his fine orchestra and masterly conductorship, has not yet, we fear, attained the object which we understood he came to England to accomplish. He must give us a yet higher class of music before we can concede the fact that French music has as yet been unrepresented in England. In fact, not one of the pieces as yet given by him is to be compared to those of French musicians which have already been produced and acknowledged as works of merit by us.

The performance of the Quintet in C Major, Op. 163, by Schubert, and the rendering of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 101, by Mme. Schumann, have attracted notice at the Monday Popular Concerts. The Quintet, which was performed by Messrs. Joachim, Rias, Zerbini, Pezzo, and Piatii, was, as might be expected, given in the most masterly manner. Mme. Schumann, who was recalled after her performance of the Beethoven Sonata, played one of her husband's *Fantasien-stücke*, to the delight of her audience. The vocalist was Miss Santley, whose rendering of Mendelssohn's "Auf flügeln des Gesanges" was worthy of all praise.

THE FRENCH LOAN.

THE French loan has been a great success. According to the statement made by the Finance Minister in the Chamber on Monday, it has been covered fifteen times over. In other words, France asked for a loan of a milliard of francs, or 40 millions sterling, and she was offered 600 millions sterling. Furthermore, there were actually lodged as a guarantee that whatever instalments fell due would be paid up, 100 millions sterling. It is true that the latter sum was not paid in cash. To prevent pressure upon the money market, and to facilitate large subscriptions, the French Finance Minister permitted bonds to be lodged instead of money in France; and, although that permission was not extended to England, the banks here which received the subscriptions readily paid the deposit when there was lodged with them sufficient security. In reality, therefore, the deposits consisted, either directly or indirectly, of bonds, and not of cash. Still, the fact remains that money's worth to the amount of 100 millions sterling was deposited as a guarantee that the subscriptions were made in good faith. M. Maguin described the loan as an electoral success, and in a sense no doubt it was. The French Government has been extremely anxious for a demonstration by the monied classes in favour of the Republic. It would seem that Republicans have been so often taunted by Monarchists and Imperialists with their isolation, and with the suspicion with which they are regarded by the propertied classes, that they had come to believe partially in the taunts themselves, and as a final disproof of them they eagerly invited a demonstration in favour of the Republic from the capitalist and speculative classes. The very conditions attached to the loan showed that this was their aim. When the late Emperor Napoleon borrowed, he took subscriptions as low as 4%, his object being to win over small investors to the institutions he had established. But the Republican Government fixed the minimum subscription as high

as 20%, apparently either because it is sure of the small investor, or is more desirous at present of attaching the capitalist and speculative classes. Again, it declared that all subscriptions, whatever the amount, would have to submit to a proportionate reduction if the amount applied for exceeded the sum required. Furthermore, instead of inviting tenders, the price of the loan was fixed at 83½ per cent. We saw here in London in the case both of the Metropolitan Board of Works loan and of the last Indian loan, how much the actual price may exceed the minimum, when a loan is put up to tender. The French Government deliberately deprived itself of such an advantage, and by fixing the minimum at a low price offered a premium to all subscribers. No doubt, this offer was to the benefit of all subscribers, but it redounded most to the benefit of the speculative and the capitalist classes. Lastly, subscribers were permitted, as we said above, to deposit any kind of security of the French Government instead of cash, as a guarantee that they would pay up the instalments of the loan as they fell due. At the same time those deposits were fixed as high as one-sixth of the nominal amount applied for. It was obviously much easier for a person in good credit or with large investments to lodge bonds than for a small investor, as the latter, if without bonds, would either have to remain out of the use of his money while it was on deposit, or would have to borrow and pay interest upon it.

The conditions fully answered the object with which they were framed, and the loan has shown that the capitalist and speculative classes have full confidence in the credit of France. But we confess, for our own part, we do not see the value of the demonstration. Whatever doubt may have existed formerly on the subject, the great Indemnity Loans proved once for all to the satisfaction of the whole world the high credit in which France stands. Those loans, it will be remembered, were raised at a time when no settled form of government had been decided upon in France. M. Thiers did not take the title of President of the Republic, but that of Chief of the State, and the majority of the Assembly then sitting was unquestionably Royalist. What form the government would ultimately take was still doubtful. In addition, the German armies were in possession of a large portion of the soil. And, finally, the Communist insurrection had only just been put down. The future of France was thus uncertain in the extreme, and yet the success of the great Indemnity Loans was unquestionable and unquestioned. The truth is that, whatever institutions France may please to give herself, her resources are so vast, her wealth so great, and the honesty and good faith of her people so well proved, that she will always be able to borrow any amount she may require. And this new demonstration—if it is so to be called—is really not a demonstration in favour of the Republic or of any other institution, but a proof, hardly needed, that the credit of France stands extremely high in the money markets of the world.

But, in fact, the largeness of the subscriptions is, to a considerable extent, fictitious. The eagerness of the Government for a demonstration in favour of the Republic was well known, and all the great houses and leading capitalists who wished to stand well with the powers that be understood that they were expected to apply for much more than they were likely to obtain. The very fact that the subscriptions would be large, too, encouraged, and indeed induced, subscribers to apply for more than they wished to get. Those who judged, for example, that the subscriptions would cover the loan ten or fifteen times over, applied for ten or fifteen times more than they wished to get; so that, in fact, the vastness of the applications is illusory. But it has been said by the *Times* that, however this may be, nobody can question the fact that 100 millions sterling were deposited with the French Government or its agents as a guarantee that the subscribers would pay up whatever amount was allotted to them. And this has been put forward as a proof both of the high credit of France and the vast amount of money that is "going a-begging," as the phrase is—that is to say, that is waiting for eligible investment. But we have just been explaining that all, or nearly all, of those deposits were made in bonds. The French Government itself, as we have just explained, took any of its securities instead of cash on deposit, and the great French banks advertised that they would make subscription for their shareholders and their customers on very easy terms. Even here in London the banker of the French Financial Agency lent money on all kinds of securities to those who wished to apply for the loan. The amount of actual cash, then, that was lodged with the French Government and its agents was very small. And it is a complete mistake to suppose that those who lodged bonds were willing to sell these to take the new Redeemable Rentes. On the contrary they expected to get only a fifteenth or a twentieth part of the amount they applied for; and most of them would have been very much disappointed, and indeed very much inconvenienced, if they had been taken at their word, and required to accept the full amount for which they had applied. None know better than the subscribers that if securities to anything like the amount that was deposited had to be thrown upon the market in order to pay up the instalments, the depreciation of those securities would have been enormous. And they were very unlikely, therefore, to risk such depreciation. In real truth, the amount intended to be subscribed did not very greatly exceed the amount asked for by the French Government. That does not mean, of course, that the French Government could not have obtained 100 or 200 millions sterling, if it had asked for so much. Of course the terms would have had to be better than those offered last week, but the credit of France, as we have already observed,

is good enough to obtain any amount of money she may need. What we are now concerned with, however, is not what France could obtain under other circumstances, but what, as a matter of fact, was offered to her the other day. And the fact is that that amount is not measured by the value of the deposits, nor by anything like it. The deposits exceed very greatly the amount which the subscribers were prepared to lend.

And this explains why the loan has had so much smaller an effect upon the money market than was apprehended. If the French Government had required the deposits to be paid in actual cash, the gathering together of such vast amounts, and their lock-up even for a few days in the Treasury and its agencies, would have caused a severe pressure on the money market. But, as we have just been explaining, the money was not so locked up. In France very little money, indeed, was even asked for. And here in London it was just the same. Professedly the French Government required subscriptions in London to be accompanied by cash deposits. But as it designated one of the greatest of the joint-stock banks as its agent, that bank advanced to all persons in good credit who applied to it the amounts required, and the advances so made were merely book entries. An intending subscriber applied to the bank for a loan, let us say, of 10,000*l.* upon railway shares or debentures. The loan was credited to him in the books of the bank, and then the amount was transferred to the credit of the French Government. No money, in fact, passed to one or the other. In this way the surprise that has been excited by the extremely small influence of the loan upon the London money market is explained.

As regards the conditions imposed by the French Government we cannot think them wise in the interests of France. The loan is issued in the form of Redeemable Rentes, or, as we should call them, Terminable Annuities, and the interest is fixed as low as 3 per cent. But the credit of France, high though it be, is not yet good enough to enable her to borrow at par at 3 per cent. As we have just seen, she had, in fact, to fix the price as low as 83½ per cent. It seems to us that it would have been much wiser to have offered a higher rate of interest, let us say 3½ per cent., and to have borrowed at par. In this way she would in reality have been paying not more than she is paying now; and, if peace is preserved, and wealth continues to grow, and she does not add too rapidly to her debt, she would be able by and by to refund the loan at a lower rate of interest. As it is, she will have to go on paying nearly 3½ per cent. as interest, and when the bonds are redeemed she will have to add a premium of 16½ per cent. It further appears to us that it would have been better to have fixed a minimum price and allowed the applicants to bid as much higher as they pleased. In this way the State would certainly have obtained more money than it has now got, and at the same rate of interest. This, however, would not suit the Bourse. The loan would, no doubt, have been taken up by a powerful syndicate, and would have been gradually placed by them. The profit would thus have been divided between the Government and two or three very great capitalists. Under the present circumstances the Government loses, and nearly all the subscribers gain. No doubt there is a better feeling distributed over a larger proportion; but the Treasury, nevertheless, is a loser. In other words, political considerations have outweighed financial. Lastly, it seems to us that it would have been far better to have followed more closely the Bonapartist example, and to have appealed more directly to the small investors—to have allowed, that is, subscriptions as low as 4*l.*, and to have exempted such small subscriptions from all reduction. The moneyed classes, of course, would have grumbled, but the loan would have been placed amongst the lower classes, who would have been still more directly interested than they are at present in the stability of the institutions of the country. We have all seen within the last few years how wise the Napoleonic policy was in this respect; how an appeal to the small investors really did interest the mass of the people in the government of the country, and how enormously it has helped to create a conservative interest. In departing from this example we cannot but think that the Republican Government has made a false step.

THE THEATRES.

MR. BOOTH'S engagement at the Princess's comes to an end to-night. We have recorded the opinion formed from studying all his performances during this engagement that he is an actor of the very highest rank, and to us his poetical and powerful Othello seemed to rank with the best of his performances. The representations of Shylock and Petruchio which he has been giving during the past week are in some ways less satisfactory than what he has done before. To begin with, the plays have both to be somewhat ruthlessly cut down in order to admit of their being presented on the same evening. In the case of *The Merchant of Venice* much of the underplot, in the case of *The Taming of the Shrew* all of it, has to be sacrificed; and with the underplot goes of course the "induction" and interlude of Sly. It is very difficult to guess what might be the precise effect of the presentation of *The Taming of the Shrew* with Sly retained, and with no more excision elsewhere than might be absolutely necessary. We have seen it played on the German stage in five acts, the Sly business being omitted, but the underplot, or rather the underplots, being retained. Here and there

the result was, it must be confessed, a little tedious, but the tedium might have been avoided by a more judicious use of the pruning-knife; and, but for the passages which could have been easily excised, it was proved that the play was no less interesting and amusing to see upon the stage than it is to read. The comedy was duly insisted upon but was not exaggerated as it is in the somewhat over-farical version given at the Princess's; while the general performance at the Dresden Hoftheater was, it need hardly be said, of a somewhat different calibre. The same thing may be said of the performance of *The Merchant of Venice* at the same house, in which Herr Jaffé—now, if we remember rightly, at the Vienna Theatre—played Shylock with the same intention which Mr. Booth seems to adopt.

This intention is, if we are not mistaken, more in accord with the ancient than with the modern views of Shylock's character. It is not improbable that the savage and grotesque version of the part is more like that which was originally handed down from Shakspeare's time than is the rendering which lends Shylock the fine dignity of an outraged member of an oppressed race. Nor can there be much doubt, as we have pointed out on former occasions, that there is a great deal to be said for the newer reading, which seems to us to have the merit of giving more attraction and interest to the play. It was observed by that fine critic the late Mr. James Spedding that according to his view, which inclined to the older reading, it is not Shylock, but Portia, who is, or ought to be, the central figure of the play. In the version presented at the Princess's the impression conveyed is that, if the other characters were played by first-rate actors, this view as to the non-supremacy of Shylock in the motion of the drama might be illustrated in an exceptionally interesting way, inasmuch as Shylock, while ceasing to enlist the sympathy of the audience, is yet played by an actor of the highest accomplishments and power. Unfortunately these conditions are not fulfilled, and the interest of the play is of course diminished. One has no right to be disappointed at Mr. Booth's taking deliberately, as the result of the thought and study which he evidently gives to all he undertakes, a view of Shylock's character which happens to be different from one's own. One has a right, however, to be disappointed at the effect of Mr. Booth's thought and study being marred by his surroundings. Correct intonation, or at least correct aspirating, of the English language may fairly be demanded in the performance of a Shakspearian play in a large London theatre; and it is unpleasant to note that in the matter of aspirating more than one performer of an important part in *The Merchant of Venice* was painfully at fault. But as to the whole representation of the play, apart from Mr. Booth himself, there is little to be said but "non ragionam di lor." Mr. Booth's performance of the Jew, granting all that we have suggested as to varying views of the character, seemed to us to show less of the genius which to our thinking he undoubtedly possesses than might perhaps have been expected; but much allowance may be made for an actor upon whom such a strain has been put by constant changes of parts, and by the playing of two such parts as Shylock and Petruchio on the same night. Frequent changes of part were in themselves common enough within the memory of man, and we have always protested against the evil effects which may result from an actor's playing the same part night after night for six months or more. But in the old days when *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Richard III.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Othello* were played in more or less rapid alternation, the leading actor did not appear every night in the week, and it is an inevitably dangerous experiment to combine the old and the new system.

The production at the Princess's of *The Merchant of Venice* has been made the occasion of a protest which seems to us a little exaggerated against the traditional business assigned to Lancelot Gobbo; and the critic of "the leading journal" joining in this has made a rather amusing slip in exclaiming against Lancelot's presenting the back of his head instead of his chin to his "more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind" father. The text runs thus. Gobbo the elder says, "Lord! worshipping might he be! what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail." To which Lancelot replies, "It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him." If these words do not point directly to the condemned "business," it would be instructive to learn what else they can mean.

In the two-act version of *The Taming of the Shrew* which follows *The Merchant of Venice*, Mr. Booth's success as Petruchio is, from his own point of view, complete. The grace, vivacity, and fine force of his acting can hardly be surpassed; and his performance is charged with a humour and wit which are at once strong and delicate. It may be doubted, however, whether the conception—adopted by the late Herr Detmer among others—of Petruchio as a more burly person, a person whose sheer masculine strength, both of will and of body, overpowers Katherine, is not to be preferred to Mr. Booth's presentation of a witty, bustling, wilful cavalier, whose mastery is almost entirely a piece of accomplished acting. However this may be, Mr. Booth's assumption of the character is certainly amusing and attractive in a marked degree, and is, it need hardly be said, distinguished by the singular grace of attitude and gesture which he has displayed in almost every part he has undertaken during this engagement. In the case of this play we willingly endorse the protests which have been made against the over-pantomimic business introduced,

which, especially in the case of the blackened leg of mutton, is manifestly absurd, although it is not perhaps altogether inconsistent with Mr. Booth's rendering as opposed to the one we have suggested. If Petruchio's behaviour is throughout more a piece of tact than a serious resolve to outwit Katherine with her own weapons, he may just as well be excusably, if excessively, violent as so about all his extravagances in pure unreason. We look forward with the greatest interest to Mr. Booth's appearance in *Othello* with Mr. Irving, and we may add a hope that the conjunction of two such actors will not be confined to one play.

The production of *Michael Strogoff* has been looked forward to with a certain curiosity by the public, but possibly the piece may not command in London the same success that attended it in Paris. It is a mere spectacular melodrama of the most invertebrate kind, a series of scenes that sometimes descend into mere dioramas, and which are scarcely connected together at all. The improbabilities of the plot surpass all that is possible, even in melodrama. An aged mother is shot down before our eyes, reappears in the next act only to die in full daylight at the end of it, and finally is restored safe and sound to the bosom of her family. The hero is deprived of his eyesight with red-hot irons, but can see well enough when a little free rifle-shooting has to be done in a future scene. Rivers of naphtha are set on fire, and turned on, as from a tap, upon beleaguered cities. Special correspondents "interview" potentates of Central Asia at a moment's warning, and find the curse of Iblak happily removed. But, in spite of all this, the piece might be a good melodrama, might lead breathlessly from one romantic extravagance to another, and might at least progress in one unflagging stream of interest. It does nothing of the kind, but in the absence of these things we are given gorgeous spectacle, a profusion of magnificent dances, processions, and bright garments, and a certain amount of good acting. The part of Michael Strogoff, the Imperial Messenger, who contrives, in the face of a thousand fantastic impossibilities, to bring the good news to Irkutsk, suits Mr. Charles Warner much better than some more ambitious and less sensational parts which he has lately attempted. Although much impeded by the results of his late accident, he acts with very considerable firmness and martial dignity of bearing, but is a little needlessly stiff at times, and not always careful to secure grace of pose. There is much that is careful and interesting in his acting, and the scenes between him and his mother were sometimes affecting. Mr. Fernandez is capital as the traitor. The mother was played with great spirit by Mrs. Hermann Vezin, who rallied the cowardly inhabitants of Kolyvan around her in the telegraph-office in a very admirable way. Mrs. Bernard-Beere, who acted Sangare, the gipsy spy, looked exceedingly handsome in a gold-and-black dress, and threw a great deal of feeling and vivacity into a poor part. The comic characters, the two special correspondents, John Blunt and Jolivet, were taken by Mr. H. J. Byron and Mr. F. W. Irish, both of them being exceedingly diverting, and the difference of character being accentuated in the mode which Mr. Byron loves in his original comedies. Mr. Irish made a pleasing point by arriving at the post-house at the frontier on the back of a live donkey, which smiled at the audience as only a donkey can. The decorations of the piece, it is needless to say, are magnificent. The battle-field of Kolyvan, crowded with the bodies of the dead and wounded, and with a large "property" horse slain in the fore-ground, was little to our taste; but, on the other hand, the raft-scene on the river Angara is one of the most attractive and original pieces of landscape that have been seen on the English stage.

REVIEWS.

BENGALI AND CINGALESE VILLAGES.*

CONTRIBUTIONS to the stock of Indian knowledge made by barristers elevated to the Anglo-Indian Bench have hitherto mostly referred to some department of Hindu or Mohammedan law. Sir W. Jones, besides writing elegantly on poetry and the drama, translated the Code of Manu and an Arabic Commentary on the Law of Inheritance. Sir Thomas Strange, once Chief Justice of Madras, compiled a very useful treatise on Hindu Law. Sir Francis Macnaghten, who must not be confounded with Sir William the unfortunate Envoy at Cabul, has left us his considerations on Hindu Law as current in Bengal. Sir Hyde East took another line, pleaded the cause of English education, and was one of the promoters of the Hindu College at Calcutta. The late Sir James Colville was the first Vice-Chancellor of the University of the same city; and one of the best works on Mortgages in the local Courts is the production of an ex-judge now living. But Sir John Phear is, we think, the first barrister-judge who has endeavoured to appropriate to himself some portion of a field generally considered as the exclusive inheritance of civilians or of independent Englishmen familiar with agricultural and rural life, owing to long residence in the interior. And we are bound to say that the late Chief Justice of Ceylon shows a clear apprehension of the various interests existing in the soil; of the nature of real, or, in Anglo-Indian phrase, of *immovable*, property; of

leases, occupancy rights, partitions, shares and inheritances, and all the bewildering technicality which misleads pamphleteers into thinking that the Bengal rent laws could be imported bodily into Ireland and would appease the Land League. Nor has the author shown himself unequal to the task of describing the prominent features of the social life of a Bengali peasant, as it appears, not to the judge on the Bench, plunged into the mysteries of a law-suit about the diluvion of a fine estate, or the truth or falsehood of a case of adoption, but to the tourist or sportsman who wanders, gun in hand, through the dense foliage and the narrow and clayey paths of the Aminabad and Dowlatpore villages. In truth, the amount of local knowledge picked up, either in the court-houses, or in walks and drives, or at second-hand from native correspondents, is abundant and generally accurate. The vernacular terms are not distorted and mangled, and, with few exceptions, they might have been incorporated in the exhaustive report of the Commissioner of a crack division about agriculture, tenant-rights, settlements, and the prevention of famine. And the analogies as well as the differences between Ceylon and Bengal are clearly and concisely drawn.

But the work might have been improved by some excisions. The introductory chapter only serves to demonstrate that the author has some acquaintance with geology and science. Remarks on stone implements, cave men, river-drift men, the neolithic pre-Kelts, and the non-Aryan peoples, can only by the most ingenious special pleading be connected with the villages of Eastern or Central Bengal. It is a notorious fact that village communities such as Thomason consolidated and Sir H. Maine describes have not been found on the Lower Ganges during the last hundred years and more. Whether they ever existed in the shape in which we find them in the Doab of Hindostan, and, if they did, how they were disintegrated, are questions which speculative writers may love to discuss. But, for all practical purposes, the co-parcenary tenures of the village had ceased to exist before Hastings, or Shore, or Cornwallis took the settlement of the Bengal revenue in hand. Men of the same caste and occupation very naturally crowd together in Bengal. In some places the population is exclusively Mohammedan; other villages are occupied by the pure Hindu agricultural castes, the *Kopulis*, *Kairvats*, and *Tears*: now and then *Chamars* or leather-cutters, and the *Chaudals* or men of no caste at all, occupy the whole land; and in some villages there are the separate quarters of the Brahmans, of the weavers, of the fishermen; *Bamon bustee*, *Tanti-para*, and *Selty-para*. Traces of village organization also survive. There may be, at the service of the whole village, a barber and a blacksmith, a potter, a schoolmaster, and a priest. Possibly, too, there is a headman, known as *mandal*, or *miriddha*, who is appealed to in social or family squabbles, who gets up active or passive resistance to any advance of rents, and on whose advice the police are either sent for or kept at a distance, according as it may be politic to detect or to conceal crime. But it would be impossible out of these *disjecta membra* even in theory to constitute an ideal community of co-parcenary tenants. Then, apart from the author's profitless excursions into ancient rocks and glaciers in connexion with such a modern formation as the silt and mud of Bengal, we regret to notice a most unjust aspersion on the departmental knowledge and the linguistic attainments of the modern race of civilians. "It is a very exceptional thing," we are told, "for one of them to possess a real command of the colloquial vernacular"; and again, "Scarcely any one, thus, is able to converse easily with the ordinary ranks of the people"; and then we are warned about the awkwardness, coldness, and abruptness of the Englishman. "He really knows next to nothing of the habits, standpoints, and modes of thought of the mass of the people." Now, we have often been told that English barristers think little of the legal attainments of a civilian magistrate or Sessions judge, and that the latter retort, as they are entitled to do, by telling the barrister that he knows nothing of the facts and feelings to which he is desirous of applying his ordinary English law. But this is almost the first time we have ever known a judge of the class and rank to which Sir J. Phear belongs, impute to the governing body an absolute ignorance of one of the primary qualifications for executive and judicial office. The author of this hasty criticism in reality owes one-half of his own knowledge to the labours of civilians who, while he was sitting in appeal, have, in courts of first instance, unravelled complicated family feuds, tracked crime through masses of deceit and dishonesty to its authors, given the pith and point of quaint social customs, explained the relative position of superior landlords, of middlemen, and of tenant proprietors, and, without the aid of dictionary or interpreter, afforded judicial sanction to the resistance of Nabob against the unjust usurpations of Abab. A score of times, we will venture to say, must Mr. Justice Phear have been indebted to his civilian colleagues on the same Bench for the exact significance of a term which was quite beyond the experience of a young native advocate fresh from the Calcutta University, or for the precise value of a piece of evidence which was meaningless or perplexing to a judge trained at Westminster. Then Sir John Phear is surely not ignorant of the strict vernacular tests which have long been imposed on all candidates, even after their active service has commenced, and which are indispensable conditions to their investment with higher powers and independent action. It is really lamentable to find a gentleman of obvious experience and high attainments lending himself to the reproduction of these stale and exploded calumnies. What would have been his own feelings on the perusal of "Life in the Mofussil" or "Paddling in the Paddy-fields," written by a civilian

* *The Aryan Village in India and Ceylon*. By Sir J. B. Phear. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

or staff officer in civil employ, in which every ludicrous or malicious anecdote of the credulity or ignorance of English barristers and judges had been reproduced. We can assure him that there are still plenty such to be picked up in Anglo-Indian circles, beginning with the hope expressed by Elijah Impey and his colleagues on landing at Colvin's Ghaut, that the coolies of Calcutta would be clothed in shoes and stockings six months after the establishment of the old Supreme Court. Even in the comprehensive and well-reasoned judgments of the Privy Council there occur expressions at which collectors or magistrates may lawfully smile. We are, however, ready to concede to Sir John Phear that it would require "a real command of the colloquial vernacular" to render into correct and idiomatic Urdu or Bengali such a sentence as the following:—"The differentiation of the property-less worker from the leisured capitalist commenced."

We are glad to turn from making these necessary strictures to the worthier portions of the book. In one of Marryat's novels a conceited midshipman is told by a rough captain of the old school that a youngster has no business with "fine feelings," and that he had better get rid of a cartload of these incumbrances at the mast-head. In the same strain we should suggest to any English barrister appointed to high office on the Bench or in Council in India, that he should commence work by throwing overboard all his English notions about devolution, settlement, entail, leases with conditions and limits, and absolute and unqualified ownership in the soil. And this, we are glad to admit, Sir John Phear has effectively done. After a brief sketch of the Cornwallis Settlement and the legislation of 1793, he gives forcible expression to opinions which are the texts and canons of every experienced administrator—that absolute and unqualified ownership in landed property is very rarely found; that a Zemindar in Nuddea has no analogy with an English squire; that half-a-dozen middlemen have rights under a Zemindar or superior holder which are perfectly capable of definition; and that, if real ownership is to be sought for anywhere, it is in the holding of the *Jotedar* or *Ryot*, though it is not very easy to draw the exact line of separation. Equally clear and forcible is the explanation about the division of shares in any great Hindu property. Every member of an undivided family is born with a right to some portion of the patrimonial estate. But as families grow and spread, domestic causes of quarrel multiply, and patriarchal rule becomes unbearable. Then separation takes place. First, the various shares of the rental are collected, not by one general manager but by the heads of the various branches. This is productive of more disagreements, and is a constant source of perplexity to the actual cultivator, who may pay 7½ annas of the whole rupee to one proprietor, 4½ annas to another, and 2 annas to a third, making up sixteen annas in all; or, as we should put it, the twenty shillings in the pound. Lastly, when everybody's patience is exhausted, and the shareholders and their tenants may have gone the round of the criminal, revenue, and civil courts, a final partition in the land takes place. And the same process of joint collection, separate collection, and ultimate division of the diminished inheritance, takes place in each succeeding generation. It is not surprising that, in the absence of mineral wealth and manufactures, the fertility of the Gangetic Delta, the more than Irish attachment of the Hindu to paternal acres, and the fecundity of the races, should lead to over-population and to a rate of seven hundred to eight hundred inhabitants in one square mile. We remark, by the way, that the author is fond of using the term *mouzah* to express a village in Bengal. *Mouzah*, we must remind him, is a term of revenue and law. The popular and vernacular term for the actual village is *gram* or *ganw*, and it is the same as *gama*, which the author found in Ceylon. An Indian peasant in the field or bazaar, if questioned about his *mouzah* as a place of residence, would be as amazed as a modern gamekeeper who might be told that his young master was to be taken out to shoot conies instead of rabbits. Again, *Ryots* are scarcely in the habit of eating "tiffin," which is a meal almost peculiar to Anglo-Indians. What *Ryots* do eat on a journey, or about 4 o'clock p.m., or when they have no time to make a fire-place and cook their rice, is *jalpin*, or a snack of some sort of sweetmeats or parched rice. A halfpenny-worth of these dainties and a whiff of tobacco will go a long way to satisfy a hungry boatman, palanquin-bearer, or beater. Occasionally, too, the author uses a local term with perfect accuracy, but neglects to bring it home to English ears. For instance, he describes a faction fight or rather a contest between the tenants of two Zemindars, one of whom had a right to the rents of ten annas, or not quite two-thirds of the whole, while the other had the right to the remaining six annas. We gather that, in this case, the division of the lands had actually taken place, and the dispute related, not to fractional shares of rents in the same acreage, but to distinct plots of land with their metes and bounds. And then comes a sentence clear as crystal to an active magistrate in Bengal, but a perfect enigma to an English landlord or legislator:—"A great effort had been made by the Raja's people to make Asan give up his *jote* to Kalidas or to enter into *simma* relations with the Raja." Asan and Kalidas are the two *Ryots* at feud. The *jote* is the tenancy of one of them, the subject of dispute; and the meaning of the last part of the sentence is that, if Asan would not surrender his actual tenancy to Kalidas, he might at least be brought round to acknowledge the Raja as his superior landlord, to pay rents to him and not to his proper owner, and to look to the Raja for protection and countenance. In other words, the landholder, rival of the Raja, was to be the loser either

by his own tenant ceding actual possession of his few acres to another man who was not his tenant, or else by his paying them to a rival superior to whom nothing was due. If there is no fixity of tenure in this, there is at least something not very far removed from "free and easy sale." The dispute ended, as so many of these agrarian disputes do, by Asan being wounded in the hand, and his brother, one Manick, losing his life. Various other incidents are recorded in these pages, showing how Bengal *Ryots* eat and dress, amuse themselves, are robbed and plundered, and die before their time. There is a sketch of the crime of Dacoity, or gang robbery, where men disguise their faces with ashes, just as they blacken them in Ireland, ransack the house, search the chests for jewels, dig up the floor for rupees, ill-treat the women, and make off with their booty. There is a story of the savage revenge taken by some Hindus on a young Mohammedan for tarnishing the family honour. And there is quite enough to remind us that there is still in India a large store of materials left which can be worked up into an interesting volume by men who will take the trouble to use their eyes and to collect something beyond stale stories about *hookahs* and *nautches*, days on elephants, and nights at mess.

No two tropical countries, physically, can be less alike than Bengal and Ceylon. Both countries certainly have abundance of rain and heat. Coconut trees and rice flourish in both. But in Ceylon the country undulates, to say nothing of high ranges of mountains; and huge tracts are one vast jungle on which the axe and the plough seem to make no impression. Yet the author selects similarities as well as differences in the land tenures. There is a headman in a Cingalese village just as in Bengal. There are village carpenters, blacksmiths, and washermen. Land is held by men who pay their quota of the produce, as well as by men who render some definite service to the chief. But, then, in Ceylon service is the usual tenure and payment of produce the exception, while in Bengal it is exactly the reverse. In Ceylon there are none of those sub-inequities which interpose half a dozen charges between the actual cultivator and the Zemindar. Population is scanty. During the dominion of the Portuguese money payments were unknown; and even in our own times men have been compelled, under old precedents, to give several days of unpaid labour to repair the roads. The author states distinctly that the hideous custom of polyandry, though discouraged by legislation, is still in force. We have besides all this the reprint of an ingenious lecture, showing how the joint Hindu family may have expanded into the village; and, if we can forget that Sir John Phear has gone out of his way to cast aspersions on the members of a service to which India is even more indebted than to its able and independent Bar, this volume does credit to experience acquired as Puisne Judge in the High Court of Calcutta and as Chief Justice in Ceylon.

EGYPTIAN METHOLOGY.*

SINCE the time of Moses, not to speak of Herodotus, the wisdom of the Egyptians has attracted the curiosity of all inquirers into early religion. The great age of Egyptian civilization, the imposing splendour of the temples and the ritual, the very grotesqueness of the mysteries, and the reticence of the priests, encouraged the belief that Egypt inherited some marvellous tradition, and was in possession of some intimate theosophic knowledge. These pretensions were partly destroyed when De Brosses published (1760) his little book, *Du Culte des Dieux Fétiches, ou Parallèle de l'ancienne Religion de l'Égypte avec la Religion actuelle de Nigritie*. De Brosses certainly introduced the word "Fétichisme" without attaching to it any very definite scientific signification. It has been so much abused, as Mr. Max Müller has pointed out, in recent speculations that we prefer not to use the term at all. But De Brosses established, as we venture to think, one essential fact. He showed that, among contemporary savage tribes a direct worship *sans figure*, as he says, without symbolism of any kind, was paid to animals and vegetables (*Du Culte des Dieux Fétiches*, p. 182). As to the origin of a practice which seems so strange to civilized men, he wrote in his style of vivacious common sense, "on n'est pas obligé de rendre raison d'une chose où il n'y en a point; et ce seroit, je pense, assez inutilement qu'on en chercheroit autre que la crainte et la folie dont l'esprit humain est susceptible; et que la facilité qu'il a dans de telles dispositions à enfanter des superstitions de toute espèce." De Brosses concluded that the Egyptian worship of plants and animals was also originally *sans figure* and direct, though an educated and mystic priesthood explained, by elaborate cosmical, moral, and spiritual allegories, the rude forms of worship which they inherited from a remote, a savage, and a childishly superstitious past. And this is the explanation of a great part of Egyptian mythology, to which modern anthropological science inclines. We have to distinguish, as far as possible, the wild early animal worship from the late allegorical interpretations, and from the symbolical additions to ritual.

This is the system of the anthropologist, of the historical inquirer; but mythologists of another school still reject the hint of De Brosses, and look everywhere for the *figure*, for the symbol, which they suppose to be, not the later priestly interpretation, but

* *Le Panthéon Égyptien*. Par Paul Pierrot, Conservateur du Musée Égyptien du Louvre. Paris: Ernest Le Roux. 1881.

A Book of the Beginnings. By Gerald Massey. London: Williams & Norgate. 1881.

the original essence of the Egyptian worship of animals and plants. This search for the *figure*, the symbol, is the method of M. Paul Pierret, the Keeper of Egyptian Antiquities at the Louvre. M. Pierret starts from the theory, which we think somewhat too neat and too superficial, that religion begins with "Fétichisme," with adoration of winds, seas, rivers, hills, and *ferocious* animals; passes to Sabôisme, worship of the heavenly host; and then reaches Polytheism. "Fétichisme, Sabôisme, Polytheisme, these are the three stages of religious thought." But, says M. Pierret, the Egyptians, though they doubtless started from Fétichisme (in which he includes the worship of animals), have left us no traces of their passage through this early stage of speculation:—"Malheureusement, les Égyptiens semblent s'être fait une loi de nous dérober leurs premiers fétichismes en toutes choses, et leurs monuments les plus anciens nous les montrent déjà parvenus à l'idée monothéiste. . . . Ils sont monothéistes sous une apparence polythéiste." And M. Pierret quotes Champollion Figéac, "C'était un monothéisme pur, so manifestant extérieurement par un polythéisme symbolique." The Egyptians undeniably worshipped a host of animals, and worshipped them, to Plutarch's surprise, directly and without disguise (*De Iside et Osiride*, 379, 30). "The Greeks assign certain animals to the Gods, but the people among the Egyptians worship the animals themselves." Plutarch gives the current explanations, such as the myth that the gods hid themselves in animal shapes in dread of Typhon; or, again, that Osiris divided the world into bands, each of which had an animal for its symbol. Now this very division of races into stocks of kinship, each of which has an animal or plant for its symbol, prevails at this moment among Thlinkets, Red Indians, such as the Dakotas, Bechuans, Ashantees, Australians—in fact, in Asia, Africa, America, and the great continental island. Further, Plutarch informs us that the Egyptians who worshipped this or that fish, or other animal, declined to eat it, exactly as the contemporary savages of the world refuse to make food of the animal which supplies their family badge. Thus only the Lycopolite (Wolves) would in Plutarch's time eat the sheep, which was a great god in Egypt, and while the Dogs (Cynopolite) ate the fish called Oxyrhynchus, the Fishes (people of the town named after the Oxyrhynchus) were in the habit of annoying the Cynopolite by sacrificing dogs and eating them with much solemnity. Here then we have, even in the Egypt of Plutarch's time, undeniable marks of the savage institution called "Totemism"—one aspect of direct animal worship. Juvenal and Virgil, like Plutarch, do not conceal their astonishment at practices familiar to the anthropological student as savage institutions. Among other sacred animals, in addition to those we have spoken of, Plutarch names the asp, the cat and the ibis, the ox and the ichneumon. These were worshipped especially in times of drought or pestilence; and, if rain and health did not return, the priests very secretly put the gods to death. He adds that the lion is directly worshipped (*De Iside et Osiride*, 363, 51), and that temples are adorned with the jaws of the animal. In the same way the modern Ainos worship the bear *sums figure*, and decorate their shrines with his skull.

In spite of all this evidence, which it really seems hard to misunderstand, M. Pierret persists in believing that the animal worship of Egypt was all pure symbolism. With M. Chabas, he remarks that "the innumerable gods of Egypt are only different aspects or attributes of the single type of godhead." He thinks it unreasonable to suppose, and contrary to the teaching of history to believe, that monotheism and direct animal worship could co-exist in the same country at the same time. He will not have it said "that the same people which looked on the divinity as inaccessible, invisible, of hidden name and form unknown, could adore hawks, crocodiles, lionesses, cats, and cows."

Now surely, if history has one certain lesson, it is that stages of thought do not abolish each other as they come on, but overlap and intermingle with each other. Only ten years ago certain Irish of the West coast were worshipping a certain formless stone idol. Practices which M. Pierret would call "fétichistic," or even polytheistic, have been common in the history of modern Scotch and English rural districts. Just as the age of iron does not abolish that of bronze, just as bronze does not abolish flint weapons, so the monotheism of philosophers, priests, and the educated classes coincides in time and space with copious survivals of ruder creeds among the people. Serpents are still sacrificed in Brittany on St. Anne's Day, and orthodoxy coexists in Russia with the most degraded forms of "fétichisme," including bear-worship.

M. Pierret, being unable to take this view of the evolution of religion, is obliged to maintain that animals appeared to be worshipped in Egypt merely as symbols of the various divine attributes:—"Ces animaux, employés comme symboles, sont devenus sacrés par ce seul fait, qu'ils ont eu l'honneur de servir de vêtement à la pensée religieuse." Nothing can be more explicit; but it would have been difficult to get the worshippers of the wolf, sheep, or oxyrhynchus to agree with M. Pierret, to eat their own Totems, and leave the Totems of their neighbours uneaten. The votes of M. Pierret might have been held by a highly-educated and refined Egyptian priest, a monotheist who was determined to take the articles of his Church in a non-natural sense, and who knew nothing of direct animal worship *sums figure* in Africa, Asia, America, Europe, and Australia. But we do not think that modern comparative students of religion will be convinced by M. Pierret's theory that monotheism, polytheism, and fétichisme cannot possibly coexist, and that the oxyrhynchus, cat, crocodile, and the rest, are and always were pure symbols of the attributes of one

omnipotent deity. That deity in M. Pierret's opinion is, as will have been anticipated, the sun:

Toute la mythologie égyptienne reside dans ce qu'on peut appeler le drame solaire.

A chaque acte de ce drame, le dieu change de nom sans rien perdre de son individualité et de sa toute-puissance.

All the local and other names of gods are (we presume) names of the sun. Possibly this may have been the contention of the priests. When the Brahmins want to convert a set of native animal-worshippers, they observe that Brahma once took the shape of their animal, and that the name of their animal is one name of Brahma. This ingenious device of "the same concern" was probably practised by the priests of Egypt. But even the ingenuity of the symbolic school of interpreters may be checked when they are asked to explain why the worshippers of the one god under a local name waged war with all the neighbouring local types of the god, sacrificed them, and ate them. Either the explanation is false, or it must be extended to similar practices among all savages. *Amus*, wombats, coyotes, tortoises, hares, ants, frogs, kangaroos, bears, toads, prairie dogs, reeds, bulrushes, crestless cockatoos, wolves, tobacco, maize, sardines, lizards, black snakes, grasshoppers, red deer (in Ireland), and, in short, almost all the beasts in the Zoological Gardens, must be "employés comme symboles, et devenus sacrés par ce seul fait qu'ils ont eu l'honneur de servir de vêtement à la pensée religieuse." But, then, these creatures are worshipped by races not yet in what M. Pierret calls the polytheistic stage of religion, still less in the monotheistic stage. This shows the difficulty of keeping one explanation for Egypt and another for the animal worship of the rest of the world.

M. Pierret has led us into serious matter, Mr. Massey helps the brow of austerity to unbend. In two huge quartos of twelve hundred pages we find him seeking the origin of all human things in Egypt. Extracts alone can do justice to Mr. Massey's method. He is an evolutionist, he says, and does not boggle at the animal descent of man. But the Egyptians got away with a long lead from the rest of humanity. "It we find that each road leads back from Egypt, we may safely infer that every road preceded from Egypt." Egypt is "the common model, the common kinship, and the common centre." Mr. Massey proves that Maori and English are connected with Egyptian, by philological arguments. Thus (English) *Meskins*, "By the Mass," mass wafer (Egyptian), *Meskin*, "place of new birth," *mes*, "kind of cake." (English), *Mobile*, "the mob"; (Egyptian), *Mhudi*, "humble." (English), *Monument*; (Egyptian), *Men*, "to fix." (English), *Mart*, "cow-fair"; (Egyptian), "Mer-cow." *Mart*, cow-fair, is about as good as anything in this scientific philological exercise of Mr. Massey's. But here is an example by no means bad. "*Linn* (Keltic), a deep still pool; Egyptian, *Reun*, virgin pure." *Linn* is generally used of a roaring waterfall; Burns's despairing lover "spuk o' leaping ower a linn." But how could Mr. Massey omit *Rein* (German), pure; Egyptian, *Reun*, virgin pure? That would have been much neater and closer than the Keltic, *linn*, and Mr. Massey is welcome to make future use of the suggestion. This, again, is not bad (English), *letter*; Egyptian, *Rel*, to "engrave, figure, write." But Mr. Massey (who seems not to care about Greek) will hardly beat this—(English), *pegmat*, "a moving pageant"; (Egyptian), *peh*, "glory," *Khema*, "shrine." He has another *pegmat*, "bill of advertisement fixed up at ancient pageants"; (Egyptian) *p-la-ma*, the call to come. But if we have a favourite, among Mr. Massey's philological diversions, if there is one splendid illustrious blunder, it is this:—"Atum in one character is the setting sun: he sets from the land of life. He is the sun of ATRUMS, to which season he has bequeathed his name." It is fair to say that Mr. Massey knows some of his words to be derived from Latin and Greek.

Perhaps enough has now been said about Mr. Gerald Massey. He finds in the "Tom-toddy," or tadpole, "an image of Tum"! Once more, "the cat being a type of Ked, and a name also of the fiddle, may have a serious bearing on the rhyme of

Hei, diddle diddle,
The Cat and the Fiddle,

and the Cow that jumped over the Moon may be the Cow-goddess of Ursa major, Ked, who was anterior to, and higher in heaven than, Luna." With a fine knowledge of Celtic (or Keltic), Mr. Massey hints that "the Khen, as seafarers, may also have had a special territory (Tir) in Cantyre, as well as in Kent and Segont." Quite as probable, we should say. Here is a passage full of fine promiscuous philology:—

In the Annals of Rameses III. amongst the bread offerings to the temple, are 441,800 buns called "Buns KALUSFA." The Egyptian Kalusta becomes the KALLISTES of the Greeks, a kind of cake or bread which they beautified. Apparently it was made of the finest ears of wheat (*καλλιστράγυς*). Rendered with the letter s, these buns are KALUSFA. Ta is bread, food, offering; KARAS denotes the dead, the corpse or mummy; Karas, a funeral. A Cornish word, CLUSTY, will enable us to determine the nature of the bread. Clusty means close, heavy, unfermented, dead; it is also applied to potatoes when they are not mealy.

By arguments of similar character and value, Mr. Massey connects the Maoris of New Zealand with the Egyptians. He prefaces his book with a rather short poem:—

One of the Mountain tops of Time,
Is left in Africa to climb.

Mr. Massey has "polished it off," like Mr. Whympier. He has

read very widely indeed, and this is the result of his reading. His book is simply stuffed full of scientific plums like these we have picked out. His volumes are beautifully printed, and Egypt never before produced a jest so monumental and colossal.

SWINTON'S INSECT VARIETY.*

IN no department of knowledge has a more conspicuous advance been witnessed by the present generation than in the scientific study of entomology. The discovery in unforeseen profusion and variety of fossil insects, extending to deposits of early date, has given to our ideas of insect organization a range, both in time and in geographical distribution, wholly undreamt of till within the last few years. It has also enabled us to determine the characteristics and the affinities of insect life at successive periods of development, and to show their connexion through unbroken sequence with the familiar forms of our own day. Concurrently with this calling up from the dead, if we may so speak, of a wholly unknown realm of life, there has been an unparalleled amount of microscopic work dealing with the anatomy, the histology, and the functional constitution of insects the most specifically distinct. The whole science has thus undergone little less than a revolution. No longer set in a corner as a study apart by itself, fitted only for minds as petty as the objects they potted over with pocket-lens and pill-box, it has established itself in organic contact, on the one hand with geology, and on the other with biology. The functions assigned to insects in forwarding the process of fertilization have made good the extent and significance of the debt incurred by the vegetable kingdom on the part of this minutest of the animal orders. And in regard to morphology, metamorphism, and other occult laws of the living organism, it is to insect life in its mysterious changes and its inexhaustible profusion that we have most hopefully to look if we would penetrate to the inner secrets of nature. Nor is it in their anatomical or muscular functions only that the various insect tribes are able to throw light upon the affinities of widely separate classes of animated beings; in their habits, their modes of intelligence and action, singly or in common, their kinds and degrees of instinct, they supply lessons for which the thoughtful naturalist is ever on the watch. In their modes of propagation and their geographical distribution, involving intricate questions of climate, vegetation, and other physical conditions, there is, above all, a field of boundless interest for every student of biology.

To make clear the path towards the full and thorough treatment of a subject so wide, the specialist must needs be called in as a pioneer. On his labours depend the facts upon which have to be raised the broad generalizations which constitute science. And to all who bring to this preparatory task the requisite skill, patience, and accuracy of observation, a degree of gratitude is due which may well make us tender towards shortcomings in regard to philosophical method, logical arrangement, and other qualities which bespeak the mind of the master. As a work of value in the secondary sense implied in this comparison we gladly instance Mr. A. H. Swinton's recent *Insect Variety: its Propagation and Distribution*. His investigations have been directed, as his title-page explains, to the "odours, dances, colours, and music in all grasshoppers, cicadæ, and moths; beetles, leaf-insects, bees and butterflies; bugs, flies and ephemera"; and he aims also at "exhibiting the bearing of the science of entomology on geology." The programme of study thus laid down is comprehensive enough to open up many of the problems most interesting to the entomologist. The author shows himself in every page a careful and indefatigable observer, having been urged on from boyhood by an intense devotion to the hunt for moths and butterflies—a pursuit "much fostered by the glow of charming colours, an inborn love of sport, and perfect rage for novelties." His imagination still glows with the reminiscences of the early mysteries of the butterfly-net, with its accompaniments of "caterpillar-rearing and chrysalis-digging, sallow beatings in the spring, and patient watchings at sugared tree trunks, ivy, flowers, and street lamps at autumn," with other expedients employed to obtain the delicate scale wings of Lepidoptera. Such keen and active sympathy with nature soon led to the discovery of novelties which brought him the thanks of correspondents at home and abroad. Summer tours to insect haunts in England and the Scottish Highlands enlarged and enriched his stores. Above all, a long-cherished dream of Northern Italy and the leafy gorges of the Tyrol and Rhône Valley was at length realized in a trip to that paradise of the insect fauna, poor only in comparison with the virgin bush of tropical lands. Whilst for others Italy has her sunny skies, her classic and mediæval memories, her treasures of painting, sculpture, poetry, and music, for him she brought forth the summer Cicadæ drumming among the boughs, the golden wasp (*Scotia hortorum*) lazily wheeling around the tufted fountain, the sacred *Scarabæi*, "yet rolling in the ravines their miniature globes, as the Egyptians imagined, to procreate." There were to be found ant-lions and trap-door spiders; fireflies flashed nightly along the rivers, florid species of butterflies, *Choræus* and *Danaïdæ*, fluttered in chosen spots, bespeaking in their birth somewhat of the warm breath of the African sirocco, and perpetuating the life of the heated Ter-

tiary time, which survives in numerous insect specimens in the palatial museum at Marseilles.

The first and most absorbing object of the author's eager quest was the Cicada. Primed full at starting with the poetic notices of this almost fabulous insect which abound, not in the Greek and Latin classics only, but in the poetry of all nations, his head seems to have been fairly turned as he drew near to the land of promise. His style of writing, deficient from the first in sobriety and self-control, here breaks into a strain of rhapsodical sound and fury which defies every effort to render it into sober prose. In the gardens of the Palazzo Giusti, in the land of Virgil and the city of Catullus, on the 5th of June, he "espied the first nymph of *Hematomæ* crossing his path, besmeared with the soil from whence it had just risen." Having learnt from his English classics to regard the Cicada as the herald and har-binger of spring, the lateness of this first birth was a puzzle to his mind. A fortnight later, fancying he heard a frog quacking in a bush on the banks of the Po, he found that the sound *pip! pip!* came from a drowsy Cicada sitting on a damp spray, who was attuning his lyre to the stray glints that crept in among the dense soft foliage:—

But can this be the Cicada of one's school days? I exclaimed. It is nothing like a "Grasshopper," as elegant writers such as Pope and Dryden maintain; nor does it seem as if it would "hop," as Wordsworth and Goethe would make out. No, it is not a "Tree Hopper." Cowley said it "danced." No, I don't think it dances. And it is not a Cricket, as another wiseacre, a German, has it! Nor a Leaf-cricket with a curly tail, as La Fontaine illustrates it! It used to turn its eyes and wink at St. Francis; but alas! its optics have become immovable. Well, here is my pocket Virgil and the explanation. "These insects differ essentially from our Grasshoppers; being found in warm climates alone, they have not, indeed, any English name. Their habit, noticed in the text, of sitting on trees, would alone make a distinction. In form they are more round and short than our Grasshopper; they make a much louder noise, which begins when the sun grows hot and continues till it sets. Their wings have silvery streaks, and are marked with brown; the inner pair of twice the length of the outer and more variegated." Well, but these are Lord Byron's "People of the pine, making their summer lives one ceaseless song." They are not a bit like the Cicada before me, pure and simple. I must describe it for our northern literati. Well, it carried itself, I think I may say, with somewhat the air of a gigantic bee, but in form it closely resembled the little froth insect of quickest hedge, to which it is near akin. In colour it was black, elegantly lined with blood-red on the body and wing-veins, or if Latin should be preferred, *Nigra abdominis incisuris alarumque nervis sanguinis*. Any way it was a Cicada, sometimes known as *hematomæ*, whose generic name is undecided. *Cicada hematomæ*, the Blood Cicada, satisfied Linnaeus; Fabricius baptised it *Tettigonia*; and lately it has been proposed to surname it *Melomnatha*, and christen it *Cicadetta*. But this is getting as bad as the poets.

After devoting to the nature and habits of this puzzling insect page after page of rambling notices from "the poets" and naturalists of ancient and modern times, our author seems as far as ever from settling the true place and affinities of the classic species of Italy in the family of the Cicadidæ, or its identity with the *terris* of the Greek bards and naturalists. Other vocal insects which he goes on to specify fed the Grecian ear. There were the leaf crickets, both diurnal and nightly. "The poet Moleger, to attune his lyre, sought the golden corn to capture the locust sounding his sweet-speaking wings with his feet. . . . The maiden sitting in sunshine, the rattle of the grasshopper commingling with the chant of the Cicada, forgets her lover and her tears; and one poet deems death itself unrepulsive should the cricket of the briar raise over him a monument of imperishable strophes." Not only poets, but musicians and men of science, have gone before our author in yielding to the spell excited by these strident insects:—

Nor is a music so full of poetry and so widely honoured wholly unknown to science. Many have been the attempts to render the songs of the Grasshoppers in music. Yersin, of the Vaudois valleys, who died young, was, I believe, one of the first to produce a score of the snatches heard among his Alps, and along the sunny Riviera. Brunelli, further back, was accustomed to keep a band of the Great Green Leaf Cricket in a cupboard, where they formed an orchestra, and whiled the day with recitative. The enterprising professor chirped a key-note, when at first a few of the boldest would answer, and gradually the whole choir struck in, and stridulated with all their might; refreshing interludes were obtained by a rap at the door. Recently a well-known author has testified to the pleading nature of a solo from a select male of this species, confined under a glass on the table, which, as his music is only a little less deafening, might be preferable and more enjoyable than a Canary's.

The science of phonetics may, he justly urges, be much indebted to the study of the sound-organs of insects. The physicist and the mechanician may be enabled hereby to throw light upon many a subtle problem of acoustics, upon the laws of vibration and intonation. The best part of his book is perhaps that which treats of the organs of sound and hearing in insects. The author's first original discovery from actual dissection of *Tettigæ* at Turin was that the part usually termed the mirror in these insects is in reality an organ of hearing. Five of his seven plates are devoted to the organs of stridulation and audition in the various orders, which are clearly drawn and as well defined as may be when actual motion, the phenomenon sought to be indicated, is the very thing necessarily lacking. Plate V. shows the abdomen of a male Cicada dissected from the thorax and magnified. The species (*Cicada Plebeja*, Oliv.) being cryptotympanous, or having its drum-covers concealed by a lap of the dermis, this skin has been cut away from the left drum, so as to expose the ribbed membrane. To the hinder point of this membrane the tendon of the motor muscle is attached, and by its action the membrane is drawn inward during the music, the sound resulting from its vibration on each rebound. The large internal air cavity is separated by a diaphragm, opposite to which are seen the mirrors of the cicada,

* *Insect Variety; its Propagation and Distribution, &c.* By A. H. Swinton, Member of the Entomological Society of London. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co. 1880.

showing an iridescent spot of various colours, centrally to which a little styliform thickening proceeds from their margin. The internal aspect of this part, which has the essentials of an insect ear, is shown in Plate VI., the supposed acoustic nerve being connected with the mirror. The motion of the abdomen when emitting sound is indicated by a blur. In Plate IV. are drawn the organs of instrumental music in *Vanessa Io*, the peacock butterfly. A strong magnifying power shows the filed aspect of the under surface of the submedian or anal vein of the fore-wing, nearest its inner margin. This vein plays its lima or file over the costal vein of the hind wing, when the insect rubs its wings together in stridulation. A raised pucker at the base of the hind wing, devoid of scales, may serve, it is thought, in impressing the vibrations caused by the friction of these veins upon the surrounding air. In the death's-head moth (*Acherontia atropos*) the filing of the inner surface of the lower joint of the labial palpi corresponds with the adjacent surface of the proboscis, by the mutual friction of which its shriek is given forth. Plate VI. gives the organs of audition in Orthoptera and of stridulation in Coleoptera and Hymenoptera, the drum of Cicadidæ, the organ of smell in bees and gnats, and organs of circulation, variously magnified; and Plate VII. exhibits outlines of the nervous system in various orders of insects, including *Cicada tynis* and *Spaeromía thalassina* (grasshopper). These and other points of insect anatomy are treated in more ample detail in the body of the work, the author's minute and patient observations being combined with the results of wide and careful reading. Tables of great value have been compiled, enabling the reader to seize at a glance the general scheme of nature comprised within the scope of the entomologist. The most comprehensive of these tables gives an exhaustive list of the genera of insects that stridulate, admirably classified, the nature and function of the sound organs, with other details of their mechanism, being distinguished, and authorities referred to for evidence of their vocal qualities. Other tables refer to the secretion of larvæ or immature insects, the excretory ducts, the scent organs, with their position and adjuncts, an approximate scale of scent being added, in which the several odours of insect secretion are brought into comparison with scents well known in nature or common life, as musk, box-leaves, pine-apple or fennel, guano, vinegar, or rатаfia. The problem of the antennæ possessing the sense of smell as well as of hearing, together with the faculty of tact and mental communication, is discussed, and a list of authorities on both sides included in the bibliography of the subject. The conditions of reproduction and distribution under the laws of natural selection, specific evolution, and what are here classed as metaphysical incentives—the germs, i.e. of the passions implanted in these tiny forms—fear, rivalry, love, jealousy, and maternal care, with their varied modes of indication, come under our author's treatment, and testify to the wide grasp he has taken of his subject. With greater method in arrangement, and with the pruning knife applied unsparingly to his exuberant, and at times ridiculous, overgrowth of verbiage, his work would be entitled to a high place in the literature of insect life.

SCHOOLS AND TEACHING.*

WE have here two books either of which would by itself offer a good deal of matter for reflection. By coming before us together they give occasion for comparisons and contrasts not without importance for English society at large, and chiefly for English parents who have sons to bring up. In *Our Public Schools* we have a series of accounts of what the leading schools of England actually are. They are evidently by different and independent writers, and apparently in each case by a writer who was himself at the school described; and their testimony to the facts may be taken as competent and trustworthy. Mr. Fitch's Cambridge lectures are the exposition by a man whose known abilities and services give special weight to his opinion of what he considers school teaching and discipline ought to be. Such a man's ideal, subject to permissible differences of judgment in this or that detail, may be taken as fairly representing the mind of those competent persons who have given most thought to the subject. Thus, then, we may say that we have the actual and the ideal of English schools confronting one another. Between the two there is a gulf which it will take long to fill; not that we would for a moment disparage the good work that has already been and now is being done towards filling it, often under difficulties which outsiders, for want of knowledge or patience, wholly fail to understand. But first let us glance at the book of facts.

The foundations treated of in *Our Public Schools* are Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Westminster, Marlborough, and the Charterhouse. It is hard to see on what principle these names were chosen or arranged. We can think of no reason why, if Marlborough is included, St. Paul's, Cheltenham, and Wellington should be left out. The order of the chapters is that in which we have given the names, and appears to be purely accidental. In one respect it is unfortunate, for the opening essay on Eton, though written with sufficient knowledge and in a lively style, is by far the worst in the volume. The lively style has been its bane. Instead of the serious and temperate kind of discussion required

by the occasion, the essayist has been tempted to adopt a smart leader-writing or even paragraph-writing manner; and the tone of his observations is flippant and capricious throughout. He is a partisan, and we cannot say that he is a fair one. Hardly any person or thing connected with Eton escapes without a sneer. His general point of view appears to be that public schools are, on the whole, of more than doubtful utility, and that Arnold (who comes in for a little sneer too) did more harm than good by reviving their credit among the well-to-do middle classes. Most public school men, and certainly most Eton men, will think this manifestly absurd. We do not think so ourselves, though the view suggested is not our own; and we the more regret that it has not been put forward in a manner free from offence. It is an arguable opinion that the system of Eton is wrong in itself, and that such attempts as have been made hitherto to mend it have been inadequate and half-hearted. But such opinions are not legitimately maintained by casting supercilious ridicule on men who, whatever their intellectual shortcomings may have been, strove honestly to do the best work they could, being what they were, and having the work laid upon them under such conditions as they found. There is something not only unfair, but ungenerous, in some of this writer's remarks on living persons whose only crime has been the want of that reforming genius which is as rare among schoolmasters as among statesmen. Nevertheless, there is good substance in many of his criticisms; but the form in which he has cast them is eminently fitted to prevent them from being attended to by the persons most concerned. As an account of Eton designed for the information of the public at large, the cynical bias of the essay makes it, in our judgment, altogether misleading.

A striking contrast is presented by the chapter on Winchester. The writer of this, while admitting that it is necessary to keep pace with the times, is fully persuaded that in the main all is for the best in the best of all possible public schools. What little we ourselves know about Winchester is good; but the high-pitched optimism of this essay seems to demand certain grains of salt to reduce it to anything like a common denomination with the others. "As for the masters," we are told, "they are a remarkably united body, and, in spite of variety of age, tastes, or opinions, there has never been any hint of disagreement among them." Let us hope that these things are indeed so. In the chapter on Rugby there is a good and temperately written account of Arnold's work. Rugby is, according to its describer, suffering just now from "the fault of being a little mechanical," the usual fate of systematic reforms when the inventing and guiding spirit of the first reformer is no more there. In point of substantial prosperity and success, however, there seems not to be much to complain of. The writer on Westminster strongly urges the removal of the school into the country as the only chance of giving it a new lease of life. Certainly the present results appear to be poor enough; but the question is a burning one among those who are nearly interested in Westminster and its fortune, and we do not presume to pass any judgment of our own upon it. The chapter of general remarks at the end on "Public School Education" is perhaps the most valuable in the book. Every part of it is worth attention, including the final suggestion (startling as it may seem at the first blush), "that our great public schools should frankly offer every facility for pupils arriving by train from the neighbouring towns, spending the whole day, dining at the school, and returning in the evening." Besides the reasons given by the essayist, it is quite possible that something of the kind may in the course of another generation, if not sooner, be forced on one or more of the great schools by mere pressure of numbers. Before leaving this book we must commend the outspokenness of more than one of the writers as to certain questions of moral discipline which it is difficult to speak of at all in public, but as much worse as it is much easier to ignore.

We pass on to Mr. Fitch's Lectures. He modestly describes them as of an "incomplete and provisional character." The incompleteness, however, is rather in the present state of the subject than in the author's command of it. Certainly there is nothing of haste or unripeness in his precepts. The lectures will be found most interesting, and deserve to be carefully studied, not only by persons directly concerned with instruction, but by parents who wish to be able to exercise an intelligent judgment in the choice of schools and teachers for their children. For ourselves, we could almost wish to be of school age again, to learn history and geography from some one who could teach them after the pattern set by Mr. Fitch to his audience. On the rational teaching of arithmetic, too, he gives excellent counsels not without their bearings, if people would see it, on higher mathematical teaching. For it is quite as possible to learn the differential calculus in a mechanical and unfruitful way as the extraction of square roots. But perhaps Mr. Fitch's observations on the general conditions of school-work are even more important than what he says on this or that branch of study. Such matters as light, arrangement of rooms, furniture, blackboards, maps, and so forth, have been till our own time very much left to chance. Here we may learn that in all these details the difference between the right and the wrong way is a serious one. There are good hints about taking notes and the use of books of reference; and we may add that even in higher instruction the art of using books is far too much supposed to come by nature. Our young students at the Universities must waste much time and lose many opportunities of extending their knowledge for want of hints which any one accustomed to work in libraries could give them in half an hour, but which, as things are, it is nobody's

* *Our Public Schools*. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

Lectures on Teaching, delivered in the University of Cambridge during the Lent Term, 1880. By J. G. Fitch, M.A., &c. Cambridge: University Press. 1881.

business to give them. We turn out—or did turn out until very lately—finished scholars who have simply read specific books they were told to read, and are helpless in a library or a museum.

On the head of discipline Mr. Fitch's cardinal maxim is that of all rational lawgivers, whether for boys or for men. Law should be above all things certain; and an inadequate law really enforced is better than a nominally adequate one which is not enforced. In punishments Mr. Fitch wholly disapproves many things that are still much in practice—for example, the clumsy and unjust makeshift of a "general punishment" imposed on a whole class. Corporal punishment he regards as a power to be kept in reserve, and most sparingly exercised, if at all, but not to be formally abrogated. The master of a singularly well-disciplined day-school examined by Mr. Fitch told him there had never been a case of corporal punishment in the school, but asked that this should not be published. "I do not mean to use it," he said; "but I do not want it to be in the power of the public or the parents to say I am precluded from using it." We need hardly say that in at least one or two of our great schools corporal punishment, instead of being appropriated to a few faults of exceptional gravity, is even at this day so familiar as to be in contempt. And indeed we think that the ordinary school system of punishments as a whole—we should have to use *penalty* in the sense of French publicists to give our exact meaning—contrives to get the least disciplinary value for the greatest expenditure of trouble and annoyance on both masters' and boys' part. Much of it is a survival of barbaric notions of justice which legislators have discarded for the last half-century in dealing with the worst of criminals; the chief of these is that the first thing needful is to punish somebody for every offence, the real offender by preference, but somebody at all events. We may add also that most, if not all, of our public schools have greatly erred in the multiplication of impracticable precepts, which naturally involved weightier matters in the disregard that was their inevitable portion. The climax of absurdity was reached by Eton, where within the last twenty years the common and virtually authorized pursuits of the school had to be carried on under cover of transparent fictions. The mysteries of bounds and "shirking" would require an article to themselves; but they are now happily abolished. Another precept of Mr. Fitch's used to be grievously broken at Eton (and doubtless elsewhere):—"It is of no value to learn a thing by heart unless it is learned so thoroughly that it can be recalled without the least mistake and at a moment's notice." A vision of many "saying lessons," half learnt and speedily forgotten, rises up to rebuke us. After this fashion the Sixth Form were deemed, by a presumption of law which there were no means of testing, to make a competent acquaintance with Ovid's *Fæsti*; a work feigned by long school tradition to be easy Latin poetry, as Cæsar's Commentaries are feigned to be easy Latin prose. Yet, by dint of much repetition of a process perfunctory in itself, Eton boys did and (we suppose) do get themselves in a manner saturated with Horace, whereby they never find out how difficult he is.

Mr. Fitch is no less instructive on the art of examinations and marking; but this we pass over as leading too far away, and go on to call attention to what he says of the teaching of science. This is so good that we prefer not to make extracts or attempt a summary, but simply advise the reading of the lecture as a whole. But we shall note the pregnant warning given towards the end, that science "does not mean knowledge, but knowledge obtained by right principles, and in a particular way. You may give a lesson on the future tense which shall be in the highest degree scientific, and you may give a lesson on the thermometer or on the antellites of Jupiter which shall not be science at all." One unlucky verbal slip occurs in this excellent chapter, the attribution of the saying *Hypotheses non fingo* to Bacon instead of Newton. Finally, there are some useful remarks on the limits of what schools can be expected to do. The schoolmaster's business is not to teach boys things which they can learn better out of school, but to make them apt learners both in school and out of it. Neither, again, should schools attempt the work of technical institutes.

A well-educated English gentleman does not, it is true, know so much about a steam engine as an engineer, nor so much about the rotation of crops as a farmer, nor so much about book-keeping as a city clerk, but he knows a great deal more about all three than either of them knows about the other two; and this is simply because his faculty of thinking and observing has been cultivated on subjects chosen for their fitness as instruments of development, and not on subjects chosen with the narrow purpose of turning them to immediate practical use.

One last word of explanation and warning seems needful. The British public listen complacently to the censures of educational reformers on the existing practice of schoolmasters, and think the schoolmasters have treated them shamefully. But the fault is at least half their own. After all, it is the boy's parents who pay the piper, and they have their own indulgence to blame if they will take no pains to call the tune. Education is much more than an article of commercial supply and demand; and how far it ought to have that character is an open question. But it is so to a great extent at present; and when for two or three centuries consumers have gone on paying the price without making, or qualifying themselves to make, the slightest effectual examination of the thing supplied, it is only astonishing that the result should be no worse than it is. No reform of school discipline or teaching can produce its full effect or end in much lasting improvement if it is not backed by the moral support of home influences. How are schoolmasters to inculcate industry on a boy whose father plainly gives him to understand that it is no matter whether he works or

not, or obedience on one whose friends at home teach him to escapades as rather creditable than otherwise? But, as our essayist on Public School Education truly says, "it is wonderful what the British parent will bear, and the evils he will allow his son to encounter, so long as he himself is not personally concerned." A material condition for the reform of British education, if not the first condition, is the reform of the British parent.

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.*

WE have read *An English Squire* with much interest. It is by no means a faultless story, yet its merits are so largely in excess of its defects, that on the latter the reader will not be inclined, we feel sure, to dwell for any length of time. It is something in these days when the storyteller's art has become "soiled with all ignoble uses," to have a novel that is at once clever and innocent, that is lively and amusing, and at the same time sets up and maintains a high standard of morality. So well written, indeed, for the most part, are these three volumes, that we cannot but regret that, owing to a certain want of art, there are one or two great blunders. The author certainly overcrowds her canvas. At one time we were getting almost bewildered with the number of young ladies to whom in rapid succession we were introduced. We felt too much as a man does who for the first time visits a large family, and is ushered into a drawing-room in which are assembled the half-dozen daughters or so of his host, all dressed alike, and all with the same smile and hair and complexion. Not, indeed, that the three or four heroines of the story before us are alike in their persons. They have a becoming variety, and, what is not always the case in novels of the day, each keeps to her own eyes and hair from the first chapter to the last. She who starts with a pointed chin and a creamy complexion ends with a chin that is still pointed and a complexion that has not ceased to be creamy. She whose eyes glanced and gleamed and melted after a fashion wholly their own, did not live to see them glance and gleam and melt after a fashion that belonged wholly to some one else. There is no confusion of this kind to which we are only too much used in our reading. Nevertheless, as we have said, we do feel at times that the stage is inconveniently crowded; and we feel a little put out at seeing fresh characters pressing in, when with those who are already before us we are by no means so familiar as we could wish. Then, moreover, we must confess that it is by no means in heroines that Miss Coleridge's strength lies. Perhaps it is the knowledge of her weakness in this respect that leads her to double their number. We have before now, in the advertisement of a pantomime, seen a great deal made of the fact that there were two clowns, two pantaloons, and two harlequins. One of each kind used to be enough in our boyhood, and one heroine always satisfied our youth. In the present story this excess is altogether needless, for the real hero remains a bachelor to the end. No doubt he was, at one time, in love with one of the heroines, but unhappily he chose the wrong one, and she treated him very ill. This part of the story we feel sure could have been managed a great deal better, and probably all the young ladies whom Miss Coleridge may number among her readers and admirers will agree with us. They, at all events, will not approve of her leaving a hero a curate and a bachelor. It is a bad example for every parish in the kingdom, and one that must be severely censured. A hero—an English hero—may undoubtedly take orders, but he must get a wife and bring her to a rectory. A second fault in the story is the use that is made of a sudden death and of sick-beds to work great changes in the characters. No doubt by both one and the other great changes are wrought in real life. Nevertheless, in this part of the book Miss Coleridge is wanting in originality. She is following too much in a path that Miss Yonge and others of her class of novelists have trodden more than enough. We feel that she plays with the hero's health much as a man does with his puppets in a show. He is pulled on to his sick-bed and off it just as the moral nature—not of himself, but of some one else—requires that some influence shall be brought to bear on it from without. We are not at all content when we see a character who greatly pleases us afflicted with rheumatic fever or with a delicacy in the lungs, merely in order that another person, for whom we care very little, may be reformed. Heroes are not to be treated like the boy who of old shared in the studies of a young prince, and who was whipped each time that the future king neglected his task. If they are to be racked in their joints by rheumatism, or to be troubled with a bad cough, it should surely be for their own good that they suffer. Before we pass away from a consideration of the blemishes of this interesting story, we must exclaim against such barbarous English as "an unreliable vision." "Reliable" and "unreliable" never were good English, and never can be made good English. They are, indeed, only too popular with newspaper correspondents, but they seem sadly out of place when used by one who bears a name so honoured in literature as that of Coleridge.

Such faults as these, serious though they certainly are, may well be forgiven for the general interest of the story and the excellence of two or three of the characters. One of these characters is as original as it is cleverly drawn. The story opens in the hall of a Westmoreland squire. We at once take to the hearty old fellow—not indeed that he is very old, after all—and we take to him the more as, in spite of his strong frame and vigorous constitution,

* *An English Squire*. A Novel. By C. E. Coleridge, Author of "Lady Betty," "Hambury Mills," "Hugh Crichton's Romance," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

we see in five minutes or so that he is destined to die somewhere about the middle of the second volume. It is a melancholy matter to be the owner of an entailed estate and, at the same time, to be the father of two heroes—of three, we might say. As soon as the young fellows are old enough to fall in love and get engaged, the unhappy parent is sure to go out hunting, have a fall, and make a Christian of. Such was the fate of Squire Lester of Oakby. There was this consolation, that, though we had come to like him very much, yet we had all along, as we have said, been prepared for the blow that was to fall on him and on us. His sons, if they had been as deeply read in novels as we are, ought to have been prepared too. In that case, as most of them were very dutiful lads, they would have felt it their duty not to fall in love. In the Squire's family, as it is first presented to us, there is, with a due allowance of lovers of both sexes from without, an ample supply of interesting characters for a whole novel. The real hero is Cheriton Lester, the eldest son in the group that was gathered together in the old Hall one Christmas Eve. From first to last we like him, and are only vexed that he is wasted with illness, and rewarded with neither a rectory nor a wife. As the story opens we learn that, though he was the eldest among the children gathered in the Hall, he was not the heir to the estate. His father had been twice married. His first wife was a Spanish lady whom he had married when he was still a younger son. By his elder brother's death he had been suddenly summoned home; she had given birth to a son in his absence and had died. The child, whose name was Alvar, had been brought up in Seville by his grandfather, but as heir to an English estate he had, in accordance with his father's wishes, been educated as a Protestant, and had been taught to speak our tongue. The Squire had never seen him till after the story opens. All his affection was for the children of his second wife, and this heir to his estate he looked upon as the supplanter of his favourite son Cheriton. Alvar, on his side, nursed a deep sense of the wrong that had been done him in this long exclusion from his father's house. His half-brothers and sisters, with the exception of Cheriton, were full of the good old-fashioned English intolerance towards a foreigner, and, moreover, were prepared to dislike him as taking the place of their brother, who was so justly dear to them. Alvar's character, the perplexities that he is in through his entire ignorance of English ways of thought, the mistakes he makes, the absurdities into which he falls, the violence and sullenness that disgrace his conduct, the warm and tender kindness that redeems his faults—all these are described with great skill. They are cleverly contrasted with the virtues and the faults of his half-brothers and sisters, who had "an Oakby point of view" from which they regarded everything. In fact, any one who has been intimate with young Spaniards—especially with those who have lived any time in England—will acknowledge at once that, in delineating Alvar's character, Miss Coleridge has been very successful. We must admit, at the same time, that it is in the first half of the book that she succeeds best with him. The high merits of the delineation are not equally well kept up, when, by his father's death, he becomes squire. We fear, however, that the author does not hold the scales quite so impartially as she wishes between the English and Spanish systems of training. Certainly a squire's family in which, out of four sons, one takes a first-class at Oxford and another a double-first, shows an intelligence that is somewhat unusual. On the other hand, Alvar's indifference and absence of any active principle of conduct, though only too common in Spain, are most certainly by no means universal. In Seville these defects in his character may be only too true to nature. In the North-Eastern provinces there is commonly found, as is well known, real vigour and independence of mind. It would not be difficult for a Spanish writer to turn the tables by contrasting some of the best of his young countrymen with the Squire Westerns who still here and there survive beneath the varnish of the nineteenth century.

We shall not follow Miss Coleridge through the various scenes in which with much skill she brings the natures that were so strongly opposed into harmony. Cheriton, from the very first, with his natural sweetness of disposition, was the agent by which this good work was done. But, as we have said, he is made, poor fellow, to do good chiefly by suffering. He is indeed very hardly treated; but, as he really seems to be contented with the lot of a bachelor curate, in a parish, moreover, where there was an entire lack of young ladies, no one else, we suppose, has a right to complain. On principle, however, we protest against such a melancholy end to a hero.

There are two other very good characters in the book on which we can only touch. Cheriton's next brother, Jack, is a clever description of the radical Oxonian. At school he had been devoted to his young house-master, and wrote essays for his benefit, one of which was entitled "On the Evils inherent in every existing Form of Government." He had not been many months at the University before he had learnt, we are told, whenever he looked at pictures, to find fault correctly with what would have naturally been pleasing to him, and to admire much what a few months before he would have thought hideous. There are many touches of the same kind which we strongly recommend to the notice of the junior readers in the Union Society. Still better drawn is an old Westmoreland parson, who is very slowly brought into a state that made some approach to decent behaviour by his affection for his niece and the hero. She persuades him to let her start a Sunday school. Up to that time there had been no school of any kind in his parish. He went round to the cottages, and rapped at each door with his dog-whip, calling out, "Eh, Betty, there's a

grand new start in Eldarthaite. Here's Miss Virginia going to turn all the children into first-rate scholars. Wash them up, and send them over to my house on Sunday morning, and I'll give a penny to the cleanest, and a licking to any one that doesn't mind his manners." So pleased is he with the result, that at last he exclaims, "I must set about learning the Catechism myself." Herein, by the way, he reminds us of that benevolent ecclesiastic, Gil Perez, who undertook to teach his nephew, Gil Blas, to read; "ce qui ne lui fut pas moins utile qu'à moi; car, en me faisant connaître mes lettres, il se remit à la lecture, qu'il avait toujours fort négligée."

Had we more space at our command we could dwell on other characters in the book, which, though of less importance, are nevertheless cleverly drawn. As it is, we must be content with recommending these three volumes to the attention of all those who voluntarily read novels. We feel sure that, unless their taste has been spoiled by the corrupting literature that is too common, they will read them in spite of their faults, which are serious enough, with interest and pleasure.

THE HAMILTON PAPERS.*

TO none of its members is the Camden Society more indebted than to its present Director, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, for interesting additions to its series of publications. Nor will many students of English history be inclined to demur to any judgment which the highest living authority on the earlier Stuart and Civil War periods may offer or imply, concerning the value of documentary materials belonging to the times in question. The volume before us is nevertheless likely to disappoint readers who, in a collection of papers edited by Mr. Gardiner, might not unreasonably expect to find one of two things—some really new matter, or some really new light. The earlier half of this volume will be lucid enough to those who take the hint given in Mr. Gardiner's laconic preface, and compare with the letters of the Marquess of Hamilton, now first printed for the Camden Society, the letters of King Charles I., together with the other documents and the connecting observations, in Burnet's still most readable *Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton*. But it will, we think, be found at the same time that little of importance is added by the publication of the original complaints of the unfortunate Iligh Commissioner to what was already known from Burnet, though the latter may as a biographer have had his own shrewd reasons for not printing too many papers "so full and so particular," as he says these are, "in the Advices and Advertisements" which they contain. In the middle of p. 106 of Mr. Gardiner's volume, however, his series of documents suddenly, and without more than a marginal note of warning, takes a leap of a whole lustrum; and we find ourselves in days when the question was no longer as to who would take the King's Covenant, but as to whether the King would take the Covenant himself. The large majority of the letters which follow belong to the year 1648—perhaps, on the whole, the year of English history of which it is at once the most difficult and the most interesting to study the various political transactions as a continuous whole. One might have hoped that, so far at least as his own documents are concerned, the editor of the *Hamilton Papers*, following the example set by himself as editor of the *Papers Concerning the Relations between England and Germany in 1618-19*, would supply a sufficient connecting thread, without, of course, anticipating the results of any more wide-spreading labours in which he is engaged. At all events, Mr. Gardiner and the Camden Society have accustomed us to rather more liberal notions of "editing" than this volume exemplifies. Instantaneous deciphering without a key is assuredly not to be expected even from experts; but what possible profit can result from the printing of such a passage as the following, even in the publications of the most learned of historical Societies?—

But I have had no hearing nor discourse but civillities, except a little in privat with 20, which was interrupted d 84, 107, y 22, 26, w 81, 22, 57, 9, 26 but I can give no certainty.

By the way, is "sergeants" a very hazardous conjecture for the queried "gerganes" in p. 74?

We used just now the epithet "unfortunate" in speaking of the first, and, so far at least as the vicissitudes of his career are concerned, the most memorable, of the Dukes of Hamilton. For, though we are strongly inclined to agree with Mr. Masson that Hamilton's ability was, "on the whole, chiefly of that kind which might come from mingling with men personally, with the advantage of being a Marquis and of the blood-royal," yet his ill-success and his calamities cannot but be in the main imputed to times which were too much out of joint to be set right even by a statesmanship of far larger calibre than his. He is doubly unfortunate in the peculiar difficulty which must at the present day beset any attempt to render justice both to the ability which he indisputably possessed and to the loyal spirit by which we believe him to have been at all times actuated. On the most critical occasion in the whole course of his ill-fated Commissionership, he conducted an utterly hopeless case with so much acumen, vigour, and dignity, as to elicit from an opponent of his policy the confession that, "if the King have many such men, he is a well-served prince." Yet

* *The Hamilton Papers; being Selections from Original Letters in the Possession of His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, relating to the years 1638-1650.* Edited by S. R. Gardiner. Printed for the Camden Society. 1880.

he had never expected anything but utter failure at the Glasgow General Assembly, his account of which, written to King Charles on the day after its opening, is worth extracting from one of the most curious of the letters contained in Mr. Gardiner's connexion:—

MOST SACRED SOVEREIGN.

I came to this town on Saturday the 17, wher ther ar such a crue assembled togidder, and thatt in shuch equippage as I dare boldlie affirme neuer mett sines Christianitie was professed to treatt in ecclesiastick affaires. The sukses of this meeting can proufe no other than that uich I haue formerlie mentioned, and I will not trubill your Ma^{ty} with repetitions of that uich is so unpleasing.

Yesterday the 21 was the day apoynted for the dounfalling of the assemblie. Accordinglie we mett, and treulie Sir, my roule was neuer sader then to sit shuch a sight, not oune goune a mongst the wholl Companie, manie suords, but manie more daguers (most of them hauing left the guns and pistoles in ther lodgings); the number of the pretended members ar about 260, eache one of this bath tou, sume 3, sume 4 assessores, who pretend not to haue uoyce, but onlie ar come to argue and assiat the Commissioners, but the true rasoune is to mak upe a greatt and confused multitud, and I will ade a most ignorant on, for sume Commissioners ther ar, who can neather urytt nor read, the most part being totallie uoyd of learning, but resoluod to follou the opinion of thes few ministers who pretend to be learned, and thes be the most rigid and seditious puritanes thatt liueth. What then can be expected but a totall disobedience to authoritie, if not a present rebellion, yett this is no more then that uich your Ma^{ty} heath had just rasoune this longe tyme to loke for, uich I uould not so much apprehend if I did not find so greatt an inclination in the bodie of your Consaill to goe a longat ther uay, for belife me, Sir, ther is no puritan minister of them all who uould more uillinglie be fred of Episcopall gouernance then they uould, whoes fault [it is] that this unluckie busines is come to this height.

In general, however, he performed with no contemptible skill what may or may not be a morally contemptible task, but what at all events is one which most practical politicians are, at one stage or another of their career, called upon to execute. In other words, he contrived to gain time by negotiating, while all along convinced that his endeavours were perfectly useless for averting rebellion, and that no other means were left for teaching his countrymen "obedience" except the *ultima ratio* of "curbing them by force." Read under the light of such disclosures, the argument contained in another of Hamilton's letters certainly gains strength—that the Covenanters would interpret the prorogation of the Edinburgh Assembly as a proof that the King never intended any of the offers made in his proclamations and declarations to be really carried out; while the virtuous indignation of the following passage in the High Commissioner's opening speech at Glasgow, as printed by Burnet, becomes just a trifle theatrical:—

The next false, and indeed foul and devilish Surmise, wherewith His good Subjects have been misled, is, that nothing promised in His Majesties last most Gracious Proclamation (though most ungraciously received) was ever intended to be performed, nay, that the Assembly it self; but that only Time was to be gained, till His Majesty by Arms might oppress this His Own Native Kingdom; than which Report Hell it self could not have raised a blacker and falsier.

On the whole, his success in "holding off," as he calls it, for so long the inevitable outbreak, although in the meantime he had to "unk" even at the "uickett and accursed ministers" in whom he recognized the source of all the country's evils, proves him to have served his sovereign discreetly as well as loyally. Doubtless much of this success was attributable to a manner which must have well corresponded to the grandeur of his station—a station too near the throne to allow Charles I. in the days of his adversity to judge Hamilton with the generosity he had had to spare for him in better times. Clarendon has, with his usual effectiveness, described the mingled gravity, courtesy, and simplicity of Hamilton's manner; and Burnet takes occasion to contrast his self-restraint in speech with the volubility of the Earl of Lanerick, afterwards second Duke. It may at first sight seem strange, but it is of course perfectly natural, that in the first Duke's letters to the King we should lose sight of the diplomatic ability of the former in the midst of his complaints, certain to prove acceptable to his royal master, "of these people by me more heated" (*sic*) "then euer anie uas." If no representative of royalty has ever had greater difficulties to contend against, neither has any groaned more loudly to his master over the task imposed upon him, and thus himself more persistently contributed to widen the breach which it should have been the desire of both to fill. He thus contemptuously refers to what in his opinion is merely the *pretended* religious character of the Covenanters' movement, as if of set purpose to inflame the King's own religious prejudices:—

It is now to euident and apeires playnlie thatt ther hes beine sume what eales intendit more then the prseruation of religion; for God knoeth thatt heath onlie serued to blind the uiglar; for I cane assure your Ma^{ty} thatt this Couenant of thes is intended so to linke this uickett people togither as they meaine neuer to obey anie of your Ma^{ty}'s commanda nor of your successours but shuch as shall be plesing to them selves, and of what dangerous consequens this, is your Ma^{ty} can best judge.

And so, *ceterum censeo*:—

To find a remedie for this so great euill, I can see none, except itt be by force.

Perhaps the hardest of his trials was one which even Irish Viceroy and Chief Secretaries have never had to bear—namely, that he could find no native lawyers to do the work of the Crown on so all-important an occasion as that of the Glasgow General Assembly. The "Clerke Register" he considers "a uoorse instrument then anie Couenantier." Sir Lewis Stewart has declared that, though he is ready to keep his back-door open, any public appearance on his part in behalf of Episcopacy would

lose him the whole of his practice in Scotland; and another lawyer, "on Gilmaure," has used the same insupportable argument. The best man of all for the King's purpose would be Sir Thomas Nicolson; "bot euen he, the neuer till nou had anie religious, pretends scruples in conscience, nor can I with him in anie uay prsuade." It might perhaps have been well for Hamilton had it been possible for one who was like himself both a royalist and a patriot to abstain, after the attempt at force had twice collapsed, from seeking to hasten the reconciliation on which the King's visit to Scotland in 1641 was expected to set the seal. Though his loyalty was solemnly vindicated by Act of Parliament, it was no longer a loyalty altogether acceptable to King Charles—a prince who, as the history of his relations with Hamilton helps to show, found it even more difficult to be just than to be generous. But we have less need to dwell on the strange and obscure episode of the arrest of the Duke of Hamilton and his brother at Oxford in 1643, inasmuch as, naturally enough, no documents of that date occur in Mr. Gardiner's collection. We may add that, as might be expected, Hamilton's letters contain only a passing reference to the relations between the Covenanters and certain "English nobillmen" in the period between the first and second Scottish "wars." This reference is in a letter of May, 1639; not long after which date the sorely-tried statesman had the happiness of being allowed to withdraw for a time from public employment.

The interest of the latter part of this volume lies, we think, chiefly in the evidence once more furnished by it of the trickiness and insincerity of Charles I. at a time when, it is but fair to confess, few men would have held fast to what was noblest in their natures. It is easier for a king, especially when trained in the grand Spanish manners, to keep his countenance on the receipt of a fatal piece of news over a game of chess, than to deal fairly and candidly by rebels bidding against one another for the makeweight of his acceptance of their terms. And it must have been more especially difficult for Charles I., who sincerely believed in his mission, to think it at an end when the news reached him, as it reached the Earl of Lanerick in Scotland, that

the juncto of Independants have held thrice in priuate since Thursday last, but haue not, as I heare, concluded anything, only 'tis reported they haue amongst themselves voted for Monarchy, and then, the question being who should bee the Monarch, Martin sayd if wee must haue that gouernment wee had better haue this King and oblige him then to haue him obtruded on us by the Scotts, and owe his restitution to them.

Indeed time seemed very swiftly to have brought to Charles an opportunity of vengeance upon the Scots after their surrender, or betrayal, of his person—almost too swiftly, inasmuch as the very Cavaliers resented the participation in the so-called Second Civil War of "that perfidious mercenary nation." As is well known, the "rowtid naturall malice in the hartis" of Englishmen of all parties was abundantly satisfied by the result of the battle of Preston; and soon afterwards the first Duke of Hamilton was once more a prisoner, this time doomed to await the day on which he was to pay the last penalty of his much-doubted and much-enduring loyalty.

Some curious information concerning the fleet, together with a noticeable reference to "the business of the King's being *poysoned*," will be found in a letter dated June 24th, 1648, of which the greater part has been deciphered by Mr. Gardiner. There are other things in this collection of which he will no doubt make good use before he permits the crowning volumes of his important historical work to see the light of day. Meanwhile, we can only wish that he had found leisure and inclination to enhance the attraction which such a volume as these *Hamilton Papers* must possess for those who like to hear politicians of the past speaking and to see them writing for themselves. That they should spell for themselves likewise is a matter of course for writers of the Fantastic age. At the same time, we have rarely been so much diverted with any spelling as with that of the first Duke of Hamilton. Perhaps his principles of orthography, which Oxford had failed to regulate, had been hopelessly vitiated during his German campaign under Gustavus Adolphus, from which no man could have brought back any single language unmangled or unspoilt.

DIXON'S ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY.*

WE said of the first volume of this work that its author is as yet but on the threshold of an enterprise which will contribute largely to our exact knowledge of English Church history from the Reformation downwards (*Saturday Review*, July 27, 1878). Mr. Dixon has spent nearly three years in preparing a second volume, which brings down his narrative only to an early period in Edward VI.'s reign—that is, from the year 1538 to 1548. Working at this rate we know not how to hope that he will live to complete the labour which he has boldly undertaken, and for the adequate completion of which he is well furnished with the most essential qualities—diligence, love of truth, habits of patient research, knowledge of human nature, and deep sympathy with it in its higher aspects. For impartiality Mr. Dixon would doubtless be loth to claim much credit, if by that term he meant the false liberality which, discerning how much might be said

* *History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction*. By Richard Watson Dixon, M.A., Vicar of Hayton, Honorary Canon of Carlisle. Vol. II. Henry VIII. A.D. 1548-1553; Edward VI. A.D. 1547-1548. London: Routledge & Sons. 1881.

on both sides of an important question, is slow to commit the writer to either of them without reserve. Beyond a doubt our author views his national Church from what in cant phraseology would be called "an Anglican standpoint." He is proud of her primitive independence, and not unwilling to pay a heavy price for the recovery of her liberties from the grasp of usurpation, whether exercised by a foreign prelate or a temporal ruler. The result of the English Reformation is with him little better than the exchange of one hard master for another; so that in Henry VIII., in Cromwell, in the courtiers of Edward VI., he finds no more to praise than in a Gregory VII. or Innocent III. But here we are glad to observe a marked improvement both in tone and spirit in this second volume as contrasted with the first. Passages there were in the former book, written with so much bitterness of feeling against the overbearing tyrants and timid slaves of Henry VIII.'s reign, that we could not help asking Mr. Dixon what useful end they were likely to answer; we even deemed them a little unbecoming the position of one who is the incumbent of a parish, and in some sort a dignitary of the Church. We do not imagine that he was moved by our remonstrances, but rather by his own sense of the fitness of things. Certain it is that in the second volume his tone is widely different, under provocations at least as great. Even when, in its sure but silent course, a just judgment had overtaken that great transgressor Thomas Cromwell; when in the net he had made for others—a Bill of Attainder—his own feet were at length taken; there is no undue exultation over the wretched man's fate, but rather a tinge of natural compassion for a fall so sudden and so terrible. "A revolutionist who is nothing but a revolutionist—like a conqueror who depends only on his sword—must go on or perish." Such is the sufficient moral of that unhappy career.

The special subject of the second volume is the suppression of the monastic houses, great and small. Mr. Dixon points out that the details of that momentous revolution have never yet been brought together, and he has had to collect his materials from many scattered sources, chiefly from unpublished State papers. Certainly the tale is monotonous and fraught with sadness, but it is right for us to realize the fact that those Leviathans of sacrilege—the Russells, the Audleys, the Seymours, and the Dudleys—only appropriated on a large scale spoils that were shared more or less by almost every gentle family in the kingdom. If, as has been sometimes observed, the houses of those who were enriched by the estates of the monasteries were soon made desolate, the punishment must have extended more widely than is usually supposed. Ecclesiastics, for the most part, kept their hands clean from this pollution. Kitchen of Llandaff stands pretty much alone under this evil imputation. Crommer made "a good pennyworth" of Kirkstall, the gem of the yet limpid Aire. Thirlby took a single manor from Westminster when he passed on from that short-lived see to Norwich. Most of the other exchanges (usually of gold for brass) were forced on the bishops at every vacancy up to the very close of Elizabeth's reign: so that before Bishop Andrews was preferred to Chichester in 1605, he had already thrice refused a bishopric on terms which his conscience abhorred. It is seasonable to be reminded by our author that what was popularly called the gift of an abbey from the king included not the lands, but only the site and so much of the monastic buildings as Cromwell's visitors left standing after they had seized the plate and jewels, and had sold the very lead from the roof. In some cases, however, even this was a noble gift, as, for example, the fields and gardens granted to Lord Russell, which extended from Covent Garden northward as far as what is now Euston Square; sometimes it was of but slight value. We commend to our readers the weary catalogue of spoils of the monasteries compiled by Mr. Dixon's care, and congratulate those who find no ancestor of their own on the inauspicious roll of these "new monastics."

The political and civil events of the times are touched with a light hand, and are fairly enough regarded as familiar to Mr. Dixon's readers. Thus a single clause despatches the sorry story of the King's fifth consort—"By this time Catherine Howard had avenged the former wives of Henry"; and nothing seems to tempt our author from this judicious parsimony save the desire to cast a dart at the very vulnerable armour of Mr. Froude, the only defender that Henry VIII. has found, or is likely to find, in our day. Mr. Dixon's summary of that monarch's character and its influence on those about him is written thoughtfully, and affords an adequate specimen of his style when at its best:—

Henry was indeed the man who was fittest to direct the revolution of the rich against the poor. His stupendous will was guided by certain primary and unfeeling instincts; his fierce temper would brook the domination of no human being. The subtlest flattery failed to insinuate itself into him; the haughtiest spirits got no hold upon him; arduous or splendid services awoke in him no sentiment of royal confidence. The proud Wolsey, the astute Cromwell, to whom in succession he seemed to have abdicated his kingship, found that they had no more power over him than the last dicier whom he had enriched. When he met with a conscience that resisted his enormities his resentment was implacable. . . . The well-known lineaments of this monarch expressed his character. That large and swelling brow, on which the clouds of wrath and the lines of hardness might come forth at any moment; those steep and ferocious eyes; that small, full mouth, close buttoned, as if to prevent the explosion of perpetual choler; these give the physiognomy of a remarkable man, but not of a great man. There is no noble history written in them; and though well formed, they lack the clearness of line which has often traced in a homelier visage the residence of a lofty intellect. A great tyrant tries the nature of men; nor have we the right, if we witness, to exult over the spectacle of the humiliations, the frailties, or the crimes of those whose fears, whose cupidity, whose arrogance were excited by such a sovereign as Henry. Under him all were distorted, all were made worse than they would have been. It is the last baseness of tyranny not to per-

ceive genius. Of Seneca and of Lucan the slaughterer was Nero. Henry the Eighth laid the foundations of his revolution in the English Erasmus, and set up the gates thereof in the English Petrarch.

This is good vigorous writing, but we fear that the gallant Surrey made a very English Petrarch indeed. Sir Thomas More lacked but the delicate grace of Erasmus to be his equal in wit and scholarship, as he infinitely surpassed Erasmus in courage and firmness of purpose.

We could more readily allow the benefit of the excuse suggested by Mr. Dixon in the above extract for Archbishop Cranmer, if he had maintained consistency and independence in the two succeeding reigns. But we fear that Dean Hook's picture of the man is far more exact than any that our author's tenderness would permit him to draw. Cranmer seems to have been the ever-ready tool of men far worse than himself—of the Protector Somerset and then of Dudley Duke of Northumberland, no less than of Cromwell and his master. Mr. Dixon clearly looks onward with dismay to the tale he will have hereafter to report of those recantations by the Primate at Oxford which so sorely tried Dean Hook's honest and robust temperament. While relating the terrible circumstances of Anne Askew's death, at which Shaxton, the degraded Bishop of Salisbury, had to preach a sermon which was to be his own public act of penance, we read that "he was the first English bishop that had ever made so pitiable a public figure"; would he had been the last! Not but that Cranmer could use brave words enough on safe occasions, but it must be to persons considerably his inferiors in rank. He had a dispute, for instance, with the prebendaries of the new foundation at Canterbury, and takes the opportunity, when writing to Cromwell, by way of whetting (if there were any need) the Vicegerent's insatiable greed, to advise the suppression of the whole order. "Experience has long shown that prebendaries are a set of men that spend their time in idleness. A prebendary is commonly neither a learner nor a teacher, but a good viander. The beginning of prebendaries was proposed for the maintenance of good learning and good conversation; and so were religious men [i.e. monks]. But the one state is as much abused as the other; they may perish together." Mr. Dixon's comment on this precious counsel is probably intended for members of the Cathedral Commission: "to a later age there was left the happy device of exploding the substance and retaining the name of the disputed dignity." Though prebendaries (now so called a *non prebendo*) can be no longer vianders, most of us know a few Cathedral precincts wherein sacred learning yet lingers, not as yet disendowed. Only, after such language as this, let us hear no more of Cranmer being an unwilling or appalled spectator of the Church robbery which he thus absolutely invites.

Stephen Gardiner appears, on the whole, to attract the largest share of our author's esteem, and that for a reason which none can deem inconsiderable. He believes that "wily Winchester" (Fox was great at alliteration, if at nothing else) was the only public man in that generation who knew his own mind and kept to it. Connected with Henry through Elizabeth of York his mother, in some sinister way, Gardiner grew up at Court as a sort of unrecognized cousin, and learnt early the art of walking warily on a slippery path. Being the elder man, and not the less able, he probably moulded Henry's mind when the rejection of the Pope's supremacy with him was transformed from a mere political convenience into a wholesome and necessary doctrine. It is hard to believe that any patriotic Englishman, whether priest or lay, could contemplate unmoved the tyrannical usurpations and intolerable exactions of the Papal see, which had never, save for less than five years (A.D. 1154-9), been filled by a native of our island. All orders of the clergy paid to Rome the first-fruits, which then really represented the first year's income. Every year (even the first, when they received nothing) the tenths went the same way; English bishoprics and great preferments were reserved, often in plurality, for foreign, chiefly for Italian, priests; all monastic houses, all friaries, were exempt from episcopal jurisdiction. No more popular act was ever carried out than the abrogation of these intolerable burdens; and in this work Gardiner went heartily with his royal master. The bitter enmity which had ever subsisted between the secular clergy and the regulars would make him indifferent to the fate of those who had long been thorns in the bishops' side; but a change in the doctrine of the Church he resisted to the uttermost; the denial of Transubstantiation in the sacred elements seemed to him nothing less than a formal renouncing of the whole Christian faith. For that faith, as understood by him, he endured imprisonment throughout Edward VI.'s reign, and, if the necessity had been laid upon him, he would not have refused to die. When we come to Mary's reign Mr. Dixon may find it harder to vindicate Gardiner's entire consistency. He had again to submit to the supremacy of Rome, and that not only as one of the chief prelates of England, but as Chancellor of the realm and virtually Prime Minister. Yet even then, it must be remembered, he opposed the Spanish match to the utmost of his power; and, so long as he lived, the demon of persecution was kept fast bound. The guilt of exciting the unhappy Queen to the deeds of blood which have made her name a byword of infamy rests, not with Gardiner, but with the Spanish counsellors who came over with Philip, and we fear we must add with Cardinal Pole, whose well-nigh unparalleled misfortunes have procured for his memory an indulgence which, on his own merits, he could hardly lay claim to.

Every page of this volume contains fresh materials for the history of the critical era of which it treats, and enhances our respect for the writer's industry and sound judgment. Among the latest

of the events recorded is the introduction into Parliament of the draft of the greatest by far of the productions of the English Reformation—the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., the work of a Commission sitting at Windsor Castle, consisting of six bishops and six doctors, with the Primate at their head. Of these divines Mr. Dixon truly says, "They had good models and good sources of principles, and the researches of the present great school of liturgical writers have proved that they neither feared nor were unable to ascend to the highest Christian antiquity in search of purity." To this most just conclusion he is led by a careful review of the ancient sources to which the Commissioners resorted, which were chiefly, though not exclusively, the liturgies of the Latin Church. From Leo the Great (A.D. 440-461), whose "Tome" did such good service at the Fourth General Council, and who seems to have first revised Collects of an earlier date, Mr. Dixon passes in review the Sacramentaries of Gelasius (A.D. 492-496) and of Gregory the Great (A.D. 590-604). Then from the Roman Service-book, as modified by Gregory VII. (A.D. 1073-1085), he comes to Cardinal Quignon's Breviary of 1535, purged as it was too thoroughly to be cordially accepted by the Church of Rome, and so at length to the Tridentine Breviary of 1568. Nothing can well be more instructive than Mr. Dixon's discussion of the whole subject, especially his clear contention that the Canonical Hours were from first to last a monastic arrangement, rather interfering with and confusing the order of public service in parish churches.

In our examination of his former volume we ventured to remonstrate with our author on certain mannerisms and tricks of style, which seemed incongruous in a serious work like the present. We cannot say that the second volume is quite free from this class of faults, yet they are less frequently met with than before. There is in Mr. Dixon a certain dry humour which tempers his natural indignation when he has to describe acts of flagrant wickedness, and which sometimes seems a little out of place. The exploits of London and Leigh and Layton, the tools of tyranny who visited the monasteries, their rapacity, their falsehood, their vile hypocrisy, are told in a mock-heroic strain which we could not quite enjoy. But the author is master of a species of irony so subtle that we hardly know at times whether he is in jest or earnest. At whom is he poking fun in the following passage? Not surely at Leland, to whom we are indebted for many a characteristic note of time or place which, but for his ill-requited zeal, would have been swept away from memory:—

No sooner were the monasteries destroyed and their libraries scattered to the winds than the great antiquarian age was begun. In the beginning of the year 1545 John Leland presented his New Year's Gift to the King. This unhappy man, a clergyman, one of that inexplicable race who haunt old libraries, crawl around mouldering walls, dwell among tombs, and for no earthly advantage lose their youth, their eyes, their nerves, in poring over the various relics of departed ages; who hold a life to be well spent in clearing an inscription or rectifying a date; who maintain that what is old is venerable; and who sometimes publish a book at the cost of their substance, that they may preserve some portion of the past from the devouring vitality of the present.

It is a little too bad to laugh at those harmless enthusiasts who supply the rough materials which are built up into a fabric such as this fair history. We observe that Mr. Dixon has appended an index, which might be made more complete, to serve both his volumes. It is to be hoped that so unusual a course is not designed to prepare us for much delay in bringing out future instalments of his work. We believe that Mr. Dixon is already well advanced in middle life, and his task is hard and tedious. It would be sad—we must say it once more—if his labours, like Macaulay's, should be broken off in the midst, through a miscalculation of the powers of human endurance, or wilful blindness to the flight of time.

A MODERN GREEK NOVEL.*

THE War of Liberation is to a Greek of to-day what the defeat of the Persians was to his forefathers—a reminiscence of glorious achievements and an incitement to further efforts in the cause of national freedom. An appeal to the memory of the brave men who fell at Marathon was a rhetorical device of sure and certain effect in ancient Athens, as we know from the speeches of their orators; and their modern descendants are equally safe in alluding to the massacre of Scio, the sieges of Missolonghi, or indeed to almost any of the events that marked the phases of the memorable struggle that lasted from 1821 to 1827. There is this difference, however, between the two cases. The speakers who decanted on Marathon in the days of Philip of Macedon appealed to memories which had become almost as vague and distant as those of the Spanish Armada are to Englishmen. Memories of the War of Liberation, however, are still as real to Greeks as those of the Napoleonic campaigns in Prussia are to Germans. There must be old men still living whose childish recollections recall the daily danger of death and outrage in which the whole nation lived for nearly seven years. We in England have totally forgotten the enthusiasm for Greece that was kindled during that period. We had then not long escaped from a threatened invasion of our own country; the inhabitants of the coasts of Kent and Sussex had actually seen the sails of the French men-of-war; and some, as we have heard an old lady relate, had even beheld the appalling spectacle of the crew of an English fishing-boat

transferred to the deck of a French frigate, defenders of the hamlet were running in all directions to find the key of the battery. In consequence, the cause of Greece had warm goodwill in England, and when, in 1823, Lord Milton, as chairman of the London Greek Committee, spoke of "the sublime spectacle of a nation awakening into light and freedom," he appealed to feelings born of an imminent peril at home that was still fresh in the minds of everybody. Byron, again, whose popularity was then at its height, had made the beauty and desolation of Greece, the bravery of her sons, and the cruelty of her oppressors, the theme of almost every poem that he had written, and probably did more than all the other Philhellenes put together in stirring up the interest of his countrymen. The result was an immense enthusiasm. At the present day, however, these affairs have become matters, not of personal recollection, but of history. It needs some little research to become acquainted with them. Even the poetry of Byron is not read or admired as it used to be; and the incidents of the last few months of his life, his unselfish sacrifice of such fortune as he had to give, the sound common-sense of his advice to the Greek Committee and their protégés, his own departure for Greece,

Où finir en héros son immortel annal ;

and his death at Missolonghi, make but little impression on the present generation. Moreover, the cause of suffering nationalities has become a little hackneyed since those days. The "revolutionary principle" which alarmed the plenipotentiaries at Verona in 1822, and made them refuse admission to the Greek envoys, has taken wider and wider sweeps, and our active sympathies have been enlisted by turns for Poles, Italians, Armenians, Syrians, and Bulgarians, so that we have well-nigh forgotten our first friends in that direction. The Greeks themselves, too, have done much to change our friendliness into indifference, if not into positive dislike. The spectacle of their internal dissensions has not been edifying, and the insecurity to life and property that once subsisted there, of which the most terrible instance was the murder of the English travellers at Marathon in 1870, has made us regard their attempt at self-government as something very like a failure, and has inclined us to accept the brilliant paradoxes of *Les Rois des Montagnes* and *La Grèce Contemporaine* as an impartial account of modern Greece.

M. Gennadius, the translator of *Loukis Laras*, has been too long resident in England not to be well aware of these sentiments; and he must have rejoiced greatly, as a Greek patriot, when the publication of M. Bikelas's work—which first saw the light in an Athenian serial called the *Hestia*—gave him an opportunity of putting the other side. For such a purpose nothing could have been selected better than "Reminiscences of a Chiote Merchant during the War of Independence." Such a subject takes the reader out of the noise and dust of modern politics into a period where sympathy is sure to be, as heretofore, on the side of the Greeks; and where, without fear of accusations of partiality, the writer can exhibit them at their best and the Turks at their worst. The form, too, is admirably suited to the end in view. An historical essay, or a controversial pamphlet, would have been far less effective than this simple story of suffering which suggests so much, while it says so little. The *Romans Nationaux* of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have doubtless served as a model to M. Bikelas, as his translator admits. But he is no servile imitator. He tells his story with a natural freshness that is thoroughly original, and, by making his hero admit at the outset that personal bravery is not his strong point, he suggests very adroitly the cruelty of the Turks in persecuting such defenceless persons. Loukis thus excuses himself for not having borne arms in the struggle for independence:—

While thus narrating the ups and downs of my life, I owe it to you, my good reader, to make you more familiar with my own humble self. It is necessary I should confess to you, in all sincerity and humility, why and wherefore I was neither morally nor physically fit to act then as I should now expect that my children would act under similar circumstances. This confession will not exalt me in your eyes, but my intention is not to mislead you by making myself appear better than I was or am now.

I said both morally and physically. The sad truth is, that I am weakly in body, and I have never been able to forget, in the presence of either men or women, the smallness of my stature; being conscious of it, I labour constantly under the impression that others also remark it. Even now, although I enjoy the consideration of my fellow-countrymen, although I often preside at their meetings—perhaps because only of my advanced age, or because of their kindness towards me—I confess I can never get the better of the constraint which the sense of my diminutiveness begets within me. And, after all, I am now in good health; but, until I grew up into manhood, the infirmity of my constitution rendered my bodily appearance still more insignificant. Besides, boys were not then reared up as they are now. Neither at school nor afterwards had I any opportunity for bodily exercise.

Thus, being small in stature and feeble, while in Pappa Flouti's school I had become the butt of my schoolfellows' jokes, and later in the khan at Smyrna I passed by a nickname of Loukis the Mite. All this, coupled with my own humble appreciation of my powers, was surely not calculated to develop within me a heroic turn of mind.

The speaker is no doubt a real person, but the translator admits that the notes given by him to M. Bikelas were of the most meagre description. It is not improbable, therefore, that other narratives may have been used to supplement his, and that the incidents of the escape from Scio may have really occurred to some of the fugitives. The story begins in 1821, when Loukis and his father are residing as traders at Smyrna. His mother and sisters had stayed behind in Scio, and when the first rumours of an insurrection in Greece reached Smyrna, and signs of Turkish reprisals

* *Loukis Laras*. Translated from the Greek of D. Bikelas by J. Gennadius. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

became apparent, they managed to make their escape on board a schooner flying the Russian flag, and reached their native island in safety. In March 1822 they left the principal town, where they had hitherto lived, and sought refuge in their tower in the country. One morning they saw the Turkish fleet bearing down on the island, and the insurgent fleet in full flight. They felt that the danger they had so long apprehended had come at last, and they held a council with their neighbours in the little village church as to what should be done. They determined to seek the western coast of the island, opposite Psara, whence they hoped to be rescued. So they buried their plate in two sacks in the garden, and set forth. After a long and toilsome journey they reached the coast, where they found a vast crowd of fugitives already assembled. There were no boats, and the wind was blowing hard. So they continued their journey to Mesta, and there rested awhile. No Turks were to be seen, and they began to hope that the persecution had ceased; when one morning Adriana, their nurse's daughter, rushed in, pale and dishevelled, exclaiming "Fly! hide!" An old woman hid them in a stable, while the Turks pillaged, slew, or made captives of all the fugitives they could discover. Every moment they feared that their retreat would be found out; but at last the Turks went away, and a captain offered to give them a passage. For the exciting incidents that befel during the embarkation, which the Turks discovered at the last moment and tried to prevent, and the sad end of poor Adriana, who drowned herself on the voyage rather than survive her shame, we must refer our readers to the book itself. The incidents are not particularly new, but they are told with a dramatic force and a simple pathos that makes the reader feel that he has before him a true description of what real persons underwent. The fugitives could not be received at Psara, so they were taken on to Mykonos, whence, after wandering from island to mainland and mainland to island, they settled themselves at Tinos. The father had meanwhile died, and Loukis found himself the sole support of his mother and sisters. A lucky chance threw in his way a relic of their former stock, two cases of caps that had been consigned from Venice to their house at Smyrna. With the trifling capital, about 40*l.*, which they realized, and which was preserved to him by the honesty of a consul, Loukis commenced a retail business, which in a few months brought him in a decent income. He had now been absent from Scio about three years, and a longing to go back and try to recover the valuables that had been buried under the apple-tree in the garden took possession of him. The story of his expedition, disguised as a peasant of Tinos, his capture by the Turks, his liberation, and his return to his old home, which he finds occupied by the harem of Nejib-Agha, a Turk of rank, is admirably told, and is nearly as exciting as that of the flight from Mesta. By the help of his father's old gardener, who had taken service under the new possessor of the property, he finds the valuables and conveys them in safety to the house of one of his father's old friends. His reason for possessing himself of the hoard had been to provide marriage portions for his sisters; but it was destined to be put to another use. While loitering about the house he had caught sight of the harem, walking in charge of a eunuch. Among the children he had recognized, and been recognized by, his little cousin Despina, whom he had last seen on the day of their flight from their old home. She had just time to whisper, "Loukis, save me!" To leave her in the Turk's harem was not to be thought of; so he set on foot a negotiation with the Agha for the child's ransom. The whole family treasure was absorbed in the transaction, but Despina was set at liberty, and she returned in safety with Loukis to Tinos. Need we add that in a few years he married her. Here the story breaks off somewhat abruptly. With the end of Loukis's sufferings, however, the author's intention had been realized. He had written them down because he feared lest his grandchildren—

Will not easily realize with what sacrifices and what tortures their well-being and our national regeneration have been purchased. Therefore I should wish that more of the survivors of that time would write their memoirs. For out of the history of individuals that of nations is formed; and the history of Greek regeneration does not consist alone of the mighty deeds of our champions by sea and by land, but also of the persecutions, the massacres, the outrages on defenceless and weak creatures; their steadfastness amidst misfortunes; their faith in God, which strengthened and ultimately realized, though it be partially, our hopes of a better future.

M. Gennadius has done the work of translation with excellent taste, and an almost complete mastery of our language. Indeed, we have only discovered one grammatical error. He appears to think that "news" is a plural noun; and, when he says (p. 20) that "news circulated," he adds, "they were often false." He has added a useful preface, giving an account of modern Greek literature, and a list of the other works of M. Bikelas, who, besides original productions, has translated several plays of Shakspeare. It appears that *Loukis Larnas* has been already translated into French, Italian, German, and Danish. At the end of the story we find a few notes contributed by the translator, which corroborate, from well-known historical sources, the statements and allusions in the text. They are very adroitly put together, and will be found most serviceable by readers whose knowledge of the War of Independence has become rather rusty, and who may think the statements in the text exaggerated.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. HENRY COPPÉE'S title-page hardly gives a true idea of the contents of his two unpretentious volumes (1). They really contain an outline of Spanish history from the Roman Conquest to the surrender of Granada, about one-half of the space being occupied with a somewhat fuller account of the Mahometan conquest and empire. The consequence is that the latter is somewhat meagre and, if not exactly incomplete, yet too compact, too much of a summary for the real interest and importance of the subject. Few periods of mediæval history are more profoundly interesting, more instructive as throwing light on a most critical period, a most important element in the life of the modern world, than the invasion, ascendancy, and fall of the Spanish Moors. The rapid development and decay of Islam is one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of mankind, and no part of that singular episode is more striking or contributes more to explain and illustrate the greatness and the weakness of Mahometanism than the story of the Spanish Caliphate. To render the latter intelligible in itself, still more to explain its general significance, its bearing on the character and fortunes of Mahometanism at large, would require a much larger space, a much fuller treatment, than Mr. Coppée's method has allowed. But, on the whole, this part of his work is so well done that we cannot but wish that his scope had permitted a more ample and expansive handling of so great a theme. We cannot but close his volumes with a certain sense of disappointment, the keener because there is so much for which the ordinary reader will have reason to be grateful. As a contribution to the educational literature of America, to the works accessible and available to the ordinary scholar who has but a few years to give to the mastery of subjects not bearing on his professional career, the work is, we presume, all that it could be. The history of Spain has a signal and special interest for Americans, second only to that of England herself; but there are few European countries whose history is so imperfectly known to men of average education, whether in England or in the States. Students in American colleges and in English Universities who have a fair idea of the course of English, French, and German history, have scarcely more than a general conception of the outlines of contemporaneous events in Spain, chiefly as they bear on or are connected with the fortunes of neighbouring countries. Mr. Coppée therefore could not, in writing for such a class, take for granted such a knowledge of the previous history of the peninsula or of the after-fortunes of the Moorish Empire as would have been necessary to render intelligible a work confined to the history of the Arab conquest and an account of the Mahometan civilization as there developed. He has known fairly enough, no doubt, what he might expect from the public to whom he appeals, within what limits his demand upon their attention must be confined; and, though we might wish that his sketch of the barbaric feuds between the successive Gothic hordes that overran the peninsula had been even briefer than it is—since no part of the dullest and least instructive period of history is less interesting to modern readers—we can hardly complain that in a work in which such an outline was necessary it occupies more than a proportionate space. What was at least equally essential and has not been quite so sufficiently executed was an account of the previous history of the Mahometan conquerors, an explanation of the circumstances and characteristics which led to the extraordinarily rapid growth of their power, and rendered that power after all so unstable and so short-lived. The most valuable, and, to the readers for whom it is intended, the most instructive, portion of Mr. Coppée's work is that which deals with the peculiar aspect of Arabic civilization and literature as developed in Spain. We can certainly commend this part at any rate of the book to the attention of a class of English readers analogous to that in America for which it was originally intended—to the fifth and sixth forms of our public schools, and to that multitude of general readers who have not, or think they have not, leisure for any full and first-hand or even second-hand study of the obscurer periods of history.

Some passages in the *Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Conference of American Charities* (2), and a clear but unfortunately brief article in the *North American Review* (3) throw light on a very painful phase in the existing social order of America—the treatment of the insane. That treatment is bad enough even in those European countries to which American reformers direct the attention and emulation of their compatriots. The English Lunacy Law seems to those who have studied it about as bad as it well can be, or would so seem if we did not know how much worse it was at no very remote period. Yet Americans interested in the question look, and justly look, to England as affording by comparison a model to themselves, as a very paradise for the most unhappy class of human beings, when compared with the infernal regions to which in the States those who have no power of protecting themselves are consigned. In this country there is far too little security against the imprisonment of perfectly sane men and women under conditions far more cruel, upon the whole, than those of penal captivity. It is but too easy for evil-disposed persons to clap a

(1) *History of the Conquest of Spain by the Arab Moors; with a Sketch of the Civilization which they achieved and imparted to Europe.* By Henry Coppée. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1881.

(2) *Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Conference of Charities and Correction, June and July, 1880.* Edited by F. B. Sanborn, President. Boston: Williams & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) *The North American Review.* March 1881. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

person of whom they wish to get rid into a lunatic asylum, paying the keeper thereof a high price to detain his captive, giving him the utmost possible interest in affirming the insanity of the victim. We know how little even honest lunacy doctors are to be trusted, how prone they are to see proofs of madness in everything like individuality or eccentricity of temper, and once he is imprisoned, and thereby presumed to be mad, the victim's chance of escape rests entirely on the judgment, tact, resolution of the Lunacy Commissioners, who are likely to be prepossessed with the conviction of his insanity. Yet Americans point, and justly point, to this as a state of things to which they earnestly, but very hopelessly, desire to approximate. There is simply no check whatever upon the imprisonment of any man or woman in an American asylum. There is no inspection, and the asylum-keepers, we are told, form a league to exclude all external supervision or control, a trades-union to ruin any chaplain, local trustee, or subordinate official who shall presume to disclose even to a public authority the secrets of the prison-house. The treatment of the insane is as bad and brutal as it was in English asylums a century ago. These are the facts, not as they appear to us, but as they are formally and publicly stated over the signatures of responsible men in the most respectable organs of American opinion. The facts given are simply horrible. We read at this time of men and women chained naked in the straw, beaten, bruised, their bones broken by the brutality of keepers—as our grandfathers read when first the treatment of the insane was made a subject of philanthropic effort in this country. But we find, to our utter amazement, that hardly an effort has yet been made to carry through the State Legislatures an Act throwing open the asylums to public inspection, nor are we aware of a single case in which condign punishment has been inflicted on the perpetrators of these outrages. We have every reason to believe that the asylums in which the worst of them occurred are still under the management of the offenders; we are told, at any rate, that there is no check whatever, except such as may be imposed by local trustees upon their own nominees and protégés. And it stands on record that witnesses summoned to tell the truth as to what they themselves have seen done within the asylum walls have been threatened with dismissal should they dare to fulfil their public duty; nay, that their employers have even presumed to speak of honour as binding them to silence! Here is one more among many examples afforded, not by America alone, how very little the enthusiasts of democratic freedom care for personal liberty, how little the idolaters of Humanity care to protect the first and most sacred of human rights. We confess to having been at first startled and almost incredulous; but we fear that there can be but little doubt as to the truth. It is known that all the stringency of our own laws of inspection is not sufficient to prevent grave abuses. We may imagine what must be the state of things in a country where inspection does not exist, and where public opinion is so indifferent that no earnest effort has heretofore been made to obtain such security as inspection can give.

Dr. Lee's *Coroner's Handbook* (4) may probably be of use to the classes for whom it is intended, even on this side the Atlantic. It contains much information, many novel facts and suggestions, wholly independent of the local law, which appears to differ more on this than on most similar subjects in England and the United States. As a rule, in all those practical matters of legal right and wrong with which ordinary people are liable to find themselves concerned, the law of the Northern and South-Eastern States at least differs little from our own; even where a complete codification has superseded the complexities and uncertainties of the Common Law, the latter is still the basis on which the new and probably simpler edifice has been constructed. But respecting the office of the coroner, itself one of the oldest creations of the Common Law, we are informed by Dr. Lee that most of the States have superseded the unwritten code by statutes distinctly defining the coroner's functions and duties; and the handbook contains almost as many references to foreign as to English practice. To the non-professional reader the most interesting parts of the work will be those which deal with post-mortem examinations and the means devised by men of long practical experience or of inventive genius to solve with greater certainty the multiplicity of questions of fact liable to arise in cases of sudden death, of suspected violence or poison, and the many difficulties that perplex the coroner's jurisdiction.

Mr. Holden's brief memoir of Sir William Herschell (5) is confessedly based on data already in print; it is in fact an abridgment of the memoir by Sir William's sister; as the review annexed of his astronomical works is drawn from his published papers. The book is in short little more than a summary of different accessible materials; but may be not the less acceptable to many who have not the leisure or the interest in the subject to have mastered those materials in their more elaborate form.

We have two collections of sayings—Mr. Ballou's *Pearls of Thought* (6), chiefly from English and American writers, a vast majority of which are at best seed pearls of little or no lustre; and Mr. De Finod's translation of *A Thousand Flashes of French Wit*,

Wisdom, and Wickedness (7), mostly, we must admit, brilliant, many of them well available for quotation, and not a few so unfamiliar that they may be safely stolen by such wits of the dinner-table as have sufficient self-confidence to believe that they may dare to take credit for them.

Mr. Munger's *On the Threshold* (8) is a collection of essays, full of good advice for young men, more likely to obtain a hearing than most such advice, but hardly, we think, more likely to be remembered or to be useful when required. Mr. Allen's *Fragments of Christian History* (9) consists of a collection of papers from various periodicals on different passages of ecclesiastical history, the best of which perhaps is that on the Mind of Paganism, an account of heathen thought during the first century of the Church, which has at any rate the merit of expressing the author's own views, and not simply repeating the received ideas upon the subject.

Mrs. Spofford's essays on the *Servant Girl Question* (10) are, it is only just to say, more readable than might have been expected from the triteness of the subject. It may be that American experience on the subject differs so much from our own as to give her work the advantage of novelty; but we incline to think that the amusement it affords is principally due to its discursiveness. The author's feeling evidently is that women are underrated and underpaid, that they do more than their share of the world's work, and get much less than their share both of pudding and praise.

Mr. Ingersoll deals with a pleasanter topic. His "friends worth knowing" (11) are snails, mice, birds, snakes, and the like; and upon each he has much that is novel and entertaining to tell us. His modest little work may be cordially recommended to men, women, and children—above all to that class of young people who, not being accustomed to or not caring for pets, are apt to treat animals in general with a cruelty that springs as much from ignorance and consequent indifference as from any worse feeling. Mr. Ingersoll abstains from lecturing on this subject, and on that account his work is likely to be all the more instructive and effective.

Mr. Nevins's *Vignettes of Travel* (12) deal at some length with English and Italian politics, and contain some rather remarkable blunders. The chapter, for instance, upon the House of Lords contains more inaccuracy, and gives a more completely false idea of the position of the oldest Senate of the modern world than might have been expected from the most careless of American observers.

Captain Mason's memoir of General Garfield (13) has, in common with the preceding works, the merit of comparative brevity. The President of the United States fills a place in the eye of the world that certainly renders it worth the while of political observers to give that brief study of his character and antecedents which this modest little volume demands.

We cannot say the same for Mr. Carter's *Reminiscences of the American Courts and Bar* (14). The book might have been very amusing and very readable if it had been condensed to one-fourth of its actual size. It is rather personal than historical, and rather anecdotic than biographical; not very instructive or illustrative, and too lengthy to be called entertaining.

Dr. Wilson's "Easy Lessons in Sanitary Science" (15) contain a good deal of curious information respecting the conditions of drainage on different American soils, particularly concerning the difficulty of adequately draining that low, sandy alluvial which forms so large a part of the Atlantic seaboard, and the Southern portion of which at least is almost invariably malarial. The pine-barrens, on the contrary, though the soil and subsoil be very similar in character, are notoriously healthy. Dr. Wilson accounts for this on an entirely novel and by no means improbable ground, pointing out that the roots of decayed pine-trees form excellent drains, carrying the water down to a considerable depth, where it may easily run off, and that the decay of the weaker-trees is so rapid as to maintain a continual supply of such drainage.

Mr. G. F. Seward, late United States Minister to China, has dealt with the question of Chinese immigration (16) in its various aspects at great length, and with an impartiality which, considering the unpopularity of the right side of the question, must be con-

(7) *A Thousand Flashes of French Wit, Wisdom, and Wickedness*. Collected and Translated by J. De Finod. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(8) *On the Threshold*. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(9) *Fragments of Christian History to the Foundation of the Holy Roman Empire*. By Joseph Henry Allen, Author of "Hebrew Men and Times," &c. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(10) *The Servant Girl Question*. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(11) *Friends Worth Knowing: Glimpses of American Natural History*. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(12) *Vignettes of Travel: some Comparative Sketches in England and Italy*. By W. W. Nevins. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(13) *The Life and Public Services of James A. Garfield, Twentieth President of the United States*. By Captain F. H. Mason, late U.S.A. With a Preface by Bret Harte. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(14) *The Old Court House: Reminiscences and Anecdotes of the Courts and Bar of Cincinnati*. By Judge Carter. Cincinnati: Thomson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(15) *Drainage for Health; or, Easy Lessons in Sanitary Science*. By Joseph Wilson, M.D. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(16) *Chinese Immigration in its Social and Economical Aspects*. By George F. Seward, late United States Minister to China. San Francisco: Bosqui & Co.

(4) *Handbook for Coroners*. By John G. Lee, M.D. Philadelphia: W. B. Eerdmans, 1881.

(5) *Sir William Herschell; his Life and Works*. By E. S. Holden. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(6) *Pearls of Thought*. By Maturin M. Ballou, Author of "Treasury of Thought," &c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

advised commendable. The book deserves a fuller notice than can be given it in this place, and is certainly worth the attentive study of all who wish to master a subject not unlikely to become interesting to our own Pacific colonies, as well as to the States of California and Oregon.

The great quarto monograph on the *Odontornithes*, or extinct toothed birds of North America (17), by Professor Marsh, is a most important contribution to paleontology, and to the practical history of evolution. Technically it is but an appendix to the geological exploration of the Fortieth Parallel, a work which has already attained the size and character of a vast encyclopedia, and is, we believe, still in many directions incomplete; practically it is an independent scientific work of no ordinary value.

Dr. Michels has given in a convenient and tolerably cheap quarto an account, illustrated by plates in black and white, of the current gold and silver coins of all nations (18), going back in some cases to the sixteenth century. There are more elaborate and complete works on the same subject, but mostly executed in a style and at a cost which confines them to libraries of reference. The present volume is within the means of any student of numismatics.

Mr. Ayres has his own ideas of orthoëpy (19), ideas with which we do not find ourselves always in accord.

Mr. Hasletine's tiny handbook of English and American education (20) is useful and convenient to those who may care to compare the formal rules, studies, and discipline of the Universities and colleges on either side the Atlantic.

Mr. Washburn's *Unknown City* (21) is a novel of New York life, of which it gives a somewhat sensational, and by no means agreeable, picture.

Among reprints, new editions, and the like we may mention a beautifully illustrated edition of Mr. Bryant's *Thamopsis* and *Flood of Years* (22), his first and last poems; the one published in 1817, the other in 1876. It is not often that a period of all but sixty years elapses between the first and last of a poet's published works, and that both are deservedly popular. Messrs. Putnam publish a translation of the *Loyal Ronins* (23), perhaps the best known of Japanese romances or legends, in which a Japanese writer has co-operated with Mr. Edward Grey, while the illustrations are contributed by another Japanese.

Mr. Bayard Taylor's dramatic works are collected in a single volume (24), issued by Messrs. Houghton of Boston and Messrs. Trübner.

Mr. Warner republishes his *Winter on the Nile* (25), a work not by any means devoid of merit or interest, but somewhat too full and elaborate for a subject so familiar.

(17) *Odontornithes: a Monograph on the Extinct Toothed Birds of North America.* By Professor O. C. Marsh. Illustrated. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(18) *The Current Gold and Silver Coins of all Nations.* By J. C. Michels, Ph.D., M.A. Illustrated. Philadelphia: R. S. Menniman. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(19) *The Orthoëpist: a Pronouncing Manual.* By Alfred Ayres. New York: Appleton & Co. 1880.

(20) *Harper's Half-Hour Series.—British and American Education: the Universities of the two Countries compared.* By M. W. Hazletine. New York: Harper Brothers. 1880.

(21) *The Unknown City: a Story of New York.* By W. T. Washburn, Author of "Fair Harvard," &c. New York: Haney & Co.

(22) *Bryant's First and Last Poems: Thamopsis; The Flood of Years.* Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878-9.

(23) *The Loyal Ronins: an Historical Romance.* Translated from the Japanese of Tamenaga Shunsui, by Shinichiro Saito and Edward Grey. Illustrated by Kei-Sai Yei-Sen, of Yedo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(24) *The Dramatic Works of Bayard Taylor.* With Notes by Marie Hansen-Taylor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(25) *My Winter on the Nile.* By C. Dudley Warner, Author of "In the Levant," &c. New Edition, Revised. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ONE PROFESSOR, who shall undertake one or more of the following subjects—Classics, Literature, History, Political Philosophy, Moral Science; and

THREE PROFESSORS, who shall undertake one or more of the following subjects—Mathematics (including Theoretical and Applied Mechanics), Physics, Chemistry, Physiology, Biology, Geology.

The work of the College will be divided into Four Departments, whose arrangement will depend, to some extent, on the subjects undertaken by the Professors elected, but it is intended that the three scientific departments shall severally comprehend:

1. Mathematics and Mechanics,
2. Chemistry,
3. Natural Science.

and that the subject of Physics shall be placed as a subject of principal importance in one or other of those departments.

Applicants are invited to specify the subjects which they would be prepared to undertake. Applications for the above appointments to be addressed to the Town Clerk, Municipal Offices, Nottingham, endorsed "University College," on or before the 7th day of May next. Particulars of salaries, duties, and conditions will be sent upon application to the Town Clerk.

Candidates are especially requested to obtain from canvassing.

Municipal Offices, Nottingham, March 23, 1881. SAM. GEO. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—SESSION 1881.

THE MEETINGS will be held on April 6, 7, and 8, in the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi (by permission of the Council). The Right Hon. the Earl of HAVERSBORTH, President, will occupy the Chair. For Cards of Admission apply to the SECRETARY, 5 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.

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THE TRANSVAAL.

LORD CAIRNS has not of late often indulged in set speeches on general political questions, and the Government have reason to wish that his reticence had continued. His criticism of the Transvaal arrangement was unanswerable and unanswered. Unfortunately fresh occasions for dissatisfaction with the policy of Ministers continually arise. The not unreasonable belief that the last had been heard of warlike operations in the Transvaal has been disappointed. A few hours before the final conclusion of peace the garrison of Potchefstroom, after bravely holding out for many weeks, capitulated for want of provisions, and doubtless also in despair of rescue. The armistice had been arranged to begin at each garrison from the date of the arrival of the provision waggons; so that, at least from this point of view, the Boers did not violate the laws of war. But, on the other hand, it is difficult to understand why Sir EVELYN WOOD did not take measures to convey intelligence of the facts earlier to Colonel WINSLOE. The waggons had two hundred miles to travel, and had not covered that distance in a fortnight. Ox-travelling is always slow, but mounted messengers could have done the distance in two or three days; and it is usual in such cases to send the earliest possible intimation of a cessation of hostilities to beleaguered posts. Perhaps Sir EVELYN WOOD was too busy in negotiating to think of the garrisons which have sustained the credit of the English arms so excellently during this unfortunate contest. Perhaps Mr. JOUBERT failed to carry out his undertaking to transmit the news. However this may be, the incident makes what was bad enough before worse, and may possibly serve to kindle livelier feelings of dislike at home to the manner in which the Government have managed the affair. It cannot be said that the prospects of a permanent peace are at present favourable. Although it was and is understood that a considerable portion of the old territory of the South African Republic is to be cut off as a native reservation, the Dopper party are believed to be extremely averse to anything of the kind. The animosity previously existing between the same party and the English and Dutch-English inhabitants of the Transvaal must necessarily make the condition of the latter almost intolerable, while compensation from a bankrupt treasury and from the pockets of a people notorious for their extreme indisposition to pay taxes of any kind is nearly impossible. When England acknowledged the United States of America, the Loyalists were compensated by the mother country, a precedent which Mr. GLADSTONE would hardly think it worth while to follow unless it were to impress on his admirers the expensiveness of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S government. Perhaps Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL will repeat his ingenious and thoroughly democratic idea of a special poll-tax on all who voted for Tory candidates at the last election.

Lord KIMBERLEY, even before the duel in which he was so unequally matched with the late Lord Chancellor, was to be pitied for the awkwardness which he must have felt in receiving a deputation of those who constantly sympathize with whosoever happens to be the enemy of England. The Transvaal Independence Committee objects to the suzerainty; to the control of foreign affairs; in short, to all the provisions which are supposed to make the Government's surrender tolerable. A return to the Sand

River Convention will satisfy them, and nothing short of that. Lord KIMBERLEY, conscious of the attitude he has himself maintained towards the annexation, must have felt not a little uncomfortable; but the fortunate tradition which enables Ministers to dismiss deputations with polite ignoring of their demands saved the situation to some extent. Nor is this the only point in which the COLONIAL SECRETARY is to be commiserated in his dealings with South Africa. For some time past the Cape Government has been purring, in reference to the Basutos, a policy curiously different from that of the Home Government towards the Boers. The Basuto war has been looked upon with disfavour by almost every section of politicians at home, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government have used their good offices to put a stop to it. These good offices, however, have been contemptuously declined by the Cape Government, and hostilities continue, the Basutos probably wondering in their simple minds why the QUEEN'S subjects in Africa persist in attacking them, while the QUEEN herself professes her readiness to accept their submission. Savages and uneducated people, as Sir EVELYN WOOD remarks in his perhaps too jubilant account of the settlement of O'Neil's Farm, "distrust Governments and trust persons." There is no need to inquire at present into the abstract question of the wisdom of the trust or the distrust. But it is a pity that the principle cannot be applied to Basutos as well as to Boers. More especially is it unfortunate that, at the very moment when Englishmen are making terms with those who are accused of being the principal oppressors of the natives, they should be actively harrying the natives themselves. But the heterogeneous conditions of social and political arrangements in South Africa have generally made these contrasts inevitable; and the restoration of the Boers to independence does not tend to lessen the danger.

Some documents of an interest which is now historical mainly have been published during the week. The despatch of Colonel ANSTRUTHER respecting the affair of Broeker's Spruit partly confirms and partly corrects the first accounts sent home of that unhappy business. It confirms, also, unfortunately, the strictures of Sir OWEN LANYON on the manner in which the party was led, and adds another to the woful list of mistakes committed in this brief and disastrous war. Treachery, properly speaking, there does not appear to have been; though Colonel ANSTRUTHER seems to have expected—a word according to usage, ought perhaps to have received—a word of message from Mr. JOUBERT before the fighting began, and has no expectation "of meeting the enemy at this spot," says the unfortunate commander; and it can only be replied that, if he had been prudent, he would have had an expectation of meeting the enemy at any spot. Unfortunately, he was not so prepared; and the action, such as it was, simply presented on a reduced scale the features of the Ingogo and Majuba—inferior against superior numbers, wild firing in exposed positions against accurate marksmanship under cover. The detailed report of the Ingogo action, also published, needs only the same comment. "I had no intention of camping out, and had brought no supplies," says the GENERAL, who, like Colonel ANSTRUTHER, has since made the last atonement for any fault of judgment he then committed. Officers, we are told, cannot understand how the Boers drove the English from Majuba. The answer is simply the old one—with brains. Objections are frequently made to critics who sit at home at ease and judge of military

operations conducted abroad under difficulties. These objections hardly take account of the fact that the conditions of successful and unsuccessful war repeat themselves in military history with an almost tiresome monotony. Nor are these painful documents altogether unprofitable reading with regard to the future, for it must be a sanguine person who thinks that all difficulty in the Transvaal is over. Sooner or later there will be fighting again in South Africa almost without doubt, and it will be a question then whether our officers have or have not profited by the lessons of this extraordinarily unfortunate war.

It would probably be vain to search for another contest in which fortune was so unvaryingly against England. Sir EVELYN WOOD makes light of "a series of actions 'fought with six companies.'" This remark, which has been eagerly caught at by the apologists of the ponce, seems to argue a somewhat unwise respect for big battalions. In this present petty war four engagements have taken place—at Bronkor's Spruit, Laing's Nek, the Ingogo, and Majuba—and every one has resulted in a more or less disastrous defeat, with a total loss which would have been heavy for a battle with ten thousand men engaged. Everything is proportional, and unbroken defeat in engagements with six companies is no more to be made light of than unbroken defeat in engagements with six regiments or six divisions or six *corps d'armée*. It is idle to speak of such things as "not affecting our prestige." They could not, indeed, have affected our prestige had one been successful and another unsuccessful, but the uniformity of result alters the inference. There are also words of Sir EVELYN WOOD's which seem to argue indecision as to the point already mentioned of insisting on compensation to loyalists. Should any further timidity be shown, the effect, bad enough already, would be infinitely aggravated. The internal independence of the Transvaal has been restored at a price which, if it had been demanded under other circumstances, might perhaps have been satisfactory, but which in any case ought to be rigidly exacted. In this case, the exaction is absolutely necessary. The abandonment of the loyal inhabitants would convert a dubious and disagreeable transaction into a disgrace of the deepest and most ineffaceable character. The surrender or weakening of any of the terms of recognition would be hardly more excusable.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

WHEN the Greek question was discussed at the Berlin Congress in 1878, Lord BEACONFIELD said that, even before the conclusion of the Treaty of San Stefano, England had entered on negotiations at Constantinople for the rectification of the Greek frontier. The demand for this rectification was not prompted by any desire to satisfy the aspirations of the Greeks, and still less by any desire to dismember the Turkish Empire. It was made simply with a view of suppressing brigandage. Lord BEACONFIELD himself disapproved of the Congress giving any indication of the direction which the rectification was to take, but Italy and France pressed for at least a general indication being given, and Lord BEACONFIELD acquiesced. The Congress accordingly recorded that, in its opinion, the line should be drawn from the mouth of the Salambria on the east to the mouth of the Kalamas on the west. This was vague, and intentionally vague. A line from a point on one coast to a point many hundred miles off on another coast may include much less or much more, according to the fancies of those who try to trace it practically, and have to take into account the configuration of the land and the position of towns, strongholds, and rivers. All that the Congress did was to invite Turkey and Greece to come to an understanding on this vague basis, and to undertake to mediate between them if they could not come to an agreement. They did not fail to come to an agreement, because they never began to try to agree. Turkey looked on what had taken place as a mere invitation to negotiate, and it was an invitation she did not feel inclined to accept. As Turkey would not negotiate, Greece applied to the Great Powers to do something for her. They consented, and in the Conference of last year the Powers set out a definite line on a map. They were not mediating, for the base for mediation had not arisen. What they

did was to say what, if they had been mediating, they would have pronounced to be the proper arrangement for the Greeks to come to. In the fulfilment of this task they gave an interpretation to the line of the Congress very favourable to Greece. Instead of starting from the mouth of the Salambria in Thessaly, they started from a point far to the north of it, and when they got to Epirus, they drew a curly zigzag line, which not only included Janina and Metzovo in the district to be ceded, but seems in one part to go almost at a right angle to the direct line to the Kalamas, so as to give more country to Greece. As Turkey paid no attention to the recommendation of the Conference, Greece proposed to go to war in order to obtain by force what the Conference recommended should be given her. The Powers again intervened, but in a new character. What they now wanted was to preserve peace, and the only way of preserving peace was to press Turkey until she had consented to draw a line which the Powers would recommend Greece to accept. This has now been done. No official statement of the direction taken by the new line has been given, but there have been enough semi-official statements to show generally what this line is to be. It is not the line of the Congress or of the Conference. It does not start from the Salambria and go to the Kalamas. It does not start far north of the Salambria, and go curling far up into Epirus. What it does is this. It starts some way above the Salambria, not so far northwards as the Conference line, but still far enough to give Greece the rich plain on the north of the river; but, when Epirus is reached, instead of going westward to the mouth of the Kalamas, it goes southward, and follows the course of the River Arta. Practically, it may be said that it gives nothing in Epirus to Greece, but it gives in Thessaly more than was given by the line of the Congress, although less than was given by the line of the Conference.

It is obvious that everything in the negotiations turned on the question whether the Greeks were or were not to have Janina. If a perfectly straight line is laid down from the mouth of the Salambria to the mouth of the Kalamas, it passes south of Janina; but it passes so very little to the south, that it can scarcely be doubted that the Congress line was meant, so far as those who suggested it had any clear intentions, to give Janina to Greece. The Conference line went considerably north of Janina, and left no doubt as to who was to have this great object of Greek ambition. Janina is an important town, and it is substantially a Greek town; but it is separated from Greece by a barren district, inhabited by people who are mostly Mussulmans, and who, if they are not Mussulmans, are not Greeks. Turkey positively refused to cede Janina to Greece, partly because it did not wish to give Greece so much as she asked, but mainly because it could not bring itself to make over to its enemy the non-Greek population settled between Janina and the Greek frontiers. Nor was this only a matter of sentiment. The Porte had every reason to suppose that this population would not quietly submit to be handed over, and that coercion would be necessary to make it submit. To have used force would have been painful to the SULTAN, and would have probably provoked a general Albanian revolt. What happened at Dulcigno would have happened again in Epirus, only on a much larger scale, and whereas in the case of Dulcigno the Powers could call on the SULTAN to carry out his engagements, even at the cost of coercing his subjects, they could scarcely impose on him a new engagement to coerce his subjects in Epirus. The notion of giving Janina to Greece was thus abandoned, and, apart from Janina, the district which would have gone with it is of very little natural value to the Greeks or to any one else. For this district an equivalent, and a full equivalent in point of natural resources, was obtained by shifting the Thessalian frontier northwards. In point of useful soil the Greeks have now offered them as much as they would have got if the frontier had gone to the Kalamas, but had not included Janina. What they have not got, and what they longed above all things to get, was Janina itself. And on the question of the retention or cession of Janina hung a subordinate question which appears to have given the Powers much trouble and anxiety. The River Arta flows into the Lake of Arta, and the present Greek frontier runs along the southern shore of the lake until the lake joins the sea. The lake offers a commodious harbour, and is exclusively used by Greek ships. What

where the lake joins the sea, the land all round about to give a very narrow entrance to the lake, and the entrance is commanded on its northern side by the Turkish fortress of Prevesa. Had the Greeks got Janina and the intervening district they would of course have got Prevesa; but, if they were to get nothing on the northern shore of the lake, they would be left with a Turkish fort commanding what is practically a Greek lake. For this no additional cession of land in Thessaly could be any compensation, and the Powers could hardly say that they were in a position to make a proposal to Greece that Greece might be reasonably expected to consider acceptable if Prevesa was left to command the Lake of Arta. There was no difficulty here as to the feelings of the inhabitants. Prevesa is an Italian town which was taken from Venice by the French Republic, from the French Republic by ALI PASHA, and from ALI PASHA by the Turks. There is no reason to suppose that Prevesa would have any objection to become Greek; but the Porte urged that Prevesa was so far connected with Janina that, if in Greek hands, it would afford a base from which the Greeks could operate in the direction of Janina. It therefore refused to cede Prevesa. Nothing remained except to effect a compromise, and it is said to have been settled that Prevesa shall remain in the hands of the Turks, but that its fortress shall be dismantled.

If the Greeks are not to have Janina, the offer now made them is one that has much to attract them. Without going to war, they get all Thessaly that is much worth having. Thessaly is rich, and, except a few land-owners, the population is exclusively Greek. And what the Porte now undertakes to hand over, it can hand over without any trouble. There is no need of coercing an unwilling population, and the Greeks may reckon on getting immediate possession of what is promised, which is much more than could have been said if they had been promised that any considerable portion of Epirus should be handed over to them. This is a very important point, and if the offer is to be looked on as a mere matter of bargaining, ought to be taken into serious consideration by the Greeks. In the circumstances that have arisen, Turkey, being unwilling to carry any cession out, and the Powers being resolved not to coerce Turkey, Greece would have got nothing if she had not threatened war, which made the Powers put pressure on Turkey, not for the sake of Greece, but for the sake of European peace. By threatening war, and by spending the money and incurring the debt which the threat of war has made necessary, Greece has got the offer of a large fertile province full of a population friendly to her, and this offer is one which can be practically made good without trouble and without loss of time. Financially speaking, it may be true that the game has not been worth the candle, and that the possession of Thessaly is not an equivalent for the money that will have been laid out in getting it. But there are other things to be thought of by a nation than finance, and a display of spirit and energy, followed by a certain measure of success, may do a nation more good than keeping its money in its pockets would do. Preparation for war appeals to the higher sentiments of a nation, and the Greeks have responded to the appeal with much spirit and determination. But it is this very appeal to the higher sentiments of the Greek nation that makes the present moment critical. The Greeks have always maintained that the war on which they were embarking was a war, not so much of aggrandizement as of liberation. They wanted to make their country bigger and richer, but they wanted still more to free other Greeks from the dominion of Turkey. Europe told them once vaguely at the Congress, and again very definitely at the Conference, that among the Greeks so freed the Greeks of Janina ought to be included. Now they are told that the Greeks of Janina are not to be freed. From the point of view of their contention, what they are called upon to do is to abandon their "suffering brethren of Janina." Common sense and the legitimate influence of the Powers, and especially that of the Powers most friendly to Greece, will, it may be hoped, prevail. The Greeks get enough by getting Thessaly to satisfy their honour and to substantially benefit the nation. The Powers have got as much as they could get for Greece without coercing the SULTAN into coercing his subjects. Every motive of prudence suggests to Greece that peace is far better for it than war, and no Power would think

of helping Greece if it went to war now. But, in calculating the probabilities of war or peace, it is necessary to appreciate the real difficulty with which the Greek Government, if it desires peace, has to contend; and this difficulty is not that of persuading the nation that it has made a good territorial bargain, but it is that of persuading it that it ought to abandon those who, according to what it contends is the solemn judgment of Europe, should be included within its fold.

THE FREIHEIT PROSECUTION.

THE suggestion which we made last week that in the interests of public morality the law should interfere to put an end to the publication of articles containing open and avowed instigation to murder has been followed by prompt and vigorous action on the part of the authorities. The editor of the German Socialist organ in London, the *Freiheit*, which recently published a leading article approving of the assassination of the Czar and counselling the murder of the Emperor of Germany and other sovereigns, has been arrested. Of the responsibility of the accused man, Moser, it would be unbecoming in us to speak while the case is still pending; but of the pernicious nature of the journal in question, and of the unwisdom of allowing it to go on unchecked there can be, we should imagine, but one opinion in the minds of law-abiding people. Since the article to which we called attention, another number of the journal has appeared, containing, amongst a mass of other seditious matter, an account of the meeting lately held in London to celebrate the anniversary of the Paris Commune and the news of the murder of the Czar. The resolutions passed at this meeting were as follows:—

"The execution of the Despot ALEXANDER ROMANOFF, *vulgo* Czar of RUSSIA, which was carried out on the 13th of March in the present year, has filled the Social Revolutionists of all lands with great satisfaction. The noble comrades who, at the sacrifice of their own persons, executed the sentence of the People on that monster have earned the thanks of all civilized men.

"We encourage the Social Revolutionists of Russia to complete their glorious work of freeing ninety millions of men from the curse of an insolent Tartar horde which has gained dominion over Russia. They are sure of the loudest approbation of all the poor and wretched.

"The extraordinary pressure which at present burdens all peoples makes extraordinary measures necessary."

These seditious doctrines are approved and encouraged in the number of *Freiheit* which is before us; and the rest of the paper is conceived in the same bloodthirsty spirit. Such words, coming as they do from ignorant and uncultivated men, might well be considered as more idle bombast, were it not for the fact that a powerful organization does exist for the destruction of all law and order, and that ghastly murders and other outrages have followed, and may again follow, as their direct consequence, the expression of such sentiments. It is, therefore, unfair to compare the *Freiheit* and kindred publications with the pultry, but blatant, organs of certain disloyal sections of our own community; nor is it wise to place too much confidence in their presumed insignificance and inability to do harm.

We are not surprised that the action of the Government in taking up the prosecution should at first sight provoke unfavourable comments; but we are sure that maturer reflection will convince any one who is not obstinately prejudiced that the arguments against interference in the matter are weak in view of the altered circumstances of the present day. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had no difficulty in justifying his conduct before the House of Commons. Miserable and contemptible as the *Freiheit* is, it is the mouthpiece of the party of assassination; and, apart from all political considerations, the writer who calls upon other people to murder a fellow-creature, be it emperor or peasant, is surely as much deserving of punishment as if he had instigated the commission of any minor crime. What would be said of a police which permitted the publication in London of a paper intended to further the operations of a gang of swindlers, or advocating the pillage of a jeweller's shop in Paris or Berlin? To talk about the liberty of the press in the case of such publications as the *Freiheit* is an absurdity; it had

nothing in common with the press, was neither a vehicle for the expression of popular opinion or the dissemination of news, but was purely and simply the weekly manifesto of certain revolutionary refugees. Had it confined its utterances to politics, it might have gone on ranting until it died of inanition. Even when it approved of murder committed it might have been treated with ignominious contempt, but when it counselled fresh murders, and designated the individuals to be slaughtered, it rendered itself as much amenable to correctional discipline as if it had offended against Lord CAMPBELL'S Act. The argument that a prosecution is an excellent and gratuitous advertisement for such a paper has but little force; while, should a conviction follow the arrest of its editor, it will be a safeguard against the publication of others of the same kind. A contemporary suggests that "it is safer to let men 'blow off steam by leading articles and resolutions than to leave them no means of expressing themselves but by 'dynamite.'" There is some truth in this; but it scarcely applies to leading articles and resolutions having no object but to encourage the use of dynamite. It is also true, as has been urged, that a paper suppressed in England might reappear in America or elsewhere; but it is scarcely logical to say that, because another country may possibly tolerate a nuisance, we ought not to try to get rid of it ourselves.

The most telling, though far from the soundest, argument against the Government prosecution of the Socialist journal is the suggestion, which will no doubt be made over and over again, that it is a concession to the demands of other Governments, and an attack upon the right of political asylum in England. It will be recollected how in a former trial in this country for conspiracy to murder a foreign monarch a jury were induced to give a verdict of acquittal by being told that they would do their duty though thousands of French cannon were roaring about their ears; but this is mere claptrap, for the offence with which the defendant in the case of the *Freiheit* is charged is one against common law and common decency, and it can surely need no foreign influence to induce the Executive to vindicate either.

Many eminent as well as obscure political refugees have from time to time sought and found shelter in England, and have been allowed to enjoy their opinions in perfect security, because they have behaved themselves as quiet, peaceful, and honest citizens. Any attempt to interfere with the right of asylum in the case of any of these would most justly call forth a storm of indignation, and meet with determined opposition. But it is a very different thing when, as in the present instance, the refugee takes a mean and ignoble advantage of England's hospitality to compass the death of England's friends, and to overthrow the structure of society upon which the prosperity of England as much as of any other country rests. It is certainly to be deplored that so vulgar and dastardly an offence should be dignified with the name of a political question; but unfortunately there is too great a tendency to make political capital out of any unforeseen incident, and this one will probably prove no exception to the rule. We should have preferred to see the editor and writers of *Freiheit* undisturbed in their original obscurity, but the same may be said of any low wretch whose crime makes him for the nonce notorious. We do not, however, let off the obscure thief or murderer because it is not a good thing to help such persons to obtain notoriety. At any rate, the arrest has taken place, and the law must now take its course; if there is anything to be urged, technically or otherwise, in the defendant's favour, he will certainly have the benefit of it; on the other hand, we feel sure that no external agitation or party cry will influence the even administration of justice. We can, in this country, afford to look on the Socialist movement with greater composure than some of our neighbours, for our own institutions, being so free and constitutional, are less pregnable; and happily the dark shadow of political assassination has not as yet hung over us. At the same time, there are unquiet elements in society even here, the existence of which it were unwise to ignore; and, although we should be the last to advocate any reactionary policy, we deem it worse than foolish to neglect the ordinary precautions against disturbance and crime which the Constitution already furnishes. The Nihilists and advanced Socialists aim at something more than mere political reforms or changes; they are bent upon the actual destruction of the whole framework of society, and are as

much its enemies as the burglar or garrotter. Still, as mere political theorists they have a right to their opinions and to be left alone; but when they appear as accessories before and after the fact to murder and outrages of which the criminal law takes cognizance, they ought to answer for their misdeeds "without the benefit of (political) clergy."

THE THAMES RIVER BILL.

THE House of Commons had a good time on Tuesday afternoon. Those who took any part in the debates of the Oxford and Cambridge Union will remember the keen excitement aroused in the members by "private business" as compared with the comparatively languid interest which was felt in motions relating to public affairs. Considering that public affairs are the proper concern of Parliament, it seems strange that this distinction should be reproduced in the House of Commons. Occasionally, however, it makes its appearance even there. Then the benches are filled at four o'clock, and the aspect of the House might delude a stranger into the belief that the existence of a Ministry was involved in the issue. The amusement provided for Tuesday was still more delightful. Private business may sometimes have the advantage over public, but both must yield to the charm of a discussion which has for its sole object the determination under which head a particular Bill shall fall. There are many members who may care nothing for the Bill in either character; but none can have a soul so dead as to be indifferent to a debate whether it shall wear one character or the other. This was the engrossing occupation of Tuesday afternoon. The Thames River Bill was set down for the time of private business, and Mr. RITCHIE had given notice of an amendment that its character and objects were such "as to constitute it a measure of public policy." No wonder that the House was content to put off even that delightful baiting of Ministers which goes on at question time. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S answers had for the moment no attraction. To hang on Mr. RITCHIE'S demonstration that the Bill had been misdescribed as private, and to await Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S statement of the reasons why he was under no obligation to describe it as public, were more agreeable because rarer employments than anything which could be looked for lower down in the notice paper.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S argument was sufficiently convincing to relieve him of any suspicion of sharp practice. A private Bill has this conspicuous advantage over a public Bill—that it takes much less time to pass it. Every one admits that the House of Commons is over-burdened with business, and Mr. GLADSTONE has, so to speak, offered a prize to the ingenious inventor who will devise some way of lessening the work it has to do. That fortunate man will be declared a public benefactor by the voice of the PRIME MINISTER himself. This was the prospect which fired Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S ambition, and the Thames Bill seemed to give him the opportunity for making a first essay towards its realization. It was not exactly a Government Bill, but it came sufficiently near being a Government Bill to invest Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with the control of it. "Strictly speaking," it was the Bill of the Thames Conservators, and they will have "to pay the expenses of promotion." But it has been concurred in by the Board of Trade, and it represents the opinions of a departmental Committee. The Board of Trade, in fact, has told the Conservators what it thinks they ought to do, and has generously given them leave to do it at their own expense. Still, it is not a Government measure, and consequently Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thought that there was a sufficient array of precedent to justify its introduction as a private Bill, and thereby to leave the House more time to give itself wholly to public affairs. Perhaps the House, except when obstruction is very rampant, does not wish to give itself wholly to public affairs. Perhaps it thought that to allow the use of this novel apparatus for saving time might constitute an inconvenient precedent. At all events, it looked with no favour on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S experiment. Mr. RITCHIE'S amendment was seconded by Sir SIDNEY WATERLOW. No private member could be found to oppose it, and finally Mr. BAXTER "earnestly appealed" to the Government to withdraw the Bill, and to deal with the question "in a proper and legitimate manner." A little earlier in the debate Mr. ASHLEY

had declared that the question could not be dealt with by a public Bill. Private it was, and private it must remain, unless the House of Commons was prepared to arrogate to itself the power to alter the essential nature of things. There was nothing in the speeches of Baron DE WORMS or Alderman LAWRENCE to lead Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to throw over his subordinate, but the reports of the Whip or his own observation of the House had convinced him by the time that he rose that either the essential nature of things must be altered or the Government would be beaten. Fortunately, when Mr. ASHLEY's impossibilities came to be looked at closely, they proved undeserving of so tremendous a name. Mr. ASHLEY had not formed his conclusion without some evidence to go upon, but he had not been very particular as to the quality of his evidence. It is commonly supposed that the Speaker is the authority to whom appeal should be made when the object is to ascertain what the rules of the House permit and what they forbid; but Mr. ASHLEY, perhaps wisely, had taken care not to ask the SPEAKER the question. He had only referred to "experienced gentlemen outside." Mr. ASHLEY had in fact taken counsel's opinion on the subject. This is a very proper course to follow as a prelude to stating a case for the decision of a court, but it is not usual to treat counsel's opinion as a substitute for the decision of a court. When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN referred the matter to the SPEAKER, it turned out that Mr. ASHLEY and his experienced gentlemen had all been in the wrong together. There was no objection to the measure's being introduced as a public Bill, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN accordingly consented to bring it forward in that character.

As there will be other opportunities of considering the Bill on its merits—though whether they will be afforded this Session is a little doubtful—it is not necessary to say anything about them now. The only question that arises out of Tuesday's debate is the question whether the Bill had any proper claim to the private character with which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN desired to invest it. Putting technicalities aside, it seems most probable that it had no such claim. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN contended that under the searching examination of a Select Committee its faults or its virtues would be at least as thoroughly sifted as in a Committee of the whole House. This argument, if it is worth anything, would justify the application of private Bill procedure to all legislation whatever. The answer is that, as regards a great number of Bills, something more is wanted than a thorough sifting of their provisions. The House of Commons is not always willing to be bound by the report of a Select Committee. It wants to exercise its own judgment and to speak with its own voice. Nor can it be said that, if it insists on doing this in the case of the Thames River Bill, it will be pledged to show itself equally inquisitive in the case of every other private Bill. The Thames River Bill, as it was described in Tuesday's discussion, will certainly affect interests large enough to be regarded as public. It deals with no less a question than the navigation of the greatest of English rivers. At present, every ship navigating the Thames is compelled to carry a pilot, and, considering what immense interests would be affected by this regulation, it is only natural that the House of Commons should not lightly forego the right of speaking its mind upon its clauses one by one. There may be very good grounds for abolishing compulsory pilotage, but the House of Commons may fairly wish to weigh these grounds for itself, instead of leaving them to be estimated by a Select Committee. By another provision of the Bill the Thames Conservancy is created a nuisance authority and given the power of inspecting all factories on the bank of the river. This may be an enactment of great practical value, but it is one which the owners of these factories regard with some alarm, and though; if the Bill had remained private, they would have been heard either by counsel or in person before the Select Committee, this is not at all the same thing as having their objections threshed out in the House of Commons. On the whole, therefore, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's second thoughts were better than his first, and Mr. RICHIE may claim the credit of having helped to train up an interesting but wayward child in the way in which it behoves him to go.

CENTRAL ASIAN AFFAIRS.

THE remarkable statement made by Sir CHARLES DILKE last week in the House of Commons, although half withdrawn by Lord HARTINGTON, and only confirmed since by vague rumour as to the personal intentions of the Czar, would of itself suffice to direct attention to the condition of that part of Turkistan which borders on the Perso-Afghan frontier. The ratification, moreover, of the Government plans for the abandonment of Candahar, and the utter anarchy in which Western Afghanistan is reported to be, make the situation still more interesting. To this, again, has to be added the fact that there is, or was very recently, a European traveller at Merv for the first time for many years. The Correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has so long been hovering about the outskirts of the Turkoman district, has at last succeeded in penetrating to the fabulous city, as a prisoner it is true, but as a prisoner soon to be released. No further intelligence has been received from this adventurous traveller, except an assurance of his safety and freedom, and the very important news that the Russians are actually on the lower course of the Tejend Daria or Hori Rud, the river which, rising in the Hindu Koosh, flows westwards past Herat and then northwards into the desert, where it loses itself in a great swamp or lake, the waters of which, when properly utilized, used to give its historical fertility to the oasis of Merv. Another of the scanty fragments of intelligence which have to be pieced together by any one who seeks for information on these matters has it that the remnant of the Tekkes have asked permission of AYOUN to place their families in safety in his dominions, a permission which, if granted, would hardly be of much value if it be true that AYOUN is once more a prisoner in his capital, besieged and threatened by mutinous soldiery, while revolt and anarchy are rife throughout the provinces he used to rule.

The situation at the time that Sir CHARLES DILKE made his singular statement, "on independent authority," respecting the intentions of the Czar was this. Speaking roughly, five stages or districts separate the Russian posts on the Caspian shore from the Oxus where it leaves Afghan Turkistan. The first of these is desert, and the Russians had to surmount it before they could attack the second, consisting of the oasis of the Akhal Tekkes. The resistance of the latter at the fortress of Yengi Sheher or Geok Tepo has delayed them for two years. But this is now entirely surmounted, and the power of the Akhals is definitely broken. Between the Akhals and their brethren of Merv a second stage of desert intervenes, then comes Merv itself, and then yet another desert strip bounded by the Oxus. The Russians were left at Tejend, the last stage before plunging into the waterless wilderness which intervenes between the Herat river and Merv. Thus placed, they have already mastered that road to India of which so much has been heard, and which has been mistakenly thought to run through Merv itself. The road to India from the Northern Khanates and from Orenburg does, indeed, so run, but not the road from European Russia by the Caspian. The shortest way in this latter case is inside, and to the south of the range of mountains which forms the northern frontier of Persia; but Persia being, at least nominally, independent, this does not count. The next shortest is that which the latest advances of General SKOBELFF have put actually in the hands of the Russians to within a stage of Afghanistan. This road is from the Caspian desert and inconvenient; but a railway has already bridged, or is in rapid process of bridging, this gap. Thenceforward it is easy enough leading through the now subjugated Turkoman country to the north-eastern corner of Persia, where, by way of the border fortress of Sarakhs, close to which the Russians now are, it turns to Herat and to India. Their present position, therefore, or their position before the mysterious and unconfirmed orders to which Sir CHARLES DILKE referred, so to speak, masks Merv, renders it powerless as an obstacle on the way to India, and only valuable as an opening yet another way, the way from Khiva and the north. Now there is a rumour that the recall of General SKOBELFF, of which the UNDER-SECRETARY for FOREIGN AFFAIRS made so much, concerns only Merv. Unless the Russians are prepared to face the great and terrible wilderness between Tejend and Antioch-on-the-Murghab, they must drop downward through Persian territory to

Sarakhs, and thence work upward again. This violation or abuse of a neutral territory has been committed by them before in the course of the war, but the new Czar is said to look on its repetition with disfavour. All, therefore, that Sir CHARLES DILKE's statement, even if literally true, need mean is that General SKOBELEFF has been forbidden to prosecute his plans against Merv itself at present. Considering that the best authorities doubt the possibility of so continuing the expedition until next year, this is a very small mercy. Considering that, as has been shown already, the occupation or non-occupation of Merv by the Russians in no way affects the fact of their having actually cleared away almost every obstacle which lay between them and the Afghan frontier, the mercy is smaller still. To make the recall or the stoppage of operations of any real value, the Akhal oasis ought to be entirely evacuated, and nothing but a post of observation to the west of it, if even that, retained. If this were done, as sanguine persons hope, there would be some reason for speaking of the action of the Czar as deserving compensatory withdrawal on our side. But if it be not done, the recall of SKOBELEFF is a mere empty form calculated to impose only on those (and it is to be feared that they are a considerable number) who are utterly ignorant of the actual circumstances and geography of the case. The country which the Russians have now actually occupied, to use a parallel which will be at once intelligible to all acquainted with modern history, stands to Afghanistan, and therefore to India, very much in the position which the Valtelline occupied in old days to Italy, and for the purposes of the Power occupying it, it is as unnecessary to go to Merv as it would have been for Austria, possessing the Valtelline, to go to Chambéry. The parallel—deserts taking the place of mountains—is almost an exact one.

While this is the case on the lower course of the Horat river, the way to it being completely clear to the Russians, and the power of the Turkomans being restricted to a doubtful possibility of maintaining themselves in their isolated stronghold of Merv, the districts on the upper part of the same river and farther south are in a complete state of anarchy. It is not known whether the failure of AYRUB to obtain investiture of Candahar from the English Government has discredited him with his followers, or whether the always smouldering jealousy between the Eastern and Western tribes has once more broken out without special cause. But his Herati and Candahari troops are said to be in open mutiny, the Cabuli regulars alone remaining true; while away from the capital, especially in the rich corn-producing districts surrounding Farah, his officers are being killed or driven off. In short, the whole country, from the Turkoman frontier to the neighbourhood of Candahar, appears to be in a flame. It has been argued, with the curious optimism which is usually strengthened by ignorance of the subject, and sometimes rewarded by a chance result, that this state of things favours the prospects of ABDUL RAHMAN. The idea seems to be prompted by the same notion of Afghanistan as a settled and stable unit, only desiring to be integral and independent, which has appeared so often in the controversies respecting it. The natural condition of the country is a condition of intestine war and disintegration; and it does not in the least follow that a tribe will join one candidate for universal sovereignty because they have attacked his rival. If ABDUL RAHMAN is strong enough to overawe Candahar and Herat, or clever enough to conciliate them, he will gain and hold them, and that is all that can be said. There would be a touch of comedy in the suggested request on his part that our troops should remain to countenance him at the southern capital. The English partisans of "scuttling" have descanted pathetically on the wrong we should do to the AMERs by remaining at Candahar, and on the harm which the mere semblance of his being a *protégé* of ours would inflict on his chances. All these things, however, are only rumour. The facts as known at latest dates remain, that the Russians are now complete masters of the road to India up to the Afghan frontier, and that the part of Afghanistan to which they have thus opened the way is in utter anarchy. Peace may of course descend upon Herat, and independence may be restored to the Akhal Tekkes. It can only be said that every reasonable Englishman will be heartily pleased at events which at the present moment present not much more probability than is compatible with their being not absolutely impossible.

COUNTY MAYO.

THE time when the Irish Land Bill is to be laid before Parliament draws near, and every scrap of information which can enable Englishmen to judge how far the Bill is at once a comprehensive, a just, and a practical measure ought to be eagerly welcomed. The difficulties of framing a measure which shall fulfil these conditions are seen to be greater and greater the more that such imperfect information as can be procured is attentively studied. It is difficult to make the measure comprehensive, for inside Ireland there are nine or ten Irelands, all distinct from one another. It is difficult to make it just, for every rule that can be laid down seems to require endless exceptions. It is difficult to make it practical, for as to many of its provisions it must be a grave matter of conjecture how they are likely to work. Even to make a probable conjecture as to the future, the guesser must satisfy himself so far as he can as to what are the facts of the present. Unfortunately, a great obscurity hangs over these facts. What we want is the evidence of competent observers, and when we get such evidence as is offered us we frequently find that it is subject to great drawbacks, that it is tinged by the peculiar theories of the witness, that it is drawn from the knowledge of a very limited area, or that it is the evidence of an outsider, honest and intelligent, no doubt, but sent for the special purpose of making the best report he can in a very short time on a country of which he had no previous knowledge. It is much to be regretted that there has been so much delay in publishing the evidence taken by Lord BERSBOROUGH's Commission. The introduction of the Land Bill has been delayed long beyond the date when the Government announced that it was ready to bring in its measure, and even with all this additional time, the evidence of the Commission created to collect the facts that were to serve as a basis for the Bill will scarcely be in the hands of members before they listen to Mr. GLADSTONE's statement. To some extent, however, the deficiency is supplied by the vast body of evidence collected and published by the Duke of RICHMOND's Commission. Far the larger portion of the volume relates to Ireland, and the selection of witnesses was at once wide and happy. All that can be said on the question of Irish land, from the point of view of liberal, kind-hearted, far-seeing proprietors, was said by Lord DUFFERIN, Lord LANSDOWNE, and Colonel KING-HARMAN. Professors and soldiers, large farmers and little farmers, buttermen and railway managers, Presbyterian ministers, and Roman Catholic bishops, all told their tale, and if, after reading all they had to say, we still feel the want of more information, it is not because their evidence was meagre so much as because the subjects on which they touched are so vast or so complicated, that the little that is learnt about them seems nothing as compared with the vastness of that which is not learnt. Most of the leading English newspapers have also sent special Correspondents to Ireland in the last few months, and it may be said to the credit of those sent that they have tried to learn all that it was in their power to learn in the circumstances in which they were placed, and that they were superior to any wish to accommodate their reports to the political leanings of the journal in which their reports were to appear.

The *Times* has just published what may be the concluding number of its series of reports on Ireland under the head of "County Mayo." It is perhaps too unfavourable a specimen to be taken as a fair sample of such contributions to knowledge, but it shows not inaptly what we may and what we may not expect to gather from them. What we are told is, no doubt, true, and is in itself well worth knowing. But it gives only the merest scrap of a contribution towards the information as to the state of one of the most backward, disorganized, and distressed counties in Ireland which we should like to have placed before us. It tells us that there are some good landlords in Mayo, that the land of these good landlords is low-rented, that pasture in Mayo has to some extent replaced tillage, that it would not be kind to establish peasant proprietors on red bog-land, and that rents are sadly in arrear. But on this last point we are left in doubt as to what is the date on which the writer is supposed to be writing. In an early part of his letter he tells us that, since the partial restoration of order, things have mended and rents are coming in. Then follows a series of notes on different estates, and in each estate the collection of rents appears to be more and more difficult, until

in one of the last of these picturesque descriptions we find the writer painting the scene before him on a bright January day. It is very interesting to know how things looked in Mayo in January when the Coercion Bill was only talked of, but it would be much more to the purpose to know how they look at the end of March now that the Bill has become an Act. A correspondent can only give what he has got to give. He takes notes in different places at different times, and pieces them together when he has leisure and opportunity. He wants to learn all he can in a short time, and much the easiest way is to visit the best class of proprietors, who are sure to welcome him kindly, and to give him information which they know must redound to their credit, and which it is only just to those and those like them shall be placed on record. If there was nothing else to report, the occasion of making reports would never have arisen. What we want to know is the real state of things in County Mayo. What is that has made County Mayo what it is? Colonel DEANE, one of the witnesses who gave evidence before the Duke of Richmond's Commission, and who had travelled over a large part of Ireland in connexion with the MARLBOROUGH Fund for relieving distress, spoke thus of Mayo as compared with other adjacent counties:—"I thought the land looked worse, and the condition of the people looked worse, and the general aspect of the holding was more unkempt and less tidy, and less cared for." This is the general aspect of County Mayo. It is the aspect which must be regarded when we ask whether the new Land Bill will for County Mayo be a practical measure. From the point of view of justice, it is certainly important to know that even in Mayo there are good landlords with properties fairly thriving. Such landlords have an excellent right to ask that justice shall be done to them. But the practical difficulty is to deal with County Mayo as Colonel DEANE saw it, and not with the little oases of prosperity to which the Correspondent confined his attention.

There are in County Mayo, as in Connaught generally, and in the South-West of Ireland, too many people. These people are always on the verge of famine, they are entirely ignorant of agriculture, they work little and badly, and they are inclined to be lawless. Mayo is an especially lawless county. One witness before the RICHMOND Commission said that they had lately got in Mayo as far as roasting a man, and he very properly considered this inexcusable. He thought that in decency they might have confined themselves to houghing cattle. Every witness agreed that this population must be thinned, and that to be a practical measure the Land Bill must start some process of thinning it. Three modes of accomplishing this desirable end were suggested. Some witnesses thought that by fixing the occupants in their holdings they would thin themselves. The unthrifty and the idle would find it impossible to retain their holdings, and then the thrifty and industrious would step in and take the place of those who, being dispossessed, would go with the proceeds of the sale into the towns or to America. Other witnesses talked enthusiastically of migration—that is, a transference of the population from occupied to unoccupied Irish lands. It is to projects of this kind that the Correspondent refers when he speaks of the cruelty of planting occupiers on a few acres of bog-land. Such schemes are condemned by the best judges, but it is only fair to say that the schemes actually proposed were not so crudely absurd as the Correspondent seems to indicate. Professor BALDWIN, the leading theorist on the subject, supposes that each family transplanted has given it a sum of £10. to start with; and his colleague in the investigation ordered by the RICHMOND Commission was strong in insisting that drainage must precede colonizing unclaimed lands. Very handsome ideas, it may be remarked in passing, are afloat as to what the State ought to do in the way of drainage. The Bishop of CLONFERR, for example, said that, in his opinion, the beginning of everything was to drain the big rivers. If all the water could be got out of the Shannon into the sea, then Ireland might be really happy, although he was quite willing to withdraw the suggestion if it could be shown that there were any serious engineering difficulties in the way. The third machinery is that of emigration, and there was a remarkable agreement of testimony that there would be no very great reluctance to emigrate if the people could once see that it was to their advantage to go, and could be made to feel that they were not going

under any kind of State compulsion. If it can be supposed that the population of Mayo were in any way thinned, what, it may be asked, would be the result? Even if we assume that under a marvellously clever Land Bill the law of the survival of the fittest is to be the law of human existence in Mayo, we have still to ascertain what we mean by the fittest. The Correspondent, who had probably got sick of being drenched to the skin in his tours, adopts one of those hasty generalizations which are so dear to hurried tourists, and lays down that grazing, nothing but grazing, and grazing on a large scale, will alone do in Mayo. But an important body of evidence given to the RICHMOND Commission points in a different direction. Witnesses who knew what they were talking about said that the most that could be got out of the soil, even in the moist West, was to be got by a mixture of tillage and grazing, and that, although the process could be carried on profitably on a large scale, it could also be carried on profitably on a small scale; and many of them were of opinion that a decent livelihood could be obtained by spade husbandry where a rapid ascent made it impossible that the plough should be used.

OUR IRONCLAD SOLDIERS.

THE mode of warfare practised by the British army is about to undergo a serious change. That this change will from one point of view be an improvement is beyond question. In their indirect action, at all events, the new rules as to summary punishments might have been drafted by the Peace Society. In the brutal days when flogging was still resorted to, the object of all war was unblushingly acknowledged. Flogging was justified on the ground that it could be easily and promptly inflicted; that the offender, though suffering sharply for the time, rapidly recovered from its effects; and that for these two reasons a soldier sentenced to be flogged was soon as ready as before to kill or maim such enemies as came in his way. It is plain that if for flogging there can be substituted a punishment which must necessarily withdraw a man from useful service in the field for some considerable time, he will kill or maim fewer enemies in proportion, and to this extent the object of war will no longer be attained. This fact, even if it stood alone, would suggest that the Peace Society had had a hand in the framing of the rules which Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN explained to the House of Commons on Monday. To subtract a certain percentage of British soldiers from the work for which they have been enlisted is an appreciable step towards fulfilling the Society's purpose. As it happens, however, this fact does not stand alone. The new punishments withdraw those subjected to them from active service in the field, and they do nothing else. All the eloquence that has been expended on the wickedness and folly of inflicting degradation on British soldiers turns out to have been wasted. The new penalties are at least as degrading as flogging.

In future the soldier who might formerly have been flogged will be punished at the discretion of the commanding officer in one of three ways. In the first place, he may sit or stand in irons. We say sit or stand, because, though neither of these words occur in the rules, it is provided by implication that while in irons the offender must not be compelled to walk. He may be "moved from place to place," but it must only be in a "waggon, cart, or other vehicle." There is reason to suspect that this limitation was the result of a compromise between the Peace Society and the War Office. The object of the Peace Society was no doubt to prohibit all motion on the part of offenders while in irons, since this would have involved an equal absence of motion on the part of the soldiers employed in guarding them. It would plainly be cruel to leave men in irons to the tender mercies of an enemy—say a Boer with a flag of truce—who might happen to discover them, and, provided that a sufficient number of men could have been found to qualify themselves for being put in irons, the whole force in the field might have been required for this purpose. Had the Peace Society been able to carry out their wishes in this respect, a new career would have been thrown open to its more adventurous members. In no way could war have been more effectually prevented than by enlisting and committing an offence for which the missionary of peace would be put in irons. It would have been too much perhaps to

expect Mr. RICHARD to sacrifice himself in this way, but to a youth of active temperament and pacific enthusiasm the new career might have had many charms. It may be supposed, however, that at this point the War Office put down its foot. No matter how many soldiers might be in irons, it insisted that the power of changing its place should not entirely be denied to a British army in the field. After their recent triumph in South Africa, the Peace Society could afford to be merciful, and offenders in irons may be moved from place to place so long as they are not compelled to take other than carriage exercise while on the march. The second of the new punishments is seemingly to be used when all the available vehicles are filled with soldiers in irons. It will then be necessary to inflict some penalty which is consistent with motion on the offender's own legs. He may accordingly be attached "to a cart, "waggon, or horse, so as to compel him to move onward "at a walking pace." The progress through an enemy's country of a regiment in which bad characters happen to be numerous will henceforward be a very striking spectacle. The main body will consist of the waggons containing the men in irons; attached to the waggons will be the men undergoing the penalty of attachment; while behind these will come a third class of offenders, those sentenced "to carry extra burdens or weights." The selection of this last penalty displays great judgment on the part of the military authorities. It is necessary to provide for the case of all available vehicles being wanted for the conveyance of men in irons. If the only other form of summary punishment had been attachment to a cart, waggon, or horse, the soldiers who had not been guilty of any offence would have been obliged to carry their own baggage, a state of things which might conceivably have had the demoralizing result of tempting them to qualify themselves for summary punishment as a preferable alternative to becoming a beast of burden. By making carrying burdens itself a punishment this undesirable consequence is avoided.

* Putting aside the third penalty, it can hardly be denied that the new punishments are to the full as degrading as flogging. Fetters are traditionally associated with convicts and galley slaves, and to put a soldier in the position of the extra horse behind a return coal-waggon is as little likely to maintain his self-respect as any plan that can be thought of. If this were all, however, the objection to the new rules would not be worth considering. All punishment is more or less degrading; and, so long as it is only inflicted for acts which in themselves imply more or less of degradation in the offender, it is quite fitting that it should be so. The real faults of the new rules are that the infliction of them is likely to prove extremely inconvenient and not particularly deterrent. Before 1879 a soldier convicted of drunkenness or insubordination in presence of the enemy, or of marauding in an enemy's country, was made to feel that indulgence in these pleasures brought with it sharp physical suffering. Flogging took no time, and only withdrew a man from his duty for a very short time. Under the new rules it will no longer be possible to inflict sharp physical suffering. Sitting or standing in irons is no doubt unpleasant, but it cannot be said to give actual pain unless the infliction is prolonged for some considerable time. It is accordingly provided that any one or more of the new punishments may be repeated for fourteen days, so long as not more than three of these days are consecutive. To inflict the maximum penalty, therefore, will require nineteen days. During all this time soldiers undergoing punishment will be useless. A man in irons would be useless in a charge, and as he may only be moved from place to place in a waggon, cart, or other vehicle, he could only take part in one conducted after the manner of the ancient Britons. Nor would an infantry soldier be of much service while attached to a cart, waggon, or horse, moving onward at a walking pace. Carts and waggons will naturally be found well in the rear of the army, and a horse which in deference to the man attached to him could only be moved forward at a walking pace, will be less in the way there than in the front. As regards the bearers of the burdens, they could hardly be sent to attack the enemy without risking the loss of the baggage; nor, even if this danger were disregarded, would a detachment of heavily laden porters advancing with shouts of "By your leave" be likely to create much alarm. Consequently all these punishments must go on at a convenient distance from the enemy, or they must not be

inflicted when the army is in the field. In the former case every man who is inclined to skulk will take care to get put in irons or tied to a cart's tail as soon as the enemy is known to be at hand, or else the new means of enforcing discipline will cease to operate just at the time when discipline most needs to be enforced. It is still more likely perhaps that these penalties will never be imposed at all, since officers are to take care that they are "inflicted in "such a manner as is not calculated to cause injury or "to leave any permanent mark," thereby aiding the detection of deserters, a measure entirely opposed to Radical notions of liberty. As officers will not wish to incur any responsibility in this matter, they will naturally do nothing, except under the advice and almost in the presence of the regimental surgeon. During, and for some time after, an engagement this gentleman will be wanted elsewhere, and he will scarcely have time to consider whether the continuance of the punishment will be prejudicial to the offender's health—a duty expressly imposed on him by the new rules. Altogether, therefore, the punishments which it is now proposed to introduce exactly meet the presumed wishes of the adversaries of flogging. By making the maintenance of discipline almost impossible, they still further diminish the already impaired efficiency of the British army.

RUSSIA.

IT is impossible that the new CZAR should have done much as yet to indicate the use which he intends to make of the great power which has devolved on him. He has had neither leisure nor time to adopt anything that can be called a policy. But the little that has been done by or in Russia since his accession harmonizes with the popular belief that his general wish is to keep Russia out of foreign complications and to introduce some measures of internal reform. The speech of the Crown Prince of GERMANY at Moscow may be accepted as a proof that he sees no difficulty in making the ties that have so long united Germany and Russia at least as strong as they ever were. The Prince of ROUMANIA has been turned into a king; and, although it may be said with truth that he won his crown at Plevna, still he is connected with the Royal Family of Prussia, and has only assumed his dignity after having satisfied Austria that his little kingdom will appreciate at its proper value the maintenance of friendly, if not dependent, relations with her Western neighbour. In the most recent discussions on the Greek question the influence of Russia is said to have been exercised with new energy in the interests of peace. What is the real significance of the recall of General SKOBELLEFF it is impossible to say at present, but the statement that he was recalled because he wished to push forward to a settlement far outside his previous sphere of operations may be provisionally accepted. For the sake of Russia, as much as for that of Europe, it may be hoped that these are all signs of a wish on the part of the CZAR for peace, each slight, but taken together of some real importance. Of one thing there can be no doubt, and that is that, if ALEXANDER III. purposes to devote himself to internal reforms, he will have enough to occupy his attention. Before, however, he can give his mind to vexed questions of domestic government, he must, it is said, put down the Nihilists. It is to be feared that putting down the Nihilists is a thing easier to talk of than to do. The notion of a grand combination of Governments to stamp out Nihilism, as if it were the cattle plague, does not seem very promising. It may be possible to make a secret society more secret, but that is all. A Government, too, like the German Government can do something to check the spread of revolutionary and demoralizing teaching within its own borders. But Nihilism, so far as it is a peculiarly Russian form of a general disease, can only be dealt with in Russia and by Russians. What makes Nihilism really alarming is not that the Nihilists managed to kill the late CZAR, but that those who have to defend the present CZAR against his enemies seem to be either marvellously inefficient or very untrustworthy. The curious thing is that what the Nihilists intend to do is known to the Government officials, and what the officials intend to do is known to the Nihilists, the only difference being that the Nihilists act upon what they know, and the officials do not. In some mysterious way the Nihilists are supplied with intelligence which can

only come from persons who have access to quarters very high in the official world. That he has enemies who openly say that if he does or does not do this or that thing they will kill him, is enough to sadden the life, although it may not break the courage, of the CZAR; but that there is so much reason to distrust those who ought to be his friends is probably a still greater trial to him.

When the happy time comes for the CZAR to be free from the anxieties caused by Nihilism, and for his mind to be seriously turned to domestic reforms, he will have to consider and deal with two subjects of primary importance. These are the institutions by which the local needs of his people are supposed to be met, and the distressed state of the peasantry. He will have a very difficult task before him. To create is easy in Russia, but to get creations to work is very hard. The scheme of local self-government decreed by the late CZAR in 1864 was theoretically a very good scheme. There were created district assemblies in which nobles and peasants sat by election, and which were intended to manage the affairs of the district, to look after charitable institutions, to promote education, and to make roads. There were provincial assemblies composed of delegates from the district assemblies which were to do for the provinces what the minor assemblies were to do for the districts. On paper this reads as if an excellent beginning of representative institutions had been made, and the scheme was not altogether a failure. It failed; but it did not fail altogether, or from the outset. In many parts of the Empire it was never brought into operation, for there was a complete absence of competent persons to set the machinery going. In other parts there was much energy and enthusiasm displayed at first, and then, when the first excitement had passed away, apathy took the place of zeal. The peasants sent representatives to the district assemblies, but none of these sent could afford to go away from their homes and form part of the provincial assemblies. There was in the first years after the emancipation of the serfs a spirit of vague and unpractical but ardent Liberalism in a large portion of the nobility, and those who were imbued with those feelings caught eagerly at the chance of making their views felt in local assemblies. But they got tired of taking what seemed thankless trouble, and if they continued to attend, they attended more and more as a matter of routine. The Government strictly forbade anything like political discussion, and this made the proceedings seem tame and uninteresting. The ratepayers, too, complained that their rates were increased, and yet they never got the roads which ought to have been the great practical work of the assemblies. Local assemblies have, in fact, failed, because Russia has not as yet got men who know what local assemblies ought to do, and how what is resolved on ought to be carried out. What has happened already will probably happen again. Any new system of local self-government will fail as the old system has failed until there are men to be found to carry it out properly. With the spread of education, and with the development of material wealth, the right men will probably by degrees show themselves. But for this time, peace and a wise Government are needed, and the road to real local self-government lies, not through schemes for establishing it, but through the preparation of the ground on which it is to rest.

The condition of the peasantry is a more urgent subject for consideration than local self-government. There is no doubt great distress, and there is probably discontent among the peasantry. The Russian poor are very patient and deeply attached to the CZAR; but arson is the familiar form of peasant discontent in Russia, and there has been too much burning going on recently, although not very lately, to leave it doubtful that there are at least the germs of discontent among the peasantry. But, if there is any doubt about the discontent, there is none about the distress. Last year there was in many parts a total failure of crops. This, although the most immediately powerful, is not the most serious, cause of suffering. The weather, it may be hoped, will change for the better in Russia, as in other parts of Europe in which we are more interested. What is serious is that there are permanent causes of distress, and that they are permanent is shown by the fact that, according to all accounts, the Russian peasant has in recent years been living on his capital, selling off his cattle, and parting with his little store of accumulated wealth. Among these permanent

causes of distress the following seem to be the most important. The burden of taxation, Imperial and local, is crushing, and Protection in the most exaggerated form adds to the cost of everything that is needed for the improvement of the country. All that the Government can do to mitigate this burden is to pursue a policy of peace, and to lower import duties whenever possible. Then the soil of a considerable portion of Russia is exhausted. It will not pay for the labour which is necessary to cultivate it, and it has only not gone out of cultivation because artificial means have been employed to chain the labourer to the soil. The serf has been emancipated from the authority of the nobles, but he has not been given the liberty of leaving the land which it does not pay him to cultivate. What the Government can do to help the labourer who is suffering from this cause is to promote migration from districts where the soil is bad and labour superabundant to other districts where the soil is good and labour scanty, and there are many districts of this kind in Russia. This sounds tolerably simple, but it involves great difficulties in its execution; for the whole scheme of emancipation was based on certain payments being made by way of compensation to the proprietors; and, if the communes do not pay what they are bound to do, some fresh means must be found to compensate the proprietors or to recoup the Government, if it has found the money for buying up the rights of the proprietors. It is also to be feared that the distress of the peasants is in some degree attributable to a moral change produced by the emancipation itself. They were flushed with delusive hopes; they grew more lazy, and much more drunken. The Government has done all that it could to check this evil in the way of taxing liquor, and probably nothing very effectual can be done immediately to counteract the consequence of an abrupt change from an old state of things to a new. Lastly, the great agrarian change of emancipation has undergone the fate which seems to await all great agrarian changes. It did much good, but it also did much harm. In too many cases it put the peasant in a position in which he had really no chance of success. Sometimes it gave him a holding on which he might have lived had it not been that his holding was charged with the payment of sums which, except in very good years, the land would not enable him to meet. Sometimes it gave him the holding he occupied, but this holding was too small for him to live on it; he has had to go great distances to find other land that he could hire, and the curtailment of the operations of the great landowners has shut him out from selling his labour. To give peasants so circumstanced a fair chance is an aim worthy of the aspirations of the best intentioned CZAR, but it would obviously involve a new agrarian change hardly less than that of the emancipation.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

THE Local Government Board have lately printed a very valuable return showing the results of the local visitations made by their Medical Inspectors for the last ten years. By the aid of this paper we can learn when the visitation was made, what were the sanitary defects which the Inspector found existing, and what had been done to remedy them up to the 1st of January, 1880. The point that first suggests itself in looking at this paper is the partial nature of the information contained in it. A separate column shows the ground on which the visitation was ordered. It is to the credit of the Local Government Board that in a great number of instances this ground was the REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S return of the death-rate in the district. Very often it was the occurrence of some specific outbreak of disease. But in all cases the visitation was specially ordered. There has not since the establishment of the Local Government Board, or since the passing of Mr. STANSFELD'S Sanitary Act, which for the first time placed every district under the jurisdiction of a single sanitary authority, been any attempt at a systematic visitation of the whole country. When things have gone very wrong, and an extraordinary percentage of the population has died or fallen sick of a disease which is known to be caused by some sanitary defect, a medical Inspector has come down and investigated the conditions under which the inhabitants of that particular place are living. But he has done

nothing more. All round the infected spot there may be others, in which the causes of disease are equally abundant, though at that particular moment not equally fruitful. Bad air and bad water are always able to kill, but they do not always care to use their power. Inasmuch, however, as their action is perfectly known, there is not the slightest reason for waiting until an outbreak of disease or a startling rise in the death-rate proves them to be at work. If a hundred villages are in an equally bad position as regards water supply, it is only common prudence to take similar measures with regard to them, though the disease which commonly follows from the use of such water has as yet only followed in five or ten cases. What was wanted after the passing of the Sanitary Reform Act was a systematic inspection of the whole country. If this had been undertaken, the Local Government Board would have known, and Parliament would have known, exactly how the case stood; what sanitary evils there were to be remedied, and what measures would be required to remedy them. Whether this investigation had been undertaken by the Local Government Board or by the local authorities would not have greatly mattered. Had it been entrusted to the latter, the Local Government Board would have prescribed the forms to be used and dictated, the questions to be answered; and, if the answers in any case had been very unexpected, the same authority would have tested them by means of its own Inspectors. It is conceivable that an obstructive local authority might have sent in a much too favourable account of the purity of the water in their district, but they would not have been likely to make a false statement of the source from which it was derived. They might, for example, have made such a return as this:—"Quality of water—excellent; source of supply—surface wells." Upon receiving this exceedingly improbable statement, the Local Government Board would have accepted the fact as to the source of the supply, and have made an inquiry on its own account as to the quality of the water. After a few instances of this sort, the motive for painting facts too favourably would have disappeared, and we might have looked forward to getting a fairly accurate account of the sanitary condition of the whole country. Had this been obtained, the way would have been very much cleared for further sanitary legislation. As it is, it is always possible for those who dislike such legislation to persuade themselves and others that any particular case of sanitary mischief is only exceptional. As regards some large areas, the Report of the Medical Officer of Health makes it impossible to maintain this view. Dr. CHILDS' reports on the sanitary condition of Oxfordshire, for example, contained statements which must have occasionally pricked the conscience even of the most stolid local authority. But exceptions, even frequent exceptions, have not the same effect as a rule. If every county in England and Wales had been shown to be in at least as bad a condition as Oxfordshire, there would have been at least a chance of something being done.

Unfortunately a table printed across a folio page is not easy reading, and the money of the local Government would be well spent if they would put together the main facts of this return in a cheap and convenient form, and take steps to ensure its general distribution. A good many lingering delusions would thus be swept away. It could no longer be believed, for example, that all that local authorities want is enlightenment, and that when it has been brought home to them that this or that sanitary defect exists within their jurisdiction they will at once repair it. Unfortunately such a theory has no foundation in experience. Although every one of the visitations recorded in this return had its origin in actual disease, or in an abnormal mortality, there are many instances in which the mischiefs pointed out years ago as the cause of disease or death are as prevalent as ever. Thus at Chesham in Buckinghamshire the Inspector reported in 1871 that the water was polluted. In June 1879 it was still polluted, and in December 1879 a scheme for improving it was only "under consideration." In Goole, in Yorkshire, there was in 1871 "every kind of insanitary condition in its most aggravated form," and especially "bad water." In January 1880 the Report is as follows:—"There is no proper water supply, and many of the wells are polluted. The water question has recently been much discussed, and it seems probable that a private Company will be started to supply the town." At Perry Street, in Kent, in 1871 the wells were polluted, and there was no system of drainage or sewerage. In 1875 the mains of a neighbour-

ing water Company had been laid throughout the hamlet, but few householders had laid on the water. In 1876 there was still no drainage or sewerage provided, and, as a note is appended, stating that "the Medical Officer of Health is not appointed under the Board's orders, and no reports have been received since 1876," it may safely be assumed that none has been provided up to this time. At Abingdon, in 1872, the water supply was "mostly from surface wells in porous soil, soaked with excremental and other filth." In 1879 a scheme for supplying the town with water had been "approved by the Local Government Board." At Andover, in 1872, the water supply was pointed out as the principal cause of diphtheria, and in 1879 it was still "chiefly derived from shallow wells, near privy pits and cesspools." The continuance of this state of things is the less excusable because "about one-third of the town is supplied by a private Company obtaining water from a deep well in the chalk." At Bingham, in Nottinghamshire, in 1872, there was imperfect drainage and polluted water. In 1879 the drainage was "same as before," and in the water supply there were "no alterations." At Wellington, in 1872, the water was "liable to pollution," and in 1879 the supply was still "mostly derived from wells exposed to pollution." Still, something had been done. A scheme for providing water-works had been projected and abandoned.

We have taken our examples entirely from the first two years comprised in the return, lest it should be said that a sufficient interval had not been allowed for the representations of the Medical Inspectors to bear fruit. If they had been extended to the subsequent years, the record would have been still less satisfactory. It is quite true that in many of the places visited there has been a real improvement—the fact being, of course, that where a sanitary authority chooses to mend its ways it has no difficulty in finding a place for repentance. But the point which is most impressed on the reader by the statements in the return is the powerlessness of the Local Government Board to do anything with a sanitary authority which does not choose to mend its ways. Against such there is no law.

OLD ENGLISH CHURCH WINDOWS.

IN *Much Ado about Nothing* we find how the imagery of Bel's priests in the old church window caught the attention of the cunning Borachio, who, it may be inferred, was no student of painted glass in general, though he could yet feel a sympathetic interest in a body of men who could be as deceitful to their kingly benefactor as he himself was to the Prince of Arragon. But, apart from Borachio, we can imagine an antiquary who might as fully devote himself to the study of church windows as did *Old Mortality* to sepulchral inscriptions, and we could rather envy the man who had means and opportunity to travel from church to church—now in some venerable city, now on the green banks of a flowing stream—to observe the manifold devices of tracery, and to study such illuminated panes as the ecclesiastical revolutions of the past have spared. Though every book is not a great action, every great action, we are assured by Luther, is a book, which he who understands may read. Whether the arch reformer would have considered a mediæval minster a great action we are not sure; but a whole volume of thought is unfolded by such a building, which is one of the greatest intellectual achievements of the dark ages. The stained windows are the illustrations of this fine volume, and the study of them is in a special way an art education. Between the rudeness of the lights of the Saxon chapel at Bradford-upon-Avon, and the glorious eastern window of Carlisle, with its powerful colouring, there is a wide field of art management. But a sincere and earnest purpose pervaded the successive modes of treatment. The wild play of fancy that expressed itself in the queer sculptures of miseries, gargoyles, and corbels found no place in the windows, which were constructed with regularity and beauty; the panes illustrated the religious instruction of the priest, while the iridescent illumination from the pictured figures of prophets, saints, and martyrs was but a symbol of the enlightenment imparted by their spiritual presence. The Saxon window was for utility, not ornament, while the tracery light was not more for utility than for the perfection of the whole design of the building it served. Even in so-called classical architecture, as exemplified by St. Paul's Cathedral, the windows, if unglazed, would be mere cavernous holes, and are never, as separate features, worthy of study. They are, in fact, only indispensable apertures, so arranged as to impair in as slight a degree as possible the complete effect of the building they illuminate. But the windows of a Gothic church, instead of being a necessary impertinence, are the living principle of the whole composition; and the very life of the building may be said to throb through the veinlike ramifications of tracery. The poorest Gothic church is dignified when pierced with good windows, and the finest church loses its distinction by having mean and impoverished

lights. Even when bare of glass, a tracery window like the western light of Tintern is as full of artistic meaning as a leafless tree with its feathering branches framed in a clear blue sky; but, when flush with colour and glowing with imagery, it is as graceful as the same tree with all its leafy honours thick about it.

Of Solomon's Temple we are told that he "made windows of narrow lights," and of his Palace in Lebanon that "there were windows in three rows and light was against light in three ranks." The Temple and Palace windows, with the doors, were square headed, and therefore we may assume inferior in beauty to the triple stories of some English cathedrals, such as Ely or Peterborough. The tradition of narrow windows was long maintained in Western as well as in Eastern architecture; and in the Saxon and Early Norman church we find but contracted openings, much like the loopholes or arrow-slits of a castle; and they might have served the same purpose in days when a church happened to be the only fortress against a sudden attack. The Saxon window was played within and without, the narrowest part being towards the centre. The poor attempt at ornamentation by annular mouldings on the dividing pillar of a double arch was dismissed in the succeeding style, the more advanced Romanesque window being sufficiently enriched with zigzag, chevron, or other ornament on its margin. The simple lancet aperture continues to remind us of the narrow lights of the contemporary fortress, but the maturely-developed thirteenth-century combination of lights expanding within to a single widely played opening suggests rather the bay window of the old English manorial hall. The famous "Five Sisters" in the northern transept of York Cathedral, with their original Early English diapered glass, are doubtless the grandest example we possess of the pure lancet style; and, viewed in connexion with the unrivalled lantern of the great central tower, they are a piece of architecture that not only York, but all England, may be proud of. Dickens's admiration of them was manifested by his "Tale of the Five Sisters of York" in *Nicholas Nickleby*, but he has placed their origin at the earlier part of the sixteenth century instead of towards the middle of the thirteenth. The eastern end of the chapter-house of Oxford Cathedral can be cited as a noble specimen of the later style of lancet, where the entire inside bay is filled by an arcade of graduated arches, three of which are pierced, the arches resting on slender clustered shafts with foliated capitals. Though York Cathedral suffered from the incendiarism of Martin, the lunatic, the worse visitation of a Wyatt had been spared. That wretched architect's operations at Salisbury Cathedral were at the time pronounced "tasteful, effective, and judicious"; but it was owing to him that the many-hued splendour that once poured through the thirteenth-century windows of Sarum, and damasked the floor like a garden of summer flowers, is now exchanged for a monotonous glare of light that distresses the eye, not only by the sense of what is lost in pictorial charm, but by the exhibition it affords of the other senseless innovations of the same hand. That a bishop and an architect could, so late as the year 1788, step down to the level of an ignorant glazier, and join with him in literally pounding to pieces the saintly windows of one of the most perfect churches in Christendom, and casting them, as is said, by barrow-loads into the town ditch, would seem incredible; but there exists a letter from the glazier himself that shows how unlimited was the havoc and confiscation. This letter was written on 10th June, 1788, by John Berry, glazier, of Harnham, to John Lloyd, Esq., of Conduit Street, Hanover Square, London, who had at least more taste than Bishop Harrington, for he cared to possess the mediæval glass which the prelate thought only worthy of a ditch. "Sir,—This day I have sent you a Box full of old Stained and Painted Glass as you desired me to do wick I hope it will sute your Purpos it his the best that I can get at Present. But I expet to Deatt to Peccais a great deale very sune as it his of now use to we and we Due it for the lead if you want eney more of the same sorts you may have what thear his, if it will pay for Taking out, as it his a Deal of Truble to what Benting it to Peccais his you will send me a line as sune as Posibl for we are govin to move ore glazing shop to a Nother Place and thin we to save a greatt Deale more of the like sort wick I ham your most Omblo Servnt John Berry." The original of this elegant letter, endorsed "Berry ye Glazier about beating the fine painted Glass Window at Sarum to pieces to save the Lead," is still extant, and was lately printed in the *Proceedings of the Wiltshire Archaeological Society*. The lancet windows of Salisbury and Ripon are as severe and stately as the figures of the warriors and priests on the altar-tombs they look down upon, but the sameness of outline and detail, after fifty years' repetition, began to pall upon the designer, and, by a natural transition, led on to the so-called geometrical style, which endured for the next half-century, or from A.D. 1250 to 1300. Though the diagrams of the Book of Euclid are exemplified rather than their properties, the mathematical relations of tangential circles and spherical triangles are hardly more interesting than the artistic devices which we find in windows of the geometrical period. In this style are the lights of Lincoln Cathedral; and the author of the metrical Latin Life of St. Hugh is justly proud of the storied pomp of the figured panes he describes. The east window is the largest to be found of its class, and consists of one grand pointed arch, having a large circle in the head which touches two smaller subordinate circles, the whole of the tracery being formed of a concentric repetition of circles relieved on their inner rims with leafage. The two windows in the transept are, according to the biographer of St. Hugh just cited, the two eyes of the church, and signify the

bishop and the dean; the bishop looks towards the south, as inviting the coming of the Holy Spirit for man's salvation; and the dean towards the north, as being the region of the Prince of the Air, to ward off his advances. That in the north transept, with its wheels within wheels, and rings full of eyes, reminds us of the mystic vision of Ezekiel, from which perhaps the idea of its design was taken; the throne encompassed by a rainbow, and the likeness of a man upon it, being here reproduced with the Christian accessories of the saints in conflict below and in triumph above. The tracery of the circular window in the south transept, which encloses two pointed ovals with their spandrils, has been compared by Pugin to the fibres of a leaf, and by Mr. Freeman to the branches of a tree without its trunk; but the tracery appears to us to resemble two sprays of a vine, and for beauty of execution is worthy to be compared with the natural growth. The windows of Exeter Cathedral are said to exhibit a greater variety of geometrical tracery than any other building in the kingdom, and would as much puzzle to describe as to re-invent. Circles, spherical triangles, and simple curves are combined with every grace but that which is conveyed by the flowing lines of the succeeding period. No two windows are alike side by side, but they correspond in opposite pairs, and show what fertile invention was expended in what was considered the very soul of the edifice. The great west window, with the expansive rose that fills its pointed arch, is a fitting crown-piece to the external screen, with its storied ranks of kings, warriors, saints, and apostles.

The Five Sisters of York Minster might alone give character to that vast pile; but its "walls of glass" pass from the lancet to the geometrical form, and thence to the most perfect patterns of flowing and perpendicular tracery. Those who argue that the fourteenth-century period of construction was the culmination of beauty in Gothic tracery can hardly need a more exquisite example than the great decorated window of the western façade of York. It is inferred to have been the work of Archbishop Melton, who is expressly said to have given, A.D. 1330, the painted glass. No stone of the original tracery remains, the windows having been some years since restored; but, so exact is the reproduction, that could the spirit of ancient work be conveyed into fresh design as truly as in this imitation, we might almost believe in the transmigration of the soul of the old architect into the new, which is at present a difficult belief. Each feature of the geometrical window in the aisles of the nave is a complete figure of itself, but in the flame-like wavings of the tracery of the western light each part is as necessary to the whole design as each leaf is to a flower. Consistently with its period of art the monials are filled with canopied images of archbishops and saints, which are finished with the delicacy of oil-painting. The only window in England that can be brought into rivalry with this one is the east window of Carlisle Cathedral, which is nearly of the same date and character. The latter is the larger of the two, and has been pronounced by Mr. Fergusson to be "without exception the most beautiful design for window tracery in the world." Every critic does not agree with Mr. Fergusson in giving Carlisle the preference, but the difference is rather of opinion than of fact. Here we may remark that York is the museum of England for stained glass. Some of the earliest colour glazing in the country is a portion of a Jesse in the second window from the west, on the north side of the clerestory of the Cathedral nave. The date is pronounced by Mr. Winston to be about 1200, and much earlier than the Early English glass of Canterbury Cathedral. The great eastern window is two centuries later (A.D. 1404), the artist being allowed three years for the fulfilment of his contract to glaze its lights. He did his work with loving care, and the poetic grace of his figures, with their distinctions of light, shade, and colour, are worthy of the superb reticulation of stonework in which they are shrined. The window is 78 feet by 33, and is the largest in England. It would have been somewhat excelled by the east window of Gloucester, only that the latter is unglazed in its lower compartment. Almost as notable as the minster for stained glass are some of the parish churches of York. That these should have escaped the passions of the Reformation and of the Rebellion is as surprising as the saving of the windows of the minster through two successive conflagrations. The church of All Saints has in the north aisle a representation of the Last Judgment, such as might have inspired the first of the three terrible Advent sermons of Jeremy Taylor. The fifteen days of prodigy before that supreme event, as related by St. Jerome "out of the Jews' books," and retold by the eloquent divine, are here as thrillingly depicted as in his language, and it might be interesting to compare on the spot the discourse with the mediæval artist's presentation, where the rising and sinking of the ocean, the gathering together of monsters and men, the rivers of fire, the falling stars, the earthquakes and rending rocks, the trees distilling blood, the fall of castles and towers, the birds that mourn and change their songs into threnes and sad accents, the opening graves and the rush of the reviving dead into the caverns of the earth, the final vision of the flaming world and of demons conveying the wicked to their place and of angels carrying the righteous to Abraham's bosom, are scenes in the theatre of mighty horrors.

A milder, but no less favourite, subject was the Jesse window, of which that of St. Michael's, Spurriergate, York, was once a fine example. Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, is remarkable that Jesse's figure is carved in stone, and the branches of the tree that springs up from his loins are formed out of the stonework of the lights.

The Jesse in the splendid east window of Bristol Cathedral is framed in tracery whose symbolical character is expressive of the mystery of the Holy Trinity, to whom the church is dedicated. This is evident from each group of the vertical and radiating lines resolving into triple compartments.

The famous windows of Fairford, in Gloucestershire, have been worthily reproduced in coloured plates by the Arundel Society. They are a gallery of religious glass-painting, and the Rev. J. G. Joyce, the late Rector of Stratfieldsaye, has eloquently expounded the artist's treatment of his subjects. He has shown how a church was a school of scriptural instruction as well as of religious art, being literally an open Bible where the unlettered might read in the shining windows with their undulations of coloured radiance the circumstances of prophetic and fulfilled sacred history. The chancel of Fairford, with its apsidal chapels, was devoted to the great events of the Incarnation from the Annunciation to the Descent on the day of Pentecost, the central subject being, of course, the sacrifice on Calvary; while, at the opposite end of the building, the triumphant return of the Victim Victor, with his Principalities and Powers, is portrayed with fearful energy. The side aisles are lighted by Creed windows, which are thus explained. It is said that before separating after their final commission, each of the Twelve contributed one saying of the Apostle's Creed, so that the whole being combined, the common rule and standard of the faith was formed. This mediæval belief was unfolded in the series of windows on one side of Fairford Church, while in opposite correspondence are the twelve prophets who had anticipated the symbolism of the same Creed. Thus St. Peter says *Crede in Deum Patrem omnipotentem Creatorem celi et terre*. To this the prophet Jeremiah in the opposite panes is made to have said in the far-off ages *Patrem invocabit qui fecit et condidit celos*. Andrew—*Et in Jesum Christum, filium ejus unicum dominum nostrum*. David—*Deus dicit, En filius meus es tu, ego hodie genui*; and so with the remaining ten apostles and prophets with their sayings. The church of St. Neot in Cornwall, with its wonderful illumination, has given as much celebrity to that saint as even his own miracles which they illustrate, and we are sorry to be obliged to dismiss it with this passing notice, and numerous others with no mention at all. Glass-painting attained its highest excellence in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, and the east window of Winchester contains perpendicular glass, the work of Bishop Fox (1525), as nearly perfect, says Winston, as can be. "In it the shadows have attained their proper limit."

We may as reasonably rejoice that so much stained glass has been saved as sorrow that so much has been destroyed. When it is considered that by the injunction of Edward VI. and Elizabeth all "idolrous images"—a very inclusive term—in windows were to be obliterated; and that in the days of the rebellion Parliamentary visitors like Dowding, who in his first day's work "broke down" at St. Gregory's, Suffolk, "ten mighty angels in glass, in all eighty," were followed by the occupation of the pulpits by the Puritan ministers to whom "tinted panes of oriel sanctity" were relics of Babylon, we may be surprised that so much has endured to a day when painted windows even in dissenting chapels are thought no more idolatrous than the pictures in the Interpreter's House of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Let us hope that they have seen their day of visitation even from the injudicious restorer.

POLITICO-TRAGICO-COMEDIA.

WE do not pretend to know whether Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Hartington are adepts in the noble game of whist. Such ignorance is perhaps in these days something to be ashamed of, but if we did know we should not communicate the information to our readers. But all persons who have ever felt the delight of battle in that pastime must have been struck with the remarkable resemblance of a manœuvre executed on last Thursday and Friday night by the honourable baronet and the noble lord, to one which constantly occurs under eight eyes and on a board of green cloth. The enemy leads a commanding card, and second in hand instantly dashes down a trump on it; third, despite his traditional function of being master of the situation, is powerless, and the chaps of him and of his partner fall. But fourth is an old hand and knows his partner's ways, "having no spades?" he says, in the insinuating tone which is necessary to obviate virtuous indignation. And it sometimes happens that Number One has some spades, and that the cards have to be taken back *non sine ignominia*. So on Thursday night did Sir Charles Dilke dash Mr. Stanhope to the ground with the round assertion that "he was able to make a statement" to the effect that the Russians were going to stop General Skobelev, to cease their operations, to retire, for aught we know, to Kief or Novgorod. Naturally this produced a great effect. It was no use for the Opposition to urge the danger of Russian advance in the face of the certainty of Russian retreat, and their best card had to remain in their hands. But Lord Hartington on Friday was fourth hand, and his words practically amounted to the insinuation that, after all, his partner probably had a spade and had better have produced it. He "did not think his right honourable friend attached much importance to the statement." It was only a dropped card, in fact, not one regularly played, and the penalties of a revoke (should it turn out to be one, for the game is not quite over yet and the players may search the

tricks) were sought to be minimized by Lord Hartington, a prudent man skilled in sports and pastimes, and than whom we can imagine a much worse partner to venture with against the long odds. Only should not Secretaries or Under-Secretaries of State be a little more careful of their words, and would it not be well to state that their information is from a mere "independent source" when they announce it? There have been whist players who maintain that, great as are the penalties of a revoke, a skilled and unscrupulous person will sometimes find his account in it. But with a majority of a hundred, or is it two or three hundred, ready to swear "in a general way anything," like Mr. Jagger's witness, surely Sir Charles might have waited a little. We all hope that the news is true, but for the purposes of the Candahar debate it would have been as well that it should be known to be so.

This was perhaps the pleasantest incident of that particular discussion, except perhaps the remarkably bad verses with which the debate inspired the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Pall Mall* used to write better poetry when it was Jingo, doubtless on the celebrated principle of Waller. But even in the Transvaal business, intolerable as it has been, the blessed faculty of seeing the ludicrous side of things has been able to apply its usual salve, if that salve be in this case only a palliative. Accurate observers have for some time known that President Brand of the Orange Free State was a man of humour; long ago, in his dealings with Lord Carnarvon and with Mr. Froude, he showed signs of this. But his Excellency, or his Honour, or whatever is the title appropriate to the chief men among the people who, by the grace of Mr. Gladstone, are shortly to be masters of South Africa—at least, so says the President—has recently surpassed himself. He is free to confess that the Transvaal compromise is, in his opinion, one of the noblest acts in English history. "Oh, sir," said Mr. Sludge, the medium, in Mr. Browning's poem,

Oh, yours, sir, is an angel's part. I know
What prejudice must be, what the common course
Men take to soothe their ruffled self-conceit.
Only you rise superior to it all.

That is exactly Mr. Brand's language, and, though we apologize for the unsavoury comparison, it is undeniable that both Mr. Sludge and Mr. Brand answer to the title of medium. Mr. Sludge was a medium between his patron and that patron's sainted mother, Mr. Brand between Mr. Gladstone's Government and the Boers. The common course of Governments would have been what it is now useless to speak of; the course adopted by Mr. Gladstone and his Government we know. It is not surprising that Mr. Brand sees in it an angel's part, and regards it as superior. There is a frankness, too, about the President which is suggestive of his prototype in his better moods. Shortly after making this remark about the nobility of England's conduct, Mr. Brand confessed, at least the *Standard* Correspondent says so, that "a South African Republic is only a question of time." Of a very short time, some people may think, but this is a lapse from the proper point of view. That is one of enjoyment of Mr. Brand's enjoyment of the noble attitude of England. Could not Mr. Leland give us a Breitmann ballad on the subject? He is fortunately free from the awkwardness which an English bard would feel, and the matter is really worthy of him—as the incident is of the great Hans himself. Indeed, it seems more than probable that Hans was at Laing's Nek, having probably taken some other name out of modesty.

From Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Hartington playing political whist with a great deal of skill, and thumping hands to boot—from President Brand descending on the nobility displayed in the patient acceptance of kicks and the prompt disbursement of halfpence in payment therefor to the kicker—the spectator of the political tragi-comedy can turn to the coming bliss of the British soldier. Very tender are our present rulers of the British soldier. They would not waste his blood either in battle (except just so as to give a zest to peace by a preliminary defeat or two), still less would they waste it on the triangles. It is expedient, we are told, to do something to raise the moral tone of the British soldier, and, indeed, after the Ingogo and Majuba, it may be imagined that that good fellow, against whom far be it from us to say one word, may feel somewhat depressed in tone, moral and other. The requisite stimulant is supplied by the abolition of flogging. An idle epigrammatist may say that it is only equitable in the Government, after allowing the soldier to be beaten by his enemies, to prohibit his being beaten by his friends. This would be too much of a good thing, and the natural justice of a Government which is nothing if not just may well revolt at it. Again, if backs are to be exposed, it may be as well that they should not be scarred out of regard to the becoming. These arguments, however, can only find favour with malevolent persons eager for foolborn jest. For it is the Government, and not the soldier, who have in reality run away, and there is no question of inflicting the much-discussed penalty upon them. The reason, therefore, can be only what it is pretended to be, the desire to raise the soldier in his own and his comrade's eyes. We all know how this is to be effected by putting in irony, by tying up at the cart's tail, &c. Humane radicals suggest that it would be better still to make the delinquents perform the lower and menial duties of the camp. There are ludicrous sides enough to tying-up, which is practically the punishment inflicted on that tremendous malefactor, a young fool whose mother is in the shafts. But to the amateur of this form of tragi-comedy, the richest part of the jest is to be found in the fact that the whole, or almost the whole, sting of all these punishments, sug-

ated unofficially or unofficially proposed, is to be found in disgrace. The suffering of even the worst of them would be nil, the mere inconvenience not great. So there is nothing but the point of honour to look to. Yet, if we mistake not, it is the disgrace of flogging which is the very argument used against it by its sapient and logical opponents. The ideal Radical soldier, therefore, is only to be spared disgrace when it happens to be accompanied by pain. It is to this, it would seem, that he objects, or rather (for let it be again and again repeated that the soldier has nothing to do with his would-be champions) is supposed to object. Fresh disgraces, too, are to be created for him. Time was when menial and disgraceable work was looked upon by soldiers—and officers, too, for that matter—as a thing in no way disgraceful, a thing to be avoided if possible, but, if need would have it, to be done with as good a will as the most theoretically honourable duty. All this is to be altered, and a stigma put on necessary labour, which at times the best men might have to perform, that so a Radical fad about corporal punishment may be gratified. So the political theatre-goer passes laughing, but, if he be wise, laughing somewhat on the wrong side of his mouth, as he sees the welfare of his country and the experience of centuries made of no account to serve the ends of demagogues.

Suum corda, however—a motto most excellent for all conditions of life, including the consideration of tragi-comedies, political and other. Just at the present moment the remembrance of it may be said to be especially necessary. The element of comedy almost disappears, leaving nothing but the grimmest of irony in its place, when we come to the dying dispatch of the unfortunate Colonel Anstruther. "His men," he says, "consolated themselves for the surrender with the thought that the tables would be turned before long." It is to be hoped that they are undeceived by this time, and are duly admonished of the impolicy of counting without such a host as Mr. Gladstone. After all, another stroke of the same irony may possibly give them their revenge, and in that case the tragi-comedy would be complete. The probability of further disturbances in the Transvaal is a question on which we have not to decide here; but it seems to be at least great enough to make the crowning of the climax quite possible. If Sir Frederick Roberts, after being sent home immediately on his arrival in that very comfortable mail steamer, should find at St. Helena or at Madeira a telegram stating that the Transvaal is in a flame again, and that he must retrace his steps, it would be melancholy, but not wonderful. The gallant General, condemned to the fate of Vanderdecken in the same identical waters, might justly complain. But, on the whole, it seems better, to be an officer of Mr. Gladstone's out of reach of the enemy than within reach of them. Illness is bad for a soldier; and the Marquis Spinola agreed with Sir Horace Vere (great captains both) that it was enough to kill any general. But illness is, after all, preferable to humiliation; and, despite Sir Evelyn Wood's friendly suggestion that "Roberts" should get acquainted with the Boers as he himself has done, we are inclined to hope that Roberts will do no such thing. These, however, are high matters, and somewhat out of the beat of the mere watcher for the lighter and pleasanter sides of transactions in themselves ugly and dark enough. Perhaps some day the tables may be turned in a fuller and happier sense than even that in which the unlucky Ninety-fourth used the phrase. Meanwhile, there is nothing to do but to bear it, and, where it is possible, to lighten the bearing with a not indecent grin.

FIRES IN THEATRES.

IF the reports which have appeared in some French papers are true, the terrible catastrophe at Nice was due to a happy combination of carelessness and of official obstinacy. It is said that the gas-pipes of the theatre had been for some time in bad condition, and were so ill looked after that when an explosion took place a little time ago they were repaired with cement only. A smell of gas was noticed on the morning of the 24th, and it is stated that the director applied to the authorities for leave to postpone the performance until an examination of the tubes had been made, but that he was told that the opera which he had advertised must be given. A manager who closes his doors necessarily loses a considerable sum of money, and, at first sight, it seems hard to believe that even small French officials can have failed to see that there were probably excellent reasons for a request which was contrary to the interest of the person who made it; but small French officials have very peculiar views, and are capable of wonderful acts of petty despotism. In all probability the theatre belonged to the municipality, and the manager was aided from the municipal funds: It may have been thought derogatory to the dignity of the rulers of Nice that a performance partly under their direction, and given at a theatre belonging to them, should be postponed, after it had once been announced, and in comparison with such a consideration as this the possibility of a hideous catastrophe may have appeared a trifling matter. It is much to be hoped that there was no such combination of negligence and perversity; but, if the report which has appeared in the Paris papers is shown to be true, an example should certainly be made of the officials who insisted on a theatre being opened after they had been warned that those who entered it would very possibly be burnt to death.

The catastrophe, whether due to mere carelessness or to wanton

disregard of danger, is certainly one of the most hideous on record. The loss of life, it is true, was not nearly so great as that which was caused by the destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre; but it is certain that a large number of people must have perished by the most terrible death imaginable. From the numerous accounts which have appeared a clear idea of what happened may be obtained. The gas, which had been escaping all day, collected at some height above the stage, and shortly after the upper gas jets were lighted an explosion occurred. Parts of the scenery caught fire, and the flames spread with terrible rapidity. The explosion shattered the gas-meter, and all the passages of the theatre became pitch dark, though the house itself was lighted by the constantly increasing flame. Fortunately the boxes of the grand tier and the stalls were nearly empty, as the fire burst out before the time fixed for the rise of the curtain, and therefore before the time when those who paid for expensive places would think of arriving; but poorer people had come in considerable numbers to the pit and gallery, and it is to be feared that many of the occupants of the latter must have perished. It is supposed that most of those who were in the pit escaped, but with regard to this point the accounts of the accident are not altogether clear, and very possibly the loss of life has been understated. As to the fate of the luckless artisans who had gone to the gallery for an evening's amusement, there can, unhappily, be no doubt. There was only one door out of the gallery, and this led to what is described as a narrow corkscrew staircase. At the first rush, those who got soonest to the door were thrown to the bottom and killed by the fall. They were almost fortunate, compared with the rest, some of whom were suffocated, and some burnt to death. Of the few people who had gathered in the boxes, some escaped, but others were burnt, and amongst those who were employed on the stage there was probably considerable loss of life, but the information given on this point has been incomplete. The prima donna escaped, but as to the death of the basso there can be no doubt, and his fate seems specially pitiable, inasmuch as in a fire at Rouen he had been obliged to jump from a window to save his life, and had sustained terrible injuries. Of the horrible state in which the bodies of those who had perished were found it is unnecessary to speak. It is said that in many cases they were so charred that identification was impossible.

The fate of the unfortunate people who were thus consumed by the flame necessarily suggests a question which has often been put before and never satisfactorily answered, though often answered with infinite assurance. To what extent can such a catastrophe be considered probable in London? Are there not many metropolitan theatres from which the whole of the audience could scarcely escape in the event of a fire, and might not fire, or even the alarm of fire at some places, cause hideous disaster? It may, no doubt, be urged that a London theatre would not burn so rapidly as the Nice Opera House did, inasmuch as the fittings of the latter were of a peculiarly inflammable kind. The scenery, it is said, was paper, and not canvas, and the woodwork was exceptionally light. With such materials the flame must doubtless have spread very rapidly; but, then, it must be remembered that the theatre was only half full, and, owing to this, egress must have been for a portion of the audience comparatively easy. The fact that the burning of the theatre at Nice was exceptionally rapid is balanced by the fact that the house was half empty, and it cannot therefore be fairly argued that the disaster should cause no apprehension with regard to London theatres. From some of these doubtless the entire audience could escape without more accidents than must inevitably follow the rush of a panic-stricken mob. With regard to others great doubt must be felt. No one who goes to theatres can have failed to notice the very long time which is often required to get from the seats to the outer door; and indeed so notorious is this that many people, in order to avoid the delay, try to slip away just before the fall of the curtain. This practice has become so general that managers occasionally appeal to the spectators not to leave their places before the conclusion of the performance. If, then, such a long time is occupied in going out when there is not the slightest excitement, when everybody is perfectly calm and self-possessed, what is likely to happen when there is a rush for the doors, and when a number of people beside themselves with terror are striving madly to get away? Can it be doubted that the narrow passages and exits which so delay a crowd under the most favourable circumstances would become blocked? that a great many men and women would be suffocated and a great many more burnt to death? We do not desire to take on ourselves the invidious task of pointing out what playhouses are to be considered as specially dangerous, but there are some names which must suggest themselves to those who habitually frequent the London theatres.

The possibility of great loss of life from fire in a metropolitan theatre has, it is true, been boldly denied, and recently Mr. Hollingshead has come forward to say that there is no reason for apprehension. In the *Daily News* of Monday last is a letter from him, in which he states that he does not believe that such a calamity as happened at Nice is, "in our theatres, within the range of probability." In support of this opinion he says that, though many theatres have been burnt down, the burning has not been in what are called "business hours," that is, when many people are about to render assistance; and he then refers to the results of careful inquiries respecting the deaths caused by fires in theatres which he published some time since. "It appeared," he says, "that, taking not London merely, but the whole

of England, only one actual death from fire in a theatre was recorded during the preceding fifty years. This was the case of Eliza Twichell, a dresser in the employment of the equestrian Ducrow, and even this person might have escaped if she had not rashly gone back to fetch some little articles, and thus lost her way and been suffocated. "Since then poor Mr. Egerton lost his life in trying to save Mr. Gunn's theatre in Dublin, but he had assuredly time to escape if he had chosen." Mr. Hollingshead has doubtless taken great pains with the researches which gave this result, as surprising as it is gratifying; but the subject is an extremely difficult one, and it is impossible not to feel some little doubt as to the facts which he sets forth. During the last fifty years eighteen theatres have been destroyed by fire in England, and it is strange indeed if all these conflagrations have only caused two deaths. Moreover, in dealing with this question, the loss of life which may be caused by an alarm of fire when the means of egress are insufficient must be taken into consideration. Even if Mr. Hollingshead is right, and if there has been extraordinary immunity in England, owing to the fact that there have never been serious fires in theatres during the time of performance, it still remains only too clear that such fires may occur, and that terrible disaster may be the result. The burning of the Carlisle Theatre in 1874 caused the loss of 104 lives. The burning of the Brooklyn Theatre in 1876 caused the loss of 300 lives, and now about one hundred persons have been suffocated or burnt to death during the destruction of the Nice Opera House. Owing to wonderful good fortune, no similar calamity has hitherto occurred in this country; but it would be very hasty to assume that such a disaster is impossible, or even highly improbable. That very eminent authority, Captain Shaw, is clearly of opinion that this is no improbable calamity, as he has written a pamphlet to show how great are the risks of loss of life from fires at theatres during the time of performance, and how they might be lessened. The Metropolitan Board of Works came to a similar conclusion, and their view was accepted by the Committee of the House of Commons who reported on the Bill brought in by the Board, which has since passed into law. That the risk which they sought to diminish was, and is, a real one, can scarcely be seriously disputed by any one who looks impartially at the question. As we have in a former article pointed out, the Lord Chamberlain's officials failed signally in their duty, and up to a recent date allowed theatres to be opened, in the construction of which the danger to the audiences from fire or from the effects of a panic was utterly disregarded. Twice within five years has a hideous calamity been caused by a fire in a house full of spectators, and it can hardly be doubted that in some London theatres a similar calamity might occur any night. Probably, however, the second warning will be disregarded as the first was, and in all likelihood we shall, after our usual fashion, wait until disaster comes, and then cry out for measures of prevention.

THE RECENT LIBEL CASE.

THE non-agreement of the jury empanelled to try Mr. Labouchère for libel brought to a lame and impotent conclusion a case which, verging on the ridiculous in its origin, at one period well nigh attained to the sublime by virtue of its accessories and the halo of importance cast about it. It occupied the Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury for more than a week, it was dignified with a verbatim report in most of the papers, it necessitated the attendance of the Prime Minister as a witness, and involved the consideration of the respective policies of Conservative and Liberal Governments with regard to matters of the highest moment at home and abroad. Incidental subjects of interest abounded; the morality of duelling, the Eastern question, the Christian religion, baby-farming, the parentage of Ulysses, European geography, and the circulation of the *Daily Telegraph*. But what was the foundation of this gigantic superstructure, what the mouse that brought forth this mountain? A mere journalistic squabble; the proprietor or editor of a weekly paper calling the proprietor or editor of a daily paper "a disgrace to journalism." The only point of real importance in the case—a difficult question of the law of libel—arose at a very early stage of the proceedings, and was treated of by us at the time, being utterly independent of the merits of the case. We do not wish to be disrespectful to either of the parties concerned, but the perusal of the facts of the case irresistibly brings to mind the opening sentence of Charles Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth*, to the effect that "the kettle began it." Sir Hardinge Giffard placed the beginning of hostilities as far back as 1877, when Mr. Labouchère is alleged to have written in disparaging terms of Mr. Lawson and his family. Coming to more recent dates, September 1879 found Mr. Labouchère inditing what he considered, or professed to consider, a kindly obituary notice of a near relative of Mr. Lawson's. It may be that Mr. Labouchère was actuated by the kindest of motives, and that the tender mercies of the "Society" journalist are unavoidably and unwittingly cruel; but Lord Coleridge said he should not like to see such a notice written of any one he cared for; and, without going further into the matter, we are disposed to agree with Lord Coleridge. So did Mr. Lawson. Arming himself with his uncle's stick, or the stick of his uncle, a phrase continually occurring throughout the trial, which had a curious smack of the *Grande Duchesse* and Ollendorff's Grammar combined, Mr. Lawson lay around, as Americans would say, for Mr. Labouchère in the neighbourhood of the Beefsteak Club, and essayed to chastise him. But, as Johnny Rames found out long ago, it is not an easy matter to horsewhip an enemy with dignity and success, and accounts varied considerably as to the amount of damage inflicted on Mr. Labouchère, and the exact part taken by "my uncle's stick, or the stick of my uncle," in the transaction.

There may not improbably have been a rough-and-tumble sort of fight, the result being very similar to that of the battle of Sheriffmuir, or of those Thucydidean engagements where each side complacently erected a trophy. Mr. Labouchère, whether thrashed or not, felt himself insulted, and he adopted a course not very usual nowadays, namely, that of sending a challenge to Mr. Lawson, on receiving which Mr. Lawson sought the advice of divers friends as to the manner in which he should act. We have no wish whatever to impugn Mr. Lawson's courage, but his conduct gave rise to the insinuation that he, after a fashion common to mankind, was seeking rather to obtain an opinion confirming him in a predetermined course than advice to enable him to shape one. He applied first to Mr. Montagu Williams, a soldier first and a lawyer afterwards—who counselled fight; then to Colonel Sturt—who counselled fight; then to General Hutchinson—who counselled fight. To a rash and inconsiderate person, thirsting for his enemy's blood, such unanimous crying havoc might have been sufficient; but Mr. Lawson, remembering, perhaps, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, turned from the men of blood, and betook him to Mr. Edwin Arnold; nay, further, according to his own account on one occasion, he, though in the converse position of the British warrior queen, so far as any smarting from rods was concerned, sought counsel of his country's, or rather his household, gods. The poet, mindful of the example of his beloved Buddha, counselled a "great renunciation" on Mr. Lawson's part—to wit, that he should abstain from fighting, and, as Lord Coleridge pointed out, it was not likely that the ladies of Mr. Lawson's family would differ from this advice. So Mr. Lawson wrote to Mr. Labouchère that, in the words of a now well-nigh forgotten, but once popular, lyric, he did not want to fight, and he did not.

The discussion on the morality of duelling induced by this episode was curious. Whenever this subject crops up in a court of law, counsel and judge, fortified possibly by Bentham's theoretical approval of the system, affect that, while as lawyers they regard duelling as murder committed or attempted, yet as men they look upon it as a mere *malum prohibitum*, a sort of laudable practice, temporarily interfered with by the solicitude of a paternal government. In the very place where he might be tried for his life if he did fight a duel, a man stands at a considerable disadvantage if he has declined to fight one.

This tone was peculiarly marked in the late abortive trial. Mr. Montagu Williams and other witnesses had no reticence as to their having advised Mr. Lawson to fight; one witness almost challenged Mr. Labouchère in Court; Mr. Labouchère himself seemed to feel that his having sent a challenge to Mr. Lawson was a strong card in his favour; and Lord Coleridge, while officially deprecating the practice of duelling, might have been thought to show a lurking sympathy with it, and gently suggested the advisableness of hostile encounters being brought off on a foreign soil, a piece of legal advice, by the by, which, though coming from so high an authority, is slightly misleading, and might get a confiding duellist into trouble were he to follow it implicitly with the view of obtaining immunity whatever happened. People have a sort of idea, encouraged by popular dramas and novels, that, if they betake themselves to foreign countries for the purpose of committing acts lawful there but unlawful here, such as fighting a duel or marrying their deceased wives' sisters, they can, after accomplishing their design, return home to England as though nothing had happened, and Lord Coleridge's dictum will tend to confirm this impression. But, if the unsuspecting duellist killed his man, say in France, he and the seconds might on their return to this country be indicted for murder, and the lady in our second supposed case would return to this country a deceased wife's sister and nothing more.

Anyhow, the proposed duel between Messrs. Lawson and Labouchère resolved itself into a wordy war only, in the course of which Mr. Labouchère stigmatized his opponent as a "disgrace to journalism." This time Mr. Lawson did not take the law into his own hands, but instituted the criminal proceedings which have just terminated so inconclusively. Mr. Labouchère undertook to justify his assertion by proving that it was true, and that it was for the public benefit that it should be made. This he strove to do by pointing out the influence exercised by a journal with the largest circulation in the world over the minds of its readers, and then by formulating a series of charges against the *Daily Telegraph* tending to show that, by reason of the sordid motives, the moral obliquities, and the political tergiversation of its proprietors, that journal was, in fact, a false and misleading beacon, a blind leader of the blind, an unworthy member of the journalistic family. Mr. Labouchère undertook a sort of iconoclastic mission against an object of superstitious reverence, to show the brazen serpent to be a mere Nehushtan or piece of literary brass, to make his rod swallow up my uncle's stick, the rod of the other magician. "Magna est veritas et prævalet." Descending to particulars, Mr. Labouchère, among other incriminations with which we do not propose to deal, accused Mr. Lawson of adapting the politics of his paper to suit the public tastes, of presuming to lead in national matters as to the facts and merits of which he was profoundly ignorant, and, to use the form of a regular indictment, for that he, being a Jew, had countenanced the publication in the

Daily Telegraph of articles of an ultra-Christian character on the occasion of certain great festivals of the English Church.

Now, with regard to the first of these countercharges, is it not matter of common knowledge that newspapers do sometimes chop and change their political predilections? Did not the graphic pencil of Mr. Lanley Sambourne some time ago depict in *Punch* a whole flotilla of London papers under the semblance of yachts trimming their sails and shaping their courses to catch the shifting breezes of popular opinion, and who failed to see the appropriateness of the sarcasm? The fact is that, as is observed by Mr. Kinglake in his last volume of the *Invasion of the Crimea* with reference to the *Times*, newspapers rather anticipate the probable set of public opinion than guide that opinion into channels consistent with their professed policy. Passages quoted by Mr. Labouchère from the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* certainly seemed to show that when that journal did transfer its affections, it did not do so by halves; that if its "love flowed like the Solway, it ebbed like its tide," and that, having adored its fetish one day, it was apt to beat it over the head with a club the next. But the fervour of a convert is proverbial, and the *Daily Telegraph* is nothing if not exuberant.

Striving to convict Mr. Lawson of political ignorance, Mr. Labouchère subjected him to a cross-examination, geographical, classical, and historical, which might have taxed the ability of Mr. Gilbert's "modern Major-General." Mr. Lawson declined to answer most of the questions, and the jury were left to draw their own inference from his silence. But a proprietor of a newspaper like the *Daily Telegraph* does not necessarily embody in himself the whole working knowledge and ability of the staff. He need not be able to say, like the University dignitary in a recent Oxford skit, "Whatever can be known, I know it." The constituent parts of the paper are supplied by contributors having specific knowledge of their peculiar subject, and if the proprietor exercises a general and intelligent supervision, that is all that is, or can be, required from him; so that Mr. Lawson might well be unable to answer off-hand where Epirus is, or who Dr. Franklin was, or to say how far Quetta is distant from Cabul, and yet be perfectly competent to maintain the relation in which he stands to the *Daily Telegraph*.

The same argument applies in part to the last of Mr. Labouchère's accusations which we have noticed. If Mr. Lawson, admittedly a Jew, had himself indited a Christmas or Easter article from a Christian point of view, still more, if such an article had contained anything depreciatory of Judaism, there might have been ground for complaint; but this was not even suggested to have been the case. Mr. Lawson's staff comprises some Christians; one of these wrote the articles in question; and all that Mr. Lawson did was to authorize, or not to stop, their publication. It seems hyper-criticism to take exception to this. Mr. Labouchère would have every newspaper proprietor impress his individuality upon every copy of his paper; and would, we suppose, contend that an honest Jew could only be connected with the *Jewish World* or the *Banner of Israel*.

For some reasons, perhaps scarcely logical ones, we cannot help regretting the issue of this trial. It might be unjust to make Mr. Labouchère a scapegoat, but, had the verdict gone against the defendant, there would have been an opportunity for the Court to have administered a salutary lesson to "Society" journals in general. Even when they are not offensive, journals of this class, in the ardour of unhealthy competition, think nothing of invading the privacy of persons whose station unfortunately renders them subjects of snobbish interest. Bits of idle gossip which may not be libellous may still be most annoying, and in view of the increasing number of so-called "Society" journals, the suggestion of one of our most eminent judges, that the publication of matter which does not concern the publisher or the public generally might be treated as libellous appears worth consideration.

Finally, in the interests of the Bar, we hope that parties will for the future forbear from pleading their own causes, or that, if they cannot resist the temptation, they will at least have the decency to exhibit incompetence and afford a warning to others. It used to be said that the man who undertook to be his own lawyer had a fool for his client. Baron Grant, Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mr. Labouchère have proved dangerous exceptions to the rule.

ARCHBISHOPS ON ARCHBISHOPS.

THERE is something much graver than a mere personal fray, from whatever point of view, civil or ecclesiastical, we look at it, involved in the tilting match which has just taken place between two Irish Archbishops of the Roman obedience—we ought perhaps rather to call one of them of the Roman disobedience—and their respective backers and allies lay and clerical. To begin with, such public conflicts are not very common between high ecclesiastics of the most strictly organized Church in Christendom, least of all when one of the contending parties is perfectly well known to be acting in all but direct opposition to the openly expressed will of the Pope. It is not indeed the first or second time that Leo XIII. has had to learn the value of ultramontane professions when the infallible pontiff who elicited and stereotyped them in the Vatican decrees has given place to an equally infallible but very differently minded successor, who combines with the divine gift of infallibility the

less acceptable human endowment of a statesmanlike temper and strong common sense. In Belgium and elsewhere prelates and journalists, who were loudest the other day in denouncing the disloyal irreverence of seeking to discriminate in practice the official from the non-official utterances of Rome, have been forward to remind their new master that his prerogatives are strictly limited, and that beyond these limits—which practically means where his judgment differs from their own—they are neither bound nor disposed to listen to him. Still there is something which is novel, and which would be very amusing, if the matter were less serious—for religious complications are often serious enough for others besides those immediately concerned—in this truly Irish imbroglio. But let us first refresh the memory of our readers as to the facts of the case. They may perhaps recollect seeing notices in the daily papers of a pastoral issued on occasion of the recent festival of St. Patrick by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. McCabe, Cardinal Cullen's successor, which was welcomed with much satisfaction by all lovers of peace and order on the other side of the Irish Channel. After deprecating assaults on the faith of his people from without the Archbishop goes on to notice the far more dangerous and deplorable attacks that come from within, and, in terms pointing unmistakably to leaders of the Land League agitation, condemns the attempts which are being made to estrange the people from their clergy or to force the clergy into following the popular lead in matters of conscience. "Unsound and untheological opinions on the mutual obligations which bind the members of society together and lift them up to the dignity of a Christian community are industriously propagated by men who have proved themselves in every way most untrustworthy guides of a Catholic nation." It is "false" and unchristian to say that one of two contracting parties can by his own authority modify or rescind the terms of his engagement, and therefore, while the end aimed at by the Land League is a righteous one, "we must proclaim from the house-top that some of the means employed cannot receive the sanction of religion." But worst of all these means is the expedient which has been most studiously promoted and highly extolled by the agitators, and accordingly the sting of the pastoral is in the tail. On this point the Archbishop's language which immediately provoked the contest is sufficiently emphatic; we give the more important passage as it stands, merely italicizing one significant clause, which has naturally proved distasteful to Mr. Parnell's admirers:—

The modesty of her daughters was the ancient glory of Ireland. The splendour of the purity of St. Brigid won for her the sublime title of the Mary of Ireland. Her spiritual children were worthy of their mother's fame, and Ireland shone out more brightly by the chastity of her daughters than even by the learning or labours of her most distinguished sons. Like Mary, their place was the seclusion of home. If charity drew them out of doors, their work was done with speed and their voices were not heard in the world's thoroughfares. This sacred retirement was so dear to St. Paul that he commands the holy women of his day, even in church, to cover their heads with the veil of modesty, out of reverence for the angels. But all this is now to be laid aside, and the daughters of our Catholic people, be they matrons or virgins, are called forth, under the flimsy pretext of charity, to take their stand in the noisy arena of public life. The pretext of charity is merely assumed; for already we have holy associations of men and women, who, with the full blessing of religion, do the works of mercy, corporal and spiritual, for the poor and afflicted. And even the harsh laws now coming into force have mercifully provided for the families of those who fall under their power. . . . This attempt at degrading the women of Ireland comes very appropriately from men who have drained the country into her present terribly deplorable condition, where, deprived of the safeguards of the Constitution, her people may become the prey of perjured informers: men who have sent their agents to fawn on notorious infidels and revolutionists; and, to escape the odium of their act, abuse the Christian politeness of a most venerable prelate and an illustrious soldier of France.

How far the Archbishop carried his own clergy with him in this vigorous assertion of civil and religious loyalty it may not be easy to determine. That many of them are simply dominated by mob rule and simulate a zeal they are far from feeling for an agitation which they must know in their hearts bodes as ill for ecclesiastical as for secular authority there can be little doubt. One priest near Ballinrobe is reported in the *Times* to have publicly announced his resolve to refuse the sacraments to any of his flock who join the Ladies' Land League. And we hardly see how he could consistently act otherwise, more especially when Archbishop McCabe was notoriously acting in accordance with a previous Papal Encyclical condemning the Land League addressed to himself and ordered by the Pope's desire to be published throughout his diocese. But that order was by no means universally obeyed. In one parish the priest who had refused to read it was removed by his diocesan, whereupon the parishioners dutifully nailed up the church doors against his successor. At a public meeting elsewhere in the diocese a Mr. Sexton blandly declared that he would as soon take the Archbishop's opinion on a political question—the Archbishop had expressly treated it as "a matter of conscience"—as send his watch to a tinker to be mended. But no sooner had the pastoral been issued than a more conspicuous opponent came into the field in the person of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., who immediately issued a lengthy reply in the *Freeman's Journal* flatly denying the Archbishop's right to give any advice on such subjects, denouncing his pastoral as an insult and wrong to some of the most exemplary and devoted children of the Church, and his imputation of motives to the Lady Land Leaguers as "odious and repulsive." This seems pretty strong for a layman to his Archiepiscopal superior, but the most wonderful part of the matter is yet to come:—

Dnubus

Regibus incensit magno discordia motu.

Scarcely had Mr. Sullivan's letter seen the light, boldly challenging, and in terms neither courteous nor respectful, the judgment of his metropolitan, when another Archbishopial missive was issued, not in vindication of the outraged dignity of a brother primate, but of the lay assailant who had flouted him. The titular Archbishop of Cashel addressed the following epistle to Mr. Sullivan, which was at once inserted with his sanction in the *Freeman's Journal*, published, as the *Tablet* points out, "in the diocese of Dublin." We have emphasized two passages, the first of which offers a somewhat remarkable comment on Mr. Sullivan's style of diction, while the second is still more remarkable, when it is remembered that the contemptuous sneer at a possible difference of opinion "elsewhere" refers to the judgment of Rome.

MY DEAR MR. SULLIVAN,—I congratulate you very heartily on the timely and, under the peculiarly provoking circumstances of the case, very temperate and without touching letter that appears over your name in this day's *Freeman*. I adopt unreservedly the sentiments you have so admirably expressed, and am delighted to find that some one of mark has at last stepped forward from the ranks of the laity to vindicate the character of the good Irish ladies who have become Land Leaguers, and to challenge publicly the "monstrous imputations" cast on them by the Archbishop of Dublin. His Grace will not be allowed in future, I apprehend, to use his lance so freely as he has hitherto done, or to ventilate unquestioned the peculiar political theories which he is known to hold in opposition to the cherished convictions of the great, and, indeed, overwhelming, majority of the Irish priests and people. It is a satisfaction, however, to feel that his Grace's political likings or dislikings, though possibly of some consequence elsewhere, carry with them very little weight or significance, except with a select few, in Ireland.

I remain, my dear Mr. Sullivan,

Your very faithful servant,

* T. W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel.

It is hardly wonderful that the *Tablet*, after carefully reminding its readers that "the prescriptions contained in a Pastoral Letter constitute, to all intents and purposes, an exercise of episcopal jurisdiction," thinks it odd "that the Archbishop of Cashel should understand in this manner the relations which ought to exist between himself and a brother Archbishop"; and we can easily believe that "this is the first time that the Ordinary of a diocese in Ireland has been directly and publicly assailed in this fashion by an episcopal colleague for an episcopal act."

But even this is not all. His holiness "Grace of Cashel," whom the *Tablet* is nervously anxious to treat with the respect due to an "exalted personage," is no more ready himself to show respect for the *Tablet*—the leading Roman Catholic newspaper in England—than for his own episcopal colleagues. His letter to Mr. Sullivan was dated the 16th March, the day after the appearance of Mr. Sullivan's, but meanwhile he had not been idle. The Dublin pastoral had been published a few days earlier, and the *Tablet*—which has, we believe, been considered much too Irish in its ideas by many of its English Roman Catholic readers, and cannot certainly be charged with any very "Saxon" proclivities—followed suit in an article which it describes as "virtually an echo of the utterances of" Archbishop McCabe. This was more than his Grace of Cashel could endure, and he lost not a moment in inditing a gentle remonstrance to the peccant editor in these terms:—

The Palace, Thurles, March 10.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

SIR,—A clerical friend has just called my attention to an article in this week's *Tablet* entitled "Ireland and France." Any public print or periodical, no matter under what colours it may sail, that would deliberately express some, at least, of the sentiments, and strive to give currency to the patent misrepresentation of historic analogies contained in that article is not fit, I think, for admittance into my house.

I pray you, then, to cease sending me your paper.

The *Tablet* is very solicitous indeed about the faith and morals of the Irish people. Let its pious concern on that score be put to rest. The faith and morals of our people were never, thank God, in less peril than they are to-day; and the sympathetic Saxon who wrote the article I complain of will, no doubt, derive great consolation from the assurance which I venture to give him, namely, that the real, or fancied, coquetting of one or more Irish agitators with French poets or incendiaries is not likely to do any serious damage to the cause which he has so disinterestedly taken to heart.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

* T. W. CROKE,

Archbishop of Cashel.

This letter was also sent at once to the *Freeman's Journal*, and the *Tablet*, being accused—somewhat unjustly, we cannot but think—of "suppressing" it, prints it in a leading article in the next number, with a not unnatural complaint that, while "we have grave reasons for dissociating ourselves from and protesting against co-operation with the enemies of social order"—such co-operation being of course not at all congenial to its English supporters—"our difficult task is rendered immeasurably harder by attacks such as that" of Archbishop Croke. In another part of the same number appears a consolatory epistle to the editor of the *Tablet* from "an old priest" signing himself "P. P." and dating from "Co. Roscommon," who "really pities Dr. Croke," and proceeds to administer a "manly" castigation to the missive from "the Palace at Thurles," which leaves little to be desired.

The article headed "Ireland and France," to which the letter from the "Palace" at Thurles takes exception, is marked by the *Tablet's* usual ability, and Catholic tone and treatment, and could not be fairly objected to except by some one blinded by political partisanship of Parnellism—male and female. It is a terrible state of society in this unfortunate country, that a Catholic journal cannot treat a public question on independent grounds without running the risk of being turned out of doors, or without previously canvassing the private opinions of its readers, especially if they happen to live in "the Palace." Go fearlessly in your manly mission without dread of the consequences of evasion from the "Palace" at Thurles. I say it, in sorrow, the writer of the letter to the *Freeman* ought to feel ashamed of being guilty of such paltry weakness.

All this, as we observed before, sounds amusing enough, but we may be sure there is not so much smoke without some fire below. There is a real and bitter, though as yet smouldering, jealousy between priests and lay agitators and between two parties among the priests themselves in Ireland. Even bishops take opposite sides. Thus Bishop Nulty of Meath, Bishop Delany of Cork and Bishop Woodlock of Ardagh are understood to sympathize with Archbishop McCabe, while Dr. Croke has also his episcopal allies. Nor must it be imagined that the question at issue between the rival factions concerns simply the Land League or the Lady Leaguers. These are in fact the straws to show which way the stream is flowing. The spirit of Fenianism, of which these things are but one manifestation, not only lies under the formal ban of the Church, but is radically opposed to the deepest instincts and interests of ecclesiasticism. There is a section indeed of the Irish priesthood who are "Catholics, if you please, but first Irishmen," and in their case the nationalist of course supercedes the ecclesiastical sentiment. But those who have at heart the interests of their Church—men like Archbishop McCabe and his predecessor the late Cardinal Oullen—cannot so regard matters. They are well aware that the nationalist programme is fatal alike to all authority, and that the Church has nothing to gain and much to lose by coquetting with secret or open rebellion, though it be rebellion against a Protestant Government. We learn therefore without any surprise that the loyal party among the Bishops are anxious to see a papal nuncio in London, and that they are backed up in their desire by the Vatican. It is equally intelligible that Dr. Croke and his friends should indignantly repudiate such a scheme, and that the *Freeman's Journal* should denounce it as sure not only to alienate priests and people but even to endanger the steadfastness of Ireland in the Roman faith. It is only natural that a pontiff like Leo XIII. should desire to establish official relations with the English as with other Governments, and there are probably many English statesmen who would agree with him. An Act of Parliament was indeed actually passed with that object in 1849, but it proved abortive, owing to the introduction of a clause suggested by those opposed to the scheme altogether, providing that the nuncio must be a layman, and this condition, infringing on the established etiquette, was resented at Rome as an insult. We are not discussing the merits of the question here, but it is curious as a sign of the times that the project should be renewed at this moment by Rome and those most loyal to Rome among the Irish hierarchy. The growing alienation between the religious and nationalist parties, and the decreasing hold on their flocks of those clergy who aspire to lead instead of being led by them, opens out a wider question. It was once wittily observed—we rather think by Dean Swift—that "if you want to make the Irish Protestants, the surest way is to pass an Act of Parliament requiring them all to be Catholics"; and the joke has a serious side to it. The praise so lavishly bestowed by Roman panegyrists on "the first efflorescence of the faith and morals of the Irish people" must at least be heavily discounted by the suspicious but incontestable circumstance that Irish devotion to the Holy See synchronizes precisely with the split between Rome and England, when religious allegiance became a badge of civil dissatisfaction and hatred for the Saxon oppressor was testified by love for the Pope. The policy both of Rome and England in later years has gradually dissolved that connexion, and it remains to be seen how far Irish orthodoxy will survive its dissolution. Archbishop Croke assures his "Saxon" opponent that "the faith and morals of our people were never in less peril than to-day," but Archbishop McCabe is, with better reason, "persuaded that Ireland's faith was never exposed to greater strain than it is at this moment." Such a passage at arms as that between the two prelates and their respective adherents suggests at all events some curious speculations as to the ultimate result of the nascent feud between national sentiment and national belief, embodied in the rival forces faith and Fenianism.

THE BASINGSTOKE DRAWL.

THERE were probably great rejoicings over the glad news of a real and undeniable persecution which lately reached the "Head-Quarters" of the Salvation Army. Hitherto the conductors of their official paper, the *War Cry*, have been perforce contented with announcements which, though conveyed in the strongest possible language, caused no real shock to the nerves. What boots it to tell every week that the enemy is in full force, that the struggle is desperate, that shouts of victory are ringing along the whole line, when one cannot get over the disagreeable consciousness that nobody has been hurt? The stronger the language the greater is the incongruity. So that, though the writers for the *War Cry* aim entirely at the production of exciting battle pieces, and reports of such brilliant and unexpected victories that one wonders how a single one of the enemy can be left to fight, the result is, to tell the truth, rather dull reading. From beginning to end not one single groan of a wounded man, no shrieks of agony, not the least chance of a lament over those who have fallen gloriously on the field. Why, we know that even Milton, though certainly he had less practice in the description of battles than the reporters of the *War Cry*, found it difficult to awaken interest in a fight where severed limbs immediately joined themselves together again. But still his wounded angels did groan. To make up for the

absence of horrors usually attendant on a field of battle, we have had in the *War Cry* to fall back upon dark hints of mud, stones, and brickbats. It must, therefore, be indeed a welcome thing to the "Chief of the Staff" to hear of real fighting, thwacks with the "knobby" ends of sticks, stones flying through the air, and the collision of fists. One corps of the Army has covered itself with glory; not only has it achieved a glorious Victory, which is a common, even a weekly event, but it has been handsomely drubbed as well. After this who shall say that the title of soldier and the uniform of the officers are borne in vain?

The scene of this encounter was at Basingstoke, a neighbourhood already famous in history for good hard fighting in another cause. The tumult, like most such affairs, was sudden, yet not unexpected. We read, for instance, in the *War Cry* for March 17th that, "though the old lion is raging," the Mayor and principal inhabitants show sympathy. Is there, under the name "lion," a latent allusion to some tavern sign? In the number for the following week there is a shorter and more gloomy report, which refers to the "old lion" under a more familiar name, and owns to two policemen having been secured for protection the whole of Sunday. It was not, however, until last Sunday that the real excitement came. One of the most striking peculiarities of the Salvation Army—that by which the unthinking world chiefly recognizes them—is their habit of parading the streets, four abreast, bawling hymns. These processions may be seen every Sunday afternoon in Hammersmith, Whitechapel, and a few other favoured parts of the metropolis. It was known at Basingstoke on Sunday morning that there was going to be a disturbance; the streets were full of roughs, and country bumpkins came into the town to see the fun and join in it; yet the gallant soldiers resolved upon having their musical march. The opposition is said to have been caused by the malice of the licensed victuallers. This may be true, but we should remember that it is the fashion to charge a great many crimes upon this class of tradesmen—such as Jingoism, attachment to the Established Church, corrupt elections, and increase of intemperance. So many converts, it is said, have been made, that the public-houses are losing their best customers. One remembers the Great Whiskey Crusade, one reflects that it is finished, but that the consumption of Bourbon remains steady, and one fears that the news is premature. Considering that a "great victory" means, according to the official reports, the conversion of two, four, or six, while language fails to announce with sufficient joy the conversion of more, it certainly does seem as if either the Basingstoke converts must be men of very exceptional personal influence, or they must have been toppers quite out of the common. And considering, further, that nothing would help these people more than a riot, one is inclined to believe, on the whole, that the attack upon them was not instigated by the sellers of strong drink. It was apparently intended to disturb the procession of the morning; but this design fell through, owing to the protection of a hundred special constables. In the afternoon, however, an engagement took place, which could not fail to give the highest satisfaction to all concerned. A band was provided, consisting of a trombone, cymbals made of tin pans, tin whistles playing different tunes, a clarinet, and a tin can full of stones. Those who had no instruments yelled. When the Salvation Army turned out, a hundred and fifty strong, they were met by a raging mob and by this hideous din. The Mayor, who was there (with only twenty special constables, like Mr. Nupkins), actually refused to interfere "further than the law required." This is to say, he allowed the streets of his quiet little country town to be occupied on Sunday afternoon by a mob of howling and roaring roughs. When the police were quite satisfied that "violence" had been committed, they made a rush, and the Mayor read the Riot Act. Whether the police rushed, or with what effect, does not appear; the procession was broken up, the Salvation Army got back to their own conventicle, and the roughs remained outside to shout and roar. No one seems to have been arrested, except an ill-regulated person who took advantage of the general confusion to get drunk; and no doubt the Basingstoke roughs, having once tasted the delights of rioting, have resolved upon getting a really enjoyable time next Sunday, with much more noise and a great deal more mischief.

The whole business would be comic, but for the inefficiency of the authorities and for certain possibilities which lie in the background. It is the business of the people who call themselves the Salvation Army to preach and sing among the very lowest classes, and such opposition as they have aroused at Basingstoke may be repeated on a larger and more dangerous scale at Manchester, Sheffield, and other great towns. For it seems to us time to recognize the fact that we have a very remarkable religious organization, before which there may be a great future. It certainly will not do to confuse the thing with the strange enthusiasm of twenty years ago, which shot up so suddenly and died away so rapidly. The so-called "Revival" led some people to believe in a universal conversion of the masses. The "Revival" fell to pieces because it was a movement without a leader, without order, method, or reason. It was sporadic and uncertain; it might break out anywhere; it seemed to break out spontaneously; it was no doubt violent while it lasted, but then it lasted such a very little while. And, as regards the fruits of all that enthusiasm, all those hopes, all those promises, we may well ask, after twenty years, what has become of them. The "converted" have perhaps to some extent kept their pledges; they stepped, at any rate, into the ranks of sobriety and respectability; it would be to a certain extent difficult to desert the new friends; watchful eyes were kept upon interesting converts; when, at last, the newness of the thing

died away there was no longer any temptation to rejoin the old disreputable associates. So that probably a great many were really staided for life. Again, we had two or three years ago a visit of rather a remarkable kind from two people who modestly called themselves Evangelists. Large sums—very large sums—of money were collected for them; no accounts, so far as we know, were ever rendered of the expenditure; great crowds of people went to hear—and that was all. We have never heard any one pretend that the predications of Messrs. Moody and Sankey were of any permanent value whatever. But the efforts of the Salvation Army are of a more serious character and more worthy of respect. Indeed, since the foundation of the Wesleyans, we know of no religious movement which has seemed so full of life and well-directed energy. It is, in fact, ruled by a dictator who appears to be possessed of administrative capacity of a very high order.

His name is Booth; he belonged originally, we believe, to a body called the Primitive Methodists. The ignorant world has been known to call these people Ranters, a name which seems to imply a zeal more than common, an insistence upon doctrine more than comfortable, an activity in converting and exhorting greater than the world generally desires. Yet what injustice we do to each other out of ignorance! So far from finding his brethren ranters, Mr. Booth thought them cold and formal. He looked for zeal, and found doctrine; in place of missionary enthusiasm, he found the conventional harangues of ministers and elders waxed fat and comfortable. Then Mr. Booth came forth out of that connexion and set up on his own account, as in this country and the United States of America every prophet may. He has greatly succeeded. We need not here write the history of this sect; the important thing is to observe its actual position and its possibilities. His followers call themselves an army; every one of them, man or woman, is supposed to be a "soldier"; six thousand of them are trained and practised speakers; they wear a uniform and get promoted to the rank of lieutenant, captain, and so forth; and every one is exhorted to keep on "fighting." The head of the whole is, naturally, the founder. With the single exception of Edward Irving, the head of every sect has always been the founder. Mr. Booth has conferred upon himself the title of General; he issues his orders from "Head-Quarters," which are at Whitechapel; he requires absolute and unquestioning obedience; he sends his officers and changes their posts wherever and whenever it seems good to him. He is aided by his wife and family, all of whom are active members of the Army, and are fighting the "old lion" daily. His "officers" have been sent to all the large towns and a great many of the smaller ones; they have, as stated above, about 6,000 members, all active and zealous "soldiers"; they have a paper which circulates some 120,000 weekly; every one who joins them is exhorted and trained to preach; their orders are to go into the poorest and roughest neighbourhoods, and to work exclusively among a class which has not hitherto been considered open to the influences of religion and morality.

Discipline, obedience, enthusiasm, readiness to work hard, to live frugally, to endure hard things, faith in the reality of their work—these are things which redeem the Salvation Army from ridicule. So long as these virtues remain with the "Army" it will go on and increase. There is no reason why this six thousand should not multiply a hundredfold, for the supply of enthusiastic young people is practically unlimited; and it really seems as if we might begin to speculate on the future of converted Whitechapel when it will be filled from end to end with "Hallelujah Joes" and "Happy Elizans." No doubt there are sources of weakness and danger which the "General" alone could reveal; it may be that his captains are not always, perhaps, fully impressed with the necessity for obedience; they may promote themselves to higher rank, and even lead off an independent army; the whole thing may collapse at the death of the founder through incapacity of his successor; if the enthusiasm of the "soldiers" should be suffered to fall off or the discipline to be relaxed, the movement would become ridiculous even to the "staff." But, as it now stands, the Army seems certainly the most remarkable attempt to reach the lowest class that has been made since the time of Whitfield.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE Report of the Director of the National Gallery presents this year several features of special interest. During the period to which it refers some important changes have been introduced into the practical conduct of the establishment, and the collection itself has been greatly enriched both by purchase and bequest. Formerly visitors were altogether excluded from the Gallery during the whole of the month of October. This serious curtailment of the privileges of the public was held to be necessary for purposes of cleaning and repairs, but a little gentle pressure from without has sufficed to suggest to the authorities a more convenient arrangement. By a small increase of expenditure, which has been authorized by the Treasury, some addition has been made to the working staff of the Gallery, and it is now found possible to accomplish all that is required in the way of cleaning and alterations by closing the different rooms in succession, still leaving the greater part of the building accessible to students and the public. A more considerable hindrance to the free enjoyment of the national collection arose from the practice of reserving two days in each week for the use of persons employed in

copying the pictures. The Gallery was thus practically closed to the public during five months out of the twelve. Even if all those who make a business of copying pictures could be held to deserve the title of students, the facilities which were granted to them might still be deemed to have been excessive. But, as a matter of fact, the copyist is not always a student in any strict sense of the word. The return giving the list of works most frequently copied during the past year affords ground for the belief that the commercial element is an important one in determining the choice of subjects for reproduction. There is a certain market for the sale of copies taken from the works of popular masters, and the execution of such copies is a regular employment both in England and on the Continent. It is, indeed, only on this assumption that we can explain the preference shown for a painter like Greuze by the students at the National Gallery. The "Head of a Girl" (206), by the popular French painter, has been copied no less than fifteen times during the twelve months; the "Girl with an Apple" (1,020), by the same hand, thirteen times; and a second "Head of a Girl" (1,019), also by Greuze, eleven times. The selection in the case of several other masters points to a similar conclusion. Murillo's "Pensant Boy," Guido Reni's "Youthful Christ and St. John," and Sassoferrato's "Madonna in Prayer," to name only a few examples, belong manifestly to a class of art that is found attractive for other than purely artistic reasons. The return from which these figures have been taken contains at the same time the evidence of much serious labour upon pictures that possess a higher claim upon the student. Velasquez's portrait of Philip IV. has been copied thirteen times, and many of the greater Italians, together with the earlier Flemish painters, have received a due share of attention. But even with the most generous appreciation of the benefit to be derived by young artists from the practical study of great masterpieces, it was obviously unnecessary that the public should be altogether excluded from the Gallery on students' days. The authorities have therefore done well in modifying the former arrangement. They have adopted a system that has been found to work well elsewhere, and visitors are now admitted on these reserved days after twelve o'clock by payment of an entrance fee of sixpence. At the end of last year the new regulations had only been in force for a period of five weeks, but the experiment justifies the Director in the belief that the annual return from this source will be not less than five hundred pounds, a sum more than sufficient to cover the salaries of the extra attendants required under the new arrangements.

In spite of the fact that the Gallery was for the first time kept open during the month of October, some important changes have been effected during the year in the disposition of the pictures. The examples of the British school have been rearranged, in order to find room for the series of early Flemish pictures left to the nation by Mrs. Joseph Henry Green. This forms, in point of numbers, a very considerable addition to the collection; and, to judge from the specimens already exhibited to the public, the bequest is likely to prove of the highest artistic interest and value. The changes which its reception have forced upon the Director prove, however, that the space at his disposal is still far short of the requirements of the Gallery. It is altogether unfortunate, even from the point of view of economy, that the rooms in Trafalgar Square should be always overcrowded. The nation, we feel convinced, would ultimately be the gainer by a further enlargement of the present building; for the very fact that there were vacant spaces to be furnished would afford the surest encouragement to owners of artistic treasures to entrust their possessions to the national keeping. Even as things now are, several of the pictures are unfavourably placed. The dome-shaped hall in the centre of the new building is, by reason of insufficient light, quite unfit for the display of pictures; and in Gallery No. VI., where Turner's works are collected, the hanging is far too crowded for good effect. The Director strongly urges upon the Government some necessary reconstruction of the roof of this room, in order to improve the present imperfect mode of lighting. It is to be hoped that his appeal will receive a prompt response; but it would be no less desirable that the Treasury should at the same time consider some comprehensive scheme for the further enlargement of the building.

Only two pictures have been purchased for the Gallery during the past year; but one of them is a work of the very highest value and beauty. Until the acquisition of Lord Suffolk's Madonna, the nation possessed no authentic work of Leonardo da Vinci. The "Christ Disputing with the Doctors," which bears his name in the catalogue, is now by common consent assigned to Bernardino Luini, the most gifted of Leonardo's pupils. It bears evidence of the master's influence, and is intrinsically a picture of delightful quality, and there is, therefore, some ground for regret that its true authorship should not be frankly acknowledged. It is of course always a delicate matter to alter the description of pictures in public galleries; but now that the nation has become possessed of an indubitable example of Leonardo da Vinci, there is the less reason for associating his name with one of Luini's most admired performances. The fortunes of Lord Suffolk's picture belong to the romance of art history. Lomazzo, one of the followers of Leonardo, writing in 1584, upwards of sixty years after the painter's death, mentions it as being then in the Capella della Concesione at Milan. It is referred to again in a work published in 1751, and in 1796 it was bought by Hamilton for 30 ducats and carried to England, where it passed into the possession of the Earl of Suffolk. From Charlton Park, where the picture has since remained, it has now been transferred to the National Gallery at the cost of nine thousand pounds, and, having regard to the

rarity of the master and the indisputable beauty of the work, we think the public has the best reasons for being satisfied with the purchase made on its behalf. Such a picture by such a painter would have been cheaply acquired even at a much heavier outlay than nine thousand pounds. It will rank henceforth as one of the noblest examples in our Gallery; and, as an expression of the characteristic qualities of Leonardo's genius, it will even bear comparison with the best of his works to be found in the older galleries of Europe. Such comparison is, indeed, directly challenged in the case of the "Vierge aux Rochers" of the Louvre. The design of the two pictures is almost identical. Slight differences in the details of the landscape and in the drawing of the angel only serve to emphasize the general resemblance existing between them, and it has sometimes been assumed that the one is only a copy of the other. But even if this theory were acceptable, it would by no means follow as a matter of course that the Louvre Madonna could claim precedence over our own. Passavant was disposed to pronounce the "Vierge aux Rochers" to be a copy of the work described by Lomazzo, and Waagen expresses a more confident opinion to the same effect. The evidence we possess, however, would rather tend to the belief that both works are to be ascribed to Leonardo himself. One or two drawings in the Royal Library at Windsor are studies, for portions of the composition which are only to be found in the Virgin of the Louvre. On the other hand, several contemporary copies of the work repeat in every particular the design of Lord Suffolk's picture, a fact which goes to prove that it was accepted at the time as a genuine example of the master. But, after all, the only trustworthy testimony in such a case is to be sought from the painting itself, and here the version lately acquired for the National Gallery stands in a somewhat better position than its more celebrated rival. "Our picture of the Louvre," writes M. Arsène Houssaye, the enthusiastic biographer of Leonardo, "is covered with retouches, and it is difficult to pronounce absolutely on a first view." Lord Suffolk's "Madonna" has suffered but little in this way. The painting of the principal parts is admirably preserved, though the colouring has perhaps lost something of its original force. It is impossible, we think, to examine carefully the face of the Virgin without arriving at the conclusion that we have here the handiwork of the master himself. The particular type might, as we know, be reproduced by another hand; and it is equally true that in the sentiment of precise definition of the most subtle realities of form, Leonardo was closely followed by the pupils whom he had inspired. But it is only the originator of such a searching system of draughtsmanship who can carry these principles of his art into the minutest touches of the brush, and who can grant to every detail an equal impression of certain and subtle execution. The painting is everywhere worked out with the sentiment and the power of a great draughtsman in whose scheme of art colour holds a subordinate place, and who uses the brush as he would have used the silver point or the pen; whereas in the best productions of Leonardo's pupils—such, for instance, as the picture by Luini already mentioned, or the delightful "Madonna" of Beltraccio—a similar effect of light and shade is more broadly indicated by means that belong more directly to the ordinary processes of painting. Of the general beauty of the composition it is scarcely necessary to say anything, for it differs in no essential quality of invention from the picture in the Louvre. All the peculiar excellences of Leonardo's style, with his characteristic choice of unfamiliar types of beauty, wherein the truth of momentary expression strangely mingles with the record of the deeper realities of individual form and feature, are to be found in both works alike. The powerful charm of the design has been admirably suggested by Théophile Gautier in a spirited description of the picture in the Louvre:—"L'aspect de la Vierge aux Rochers," he writes, "est singulier, mystérieux et charmant. Une espèce de grotte basaltique abrite le divin groupe posé sur la rive d'une source qui laisse transparaître à travers son eau limpide les cailloux de son lit. L'arcade de la grotte découvre un paysage rocheux clair-semé d'arbres grêles et que traverse une rivière au bord de laquelle s'élève un village; tout cela d'une couleur indéfinissable comme celle des contrées chimériques que l'on parcourt en rêve." And of the type of the Virgin's face he continues:—"Il est tout particulier à Léonard et ne rappelle rien des vierges de Pérugin ni celles de Raphaël; le haut de la tête est sphérique, le front développé; l'ovale des joues s'amenuise pour se clore par un menton d'une courbe délicate; les yeux aux paupières baissées se cerclent de pénombres; le nez, quoique fin, n'est pas rectiligne avec le front comme celui des statues grecques; ses narines se découpent et ses ailes frémissent comme si la respiration les faisait palpiter. La bouche un peu grande a ce sourire vague, énigmatique et délicieux que le Vinci donne à ses figures des femmes; une légère malice s'y mêle à l'expression de la pureté et de la bonté."

These sentences convey no exaggerated impression of the beauty of the picture that is now exhibited to the public in the National Gallery. The Director, it should be said, has not yet found for the work a fitting place upon the walls, and in its present position on a screen in the large gallery it is seen at some disadvantage, owing to the reflections from the floor. Either the frame should be raised considerably, or some dark covering should be placed over the oak boards of the Gallery. It is a pity that the enjoyment of such a noble masterpiece should be even temporarily injured by the neglect of these very simple precautions.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN DRAFT RESOLUTIONS.

THE publication of the draft resolutions which the French and American Governments propose to lay before the coming International Monetary Conference explains why the British Cabinet insisted upon a modification in the form of invitation sent out by the originators of the Conference. The resolutions, in fact, bind the several Governments adopting them to the extreme bimetallicism, and it is only honest in our own Ministers to make it clearly understood beforehand that they have no intention to seriously discuss, much less subscribe to, such a system. The resolutions are prefaced by a statement of the reasons recommending them, very able and concise, but such as might have been written by M. Oernuschi himself. The statement begins with the assertion that bimetallicism had always been practised until a few years ago; that for nearly a century it had preserved a fixed relation between the value of gold and silver; that, in consequence, the gold and silver of the whole world formed one homogeneous monetary material more stable in its paying value than either gold or silver separately; that this state of things was of the greatest service to the monometallic countries; that the break-up of the arrangement has rendered the commercial and financial relations between the gold- and silver-using parts of the world almost as complicated and hazardous as if the exchanges between them were made by barter; and that it has left an immense mass of silver which the countries possessing it can neither use nor sell, and which is thus an oppressive incumbrance. Therefore it is proposed that the several countries taking part in the Conference should re-establish bimetallicism; that is to say, should enter into a compact to coin, free of charge, any amounts of gold and silver which any person may bring to their mints; that a fixed value should be established between gold and silver in the proportion of 1 to 15½; and that the arrangement should subsist until 1900, or, if a year's notice were not given by that time, for ten years longer. Each of the countries would be free, however, to retain its own pieces of money; and, if it chose, might also issue State paper notes; but gold and silver must both be full legal tender; and even the adoption of an inconvertible paper currency should not relieve the country using such from the obligation contracted by the Convention.

The reasons assigned for adopting bimetallicism, as we have said, are very clever; but they are neither convincing nor even accurate. The statement, for example, that bimetallicism had always existed until a few years ago is not correct. Bimetallicism never has existed in England, nor in most other countries of the world. It is true that both gold and silver have been current, just as they are still current in India; but both gold and silver have not been full legal tender at any time in the greater part of the world, and certainly have not been coined free of charge at the option of any person who chose to present them to the mints. That, however, is a small point which does not affect the argument. The main contention of the two Governments, no doubt, is that the adoption of bimetallicism by France kept the value of both gold and silver fixed for nearly a century. If this is true, it matters little whether the former assertion is strictly accurate or not. The past century has witnessed immense changes in the production of the precious metals; and if, notwithstanding, the free coinage of both metals by France prevented the violent fluctuations in value which we have since seen, the fact is indubitably of great weight on the side of the bimetallicists. But, is it really a fact? We think not. Until the gold discoveries in California in 1849, gold had been gradually getting scarcer and scarcer, and any one who has examined the evidence must have convinced himself that its value was constantly rising. At that time, however, the gold-using countries were few. The greater part of the world either used silver alone, or else used both gold and silver, the main portion of the currency in the latter, however, being silver. When the great gold discoveries in California and Australia followed, gold came into much more general use, and, as the production of silver did not increase, this greater consumption of the dearer metal kept its value from falling as much as *a priori* it was expected it would do. But when Germany suddenly decided not only to substitute a uniform metallic currency for the various currencies previously existing, but also to demonetize silver and adopt gold alone as legal tender, the equilibrium theretofore existing was disturbed; the demand for gold, that is, was enormously increased and the demand for silver was enormously diminished. At the same time, it will be recollected that the United States had an inconvertible paper currency and had long ceased to coin silver in any appreciable quantity. The Franco-German war also had compelled France to suspend specie payments, and thus the one country in Europe which had been the largest consumer of silver ceased to be a large purchaser of the metal. The demonetization of silver by Germany thus came at a time when the demand for silver on the part both of the United States and of France had fallen off enormously; and to aggravate matters the Nevada mines suddenly began to prove much more productive than they had formerly been. Lastly, a series of terrible famines afflicted India in quick succession, and, by impoverishing its population, restricted the demand for silver. At the same time, moreover, the home charges of the Indian Government increased enormously, intercepting a large portion of the specie which otherwise would have gone out to the East, as the bills drawn by the India Council are as useful for remittance as coin or bullion. The causes which brought about

the depreciation of silver were thus very numerous instead of being simple, as these draft resolutions represent them to be. No doubt the suspension by the Latin Union countries of the free coinage of silver helped to make the depreciation greater than it would otherwise have been. But even if France and her monetary allies had continued to coin silver freely, it may safely be asserted that some depreciation must have occurred, in consequence of the great increase in the production of silver in the United States, and the great decrease in the demand for silver both in Germany and in India.

The other important contention of the French and American Governments is that the paying power of gold and silver conjointly is more stable than the paying power of gold and silver separately; that is to say, that there are fewer and less violent fluctuations in bimetallic than in monometallic countries. Now this clearly is not true. In a country like our own, in which gold alone is legal tender for large amounts, the value of the currency fluctuates only with the fluctuations in the value of gold itself. If, for example, new gold mines of vast productiveness were to be discovered, the purchasing power of gold would tend to fall. If, on the other hand, the existing gold mines were to be exhausted, or nearly exhausted, the purchasing power of gold would tend to rise. But there could be no fluctuation in the value of gold, no matter what became of the silver mines of the world, unless, indeed, the now silver-using countries were to become gold-using. Indirectly in that way, no doubt, there would be an effect. But even in that case the only effect upon a currency like our own would be from variations in the supply or in the demand for gold alone. In the case of a country like France or the United States, on the other hand, where both gold and silver are legal tender, the purchasing power of the currency would vary with every variation in the value of both gold and silver; in other words, there would be a double set of causes acting upon the currency of a bimetallic country, and only a single set of causes acting upon the value of the currency in a monometallic country. Greater stability, therefore, there could not be. More moderate bimetallicists than the draughtsmen of these resolutions which we are considering admit that this is so. But they contend that, although the fluctuations in the monometallic country would be fewer, they would yet be more violent. The point is not worth arguing. It is enough for our purpose that the fluctuations would be more numerous, whether they would be greater or not; for, in fact, that admission comes to this, that, instead of preventing changes in the value of the currency by adopting bimetallicism, we should be adding to their number. This is very clearly proved by the experience of the United States. Like France, the United States have been a bimetallic country since the end of the last century; but, unlike France, they have made changes in the relative values of the two metals. Originally the relation was fixed at 1 to 15, whereas, as we know, the relative value in France was as 1 to 15½. In the United States, consequently, silver was over-estimated. In the United States, that is, for only 15 ounces of silver you could buy an ounce of gold, whereas in France, to purchase an ounce of gold cost 15½ ounces of silver. It was, therefore, profitable for all holders of silver to turn that metal into coin in the United States, and consequently the whole of the gold in that country was drained away, and silver alone remained. When the Americans discovered this, they changed the relation from 1 to 15 to 1 to 16. Then the silver was as much under-estimated as it had been previously over-estimated. It now cost 16 ounces of silver to buy 1 ounce of gold, whereas in France 1 ounce of gold could be bought for 15½ ounces of silver. The result, then, was to drain away all the silver from the United States, and to leave only gold. It paid the holders of gold to send it to the United States, get it coined there, buy silver, and export the latter to Europe and Asia and sell it there. Thus we see in the case of the United States that not alone were there fluctuations from changes in the supply and demand of the two metals composing the currency, but there were actually fluctuations caused by the law fixing their value in relation to one another.

It is not worth while to follow out in detail the several reasons set out in these draft resolutions for adopting bimetallicism. We have said enough to show that the adoption of that system would not necessarily have the results expected from it. It would not, as we have been showing, make the value of gold and silver in relation to one another more stable than they are. There is but one way, in fact, of acting upon the value of any commodity, whether it be a precious metal or not, and that is by acting upon either the supply or the demand. If the demand for silver is increased in a greater proportion than the supply, then the value of silver certainly must rise. If, on the other hand, the supply of silver is increased more largely than the demand, then it is equally inevitable that the value must fall. But whether the action upon the supply and demand is brought about by bimetallicism or by monometallicism is entirely indifferent. If Germany, for example, were to undo what she has been doing during the past ten years—in other words, if she were to go back again to the single silver standard—she would certainly rehabilitate silver, unless, indeed, either France or the United States were to take advantage of the change and to demonetize silver. But, if France and the United States retained their existing system, and Germany gave up the single gold standard, then the value of silver would be restored without any extension of bimetallicism. We freely admit, of course, that if, in the name of bimetallicism, Germany and other countries in Europe are induced to consume a larger quantity of silver than they now do, that will tend to raise

the value of silver. But that will be done by an increase of consumption, not by bimetalism, which in itself tends rather, as we have just been showing above, to multiply fluctuations than to diminish them.

THE THEATRES.

THAT the performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Court Theatre was, on the whole, though interesting, dispiriting, is perhaps not entirely to be wondered at. Mme. Modjeska is a finished actress, equipped with everything that study, and care, and intelligence can provide, but lacking freshness and spontaneity. In *Romeo and Juliet* Mme. Modjeska played with great sweetness, sometimes with extraordinary grace; where she was least herself, and that is in the garden scene, she almost persuaded us that this beautiful and touching figure was the young Capulet just awakened to the power of passion; but she never quite persuaded us of this, and in the later tragic scenes she adopted a restless, writhing action, a monotonous, wailing voice, and a distracting and incessant motion of the hands, which were far too studied to be moving. But praise is due to her fine feeling for the poetry, and to her unflinching intelligence of interpretation.

Juliet will always remain one of the greatest difficulties that the stage presents. Extreme care and delicacy are required to bring out the rapidly varied shades of impulse that drift across the mind of the young girl like cloud-shadows across a little sunshiny bay, deepening every moment with the approach of the tragic storm. To render this a perfectly trained and balanced style is required, such a style, in fact, as no child of fourteen can ever hope to attain. At the Court Theatre the age of Juliet is advanced to eighteen by the Nurse, simply with this effect upon an audience that is familiar with its Shakespeare, that that venerable woman is not merely telling a lie, but that she knows it. We have all in our memories that striking passage in the memoirs of Miss Fanny Kemble, where she describes her first appearance on the stage in the part of Juliet. Her "stage-fear," her fluttering timidity and hopeless rush at her mother for protection, were not acting, they were reality, and so true to the instinct of the audience that this timid action brought down the house. Mme. Modjeska attempted a girlish demour of a gayer and more confident type; she sported with the Nurse, and danced around Lady Capulet with a captivating vivacity that lacked the charm of sincerity. This extreme lightness of manner, in our opinion, is a mistake; the quiet, timid artlessness of Miss Kemble must have been, not merely fresher to the public, but more near to Shakespeare. Juliet is meek and indifferent, a mere smooth surface ready to take any impression; even the sudden proposal that she must marry does not startle her inexperience. Her answer is icily maidenly:—

It is an honour that I dream not of.

And even the Nurse is stirred by her absolute indifference to emphasize the charms of Paris—

A man, young lady! lady, such a man!
Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower!

On her next appearance, after the ball, Mme. Modjeska showed a just feeling for the character of the heroine. Her infatuation for Romeo was well indicated, and it was not until the question,

Go ask his name,

that she gave one of those contortions which she is only too fond of indulging in, and which, to our mind, form the chief disadvantage of her acting.

In the garden scene she was much less herself, and the great beauty of the scenery and light helped the audience to realize something more of the Southern richness and passion of the play than had hitherto been possible. It is exceedingly difficult to address a soliloquy to the stage when an individual plainly visible to the audience is in the middle of it, and it would perhaps be better that Romeo, on Juliet's speaking, should hasten into the shadow of the house. Mr. Forbes Robertson, however, remained well in view, in a position of devotion, and Mme. Modjeska, in order to show distinctly that she was not addressing him, spoke to the footlights. Instead, however, of delivering the speech that begins

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy

in a passionate reverie, looking upwards, as would surely be the best way of delivering the soliloquy, Mme. Modjeska went through all her graceful and restless evolutions, not sparing us even the conceit of plucking at a cluster of theatrical roses to emphasize

that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

In the actual dialogue that followed she pleased us better than in any other part of the performance, although she had not the tact to prevent the giggling with which the gallery is always moved to receive:—

O for a falconer's voice
To lure this trevel-gentle back again.

It would surely be wiser for the actress to say this very quietly, not while darting hither and thither in her balcony like a frightened bird in a cage. Juliet has no genuine expectation of seeing Romeo again that night, until he responds to her. Even then he is unseen to her; for before she continues she names him again, and he comes out of his hiding-place, having in all probability strayed no further than the shadow of the balcony itself.

There was subdued humour—it might have been less subdued without verging upon the farcical—in the scene at the close of the second act, where Juliet impatiently extracts from the Nurse the message from Romeo. Mme. Modjeska's cat-like movements round and round the Nurse, as she cajoled her secret from her, were well devised, and so was the sudden outburst of temper when that very desultory personage gave as Romeo's message:—

Your love says like an honest gentleman,
"Where is your mother?"

Until the fourth act Mme. Modjeska varied her style very little; she was the same nervous and excited, but somewhat suppressed, person that she had been since the garden scene. It was in the scene where she drinks the contents of the phial in her bedroom that she finally persuaded us that Juliet is a character that she should never attempt to personate. The eccentricities of this performance seemed to us monotonous and dispiriting to the last degree. In the midst of her wailings, Juliet suddenly throws open a window, and floods herself with glaring light, as though at the thought of being stifled in the darkness of the vault, it became necessary for her to breathe and see. This should be done in a quieter manner, however, to obtain a proper result; like many of the other features of this part of the performance, it is violent, exaggerated and unnecessary. When, finally, Mme. Modjeska rushes towards the bed, trips over something, clutches at a very rotten curtain which comes away bodily, and rolls herself round and round in it, the only feeling of the spectator when the scene closes is one of relief.

Mr. Forbes Robertson acted Romeo perhaps better than any part he has yet taken: his appearance was very striking and attractive. He threw considerable passion and a fantastic sort of tenderness into the part, which would have claimed almost unabated praise if the elocution had been more distinct. In Mr. Wilson Barrett we were presented with a Mercutio whose performance was really the most interesting of the evening. He delivered the long and difficult speech beginning

O! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you,

by which his first introduction is made to the audience, rather too rapidly. The opening words were almost lost, but he gained distinctness as he proceeded; and the lines

And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream

could not have been better given, or with more agreeable variety.

Mr. Barrett's manly bearing and bright flow of animal spirits were needed to raise the temperature of a play that is almost over-weighted with the extremes of love and death. There can be no doubt that Shakespeare intended the gay rattle of Mercutio to serve this end, and indeed he is one of the liveliest and most charming creations of his author. Mr. Barrett acted with great vivacity, and his voice is not only well trained, but held under strong control. For the other gallants, Montagues and Capulets, we have no other advice than this, that they should go through a course of lessons in the elements of distinct utterance before they take upon themselves again to render Shakespeare's blank verse in public. The Nurse was acted carefully, but far too heavily and dolefully, by Miss Le Thiere. We want, in such a play as *Romeo and Juliet*, all the fun and brightness that we can get, and for the Nurse to turn lachrymose and descend into the vale of tears is the last straw that breaks the back of our endurance. The merits of Mr. Ryder's Friar Laurence were already well known. Of Gregory the less said the better. The text used was one laudably close to the original.

One of our comic contemporaries takes occasion of Mr. Booth's last performance at the Princess's to indulge in a tirade against almost everything connected with the stage that is not burlesque and melodrama. We have not met with so charming an utterance of the undiluted 'Arry for a long time. Mr. Booth's acting, it appears, has not a single merit, although Mr. Irving admires it; it belongs to the wretched school of Macready, the Kembles, and Phelps; and his hopeless state is clearly indicated by his production of a play of Shakespeare's, which, if it had been "the work of a modern dramatic author, would most assuredly have been hissed off the stage." It is, no doubt, salutary to students of the human mind to observe even 'Arry in this beautiful frankness of his, naked of all taste, yet unashamed.

REVIEWS.

ANTHIROPOLOGY.*

MANUALS and "Series" are too much with us, and it must be frankly confessed that Mr. Tylor's new book is a manual, and is one of a series. But if all manuals were like this, a generation over-educated for its intellect would have no reason to complain. We are weary of popularizations of knowledge, of books in which information is reduced to a pulpy condition for the benefit of feeble and indolent minds. But Mr. Tylor's work is of a higher

* *Anthropology: an Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization.* By E. B. Tylor, D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

order. His volume seems to us to serve a double purpose. It is a most attractive and entertaining introduction to the science of anthropology, the science which "seeks to understand how mankind came to be as they are, and to live as they do." Mr. Tylor has acquired the art of teaching without appearing to condescend to the ignorant. His writing is clear and luminous, and his arrangement more masterly than it was in his *Primitive Culture*, an excellent book, but certainly less well ordered than this unpretending manual. Perhaps it is practice in lecturing to popular audiences that has thus improved Mr. Tylor's method. He invariably starts from what is known and familiar to all, and so proceeds to what is less known and more difficult, illustrating all his statements by examples of the highest interest. Thus a reader who may happen never to have thought about anthropology, acquires, in perusing the manual, a lively interest in the subject, and the knowledge of a well-reasoned theory. But Mr. Tylor's manual has another merit. The confirmed anthropologist, no less than the beginner, finds his profit in the manual, which is a brief abstract and compendium of the best and soundest thought on the subject.

The natural history of man has always been interesting to man. How did our race come on the earth? Whence came the varieties of races and breeds? How did we acquire language and the arts? The lowest savages, no less than the highest modern intellects, habitually busy themselves with these questions. A great part of savage mythology consists of stories which are really anthropological speculations. For example, the degraded Digger Indians have their own theory of the origin of man. At first all Indians were Coyotes, a kind of wolf. They began to assume the shape of man, but it was a slow transformation. Just as Mr. Tylor says the horse once had five toes, which shrank into one toe, with the hoof for nail, so the Po-to-yan-tes say man began with one finger, one eye, one ear, and gradually developed the present number of these features. Our tails, say the Po-to-yan-tes, we wore off by sitting on them, and they greatly regret the loss of so fashionable an ornament. Mr. Tylor, too, assures us that our skeletons have rudimentary tails. Then, again, as to the diversity of races which Mr. Tylor treats of, the Winnebagoes partly explain it by saying that the Great Spirit created white men to make weapons for the poor Indians. Here we have early teleology and a scheme of creation in place of the theory of evolution as maintained by the Po-to-yan-tes. And the Winnebagoes seem to have quite as much sense on their side as the Boers, who explain to the Zulus "that we black people have no spirit, but that we should be burnt, and are like a dog that has no spirit."

But we must leave Mr. Tylor's savage precursors in the study of anthropology, and merely congratulate him and the science of our time on having got rid of doctrines no less puerile than those of the earliest negro thinkers. Mr. Tylor writes with as much caution as learning, and trends very lightly over the volcanic ground of evolution. His first chapter deals with the time probably required for the development of the existing races. He believes in the unity of the human stock; "it naturally suggests itself that the races of man may be accounted for as breeds, varied from one original stock." The evidence as to the possibility of crossing between all races "goes to prove that all the varieties of man are of one species." But the testimony of the Egyptian pictures of four thousand years ago makes it certain that the black, brown, yellow, and white races had already settled into their well-known features. The Hebrew, the negro, and the fair-haired tribes, possibly akin to the Greeks, are easily recognizable in the Egyptian paintings on the walls of the British Museum. We must ascertain causes strong enough, and allow for time long enough for the differentiation of types which was already established four thousand years ago. As to time, there is plenty of that, and we can make allowances "as rich men give that care not for their gifts." But causes are further to seek, though Mr. Tylor looks on it as certain that "there is a real connexion between the colour of races and the climate they belong to." He conceives that the comparatively fair race of Bushmen may be a special modification of the sun-blackened negro—the darkest type being principally found in a tropical climate. But Mr. Tylor admits that "to account for the origin of the great primary varieties or races themselves, and exactly to assign them their earliest homes, cannot be usefully attempted in the present scantiness of evidence." We entirely agree with him, and would sooner hold with the opinion of the Winnebagoes than with the enterprising writer who finds the "cradle of the Aryan race" in the northern part of the Arctic circle.

Mr. Tylor's second chapter, a very interesting one, deals with the connexion between man and the lower animals. "No competent anatomist who has examined the bodily structure of these apes" (gorillas, gibbons, and others) "considers it possible that man can be descended from any of them," which is a comfortable doctrine. But Mr. Tylor thinks that, in comparing man with the lower animals, "it is wrong to set down his pre-eminence entirely to his mind, without noticing the superiority of his limbs as instruments for practical arts." But man's limbs must enjoy this superiority for one of two reasons. Either he was created with these instruments ready made, in which case his relations to the lower animals become less interesting and scientifically important; or he improved his natural instruments, his limbs, in accordance with the directions of his intellect, which thus, after all, is the cause of his pre-eminence. A Belgian artist paints, and even paints well, with his toes, not because his toes are as useful as the ape's, but because his intellect enables him to adapt them to their task. The

real interest of the relations between man and the animals appears to us to lie in the pathetic failure of the lower creatures to cross the "uno'er-leaped mountains of necessity" which hem them in so much more closely than ourselves. As an example, we quote Mr. Tylor's account of poor Mafuka:—

The anthropoid ape Mafuka, kept lately in the Zoological Gardens at Dresden, saw how the door of her cage was unlocked, and not only did it herself, but even stole the key and hid it under her arm for future use; after watching the carpenter she seized his bradawl and bored holes with it through the little table she had her meals on; at her meals she not only filled her own cup from the jug, but, what is more remarkable, she carefully stopped pouring before it ran over. The death of this ape had an almost human pathos; when her friend the director of the gardens came to her, she put her arms round his neck, kissed him three times, and then lay down on her bed, and giving him her hand fell into her last sleep.

The bulk of the manual is naturally occupied with an account of the rise of the arts and institutions by virtue of which man has come to be civilized. The greater part of this information is not, of course, new to students who have interested themselves in the development of society. It is Mr. Tylor's merit to have told the story, which he had already done so much to elucidate in his former books, with singular clearness and brevity; while he has marked opinions of his own on such questions, for example, as the nature of early language, he carefully avoids disputes, criticisms of others, and controversy. Nobody knows but an anthropologist how difficult it is to avoid riding off at adventure on a favourite hobby-horse, and breaking lances with opponents all over the field of battle. Mr. Tylor might have been excused if he had given more space to an account of the distribution of games, which he has made the subject of special researches. But he strictly subordinates what is of mere accidental interest to that which is essential. We have never read so clear and simple an account as that given by him of the singular philological processes by which the African and North American races construct their sentences. His chapter on writing traces the art from the pictures of the Chippewa to the hieroglyphics and hieratic character of the Egyptians, and thence to the improvements of the Phœnicians. Of all races, not excepting the Chinese, the Egyptians were the most strangely conservative. They did not mind advancing in religion or in the art of writing, but they insisted on dragging the burden of a savage past into the midst of civilization. Thus they worshipped beasts as devoutly as the Ainos, while they had developed a complicated theosophy, and along with their spelt words they mixed up old picture-signs like those which are growing obsolete in the Rocky Mountains. The Phœnicians, being aliens, had no reason for keeping up a mere superfluous survival. They dropped the pictures, selected what signs they needed, and improved them into the origin of our modern alphabets. Mr. Tylor traces as distinctly the progress of Chinese writing from "the ancient pictures," the early Chinese character, which were rapid pictorial sketches, to "the meaningless looking cursive forms now in use." Yet, when the Chinese word *chow* means, not "ship," or "basin," or "loquacity," but "fluff," the voluble character of this particular sort of *chow* is indicated by a sketch of two recognizable feathers. Mr. Tylor steers clear of the recent theory of the Chaldean origin of the Chinese characters.

There are, of course, a few points even in a book where controversy is avoided, about which a determined critic might pick a quarrel with Mr. Tylor. He thinks "fly-fishing seems to have been unknown in ancient times," meaning, we suppose, angling with the artificial fly. If this were the case, it would be vain for pessimists to deny the doctrine of human progress. But does not Oppian describe the "flee-heuks" of a period which, in this connexion, may be called ancient? In the matter of tattooing, we think that early man everywhere much more frequently blazoned himself with his crest than any one would gather from Mr. Tylor's observation, "the tribe or nation a negro belongs to may be indicated by his mark." Mr. Tylor's chapter on "The Spirit World" is in harmony with his chapters on "Animism" in *Primitive Culture*, and we think he has treated too sketchily the important chapter of Vampires. What is the evidence for the real genuine vampire? We think it is better, and the belief more widely spread, than Mr. Tylor indicates. Too sketchy, also, are the pages on mythology, and Mr. Tylor will never persuade us, "not if he had persuaded us," that the tale of Red Riding Hood has anything to do with the night swallowing the day. He holds, too, that Maui, the New Zealand hero who crept into the old woman's body, and was slain by her, "is really a nature-myth of the setting sun dying as he plunges into darkness." Now what are the facts about Maui? He was a creature born in the good times when there was as yet no death. Unluckily, part of the ceremonies of his baptism were omitted, and he was thus liable to death from the anger of the gods. On reaching his father's village, after performing many of the feats still practised by *tohunga*, or magicians, he was told he must encounter his great ancestress, Hinenuitepo. He had already subdued the sun, and drawn up an island from the sea-deeps, so he went boldly for Hinenuitepo, taking all the little birds (the familiars of sorcerers) for his companions. He warned the birds not to laugh, as he crept into the gigantic body of the old chieftainess, as Hinawatha, Wainamoinen, and other heroes crept into fishes. But one little bird laughed, and awakened the monster, who snapped up Maui. "This was the cause of the introduction of death into the world." The story seems to us to be a savage myth, like those common from Kamtschatka to the Cape, explanatory of the events which "brought death into the world, and all our woe."

If we were to go on with minute objections, we might carp at

Mr. Tylor's statement (p. 358), "The idea of the divine ancestor may even be carried back far enough to reach supreme deity, as when the Zulus, working back from ghostly ancestor to ancestor, talk of Unkulunkulu, the Old-old one, as the creator of the world." But the Zulus do not "work back" to Unkulunkulu; no one can work back to him, his stock is lost, and, far from being "supreme deity," he is not worshipped at all, precisely because no one can trace to him, and no one owes him the sacrifices paid to ancestral *idongo*, where the pedigree is clear. Also Unkulunkulu is much more the first man than the creator. "He exists no longer. As my grandfather no longer exists, he, too, no longer exists; he died," a Zulu told Bishop Callaway. And, with scarcely a protest from a Zulu dissenter, this seems to be the voice of Zulu orthodox tradition. But Mr. Tylor may have other sources of information, and we only mention a few trilling differences of opinion, that we may be true to the quarrelsome practice of anthropologists, a practice from which Mr. Tylor consistently departs.

A CHILD OF NATURE.*

IT occurred to us several times in reading this interesting romance that possibly in novel-writing Mr. Buchanan had discovered the one sort of literary work for which his talents were thoroughly and not merely partially fitted. But this is not our final opinion as we close the volumes. We find in them, as we have found before in Mr. Buchanan's dramas, poems, essays, and criticisms, a considerable amount of cleverness, quickness of perception, sense of natural and emotional beauty, all spoiled and rendered fruitless by that inherent want of distinction, in both senses of the word, which is perhaps the most fatal want that a literary artist can have. Mr. Buchanan is a chameleon for versatility; he can adopt at a moment's warning the colour and style of any author or school of authors—for instance, he can be distractingly like Mr. William Black—but he never has displayed, except sometimes in his wrath, a manner which can be recognized as individual to himself. Again, he is often instigated, apparently in all sincerity, by large and generous aims, unselfish enthusiasms, and warm impulses; but he can never quite throw off a twang of what we must be permitted to call vulgarity. The character of Sir Charles Sedley, in the book before us, is an instance in point. The self-acknowledging of this personage is placed as a foil to the nobility of Graham with a perfectly legitimate intention; but the character of the aristocrat is drawn with so much coarseness that our indignation is instinctively transferred from Sir Charles to the novelist who has offended by creating him. So much it seemed necessary to say in connecting *A Child of Nature* with Mr. Buchanan's other productions. If we consider it by itself, and as a "novel of the week," it calls for considerable praise and comparatively little blame.

The opening chapters are exceedingly interesting and effective. A young gentleman, who chooses to call himself Lawrence, is discovered on board his yacht, beating to and fro off the mouth of Loch Urìbol, which seems to be a firth in the north of Sutherlandshire very lightly disguised indeed, especially as, by a slip of the pen, the cliffs of Tongue are in one instance described as rising to the east of it. Lawrence has on board a crew of Celts only, with but one of whom he can hold any converse in English. On the night in question they find that a squall is coming on, and that the entrance to the loch is so extremely narrow, and so beset with sunken rocks, that it would be madness to try and enter without a pilot. So the little yacht is kept running to and fro on the wind just off the shore; but for a whole hour no notice is taken of her, and as the night falls the danger becomes extreme. They are just determining to try a run down the coast when the keen ear of the skipper catches the sound of oars, and a small boat, rowed by a woman, shoots out of the shadow of the hills. A slim girlish figure springs on board, speaks in Gaelic to the sailors, and peremptorily takes the helm. With marvellous skill she brings the yacht through the narrows, and disappears in her boat before the astonished Lawrence has time to thank her. He is still more amazed to find that no one can, or will, give him any account of her, and for the time being he sees her no more. But the novelist takes his readers into his confidence, and we are introduced to the mysterious maiden as she slips up the loch from the side of the yacht. Half way up the winding stretch of waters she begins to sing to herself:—

The girl rowed on, singing like one in a dream. Suddenly she paused, conscious of something dark floating behind her in the moonlight—a small black object, which oscillated like a leather bottle, and now and then disappeared with a splash. As she leant on her oars, still intoning, it came nearer, and showed the head of some animal swimming in the water.

"Ee-rach! Ee-rach!" cried the girl.

The animal came nearer, within a few feet of the boat, and showed the head of a large seal, with eyes which attentively regarded the speaker.

"Ee-rach! Ee-rach!" repeated the girl, in a low, coaxing voice, leaning over the side of the boat, and stretching her hand towards the animal. Strange to say, it swam closer, uttering a low cry, and rubbing against the side of the boat, an effort to pass her hand again and again over its slippery head.

This romantic playmate is destined to fill an important link in the development of the story. Meanwhile, we are introduced to the home of the girl itself. She is the niece of the minister of Urìbol, the Rev. Norman Macdonald, who is an old bachelor, and

who has brought up Mina, the seal's friend, as his daughter, in the manse. She, of course, is the "child of nature," from whom the book takes its title. She has had schooling of two kinds; her uncle has taught her English, Gaelic, and Latin, and has made her the companion of his scholastic labours, and a grim giant of a fisherman, called Koll Nicholson, has undertaken her outdoor education in rowing and steering, climbing, shooting, and fishing, so that she is at the age of nineteen as agile and skilful in these pursuits as any young Highland gillie. Her one brother, Graham, whose temperament closely resembles hers, has left the wilds of Sutherlandshire to look out for a living in the South; his nature is even more passionate and impatient of restraint than that of his sister; and indeed, the most fitting name for the novel would be "Two Children of Nature."

It very soon appears that the so-called Mr. Lawrence, the bronzed young gentleman of twenty-nine whose yacht was saved by Miss Mina, is no less a person than Lord Arranmore, who is paying a first visit to his ancestral possessions, and wishes to observe the state of things all unobserved. He goes out seal-shooting, and is just going to sacrifice poor Ee-rach to his ambition, when the mistress of Ee-rach darts down upon him, and knocks his rifle out of his hand. In this boisterous and indignant maiden he recognizes the saviour of his yacht, and he precipitately falls in love. It would not be fair to Mr. Buchanan to tell in detail the really very pretty and affecting circumstances of this courtship, which, however, it must be acknowledged, reminds us at first a little too obviously of those in the *Princess of Thule*. Lord Arranmore, however, is in a worse position than Lavender, for, although he chooses to forget it, he is really engaged to be married to a proud English coquette, Miss Ethel Sedley. This lady and her father appear unexpectedly upon the scenes, and fill everybody with dismay. Mina Macdonald sees no more of Lord Arranmore, and her brother Graham returns home only to fall desperately in love with the impracticable Miss Sedley. The remainder of the plot must be palpable to the most ingenuous mind. Given two children of nature, and two young aristocratic persons of warm feelings, but, although betrothed to one another, not in love with one another, the game is within three volumes to separate the engaged couple in an honourable manner, and bestow upon each of them the hand of one child of nature. This Mr. Buchanan succeeds in doing in a more or less conventional way, and leaves us hanging over the perilous brink of a double matrimony.

Some curious studies of Highland character preserve the latter part of the story from being absolutely insignificant. Koll Nicholson, the white-bearded old ruffian who attempts to murder the second heroine out of devotion to the first heroine, is a child of nature of a very sinister type, but not at all without interest of a romantic kind. But better conceived in every respect is Angus nan Chonn, or Angus of the Dogs, a sort of shrewd lazy fool, with a kindly paternal passion for all sorts of canine wails and strays. This innocent creature, after spending all his life in Sutherlandshire, goes South for a while, and finds life very hard in civilized parts. His description of his visit to Glasgow is admirable, with its touch of resentment against the police—"at ilka street corner there's a blackguard in black ready to take up any decent man that asks help for the love o' God." But we prefer to quote the passage in which he presents to Miss Mina Macdonald an exceedingly low-spirited black-and-tan terrier, much bedrugged with the rain:—

"I found him up a dark entry in the cetty of Glasgow, sleeping his lane, out of the cold, in a place where I meant to sleep myself, for ne'er a soul would gie a decent man a bed; and he was stuirving, and I gie'd him meat; and he was cauld, and I warmed him here on my ain naked flesh. Then I thought I'd bring him back wi' me to Urìbol, as a present to the colleen with the bird's voice; for, look you, my braw leddy" (here he addressed himself to Mina), "the dog is a good dog, wi' real blood intil him, though he had fallen on evil ways. It's no me that would come here asking your acceptance o' a beast o' nae quality, after aal you've done and said to me and mine."

Thereupon, better to illustrate the "game" qualities of the animal, Angus proceeded to lift him by various parts of his person successively—by the tip of the ear, by the mouth, by the skin of the neck, by the tip of the tail—all which indignities the unfortunate stranger bore without a murmur, though his eye was fixed, as if in sullen protest, on the face of the mendicant.

"There!" said Angus, in a tone of approbation; "you'll ne'er regret his keep. It'll dne your heart good to see him on rats, and the weasel doesna walk he willna face. You'll find him a constant source of diversion, and muckle sport he'll bring you."

The description of the fair at Storport, at the close of the first volume, combines a variety of striking features of Highland life, and might indeed be extracted without injury to the story as a telling magazine article. This suggests, perhaps, the weakest point in the romance—its desultory and fragmentary style, as if the romantic story had been devised on second thoughts, as a thread on which to hang a series of isolated sketches. Mr. Buchanan ought to be able to construct a better novel than *A Child of Nature*.

SAINTSBURY'S DRYDEN.*

IT was full time that a place should be found for Dryden in Mr. John Morley's rapidly growing series of *English Men of Letters*; and it was for more reasons than one fitting that the

* *English Men of Letters.—Dryden*. By G. Saintsbury. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

* *A Child of Nature. A Romance*. By Robert Buchanan. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

task of writing the life "of the greatest craftsman in English letters" should be assigned to the skilled hand of Mr. Saintsbury. If he has by no means exhausted his theme under its various aspects, he has at least remembered what some of his fellow-contributors to this series of biographies appear to have forgotten; that the first and most important question connected with the life of a literary man concerns the services rendered by him to literature. For dealing with this question in the case of Dryden, Mr. Saintsbury is peculiarly qualified by his habit of appreciating what is excellent in literary workmanship because it is excellent, and not because it is English or French, Whig or Tory, Catholic or Protestant; as well as by the sympathy which naturally attracts him to a great author whose good name, literary or other, has more than once "fallen among the Philistines." To speak in the first instance of one of the most distinguished of Dryden's more recent assailants, Mr. Saintsbury certainly puts the case anything but strongly when he observes of the late Mr. Christie that, while he is generally admirable in his judgments of Dryden's literary work, *Abraham and Achitophel* and *The Medal* had stealed Shaftesbury's biographer against Dryden's personal character. Though Mr. Christie was never wanting either in readiness or in ability to enter upon an elaborate defence of the correctness of his own views (an ample instance of this in connexion with Dryden lies buried among the files of a Scottish daily newspaper), yet our respect for his abilities and his integrity cannot prevent us from regretting, as in its way a real calamity, the publication in his otherwise excellent Globe edition of his ungenerous and misleading life of the poet. In Mr. Saintsbury's hands the great literary champion of the Stuarts was not likely either to be tried on the principles of the glorious Revolution, or to be belaboured by a Protestant flail. Nothing, we may say at once, could be in better accordance with justice and with common sense than Mr. Saintsbury's summary statement of the history of Dryden's religious conversion; though there is one incidental matter on which we should be inclined to take a view differing from his. No question, it is obvious, could be more barren or "saw-dustish" than this; whether James II.'s renewal of the pension granted to Dryden half-a-dozen years before by Charles II. preceded or followed the poet's change of faith, inasmuch as the sole reason for the necessity of the renewal was a technical one. At the same time, in view of the passage cited by Mr. Christie from Evelyn's *Diary*, it can hardly be doubted that Dryden was on the eve of declaring himself a convert, if he had not actually declared himself such, six weeks before the renewal of the pension. A more serious discussion might be raised on the theory of a connexion between Dryden's supposed unsteadiness in matters of faith and his supposed immorality in matters of conduct. But nothing could be more absurd than to carry on such an argument before both assumptions had been proved to be founded on fact. In his thoroughly reasonable remarks on the *Religio Laici* Mr. Saintsbury places Dryden's "inconsistency" in the proper light; "consistency," he says, "was in no matter Dryden's great characteristic, and the arguments of *Religio Laici* are not more inconsistent with the arguments of *The Hind and the Panther* than the handling of the question of rhymed plays in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* is with the arguments against them in the prefaces and dissertations subsequent to *Aurengzebe*." It was, in short, a question of "first thoughts" and second thoughts; nor, in all probability, had Dryden long entertained definite opinions before he began to think of changing them. His present biographer rightly resents the ignoble imputation that he would afterwards have changed them again, had it been worth his while. "I cannot," Dryden writes in 1699, in the charming letter towards the close of this biography, "forsake my religion; because I know not what Church to go to if I leave the Catholic; they are all so divided amongst themselves in matters of faith necessary to salvation, and yet all assuming the name of Protestants. May God be pleased to open your eyes, as he has open'd mine! Truth is but one; and they who have once heard of it can plead no excuse if they do not embrace it." "Such an omniscient Church" the author of the *Religio Laici* had already "wished"; and the difficulty cannot have been great in the wish becoming belief, or remaining it.

As to Dryden's immorality, the indictment of course resolves itself into two parts—a charge of profligacy against his plays, and one of looseness against his life. On the former head there is no need to add anything to the confessions made by Mr. Saintsbury (who is almost pathetic on his author's "scarcely ever wholly quotable lyrics," and might in a similar mood have regretted the mixture of grossness and fire in *Amphitryon*), anticipated as these confessions have been by those of other candid admirers of the poet, and by those of the poet himself. And it must be allowed that, his doubtless honestly-meant regrets notwithstanding, his offences, whatever may be their relation in degree or amount to the sins of some of his contemporaries, have an impenitent exuberance about them which is very imperfectly described as resembling "the forced impudence of a timid man." On the other hand, it would be difficult to gainsay the opinion of Dryden's present biographer that the charges against the poet's own life break down altogether. A certain amount of suspicion will hardly fail to attach to the circumstances of his marriage, and the late Mr. J. Bell and Mr. Saintsbury will not be held to have quite demolished the scandal about Mrs. Reeve. But Mr. Christie's curt sentence, "Dryden was a libertine," and Mr. J. R. Green's application to the representative Restoration author of M. Taine's ingenious notion that the English society of this age tried to be as wicked as its poor powers would allow it to be, are equally un-

tenable. It is perhaps more strange that Sir Walter Scott should have been misled by the occurrence of a single piece of old-fashioned grossness in Dryden's letter to his cousin Honour, into describing it as "a woful piece of the gallantry of the time, alternately coarse and pedantic."

In writing the personal life of Dryden under such aspects as are open to a biographer (and they are fewer than might perhaps at first sight appear), Mr. Saintsbury therefore had something in the way of carelessness and something in the way of prejudice to contend against and to correct. His estimate of his author's literary achievements, on the other hand—though in this respect also the tide until recently ran against Dryden—can hardly be said to have been beset by similar difficulties. Had this, however, been the case, Mr. Saintsbury's neat critical formulae would have helped him to surmount or circumvent the most formidable obstacles. "What constitutes a great poet is supremacy in his own line of expression," shown, of course, "in work of sufficient bulk and variety." What constitutes a "poetical critic worth his salt" is to be able unhesitatingly to lay his finger on the signs of such pre-eminence. In any case, Mr. Saintsbury is indisputably right in insisting upon the primary importance of the changes or reforms introduced by Dryden in far greater measure than by any other individual author into the form of English literature, both in verse and (as is far less generally remembered) in prose. If there was some arrogance there was also some truth, in the boast which he uttered, at the very time when second and "fifth-rate" wits were bunding together against him and his school, that "our native language" was now "more refined and free" than in the much-lauded Elizabethan days themselves. Occasionally, however, in the arguments by which he supports his general position, Mr. Saintsbury seems to us to trench upon the over-subtle, or even the paradoxical. Dryden's want of originality in the choice of his themes (should not, by the by, a redeeming exception be allowed in favour of *Mac Flecknoe*?) is described as perhaps an advantage rather than the contrary to one whose task it was "to control the peaceable revolution of a literature." Of this revolution itself the course is at times rather arbitrarily marked out. From some points of view it is surprising to find Cowley, next to Dryden the most magnificent, but occasionally also one of the most extravagant, of our panegyric poets, enrolled as a member of the "school of good sense" which Mr. Saintsbury contrasts with the Fantastics. And, though the better part of *Hudibras* may have been written before the Restoration, yet it seems questionable to deny to Butler a share in the reform with which the Restoration authors are here identified. He says of himself that he could, if he chose, "make verses without art or wit" were he less scrupulous; and at least regarded himself as a contributor to the literary movement which strove in the direction of terseness and propriety of diction. With regard, we may say in passing, to Butler's supposed share in the *Rehearsal*, we quite agree with Mr. Saintsbury that there is in it nothing so good as the "Repartees between Cat and Puss at a Caterwauling"; on the other hand, we cannot share his displeasure at the fact that the *Rehearsal* does not now make a good acting play; for what modern audience can be expected to recognize parodies on Stapylton and the Howards, or even on Davenant, or (as a dramatist) Dryden himself? And unfortunately modern tragedies are too few and too thin to furnish forth fresh stock for the *olla podrida* of the burlesque.

But, quite apart from the attacks of contemporary critics, the drama of the Restoration is a branch of its literature of the Restoration as to which Mr. Saintsbury—and with him Mr. E. W. Gosse in his interesting paper on Etheredge in the March number of the *Cornhill Magazine*—are specially desirous of correcting what they consider a prevalent blunder or series of blunders. Mr. Gosse is very wroth with those who think that rhymed dramatic verse and the lighter form of comedy were introduced simultaneously with the Restoration, whereas they did not begin to flourish till 1664, when Etheredge produced the *Comical Revenge*. Mr. Saintsbury, in his pointed way, complains that

the blundering attribution of Dryden and his rivals to Corneille and Racine—the more blundering attributions of Corneille and Racine to the Scudéry romance (as if somebody should father Shelley on "Monk" Lewis) has been generally accepted without much hesitation, though Dryden himself has pointed out that there is but little connexion between the French and the English drama; and though the history of the French drama itself is perfectly intelligible, and by no means difficult to trace.

The point in the comparison to "Monk" Lewis certainly escapes us, inasmuch as, though the refinement of *Le Grand Cyrus* is not the refinement of *Bérénice*, it is a real refinement after all. The tragedies of Corneille and Racine are assuredly to be held apart from, though they can hardly be regarded as wholly uninfluenced by, the school satirized by Boileau; and, numerous as were the translations and reproductions of Corneille and Racine in the generation following upon the Restoration, they cannot be said to have moulded the style or manner of any tragic dramatist of high mark in this age. But Mr. Saintsbury, though he does not dispute, certainly appears in the passage cited to obscure, the fact that the direct debt of the English heroic plays to the French romances of the Scudéry school was very considerable, and that, indeed, it is difficult to conceive of the existence of the former without the inspiration of the latter. To France, he says, our heroic drama "owed little more than its rhymed dialogue, and perhaps something of its sighs and flammings." Considering to how large an extent the matter of these plays consists of the sighs and flames in question, some importance must be said to attach to the

interpretation of the word "perhaps"—a favourite with Mr. Saintsbury—in this sentence.

But, whether or not part of his argument may be overstated, we rejoice that Dryden's claim to be remembered not only as a great, but as a great English, writer should have been fearlessly vindicated by his most recent critic. "Perhaps the most English of all English writers," he calls him in an early passage of this biography; nor is the hyperbole, if it be such, inadmissible in the case of a genius so richly endowed, and so free and even haphazard in the use of its endowments. Dryden's literary life resembles the political career of more than one distinguished Englishman who could afford changes which are nearly all that the world contrives to remember in the history of lesser men. And the progress of this career reflects itself in the growth of the qualities of his style and diction till, as Mr. Saintsbury well says, in the meridian of his powers the classical and the Gallican tendencies of the time, and his own perfect command of English, had "produced a dialect which, if not the most graceful that the language has ever known, is perhaps the strongest and most nervous." Will it be out of place if we express a hope that later masters of style will, like Dryden, learn to eschew the Gallicizing fashions of their own day? Mr. Saintsbury himself seems at times to obey less independent influences, and repeatedly introduces French phrases which may or may not have precise English equivalents, but which Dryden's method, as a translator, might have taught his biographer either boldly to English or boldly to omit. But this habit, and a few mannerisms such as the intolerably frequent use of the word "work" in the special sense in which it pleases the younger "Athenians" of the present day to employ it, may be passed by. The spirit of the book, as becomes its theme, is a genuinely free and fresh one.

A word in conclusion as to an early page of this biography referring to Dryden's University career. We are not about to attempt any explanation of Dryden's insult to his own University, which Mr. Saintsbury very properly treats as such, but which he might have spared sensitive "Thebans" the pain of having to read at length twice over. We refer rather to the *obiter dictum*, that Dryden's election to a Westminster scholarship at the age of nineteen is "an instance, among many, of the complete mistake of supposing that very early entrance into the Universities was the rule before our own days." On referring to Mr. Christopher Wordsworth's admirable volume, we find this observation fairly borne out so far as the eighteenth century is concerned; but, what is more directly to the purpose in the present instance, he cites in a note a passage in [Fachard's] *Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy*, showing "that sixteen was the ordinary age for lads to come up in 1670, so that they would be eligible for Holy Orders 'after seven years being at the University.'" And entries at an even earlier age must have then been at least frequent, though, as Mr. Wordsworth says, the case of "Granville the polite," who in 1667 entered as a nobleman at Trinity before he had completed his tenth year, must, together with a parallel case a few years later in date, be regarded as exceptional.

REDHOUSE'S MESNAVI.*

THE performances of the Dancing Dervishes—solemn-looking persons in long petticoats and conical caps who whirl round and round like human teetotums to the strains of a few tootling flutes and the cadence of a monotonous Persian song—are well known enough to tourists in Eastern cities, but few suspect the great antiquity and interest of the exhibition. The sect to which we in Europe give the undignified name of "dancing" or "whirling dervishes" is the most important of all the orders of Oriental illuminati, and is known as the Mevleviyeh, from the founder Mevlânâ Jelâlû'd-din, "Our Lord Jelâl-ud-din." This distinguished mystic was the scion of a princely house, being descended from Abu Bekr, father-in-law of the prophet Mohammed, and was himself a grandson of the actual Kharezmian ruler of Balkh. He settled at Iconium, where he founded a Dervish college, and enjoyed a wide reputation as a saint, a worker of miracles, and an inspired poet. The peculiar philosophical and religious tenets which he professed are better known under the name of Sufism, and consist chiefly in the assumption that God is the only actual and real existence, everything else being merely hypothetical, and that man's highest and ultimate aim is reabsorption into the Divine Principle from which he has sprung. This doctrine has much in common with Buddhism, as well as many points of contact with Vedic philosophy, and has served as a means for perpetuating the deeply rooted ideas of Aryan faith amongst peoples who were compelled to adopt the unsuitable trappings of a Semitic creed like Islam.

The Mesnavi, or "rhyming couplets," as the name signifies, is a complete exposition of Sufi doctrines, illustrated with numberless tales, apologies, and scraps of history, and is the work of the illustrious Jelâlû'd-Din himself. Next to the Kor'an, it is more highly esteemed by Shiah Moslems than perhaps any other work, and it has even earned some popularity in Europe, where, however, it is only known from a few fragmentary translations. The complete work consists of six books, containing 26,660 couplets, to which some authorities add a seventh book, to make up the number of the "seven planets," the "seven zones," and the "seven heavens,"

although the authenticity of the supplementary portion is more than doubtful. This long didactic poem is, as might be expected, very unequal in merit, grand and noble thoughts, exquisite language and imagery, and apposite illustrations being mixed up with much that is dull, commonplace, and stupid. It would appear from internal evidence that the master dictated it from day to day to his amanuensis, Husâmu'd-Din; began each sitting with energy and poetic ardour, and finished with prosy repetition consequent on drowsiness and fatigue. To clear away all the rubbish, and present the European reader with a trustworthy account of the residue, would be a great boon to literature, folk-lore, and philosophy; but no one has as yet come forward to undertake the task. The next most desirable thing was for some scholar to produce a complete translation of the whole—to do, in fact, for the Mesnavi what the late Jules Mohl has done for the great Persian Epic, the Shahnâmeh. The announcement of a rendering of the work by Mr. Redhouse, one of the very first and soundest Oriental scholars of the day, therefore excited no common interest; and the volume before us, if not quite fulfilling all the expectations which such an announcement raised, is at least a very important contribution to Eastern learning. It contains the first of the six books of the Mesnavi, translated entirely, and with scrupulous accuracy, and preceded by a number of biographical anecdotes illustrative of the life of the author and his immediate predecessors, contemporaries, and successors, as well as of the beliefs and superstitions of the mystics of the time. By what we cannot help thinking an unfortunate error in judgment, a metrical form has been adopted in the translation, and a certain want of technical facility which the versification displays is apt to distract the reader's attention from the intrinsic merits of the book. When, however, one becomes used to the style, its reflection of the depth of thought and beauty of diction for which the original is so conspicuous cannot fail to charm.

The poem opens with some lines in praise of the reed-flute, Jelâlû'd-Din having sanctioned the introduction of music and song as an accompaniment to the religious exercises of his followers. The reed is made to sigh for its separation from its home amid the rushes by the river-side, and the plaintive notes which it utters are said to be in unison with absent lovers' passionate moods because of this inherent sympathy. We then pass on to the first story, the moral of which sounds rather strangely to our ears. A mighty prince while out hunting sees a maiden whom he falls desperately in love with and purchases of her father. The girl is no sooner brought to the palace than she falls ill, and the court physicians are unable to afford her any relief; at length a mysterious visitor arrives, and undertakes to effect a cure. During an interview with the patient he discovers that her indisposition is due to the loss of her lover, a young goldsmith whom she had left behind in Samarcand. The king is easily persuaded to send for the youth, promotes him to high office, and unites him with the object of his affections, and in consequence of the removal of her secret care the girl quickly recovers her health and good looks. When the physician has achieved this desirable object he administers slow poison to the goldsmith, who in his turn loses health and all his youthful charms, and presently dies, an object of disgust and loathing to his former loving mistress, whose heart is thus left free to receive the king's amorous advances. The apparently treacherous murder is thus apologized for:—

Our prince was kind and virtuous, wise and just,
A man God-fearing and in God's full trust.
A victim put to death by such a friend
Is slain in error, or for some wise end.
Did not our God mean mercy in His wrath.
How could the God of Mercies thunder forth?
A child may tremble at the lanest's smart,
His mother knows there's healing in the dart.

The next story is intended to show the tendency of the masses to judge by appearances, and the wrong conclusions to which the practice leads them. An oilman, or rather perfumer, had a parrot whose clever talking and tricks were the admiration of the neighbourhood. One day the bird, alarmed at the sudden irruption of a cat into the shop, flew up and upset a valuable pot of oil of roses, and received a blow upon the head from her enraged master which completely denuded her skull of feathers. To the oilman's great grief, the bird now moped and obstinately refused to utter a word; nor could she be prevailed upon to break her silence by any means, until one day a bareheaded mendicant, with a perfectly bald scalp, happened to pass by the shop, and was greeted by Polly with the sarcastic inquiry "if he, too, had been upsetting some one's oil jar?" But these tales are little more than pegs on which to hang moral reflections, philosophic disquisitions, and incidental anecdotes, which occur so frequently that one has some difficulty in following the narrative. The author himself seems often to have lost the thread of his own discourse, and brings himself up with a jerk in couplets such as this, which Mr. Redhouse renders:—

'Twould never end the branches of this theme to count,
So let us sip again from our old story's fount.

The remaining stories are, first, one of a Jewish king whose vizier mutilates himself, and, pretending to flee from his master's wrath and injustice, seeks the camp of the Christians, whose confidence he gains; and, having become their leader, commits suicide, after leaving with them such conflicting instructions that the society is broken up by internecine strife. Another story of a Jewish king follows, which is partly a distorted version of Nebuchadnezzar and the fiery furnace. Next

* *The Mesnavi of Mevlânâ (our Lord) Jelâlû'd-Din, Muhammed, or Rûmî.*
Book I. Translated, and the Poetry versified, by James W. Redhouse.
London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

comes a fable after the manner of *Æsop*, in which the lion and the other beasts discuss the question of freewill; and then a rather pathetic apologue of a parrot who regains his liberty by feigning death; after this the narrative part grows poorer in plot, while the digressions are more frequent. It is in these very digressions, however, that the chief charm and interest of the book lies, revealing as they do glimpses of so many sides of Oriental life at the remote period (the beginning of the thirteenth century) at which the book was written. One anecdote tells of the simplicity of character and habits of the early Caliphs. When Omar, the successor of Mohammed, had achieved the final triumphs which consolidated the power of El Islam, an ambassador from the Byzantine Emperor came to Arabia to pay homage to the great conqueror on the part of his master. Arrived at Medina, he asked for the Imperial palace, and was much astonished to find that no such building was in existence; after much vain search and inquiry, he was at last directed to the presence of the Caliph, who, dressed in simple Arab garb, was reclining fast asleep and unattended beneath a palm-tree. The simple life of one whose fame had filled the whole world, and still more the discourse which Omar addressed to him on waking up, made so profound an impression upon the Greek ambassador that he then and there embraced the Mohammedan faith. The contrast between the unassuming manners of the early Caliphs and the arrogance and luxury of the later Commanders of the Faithful in their palaces at Damascus or Bagdad was indeed striking. The Arabic annals are full of examples of this, and the incident of the entry of this same Omar into Jerusalem clad in a rough mantle and leading his own camel, like the poorest Desert Arab, is familiar to all readers of the history of the Holy City.

Some of the other smaller anecdotes in the *Mesnavi* are also very remarkable, especially those which embody such popular legends as the following. Solomon, who was king, not only of men, but of the angels, genii, elements, beasts, and birds, was one day holding a court when a poor fellow who was present suddenly exhibited signs of the most extreme terror, and declaring that it was the Angel of Death who had frightened him, begged Solomon to command the wind to convey him far away to Hindustan, which was accordingly done. Another day, when the Angel of Death attended the monarch's levee, the latter asked him how it was that he had driven the poor fellow forth from his home to wander like a waif throughout the world? The Angel answered that God had commanded him to

"Go this very day
And take his soul in Hindustan, his debt to pay."
In wonder then I said within myself: "Had he
A hundred wings in Hindustan he could not be."
But going still to Hindustan by God's command,
There I found him, and took his soul with my own hand.

The figure of Solomon seems to have impressed itself very strongly upon the Arab mind, and not only is the literature full of incidents like the above, but the local legends of the peasantry attribute almost every relic of ancient architecture or engineering skill, especially the Cyclopean structures, to the agency of the genii and demons who served the son of David.

Mr. Rodhouse has made the work much more intelligible by prefixing to the poem the biographical anecdotes to which we have already referred. The reader of these will be struck with the similarity which they present to the lives of the Christian saints, especially of those of the more mystical and emotional school. The only difference is that the alleged visions and manifestations of Divine love and union are a little more material, and therefore more shocking among the dreamers of the East than among those of the West; but the supernatural machinery and the motives are in both cases almost identical. It is curious, however, to observe how the personal characteristics of the different personages stand prominently forward in spite of the mystical character of the incidents related. The great teacher and spiritual guide of Jelalu'd-Din, Shems Tabriz, of whom the poet speaks throughout in terms of the most extravagant admiration, is introduced to European readers, we believe, for the first time in these pages; and a very unpleasant, arrogant, self-asserting sort of saint he seems to have been:—

Jelal's father, Bahā Velel, had a disciple, who, for some reason, gave offence to Shemsu'd-Din; the latter in punishment inflicted a deafness on both the disciple's ears.

After a time, Shems pardoned the offender, and restored his hearing. But the man bore him a grudge in his heart nevertheless. One day, Shems said to him: "Friend, I have pardoned thee; wherefore art thou still cast down? Be comforted." Notwithstanding this, his rancour remained. One day, however, he met Shems in the midst of a market. Suddenly he felt a new faith glow within him, and he shouted out: "There is no god save God; Shemsu'd-Din is the apostle of God!"

The market people on this raised a great hubbub, and wished to kill him. One of them came forward to cut him down; but Shems uttered so terrible a shout that the man at once fell down dead. The rest of the market people bowed and submitted.

Shems now took the disciple by the hand, and led him away, remarking to him: "My good friend, my name is Muhammed. Thou shouldst have shouted, 'Muhammed is the apostle of God.' The rabble will not take gold that is not coined."

Shemsu'd-Din's arrogance and violence at length brought him into difficulties, for he was arrested during a tumult which his followers had raised, and removed by the police. All his pupil Jelal's miraculous powers failed to find out his whereabouts after this.

Jelal was a saint of a less austere type; indeed, he was so ami-

able that he had a good word even for the "pauv' de'il" himself:—

One day, while Jelal was yet living, Satan appeared in person to Husamu'd-Din, and complained bitterly of the torments inflicted on him by the continuous pious exercises of Jelal. He had said that, such was his deep reverence for Jelal and his followers, that he dared not attempt to seduce one of them; and that, had he known that of the seed of Adam so holy a race of men were to spring, he would never have tempted the father of mankind. He further added, "I entertain a hope that the kindness of heart of his sons will lead them to intercede with Jelal for me, and so obtain my eventual release and salvation." Husam related this occurrence to Jelal, who smiled and said, "There is reason to hope that he need not despair. God forbid that he should despair."

There is no mock modesty about Jelal and his followers; he was a Muslim saint of the very first water, and accepted any little testimony to his excellence from competent authorities as a tribute due to his merits. Take the following incident, for example:—

When Jelal was quite young, he was one day preaching on the subject of Moses and Elias (*Qur'an* xviii. 50-57). One of his disciples noticed a stranger seated in a corner, paying great attention and every now and then saying, "Good! quite true! Quite correct! He might have been the third one with us two!" The disciple surmised that the stranger might be Elias. (Elias is believed by Muslims to be always visible somewhere, but that people know him not. Did they recognize him, they could obtain from him the secret of eternal life which he possesses.) He, therefore, seized hold of the stranger's skirt and asked for spiritual aid. "Oh," said the stranger, "rather seek assistance from Jelal as we all do. Every occult saint of God is the occult friend of him." So saying he managed to disengage his skirt from the disciple's hold, and instantly disappeared. The disciple went to pay his respects to Jelal, who at once addressed him, saying, "Elias and Moses and the prophets are all friends of mine."

The reader will find in these veracious anecdotes all the "phenomena" of modern "spiritualism" anticipated, and Jelal not only had intimate personal relations with deceased worthies, but he could "levitate" better than Mr. Home, and perform aerial journeys against Mrs. Guppy herself. At Damascus, when a young student, he "was frequently seen by others to walk several arrow-flights' distance in the air, tranquilly returning to the terraced roof on which they were standing"; and being questioned by an admirer concerning his ubiquitous qualities, he replied that "The men of God are like fishes in the ocean; they pop up into view on the surface here and there and everywhere, as they please."

Amidst all this extravagant nonsense there is a great deal in these anecdotes that throws light upon the career of the remarkable man who composed the "*Koran* in the Persian Tongue," as the *Mesnavi* is called; while Mr. Rodhouse's work forms as a whole a complete treasury of occult Oriental lore.

SCIENCE AND SINGING.*

WHENEVER any branch of art is touched on by scientific men, the first result is to excite a strong movement of antagonism amongst its professors. They begin by asking, Of what use is this to us? We practise our profession successfully, and we teach it to others, without knowing all these things. Why should we burden our minds with useless knowledge? And, again, as the result of scientific examination is sure to be that science points out one method as being better than others, all who do not practise that method are at once up in arms, and deride the presumption of men of science in venturing outside their legitimate field of action in order to teach artists their own art. Ever since the invention of the laryngoscope by Garcia, there has been more or less of this antagonism between teachers of singing and investigators who have worked at the subject of voice from a scientific point of view; but we hope, considering how rare good voices and good singers are in spite of the great interest taken in music and the large number of people of both sexes who are year by year making it their profession, that teachers of singing will begin to feel that there is something wrong in their methods of training, and will therefore be inclined to listen to the lessons which physiologists can teach them.

The two points which we propose to consider are both touched upon by the authors of the books now before us—first, the method of breathing, and next, the important question of the different registers of the voice. Mr. Gordon Holmes's present book, which is an abridgment of his *Treatise on Vocal Physiology and Hygiene*, touches on so many subjects in so short a space, that we prefer to follow Mr. Beluŋke, only saying that Mr. Holmes fully agrees with him on the question of breathing, and that there is nothing in "the science of voice-production and voice-preservation" to contradict him on the subject of the registers. For the clear, even, and steady production of the voice, the first requisite is to fill the lungs fully, and to have free control over the flow of air from them. Both these results are obtained by cultivating what is known as "abdominal breathing," in which the capacity of the chest is increased by flattening out the curved muscular base of the lung-chamber. This is the natural mode of breathing, and increases the capacity of the chest more than any other form of breathing by itself. With this is to be combined the "rib breathing," in which the ribs, by turning on their joints at the backbone, advance the front wall of the chest. It is doubtful

* *The Science of Voice Production and Voice Preservation, for the Use of Speakers and Singers.* By Gordon Holmes, Physician to the Municipal Throat and Ear Infirmary, formerly Chef de Clinique at the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, &c. London: Chatto & Windus, 1880.

The Mechanism of the Human Voice. By Emil Beluŋke, Lecturer on Vocal Physiology at the Tonic Solfa College. London: Curwen & Sons.

whether the "collar-bone breathing," by raising the shoulders, should ever be used, and it certainly should be reserved as a last resource when notes of exceptional power and length are required. These points have been brought out experimentally by Mr. Behnke by means of the spirometer, an instrument for measuring the quantity of air breathed out after a full inspiration. These experiments have been made, not only on himself, but also on pupils who have been under his care as a singing-master. Both authors attribute the unsteadiness of voice known as "tremolo," or "vibrato," to faulty teaching on this point; and both explain the prevalence of this blemish amongst French singers by the system of breathing recommended by the *Méthode de chant du Conservatoire de Musique*, which says, according to Mr. Holmes:—"Quand on respire pour parler ou pour renouveler simplement l'air des poumons, le premier mouvement est celui de l'aspiration; alors le ventre gonfle et sa partie postérieure s'avance un peu. . . . Au contraire, dans l'action de respirer pour chanter, en aspirant il faut aplatis le ventre et le faire remonter avec promptitude en gonflant et avançant la poitrine." The effect of thus flattening the abdomen is to prevent the descent of the muscular base of the chest cavity (the diaphragm), which is endeavouring to fulfil its proper function, so that not only is the cavity of the chest not as large as it ought to be, but the whole column of air which the singer is using rests on a large muscle which, being in a state of unnatural strain, has a tendency to convulsive twitches and quiverings, which makes steadiness of voice-production out of the question. The condemnation of collar-bone or clavicular breathing is so clearly set forth by Mr. Holmes that we cannot do better than quote his words, with some little abridgment:—

Clavicular respiration . . . is performed by a set of muscles which are not primarily intended to move the chest walls. . . . As these muscles act chiefly on the upper ribs, which not only possess little mobility on account of their size and stiff joints, but are, moreover, restrained by the bones and soft parts of the shoulders and neck being superimposed on them, clavicular breathing can only be effected by a kind of struggle. For the muscles which are capable of lifting the shoulders off the upper part of the chest must first contract before room can be obtained for the elevation of the superior ribs. The consequence of such labour is rapidly supervening fatigue, which is greatly disproportionate on the side of excess to the trivial amount of respiratory movements executed. And it may also be affirmed with confidence that no speaker or singer can practise it to any extent without showing a marked deficiency of endurance, which must lead to a complete defeat of his strength if called on to use his voice for a lengthened period, such as when engaged energetically in a protracted debate, sustaining a leading part in a five-act play, or singing through an opera.

But, though these facts have been long known, it is even at this day not uncommon for singing-masters deliberately to teach this vicious method of breathing to their pupils.

On the next most important question, that of the different registers of the voice and their proper use, Mr. Behnke practically breaks new ground. He has carefully gone over the whole subject of the production of the voice as far as the larynx is concerned, and worked it out anew by a long and careful series of experiments and observations with the laryngoscope; and he has come to the conclusion that at the lower part of the voice the vocal chords vibrate throughout their whole length, and that some considerable part of their width takes part in the vibrations; as the pitch of the note rises the chords are strained more and more tightly up to a certain point, thus forming the chest, or, as he prefers to call it, the "thick" register. Now, if the pitch be still raised, the chords vibrate still throughout their whole length, but only at their edges, until another point has been reached—the notes thus produced forming the "throat" register of singers and the "thin" register of Mr. Behnke's nomenclature. Now the chords only vibrate by a portion of their length, and the scale can be further ascended, forming the "head" or "small" register. Here we see much such a provision for preventing excessive strain as we find in stringed instruments—the banjo being a good example; the low notes (we speak of the open strings of the instrument) being produced by thick strings, the next higher by thin strings of the same length, and the high notes by a shorter string. Of course Mr. Behnke's statements must be exposed to scientific criticism by other physiologists who have repeated his experiments, before they can be accepted as final explanations of the mechanism by which change of register is effected; but, fortunately, his practical conclusions are almost independent of the trustworthiness of his observations and theoretical deductions. There is no dispute amongst physiologists as to how the strain on the vocal chords is produced; it is universally admitted that they are tightened by the movement of one cartilage of the larynx (the thyroid) on another (the cricoid). This movement can be felt in the living subject, and Mr. Behnke gives the following experiment:—If we feel carefully at the lower part of the larynx, or "Adam's apple," in the throat, we shall find a small soft place which will about take in the tip of the little finger; sing up the scale, keeping the finger in this place, and following the upward movement of the larynx, it will be found to close up gradually, but after it has closed, if the register be changed to the "throat," the scale can be further ascended without fatigue. Now this space is formed by the opening between the fixed and movable cartilages of the larynx, and its closure indicates strain on the vocal chords, and by the nature of the mechanism when it is completely closed no more strain can be put on them without actually bending the cartilages.

We thus see that, whether by the means suggested by Mr. Behnke, or by some other, the vocal chords at certain parts of the scale can be made to give higher notes without increasing the strain on them. Now the necessary physiological effect of

throwing away this natural relief of the strain on the larynx by attempting to force up the lower register is to over-stretch the vocal chords and to bend the cartilage which tightens them, which produces irritation of the parts, and, if carried too far, causes inflammation to set in, with the very probable result of thickening and hardening a mechanism which ought to be flexible and free to work properly. This commencement of inflammation can be seen by means of the laryngoscope, the parts becoming red and gorged with blood. Mr. Behnke concludes his little book with these words:—

Never extend the lower registers upwards, but strengthen the upper registers, and carry them downwards, thus equalizing the voices from top to bottom, and enabling your pupils to sing without straining. That is the great lesson taught by the investigations described in these pages. I have seen a singer pull himself together, and with a tremendous effort about a high A in the thick register (from the chest). His neck swelled out, his face became blood-red, and altogether the "performance" was of an acrobatic rather than of an artistic nature. The general public of course loudly applauded; but people of refinement and taste shuddered. Such exhibitions are unfortunately not rare. If this little book should contribute, however remotely, to discourage them, it will not have been written in vain.

We may add that it would also tend to prevent the waste of many a life; for the cases which are now so common of young men and women who, having beautiful voices, determine to become professional singers, and lose their voices during their training, would become very much rarer, and perhaps eventually disappear. Singing is not a game in which things are fair or unfair, but an art; and if a tenor has to sing a high C, provided the note be of good quality and true in pitch, it does not matter artistically whether it be produced in one register or another. We hope that the day has now gone by when people went to the opera to hear one singer sing one note, and that the death-warrant of the "Ut de poitrine" will soon be signed by all real lovers of music.

The complex but interesting question of quality or *timbre* is not touched upon by Mr. Behnke, and is only shortly spoken of by Mr. Gordon Holmes; it is one which must be carefully attended to by any teacher who takes Mr. Behnke's advice, as, if the upper registers are to be used, great care must be taken to preserve a uniform quality of tone throughout the voice by paying due attention to the movements of the tongue pillars of the fauces and soft palate.

In conclusion, we may say that Mr. Behnke's book is clearly written, and the plates well drawn and printed, while the anatomical details are made clear to the general reader by the use of English names for the different parts. We can only regret that the small size of the work prevents the author from giving any record of his experiments, which would be of much interest to all students of the subject; but, as it stands, it is a very valuable book, and ought to be read and thought over by all who have the training of young singers, and indeed by all musicians.

JAPP'S GERMAN LIFE AND LITERATURE.*

IT is impossible to read Mr. Japp's book at the present moment without comparing him at every turn with Mr. Carlyle on the same theme. The death of that great interpreter of things German in England is in all our minds, and the appearance of a series of fresh essays on such names as Lessing, Herder, Novalis, Tieck, inevitably recalls those review articles published more than half a century ago, which more than anything else served to unveil to English society the principles and the leading representatives of German romanticism. Such a comparison, moreover, is constantly invited by Mr. Japp himself, who has apparently read his Carlyle mainly in order to disagree with him, and is always ready to pour alternate argument and reprobation upon the head of the translator and admirer of *Wilhelm Meister*. But the comparison actually made can only turn out ill for Mr. Japp. From a book representing considerable reading, but of intolerable prolixity and verbiage, dealing with great themes without an adequate understanding of any one of them, it is a welcome relief to turn to the strong, intelligent sincerity of the Carlyle essay on Novalis, or to the full knowledge, the sympathy guarded by independence, of the article on "The State of German Literature." One of the first points of difference that one remarks between the earlier essayist and the later is that, while Mr. Japp is for ever hovering round the philosophical and artistic principles of the German romantic movement, endeavouring by an obscure and allusive style to persuade himself and his readers that he understands matters which are really altogether out of his ken, Mr. Carlyle throws himself straight upon the uninstructed popular consciousness he imagines himself to be addressing, and makes plain to it, in language that no educated person can fail to understand, what Romanticism and German idealist philosophy as a whole are driving at. He does not need to clear his own mind in the process. That has been long ago cleared and illuminated by the same order of beliefs which had inspired Novalis and Herder, and in describing the Romantic or the Idealist point of view, Mr. Carlyle is describing intellectual processes through which he has himself passed and himself issued into light. Sympathy, however, can be very well dispensed with in a guide if he makes it plain that he possesses sufficient intellectual power to secure a true apprehension of the thing viewed without it. Or, instead of the stimulus of sympathy, we may have the

* *German Life and Literature, in a Series of Biographical Studies.* By Alexander Hay Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.L., F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., F.S.A. London: Marshall Japp & Co.

stimulus of opposition, and clearness may result from the endeavour to contrast opposing views. But Mr. Japp satisfies none of these conditions. He has neither the infectious illuminating sympathy of the believer, nor the intellectual grasp which might serve as a substitute. Nor has he any analytic force of disbelief and criticism, whereby to sharpen his adversaries' points against his own. In fact, the book is as little positive as may be. Its mere length is an index of weakness. One paragraph of Carlyle's will convey more to a reader asking what Herder and Tieck and Novalis really meant than a hundred of Mr. Japp's elaborate and closely-printed pages.

The readers whom these essays may attract will probably turn first to that on Goethe. For, in the first place, everybody imagines himself to know something about Goethe; and, in the next, there is much recent German work on Goethe which remains still to be summed up in English, and a fresh article on him, after all that has been said and written on the subject during the last thirty years, has no *raison d'être* at all unless it has either new information for new points of view to offer. Mr. Japp cannot certainly lay claim to new information. Of a whole modern section of German books on Goethe Mr. Japp appears to have made little or no use. Nor was it his object apparently to know anything about them. His object was to present what he supposes to be a new point of view, in much danger of being lost sight of. His thesis appears to be that Goethe personally and as a writer was so morally corrupt that his fame never could have grown and flourished as it has done unless it had been first of all fostered by a degenerate society and then spread in a degenerate world. Mr. Carlyle, Lewes, *et hoc genus omne*, are represented as conspiring to force upon a moral English public a man whose genius was no doubt great, but whose life and views on certain subjects were such that they ought for ever to interpose between this genius and its natural effect upon mankind. Mr. Japp feels called upon to protest, and to drag forth passages from Goethe's life and writings in order to fortify his own position, that Goethe was not, as Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Arnold has imagined, a moralizing and enlightening influence in spite of all the blemishes both personal and literary, of which they were quite as well aware as Mr. Japp, but that he was at once odious as a man and corrupting as an artist. For his officiousness in collecting and commenting upon these aforesaid passages no reader will feel much inclined to thank him, nor will it contribute to the general circulation of his book. No line of criticism can well be more barren or more futile than this. Is there really nothing to be got out of Goethe but the doctrine, more or less sensually embodied, of the *Wahlverwandtschaften*? Is this his only or his chief content? Is this what people mean when they place Goethe in the forefront of the intellectual forces of our day? Mr. Japp would complacently say yes. He traces the doctrine of elective affinities through the majority of English novels, sees it strong in George Eliot and triumphant in—Ouida! But the majority of cultivated readers will turn away contemptuously from the question. Such an influence as Goethe has exercised upon the finest minds in Europe is not to be so explained, and to dwell exclusively upon that side of it which Mr. Japp has chosen for consideration is only to put oneself out of court as a critic. How far the endeavour to save society from Goethe has led Mr. Japp from all ordinary standards of literary good taste may be judged from the following extraordinary passage (the italics are ours):—

Though he had been a prince of the blood or a reigning monarch uniting to his high position all the glory of the genius that was his, still we should turn away from him with the same sense of something inexplicably coarse, gross, and sensual, deeply indelicate in the grain of him—something at once priant and callous, impervious to many of the loftier strains of sentiment and self-respect; and we should have written precisely as we now do, were he still alive to pit his patronage and his power against us for such words.

This is courageous, indeed, though it is difficult to understand how Goethe's resurrection to life and royalty could affect Mr. Japp's moral judgment of his works. If the royalty were a royalty of the Frederick the Great order, no doubt such writing as Mr. Japp has allowed himself might be a little risky; but if we may look at a king, an indignant critic may at least "turn away" without too much heroism. Altogether there is something irresistibly ludicrous in Mr. Japp's treatment of Goethe. Much of what he says is undeniably true, and his remarks upon the separate stages of Goethe's development are often acute, so far as his Germanized style will allow; but the self-importance, the fussiness, the one-sidedness of the whole are so amusing that all serious impression is finally lost in laughter, and we forgive Mr. Japp for what has evidently afforded him so much occupation and relief.

There is a great deal of purely biographical interest in some of the remaining articles. The essay on Lessing is full, and shows reading; while that on Winckelmann is apparently a useful summary of Carl Justi's exhaustive biography. We have heard much, however, both of Lessing and of Winckelmann of late years; and Mr. Japp's power as a biographer does not extend to giving us new lights upon the critical or philosophical positions of those two great men. When he comes to talk about these positions there is nothing but weariness for the reader, who feels that, whereas Lessing's *Laocoon*, whatever be its positive merits or demerits, is at least an exquisitely clear and intelligible piece of writing, Mr. Japp's criticisms on it and endeavours to clear up what he calls its logical inconsistencies are fragmentariness and incoherence itself. So with Winckelmann's *History of Greek Art*. Mr. Japp makes a great many remarks upon it which, in the ag-

gregate, convey little or nothing to the reader; while the real significance of the book, its place in the history of art criticism, of the art-spirit itself, are left untouched and uncomprehended. He is content to quote second-rate and clumsily translated criticism such as this of Hettner's—"He presented to the intelligence once more clear and complete, as with the gracious demand of divine forms, the eternal beauty of the Greek art, which had been perceived only as by the eyes of men awakening-out of dim dreams"—when there was lying close to his hand in English judgments so adequate and so finely expressed as those in Mr. Pater's well-known essay. Mr. Pater, however, belongs to what Mr. Japp calls the "art pour art" school, and is therefore discredited in his eyes. He might, however, have so far yielded as to take a hint from Mr. Pater in his treatment of the relations between Goethe and Winckelmann. Mr. Japp seems to have altogether missed the importance of these relations; and yet "the aim of a right criticism is to place Winckelmann in an intellectual perspective of which Goethe is the foreground. For, after all, he is infinitely less than Goethe; it is chiefly because at certain points he comes in contact with Goethe that criticism entertains consideration of him."

For the rest, it may be said that the article on Moses Mendelssohn is the best that Mr. Japp has done. It does not provoke disadvantageous comparisons; it is well filled with facts; it tells an interesting story fairly well; and Mendelssohn's place in the history of Jewish thought has been appreciated. On the other hand, the essay on Novalis is perhaps the worst. It is avowedly intended as a polemic against Mr. Carlyle, who, according to Mr. Japp, has dwelt too much on the mysticism of Novalis, and too little on his "dutiful practicality." As a matter of fact, Mr. Carlyle has by no means neglected this side, but, as might be expected from such a critic, he has spent his strength on what was really important and distinctive in Novalis—his religious imaginativeness. Nor is Mr. Japp's account of Novalis wanting in insight only; as a mere catalogue of his works it is extremely deficient. As for the translated maxims, the greater part of them are unintelligible until they are compared with the German. What, for example, is a "genuine canonical man"? and why must his life be "throughout symbolical"? Many, again, seem to have been borrowed from Mr. Carlyle's rendering, and spoilt in the borrowing. But if we were to dwell upon details our task would be endless. Mr. Japp makes an apology in the preface for the misprints of which he dimly suspects the number; and we are bound to say that the apology is sorely needed. If any "society journal" chose to start a series of German puzzles for the amusement of its readers, it could not do better than quote Mr. Japp's German extracts and ask for the correction of them. Sometimes, again, the translation is truly amazing, as in the following passage from the preface to Herder's *Volkslieder*:—

Homer, Hesiod, Orpheus, I see your shadows still moving before me in the islands, blessing the multitudes, and hear the echo and re-echo of your songs as I feel your presence and your power in my land and my language. The German, literally translated, yields the following very different result:—

Homer, Hesiod, Orpheus, I see your shadows there before me, amid the multitude upon the islands of the Blessed, and hear the echo of your songs; but ship from you to my land and my speech is wanting [*mir fehlt das Schiff von euch in mein Land und meine Sprache*].

TEXTS, TRANSLATIONS, AND CLASSICAL AIDS.*

WITH Mr. Taylor's happy researches in some parts of Ovid we have had favourable experience in his Rugby days, and we are glad to see him adding to and utilizing his handy book at Kelly College. His work presents the due amount of necessary elucidation, and puts the gist of all that is contained in the text clearly before the tiro. Among the later sections, for instance, is the "Story of the Tuscan Marieners," transformed, as Milton sings in *Comus*, on Circe's Island; as well as the graphic passage about the Calidonian Boar-Hunt. The first passage is obviously borrowed by Ovid from the Seventh Homeric Hymn, where Tuscan sailors take Dionysus for a king's son, and carry him off in their vessel in hope of ransom. The helmsman alone protests against the wrong, and thus escapes the penalty and transformation which befalls the rest. It is he who is the spokesman of the Metamorphose, and tells how he was born and bred a

* *Stories from Ovid*. In Hexameter Verse. By R. W. Taylor, M.A. Head-Master of Kelly College, Tavistock. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1881.

Phædrus's Fables. Translated from the Latin. By John Burke. Dublin: M. H. Gill. 1881.

Latin and Greek Verse Translations. By Charles Donald Maclean, M.A. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

The Beginner's Latin Exercise Book. By Rev. C. Sherwill Dawe, B.A., Lecturer and Assistant Chaplain, St. Mark's College. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1880.

Græcæ Reddenda: Miscellaneous Sentences for Translation into Greek Prose. By C. S. Jerram, M.A., formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford.

The Classics for the Million: an Epitome of principal Greek and Latin Authors. By Henry Grey, &c. &c. London: Griffith & Farran. 1881.

The Story of Achilles. Edited, with Notes and Introduction by the late John Henry Pratt, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Walter Leaf, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

fisher, but found it well to supplement this solitary and slow calling by steering and star-gazing, and so

Mox ego ne scopulis hærerem semper in fidem,
Addidit regimen dextra moderante carinas
Flectere, et Oleniæ sidus pluviale capellæ.—III. 392-4.

In discriminating the course of the mutiny Mr. Taylor makes all clear as to the functions of the rebel crew and the capture, against the will of Acætes the steersman, of the girl-faced Bacchus in disguise. Acætes is overpowered by the rebels, of whom Lycabæus is the fiercest, and, narrowly escaping from being thrown overboard, has to resign the helm and forsake his own and Bacchus's intent to steer for Naxos. Alongside of Lycabæus figure Dictys, the clever topsail bestriker (35), "quo non alius cœscendere summas Ocyor antennis, prenosque rudente relabi," who was expert "at sliding down by the ropes"; or he

qui requiemque modumque
Voce dabat remis animorum hortator Epopeus (38);

where Mr. Taylor shows that the functions of boatswain, who by voice or flute gave the time to the rowers, were those of *κελεύστης*. We may note that this adaptation of the *Metamorphoses* for schoolboys is the very place to find illustration meet of such figures as "metonymy" or "transfer of names"—e.g. in xviii. 41, where "pinus" the timber is put for the ship as we used "steel" for "sword," or "copper" for "caldron." Another of its good points is the good and apt citation of parallels for every memorable passage.

To turn to fables, we know from the title of Phædrus's work that the Fabulist was unannounced by Augustus. It ran *Phædri Aug. Liberti Fabularum Æsopiarum Libri V.*, and he is believed to have composed them in the reign of Tiberius, in Rome, where he learnt Latin, and it is inferred that he wrote the prologue to Eutychus after the death of Augustus. From himself we gather that he was a native of Thrace, and was one whom, speaking in poetic style, "Pierio mater euixa est iugo," Book iii., Prol. 16-7. His sufferings at Rome are shown from internal evidence to have been caused by a relentless persecutor, Sejanus, until after whose death he is assumed not to have published. The nature of his debt to Æsop is somewhat discrepantly stated in different prologues. That to Book i. states the Fables as Æsop's matter turned into Iambics, and adds that their scope was to amuse and instruct. Prologue to Book ii. intimates a freer handling of Æsop's material. In Prol. to Book iii. he still quotes Æsop as his model. There is no prologue to Book iv., and in that to Book v. he says he has often used Æsop's name only to recommend his verses. It is plain that many of Phædrus's fables are not Æsopic, as they relate to much later historic matter (see v. 1, iii. 10). Written in iambic verse, the fables which come to us as Phædrus's are pure in their Latin, precise, elegant, and simple. They show him to have been desirous of fame, and sensitive of detraction. It is generally admitted that it is the fabulist Phædrus who is alluded to, iii. 20, v. 3 of Martial's Epigrams, "An æmulatur improbi jocos Phædri," where the epithet "naughty" imputes loose stories to this writer. The fables of Phædrus were buried long in the library of St. Remy at Rheims, and at last published by Peter Pithou, a Frenchman, at the end of the sixteenth century. We cannot see any superiority to the versions of Christopher Smart and others in Mr. John Barke's long-drawn-out version, as may be seen by any one who will compare Fable VII. of the first book with its original, "The Fox and the Mask," "Personam Tragicam," &c.:—

A fox once found a mask an actor lost
An over fields with careless steps she crost.
"Doubtless 'tis fine," she said, "its beauty gains
My admiration; but it has no brains."
This is for those to whom chance doth dispense
All the good gifts, excepting common sense.

Smart's rendering is beyond question briefer, brighter, and better, e.g.:—

A Fox beheld a Mask—"O rare
"The headpiece—it but brains were there!"
This holds—when'er the fates dispense
Pomp, power, and everything but sense.—CHR. SMART.

Mr. Charles Donald Maclean's graceful prousions to his fellow-Salopians are worthy of those to whom they are dedicated, as also of the classic press to which they are confided. We could select choice samples of elegiac, hexameter, alcaic, sapphic verse, worthy to serve as models hard to match, to say nothing of some nine or ten exercises in Greek iambs. But in a group of booklets of this kind, it is length, or rather brevity, that helps a reviewer's choice, and, therefore, we transcribe from p. 5 the elegiacs which fitly represent Goldsmith's song, "When lovely woman stoops to folly":—

Cessert intectum si quando femina nomen,
Nec-ia proh tacitus fallere posse viros,
Carmine quo tandem possis lenire dolorem?
Fleibile qua valens arte luisse malum?
Unica que culpam possit velasse pudendam,
Et nimis infelix ocululisse nefas,
Conscilique infido eruciet quam pectora amanti
Sufficit ars illi, sufficit una, mori.

We may add an epigram of Herrick on poet Prat:—

Prat he writes satyres; but herein's the fault,
In no one satyre there's a mite of salt.

Scribit Aper satyras. Sed Aper culpandus in hoc est,
Quod est in satyris nilon vel una salis.

The circulation of such neat translations should evince a good time coming for model composition.

The three books next following differ more in matter than in plan. All aim at realizing the maxim which Mr. Sherwill has propounded—namely, "Répéter sans cesse"; and it cannot be doubted that the grand secret for beginners is a perpetual testing of knowledge by practice, a perpetual ringing the changes between accidence and exercises. Each of the latter consists of four sections—namely, A., work to be prepared for next day's lesson in writing; B., exercises in the accidence prepared for oral practice; C. and D., sentences for translation, whether written or oral. This exercise-book seems adapted for the class of beginners for whom it is designed by its sound and simple tables of case-endings, verbs, vocabularies, &c.

Mr. Jerram's *Græcæ Reddenda* is designed rather for practice in translating English into Greek than for instruction; to supplement, not to supersede, other manuals. It represents a collection of chief constructions, without rule or reference, for *vivâ voce* or paper work, prepared or off-hand on the pupil's part. A hundred sentences or so illustrate the simple sentence, and with the help of a few notes run easily into Greek. These represent Part I. Part II. on the compound sentence presupposes a knowledge of ordinary idioms; Part III. forms a helpful introduction to continuous Greek prose. Phrases printed in italics direct the learner to differences of idiom, though sparingly as the book advances. Much stress, too, is laid, and justly, on a serviceable vocabulary. A good sample of Mr. Jerram's sentences from Xenophon's *Anabasis* may be tested by comparing pp. 19-21 with the Greek author himself. But Dr. John Williams White works out this problem with most entirety in his series of first lessons in Greek adapted to Godwin's Greek Grammar, and designed as a threshold to Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Books I.-IV. Avoiding too much of formal grammar along with the opposite extreme of slipshod and ill-based carelessness, he pursues a middle course, and makes each detached sentence from Xenophon serve as a drill not only on forms, but also in syntax, with a complete and careful armoury of memorial footnotes. It is vain in our present space to enumerate the features which give Dr. White's book a superiority as a full and sufficient text-book over the two foregoing. We can but say that in the matter of excellence of vocabularies, no less than in distinct and bold print, it bids fair to win its way into the favour of enlightened teachers.

Mr. Grey's *Classics for the Million* is a work of no originality or research, though happily a sufficient epitome for the use of the unlettered. Taking the double series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, and testing each volume of it side by side with his compendium, we gather an impression of considerable drudgery to little profit, though here and there a little fugitive amusement.

It is a welcome task, albeit apoco-restricted, which we hail in our final notice, the so-called *Story of Achilles*, from the Iliad. This, as we are reminded in its preface by Mr. Leaf, is the offspring of a suggestion of the subtle De Quincey in his *Homer and the Homerides*, that the lines of an Achilleis might be gathered and interwoven from the Iliad with perfect regard to the unity of a beautiful whole. Mr. Grote's subsequent dogma on the subject has to be disconnected with any such special subject, or the name Achilleis might mislead; but it is not the less a happy undertaking of Mr. Leaf's, to weave into a connected whole the twelve books contained in this edition, and consisting of the First, the Ninth, the Eleventh, the Sixteenth, and the remaining books consecutively. We have to deplore the loss of Mr. Pratt, the proposed editor, but perhaps no one is more competent to carry on his work than Mr. Leaf, who promises, when the present task is fulfilled, another and completer edition of the whole Iliad on a larger scale. The present volume has the advantage of references to Autenrieth's Homeric Dictionary, translated by Dr. Keep, and avails itself of La Roche's text, and (*inter alia*) Ebeling's unfinished lexicon.

We are led to draw our criticisms from the Eleventh Book of the Iliad, as a part of the Achilleis, inasmuch as its annotations throw some collateral light on the speculation which Sir George Lewis and Mr. Grote solved adversely to Lord Macaulay, whether Homer represents his heroes as riding. The famous book which affords light on the topic is the Tenth, where Diomed and Ulysses are conceived as one sitting, the other driving in the *δῖππος*. In the Eleventh Book, however, where in the former part there is ample illustration of Agamemnon's prowess, we come upon the manner of fighting which Priam's sons, Antiphilus and Isus, as also Peisander and Hippolochus, sons of Antimachus, used; and in a valuable note on v. 94, upon *ἐξ ἵππων κατεπάλμενος*, it is made plain that *ἵπποι* is very frequently (to say the least) in the Iliad synonymous with *δῖπποι*. It is of the sons of Priam, Isus and Antiphilus, in v. 100, when laid low, that Homer says, *καὶ τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὐτὸ ἀναγὰς ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων στῆθεσι παμφαίνοντας, ἐπεὶ περιδύρε χιτῶνας*; and here we note an original suggestion of Mr. Leaf, that there may be in the words an ironical allusion to the common phrase *τεύχεσι παμφαίνοντας*, "shining with bare breasts instead of with cuirasses," and a concurrent allusion to the fair skin of youth. Our only demur is whether this be not a too early and comic touch of *παρὰ προσδοκίαν*, though it is very ingenious. This is one of the best of Macmillan's School Class Books.

IN LUCK'S WAY.*

In Luck's Way is a light and somewhat inconsecutive sporting novel, with a love story cropping up through it here and there. The love seems to be thrown in as an indispensable sacrifice to the exigencies of fiction, though the author might have made more of it with advantage, as he dashes in his love scenes prettily. In sporting matters, on the other hand, he is thoroughly in his element; he lingers fondly about paddocks and training-stables; he dilates on race-meetings and the excitements of the course; and seeks his sensations in speculation on forthcoming "events" and the intrigues and counterplots of the betting ring. It is entirely a man's book; but many of the chapters are amusing reading, and the author is generally lively. Unfortunately he is unconsciously and gratuitously diffuse; and the story, so far as there is a story, might have easily been compressed into a single volume. Nowhere is he more prolix than with some of his humorous characters, though he is far from being devoid of humour. There is a certain Mr. Abraham Emmet, for example, who figures most prominently in the broad comedy parts. Mr. Emmet is the sporting landlord of a snug little rural inn greatly in repute among local sporting men. It has flourished long under the sign of the "Bumblekite Pie," and is so named, as we have reason to believe, after a popular Yorkshire delicacy. Emmet is rather happily conceived. He has a jovial visage and a shrewd wit; but while he is a landlord by profession, he is a quack doctor for his pleasure, and goes botanizing in the hedgerows in his leisure moments. "The humour of it," as Nym would say, is that he prides himself on the possession of a sovereign specific in the shape of a vile decoction of simples, which he is perpetually pressing on his friends and even on casual acquaintances. The joke, to a certain point, is a good one; as when we hear of his poisoning a wealthy aunt of his wife's with a cup of his most abominable mixture, sacrificing thereby their fair hopes of her succession. On another occasion, a knowing jockey bends Abraham to his purposes, by flattering his medical vanity and actually swallowing his doses. But the joke is mercilessly ridden to death, and all the more so that Abraham is irrepressibly garrulous when fairly mounted on his favourite hobby. And although the sketches of individuals are tolerably true to nature, allowing for a certain caricaturing and over-colouring, there is much that is fanciful in their combinations. The Turf, in one respect, is like the proverbial misery; it makes its votaries familiar with strange companions. But Mr. Webber carries social incongruities rather far. His hero, Mr. Mark Winstanley, is intended to be emphatically a gentleman; and, indeed, he is a gentleman in manners and feelings, though, having been brought up in the United States, he has some of the peculiarities of his adopted country. We should scarcely have supposed that he would have appreciated the facetious familiarity of one Mr. Gimble, the sporting clerk of his family lawyers; for, though Mr. Gimble is made entertaining enough, he is of the class of light-hearted youths who are the ornaments of popular music-halls. Nor should we have expected either to find Mr. Winstanley's worthy trainer hospitably urging his employer as a matter of course to take a share of the domestic dinner *à la façon*, or to see Mr. Winstanley hobnobbing with a rough-mannered bookmaker, visiting that gentleman at his private residence, and flattering him by admiring his collection of paintings. It is even more astonishing to know that Mr. Gimble enjoys the unreserved confidence of a firm of steadygoing men of business. For Messrs. Bartle and Stent are fully aware that the scapegrace is devoted heart and soul to racing; and is in the habit of "putting on his money" so freely, that even the sporting Mr. Winstanley deems it advisable to give his young acquaintance a hint on the subject. We may add that Mr. Webber, and not perhaps unwisely, has made very obvious efforts to utilize accidental stores of local knowledge in laying the substructures of his story. For there is no special reason why Mr. Winstanley should be introduced to us through the medium of a thrilling adventure in the Channel Islands, where he and a cheery Bohemian artist, who happens to know his family, are caught and nearly cut off by the rising tide. As the incident occurs in the opening chapter, we need hardly say that they escape the melancholy fate of the hero in Victor Hugo's *Travaillleurs de la Mer*. The episode leads on to some amusing studies of the habits, speech, and eccentricities of the lower classes of the Channel Islands.

Taking Mark Winstanley's practical American training into account, it is almost startling that he should be "fooling about" in Jersey, when urgent family affairs are demanding his presence in Yorkshire. He is ignorant, as we are willing to believe, that his rich old grandfather lies actually on a deathbed; but, considering that the Squire was notoriously in feeble health and far advanced in years, it seems improbable that his grandson should have deferred his intended visit to him. Happily, however, if Winstanley is supine, the family lawyers are energetic and heartily devoted to his interests. It is the more lucky for him since they are not the only people who are profoundly concerned as to his movements. Mr. Jack Raspley, the old Squire's steward and sporting factotum, with Mr. Raspley's magnificently beautiful daughter Gwendoline, have promptly started on a voyage of discovery, guided by some rumours as to the probable whereabouts of the presumptive heir. On the same packet from Southampton that carries the Raspleys and their

future fortunes, Mr. Gimble has embarked as special envoy of the lawyers. In the neck and neck race between the rivals, Mr. Gimble wins, having the more accurate information. He has an interview with Mr. Winstanley, gains his ear, puts him in possession of all the circumstances, and fully on his guard. Nor does Gimble's chance to be the only evidence as to the doubtful character and questionable designs of the Raspleys. The warnings of the London lawyers are amply confirmed by the personal experiences of Mr. Mercer, the artist, whose intimacy Winstanley had been cultivating between high and low water mark, and who was a very old acquaintance of the Raspleys. So, with ample warning and with much at stake, we should have supposed that a wide-awake young gentleman like Winstanley would either have given the syren Gwendoline a wide berth or have been effectually steeled against her fascinations. As a matter of fact, the reverse is the case. He plays with fire and scorches his wings; rushes upon his fate with his eyes open; and is victimized in a barefaced fashion that makes us contemptuously indignant. Gwendoline and her unscrupulous old father play a game that proves to be only too simple, and appear for the time to have it all their own way. When Mark has been dragged clear of the toils by the frank disclosures of his honest trainer, he struggles back into them of his own accord. Yet, in spite of a weakness, altogether inconsistent with his conception, and almost amounting to idiocy, we admit that Mr. Webber succeeds in interesting us in him. And the extent of our interest may be measured by the irritation we feel when he has committed a crowning act of folly on the eve of the principal event, at a great Northern racing meeting. He owns the favourite, and winning is a "moral"—we may observe, by the way, that the favourites from the Winstanley stables are always sure of winning, bar accidents or foul play. He misdoubts Raspley, though he is dazzled by Gwendoline, and his trainer, in whom he thoroughly believes, has persuaded him to give the mount to a jockey who may be trusted. The effect of the announcement of his decision on Raspley, coupled with most suspicious fluctuations in the betting, should have convinced him beyond all manner of doubt that Raspley has been foully abusing his confidence. Yet when Gwendoline chooses to exercise her charms, she wheedles him out of his assent to a piece of most dishonourable dealing. He will not retract his arrangements as to the mount, but he declares that his horse shall be scratched; and we fully assent to the indignation of the backers whom his most inexcusable weakness has "put in the deepest of holes." In fact, he has dealt so heavy a blow to his reputation as a straightforward sportsman, that we are surprised he could show his face at subsequent meetings without more unpleasant personal consequences than any suggested in the novel. It is true that in the end he has his revenge upon Raspley; and, so far, romantic justice is satisfied. The revenge is entirely in harmony with the spirit of a thoroughly sporting novel. He makes his losses, with a heavy payment in discharge of a debt of honour bequeathed him by his grandfather, the pretext for a visit to America and a temporary withdrawal from the Turf. From America, where he inherits a second fortune, he comes back with a string of famous "flyers" and a crack American jockey. He lays himself out chiefly for the ruin of Raspley, who has been figuring in the highest feather on the strength of his plucking of the Winstanley pigeon. Thenceforward the chief events in English racing seem to reduce themselves to a series of matches between the Winstanley "cracks" and the animals from the Raspley stables. The rascally touts whom Raspley retains in his pay discharge their duties but indifferently. Ignoring the glorious uncertainty of the Turf, as well as the quality of the animals they have to beat, Raspley and his confederates pile on the money with blind confidence. They come, as might be expected, to signal grief, and are effectually disposed of in a couple of meetings. And when we take our last look at the disreputable old leg, he has been landed by the revolutions of the wheel of fortune in the deepest mud of an Epsom racecourse, where his heartless daughter, shining in the social firmament as a star of the stage, is flaunting it in her carriage; and Winstanley, moved to compassion, is thinking of reaching his enemy a helping hand.

We have seen that Winstanley was predestined to be befooled by the fair sex. It was a happy succession of mishaps rather than his own good sense or penetration that saved him from falling for life into the clutches of Gwendoline Raspley. And we confess that, had we not been let so freely behind the scenes, he might have made fair excuses for his folly. Gwendoline might have seemed eminently seductive had it not been for the running commentaries of the author on her conduct, and for her close confederation with her scheming father. She is strikingly handsome; she has almost a genius in the art of dress; she wears airs of winning frankness as a second nature; and, to crown all, she is a finished actress. But, then, Winstanley has every reason to know that, beneath that enchanting mask of candid beauty, she conceals selfishness, sensuality, and utter unscrupulousness. And, moreover, Mr. Webber has put him *en rapport* early in the story with a character in every respect the opposite of that of Miss Raspley. Nelly Stewart has all the sweetness and freshness of nature implied in her simple name; and her gentle counter-attractions, acting on the straightforward and susceptible young Squire, ought to have proved an effectual antidote to the charms of the Circe of the betting-ring. Of course we feel assured from the beginning how things will certainly end; and when Nelly is troubled over the hesitating advances of her admirer, we know that she is destined to change her name for

* *In Luck's Way*. By Byron Webber, Author of "Pigskin and Willow." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.

that of Winstanley. At the same time we feel that, in marrying her, Winstanley will be far more fortunate than he deserves to be; and it is always unsatisfactory when the hero of a story drifts into fair prospects of happiness, in place of attaining them by his merits and an exercise of the will.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN undertaking a memoir of Valentin Conrart (1) MM. Kerviler and de Barthélemy have done a good deed. The first secretary, and, as far as any one man can be called so, the real founder of the Academy, the friend of almost two generations of men of letters, and himself a man of letters of no mean order, Conrart has come down to posterity chiefly ticketed with Boileau's perfidious praise of his silence. Conrart would not perhaps, even had he been a more audacious and prolific writer, have ranked with the greatest of the great writers who illustrated his period; but he deserves no mean place among the reformers of French prose, the men who, with Balzac at their head, set to work to fashion, as Dryden and his followers did in England somewhat later, a flexible and elegant style suitable for all purposes, and not so absolutely dependent on the individual genius of the writer as was the case with the rich but ill-organized language of the Renaissance. This volume comprises an excellent life of Conrart, diversified by many pleasant citations in verse and prose from contemporary authors, and illustrated by ample information as to persons and things mentioned, and a copious collection of his correspondence. Both the authors have proved their acquaintance with the period already, and their combined knowledge and skill have achieved a very useful and creditable monograph.

The third volume of M. Wallon's History of the Revolutionary Tribunal (2), occupied as it is with the very central period of the Terror, covers a frightfully small space of time in proportion to the abundant matter with which it deals. By this time the author has reached the so-called "grands procès de Germinal," when the Revolution, having already devoured the Girondins, began to lust after its own thoroughbred children. Hébert, the half-mad fanatics who had made up the entity of the *Terreur*, began the sacrifice, and the turn of Danton and his friends followed next. Owing to the affection of the Positivists for the Sansculotte Mirabeau, the trial of Danton has of late received a great deal of attention; but it is not superfluous to have it treated once more by a writer so able and so impartial as M. Wallon. The third great *fournée* of Germinal contained partly the dregs of the Hébertist party, Chaumette, the apostate Gobel, &c., and partly guiltless victims such as the wife of Camille Desmoulins, besides innumerable persons who have not been fortunate enough to get themselves fixed in the general memory. Floréal, the flower month, was not behind in eventfulness; and its calendar includes the death of Mme. Elisabeth and Lavoisier, besides that proclamation of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul which has pointed so many epigrams, from that of Billaud Varennes downwards, against Robespierre. Five hundred pages barely suffice M. Wallon for the history of these two months of blood.

The last volume of a history (3) not dissimilar in subject though different in plan, completes the work of its author, who has now been dead for some time. The Baron de Layre appears to have executed his task—that of arranging the materials of the late M. Mortimer Ternaux—very well. And though the scale of the work—eight large volumes for two years—may appear excessive for a book which has not, like M. Wallon's, the excuse of including an almost textual reproduction of documents, there is room for it among the annals of perhaps the most eventful period of modern history.

The only objection that can fairly be brought against M. Laugel's work (4) is that its major title is a little too ambitious. Actually it consists of four separate studies of persons sufficiently remarkable—Eléonore, Princess of Condé; Jeanne d'Albret; Louise de Coligny, the Admiral's daughter; and the Duc de Bouillon, lover of Marguerite de Valois and father of Turenne; besides an essay on the religious wars, one on the Swiss regiments in France, and others. These papers are of real value, full of fact, and lucidly written and arranged. But they are *mémoires pour servir* only, not a regular treatise on their titular subject.

Yet another volume of scattered semi-political papers of M. Alphonse Karr's (5), and one which is perhaps superior in interest to the last issued. The dates of these white pebbles are not given, nor are they, except approximately, traceable. But they seem to have coincided with the Presidency of M. Thiers. At the opening there is a charming story, told in M. Karr's best manner, of Eugène Delacroix's first appearance at the Louvre, of the frame which he wrought himself and which fell to pieces, of the painter Gros insisting on the adaptation of a frame in order that the conditions of exhibition might be complied with, of Delacroix's gratitude, and

his unwillingness to accept Gros's invitation to "come and learn to draw," and of the older man's epigram later when the young colourist bowed to his benefactor—"Il ne faut pas seulement louer les gens; il faut apprendre à dessiner." Perhaps it will not be new to all readers, but, as told here, it is certainly readable by all.

The inroads recently made on the independence of the French judicial bench by Republican impatience of anything but servile partisanship have inspired M. Georges Floot to write a learned and useful book on the history of French judicial arrangements for the last century (6). He has gone regularly through the chapters of the Republic, the Empire, the Restoration, the July Monarchy, and the Second Empire, adding some discussion of the state of the Bench in other democratically governed countries, notably the United States and Switzerland, and has then dealt with the whole subject of the organization of the magistracy. No impartial critic will deny that M. Picot's ideal of a judge as "le libre serviteur de sa conscience et du droit, non pas le soldat d'une cause," is the true one, and few will be found to assert that the tendency of democracy is to affirm the same proposition.

It was assuredly a good thought of M. Calmann-Lévy (7) to issue in an album, as a companion to that which recently illustrated the work of Châmp, some extracts from the work of his greater predecessor Gavarni. Like the former, this book has a preface by M. Ludovic Halévy, modest enough in size and tenor, and acknowledging itself as chiefly a cento of what Sainte-Beuve, Paul de St.-Victor, the brothers De Goncourt, and others have said. The book does not contain the work by which the artist is best known, and which, perhaps unjustly, has frequently caused him to be regarded as a light censor of the follies and fashions of the times. The plates here contained are taken from the series entitled "Histoires de politiquer," "Thomas Vireloque," "Les Bohêmes," "Mœurs de voir des voyageurs," "Les parents terribles." They were all, if we mistake not, composed after Gavarni's London sojourn, when he was already a man of middle age, when the strange studies or delusions (whichever word may be preferred) that occupied him later had already acquired a hold on him, and when a distinct vein of cynical misanthropy was the vein he chiefly worked. With somewhat less pathos than "Les Lorettes vieillies," "Thomas Vireloque" is (we have the pleasure of fully agreeing here with M. Halévy), perhaps, on the whole, Gavarni's masterpiece. The very first presentation of the modern Diogenes, with his hideous and yet scarcely repulsive mask of a face, his fluttering rags, and his sentiment, "L'homme ça mange les moutons comme fait le loup, et ça bêle comme le mouton et touche à tout. . . . Misère et corde!" strikes the key-note of the series. All who know anything of Gavarni know that the legend of his pieces is an integral part of them. He sometimes left them finished, but unpublished, for months because "they had not spoken to him," and he constantly altered the legend in successive states, because he was not satisfied with it. This intensely literary character, which made him one of the most typical of the men of 1830, has sometimes lowered him in the estimation of mere art critics, unjustly perhaps, for caricature may be fairly argued to be a kind of middle term between literature and art, partaking of both, as drama partakes of poetry and prose. However this may be, the legends are assuredly almost the chief part of Gavarni's designs, though the designs themselves rarely fail to illustrate them admirably. Thus, in the Vireloque series the philosopher in rags comments on a cow which regards him with placid wonder, after the manner of cows, "Belle créature; Et pas de corset." Thus he leans against a telegraph-post and delivers himself in a style that would have charmed the author of *Gryll Grange*:—"Y avait la parole, y a eu l'imprimerie. Misère et corde! Ne manquait plus que ce fil-fer du diable à la menterie humaine pour vous arriver de longueur aussi raide qu'un tonnerre." Most famous of all, and not least remarkable, is the piece in which Vireloque rests against a paling looking down on a wretched object sleeping off a debauch with the simple words, "Sa majesté le Roi des Animaux." Then, again, there is his plea against cruelty to animals—"Ça se dévore entre soi"; his lecture to youth on the philosophy of history, "L'histoire ancienne, mes agneaux, c'est mangé et mangés. Blagueux et blagués—c'est la nouvelle"; his horribly undemocratic epigram, "Ego! ego! ego! Tous égaux," and a dozen other arrows of the chase as pointed and swift-flying as these. If he yields, as he certainly does, to some caricaturists, both French and English, in political apportionment, to others in happy seizing of the minutest social follies and fashions, Gavarni has had few equals, if any, in this sort of ethical cynicism, not perhaps very deep or very original, but universally applicable, admirably true, and expressed with a literary and artistic skill still more admirable. Nor is it unworthy mention that some of the best things here reproduced were included in the marvellous series of designs which for a whole year he contributed to a daily paper of the Comte de Villedieu's at the rate of one full-page lithograph a day.

We have more than once had occasion to notice the pleasure with which a reviewer from time to time comes across reprinted work of Théophile Gautier's in the midst of the books of to-day. These carefully garnered by works of the most golden-mouthed of journalists are rarely such as to add directly (in comparison, that is to say, with already known work) to his literary fame. But they always savour delightfully of a time which knew neither naturalism nor slovenliness in matter of writing, and they are always

(1) *Valentin Conrart*. Par R. Kerviler and E. de Barthélemy. Paris: Didier.

(2) *Histoire du tribunal révolutionnaire*. Par H. Wallon. Vol. 3. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Histoire de la Terreur*. Par Mortimer Ternaux. Vol. 3. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(4) *La réforme au 16^{ème} siècle*. Par A. Laugel. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Les vaillants blancs du Petit Poucet*. Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *La réforme judiciaire en France*. Par G. Floot. Paris: Hachette.

(7) *La mascarade humaine*. Par Gavarni. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

admirable examples of journey-work in literature. The present volume (8) might in English be entitled "Little Travels." A good deal of it is concerned with Switzerland, a hundred pages being given to Mont Blanc, and nearly as many more to the Matterhorn and its neighbourhood. The pleasantest paper in the volume, however, to our thinking, is one on a bargo journey on the Meuse, and there is a set of shorter articles on the Vosges which is almost equally attractive. The well-known description of Gautier's articles—"Nectar qu'on vous verse au coin d'une borne"—could hardly be better illustrated than by the perfect narrative and descriptive manner of these unpretending papers.

M. Nisard's volumes of travel (9) cannot pretend to the charm of Gautier's, but they are interesting, all the more so perhaps that the papers which they contain are in some cases as much as half a century old, while not one of them seems to be younger than the age when man is supposed to be sufficiently ripe for the episcopal office. The first volume deals with France, the second with Belgium and England. The observation of the veteran Academician is usually accurate, his opinions sound, his information sufficient, and his manner of writing clear and agreeable. The first volume, which deals with France, and for the most part with the South of France, deserves even less measured praise.

M. Lemonnier's *Les charniers* (10) is a curious and rather unpleasant book, introduced by a curious but not unpleasant preface from the pen of that singular writer, M. Léon Cladel. Written under the immediate inspiration of the disasters of 1870, the book presents the horrors of battle-fields and ravaged villages with an odd mixture of naturalist affection and genuine literary power. There is something of the latter in it, but the effect is nightmarish and unsatisfactory.

A new volume (11) of the *Bibliothèque d'aventures et de voyages* is occupied with Polar expeditions since the death of Lieutenant Bellot; an ingenious fashion of connecting France in some measure with a kind of travel with which her sailors have not for many years been officially associated. The chief sections are naturally devoted to the *Polaris*, the Austrian expedition, that of the *Alert* and *Discovery*, and that of Professor Nordenskiöld.

The second volume of Mme. Carla Sérena's travels (12) busies itself with Persia, and bears on the cover the presentment of the author fantastically, but not unbecomingly, equipped, and confronted with an exceedingly "high-batted man," as Mr. Morris picturesquely describes the inhabitants of Iran. As before, personal interviews of no very great interest make up the greater part of what Mme. Sérena has to tell us. Moreover, the traveller does not seem to have penetrated much further than Teheran, which she reached by the usual northern route from the Caspian.

Whether the republication of the *causes célèbres* of a year as told by a *Figaro* reporter can be considered a work tending to edification is perhaps a moot point. M. Albert Bataille (13), however, certainly tells his stories well, and if, as his friend M. de Rodays (who, according to a custom which seems to become more popular every year in France, contributes a recommendatory preface) suggests, he makes his republication yearly, the book may have some value as one of reference.

A less dubious annual presents itself in the twenty-fourth volume of M. Louis Figuier's valuable *Année scientifique* (14).

Mme. Ashurst-Venturi has thought fit to publish (15), for the use apparently of the French workman, a short but adoring biography of Mazzini, and a translation of his thoughts on European Democracy and the Whole Duty of Man. It is to be feared that she has not chosen her time very well. The French Progressist workman has got beyond Mazzini, whose beautiful nebulous sermons must seem to him far inferior to the practical lessons enforced by Hartmann and Russakoff, while the unadvanced is hardly likely to read him.

The *Bibliothèque de philosophie contemporaine* has enlarged its already long list by two items (16, 17), a treatise by M. Ribot on Diseases of the Memory, and an essay on Substance, written from the point of view of what may perhaps be called a kind of abstract empiricism, by M. Roisel.

The French-English and English-French Dictionary (18), begun by the late Mr. Clifton, and completed by M. Adrien Grimaux, boasts itself to be the most complete of its kind, and, we are inclined to think, not without reason. Two thousand pages of a large imperial octavo size, printed in triple columns, give a very large amount of space; and, so far as we are able to judge, this space is well filled. It is hardly possible to criticize a dictionary except after having it in possession and use for some

time, and noting the occasions on which reference is unsatisfactory; but such inspection as we have been able to make has been, on the whole, favourable. The inclusion of numerous technical terms, and of a very large number of phrases, seems to constitute its speciality. It ought to be added that M.M. Garnier, who are famous for bringing out cheap books, have surpassed themselves here. It would not be easy to have a bigger twenty-francs' worth of permanently useful printed paper.

Le monologue moderne is a pretty little pamphlet (19) in which M. Coquelin cadet gives an account in monologue-form itself of the kind of address he has made so popular. The illustrations, drawn in miniature by M. Luigi Loir, are quaint and pleasing.

Some novels of merit have recently appeared. To begin, according to our custom, with reprints, M. Charpentier has issued the ever-charming *Manon Lescaut* (20) in his little pocket series, and M. Lemerre has republished the *Boussac* (21) of M. Léon Cladel, one of the least eccentric, and perhaps the least repulsive, of that powerful, but crochety, writer's works. The foremost place among new books must be given to M. V. Cherbuliez (22), but we do not think that *Noirs et rouges* will add very much to the reputation of the author of *Méla Holdenia*. As the title not obscurely indicates, the burning question of clericals v. anti-clericals furnishes a good deal of the matter of the book. The heroine, Jetta Maulabret, has some of the attractiveness which seldom fails M. Cherbuliez's heroines, but the other characters are not very interesting, and the story somehow fails to enlist the reader's attention; Sister Amélie, Jetta's aunt, is perhaps the best of the personages. M. Théodore de Banville has paid to the other sex, in entitling and dedicating to them his volume of short tales, a compliment which they ought to be grateful for, though these *Contes* (23) are, to some extent, rather *pour les femmes* than *pour les jeunes filles*. They are admirably written, in perfectly good taste—according to Parisian standards, which are not quite the same as ours—and seasoned with that humour which often deigned to visit the cradles of the men who were born in France between 1800 and 1830. To say this is, indeed, only to say that they are the work of the author of *Les Curatides* and *Les Occidentales*. A volume of translations from M. Rangabé (24) will give those readers who "have" no modern Greek an opportunity of estimating the justice of M. Gonnadus's recent strictures on his countryman's "inherent shallowness," combined as it is with some merits of style and manner. *Le roman de Gabrielle* (25) is a disagreeable story, showing no originality of plot or manner, and saturated with the kind of sentimental morality or immorality which leaves a bad taste in the mouth. On the other hand, M. Huysmans' book (26), though like most of the work of the members of the tribe of Zola, it is equally unpardonable from the point of view of art and from that of morals, shows not a little misapplied talent. In essence it is a kind of study after *L'éducation sentimentale*, and, though immensely inferior to that strange book in richness of character-drawing and observation of life, it has the advantage of greater unity and less length. M. Emile Pouillon has drawn in *Cécile* (27) (which appeared originally as a *feuilleton* in the *Temps*) one of the best of the studies of Southern French peasant life which are now so frequent. The heroine, a shepherd girl in the *Causses*, or great chalk plateau of south-central France, is very good indeed, and her lover Jordi, with his superstition and weakness of character, if less prepossessing, is not much less good. M. Jules de Glouvet, whose remarkable novel *Le forestier* attracted much attention some time ago, has followed it up by a kind of parallel study in *Le marinier* (28). This time the personages are drawn not from the inhabitants of the great forests of central France, but from the river-faring population of the Loire. Perhaps the book is hardly equal to its forerunner, but it has great merit notwithstanding, and the character of the faithful widow Marie-Anne is novel and striking enough.

In *Une femme d'argent* (29), without exactly exposing himself to the charge of plagiarism or imitation, M. Hector Malot has somehow kept very close to the tracks of M. Alphonse Daudet. The attached clerk, whose wife at once betrays him and speculates on the credit of his connexion with a great financial house, is a figure which needs to be made thoroughly sympathetic to be interesting. But a man of business who allows his wife to persuade him that by bargaining she has bought things for about a tenth of their value is not sympathetic, because he is too obviously a fool. *Secondes noces* (30) is a somewhat colourless book, neither better nor worse than the ordinary run of French novels, except that it is quite unobjectionable in subject and treatment morally, and that it is written and imagined with rather less skill than most of its fellows. M.M. Tissot and André appear to be entering into serious competition with M. Jules Verne as purveyors of books of adventure, though they in-

(8) *Les vacances du lundi*. Par Théophile Gautier. Paris: Charpentier.

(9) *Souvenirs de voyage*. Par D. Nisard. 2 vols. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(10) *Les charniers—Séran*. Par C. Lemonnier. Paris: Lemerre.

(11) *Les explorations des régions polaires*. Par J. Gros. Paris: Dreyfous.

(12) *Une européenne en Perse*. Par Carla Sérena. Paris: Dreyfous.

(13) *Causes criminelles et mondaines de 1880*. Par A. Bataille. Paris: Dentu.

(14) *L'année scientifique*. 1880. Par L. Figuier. Paris: Hachette.

(15) *Biographie de Mazzini*. Par Mme. E. Ashurst-Venturi. Paris: Charpentier.

(16) *Les maladies de la mémoire*. Par Th. Ribot. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(17) *La substance*. Par Roisel. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(18) *Le dictionnaire Anglois-François—French-English Dictionary*. 2 vols. By E. C. Clifton and A. Grimaux. Paris: Garnier.

(19) *Le monologue moderne*. Par Coquelin, cadet. Paris: Ollendorff.

(20) *Manon Lescaut*. Par l'Abbé Prévost. (Petite Bibliothèque Charpentier.) Paris: Charpentier.

(21) *Le Boussac*. Par Léon Cladel. Paris: Lemerre.

(22) *Noirs et rouges*. Par V. Cherbuliez. Paris: Hachette.

(23) *Contes pour les femmes*. Par Th. de Banville. Paris: Charpentier.

(24) *Leila, etc.* Traduit de A. R. Rangabé. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(25) *Le roman de Gabrielle*. Par . . . Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(26) *Un ménage*. Par J. V. Huysmans. Paris: Charpentier.

(27) *Cécile*. Par E. Pouillon. Paris: Lemerre.

(28) *Le marinier*. Par Jules de Glouvet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(29) *Une femme d'argent*. Par Hector Malot. Paris: Dentu.

(30) *Secondes noces*. Par Mme. Claire de Claudencourt. Paris: Plon.

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THE LAND BILL.

THE enterprise of that organ of the London press which apparently combines Conservative principles with a friendship for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and the natural emulation of less favoured newspapers, furnished the curious with something like a notion of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Land Bill considerably in advance of the legitimate edition. If, as is rumoured, some twenty or thirty drafts of the measure have, at different times, been submitted to the Cabinet, an abundant choice of rejected or approved versions must have been at the command of Ministers anxious to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Mr. GLADSTONE'S own statement of course relegated all these into the position of mere curiosities; nor can it be said that some, at least, of them were beyond the reach of a daring conjecture made by a person well acquainted with the subject. The Irish land question has been so thoroughly discussed for the last year, the limits within which the Government could hope to carry their own party with them have been so clearly indicated, that a clever guesser might well have elaborated a draft nearly as true to the accepted measure as either of those with which the *Standard*, the *Times*, and the *Daily News* favoured their readers on Wednesday and Thursday morning.

It had been shrewdly conjectured that, in the first place, the measure would involve not a little of the process familiarly known as giving with one hand and taking back with the other; and that, in the second place, it would be capable of very different representation according to the terms used. These expectations were fulfilled. To put the matter as briefly as it can be put, the tenancy of farms in Ireland of less than 150*l.* valuation is henceforth to be, not tenancy at will, or under contract freely made, but an endless series of fifteen-year leases. More precisely, the landlord is to take, in exchange for the fee-simple, a perpetual but variable rent-charge, fixed at intervals of fifteen years by a Commission. Further, though the tenant is bound to pay this rent-charge, not to dilapidate, not to sublet, and so forth, failure to fulfil these conditions does not reinstate the landlord in his property, but merely substitutes another tenant, the defaulter receiving the price of his right. It is only at the magic periods of fifteen years that even pre-emption is allowed to the owner of the soil, though he has certain rights of choice in reference to incoming tenants by assignment. On the other hand, the tenant is absolutely bound to the statutory covenants, such as they are, and may be driven to a forced sale of his holding if he breaks them. This relation of landlord and tenant, with the establishment of the Land Court, or Commission which is to arbitrate between the two, to decide on fair rent, on compensation, and so forth, make up the really important provisions of the measure, the rest being mainly explanatory and additional. Practically the Bill throws the soil of Ireland into the hands of the Land Commission, who assign it to the tenants, charged with a certain annuity, to be revised at intervals, to the landlord. No invasion of the rights of property could possibly be greater than this in theory, though many smaller invasions might have inflicted more pecuniary loss on the landlords, and most certainly might have given the tenant more of what he professes to wish for—absolute independence. Thus very different descriptions of the scheme are pos-

sible. Those who wish to make the most of the concessions to Irish ideas put in the forefront the recognition of the property of the tenant in his holding—a property of which, let it be remembered, the proposers of the present measure denied the existence ten years ago, and which was not fully recognized even by the Compensation for Disturbance Act of last year. The same persons insist on the embodiment of the principle of the three F's. Had these points been conceded without limitation, it would have been impossible for any English landowner for very shame to have voted for the Bill. The limitations actually introduced put a very different complexion on the matter. The provisions of the Bill, elaborate as they are, and grievously and unnecessarily as they interfere with the rights of property, stop far short either of the full recognition of the property of the tenant or of the principle of the three F's. That is to say, the recognition of the right of property in the tenant is accompanied by a recognition of a right of expropriation in the landlord (though that right dies and revives in the most complicated and unnatural fashion), and the three F's are conceded only with limitations which deprive them of all their sweetness to the Land League. It has been not inaptly remarked that, while the Irish contention is for absolute fixity of tenure, first of all with fair rents and free sale imposed as a sort of corollary, the Government measure puts free sale first of all, fair rents next, and concedes fixity merely as a consequence of compliance with the conditions of these. The difference is not trivial, it is vital. The only rights that the Irish tenant of the ill-conditioned sort cares for are the right not to pay rent, the right to subdivide, the right to let on conacre, the right to dilapidate, and all the other rights, or rather wrongs, which the Bill refuses him. He has, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, the fixity of tenure which the Bill grants him, while he enjoys in addition incidental advantages of which the Bill will almost certainly deprive him. Conjecture as to the working of any land measure in Ireland—where, as a rule, land measures do not work at all—may seem to be rash. But, while it is possible that waste land cultivation and the buying up and subdivision of properties may succeed in acclimatizing that phoenix the contented and prosperous small farmer, the impression produced on the mind by reading the provisions of the measure as they apply to existing holdings is that a great consolidation and diminution of small tenancies will take place if anything takes place. The small men, incorrigible in their backwardness and no longer helped by their landlords' long-suffering, will go out; their moneyed neighbours, careless of the curses on land grabbing, will take their place. This, at least, would be the almost certain result of the free working of the Bill as it stands, a freedom of working which, perhaps, it is not very likely to enjoy.

It must not, however, be supposed that because the Bill is almost certain to disappoint those who want in Ireland, and because its concessions are in many respects illusory, it is any the more likely to conciliate those who have. They are, indeed, robbed less than they may have expected to be robbed. They are not asked to give their coat in addition to their cloak, and, in a money point of view, supposing them to be hard-hearted enough to take full advantage of the Act, they might be the gainers. But the inroad on the principles of property is so great, the meddling with simple relations of demand and supply so mischievous, the intrusion of the State in

matters where the State has nothing to do so heavily fraught with disastrous consequences, that the measure may well seem to them more objectionable than one of more positive confiscation. The resignation of the Duke of ARYL expresses this feeling beyond all doubt. The Bill might have for its short title "A Bill for the Promotion of 'Litigation in Ireland.'" It is clearly to the interest of the recalcitrant and dishonest tenant to throw himself at every possible occasion on the protection of the Land Court or the Land Commission. As a man of straw, or a man with his wheat carefully thrashed out and garnered safely out of reach, he has nothing to fear, and he has a good deal to gain in the way of popular sympathy, revenge of the harassing kind on his landlord, and not improbably a bumper compensation to start him comfortably elsewhere. The evils likely to result from all this in such a country as Ireland are self-evident, even if experience did not teach them. Lord LITTON's chief, if not his only, crime in the eyes of his murderers was that he availed himself at vast trouble and expense of the rights given him by the Act of 1870 to free his property from the servitudes which that Act imposed. This more mischievous measure is described by the supporters of the Government as one recognizing the partnership of landlord and tenant, and Mr. GLADSTONE accords a more or less acquiescent reference to this description. The indignation of the one partner at being got rid of by the other is likely to be much more grievous than the indignation of a mere debtor at being made to pay his debt. It is impossible, of course, to criticize offhand all the details of so complicated a measure. But it may be said to suffer from the initial and radical defect of ignoring the cause of the evil in Ireland, and thus of applying a totally inapplicable remedy. Free contract and strict administration of a simple law are what Ireland requires; elaborately restricted contract and complicated law, certain to be loosely administered, are what the Government gives it.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S ILLNESS.

THE whole English nation, high and low, rich and poor, Conservative and Liberal, has been watching for many days, with genuine anxiety and sincere sympathy, the shifting phases of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S illness. Lord BEACONSFIELD was for some days ill without alarming his friends or his medical adviser, and without there being anything more to communicate than that he could not leave home. Then the symptoms grew worse, and apprehension was excited. The symptoms were only those with which those who knew him were familiar; but he could no longer shake off the beginnings of danger with the ease and vigour of other days. One day this symptom seemed passing away, and another day that symptom seemed less grave; but there was no commencement of general recovery, and the most that could be said was that Lord BEACONSFIELD was no worse. To a certain extent the mind can keep the body going, and the wonderful mental energy of Lord BEACONSFIELD imparted something of its own strength to a frame that was growing weaker. At last the physicians have had to announce that the weakness has increased so much that the danger is now very great. Two or three days ago there was a temporary rally, but then came a relapse, and, although the remedies used were temporarily effectual, the strength grew less. When, after many days of suffering and of alternate access and subsidence of acute pain, there is shown a general lowering of strength in a man of seventy-five, there is not, in ordinary cases, much room for hope. Lord BEACONSFIELD, however, is an exceptional man, and life has so strong a hold when there is so unusual a power of intellect and will, that there may be in his case a larger possibility of escape, even when danger seems most imminent.

It is impossible that the illness of Lord BEACONSFIELD should not bring to mind the illness through which Mr. GLADSTONE passed last summer. There was the same fear of a great national loss, and the same desire to give expression to natural feeling, irrespective of class or party. It was then Lord BEACONSFIELD who was inquiring after Mr. GLADSTONE, and it is now Mr. GLADSTONE who is inquiring after Lord BEACONSFIELD. It is only second-rate men and short-sighted men who whisper to themselves that their path would be smoother if their rival was out of the way. On the contrary, it is easy

to see that, to the few men who ever attain the first rank in politics, it is an indisputable gain that they should have to work in the face of an equal. They have necessarily to encounter opposition, and they know that the opposition of a first-rate opponent is never like that of a second-rate opponent. It has different qualities in itself, and it has this essential feature of difference—that it is made by a man of national eminence. A first-rate statesman is a statesman who has got a hold on the nation; and, if he opposes, he opposes with all the advantages of the hold that he has gained. To be able to gauge adequately the wishes of the nation is one of the primary duties of the leading adviser of the Crown, and he is aware that the wishes of a great rival are sure to be the wishes of at least a large portion of the nation. It is not merely that his rival reflects the wishes of those who follow him, but that he by his eminence determines those wishes. To him it is given to create opinion as well as to formulate it. There is a feeling widely spread, perfectly natural and perfectly legitimate, that what a man of real eminence thinks must have something in it. For the basis of the eminence of statesmen is the conviction they have inspired that they have a right to be eminent. And the test of eminence is that their loss, possible or actual, is spontaneously treated by every one as a national loss. They can say things and do things that other men cannot say and do, and the nation reflects with pain what it would be to be for ever without this amount of stimulus and guidance. The nation, too, is proud that it has produced such men, and has gradually worked out a state of things in which they have had an ample field of showing what is in them, and of obtaining the recognition they deserve. On proper occasion, this feeling triumphs in England over the littleness of party; or, rather, it may be said that the best party men have at such times nothing of the littleness or the bitterness of party. When Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said that he had listened with admiration to Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech on the Irish Land Bill, he was actuated by the same feeling which makes men of all parties call to hear the latest news of Lord BEACONSFIELD.

The precise kind of eminence gained by the few statesmen who deserve to be called eminent varies enormously. PITT was very different from FOX, and Lord BEACONSFIELD is very different from Mr. GLADSTONE. Except that they are men of great intellectual power, they have hardly anything in common. But it may be remarked that all real political eminence implies much more than mere intellectual power. It implies great moral qualities and the faculty of conceiving or presenting new ideas. Very often the leading idea such a man impresses on the nation may seem scarcely an intellectual one at all, although it is in a great measure by the force of intellect that it is impressed. Perhaps it may be said, without the risk of epigrammatic exaggeration, that the leading idea of Lord BEACONSFIELD has been that of making the Conservative party just and England great, while that of Mr. GLADSTONE has been that of making England just and the Liberal party great. Ideas of this sort might present themselves to numberless minds in a vague ineffectual way, but it is only when great men seize on them that they become living and actual, and form part of the common stock of national thought. And into the conception of the eminence which is attached to leading statesmen there necessarily enters the memory of their personal career. They are admired not only for what they are, but for having become what they are. Their difficulties, their dangers, their opportunities are taken into account. And in this respect Lord BEACONSFIELD stands unrivalled. No one of his eminence has ever surmounted such great obstacles. Of no one else can it be said, in anything like the same degree, that he started with everything against him, and ended with everything with him. His illness has interested every one, because it was felt that it might be the end of not only a great, but a marvellous, career. The time has not come, and we trust it may be distant, when it will be opportune to recall in what way his career has been marvellous; but the general sense that it has been marvellous is everywhere present, and colours every thought which the intelligence of his illness awakens.

RUSSIAN REFORM.

THE Emperor of RUSSIA may probably begin his reign with a serious desire to improve the condition of his subjects. Any effort which he makes for the purpose will be regarded with sympathy and good will; and, it may be added, that eventual success would be attended not only with approving recognition, but with genuine surprise. At the end of the last century, and at still later periods, there was a popular belief in all European countries that political freedom was the proper remedy of almost all existing evils; and the example of England had produced unlimited confidence in the efficiency of representative institutions. It cannot be said that the constitutional experiments which have consequently been tried have wholly failed; but the enthusiasm with which they were once regarded has in great measure subsided. Few political theorists would now anticipate unmixed good from the establishment of a Russian Parliament, though there seems to be no other alternative to the continuance of absolute monarchy. In Russia the aristocracy possesses little influence, and there is no important middle class. The peasantry would take no interest in any legislation which was not exclusively directed to the improvement of their own condition, probably at the expense of the larger landowners. The numerous and powerful official classes, and the actual and former students of the Universities, supply no sufficient materials for a constitutional system. On the whole, the best instrument of Russian progress is probably a wise and beneficent Sovereign. In so vast an Empire, power, whatever may be its nature or origin, must be concentrated in the hands of the Government, as long as the people are not sufficiently advanced to dispense, like the Americans, with almost all internal control. The task of reform in Russia is rendered more arduous by the impossibility of ascertaining the real desires of the nation. The revolutionary doctrines and practices of Nihilists and other conspirators furnish no sufficient clue to the causes of discontent, or to the possible remedies. The outrages which have culminated in the murder of the late Emperor would, even in a free country, justify exceptional legislation, and even the temporary concession of dictatorial power to the Government.

The participation of some persons of birth and education in revolutionary movements probably indicates impatience of the compulsory inaction and obscurity to which aspiring minds are reduced under a levelling despotism; but the Nihilists have never affected to desire the establishment of limited monarchy, or even of an orderly republic. It is useless to make concessions to agitators who openly demand the subversion of society. To the majority of malcontents the Government and the Imperial authority are represented by the police. There can be no doubt that many acts of violence have been committed in revenge for intolerable cruelty and oppression; but the evil reproduces itself because it is necessary to use arbitrary measures against unscrupulous conspirators. The Emperor cannot disband the force on which alone he relies for personal security and for the protection of life and property, and the moderation of a police necessarily invested with large powers cannot always be insured. It is not even possible to guard against treachery or incapacity among the guardians of society. Assassins are almost always more than a match for the police, and they sometimes possess accomplices in their ranks. The best precaution against abuse of power is the appointment of honest and prudent directors of the police force, and until lately it was believed that General LOUIS MELIKOFF had been more successful than his predecessors. It is not known whether the present Emperor reposes the same confidence with his father in the loyalty and capacity of the late Minister of the Interior. The powers of the police cannot for the present be advantageously restricted; but the vigilance of their superiors may perhaps restrain them from the excesses which have aggravated their unavoidable unpopularity.

To foreigners, or at least to Englishmen, it appears strange that the assailants of the Russian Government dwell but little on the system of military service which might well be deemed an intolerable grievance. The nominal army of the Empire numbers about two millions; and the force in actual service is utterly disproportionate to any legitimate purposes. The rural population, which supplies the bulk of recruits,

is by no means of a warlike character, though the soldiers, when they are once enlisted, possess many military qualities. The compulsory withdrawal from their homes and their ordinary occupations of many hundreds of thousands of young and able-bodied men inflicts much suffering on themselves and their families; but the conscription is seldom mentioned as one of the causes of popular discontent. It is possible that the peasants themselves, if they had opportunities of expressing their feelings, might complain of enormous military establishments maintained in imitation of more civilized nations. The Emperor ALEXANDER III. was supposed before his accession to incline to a policy of aggression which would require the continuance of the present establishment of the army. On the other hand, the Emperor has already begun to reduce the expenses of government; and the reduction of the army would be an obvious source of economy. Unless new enterprises of conquest are undertaken, there can be no reason for incurring excessive expense in military preparations. Against foreign attacks Russia is practically secured; and the forces employed in the extension of her dominion in Central Asia are not numerically large. No other great Continental State could so easily reduce its armaments; but no such policy is likely to be pursued in any part of the Continent. The public opinion of Europe, excluding England, is likely for many years to favour universal military service; and the only State which is unwilling or unable to follow the example of the rest is exposed to their contemptuous criticism. One of those periodicals which vie with one another in the selection and corresponding treatment of disagreeable topics contains an elaborate essay by a German Staff officer on the military impotence of England. There is no doubt that a million of conscripts are more than a match for a tenth part of their number of volunteers; but the German writer and the patriotic editor who perhaps sympathizes with his forebodings are premature in announcing the facility of occupying London with an army of only 50,000 men, after the dispersion of a fleet which is described as scanty and weak. Russia is safe not only against a second capture of Moscow, but against the professional scorn of Continental fire-eaters.

There is some reason to believe that the Emperor is for the present indisposed to external adventures. The suspension of the Russian advance towards the Afghan border probably implies a desire to facilitate the withdrawal of the Indian troops within the former frontier. At Constantinople and at Athens the representatives of Russia are supposed to have supported the compromise which has already been accepted by Turkey; and it is to the French and English Governments alone that a rumour which may probably be unfounded, attributes the strange project of a fresh naval demonstration in favour of Greece. The family connexion between the Emperor and the PRINCE OF WALES, and the friendly feelings which are thought to exist in consequence, may perhaps not be wholly without a beneficial influence. It may be hoped that the report of the employment of Count SCHOUVALOFF in diplomatic transactions is well founded. No other Russian statesman has been so consistent or so successful in the promotion of a pacific policy. His exclusion from active service since his recall from the Embassy to England may perhaps have resulted from the dissatisfaction of Prince GORTCHAKOFF with his conduct at the Berlin Congress. The interests of peace will be furthered by the final retirement of the aged CHANCELLOR. He must be allowed the credit of having raised his country by an aggressive policy to a commanding position. His successor may be more beneficially engaged in the less ambitious enterprise of securing tranquillity while the Emperor is engaged with internal improvements. It is difficult to define the reforms which may be possible or expedient, but it may be assumed that something will be done.

THE BUDGET.

ALTHOUGH Mr. GLADSTONE has for once framed an unambitious Budget, his explanation of its provisions illustrated as fully as on any previous occasion his wonderful power of mastering and reproducing complicated statements of figures and facts. On one point alone he confessed an ignorance which he appears to share with the whole

staff of the revenue departments. While he modifies the duty on mum, he is unable to explain the nature of that mysterious liquor. As it probably contains alcohol, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER takes care that it shall, through any oversight, not enjoy an immunity which is denied to similar beverages. An uninstructed visitor to the gallery might have mistaken Mr. GLADSTONE for a brewer while he expatiated on the comparative value of the materials of beer. It seems that, in consequence of the abolition of the Malt-duty, brewers have learned to substitute for barley, not merely oats, but maize, relieved by an ingenious process from an inconvenient superfluity of oil. Mr. GLADSTONE has even discovered that the residue of the maize, treated according to the improved method, is additionally nutritious to cattle. The barley-growers who for half a century grumbled with mild obstinacy against the Malt-tax will derive but little satisfaction from Mr. GLADSTONE's eulogy on oats and maize. The brewers, also, still maintain their contention that they have been wronged by the measure of last year; but Mr. GLADSTONE was justified in his statement that the effects of the change are not yet fully disclosed. An excise duty on the materials of an important manufacture was more vicious in principle than a tax on the finished product; and it is admitted by general consent that beer is a proper subject for taxation. With the wine duties, on which he had dwelt largely in last year's Budget's speech, Mr. GLADSTONE was, in consequence of the perverse policy of France and Spain, unable to do so. The principal provisions of last year's Budget have proved inoperative, with the exception of the tax on publicans, which was imposed for penal rather than financial objects, and the additional penny of Income-tax, which is now removed.

The proposals of the present year are none the worse for their moderation and simplicity. Mr. GLADSTONE would perhaps in opposition have found fault with a Chancellor of the Exchequer who contented himself with an estimated surplus of three or four hundred thousand pounds; but the estimates of revenue have not been founded on sanguine expectations, and the calculated surplus will probably be exceeded. It was right that last year's addition to the Income-tax should be withdrawn, for Sir G. CAMPBELL's project of taxing political opponents has hitherto been applied only to the publicans. Few members of the House of Commons or readers of Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches are deeply interested in mum; nor are the reasons for caution in reducing the anomalous duty on silver plate likely to command general interest. Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE's increase in the tobacco duty has not hitherto been found productive; but the experiment may be conveniently tried for two or three years longer. The change in the probate and legacy duties is for the moment comparatively insignificant, though it points to future modifications, both in taxation and of the tenure of property, which may reasonably alarm the classes which are concerned. If Mr. GLADSTONE adheres to his intention of introducing no more Budgets, his successor will have a difficult task to perform. It is true that, as long as he remains Prime Minister, Mr. GLADSTONE will control finance even more completely than general legislation and foreign policy. Some of the greatest modern fiscal changes were effected by Sir ROBERT PEARCE in the capacity of First Lord of the Treasury. On one occasion the Prime Minister superseded Mr. GOULBURN, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the duty of opening the Budget.

If Mr. GLADSTONE was for once chary of financial innovations, his oratory was as copious as on any former occasion. His digressions on the former progress and the recently suspended growth of prosperity was instructive and interesting. In the produce of a penny Income-tax he selected a convenient test or index of national growth of riches. After correction for all the changes which have at different times been introduced, the penny produced in 1842 about three-quarters of a million, and in 1878 nearly two millions. In the last complete year the produce fell to 1,950,000*l.*, on which the estimate for the present Budget is based. It is surprising that the reduction should be so small in a time of unprecedented agricultural distress and of severe commercial depression. The returns for the present year will be still more unfavourable, and they will include a special diminution in consequence of the nonpayment of Irish rents. A certain allowance must be made for the higher rate of the tax as compared with the smaller percentage of five or six years

ago. It is notorious that a low rate of tax encourages comparatively accurate returns from taxpayers who find that they can afford to be honest. From the decline in the value of property, which seems to be indicated by the fall in the productiveness of the Income-tax, Mr. GLADSTONE once more deduced the familiar conclusion that the reduction of debt ought to be accelerated. There is little difference of opinion as to the expediency of a diminution of the debt, although the importance of such a policy is sometimes exaggerated. Payment of the English debt is an investment of capital at 3 per cent., although the simple calculation is sometimes disguised by ingenious contrivances. Little direct gain results from the process; but it tends to financial convenience and political safety. The next generation will profit by the operation of converting the short annuities which expire in 1885 into similar securities with twenty years more to run. It is impossible to foresee whether the Finance Minister of the early part of the next century will be inclined to repeat the operation.

By far the most important part of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech referred to the future alteration of the taxes which he designates by the repulsive title of "the death duties." He is happily not prepared to repeat a proposal once made by Mr. LOWE, to equalize the duties on all classes of legatees. No harsher or more unjust measure could be devised by any fiscal theorist; nor would such a proposal have been made by a Minister who had a sympathetic comprehension of the general feeling of the community. The almost universal opinion that strangers ought to be more highly taxed than lineal successors appears to be in some degree shared by Mr. GLADSTONE; though he also thinks it expedient to tax widows for the first time, and to increase the tax on bereaved children. There are better reasons for abolishing the exemption which is enjoyed by certain kinds of personality. Mr. GLADSTONE, not for the first time, denounces the immunity of property held in mortmain; and he reasonably objects to the preference given by the law to settled personality over property inherited or bequeathed. The present Budget only touches the fringes of the matter which is mixed up with far larger questions. Mr. GLADSTONE not obscurely indicated his desire to abolish life estates both in personality and in land. The arguments for such a measure have been repeatedly stated; but the greatness of the proposed change is perhaps not adequately appreciated. It was probably of set purpose that Mr. GLADSTONE noticed but incidentally his intended mode of dealing with landed property. There can be no doubt that he will propose to make probate duty universal; and, when life estates are no longer recognized, every successive possessor will be liable to the full amount of taxation on property held in fee. Landowners have, since the imposition of the Succession duty nearly thirty years ago, had experience of the difficulty of meeting on their accession a large pecuniary demand, though they now pay only in proportion to the value of their respective life interests. If the rate is largely increased, and at the same time applied in full to every succession, a large part of the land of the country must be either heavily mortgaged or transferred by sale. The anticipated consequence of the proposed fiscal legislation recommends it to a well-known school of economists. In anticipation of comprehensive measures affecting real property, it is to be regretted that no information as to the number of landowners will be derived from the Census returns. After the last Census Mr. MILL and Mr. BRIGHT hastily inferred from a return of fifteen thousand persons as landowners that they divided among them the whole of England. Less prejudiced students of statistics corrected the error by observing that one-half of the number consisted of women. The REGISTRAR-GENERAL has now issued directions, to the effect that no person shall describe himself as a landowner if he has any other title or description. It follows that, if the directions are followed, no peer, no member of Parliament or of a profession, no trader, and no artisan will be returned as a landowner. It is difficult to judge whether the blunder is to be attributed to scandalous negligence or the cunning of some Radical subordinate in the office who may have wished to diminish the apparent number of landowners.

FRANCE AND TUNIS.

THE Tunis question has entered on a new phase. Between Algeria and the territory of the BEY there is a strip of barren land inhabited by wild tribes, of whom a people called the Kroumirs appear to be one. They are not under the control of either France or the BEY; but ordinarily they are kept in tolerable order by the fear that either France or the BEY, or both, will interfere to punish them if they are aggressive. They have now made a raid on French territory, and killed a few Frenchmen and several Algerian Arabs. France is not only entitled, but bound, to punish them. She is going to punish them in a very effectual way. There are said to be about two thousand fighting Kroumirs all told, and to subdue these dangerous people a French force is being collected, which is roughly estimated at twenty thousand men. It must be owned that a great nation may be wise in taking excessive precautions, and it may be safely said that, if we had collected thirty thousand men before we had to take Laing's Nek, we should not be where we are now. But we also know that, in point of fact, great nations do not send 20,000 men to put down 2,000, and a wondering world may be excused for believing that the 20,000 French soldiers are meant to do something of a more imposing kind than punishing 2,000 Kroumirs. The French Government says that this is a mistake; that it is thinking of the Kroumirs, and of no one else; and that it would not for the world touch a hair of the BEY's head, or make him in any way uncomfortable. But the French public does not in the least believe its Government. It can see into an open secret, and reveals what the Government intends to do, or what, if it does not now intend, it must be made to intend. The time is come, it is said, for France to get hold of Tunis, and the only doubt in the French mind is what shape this getting hold of Tunis is to take. Is it to be annexation, or is it to be a French protectorate? France would, in the opinion of most Frenchmen, be quite justified in either annexing Tunis, or in protecting it, as she pleased; but the prevailing notion appears to be that in the present circumstances of Europe it would be better to choose the protectorate, and leave annexation for the future. It may be sometimes wise to make two bites of a cherry, and a protectorate would secure the most juicy parts of the fruit. The question that agitates the breast of French journalism is not why a protectorate should be established over Tunis, but why it should not. When it is said that Tunis is a part of the Ottoman Empire, and that to attack Tunis is to raise the eternal Eastern question in a new form, the French turn round and flatly deny that Tunis is a part of the Turkish Empire, or that it has anything whatever to do with the Eastern question. When it is said that a French protectorate in Tunis would cause jealousy and misgivings in other European Powers, the French reply that there is no Power which both can and may object to such a protectorate except England, and that England ought to look on in friendly silence, partly because she herself has recently acquired Cyprus, and partly because she is bound to show some gratitude for the cordiality with which France has acted with her in Egypt.

Nothing can be more difficult than to say in what sense Tunis is a part of the Ottoman Empire, or what consequences flow from its being a part of the Ottoman Empire in so far as it may be a part of it. The BEY is a Bey, and his title itself shows that he has a superior. He is diplomatically called the Regent of Tunis, and a Regent means a ruler who rules on account of some one else. Sir CHARLES DILKE described Tunis in the House of Commons as a vassal State, and it has no doubt been a vassal State since the first conqueror of the reigning family started from Crete and placed himself under the supremacy of the Porte. But the Bey is a very independent sort of vassal, more independent than the Khedive of Egypt. He pays no tribute and does not send troops to aid the Sultan in time of war unless he pleases. The only sign of dependence which is incontestably given is that each new Bey receives investiture from the Sultan. What further amount of dependence exists is a matter of controversy; but Sir CHARLES DILKE says that the Bey, although he can conclude treaties of some kinds without the permission of Turkey, cannot so conclude treaties which are political or military; and if it is true that very recently France complained at Constantinople of the conduct of the BEY, there must be some sense in which France admits that the SULTAN has or ought to have a

control, more or less vague, over his vassal. But when we have got so far as this we have not got very far in discussing the question of a French protectorate. Everything that concerns Turkey is so anomalous that we can never be accurate if we talk of Turkey as we should of any ordinary European State. The Great Powers never treat, and never have treated, Turkey as they would treat one of their Christian neighbours. They have insisted on upholding the jurisdiction of their consuls in Turkish territory, and a most curious system has been allowed to grow up by which the subjects of the vassals of Turkey have foreign passports given them, and are forthwith placed under foreign protection. England and France, again, are at this moment exercising a protectorate over Egypt. No one can for a moment believe that Turkey likes our protectorate in Egypt, but we choose to exercise it. England claims to exercise this very exceptional kind of authority on the ground that one is very much interested in the Suez Canal being kept open, and that one must see that the government of the country through which the Canal passes not only offers no obstacles to its free use, but itself behaves so well that the Canal shall pass through an orderly and settled population. For our material and political interests we exercise the Egyptian protectorate, and France has joined us, not because we wished her to join us or because Turkey wished her to join us, but because she said that she had material and political interests, which determined her to join us. So far as Turkey is concerned, there does not seem any real difference between a French protectorate in Tunis and a joint protectorate of England and France in Egypt. If France had in point of fact great material and political interests to uphold in Tunis, and could not maintain them otherwise than by a protectorate, and if the material and political interests of no other Power would be endangered, the French would be as much entitled to set up a protectorate in Tunis as we or they have been entitled to set up a protectorate in Egypt.

But it is very hard to persuade ourselves that the French have any great material or political interests to defend in Tunis, or that they cannot defend such interests as they have otherwise than by a protectorate, or that the material and political interests of no other Power would be damaged by France getting Tunis under its complete control. The French have no doubt some material interests in Tunis. They are clearly interested in Tunis not giving shelter or countenance to plundering hordes which might be inclined to trouble the peace of Algeria. They have sunk some capital—not very much—but still some in Tunis; and they are interested in seeing that this capital is not lost through any outrageous act of spoliation, or through any wilful neglect on the part of the authorities to protect Frenchmen and those whom Frenchmen employ. But these are not great interests, and France might, it would seem, protect them in the ordinary way. As to other Powers, it certainly cannot be said that we have any great interests to protect in Tunis, as we have in Egypt; that we have any motive or excuse for claiming to share a protectorate, or that we should be much the worse in any way if a French protectorate was established. But this is not true of Italy. The object of the protectorate is avowedly to make the material interests of Italy in Tunis subordinate to those of France; and, politically, it must be a cause of new anxiety, and it may be even said of very legitimate apprehension, to Italy if France got the command of a capacious and defensible naval station at the very gate of Sicily. And, if an aggressive expedition against Tunis would be bad for Italy politically, it would also be bad politically for France itself. It would lower France in the eyes of Europe. A portion of the French press is actually pleased with the discovery that Germany would make no objection to such an expedition. This is, indeed, something like humility. France throw over Greece because Germany did not approve of anything that might stir up European war, and now she is to carry the tricolour into Tunis, because Germany says that she does not in the least care whether the tricolour is carried there or not. Why should Germany care? By patting France on the back, she can raise up a deadly enmity in Italy against the action to which Italy is the most drawn by the ties of interest and gratitude. Unfortunately, the humiliation of Italy is to many Frenchmen, who, it may be hoped, do not represent the statesmanship of France, the most attractive part of the expedition which they hope is going to do such great things. The movement in favour of effecting these great

things in Tunis is a movement of pique much more than of policy. It is so strong for the moment that the Government cannot openly run counter to it, but it may hope to give it time to diminish, if not to die away, and it is by no means impossible that the talk of a French protectorate in Tunis may fade almost as quickly as it has sprung up.

CHURCH PATRONAGE.

AN ecclesiastical debate was absolutely welcomed as a relief by the House of Commons as it turned for half a night of last week from the dreary round of Ireland, Canada, and the Transvaal to consider what could be said against or on behalf of the exercise of private Church patronage. We are not grateful to Mr. LEATHAM for the intentions which prompted him to forestall Mr. STANHOPE's Bill by a carefully compiled indictment, garnished with tit-bits from the Blue-Book of the late Royal Commission. But, failing as he did to support his very wide assertions with evidence connecting the evil practices which he reprobated with any large section of the Church, he broke down in the attempt to transform the demand for a searching reform of the laws of patronage into an assertion of the necessity for disestablishment. The true interest, however, of the discussion lay in Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, and as it was upon the first occasion on which he had since the general election to deal with the Church as a national institution. We do not envy the feelings of those sanguine gentlemen who trooped to the ballot-boxes a year ago in the assured conviction that GLADSTONE meant disestablishment writ large, as they heard or read the declaration that "the Government for their part felt it to be an obligation upon them to give what assistance they could to all who were engaged in an intelligent and earnest endeavour to amend any of the institutions of the country, and *a fortiori* so important an institution as the National Church." Even Mr. LEATHAM, so added Mr. GLADSTONE, confined his strictures to private patronage, and this limitation, he asserted, was "an important matter" in the discussion, for, as the PRIME MINISTER continued, with the tone of a man who was laying down a general proposition too self-evident to need even the formality of any proof, "public patronage had never since the scandalous case of the Dean of York," since which nearly forty years have elapsed, "been before the country in connexion with these gross and foul proceedings." This blunt statement of an undoubted fact simply cuts away the whole ground from under the feet of the Liberation Society. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, private patronage has a certain, however slight, proclivity to corruption of which public patronage does not partake. But, while public patronage presupposes a public character in the body wherein it exists—or, in other words, the existence of a national or established Church—private patronage may exist in a private or dissenting community. All patronage in such a body is, indeed, in a certain sense private; but we restrict the meaning of the word to patronage exercised by a single individual, or by a small clique in virtue of some private ownership, and not from the fulfilment of any public trust. A trust deed may make, as it often has done, the private patron of the Nonconformist cure. Yet he is the man who finds himself, as Mr. GLADSTONE tells us, in constant presence of the temptation to gross and foul proceedings from which public patrons are exempt. Our Liberationist friends will draw small comfort from the definition of a public patron, which may be inferred from the PRIME MINISTER's pertinent exception whereby he tests his rule; for in his mouth it does not mean merely a Premier, or a Lord Chancellor, or even a Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, but absolutely a Dean. Even as to the section of the clergy who dabble in gross and foul proceedings we are instructed that "those clergymen were extremely small in number." At all events, if Disestablishment is to be made a plank of the Liberal platform, fresh reasons must be excoquired for its gratuitous adoption since Mr. GLADSTONE's ruthless demolition of the favourite sophisms of Liberationism.

Mr. GLADSTONE singled out the clause in Mr. STANHOPE's Bill prohibiting the sale of next presentations as the object of his particular commendation. We confess that we see no reason to depart from the opinion which we felt

bound to offer when noticing the report of the Commission. We had no hesitation then in declaring our concurrence with the dissent expressed by Lord Devon and Lord Justice JAMES from this one of its recommendations. The reasons which we then gave we may as well again repeat. We fear that such a prohibition would either be mischievous or nugatory. It would be mischievous with a conscientious and nugatory with an unconscientious vendor. The scrupulous God-fearing patron would find himself constrained under some passing monetary stress to separate for ever the patronage of the family living from the possession of the family estate, and thus inflict a permanent injury both on the parish and on his own descendants. On the other hand, the scampish patron would have no difficulty in finding some agent as black a sheep as himself, who would negotiate a clandestine sale to the third party in the villany, the clergyman, who would enter on the living with the pretence of being the free choice of the patron. In fact, whatever mischief attaches to the act would be intensified, not mitigated, by the abstraction of that legality by which it is at present sweetened. Mr. STANHOPE, indeed, promised during the fragmentary debate upon his Bill of last Wednesday to bring up a clause providing against the risk of such secret transactions. But the draftsman who can frame it so as to be efficient must be a man who combines rare knowledge of human nature with peculiar ingenuity in devising legal expedients. No clause, however, would palliate the misfortune of a permanent alienation, unwillingly resorted to because Parliament had left no other way of honestly meeting a transitory difficulty. Lord DEVON, as his reason for opposing the prohibition, further alleged the positive advantage of not cutting off one of the various expedients by which variety in patronage is maintained within the Church of England, to the manifest benefit of toleration and breadth of view within its pale. Common-sense bids us deal with this one as with the other questionable elements of the patronage question, not by trying to stamp out, but by limiting and regulating. The same ingenuity which is interesting itself in devising checks on the sale of perpetual advowsons will, we are certain, not be found wanting in devising some unobjectionable method of dealing with next presentations. In one case as in the other, publicity of sale, under the eye of the recognized ecclesiastical authorities, will be the efficient safeguard against gross and foul practices.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

THE postponement of war during the recent negotiations in Constantinople is in itself a beneficial result. According to a well-known saying, if war is to come sooner or later, it is better that it should be later, because circumstances may prevent it from occurring at all. The Greeks are supposed still to be subject to uncontrollable excitement; and both the present Ministers and their predecessors, who are now leaders of the Opposition, are pledged to acquiescence in the popular demand. It is only within a few days that it has been thought possible to find an independent candidate for office who would have the courage to defer to the unanimous counsels of Europe. There is no doubt that the Greeks have reason to complain of the deception which was practised, not on themselves alone, by the ill-advised Conference of Berlin. At that time the Powers believed themselves to be issuing a decree, and not merely to be expressing an opinion or offering a recommendation to the Porte. England and France, which had taken the lead in the negotiations, were prepared to enforce the decision of the Conference, if the other Powers had concurred. It is now immaterial to inquire whether the proposed transfer of territory was warranted by justice or international law. With the disclosure of differences of policy among the different Governments, the concert of Europe, on which the force and authority of the Conference depended, ceased to exist. The Turks not unnaturally refused to submit to a sacrifice which was not enforced by irresistible power; but they have since that time displayed unwonted prudence and moderation. After many abortive efforts, the Ambassadors were said to have agreed with the Porte on a demarcation of territory which will give the Greeks the whole of Thessaly and a fragment of Epirus, though Janina and Metzovo are to be excluded from the cession. A still later report, to the effect that the Great Powers have proposed an additional cession on the Lake of Arta,

includes a statement that the Turks are willing to accept the further demand.

An identical Note is said to have been already presented to the Greek Government, which indeed has rejected its terms by anticipation; but the apparent perversity of the Ministers may probably be explained by their wish to devolve on the Great Powers the responsibility of peace. The army is perhaps really eager for a contest of which young soldiers may not accurately estimate the difficulty and danger. The Assembly will perhaps consult the passions of its constituents by offering real or ostensible opposition to pacific proposals; but means will probably be found of arriving at a rational conclusion. The advocates of war must be hard pressed for arguments when they complain that they were encouraged to prepare for the struggle by the intimation given by the English Government in the course of last summer that no opposition would be offered to the mobilization of the army. For the purpose of negotiation with the Porte it was necessary to show that Greece was prepared for war; and a friendly Power which might have undertaken to prohibit Greek armaments would have been expected to guarantee the results which might otherwise have been obtained by war. There is always reason to distrust Governments which profess to be irresistibly pressed by popular agitation. The managers of the movement are not always entitled to represent the community; and a part, at least, of ostensible enthusiasm for war is always insincere. No intelligent Greek can really believe that success in a conflict with Turkey would be either easy or certain. The main body of the Turkish forces are concentrated in the neighbourhood of Larissa, for the purpose of repelling a Greek invasion of Thessaly. The war would probably begin with a political battle; but, even if the Greeks were justified in their hope of occupying with comparatively little opposition the districts which are inhabited by a Greek population, it would be absurd to fight for a territory which may be acquired without a struggle. In North-Western Epirus the Greek army would encounter not only the SULTAN'S regular troops, but the warlike tribes of Southern Albania; and a professed attempt to liberate an alien and hostile population would be both paradoxical and dangerous. The city of Janina would probably desire annexation to the Greek kingdom, but the feeling which may prevail in the neighbouring country is at least doubtful.

Notwithstanding the sacrifices which have been made in preparing for war, the Greek Government and nation may deem themselves fortunate if the settlement arranged at Constantinople is finally accomplished. Five or six years ago the little kingdom had no reason to expect any extension of its territory during the present generation. The Cretan rebellion had been finally subdued, notwithstanding the undisguised sympathy and open assistance which it received from Athens. The previous acquisition of the Ionian Islands had been exclusively due to the unambitious benevolence of the English Government. The revolt in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the Russian and Austrian intrigues by which it was produced, were in no way designed to promote the interests of Greece; nor could any ambitious hopes be founded on the embarrassments of the Turkish Government, until the long-prepared Russian invasion struck down the power of the SULTAN. During the war the Greeks had the safe and cheap task of not joining in an unprovoked attack. In return for their forbearance, they were allowed to hope that their interests would be consulted in the future negotiations for peace. Few precedents could be found in support of the recognition of a claim to compensation for maintaining peace in the total absence of provocation; but the Greeks were for the time favourites of diplomacy, and the Congress of Berlin, though it made no formal stipulations on behalf of Greece, recommended a rectification of frontier which involved the transfer of a large Turkish territory. If the object of the Powers had been merely the aggrandizement of a petty kingdom, the protocol appended to the treaty would have been wholly unjustifiable; but it was morally, and therefore politically, desirable to relieve from the oppression of an alien and imperfectly civilized Government a discontented population which had by an error of policy been excluded from the liberated area when Greek independence was first acknowledged. The limits of the kingdom as they will be defined under the settlement of Constantinople will approximately coincide with the boundary which in popular estimation was assigned to continental

Hellas in ancient times. If the kingdom flourishes, and if it is regarded by the outlying Greek population as their centre and representative, there can be little doubt of further extension hereafter.

A part of the recent negotiations which produced no immediate result may probably be at some future time revived in a more practical form. It is something to have made the transfer of Crete from Turkish to Greek rule into an open question. It is not known whether the scheme of substituting Crete for Epirus was first suggested by the Turkish representatives, or by one of the Powers; but it is understood that the compromise was not summarily rejected as inadmissible; and Greek ambition will, on convenient occasion, disregard the conditions which might have accompanied the cession. An immediate annexation of the island would perhaps not have been desirable. The Mahometans of Crete who bear with impatience the equality enjoyed by their Christian neighbours would have offered an obstinate resistance to the transfer; and it is even doubtful whether any part of the population is at present disposed to surrender local independence. The time will probably arrive when a Greek State, perhaps with a federal constitution, will occupy the whole or the greater part of the coasts and islands of the Archipelago. No other race in South-Eastern Europe can rival the Greeks in commercial and maritime aptitude. A war on land with Turkey would be the most disadvantageous exertion of national vigour and activity. If the contest, in spite of reason and prudence, proceeds, it is probable that neither combatants will make great efforts at sea. The Turks, who have the stronger fleet, would shrink from the risk of collision with some of the European Powers, which might perhaps be provoked by the bombardment of the Greek cities on the coast. Some months ago the Turkish Ministers announced their design of marching to Athens, if, as they hoped, they should effectually repel the Greek invasion. The conditions of modern warfare at sea are so little known that greater Powers than Turkey or Greece might find it difficult to frame the plans of a naval campaign. It is probably a waste of time to anticipate the various modes of prosecuting a contest which will almost certainly be avoided. But for the confident assertion of English newspaper Correspondents at Athens, it would seem certain that the representations of the Great Powers will command obedience.

LETTERS OF OBEDIENCE.

THE French must be allowed the credit of finding excitement in discussions which in England are associated with almost hopeless dulness. It is difficult to imagine the House of Lords engaged, night after night, in debating a single stage of a Bill providing that the teachers in elementary schools shall all be certificated. For an hour or so it is conceivable that the humorous eloquence of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH might draw peers and commoners to listen to him, even on so impossible a subject as this. But at this point the patience of the House would be exhausted, and their lordships would go home to dinner, with a consciousness of having deserved well of their country in sitting out the episcopal speech. Yet this is precisely the question over which the French Senate has been busy for the whole of a working week. Among the education Bills which have come up from the Chamber of Deputies is one to abolish the "letters of obedience" which have hitherto been accepted in the case of teachers of elementary schools as an alternative qualification to a Government certificate. These "letters of obedience" are simply a direction from the ecclesiastical authorities to a member of a religious congregation to take the charge of a particular school, and wherever a school has been served by a religious congregation the production of this direction has been accepted as a sufficient title to the post of teacher. When short work has been made of so many other privileges hitherto enjoyed by the Church, it was not to be expected that this one would be left untouched. It must be admitted, indeed that there is exceedingly little to be said in its justification. The defenders of letters of obedience have been compelled to go very far afield in search of arguments. The case as put by the Government is extremely simple. Letters of obedience are objectionable on two grounds. They commit the education of a great number of children to teachers who, for any-

thing that is known to the contrary, may be quite incompetent to teach, and they concede exemption from the Government examinations to a particular class of teachers only. M. CHESNELONG, who has already made two long speeches against the Bill, has argued as though it involved the existence of the teaching orders. He has reminded the Senate of the good work which the orders have done in the education of the poor, and has protested against their members being given the insulting alternative of either ceasing to teach or submitting to the prescribed examination for a Government certificate. It is not his fault that this way of treating the question is open to the very obvious retort that, if the members of the religious orders are able to pass the examination, it is no insult to ask them to do so; while, if they are not able to pass it, they can hardly have the knowledge necessary to make them efficient teachers. If M. CHESNELONG could have handled the question so as to steer clear of this dilemma, he would doubtless have done so. He was forced to talk generalities, because as soon as he condescended to particulars the weakness of his position became evident. The State has a right to ensure that the education given to children is what it professes to be. A child goes to an elementary school in order to learn certain necessary rudiments. It is an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of parents for the State to dictate to which of two schools they shall send their children, supposing that in both these necessary rudiments are adequately taught. But it is no interference with the liberty of parents for the State to ask for proof that the school which the parent has chosen answers to this description; and one of the cheapest and least burdensome modes of obtaining this proof is to subject the qualifications of the teachers to the test of examination. The religious orders have no intelligible claim to be excused this test. No nation, least of all such a nation as France, can be expected to put up with bad secular teaching because it is given by a spiritual person. All that can be looked for is equal readiness to accept good secular teaching from a spiritual person and from a layman.

The only justification for the uncompromising resistance which the Right has offered to the Bill is the possibility—perhaps in the minds of opponents the more than probability—that it will not be worked in an impartial spirit. It would be easy of course to make the examination of elementary teachers a mockery by arranging with the examiners that a certificate should never be given to any candidate belonging to a religious order. But where the subject-matter of the examination is so simple, it is inconceivable that a plan of this kind should be carried out with any success. If many presumably competent candidates were rejected, it would be impossible for the Government to resist the demand that would arise for a review of the examiner's decision by an impartial tribunal. There is ground, therefore, to suspect that the opposition to the Bill is partly prompted by the conviction that a considerable proportion of the members of religious orders now engaged in elementary teaching would fail to satisfy even an impartial tribunal. When teachers have been scarce, or when, as has been the case lately, the orders have been unusually active in giving their members the opportunity of acquiring what may possibly be regarded as a vested interest in the teaching office, it is probable that a very low standard of qualification has been accepted as sufficient by the ecclesiastical authorities. After all, they may have argued, these worthy monks and nuns are only wanted to teach children to read and write and to work a few easy sums. Any young man or woman who has mastered these arts for himself is competent to impart them to others. Consequently we may safely take the wish to be employed in teaching as evidence of the ability to teach. No doubt, if this kind of reasoning has been largely resorted to, the prospect of having to pass an examination even in reading and writing may well be alarming.

The Committee of the Senate has shown some desire to make the transfer from one system to the other as easy as may be. As the Bill came up from the Chamber of Deputies, it proposed to exempt women who have held the place of principal teacher in a school for ten years, and are over forty-five years of age, from the dreaded examination; and the Committee have enlarged the scope of this exemption by omitting the limit of age. The effect of this omission, according to the *Temps*, would be to leave 71 per cent. of the nuns who are now

acting as principal teachers in public elementary schools, and 89 per cent. of those acting in that capacity in private elementary schools, altogether unmolested—there being only 29 per cent. in the one case and 11 per cent. in the other who are of less than ten years' standing. The Senate, however, has not considered this concession sufficient. By a majority of four, it has adopted an amendment of M. BERENGER's, by which the Bill is deprived of any retrospective effect. If this amendment is adhered to by the Senate, and the Chamber of Deputies in the end acquiesces in it rather than abandons the Bill altogether, letters of obedience will be abolished for the future; but those who now hold them, or, more precisely, those who hold them previously to the 1st of March, 1880, will not be allowed to profit by them. M. BERENGER's argument is that it would be a very hard measure to deprive twenty thousand teachers of their places. He is willing to insist upon the Government certificate as a necessary qualification in the future, but he objects to its being required from so large a multitude of men and women who have embraced a teacher's life, without any expectation of such a demand being made on them. If the examination is one that they can pass easily, why humiliate them in the eyes of their scholars by throwing a doubt upon their qualifications? If it is not one that they are likely to pass, why turn them out of their schools, when, in the course of a very few years, they will be forced to retire, either by age or by consciousness of their own shortcomings by the side of a new race of teachers. M. BERENGER's view of the question seems a very rational one; but it is not likely to find acceptance except with those who in their hearts would not be greatly troubled if the letters of obedience had been left alone. That is not the temper of the majority in the Chamber of Deputies. The members of the religious bodies who would have become teachers under letters of obedience may hereafter become teachers by examination and possession of a Government certificate. In that case, if the Bill is not to be retrospective, the position of the teaching orders will not be altered for the worse, and the principal object of educational legislation will not be attained.

THE NEW MINT.

THE Government have discovered, a little late in the day, that it would be impossible to carry on public business if each succeeding Ministry were to hold itself released from the engagements entered into by its predecessors. The doctrine preached by Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH on Tuesday is so salutary that it may be accepted, without too much speculation whether the second reading of the "London City Lands (Thames Embankment) Bill" was the most appropriate occasion that could have been chosen for its promulgation. It is better to note with becoming thankfulness that the Government do hold themselves bound to carry out at least one arrangement which is not of their own making. Even this concession was too much for the patience of Mr. FIRTH. There was a fine flavour of universal suspicion about the speech in which he moved the rejection of the Bill. First of all, there was something wrong about the manner in which it had been introduced. Had Mr. FIRTH been acquainted with the late Mr. SEWELL's translation of the *Agamemnon*, he might appropriately have thrown off with "The tythed year is with us, lo!" for it is just ten years since an identical proposal was rejected in another character. What the House of Commons would have nothing of as a public Bill in 1871, it is asked to tolerate as a private Bill in 1881. The mere change of form suggests all manner of obscure designs against the freedom and publicity of debate. Why private now, and public then? Clearly because the House had rejected the proposal when it was brought forward frankly, and the only chance of inducing it to accept it now was to bring it in in the poke which enshrouds the proverbial pig. Then, the price of the ground which it is proposed that the Government should buy has risen in a very mysterious manner. In 1871 it was valued at 40,000*l.* an acre. Now, 80,000*l.* an acre is asked for it. Perhaps, if the Corporation of London were not the vendors, this circumstance would not in itself be damning. Sites on the Thames Embankment have a tendency to grow more valuable. But, when a site is owned by a Corporation, and that Corporation the City of London,

Mr. FIRTH feels that nothing must be taken for granted. It is safest to assume that even the apparently unearned increment of the land is somehow associated with a job. There is an increase, too, in the amount of ground sold as well as in the price to be paid for it. In 1871 two acres were thought to be enough to build a new Mint on; this year three acres are wanted. When a valuer has raised the price of land from 40,000*l.* to 80,000*l.*, it is very natural that the lucky possessors should be anxious to sell as much of it as they can. Better times are dawning for the public; and the day may not be far off when land belonging to wicked Corporations may be got hold of by a simpler process than purchase. In view of this biasful future, it is shocking to think of the Corporation as holding three acres less in land and 250,000*l.* more in money. As long as the land belongs to them it can be seized, but the most radical legislation cannot get hold of 250,000*l.*—when it has been spent. If ground must be had for a new Mint, why not buy it from somebody else. The site on Tower Hill can be enlarged, and there land, instead of increasing in value, is going down. It would be a great deal cheaper to tinker up the existing Mint a little than to build a brand-new one on the Embankment. Mr. FIRTH feels quite sure that, to carry out the latter plan would cost at least 200,000*l.* more than the sum put down in the Bill.

Mr. FIRTH is anxious, we believe, to have his name associated with the reform of the government of London. He could hardly have made a speech more calculated to injure the object he has at heart than the one which he made on Tuesday. The first requisite for taking in hand the creation of a new London municipality is a readiness to deal fairly and even generously with the existing Corporation. The change which Mr. FIRTH wishes to bring about is needed—if it be needed—for quite different reasons from those which have usually called for similar measures. The City proper does not ask for any change. It is already as well governed as it cares to be. The people who do desire a change are those who live in the districts of London which lie outside the City proper, and their main motive for desiring it is the contemplation of the superior advantages enjoyed by the dwellers within the City boundary. One of the main difficulties connected with the better government of London is the difficulty of extending the jurisdiction of the Corporation without radically changing its character. And this is not a difficulty likely to be surmounted by a legislator who approaches the question in a spirit of declared hostility to the body which he has to conciliate. The whole tone of Mr. FIRTH's speech was that of a police-court attorney cross-examining a witness whose evidence he is determined to break down. The action of the Corporation of London in reference to the proposed new Mint has been perfectly simple and straightforward. In 1871 the Government thought that they would like to build a new Mint on the Thames Embankment; and the Corporation, having the land the Government wanted, consented to sell them two acres of it at the price at which it was then valued. This arrangement came to nothing, as the House of Commons refused to find the money. By and by the need for a new Mint having become greater in the interval, the late Government reopened negotiations with the Corporation. The Corporation, as before, were perfectly willing to sell at the price of the day, but before the purchase had been completed the then Government went out of office. The present Government now propose to carry out the contract made by their predecessors, both because they are bound in fairness to do so and because they are of opinion that a new Mint is really wanted. Of course it is open to Mr. FIRTH to contend either that a new Mint is not wanted, or that it ought not to be built on the Thames Embankment; and if he had simply confined himself to making good these points he would have been formally right, though he might have been materially wrong. But why mix up these contentions with a perfectly unprovoked attack on the Corporation of London? The late and the present Governments may be greatly to blame for being dissatisfied with the existing Mint. They may be quite in the wrong in desiring to build the new Mint in a part of the town where land is valuable. They may have grossly erred in calculating the cost of the proposed building. Upon one or all of these points Mr. FIRTH may conceivably have an excellent case against them. But even then he has no case against the Corporation of London. Mr. FIRTH would apparently

make the Corporation constructively responsible for all the mischievous things which the Government might conceivably do with the land when they have bought it. It does not seem to have occurred to him that when a landholder sells a piece of ground to a respectable purchaser, he may fairly consider himself absolved from all further responsibility in the matter.

As a matter of fact Mr. FIRTH would have been mistaken even if he had confined himself to attacking the Government, and had let the Corporation go free. The reports of the Master of the Mint have repeatedly pointed out the necessity of a new building if the work entrusted to him is to be done properly. Mr. FIRTH would hardly be content if sovereigns were coined of less or more than the proper weight, or if the workmanship were so bad as to make the reproduction of them in baser metal an easy process. Upon a matter of this kind the authority of an expert must be taken as conclusive. Tinkering the present building is practically excluded from consideration by the fact that the work of the Mint cannot be suspended. As fresh coins are constantly wanted for the business of the country, the new Mint must be ready before the officials are disturbed in their enjoyment of the old one. When it has been decided that a new Mint is to be built, the only question that remains to be settled is where it shall be built; and the choice of the Thames Embankment is every way satisfactory. Far too little has been done in the way of adorning with good buildings a singularly fine site. A great opportunity was lost when the suggestion that the new Law Courts should be built on the Embankment was rejected, and the task of adorning the Thames virtually confided to the directors of the District Railway. It is very seldom that any of the public offices can be taken so far from Downing Street, and this makes it all the more to be desired that the Mint, which is not tied to any one spot, should be built on ground which it is so especially important to rescue from the commonplace ugliness with which the neighbourhood of Blackfriars is commonly associated.

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THE EXTRAORDINARY PAPAL JUBILEE.

THERE is nothing unnatural or even, we may add un-Protestant, in the nature of a Jubilee. The Mosaic Law had its Jubilees, and the tradition of the secular games passed on from the Roman Empire to the Papacy, and probably combined with Judaic precedents to suggest the first establishment of the *Anno Santo* or Year of Jubilee, as it was afterwards designated, by Boniface VIII. in 1300. It had from the first been the avowed and systematic policy of the Church to utilize and consecrate to her own purposes such Pagan rites or customs as were not intrinsically evil, and many details of ancient ritual as well as the incidents of some great Christian festivals—notably of Christmas—bear unmistakable traces of this discreet condescension to popular sentiment and habits. In these days, Societies, both religious and secular, not at all excluding the most strictly Evangelical, celebrate their jubilees, to say nothing of golden and silver weddings and the like. There is therefore nothing out of the way in the general Jubilee just proclaimed by Leo XIII. "unto all and singular of both sexes of the faithful of Christ," to last from the feast of St. Joseph (March 19) to All Saints' Day, except the unusual rapidity of its recurrence. For the last ordinary Jubilee, being the twenty-first in all, was held in 1875, and there was a kind of supplementary one in 1877 to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Pius IX.'s first Mass. But otherwise these sacred seasons have been observed for some centuries past at intervals of 25 years only, the Jubilee of 1850 being omitted altogether, on account of the exile of the pontiff and the hostile occupation of Rome, which offered obvious impediments to a general pilgrimage. The present observance however is expressly announced by Leo XIII. as an extraordinary one, grounded on the grievous and perilous circumstances of the Church, and the conviction that "God is the more ready to hear prayer in proportion as there is in man a greater depth of penitence and the will of becoming reconciled to Him." In former ages indeed another and more mundane object contributed to the appointment and gradual multiplication of these great pilgrimage times—for such they then were—as will appear from a brief review of the origin of the institution. But no one need complain of Leo XIII.'s modest suggestion in his last Encyclical that some alms should be given to certain specified Societies for the Propagation of the Faith and education of Christian children in the East, nor does it contain any requirement or condition of visiting the threshold of the Apostles. Those dwelling in and about Rome are indeed directed to visit twice the Lateran, Vatican, and Liberian basilicas, but "all other persons dwelling without the City and elsewhere" are simply required to visit twice three churches designated by their Ordinaries, or if there be but two or only one church where they reside, their six visits can

be paid to these one or two. Leo XIII. may in short be credited with a genuine anxiety to rouse the zeal and secure the prayers of the faithful, nor was such a desire perhaps ever wholly wanting in his predecessors or those who inspired their policy on such occasions. But it would be an excess of charity, whether we consider the character of the men, or the circumstances of the case, to suppose that spiritual motives alone prompted the action of such pontiffs as Boniface VIII. or Clement VI., whose names are associated with the first introduction of the pilgrimage of the Holy Year.

In the year 1299 "all Europe," as Milman puts it, "was in a phrensy of religious zeal." There was a spontaneous rush of pilgrims towards Rome, or perhaps we should rather say that the stream of pilgrimage which had formerly set towards Jerusalem, and the forcible stoppage of which by the Moslem occupation was the immediate cause of the crusades, now set towards the *Limina Apostolorum* instead. At Christmas, in 1299, thousands of strangers thronged the Roman churches, and the question arose whether it would not be wise to take advantage of this new outburst of devotional fervour. After due examination of precedents and consultation of Cardinals the Pope on the feast of St. Peter's Chair (Jan. 18) 1300 solemnly proclaimed from the pulpit of St. Peter's the first Jubilee—not that the name was then employed—with plenary indulgence for all who during that holy year should visit the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul, on 30 days if residents of Rome, on 15 days if strangers. The experiment proved a great success. No less than two millions of pilgrims, of all ages and both sexes, and from all parts of Europe, are said to have visited Rome during the year, and as many as 200,000 were constantly to be found gathered in the holy city. At one time the numbers were so great that openings were broken in the walls for ingress and egress, and many persons were trampled to death. Villani, who was there himself, describes at great length in his *Cronica* the solemnity of the spectacle, the immense concourse of pilgrims, and the admirable arrangements made by the authorities for victualling both men and horses, "as I can bear witness, who was present and saw it all"; and on this point his testimony is confirmed by other contemporary chroniclers. The drain therefore on the Papal treasury must have been considerable, but the offerings also were very large. We are told how "two priests stood constantly by the high altar with rakes in their hands, sweeping from the sacred table the countless heaps of coin laid in offerings there." Cardinal Stefaneschi, however, the poet historian, who has left us his own record of the first *Anno Santo*, says that the annual offerings at St. Peter's averaged 30,000 florins, and that not above 50,000 more were offered during the Jubilee, mostly in very small coins. Among other distinguished visitors there came to Rome Giotto, who was commissioned by the Pope to paint frescoes in St. Peter's, and Gubbio the miniature painter who illuminated manuscripts for the Vatican Library. It had been originally intended to restrict the *Anno Santo* to the first year of every century, but this interval was speedily curtailed, first to fifty, then to thirty-three, and finally to twenty-five years. The occasion of the second Jubilee was a peculiar one. The Papal Court was in captivity at Avignon, and soon after Clement VI. ascended the throne, in 1342, an influential embassy came from Rome, including among its members Petrarch and the future tribune Rienzi, to entreat his Holiness to return to his See, and asking among other things that the Jubilee should be celebrated every fifty years, for how many of the faithful, it was urged, would die without ever witnessing a centenary. To the first part of this petition Clement—who had no idea of leaving his luxurious retreat at Avignon—returned a gracious but evasive answer; to the request for a Jubilee he readily assented. Rienzi, who had been treated with great distinction, returned in triumph, and the Bull *Unigenitus*, announcing the *Anno Santo* of 1350, appeared the following year. The result showed, as Mr. Heiman points out, that neither the alienation caused by the removal of the Court to foreign soil, nor the unpopular government of the Cardinal Legates had weakened the force of religious sentiment in Italy; "while the Papacy was feeble the Church was mighty." This second Jubilee brought a yet larger influx of pilgrims and of pious offerings than the first. Yet there was much in the conduct of the Roman populace to shock the piety of their foreign guests. A Cardinal Legate sent for the occasion from Avignon was publicly insulted, and even shot at with arrows while on his way to visit the basilicas—an outrage which he attributed to the machinations of Rienzi, who was now out of papal favour, and had crept secretly into Rome in the crowd of pilgrims. A great bull-fight was held in the Coliseum in September, which had a tragical termination, not only eleven bulls, but eighteen noble youths being left dead in the arena. There were also quarrels and even murders arising out of casual encounters in the crush of spectators, and the chroniclers tell us that on great devotional occasions two or three or even twelve persons used to be suffocated or trampled to death. They speak in high terms of the general conduct of the pilgrims themselves, who were peaceable, honest, good-humoured, and patient under severe trials and hardships, "but at Rome over-reaching and speculative avarice were in wait for victims." The police arrangements and accommodation were as bad as possible. Petrarch paid his third and last visit to Rome on this occasion.

The limit of fifty years was as little destined to be permanent as the limit of a century. The second jubilee was held within half a century of the first, and the third followed still more closely on the second. Urban VI. was anxious at once to

confirm his waning popularity and to provide for his financial wants by anticipating the period fixed, and in order to excuse this somewhat arbitrary innovation, he decreed that henceforth only thirty-three years—the period of our Lord's earthly life and of a generation of mankind—should intervene between the successive celebrations. A fresh jubilee was accordingly proclaimed in 1389, but Urban did not live to see it. It was solemnized next year by his successor Boniface IX., who however treated it as a mere casual interpolation and proclaimed another at the close of the century, which was kept accordingly in 1400. The jubilee of 1390 did not open very prosperously. No pilgrims of course came from the countries where the Anti-Pope Clement VII. was acknowledged, and the financial success of the solemnity was largely due to the adoption of some very questionable expedients. Richard II. of England, and John I. of France were expressly privileged to gain the indulgence without leaving their States, and certain German cities obtained a similar concession on condition of payment for the restoration of Roman basilicas. It was a far graver innovation to send questors all over Europe commissioned to sell the indulgence at the presumed cost of the journey to Rome, and who according to contemporary chronicles offered a plenary remission of all sins without the condition of repentance. Chaucer, who lived at the time, is supposed to refer to these proceedings in his description in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* of the "gentil Pardoner, That streyt we comen from the Court of Rome." In some provinces more than 100,000 florins were extorted by these unscrupulous emissaries, who did not forget to enrich themselves, and many of whom appear to have come to an evil end. Still grander than any previous celebration was the *Anno Santo* proclaimed by Nicholas V.—one of the ablest and most high-minded of the mediæval Popes—for 1450. A new coin was struck for the occasion, and so enormous were the offerings that above 100,000 florins were lodged in the bank of the Medici alone. But the immense concourse of pilgrims led to very disastrous results. One day as the multitude were returning from an exposition of the *Volto Santo* at St. Peter's, some trifling obstacle on the bridge of St. Angelo caused a panic, in which, according to Infessura no less than 200 persons were drowned or crushed to death. And then the plague broke out and even the Pope and Cardinals were driven away from Rome. The next and last recurrence of the Holy Year that need be specially noticed here took place in 1475, when the present name of Jubilee first came into vogue, and the practice of holding it every twenty-five years, which has continued ever since, was introduced, by virtue of a Bull of Paul II., in consideration of the shortness of human life and in order that each generation might have an opportunity of benefiting by the spiritual treasures of the Church. King Ferdinand of Naples and Catherine, Queen of Bosnia, were among the pilgrims, but the concourse was not so large as on previous occasions, being impeded as well by wars and political troubles as by the dangerous state of the roads infested by brigands. On this last account the indulgence was extended to Bologna, where four churches were raised to equal dignity *pro hac vice* with the four patriarchal basilicas of Rome. Sixtus IV., who presided over this solemnity, was one of the most shameless of papal traffickers in sacred things: all the offices of the Court were sold at fixed prices publicly advertised, and new offices were actually created in order to be sold to the highest bidder. The next Jubilee was celebrated under the auspices of Alexander VI., when the Papacy had reached its lowest depth of degradation.

The last ordinary Jubilee under the old regime at Rome was solemnized, as was before observed, in 1825, when the number of pilgrims during the year amounted to nearly 400,000. Whether the ancient ceremonies, now many centuries old, will be revived at its next recurrence in 1900 may perhaps be doubted; there has at all events been no attempt at such a revival either in 1875 or now. It may be worth while therefore to put on record that, according to the traditional rite, the *Anno Santo* is proclaimed after the Gospel at High Mass in St. Peter's on the previous Ascension Day, by reading the Bull in Latin and Italian, followed by military music and peals of cannon; first in the Vatican, then in the three other patriarchal basilicas. At Vespers on Christmas Eve the Jubilee begins with a grand procession, when the Pope in person solemnly opens the *Porta Santa* in the atrium of St. Peter's, while three Cardinal Legates, deputed *ad hoc*, open with similar formalities the sacred gates of the Lateran, Sta Maria Maggiore and St. Paul's. The Holy Year is brought to an end on the ensuing Christmas Eve, with the solemn ceremonial of closing the sacred gates of the four basilicas. Pilgrimages cannot certainly be said to have gone out of fashion, in view of the recent popularity of Lourdes and La Salette, and we observe that this last Encyclical recommends, though it does not enforce, a pilgrimage to Loretto. But pilgrimages to Rome will hardly survive the transformation of "the holy city" into the capital of Italy. The *Anno Santo* need not therefore lose anything of its strictly religious significance, but it must cease to operate as a centralizing power. And this is a point of some importance, when we remember that centralization has been confessedly the great motive force of the Catholic reaction of the last half-century, the secret alike of its weakness and its strength.

THE ADVANTAGES OF DEMOCRACY.

A RATHER curious series of evolutions has just been performed in the columns of the only London newspaper which is at once avowedly democratic and conducted with decency and ability. Rumour charges some men of letters of great and historical fame with having written, or caused to be written, unfavourable reviews of their own works, in order that these exposures might be triumphantly exposed in their turn. The article which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Saturday, under the title "Democratic Consolations," might excusably remind a reader of this manoeuvre when he saw what followed it on Monday. On the first day inquiry was made whether pessimist critics of democracy, including some extremely anti-reactionary persons, such as Tocqueville and Mill, were or were not right in anticipating a general deterioration of the political standard in governments and individuals. Perhaps the authorities for some such anticipation might have been dated a little further back. Burke, for instance, if we do not mistake an authority justly in some favour with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, spoke of the "disgusting vices" of democracies, and the result of a good many centuries of observation has made it almost an axiom with impartial students of politics, that the gain, such as it is, of an occasional and almost superhuman display of energy is more than compensated, not merely by the inherent absurdity of the democratic principle, but by the defects which, as experience shows, accompany the working of that principle. However, the modern democrat who has searchings of heart may be allowed to state his case his own way, and he would doubtless say that the limited and imperfect Republics of the past offer no criterion applicable to the improved democracy of the nineteenth century. Yet even in this improved democracy he sees spots, blemishes, black clouds "among the blue," wandering stars in the orderly galaxy. Is not Wigan (a place of apparently good conditions, which neither withers in the baleful shadow of a cathedral nor depends on the patronage and custom of the county) pretty obviously corrupt? Is not the London School Board, the crown and flower of things in the democratic point of view, a body of dubious wisdom and of conduct not dubious at all? Does not the enthusiasm awakened by the illness of Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone, as the case may be, show a dangerous leaning to personal government? These uncomfortable questions were put to the faithful democrat on Saturday, and he was left to study them in company with his Census paper during the Sabbath. But on Monday badm was to be found in Gilend. A useful "Democratic Liberal" made very short work of the *Pall Mall's* objections. Wigan is only corrupt because it is not democratic enough—"Magis magnos democraticos sunt magis magnos puros," in fact. The London School Board is falling off because the horrid cumulative vote, loathsome to democracy, enables the wicked inhabitants of villas to send evil delegates of their own, who stop the business, and are as flies in the ointment. This argument is particularly interesting, because, in reply to it, we have only to mention, with all respect, the name of Miss Helen Taylor. Thirdly, the democracy clings to men only as representatives of causes—apparently in exactly the same way that image worshippers, by their own account, never worship the image, but only the thing or person imaged. In case this handy "Democratic Liberal" should have done the business insufficiently, a short article in the same number points out how admirably the Caucus works, and how it has provided Ipswich with a man and member of the most extreme justice and tenaciousness of purpose. This is, of course, a tonic thrown in to complete the effect of the "Democratic Liberal's" antidote; and if the uncomfortable qualms are not allayed, why the modern democrat must have a very weak stomach and very weak knees indeed.

Let us examine these remedies for democratic doubt a little more closely. The "Democratic Liberal's" special pleading does not want much more attention than we have already given to it, in so far as the second and third counts are concerned. The first merits a little more attention. "The growth of democracy, we are told, has been attended by a steady improvement of opinion in this respect [purity of election]." This is a very favourite argument with the writer's likes, and in various forms it is used to support extension of the franchise, redistribution of seats, and half-a-dozen other things. It is obvious, however, that it is a mere begging of the question. The actual fact is, that in very large constituencies there is less direct bribery than in small ones. The "Democratic Liberal" would have us think that this is owing to the improvement of opinion. If this means that he thinks the Glasgow or Manchester elector to be, circumstances and cases equal, less accessible to bribery than the elector of Sandwich or of Boston, he is of course entitled to his opinion, though no reasons are or can be produced for it except the viciously circular one that large constituencies are above bribery. The facts seem plain enough. Bribery of a constituency of many thousands is simply a physical impossibility. But the real point of importance is whether, corruption having ceased owing to mechanical, not moral causes, seven devils worse than itself have not come into its place. The "Democratic Liberal" who is bound to admire Birmingham will of course strenuously deny this; we for our part shall as strenuously assert it. The organization whereby the whole patronage, office-holding, and municipal administration generally of a borough becomes the prey of one political party seems to us an infinitely worse evil than the letting loose of a temporary flood of gratuitous beer, and the conveyance into gaping pockets of irregular ten-pound notes. But this is not the whole of the evil. The arrangement

has had so little time to work in England that it has not produced its full fruits. What those fruits have been under conditions almost precisely similar ought to be well enough known. In America you do not bribe the voter, but you bribe the managers. As the immense power and profit at the disposal of the victors in caucuses becomes more fully appreciated, the same thing must necessarily take place in England. For instance, it is no secret at all that many responsible citizens of Birmingham declare that the dominant clique in that town have grossly abused their power—though not, let us hasten to say, in the direction of actual malversation. Birmingham has not come to that yet, though it is in an excellent way to come to it. But, when the golden age of the Chamberlains and the Collingses has passed, it is very much to be feared that, if Birmingham has not freed herself from the chains of the Hundreds, "houses" and "rings" will quickly arise. We may go further, and say that such must inevitably, according to human nature, be the case. That is a worse state than the perfectly open and unblushing corruption which it has become a convention to speak of with horror and disgust, but which did very little harm to anybody; and, if it did any harm, did it only to the lower strata of society. Those who governed were not, in the old system, corrupt; in the new, this is exactly what they will be. Now we venture to think that it is less harmful for the body corporate, as for the body individual, to have its heels than its head in the mire.

This brings us, naturally enough, to the curious guarantee of the excellences of democracy, as manifested in the member for Ipswich: which is, as we have said, exhibited as a corroborative and cordial to the doubting democrat. The argument is this. Mr. Collings is a Caucus man, and the President of the Caucus of all Caucuses. He was adopted by the Ipswich Liberals, and sent to Parliament to support the present Government. Yet he voted against the Government on the Coercion Bills. He is impenitent, and the Ipswich Caucuser has not requested him to resign. What can be clearer than that the relation of Caucus and member is one of perfect freedom and independence? A good many things, we think, can be clearer. The state of the case is this. The Ipswich Radical Association, like the majority of Radical Associations throughout the country, cared for nothing and nobody at the last election but the defeat of the late Government. They were apparently so desperately hard put to it for a candidate that they had to order one from Birmingham. Birmingham sent them Mr. Jesse Collings—famous in his native town for a certain Afghan meeting. The mere selection of such a candidate told its own tale. Mr. Collings, of whom we desire to speak with all respect, is in no sense a man of mark, except as being an able and determined party organizer. He has no claim to represent Ipswich or any other place except this. In electing such a man Ipswich gave him practically *carte blanche*; but it is said there was one thing marked on the white ticket, and that was "support Mr. Gladstone." The remark may be innocent, or it may be guileful. In the first place, the so-called opposition which Mr. Collings has given was a perfectly harmless and playful opposition. It was the sort of thing that a party man can give himself the luxury of, with the chance of acquiring a reputation for independence and the certainty of not damaging his party. In the second place, by selecting one of Mr. Chamberlain's tail, Ipswich had practically said to its selection "We want you to follow Mr. Chamberlain." Mr. Collings did follow Mr. Chamberlain very faithfully, though he did not follow the President of the Board of Trade. Not being in office, he was not obliged to go through the pleasant little form of tergiversation to which his superiors accommodated themselves so gracefully. But we can go further into the question than this. Does anybody really think that such opposition as Mr. Collings indulged in displeased the Government he was sent to support? He must be very young who does. The remarkable irritation which Mr. Gladstone showed on Tuesday night at a chance remark of Mr. Justin McCarthy's might be a useful study for political youth of this kind. It has been sufficiently evident all along that the Government have been only too anxious not to get into real opposition with men of Mr. Collings's type. Had the whole of their party voted with them in the measures to which they were so reluctantly driven by the feeling of common sense and justice which still exists (perhaps owing to habit) in England, the extreme Radical section of electors might have indulged in a revolt. The apparent or real independence of persons like Mr. Collings has served as a safety valve, saving them from this danger, while it has not been of a kind calculated to do them the least practical harm. Meanwhile, Mr. Collings's own attitude—which, were it not for his indiscreet eulogist, we should not criticize—is certainly not one which can be regarded as a noble spectacle, the nobility of which is due to the caucus and to the innate excellences of democratic sentiment. Mr. Collings, be it remembered, has differed from the Government on a point which is, to strict democratic tempers, the very article of an orthodox or heretical Government. The defection of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues from the great Radical principle that every one not a Tory should be allowed to do what he pleases, is vital to the whole scheme of politics. Mr. Collings ought at once to assume an irreconcilable attitude, and to wash his hands of a Government of buckshot and brutality. But he does nothing of the kind. The Government is still a good stick to beat Tories with, useful to prevent inconvenient religious censures, and to help on the golden age of misrule by little and little. So Mr. Collings condones the crime of the Coercion Bill, satisfied with having

washed his own hands of that. Probably the day's service at O'Neil's Farm has a little gilded over the night's exploit at St. Stephen's. The crime of coercing Connaught is pardoned, for the sake of the magnanimous surrender of the Transvaal; the wickedness of making Irishmen pay their debts, for the sake of the virtue of restoring to Dutchmen what is admitted to be their own, after being well beaten for keeping it. On the whole, we fear that we cannot accept Mr. Collings's name, respectable as it may be in itself, as a guarantee of the blessings of democracy. The *Pall Mall* must procure us better assurance. We like not the security.

QUESTIONS LEFT OUT.

THE humours of the Census seem to have been tolerably abundant. The members of the working German colony in Soho looked on the paper as one of the diversions which are provided for tyrants by the blood and iron slaves of our corrupt society. The clergy in some country districts saw in the Census paper an excellent opportunity for collecting subscriptions towards new churches. The poor people in Whitechapel thought the questions were a new dodge of the School Board, which they seem to regard with superstitious awe, as a purely malevolent power. On the other hand, a number of persons write to the papers complaining bitterly that they never received the papers at all, which, with truly British ingenuity, they appear to consider a grievance. Other thinkers, of a statistical turn of mind, regret that such splendid opportunities of collecting information have been partially neglected. They would like the Census returns to have been constructed on the principle of these "sociological" charts which are compiled for Mr. Spencer, and by aid of which the philosopher can frame a theory of the origin of any institution, from religion to fermented liquors. By settling some dozen adroit questions, an inquiring Government might have enjoyed the advantages, without condescending to the tricks, of Haroun Al Raschid, and might have found out what people really think of them.

Even as things stand there were some odd questions on the list. The Americans are a curious people, and one or two of the queries were almost of American inquisitiveness. There is a well-known anecdote of an American who travelled in the same railway carriage with an English lady dressed in deep mourning. "Loss, ma'am?" he said. The lady admitted her bereavement. "Recent?" "Yes." "Husband or father?" The victim, now in tears, murmured "Husband." "Leave you pretty comfortable?" On this the unlucky woman withdrew behind a newspaper; and the inquirer exclaimed to another stranger, "She seems kind o' stuck-up, like." We have a tolerably distinct recollection of an American census-paper in which the public were asked how often it had been convicted, for what offence, and what term of punishment had been endured. These are very pertinent inquiries, and the answers would afford much useful information as to the gratifying diminution of crime, the percentage of fraudulent directors, and the chances of repentance offered to the converted criminal. Our Census stops short of these queries, but asks, rather curiously, about our "infirmities," and whether they are casual or congenital. This section must have opened a playing-field to the domestic humourist, who found in them an easy opportunity of satirizing the failings of his family. Other questions were almost as petty as those with which Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Arthur Arnold, and other members beguile the tedium of the House of Commons. "Is it true that some one said it was hardly worth while to tell a Land-Leaguer that his chimney is on fire; but, after all, we may as well rap him up?" This is the kind of problem that Irish members think worthy of the attention of the House; and we may infer that, when the Irish Republic gets founded, the Census papers will ask, "Who fears to speak of '98?" and other questions of equal gravity. But our own authorities showed similar curiosity when they asked barristers to declare whether they practised or not, and requested men of letters to state the branch of study to which they devoted themselves. Can this singular question be intended to facilitate the endowment of research out of the funds of a Disestablished Church? Will the man of letters, who is giving his time and energy to elucidating the connexion between mysteries of the Cabiri and the Mandan rite of O-ta-pe, receive some morning a letter from Mr. Gladstone notifying his succession to the revenues of a deanery? Probably but few men of letters have answered a rather needless and impertinent question, though it would certainly be interesting to know how many writers neglected by a vain people have written themselves down as poets.

There are many much more important questions to be decided than the proportion of poets, philosophers, and historians in the British islands. Most people are fluent when they talk about themselves, and probably the majority of the public would have eagerly seized a chance of giving information about their own opinions. Even in this age, when people say we all write, many millions of our fellow-creatures are "blue-moulded," as the Irishman said, for want of a chance of expressing their ideas. Newspapers cannot print all the letters they receive, and the editors of magazines are still more chary of their space. Hence the popularity of examinations among ambitious ladies. Though no one but the examiner knows what they have to say, they unbosom themselves of their intellectual store with fluency and pleasure. Hence, too, the former popularity of albums, in which

people were asked to name their favourite flower, their favourite hero, their favourite author. We believe that a supplementary schedule of this sort, to be filled up or left alone at will, would have given sincere delight to many millions of eager persons who, at present, cannot get a hearing. In a trial which has been filling the newspapers this week, it appeared that a lady asked her ghostly adviser "whether she was likely to have babies in the spirit world." The friend replied with confidence that she was sure to have spirit-babies, that this great void in her nature would certainly be satisfied. Millions of people have the same kind of desire to speak their minds in a semi-public way. In this world they are condemned to lack satisfaction, except in the rare cases when they appear as witnesses in a trial. Then they do their best to deliver themselves of their ideas on all topics, but are apt to be snubbed by persons in authority. A supplementary census would give them, every ten years, the chance which otherwise must be deferred till they can secure an opportunity in the spirit-world.

Questions of a personal nature would, of course, be most welcome. Any one who studies the answers to correspondents in the cheap weekly papers will readily discover the kind of topic that most provokes dissension and discussion. "Did you marry your cousin, and how do you like it as far as you have gone?" would be a query somewhat in the style of Artemus Ward, but by no means purely otiose or useless to science. Indeed, so desirable are answers to this question that an inquirer who bears a name renowned in science through several generations has issued his own private catechism on the subject. The results so far have been unsatisfactory, and absolutely no scientific conclusion can be based upon them. Again, much would be learned if every one were asked whether he has been vaccinated, and how often, and whether he has suffered from small-pox. By this means a body of evidence would be obtained which might possibly convince even the most unreasonable of all crotcheteers—the people who oppose compulsory vaccination as a tyrannous infringement of the liberty of the subject to make himself a dangerous nuisance. The members of infinitesimal majorities, however, rather glory in being "in the right with two or three," as Mr. Hughes so constantly quotes Mr. Lowell, and in the conviction that the opinion of many millions is always in the wrong. The question of spelling reform might also be submitted to an experimental plebiscite. But here the results are very uncertain, for the number of persons who would like to spell as the spirit moves them may be very considerable, and its weight would be thrown into the scale of Mr. Tito Pagliardini, Mr. Max Müller, and the other aliens who are so patriotically anxious to improve the English language out of existence. The late general election proved that no one who merely resides in London and beyond the sweet influences of the *Shields Gazette* and of the *Northern Echo* knows what the people really think about politics. A supplementary question or two in the Census would throw much light on important matters of which we are condemned to remain in utter ignorance. "What do you think of the surrender of Laing's Nek and portions of Natal to the Boers?" would be a very good test-question; also, "Do you regard property as a feudal wrong?" If the people in their millions were to reply to the former question that they are proud of the transaction, and to the latter in the affirmative, it is plain that investors in English securities would remove their wealth, and that there would be a new exodus of the patriots. In a small vessel, about the size of the *Mayflower* (it would hold them all, including Mr. Ashmead Bartlett), they would steer for "lands undiscoverable in the unheard-of West," and would leave behind the morality of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and "the military impotence of England." On the other hand, the popular answer might be much more satisfactory, and we might be permitted to hope that the People does not really go in for a policy of foreign surrender and domestic confiscation.

Turning from politics to art and the deeply important questions of "culture," the compilers of the Census might find out whether the People is not dreadfully bored with pictures of "aesthetes," and sincerely anxious that some new kind of joke might be invented. At the same time, a properly constructed schedule would show how many aesthetic people are actually in existence at this moment. We imagine that, if these fanatics were subjected to a real persecution, like Monotheists in ancient Israel, and Unitates in orthodox Russia, no pitiful person would find it necessary to hide them by fifties in a cave. A very small, self-contained cave would conceal the whole congregation, and leave room for both the antagonistic sects of Positivists—for the Society of Painter Etchers and for Mr. Whistler. The last Census returns but one contained, we believe, under the head of Professions, "Sophists—2." The two sophists were young bachelors with their first reading party, and they chose to designate their profession by the appropriate name readily suggested by their studies. Under the head of "Professional Aesthetes" we certainly do not think that more than two would be recorded, while gaps have been made—"the ranks that were thin have been thinned"—in the numbers of ladies who are beauties by profession. A proper investigation into professions and modes of securing a livelihood would enlighten us as to the number of buffoons and diners-out, of social touts who give "tips" about the people they meet to the papers, of directors of Companies, of promoters of gold mines in London and the country, and of translators of *Horace*. Even as things are, a wondering world may learn from the new Census the precise quantity of novelists at present labouring in our midst. Lastly, we should like to have seen well-directed inquiries made as to the proportion of people who could

go into court and swear that they had seen one or more ghosts. From queries such as these science would reap invaluable stores of knowledge, while the respondents would be enabled to unbosom themselves at the expense of the nation.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

IT is not unsatisfactory to think that any one of the sixteen young men who rowed yesterday from Putney to Mortlake may congratulate himself on having, according to reasonable probability, very many years to live, and may hope to date the beginning of a successful career from the time when he first strengthened himself by rowing, and first began to expand his chest and enlarge his muscles in the effort to gain that post of highest honour—a place in the University Eight. Such, at least, is the legitimate conclusion to be drawn from the only trustworthy statements with regard to the effect of rowing on health which are to be found. These, as we need hardly say, are contained in the book on "University Oars," which Dr. Morgan published some ten years ago, a work which has naturally been accepted with enthusiasm by many men and by all who care for athletic pursuits, but has not received the general attention it deserved. Dr. Morgan wrote, it may fairly be presumed, with the object of vindicating what had been his own pursuit, his favourite pursuit. He sought to show that rowing, even when practised with great austerity, had no bad effect whatever on health; but was likely, on the whole, to have a good effect on health, and he certainly proved his points, unless careful reasoning and elaborate statistics, which have never been disputed or denied, are to be disregarded. But Dr. Morgan, though he hardly seemed conscious of it himself, did a great deal more in his remarkable treatise than defend the practice of rowing races, and show that, so far from tending to shorten life, it tended, on the whole, to prolong it. He showed by the facts which he took so much trouble to collect and digest how strong may be the influence of superstition amongst the most highly educated classes. For many years a superstition—and it is as absurd a superstition as that which makes a negro adorn his fetish—has prevailed that pulling in boat races, and especially in the University boat race, was likely to do grievous harm, and, in many cases, to shorten life. It may be said with perfect safety that this idea rested on no evidence whatever. It has often been said formerly, and is sometimes said now, that men who pulled in the University Eight were generally short-lived, and frequently died of disease of the heart. It would have been just as true to assert that men who had pulled in a University Eight commonly died early of *delirium tremens*. How the superstition arose it is difficult to conjecture, but it is far from extinct now, and assuredly was very generally prevalent until Dr. Morgan's book appeared. He, in preparing his work, was content to do what the Irish duellist of former days characterized as despicable, and to take refuge in facts. By dint of infinite trouble, he ascertained what had become of most of the men who had rowed in the University races from 1829 to 1869, and showed that, in so far as statistics were worth anything for such a period, they proved, not merely that University oars were by no means destined to be short-lived, but that, on the contrary, they were likely to exceed the ordinary span. With regard to one disease, indeed, the result of his researches was most remarkable. It has been, and is, very commonly supposed that rowing tends to produce disease of the heart. Dr. Morgan showed that, in the course of 40 years, over which his inquiry extended—that is to say, from 1829, in which the first race was rowed, to 1869—294 men pulled in University boat races, and that, in 1869, 39 of these men were dead. Of these 39 deaths, three only were due to disease of the heart. It is unnecessary to go into elaborate statistics, or careful comparison with the ordinary death-rate, to prove that this was a very small proportion, and that the idea that men who pull in University races are likely to injure their hearts is a pure superstition, which, strangely enough, has prevailed to a certain extent amongst educated men, but has no more real basis than the many wild superstitions with regard to disease which prevail amongst those whose reasoning faculties have never been exercised. It so happened that this year the statements by which Dr. Morgan dispelled what can hardly be described as a vulgar prejudice have had peculiar interest, and have been remarkably confirmed. It was determined that there should be a dinner to celebrate the fifty-second anniversary of the boat race, which all old University oars should be privileged to attend; and a special steamer was set apart to convey the more or less ancient champions. There was then an opportunity of judging whether men who have pulled in University eights suffer from the effect of their early efforts; and certainly, unless there has been a remarkable survival of the fittest, it must be said that the appearance of the occupants of the steamer showed that no reason exists for supposing that pulling in boat races tends to weaken men or to make them prematurely infirm. Clergymen are apt at all times of life to show a painful superiority over laymen in physical vigour; but, even allowing for the large number of clergymen amongst the Old Guard, it can hardly be denied that the appearance of the men who from all parts of the country had come to do honour to the sport they followed in other days, showed that, if boat racing is injurious, it is like the slow poison of Voltaire's coffee, and does not begin to affect a man until he is well past seventy.

The race which these veterans came to witness was in one respect a singular one, and not unworthy of the attention of those who remembered the initial boat race and all that followed. More than usual difficulty had been found in judging the respective powers of the two crews. The Oxford men were from the first considered the best; but after the Cambridge crew had been for a short time on the Thames it was thought that they were greatly improving, and that they were likely fairly to match their antagonists. The improvement, however, which they showed at first did not continue, and on Wednesday the confidence of their supporters was rudely shaken, as, after passing a scratch eight, they were apparently unable to hold their lead. On Thursday evening the best judge amongst the writers on the University race pronounced that Oxford would win by two lengths; but nevertheless yesterday morning very great doubt was felt as to the result of the contest, and not often has a University race been more uncertain at the time when the oars first dipped.

When the race began, however, this uncertainty was quickly dispelled, as, before the two crews had gone far on their course yesterday, it became clear that the prophet who has been mentioned was right, and that the Dark Blue were sure to win. For some time, indeed, the race seemed even enough. Past Craven Cottage, the Crab Tree, and Dorset Villa the boats were well together, and, as they both hugged the northern shore to keep out of the wind, and were very close to each other, the contest doubtless appeared an exciting one to the spectators on the river's bank. It was so only in appearance, however. From the first the greater strength and better finish of Oxford were apparent, and, when at the Distillery they slightly quickened and drew a little ahead of their opponents, the result of the race was pretty obvious. Although the Oxford boat was but very little ahead at Hammersmith Bridge, the struggle was virtually over there, as has very often happened in matches on the Putney to Mortlake course. The Cambridge men rowed with great valour, according to the wont of Cambridge men, and up to Chiswick kept close to their antagonists; but after this place was passed the Oxford boat drew away, and then, as usual, the winning crew seemed to get steadier and steadier, while the losing crew got somewhat wild. As usual, too, the steering of the losing boat was eccentric; but perhaps the yawing which was very marked near Barnes Bridge was due to a singular contrivance called an American windsail which decorated the bows of the Cambridge boat. It is not always well to accept Yankee inventions, and in this case the Cambridge coxswain must have devoutly wished that there had been more old-fashioned prejudice against innovations. In the end, the Oxford crew won by about two and a half lengths, and thus the prophet's prediction was all but exactly fulfilled; and, perhaps, if the Cambridge steering had been less eccentric, his forecast would have proved absolutely right. That there never was any real ground for the uncertainty which prevailed, and that the Oxford crew was decidedly the better one is now clear; but if the Cambridge men were over-matched they fought most valiantly, and when they reach that ripe old age which Dr. Morgan predicts for them, they will doubtless be able to say that, since that day, few beaten crews have made a better fight than they did. With regard to the veterans who came to see the contest, it is greatly to be hoped that none of them caught cold in the very bitter east wind which prevailed, as any accidental illness amongst University oars would tend to falsify Dr. Morgan's conclusions, and perhaps materially to retard the progress of knowledge.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT CHIOS.

AN agreeable historian of literature, with perhaps some levity, has described the queen of our King Arthur as "très sujette à être enlevée." If the matter were not too serious for a jest, the unfortunate island of Chios might be described as very subject to be devastated. Its authentic history almost begins with the sufferings it underwent in the struggle for Ionian independence against Persia, and in times which are still recent it was long known as the scene of the famous massacre to thousands who had a very dim idea of it as the possible birthplace of Homer or the source of the most famous of that Greek wine which is somehow or other so unpalatable to modern palates. The massacre of Scio, which destroyed the prosperity of the island for some quarter of a century, and fired the imagination of Delacroix and Victor Hugo, was in some sort the fault of the inhabitants, owing to their imprudent mixture of rash participation in the rebellion and absolute defencelessness at home. Had the Germans been in the place of the Turks they would hardly have perpetrated quite so hideous a massacre; but the Scioite *Frances-Tireurs* who joined the privateers of independence would probably have brought down a similar punishment in kind, if not in degree, on their friends. The disaster which in the present week has come upon the most flourishing of all the Greek islands now under Turkish sway is a wholly unprovoked one. All that part of the world is more or less menaced by earthquakes, and the singular alterations of land and sea at Santorin are among the most notable of similar phenomena in recent times. But for the most part earthquakes in the Levant are rather frequent than especially disastrous. People are prepared for them; houses and other buildings are constructed accordingly, and a trembling of the earth is a matter of little concern. The earthquake of Sunday seems to have nearly coincided

with similar but milder shocks at Zante, which is, perhaps, the chief centre of earthquakes in Europe. From the comparatively imperfect details which have yet been received, the extent and the violence of the disturbance must have been equally great. Chios is separated from the mainland by a strait eight miles wide, across which the shocks spread to the neighbourhood of Smyrna. The chief town of the island is described as being wholly in ruins, and most of the others—Chios, be it remembered, is some thirty miles long, and, though it has not recovered the massacre, very populous—as having suffered only less. The actual casualties in such disasters are generally exaggerated, and it may be hoped that the reported loss of between three and five thousand lives may be reduced. But a town of six thousand stone houses is not thrown into ruins in a moment like a structure of cards without serious results to human life and limb, and the suffering from homelessness and loss of the means of living must probably exceed by far that occasioned by the actual calamity.

There are not many questions which are more debated than the cause of earthquakes, and their connexion with one another. But that three such accidents as those of Agram, Ischia, and Chios should, merely as a coincidence, follow each other at short intervals, within a limited area, is hardly to be credited. Among the pieces of not very vigorous fun which the early days of scientific congresses produced, readers of the *Ingoldsby Legends* may remember the suggested theory that the earth was a custard pudding, underdone about the Bog of Allen and a trifle overbaked in the Isle of Portland. That there must be some slackness of crust in the central region of the Mediterranean is pretty evident from the whole history of Etna, and Vesuvius, and Zante, and recently of Agram, which is not far from the coast, of Ischia and of Chios. Although it would be rather rash to generalize too much on the subject, it certainly would appear that the neighbourhoods most subject to volcanic and seismic influences are often exceptionally fertile, and thus suffer more in proportion than they would otherwise do. Zante itself is the most flourishing of the Ionian Islands, just as Chios is the most flourishing of the islands of Ionia; but whereas in Zante the very frequency of the scourge makes it comparatively harmless (just as St. Petersburg is said to be the city in the world where cold is least felt), Chios, less well prepared, seems to have suffered more. The new city of Castro, which rose on the ruins of the old, is smaller and probably less solidly built, though solid building is a dubious advantage in an earthquake. Of course the first thing that occurs to the reader when he hears of events of this kind is a query whether science, which in Mr. Browning's sense "intends greatly" nowadays, cannot do anything, not in the way of modifying, but of foretelling, these disasters. The scourge of hurricanes and typhoons has lost much of its terrors since meteorology has been more regularly studied, and the simple signs of approaching storm have been recognized. But the sister science of seismology has scarcely made parallel advances. The obstacles in the way of these advances are sufficiently easy to discover. In the first place, the science itself is scarcely out of the hypothetical stage. It is still interesting to theorise in a facile manner about the cooling of the crust of the earth, and the repetition on a large scale of the phenomenon which about Christmas-time is apt to hoist the British cook with her own boiler, and the formation of earth waves, which behave like water waves, and so forth. Moreover, the difficulties which beset accurate observation are exceedingly great. There is hardly a single regular observatory of this class of phenomena except the famous one of Professor Palmieri at Vesuvius, and to make observation really capable of being fertile there ought to be scores and hundreds all over the earth's surface. The perpetually quaking Littoral of the Andes, the huge volcanic district of Malaysia and the Northern Pacific, especially the latter, must be regularly observed before general inferences become possible. Even then the inquiry would be a somewhat unsatisfactory one, because the surface disturbances, which alone are capable of observation, are only symptomatic, mere effects, of other phenomena (if the misuse of the word may be pardoned), which do not appear. On the whole, the general tendency of mankind in earthquake regions is to acquiesce in its earthquakes, perhaps, as Mr. Buckle held, with superstition and awe, certainly with a kind of more or less business-like fatalism. You get out of the ruins of your house (that is, if you can, and are not imprisoned under it like the hapless Controller of Chios, who has been heard calling for help for days from his dungeon), rebuild it, and go on till the next earthquake. The attitude, *mutatis mutandis*, is somewhat that of a Thames farmer in relation to floods, with the additional excuse that, while the floods are wholly preventable, the earthquakes are not in the least so, and could at the best only be foreseen, and their destructive effects minimized.

The business-like Greek mind has utilized this calamity for political purposes in a very curious way. The Turkish Government, under whose dominion the Sciotæ are, is never greatly given to help its subjects, holding with a semblance of logic that taxpayers ought to help the State, and that the State has no business to help taxpayers. But modern Sultans are often personally generous in such cases. Besides, Chios is in the immediate neighbourhood of wealthy Greek communities, and other communities of the same nation scattered about the world are also abundantly provided with resources. That the Greek merchants of London and Lancashire alone could put Chios on its legs again without feeling the loss is tolerably certain. More than this, it so happens that Chios is under the immediate rule of the most energetic and capable of Turkish provincial Governors. Midhat Pasha is at Smyrna, and, although Midhat has his enemies, even those enemies do not deny that when he takes a

thing in hand he is apt to go through with it. He has taken Chios in hand, and, with the aid of private charity—in which, if it be required, England is not likely to be backward—and of the assistance of foreign men-of-war who have already been sent to the spot, there is little doubt that things will speedily be put as straight as fate permits. The Greek Government, however, which is drilling its troops and buying its torpedoes for the purpose of attacking Turkey, has thought fit to send official assistance to Chios. A better act could hardly have been done with a worse grace. If the Government of King George encouraged its subjects to be privately liberal with their gifts to those of the same faith and language as themselves, nobody could find fault with it; but official interference at such a moment is in singularly bad taste. A certain number of Frenchmen have never forgiven England for sending, as they are wont to put it, "Des pommes de terre dans notre agonie," ten years ago. It is indeed difficult in this case to be quite sure whether the insult of supposing potatoes to be proper food for a high Gallic stomach, or the injury of giving bread instead of a stone (that is to say, a stone flung at the Prussians), is the crime charged upon luckless Albion. But if England had at the moment been straining her utmost to prepare an invasion of France, and ostentatiously endeavoured to confer benefits on some of the persons whose allegiance she wished to have transferred to her, there might have been some ground for wrath. However, the Sciotæ grin, and that is the principal point. If Midhat is wise (and he is not generally thought to be foolish), he will carry out Captain Dalgott's principles, and lose no opportunity of securing "provant," whether it comes from an enemy or a friend. After all, revolt in Chios is very little to be feared. The Greeks of these Eastern islands may take pleasure when they are in safe neutral keeping, as the Cypriotes are, in passing patriotic resolutions, but they are not, as a rule, with the exception of the Cretans, polemically given. Indeed, the peacefulness and industry of the inhabitants of Chios make the catastrophe which has fallen on them all the more to be regretted. There are so few parts of the Turkish Empire where the people, undisturbed by foreign agitation or intestine strife, really cultivate the garden honestly and industriously, that the grievous blow inflicted on one of them is particularly to be lamented. It is, indeed, hardly possible that the ingenuity even of an English demagogue should discover the earthquake of Chios to be the work of the fiendish Turk, or see in the transference of the island to Greece an infallible preventive of such disasters in future. But the blow is an additional strain upon Turkish finance at a moment when it is already strained to the uttermost, and must cripple the resources of a small but prosperous part of the Sultan's remaining dominions.

RAILWAY OUTRAGES.

THE excitement which followed the murder of Mr. Briggs by the notorious Müller in a railway-carriage led to the adoption of certain precautionary measures by which a passenger who found his personal safety in danger might communicate with the guard. It will be noticed that this arrangement assumes that the arrival of the official and of assistance are identical. A case in which the Company's servants would send on the victims of a murderous assault, together with their assailants, to the next station without interference rather than delay the train does not seem to have been hitherto contemplated; but it appears, for all that, to be the custom on the Metropolitan District Railway. A recent police case illustrates this, as well as other dangers of travelling "by underground." The report states that an elderly man, named Hickling, and his wife got into a third-class carriage of the District Railway train at the Mansion House Station, the compartment being occupied by six labouring men, who began to use such foul language that the husband was obliged to remonstrate, and hoped they would not offend his wife's ears with such shocking conversation. The men at once set on the couple, kicked them, blackened the wife's eye, and injured her by a kick in the side. The unfortunate Hickling himself was kicked more than a dozen times, and had, according to his testimony at the Westminster Police-court, been spitting blood ever since. His face was smothered in blood. The wife screamed out for mercy, but as well as being knocked down and kicked, had her purse, money, and ticket stolen. At Westminster station the guard of the train was called, but the men were not ejected from the carriage, and it was during the journey from Westminster to St. James's Park that the worst part of the assault was committed. It would have been prudent at least to have separated the injured persons from their brutal assailants, and so have prevented the "worst part of the assault"; but we learn from the guard's testimony that, though his attention was called to the disturbance, and he requested the men to leave the carriage, they would not do so; he added that "the train was delayed three minutes." Another witness, James North, Station Inspector at St. James's Park, stated that, when the train came in, and he was told what had occurred, he advised the complainant and his wife to get out and change into another compartment. Prosecutor did not at the time charge any of the men, and he (witness) could not keep the train waiting. When at length a constable did arrive, five of the men ran away and the sixth was arrested. Mr. Partridge very naturally said he thought the

officials ought to have prevented their escape by shutting the spring gate, adding that he supposed there were not sufficient officials on the station, and asked what would have been done supposing murder had been committed? The inspector indignantly answered that there were enough officials present for ordinary occasions, and replied to the question about murder that of course they would stop everything for that. It is at least satisfactory to know that if murder had actually been committed the inspector would have taken the somewhat unusual occurrence into consideration, and stopped everything, though of course it is unreasonable to suppose that the train could be allowed to be delayed more than three minutes for so ordinary an incident as that of kicking an old man and his wife nearly to death. The one ruffian who did fall into the hands of justice received the somewhat inadequate sentence of six months' hard labour.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* makes the gruesome suggestion that two instances which have lately occurred of mutilated bodies being found on the metals of the same line of railway without any clue as to how they came there may be referred to assaults similar to that related above, and puts forward the uncomfortable hypothesis that they may have been thrown out of window to avoid detection, on the well-known principle that "dead men tell no tales." We are loth to accept this theory with the sweeping condemnation of the labouring class which it implies, but we must confess that the British "labouring man" is not altogether a desirable travelling companion. He is certainly addicted to using foul language, and, as the case in question proves, he is wont to resent any remonstrance on this score with unnecessary emphasis. He is also prone to carry the principle of non-intervention rather too far, and would perhaps no more think of interfering with a fellow-workman who happened to be assaulting an inoffending person than one country gentleman would dream of interfering with another in the interests of a hunted fox. Such an instance did actually occur last Christmas Day, when a hawk at Wakefield maltreated his wife before two hundred people, who calmly declared that it was no business of theirs, and doubtless thought that a man had a perfect right to correct his own household. As this person shortly afterwards emphasized his remonstrances with a red-hot poker, and killed the poor woman, he naturally passed the limit of the law's forbearance, and was very properly sentenced to death and executed for the crime. The too muscular and combative labourer chiefly affects third-class carriages, and the obvious suggestion occurs that respectable people should avoid this particular class. Unfortunately difficulties exist in the way of carrying out this plan, not the least being that "respectable people" very frequently cannot afford to travel by a higher class. It certainly does seem a hardship upon such persons to expose them to the chance of being kicked to death and thrown out of window, if they happen to entertain an objection to shocking language, and are imprudent enough to express it. But even first-class carriages, as things go, are not absolutely safe retreats. Not long ago an enterprising young highwayman bought a first-class ticket on the "Metropolitan," for a friend who was carrying his employer's money-bags, with the sole intention of offering him, like Fair Roesmond, the choice between a bowl (or, rather, bottle) of poison and another lethal weapon. It is true that, by an error of judgment, he selected a walking-stick as his alternative, not reflecting that such an implement is, as a Yankee would say, "onreliable" as an instrument of murder. But there are objections even to being beaten about the head with a hickory stick. A more practical recommendation, which we would suggest, with the deepest respect for the Metropolitan Railway Companies, is that they should put a more liberal interpretation upon the number of officials necessary for "ordinary purposes," and attach a little less importance to slightly delaying a train. It is true that this might entail a little extra expense, and perhaps necessitate the running a train less per diem; but it would probably come cheaper in the end.

Any one who has a fair knowledge of gymnastics, and who is able to recognize at a glance each of the numerous trains that dart in and out of the Underground stations, stands a fair chance of arriving at his destination without a broken neck. But the inexperienced traveller who hesitates is lost. While he is fondly looking about for some official to direct him, his train moves on, and should he at the last moment discover it, and make a dive for a compartment, he will not unlikely fall out upon the platform and be taken up and fined "for attempting to enter a railway-carriage while it is in motion," if even worse do not befall him. What is yet more germane to the matter before us is that he may arrive at and leave station after station without the possibility of communicating with any official except the man who slams the doors, who, if the perturbed one protrudes a suppliant hand, will probably jamb it between the hinges. A whole compartment full of roughs may therefore maltreat an uncongenial fellow-passenger with impunity, if they take the simple precaution of holding him down while the train stays at a station; if the worst comes to the worst, they can, as suggested, pitch him out upon the metals in the tunnel.

These are no mere fanciful alarms; the danger exists as really as did the possibility of murder in a single compartment under the old system upon the longer railway journeys, and should be at once guarded against. In this case the remedy is, as Mr. Partridge suggested, the employment of a more efficient staff, and, we would add, a slight extension of the time allowed for halting. A constable ought to be in attendance on every platform, and it might form a part of his duty to give information to passengers.

The attack on the unfortunate couple, Hickling and his wife, is a disgrace to the railway authorities, and ought to call for a more searching investigation, such as takes place when a collision or any other untoward "accident" has happened. The evidence given at the Westminster Police-court conclusively proves that a violent assault was committed without provocation; that the victims appealed for protection; and that the officials, after becoming cognizant of the fact, took no steps to rescue them, but allowed them to proceed in the same carriage with their now more infuriated and brutal assailants. The escape of five of the inculpated persons shows still greater stupidity or negligence; for, if it were impossible to arrest the offenders then and there, the telegraph might have been used, and the means of egress at the next station barred until the constables arrived. Considering the violent nature of the attack, it seems strange that the other persons who witnessed it, and who gave evidence before the magistrate, did not themselves interfere; but the cowardice or indifference of the spectators is no excuse for the incompetence and barbarity of the officials. The system under which such an event was possible ought to be thoroughly overhauled, and it should be once for all definitely understood that the persons of travellers are to be respected, even at the risk of delaying the train for a minute or two. Such a delay under the block system, by which we believe the trains are run, could not involve any greater misfortune than the general delay of the traffic for the day to the extent named; if it does, so much the worse for the system, and so much the greater the necessity for its reform. The old war between the safety of the public and the amount of the shareholders' dividends is still being waged, and almost every victory won for the former is gained at some sacrifice of life and limb. Poor Hickling's injuries will at least have called attention to a new and unexpected danger, and to the existence of defects either in the system or the working of the line which demand instant remedies.

THE DRAIN OF GOLD TO NEW YORK.

THE persistent drain of gold to New York is causing some anxiety amongst business men. During the past two years we have been accustomed to large shipments in the autumn; but usually at this season the export ceases, and in a couple of months more we should rather expect to see money accumulating in New York, and perhaps flowing back to Europe. This year, however, the shipments have continued, and there is some apprehension lest they may increase now that the spring is upon us, and the currency is tending to expand there as well as this side of the Atlantic. During the past two years the export of gold from Europe to the United States has not been less than 30 millions sterling, while the whole production of the American mines has been retained at home for fully four years. There has thus been an unbroken absorption of gold to the amount of at least 60 millions sterling during four years in succession, and yet the demand for the metal seems not to be satisfied. For since New Year's Day nearly 2½ millions more have been withdrawn from the Bank of England for New York, and there have also been shipments from Paris and from Hamburg. Here in England we have not found any inconvenience from this steady outflow. There are still about 28 millions sterling of gold in the Bank of England—that is, not much less than twelve months ago—and more than there has been at the same season during three out of the past four years. But we have escaped inconvenience at the expense of France. The Bank of France, indeed, is in danger of being drained of its whole gold supply. At the beginning of 1877—that is, only four years ago—the gold in the Bank of France amounted to 60 millions sterling. Last week it did not quite amount to 2½ millions sterling—in other words, in the four years the Bank has lost fully three-fifths of its gold. The loss in reality is very much greater; for the circulation of the country is being steadily drained of all the full-weighted gold pieces, until little but under-weighted coins now remain. It is this circumstance which suggested to Prince Bismarck the famous simile we referred to a few weeks ago, of a coverlet thrown over two persons for which it was too small, and for which each was pulling to get as much as possible for himself. It is worth while, then, to inquire what is the cause of this extraordinary demand in the United States.

The permanent cause is the extraordinary prosperity of the United States. During the extreme depression which followed the panic of 1873 the unemployed labourers of the great towns betook themselves to the West, and there settled upon the unoccupied lands, and pushed cultivation further and further into the wilderness. A series of abundant harvests rewarded their labours, and bad seasons in Europe caused an exceptionally great demand for the produce. The agricultural classes throughout the United States in consequence are now enjoying a prosperity seldom witnessed in any country, and their prosperity has reacted upon the whole community. The value of land there depends more largely than elsewhere upon the existence of railways. A farm is worth little unless its produce can be conveyed to the Atlantic seaboard to be shipped to Europe; but no matter how far inland in the great continent it may be, if it is within easy reach of a railroad there is always a market for its produce, and consequently the farmer is well to do. Therefore there is an extraordinary rage for railway building all over the Union. The panic of 1873 in a measure stopped railway con-

struction for several years; but since the return of prosperity the mania has revived in its full force, and North, South, East, and West lines are being completed, extended, or newly laid out with hot haste. This rage for railway building is giving an equally extraordinary impetus to the iron and coal trades. So late as 1876 the whole production of pig iron in the United States but little exceeded 2 million tons, but last year it exceeded 4½ million tons. In the four years, that is, the production has been more than doubled. And, indeed, comparing 1879 with 1880, we find the production increased considerably more than one-third. Last year, in fact, the production was about two-thirds of the whole production of the United Kingdom. It will be recollected that this production is entirely stimulated by the demand for railways, and the employment of labour and profit on capital which it indicates is on the same scale in all the works ancillary to railway building, as, for example, in the production of iron and steel rails, in the manufacture of locomotives, and the like. It is to be borne in mind, moreover, that the price is in truth a monopoly price, there being a protective duty upon iron of about 25 per cent. Thus, in every department, both in agriculture and in manufactures, the population of the United States is now fully employed. The rates of wages and profits are exceptionally high. Probably the world has never before seen so great a population enjoying such extraordinary prosperity.

Fifty millions of English-speaking people, free from foreign apprehensions, and consequently relieved from the necessity of keeping up a great army and navy, inhabiting a vast continent, are devoting their whole energies to money-making, and consequently are prospering beyond precedent. Everybody who cares to work has money to spend. High prices and high wages have to be paid, and large profits and good incomes are spent freely. There is, therefore, an immense demand for money in all its forms, not alone at the centres of industry, but throughout the length and breadth of the continent; in the remotest villages of the least settled territories as well as in New York itself. This, in a large measure, accounts for the strange fact that, notwithstanding the extraordinary export of gold from Europe to the United States to which we referred above, the gold held by the associated banks in that city is actually less now than it was two months ago. On the 12th of February the gold held by those banks exceeded 13½ millions sterling; but last Saturday it was very little more than 11½ millions; a decrease in seven weeks of 2 millions sterling, although, as we have stated above, the export of gold from London alone in the past three months exceeded 2½ millions sterling, and there has also been a considerable export from France.

The extraordinary prosperity of the United States and the activity of business account, as we have said, for a large part of the export of gold to which we are referring; but a new cause has come into operation within the present year. When the Congress that came to an end at the beginning of March met last December, it proceeded to pass a Bill for the refunding of the Five per Cent. and Six per Cent. which fall due this year, and it decided, contrary to the advice of the Secretary of the Treasury, to refund in bonds bearing not more than 3 per cent. interest. As it foresaw that such bonds would not be likely to be taken in the open market, it proceeded to create an artificial market for them, by compelling the national banks to take these bonds. The national banks are bound to lodge, as security for their bank-note circulation, bonds of the United States. For every 100l. worth of such bonds they are allowed to issue 90l. of notes, and by the existing law they are free to lodge any bonds of the United States, whatever rate of interest they bear. By the Bill, however, which Congress passed in its last session, it was provided that the new 3 per cent. bonds alone should be lodged as security for the notes. The sharper of the bank managers foresaw that, if this Bill passed, the old bonds which they held would certainly fall in the market. Since so large an amount had to be got rid of to make way for the new bonds, the market must inevitably be over-supplied, and they proceeded, therefore, quietly to sell some of their own old bonds. There was another motive actuating them. They resented the legislation of Congress, and they wished to show that such high-handed proceedings could be checkmated by the banks. The banks accordingly proceeded to withdraw the bonds lodged in the Treasury as security for their note circulation, and to do this they were obliged to pay into the Treasury the nominal value of those bonds, either in gold or in legal tenders. The amount so paid in was really small. It was not quite 3½ millions sterling, but it created a scare throughout the United States. If the banks should not only surrender their bank-note circulation, but also pay into the Treasury an equivalent amount of legal tenders for the surrender of this circulation, the total currency of the United States would be enormously contracted, prices in consequence would fall heavily, and the people engaged in business would be unable to obtain the accommodation which they required, and would consequently be placed in a position of the most extreme embarrassment, if not, in fact, compelled to suspend payment. There was, therefore, an alarm very nearly approaching to panic, which was only put an end to by the vetoing of the Bill by the late President. Unfortunately, the vetoing of the Bill did not repair the mischief which had been done. In consequence of the scare the prices of stocks on the New York Stock Exchange fell from 10 to 17 per cent. Those who were compelled to sell lost heavily, and the banks themselves, it is understood, suffered severely. It will easily be seen that, if a borrower from one of the banks was

obliged to sell out at a price 10 or 17 per cent. below that at which he had raised money upon his security, the whole margin which he had given would probably have disappeared, and he would find himself in a position of the most extreme embarrassment. In a great many cases probably the borrower would be unable even to satisfy the full demands of the banks; and the banks themselves, finding the security they held so much diminished, would often be seriously inconvenienced. The result has been very heavy losses in all the great towns, and no doubt in many of the smaller too; while a feeling of uncertainty has been generated very unfavourable to the banks. People have been made to understand that a quarrel between Congress and the banks may suddenly deprive them of all means of obtaining the accommodation which they require in their business, and such a discovery generated a suspiciousness which is not easily allayed. This feeling of alarm has been prolonged by the decision of the Government not to allow the banks to undo what has been done and to resume the circulation which they had surrendered. In consequence, there is some contraction of the currency, though not a very great one. But the mere contraction is of less effect than the feeling of uncertainty and doubt which is prolonged, and which, above all things, is unfavourable to the banks. Lastly, there is uncertainty as to how the Government may provide for the bonds falling due, and what effect its action may have on the currency. How long this feeling may last it is impossible to say, but as long as it continues many of the banks will find it necessary to strengthen themselves by keeping large gold reserves. The banks in New York hold the reserves for the whole country, and they are being constantly drawn upon by the banks of the interior for more and more gold, so that, although they have received 3 or 4 millions sterling in gold during the current year from England and France, without reckoning the gold which has been produced in the United States itself, they yet hold 2 millions sterling of the metal less than they did seven weeks ago; and while their reserves are thus low, and the feeling of uncertainty continues, it is possible that gold may continue to be taken from Europe. It is possible, we say, for we do not think it is very probable, since the country is really fully supplied with gold already. But, on the other hand, it is to be borne in mind that in the United States, as well as here at home, there is always an expansion of the country currency in the months of April and May which would tend to keep down the reserves in the New York banks, and consequently may prolong the demand for gold.

THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

IN the midst of the bustle and excitement incident on the sending in of works of art to the Royal Academy, the Society of Painter-Etchers opened its first exhibition. So much has been said about this new Society, and the principles of its construction have been subjected to so much hot discussion, that its formation has attracted considerable public curiosity. Some three months ago an invitation was sent to "every exhibiting painter or etcher in the United Kingdom"—these big words at least are employed by the Council in its prefatory note—and the result is the exhibition before us. We notice, however, the omission of some distinguished names among English etchers, those of Mr. Whistler, for instance, and of Dr. Evershed. However, the present show is of necessity tentative, and when we consider the difficulties that stood in the way of the executive Committee, the result is distinctly encouraging. Mr. Seymour Haden is the President, and Sir William Drake the honorary Secretary, of a Society that already includes on its council such men as Messrs. Alma Tadema, Legros, Marks, Poynter, and Ernest George. In future, the exhibitions of the Society must not contain etchings that have been previously published or exhibited; in the present instance only, owing to the pressure of time, works already familiar to the public are permitted on the walls. Of the etchers whose work is thoroughly well known and appreciated, Mr. Seymour Haden is represented by twelve examples; Mr. Legros by the same number of those admirable etchings in which, to our mind, he attains the very perfection of poetic simplicity; Mr. Ernest George by five of his singularly attractive studies of architecture; and Mr. Herkomer by his own portrait and those of his children, and by a mezzotint, which seems a little out of place here, though beautiful in itself. Having specified these, we may briefly notice, in the order of the catalogue, a few specially striking works. Mr. Otto Haecher (7-21) has learned, more than any recent etcher with whose work we are acquainted, to catch the spirit and style of Méryon in the treatment of buildings; the examples here exhibited are old bits of Venice. Mr. Colin Hunter's "Gare Loch" (118) is a study of sea-coast under a wild sky, treated in a very broad and heroic manner; his "Towing Fishing-Boats" (122) is scarcely less successful. M. Meissonier's tiny scraps, "From Rabelais" (124) and "The Sergeant" (125), should not be overlooked. Of ten examples of Mr. R. W. Macbeth, several are almost too literal renderings of pictures long since familiar to us; "A Sardine Fishery" (134) is the most pleasing. Three American etchers, Mr. Duveneck, Mr. S. Colman and Mr. F. S. Church, demand special mention for the fresh and original feeling that pervades their very skilful etchings, Mr. Colman's "Study from Nature upon Long Island" (182) being particularly charming. Mr. Helmick's portraits of Carlyle (207 and 208) are very interesting, and would be still

more valuable if they were dated. Without doubt, two of the finest studies in the whole exhibition are two noble studies of cathedrals by Mr. A. H. Haig, "The Quiet Hour" (250) and "The Vesper Bell" (251). Of the etchings by Mr. O. Storm de Gravesande, the most striking is "The Old Pier at Flushing" (305). Mr. Alma Tadema exhibits his well-known "Tesselschade Viischer at Alkmaar" (367); and Mr. Tissot a number of characteristic works, too familiar to our readers to be mentioned in detail. A very fine study in the nude (406), by Mr. Poynter, must not be overlooked. On the whole, we can sincerely congratulate the Society of Painter-Etchers on its first exhibition.

The Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street also held its private view on Saturday. We never had occasion to examine so large a number of works so universally unworthy of attention. Mediocrity and pretension have their own way unopposed at Suffolk Street, and there is something almost pathetic in the collection of so many pictures, some large, some small, but alike in this, that they are all relatively bad. From this wide condemnation we can in conscience make but two exceptions, Mr. J. D. Watson's "A Moonlight Walk," and Mr. Henry Moore's "On the Move," agreeable specimens of the style familiar to those two accomplished artists. The sculptures were numerous, but as bad as the paintings. It is amazing that an artist of the repute of Mr. Acton-Adams should exhibit so fatuous a work as the marble bust of Mr. Bright in the North-West Room.

It was a happy thought that prompted the countrymen of Petitot and Liotard to give us an opportunity of seeing what Switzerland is doing in contemporary art, and no one should fail to visit the "Exposition des Beaux-Arts Suisses," now open in Bond Street, if only to see the marvellous portrait of an old man, by M. Charles Vuillermet, which hangs in the place of honour. This powerful work is on a level with the best art now being produced in Europe. The wonderful freshness of the eyes and vigour of the face, the solid painting of the dirty hands complacently folded in one another, and the skill shown in the treatment of fur, cloth, and velvet, are of such a quality as is rarely to be met with in a modern master. The extraordinary beauty of this single work should not prejudice the visitor against the more mediocre and every-day merit of many of the other Swiss pictures. In painting their own mountains these artists, among whom we regret not to find M. Loppé, are rarely successful. The large picture of the Eiger Mountains, taken from the Great Bernese Oberland, by Albert Lugardon, is particularly hard and crude. M. Veillon has a very fresh and broadly-treated morning view of Monte Rosa from the Riffelberg (26), and M. Ch. Ziegler is quiet and true in his impression of Planpraz in the Valley of Chamouni (39). But, as a rule, the less ambitious landscapes and the figure-pieces demand more praise than the mountain panoramas. M. Henri Ilbert exhibits a delightful composition of a party just returned from a christening (19), beginning to carouse in the quiet village street. The most prominent work in the Gallery, "William Tell saving Baumgartner," which has been borrowed from the Council Hall in Berne to be brought to London, is the work of M. Léonard Lugardon; it is a dusky and violent composition, reminding English visitors of the historic art of Fuseli and Hilton. M. F. Bocion's "Drying Nets on the Savoy Shore" (34), which hangs beside it, looks doubly modern by contrast, and is in every respect a more wholesome and sincere transcript from nature. A large picture by M. Eugène Burnand (52) is full of vigour and spirited draughtsmanship; it represents the engine of the village of Moudon, in the Canton de Vaud, rushing to the scene of a fire. The head of the restive horse on the left-hand side is particularly worthy of notice. M. A. Beaumont exhibits two interesting studies of living birds, "A Covey of Partridges" (6) and "A Brace of Woodcocks" (57), which are full of character, and well painted. A case of Genevese enamel-paintings, including a very beautiful old clock, has more interest than a collection of small works in sculpture by M. C. Toppfner, whose native cleverness seems to be spoiled by affectations in the modern Italian spirit.

Mr. Tooth's Gallery contains a variety of bright and interesting works, especially one fine specimen of M. Bastien Lepage, and paintings by Mr. Boughton, Mr. Varley, and others. In the place of honour hangs a laborious landscape by Mr. Leader, the merit of which is certainly questionable.

The exhibition of types of English beauty begun last year at the Graphic Gallery attracted so much curiosity and controversy, that the proprietors have determined to keep it open, and to add to it a series of similar pictures contributed on the same understanding by leading French artists. There is no doubt that this was a happy thought, and that the foreign element greatly enhances the interest of the exhibition. The English artists hold their own against the French better than might have been expected, making up in quietness and refinement for what they lack in brilliant effect. M. Carolus Duran sends a very florid laughing lady, painted of course with great *flair*, but of a complexion too studiously cold in tone; while M. Côt exhibits a dark-eyed woman of serious Spanish type, wrapped in a black lace mantilla; Mr. Alma Tadema's eager damsel with the gold hair dividing the joyous from the pensive maiden. M. Henri Lévy is represented by a very haughty dame, theatrical and self-conscious, from whom we retire in dismay, to take refuge with M. Goupill's gentle and indolent beauty, who smiles at us coquettishly from the orb of an immense hat of pink silk. The sweet and fresh young face that M. Gustave Jacquet has painted will, in all probability, be the favourite among English visitors. The Gallery

also contains an ambitious patriotic painting, by Mr. O. E. Fripp, of the death of Lieutenant Oghill and Melville at the battle of Isandlwana. As a work of art, the picture is poor and stagey. One of the officers stands in a very extraordinary position, striding over the prostrate figure of his comrade, while five Zulus advance with their bucklers and assegais to destroy him. The uniforms of the officers show no traces of the fact that they had had a hard day's fighting, had been thrown from their horses, had been soaked in the river, and scratched by rocks and bushes. The composition would serve very well as the illustration to a newspaper, but it is unworthy of the prominence here given it as a painting.

The Graphic Gallery well rewards a visit, if only for the sake of the brilliant display of works in black and white which adorn its walls. In no branch of art has the younger school in England shown so much singular excellence and progress as in that of design, as it is fostered by the large engravings in the Graphic. Several of the most prominent of our younger painters learned the elements of their art in the service of this newspaper, in which they were trained on a rough-and-ready system of their own devising. Mr. Herkimer has publicly acknowledged his great debt to this training, and we have no doubt that Mr. Small, Mr. Fildes, Mr. Frank Holl, Mr. Wirgman, and many others would say the same as regards their own start in the profession. An examination of the recent drawings on the walls of the Graphic Gallery gives us the impression that the falling off in the illustration of the paper which has been lamentably obvious within the last year or two is the fault, not of the artists, but of the engravers. If we compare the published copy of Mr. O. Green's head of a fireman with the powerful drawing here exhibited, we are startled to see how careless and inadequate is the present system of reproduction. The Graphic at one time took so high a place as an educator of public taste, that it is little to its credit that in its present condition of prosperity it should be content to supply its purchasers with engraving that does an injustice to the artists it employs. Among the drawings here we note Mr. Arthur Hopkins's "Garden Party at Marlborough House," "Look Ahead, Sir," and "Dancing the Reel o' Tulloch"; Mr. Small's "At the Royal Academy," and both his studies of "Steeplechasing"; Mr. S. E. Waller's "European Happy Family," and Mr. O. Green's "Firing the Royal Salute from H.M.S. Hercules," as works of so much vigour, delicacy, and originality, that they absolutely demand worthy rendering from an engraver.

RECENT MUSIC.

THE latest Bach Choir concert contained three pieces only, a Sanctus in D Major by Bach, the cantata *Alexander's Feast*, by Handel, and Brahms's Requiem. The Sanctus, which is one of four published in the Eleventh Volume of the Leipzig Bach Society, was written by Bach during his residence at Leipzig between 1723 and 1750, and exhibits all the thoughtful concentration of his great genius during these the most musically prolific years of his life. It was written for four voices, with accompaniment for violins, cornetto, violas, and a figured basso continuo, the chords of the last being only indicated, to be filled up by the organist, which on this occasion had been skilfully accomplished by Mr. E. Prout. The Choir showed by their performance that they had given the work their earnest study, although the lights and shades might have been more clearly marked.

Handel's magnificent setting of Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," known as *Alexander's Feast*, followed. The custom of celebrating St. Cecilia's Day, November 22, has been universal, and has existed in very many countries. The earliest celebration on record was held under the auspices of a Society in Normandy called "Le Puy de Musique" as far back as 1571. In England the custom does not seem to have been established till much later. In 1683 "The Musical Society," we are told by the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, "held the first series of annual celebrations. Their practice was to attend Divine worship (usually at St. Bride's Church), when a choral service and anthem, with orchestral accompaniments, were performed (often composed expressly for the festival), and a sermon, usually in defence of cathedral music, was preached. They then repaired to another place (commonly Stationers' Hall), where an ode in praise of music, written and composed expressly for the occasion, was performed, after which they sat down to an entertainment"—presumably a dinner. These festivals were continued annually, with a few exceptions, until 1703, when they became occasional. *Alexander's Feast*, which had already been set for the festival of 1697, by Jeremiah Clarke, was produced by Handel for one of these occasional festivals, which took place in 1736, not, however, on St. Cecilia's Day, but on February 19, at Covent Garden Theatre. Though, as we think, undeservedly one of the comparatively less known of Handel's works, *Alexander's Feast* is really a great work as it now stands with Mozart's accompaniment, and the popularity of such numbers as "Bacchus ever fair and young" and "Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries," show that the public are willing to listen to the music when they have a chance. The solo parts on this occasion were sustained by Mrs. Osgood and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, and it is perhaps unnecessary to say that their performance was worthy of the high repute which each of these singers has earned. As far as the Bach Choir are concerned, we

may here remark that it would tend greatly to the better rendering of the works they undertake if, as a body, they would attend a little more to the conductor's beat. From the want of this presumably there appeared an irresoluteness in their attack at several points during the performance, which marred the effect that might otherwise have been produced. A well-known conductor once told us that he expected each member of his choir to look at him at least once in every bar of music in which he took part, and there can be little doubt that his expectations were reasonable. If this matter were more attended to we should not have to listen to an orchestra laboriously dragging a chorus after it, and, as we have said before, effects could be produced which otherwise are impossible. This fault was most marked, however, during Brahms's "Deutsches Requiem," a work which, above all things, requires particular attention in these points. The lovely number, "Behold, all flesh is as the grass," became almost wearisome in its want of preciseness, and in the pieces where the choir has to sing with the solo voices the fault was too apparent. We have no desire to criticize an amateur choir severely; but, bearing in mind what amateurs can do, and have done, in choral singing, we think it not altogether unfair to point out a fault like this. The Bach Choir is composed of excellent material, and we doubt not that, with more attention to such points as this, it might become one of the leading choirs in the country.

It might almost be said that the English musical public is suffering from an epidemic of Berlioz. Whether the special favour shown to the composer's works arises through mere curiosity or from a genuine admiration of his extraordinary genius time alone can show; but, at any rate, the fact remains that they attract large audiences whenever they are performed. The Philharmonic Society performed for the second time this season, and, by desire, the dramatic symphony *Romeo and Juliet*, by this composer. With such a finished orchestra as Mr. Osins has the good fortune to conduct, it was evident that justice would be done to the work; but, although we can speak in nothing but praise of the performance as far as the orchestra, choir, and soloists are concerned, we must admit that we were somewhat disappointed at the results. Whether our expectations were larger than they should have been we cannot say, but it certainly seems to us that the work does not rank, as the analytical programme of the Philharmonic Society says it does, "amongst the highest efforts of modern music." *Romeo and Juliet* was written in response to a wish expressed by Paganini, which he backed by a munificent donation of 20,000 francs, that Berlioz would write a work "of hitherto unknown design and dimension." Berlioz laboured, as he tells us, for seven months persistently at the work, and at least succeeded in producing that which Paganini desired. Its design is broad, and its dimensions, for the age in which it was composed, are Titanic. To quote the programme, the work "demands a gigantic orchestra, including at least four harps, a stringed band of sixty performers, and a full complement of brass and percussion, a large chorus, a small chorus of thirteen picked voices, besides three soloists, and the task which he sets these various executants is commensurate to their number." Paganini, as Berlioz pathetically tells us, never even heard or read the work, for, just as it was ready, he died at Nice.

The work begins with an "Allegro fugato," one of the most striking parts of the whole work, representing the fight between the Montagues and Capulets and the subsequent interference of the Prince. The prologue is delivered by the thirteen picked voices mentioned above, and leads to a very characteristic air, the first words of which, "First vows of love, first ecstasy," sufficiently indicate the tenour, and, after a short choral recitative, to a Scherzetto on the subject of Queen Mab. One of the most prominent features of Berlioz's genius is eccentricity combined with an almost perfect mastery of the exigencies of his art, and this is certainly largely shown in this remarkable Scherzetto of Queen Mab, where the composer produces effects which it is difficult to describe. "Romeo alone," the name given to the early portion of the second movement, is remarkable for the ingenious way in which two sections, a Larghetto and an Allegro, are blended together, though distinctly traceable in the latter part of the movement. This is followed by a few bars, indicative of a calm night, which lead to a double chorus of male voices of revellers. Here, as in the Angels' Chorus in *L'Enfance du Christ*, Berlioz wrote the choruses to be sung behind the stage, and we are glad to say, on this occasion, the result was better than it was at the performance of the sacred cantata. A love scene ensues, an instrumental piece of great beauty, when the composer suddenly returns to Queen Mab in another Scherzo. The funeral procession of Juliet follows this number, and it is too evident that the Scherzo had been written to make a division between the pathetic love scene and the funeral procession. The consequence is that the Scherzo suffers in one's esteem as a stop-gap, and being a subject already treated is rather meaningless; added to which there is an unpleasant use of bells and jingling instruments which injures the effect of the music. After the funeral procession, Friar Laurence makes an explanation, and effects a reconciliation between the rival families. "The Oath of Reconciliation" is a very striking piece of dramatic composition, and brings the symphony to a fitting close. Perhaps our disappointment in *Romeo and Juliet* may be such as will always follow the performance of programme music. The notes that may represent the groans of a person suffering from poison to one mind may simply suggest something rather comic than otherwise to another, if these notes are not accompanied by the dramatic effects of the stage; and it must be conceded that to be forced to search in the pages of an analytical programme

for the meaning which the composer wishes to give to certain startling passages is somewhat taxing to the patience, and calculated to interfere with the just appreciation of the music. Miss Hope Glenn, who sang her solo in admirable style; Mr. Boyle; and Signor Ghilberti were the soloists.

REVIEWS.

TURKISH ARMENIA AND EASTERN ASIA MINOR.*

MR. TOZER, favourably known by his two volumes on the *Highlands of Turkey* published in 1869, began his later excursion at Samsoun and ended it at Trebizond. These two places, roughly speaking, lie two hundred miles apart, on the southern shore of the Black Sea. But before he got back to his place of re-embarkation the author had made a circuit of fifteen hundred miles over fertile valleys and brown hills, and had stayed at the towns of Amasia, Yeuzgalt, Kaiserieh, Sivas, Kharput, Bitlis, and Erzeroum. He also crossed Lake Van in an open boat, and climbed the heights of Mount Argæus and Mount Sipan. The whole of this tour, with the exception of the lake in question and two or three steep ascents, was accomplished on horseback. Mr. Tozer certainly possesses some of the essential qualifications for a traveller in the East, and his style is remarkable for accuracy and clearness. He was proof against flies and heat, dirty lodgings, and dusty roads. He was an adept in getting the most out of Greek servants, Mahomedan policemen, and Turkish Pashas. The only thing that seems to have given him serious annoyance was the importunate curiosity of the Armenian community, though this intrusion appears to us venial on the part of some Orientals who see one new European face in about two years. A Fellow and Tutor of Exeter, as might be expected, is a good classic and is familiar with the geography of Strabo and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. We gather from this and his previous work that he is a proficient in modern Greek. Of the Turkish language he has but a slight knowledge, and, in fact, he makes no pretensions to the title of an Oriental scholar—for instance, he seems to have little or no appreciation of the component parts of Turkish, and of the influx of Persian and Arabic or Aryan and Semitic words into what is a branch of the Turanian family. Neither, again, is it desirable that an Oxford Don should develop into a politician and pamphleteer; and we much prefer, as Sydney Smith once said, that he should have correct and orthodox views of the Preterpluperfect Tense, the Paulo Post Futurum, and the Middle Voice, than that he should print crude speculations about Russian interference and Turkish misrule. It is impossible, however, that the narrative of travel by a well-read and intelligent Englishman should not afford some material for the discussion of these perplexing topics. Mr. Tozer seems to have made light of physical discomforts and lugubrious prophecies. Several times he was warned against brigands and Kurds. But he mixed familiarly with these wild mountaineers, drank their coffee, and slept in their tents. Rumours of other highwaymen invariably died away or had no real existence, though on one occasion Mr. Tozer and his companion were themselves mistaken for two "gentlemen of the road" by some peasants who watched them anxiously from behind a rock. The belief that they were railway surveyors was widespread and not evanescent. At the hands of German and American missionaries they experienced great hospitality, nor were Armenians, Turkish Pashas, and Dere Beys, or hereditary Governors, at all backward in their kind treatment of the strangers. It was a great relief to exchange the dirt and inconvenience of a second-rate serai, or a tent pitched on some heaps of refuse in a native bazaar, for the airy and cool apartments of a polite Oriental or a European who had made his residence as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The whole trip was compressed into about two and a half months; and though it was very hot in the defiles and valleys and bitterly cold in the hills, the travellers were never drenched with rain, nor do they seem to have suffered from malaria. These travellers were no sportsmen. There is an occasional mention of waders and divers, plovers and herons, and Mr. Tozer, on seeing a fine hare in the forest of Argæus, may have wished for a gun and for a fishing-rod when he heard of delicate trout in the mountain streams. But partridges and quail and splendid eagles sailed away unmolested by gentlemen wholly taken up with rock-chambers and sacred manuscripts, and the resemblance between Egyptian hieroglyphics and the inscriptions of the Hittites. To say the truth, the importation of historical and antiquarian disquisitions into a traveller's journal is occasionally hazardous. Readers who wish to know how far the population suffered from famine, or what are the precise disabilities of Greek and Armenian subjects, or to what lengths the uncontrolled despotism of a *Kaimmakam* may reach, turn away disappointed from speculations about the geography of Strabo and the horseshoe arches of early Arab builders. It is fair, however, to state that Mr. Tozer has carefully read and compared all the works of recent writers on these difficult topics. He nowhere undervalues the labours of his

* *Turkish Armenia and Eastern Asia Minor*. By the Rev. Henry Faithshawe Tozer, M.A., F.R.G.S., Tutor and late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and Author of "Researches in the Highlands of Turkey," &c. London: Longmans. 1881.

predecessors; nor does he propound new theories with the air of an infallible authority; and his classical and Scriptural allusions are appropriate, suggestive, and correct. Amongst other strange traditions, we are reminded of an alleged immigration of some Hindus into the plain of Mush, in the country of the Kurds, near the celebrated monastery of Surp Garabed, or St. John the Baptist. The account of Zenobius, as quoted by Mr. Tozer, is that two Hindu brothers named Demetr and Keisanéy, were banished from their native country on account of treason against their king, Dinaakey; that they founded a city in the plain of Mush, which they named Vishap or Dragon; that they begat three sons, Kuar, Meghti, and Horain; and that they left descendants who were black, long-haired, and extremely ugly and unpleasant to the sight. Demetr is obviously Greek, or a Greek equivalent for some Sanskrit word. Keisanéy might be a metamorphose from any of the Hindu names beginning with *k*—Kalicharan, or Kashinath. Kuar is clearly Kumar or Koonwar, the well-known term for the eldest son of a Raja; and Horain would be easily corrupted from Hari Narayan. We have been unable to hit on any Sanskrit word for dragon or serpent which bears any resemblance to Vishap, and we think it far more likely that Hindus should have given to any town of their own creation in a foreign land, the not uncommon appellation of *Vishnupur* or the city of Vishnu. The first syllable of Meghti means *cloud*, but any endeavour to penetrate the real Sanskrit hidden under the loose phraseology of a Greek of the time of Hadrian is in reality mere guesswork. It is better to leave this and other problems to be discussed at their leisure by careful students of the book. The sphinxes in the neighbourhood of Euyuk and the bas-reliefs with priests intent on sacrifice; similar relics at Yazili-Kaya in that neighbourhood; the rock-chambers on the river Ilalya, which the Turks now call Kuzzil Irmak or the Red River, from the colour of its deposit; the cuneiform inscriptions at Palu, with the dwelling-place of St. Mesrop, the Armenian saint who invented the alphabet of that language and translated the Scriptures into it; the trilingual inscription at the Castle of Van on the lake of that name; and the discovery of a Roman tablet, of the date of Nero, at the town of Kharput—are all interesting in their several ways; but they are not amongst the ordinary incidents of travel; they do not excite the imagination of intending explorers like descriptions of scenery, and we own to a preference for those parts of the book which treat of mountains and defiles not yet overrun by American sight-seers and members of the Alpine Club.

A glance at the illustration of the rocky pinnacles of Mount Argæus ought to be sufficient to send a thrill of delight through the heart of Mr. Whymper. From a ridge where the crevasses were still filled with snow, Mr. Tozer looked up at lofty pinnacles of red porphyritic rock, "some fifty feet above him, but judiciously made no attempt to scale peaks which he nevertheless did not venture to pronounce impracticable. Nothing in the shape of arête or icy slope can, indeed, deserve that term in these days, especially as there can be no difficulty about breathing at a height of thirteen thousand feet. To an unpractised climber it would seem either that any one of the peaks could be scaled by a "bould cragsman" such as Edie Ochiltre in his younger days, and Francie of Fowlsheugh who unluckily broke his neck on the Dunbuy of Slaines, or else that it would be easy to fly a kite and send an arrow with a line attached to it over one of the projections, and then make the ascent by thicker ropes hauled up afterwards. To reach the base of the pinnacles Mr. Tozer had to pass the previous night in a tent at an elevation of 8,000 or 9,000 feet, start by moonlight at two in the morning, and breakfast on the summit, after witnessing a glorious sunrise. One part of the journey was perilous owing to loose stones and friable rocks, but the view was splendid, the eye taking in Anti-Taurus to the east, the Allah Dagh to the south-west, sundry small lakes, the town of Kaiseriéh, and a long tract of undulating plains. The ancient idea that the Euxine and the Mediterranean could be seen from the summit is entirely exploded, and Argæus has long fallen into the category of extinct volcanoes. Not less interesting is the account of Lake Van. An inland sea, of which the waters are salt, 5,000 feet above the sea level, ninety miles in length, and at its broadest thirty miles, with a volcano at one spot, an ancient castle with chambers cut in the rock at another, and an inscription in the same material, "completely inaccessible both from above and from below," must be not only worth seeing but also worth going to see. Here too was another mountain to be ascended, with crevasses full of water, and occasional masses of snow. A thick mist took off something of the traveller's enjoyment, but Mount Ararat was conspicuous in the distance towering above everything else. When Sipan with its Mahometan traditions about Noah and the ark, had been "done," the lake had to be crossed. There was some talk of a small steamer sent out in pieces to the American mission, but it had not been launched or it was not available, and the passage from the foot of Mount Sipan to the town of Van was accomplished in a flat-bottomed boat of primitive construction. The oars and sails were much out of order, but a little ingenuity set everything to rights, and the transit caused no other inconvenience but the sea-sickness of certain Turks, fellow-passengers. The town of Van, at the south-eastern corner of the lake, is notoriously unhealthy owing to filth and marshy low ground; and the missionaries and Vice-Consuls of different nations wisely live out of the town. The remainder of the journey by Erzeroum, Baiburt, and Trebizond was marked by

no special incidents beyond that of the visit to the Kurdish encampment already noticed.

We have said that Mr. Tozer inclines to classics and antiquities rather than to politics; and we cannot blame him for not having shot off his arrows in a direction of which he never thought. But occasional sketches are sometimes of more value than elaborate pictures; and the following observations appear to have forced themselves on Mr. Tozer's mind. Turkish administration was corrupt and venial, and Christians were often at a disadvantage before a native tribunal. But, if justice had to be bought, Christians were the wealthiest and could better afford to buy it. Taxation was heavy, though provisions were cheap and plentiful, except, of course, in seasons of famine; and the vexatious and stupid practice of collecting the tax in kind at the season of harvest, and not allowing the cultivator to store a perishable crop until the tax-gatherer had inspected it, was still in force. No one connected with Settlements of Land Revenue expects that taxation in kind could at once be converted into money payments; but the adherence of Turkish officials all over the East to the system that secures the minimum of return with the maximum of worry and oppression, is one of the most hopeless features about the government of the Sultan. There was a disposition to welcome Russian advance. The youth of the nation had, indeed, been sent in numbers to perish at Plevna and elsewhere; but those who returned spoke of their kind treatment as prisoners. It is fair to note that the disappearance of the population in some provinces has been attributed neither to famine nor to Pashas, but to the rapacity of Seljukian nobles, who, centuries ago, effected the ruin of agriculture and turned arable lands into pastoral tracts. Mr. Tozer has a word to say in favour of the Dere Beys or hereditary Pashas. No doubt they are autocratic and independent, but they had more interest in the welfare of the population than a succession of hungry Governors, changed every five years. The appointment of new English military consuls had naturally caused some sensation; and Mr. Tozer, adopting some of the commonplaces of the present day, is driven to look to a "development of local self-government" as a remedy for misrule. This sort of reform, we will venture to say, has never yet sprung up in a community ground down by irresponsible despotism. It requires a just, strong, and beneficent ruler to teach an abject community how to govern themselves; and the very slow progress made by us in India, under ten times more favourable circumstances, ought to warn men against putting any trust in Ultra-Liberal slipslop and cant. Some remarks about the objects of missionaries, and the importance of their promoting education without interfering with the existing churches in Armenia, are conceived in a really liberal and judicious spirit. Those who feel inclined to follow the author will do well to imitate his candour and sincerity; and, if they wish to profit by any of his counsels, they will try and select any month except the Ramzan for their tour. Mahometans, debarred from eating and even smoking between sunrise and sunset, turn night into day. Every one is sleepy or sulky in the morning when the time for action is come. Breakfast is not ready; horses are not shod; tents are not struck; minutes lost are not recovered; and vows, with their snares, pitfalls, and rare dispensations, are never more entangling and annoying than in this movable Mahometan fast.

THE PRACTICAL FISHERMAN.*

THE angler's library is a very large and, if the angler began collecting in recent years, a very expensive one. Works devoted to this subject fill pages of the old booksellers' catalogues, and copies of the first edition of Walton cost at least fifteen pounds. Mr. Keene has added a cheap and compendious volume, which is worthy of the angler's notice because it is practical, full of agreeable anecdote, and rendered amusing by the high spirits and genial conceit of the author. He may not have "killed more salmon with the rod than any one man ever did," like Lord Home, but he has been a mighty slayer of perch in Virginia Water and of trout at Chertsey. He has had experience of most kinds of known and of several sorts of, to us, unknown angling. He is thus able to describe "wrinkles" of a strangely sagacious character. He has fished with cherries, and cheese, and potatoes, and peas. "An admirable bait for pike," he says, is "the end of a calf's tail tied on a double hook and large green beads for eyes." As the Germans make "cures" out of everything down to boiled pine twigs, so pike will bite at anything. Why not an ox-tail with large brass buttons for eyes? Mr. Keene may yet have excellent sport with this singular lure (the idea is not copyright) in Virginia Water.

Though there is plenty of method and of ichthyology in Mr. Keene's book, we prefer to follow his remarks in a discursive spirit. He himself is very discursive, and, like all anglers, rejoices in stories about his own feats and strange experiences. Mr. Keene defends his favourite pastime against the unworthy sneers of Byron, Dr. Johnson, and Plutarch, who calls angling "a filthy, base, illiberal employment." Plutarch, like Habakkuk, was "capable of anything." We rather side with the moribund "Mr. T," who, hearing on his deathbed that a great Thames trout had been captured, "feasted his eyes upon it, and soon afterwards closed them for ever." So popular is fishing, that there are

* *The Practical Fisherman.* By J. H. Keene. London: Bazaar Office. 1881.

over eighty clubs in the metropolitan district, the members of which, we presume, divert themselves with the perch, the gudgeon, the roach, and other familiar creatures. It is reckoned that there are fifty thousand anglers in England and Wales, and, if we may judge from bitter experience, about two millions in Scotland. In that country the rivers, which were deserted fifteen years ago, are now almost as crowded as the picture galleries on private view days. The landlords in one of the Border districts have very generously thrown open their trouting water, we believe, to all the townspeople who will pay a purely nominal subscription. Thus it is hoped to enlist the public against the abominable practices of poachers, who net the pools and streams, deprive their neighbours of a healthy and salutary pastime, and do their best to drive them to the diversions of the public-house.

Mr. Keene, like most writers on sporting topics, is fond of classical quotations, and dabbles in the thin water at the edge of the history of angling. He thinks the ancient Egyptians were artistic anglers, but does not mention that those among them who, worshipping the pike and the braise, would eat no fish at all because the hook might have caught one of their sacred animals. As a proof that the Greeks knew a thing or two he quotes the hard passage, *Odyssey* XII. 252, but does not explain the motives that induce the angler "to cast into the deep the horn of an ox of the homestead," or "the horn of the shelterless ox," as a Cambridge scholar prefers to render it. Did a little piece of horn protect the line from the bite of a fish, or were horns thought valuable as ground-bait? They seem almost as attractive as a calf's tail with green beads for eyes. Mr. Keene also reprints some of the queer magical compounds in which the mediæval anglers expected to find advantage. The foot of a heron's leg is certainly a difficult substance to procure, though more attainable than the *prima materies*, which one must obtain before beginning certain experiments in alchemy. The Apothecary Royal of Louis XIV. has very professional ideas of sport. "Take of man's fat and cat's fat, of each half an ounce; mummy, finely powdered, three drachms; cummin seed, one drachm; distilled oil of aniseed and spike, of each six drops; civet, two grains; and camphire, four grains. Make an ointment *secundum artem*. When you angle with this, anoint eight inches of line next the hook." Mr. Keene does not know where the three ounces of mummy are to be procured; and, indeed, the specific is no longer so popular as it was in the reign of Louis XIV.

Mr. Keene cannot make up his mind as to the sense of hearing in fish. If carp come to the whistle of the keeper, they must hear much like other animals. As a rule, fish are not disturbed by noise which produces no great vibration of the water, as is done, for example, by firing a rifle in their neighbourhood, or trampling heavily on the boards of a punt. Mr. Keene doubts, as most anglers are inclined to do, whether fish are very sensitive to pain. He mentions a case in which he and a friend hooked and caught the same perch. Apparently, one of them hooked the fish foul, by accident. We have seen a perch take the bait of two anglers, fishing near each other, so that both raised their rods, and drew out the perch suspended in the middle. Mr. Keene also notes the senseless voracity of a carp of six pounds weight that "took no less than three potatoes and hooks belonging to three different anglers, myself included." In another case, a pike, well hooked, broke away, and a few minutes afterwards was captured with the broken tackle in his mouth. Mr. Keene has two examples of this, and it is Mr. Henderson, we think, in his *Life as an Angler*, who declares that he has hooked a pike, landed it, returned it to the water, and recaptured it again and again. We ourselves are acquainted with a case in which the same almost incredible eagerness and indifference was displayed by a perch. He lived in a small pond, was almost tame, and appeared to enter readily into the spirit of the sport. Mr. Keene appears to hold that fish rather like being caught; it is a new sensation in the annals of an uneventful life. "It appreciates at once that its movements are not absolutely free. But I conceive that this resistance only heightens the enjoyment of its capture of the bait." Thus the fish supposes himself to be "playing" the bait, while the sportsman reckons that he is playing the fish. We wish we could heartily share the faith of Mr. Keene.

Space does not permit us to follow his account of all the fish of Britain. He is much attached to perch-fishing, which we have always regarded as a sport for children. But if, in angling for perch at Chertsey, a man may come across and land a six-pound trout, as Mr. Keene did, that is another affair. His most important chapters, naturally, are those concerned with salmon and trout. He mentions the capture (in the Dart) of a parr weighing almost a quarter of a pound. But was this a genuine parr? Many burn trout are marked with the same blue spots, like the impressions of finger-tips, which are notable in the parr. But the young of the salmon has other distinctions; for example, he has a peculiar, silvery hue, and only one row of pink spots, while in our experience he does not exceed a very small size. Mr. Keene, of course, is exercised about the food of the salmon. Nothing is ever found in the stomach of the fish, yet he not only rises at flies which are like nothing in nature, but may be captured with worm and minnow. Now, even if he leaps at flies in curiosity, or in a bad temper with the gaudy object, he can only take worms as food. Thus it appears that the salmon cannot be like the poet "lunching on a lily," or like Charles Baudelaire when he stayed with a friend all day and declined refreshment, saying, "I never breakfast," "I don't eat dinner," "I am forbidden supper by my physician." The salmon eats something or other, and the

bold theory has been suggested that his gastric juice is "instantaneous," like a photographic process, and leaves no traces of his food behind. We cannot decide the differences of opinion about flies which divide piscatorial thinkers. The local keeper is the best guide, and will suggest the proper "Butcher" or "Harriet" when a man's own experience is at fault. Mr. Keene prefers to fish up salmon streams, in which opinion, we think, he stands almost alone. But he is not bigoted in his adherence to Mr. Stewart's and Mr. Henderson's doctrine of fishing up trout streams. There can be no reasonable doubt, in spite of Mr. Pennel, that all the advantages are on the side of fishing up. You approach the trout from behind, and are thus enabled to fish the thin shallow water at the foot of pools where trout lie, and in June take the worm greedily. We agree with Mr. Keene in dialiking, or rather detesting, worm-fishing; but it is certain that the best and largest trout are to be taken thus in the finest condition, when they refuse to look at the fly. Again, a hooked fish is dragged down into water already fished over. We doubt if the gambols of a hooked trout very much disturb his neighbours. But it is better not to give him the chance. No logic is so satisfactory as experience. Examine the baskets of anglers who fish up, and of those who fish down, stream, and a conclusion will instantly be reached. In large rivers, like the Tweed, a compromise may be suggested. The near side should be fished up, but it is so hard to wade against a deep and strong stream that we may be allowed to fish down the opposite bank, which is generally pretty distant, so that the angler is less likely to be observed by, and to frighten, his prey.

Mr. Keene goes at length into the controversy about trout flies. English anglers seem to prefer close and frequently changed imitations of the fly on the water. In Scotland we are convinced that Mr. Stewart's opinion is right. "A black, brown, red, and dun-coloured fly, used together, and varied in size according to circumstances, will at any time kill as well, and even better, than the most elaborate collections arranged for every month of the year." Mr. Stewart's Scotch experience was so ample, and his skill so great, that anglers going North had better submit to his advice. But Southern trout may be more curious and sophisticated. People with local experience ought to know best. Mr. Keene is not a strenuous disciple of Mr. Stewart. Much practical lore may be gained from his chapters on tackle. We may close our notice of a good-humoured and lively book with a quotation of Mr. Keene's story about the Thames trout and the cockroach. He had tried the trout with every imaginable bait, except the calf's tail and a young swallow, which Mr. Colquhoun has known to prove very deadly. At last the happy thought "cockroach!" occurred to his mind:—

No sooner the thought, than the rod is put together. The finest gut bottom is attached, a No. 7 hook thereto spliced, and a cockroach lightly impaled. By standing on the crown of a willow, some 15 yds. off, I could see the head of my quarry, though he could scarcely see me by reason of the natural exigencies of the laws governing refraction and reflection. Very quietly I let my bait down on the water, and paid out the fine line to within 3 ft. or 4 ft. of the nose of the trout. Now had arrived the time for finessing; with the utmost circumspection, with a slow, fluent, gliding motion, the cockroach was lowered on—on—on—till within a few inches of the fish's mouth. Then I withdrew it, as if to take it entirely from the water. No notice took he. My heart again failed me, well nigh at least, for I had tried by this time persistently for some weeks to capture this lordly fish, and as each failure was added to its predecessor my desire of possession naturally grew greater and greater. However, I very, very gently moved up a few yards, and again watched the bait down towards the stolid fish. This time the cockroach had sunk deeper in the water, and, with a sort of chuckle, I watched it gradually approach his muzzle in the same plane, and not as before, rather above. As it neared him, to my inexpressible joy, I saw his under lip show as if it had, by some mechanical impulse connected with the bait, automatically moved. Nearer passed the bait onwards, the jaw lowered yet, and, like a child taking a sop, like an unfledged bird taking in a worm, it passed behind the portals of that polished head. With suppressed breath and palpitating heart I counted—one, two, three, four, five—then, with a side movement, I struck; not violently, but swiftly; not mightily, but strongly. Ye gods, he was hooked, and out yards in the stream he sped!

Of course he was only landed after the usual interregnum of splendid struggling, and I became the hero of the hour in the possession of this splendid fish.

BRAEMAR.*

ADMIRING the grandeur and beauties of Braemar almost as much as the writer of the volumes before us, we were disappointed to find that her book was a novel. We had hoped for something in the style of Mr. Hill Burton's *Range of the Cairngorms*, a charming little monograph on the loftiest group of the Grampians, which we believe is out of print. There is a wide field for a fervent and sympathetic artist in painting scenes in the rugged wilderness of forest and grouse moor that lies around the sources of "Highland Dee." We imagine that the natural and truthful story of a summer residence in such pleasant headquarters as Castletown of Braemar might be made very delightful reading. That was also the idea of the author of this story of *Braemar*, and she has evidently in the course of a long companionship made herself absolute mistress of her fascinating subjects, while she shows anything rather than a lack of enthusiasm. But we think she has made a mistake in introducing her descriptions, drawn closely after nature, into a love tale which, though clever,

* *Braemar; or, Two Months in the Highlands.* By L. B. L. London: Tinsley & Co. 1881.

is little more than commonplace. She distracts our attention and her own by attempting too much, and by tying herself to the delineation of some ordinary characters we could very easily dispense with. She forces them into endless expeditions and picnics, illustrative of each variety of the scenery, from the Linn of Dee and the Falls of the Garry, to the summit of the mighty Ben Muich Dhui. She even sends them beyond the legitimate bounds of Braemar into Athole, making them ford flooded streams in the solitudes of Glentilt, and come back by the high road through the Spital of Glenshee. So that we are made to follow their fortunes from chapter to chapter in a something that is between the novel and the guide-book; while she even indulges us with descriptions at second-hand—and we confess that they are very creditably done for a lady—of such manly Highland pastimes as deer-stalking and salmon-leistering. Thus, notwithstanding that the volumes are brightly written in detail, the general effect is rather inartistic. The exactness of realism, too, is oddly blended with the creations of the fancy; so that it is difficult or impossible to trace the line that separates the one from the other. The landlord of the "Pyle Arms Hotel," and the grieve of Colonel Farquharson, of Invercauld, are real characters of course; and this leads us to ask whether the worthy "Minister Tam," who fills the Free Church pulpit in the village, is likewise an actual character? As a Free Kirk minister exists, as surely as the innkeeper or the grieve, we must assume "Minister Tam's" identity with that incumbent. But, if so, we wonder whether he is gratified by having his *sobriquet* published and his amiable peculiarities paraded for the entertainment of subscribers to the circulating libraries. Then there is a fine old gentleman, an uncle of the heroine, who, by the friendship of the Earl of Fife, has the occupancy of a cottage at Inverey, with the privilege of salmon-fishing in the river; and, to do the author justice, he is depicted so graphically that we fancy we should recognize him, without a moment's hesitation, if we saw him casting his fly over the pools. His son, who rents a shooting in the neighbourhood, can take the liberty of inviting his friends to join in a deer-drive, when Lord Fife hospitably provides the refreshments. Whether the Messrs. Glendinning, senior and junior, exist in the flesh or not, we know that Lord Fife and Colonel Farquharson are positive entities. But, as we believe that between them those two great landowners monopolize all the country around Braemar, we question whether the young lady who is the narrator of these chapters of autobiography can really have inherited the nice little property which must form an *enclave* in their broad domains. Perhaps that, however, may be supposed to be one of the legitimate doubts by which the novelist deepens the halo of interest she has thrown around her story.

So we may pass out of the shadows of possible or probable actualities into the unmistakable realms of romance. Miss Gladys Erskine, the heroine of her own story, paints herself by suggestion and in her actions rather than in words. We should rather that she is decidedly pretty, or even beautiful, with something of the free, though maidenly, bearing of a queen of the forest or a "Lady of the Lake." She is very unconventional in her manners, sentimental, and somewhat gushing. She has considerable firmness of purpose or strength of will, which, however, can easily be bent or swayed through her affections; while the consciousness that she is a "well-to-do maiden" gives her a certain commanding assurance. She has been more or less self-contained, for the simple reason that she has been isolated from those domestic endearments to which she might readily have expanded. Her stepmother is cold-hearted and aggressively practical; her half-sister is a feather-headed and volatile little flirt. She loves her brothers, but, after all, a pair of engaging urchins in the schoolroom could scarcely suffice to fill the void in the fresh and emotional nature of a romantic beauty emerging from her teens. And as time is precious in what is merely a two-volume tale, we are not surprised to see signs in the very opening of the story that Miss Gladys is no longer fancy-free. Eligible suitors are necessarily rare in Braemar, where the summer lodgings are chiefly tenanted by respectable Aberdonians with their wives and families; and it is clear from the first that the stalwart Mr. Angus Glendinning merely regards his pretty cousin with the well-regulated fondness of a brother. Glendinning has given his heart away elsewhere, to furnish matter for a subsidiary love plot. Clearly, then, it is extremely convenient that Gladys should find a lover ready to her hand, under her own roof, or, as we should say with greater propriety, under the roof of her stepmother. And a man admirably fitted for the *rôle* is there in the person of the gentleman who is tutor to her brothers. As Miss Gladys has been represented to us, it seems natural enough that, when her fancy has been charmed by the man of her dreams, she should not look too closely into his position and circumstances. She is rich enough for two; and, having never mixed much in fashionable society, she has a soul superior to the arbitrary conditions it prescribes. Nursed in the grand solitudes of Braemar, her nature, in place of being depraved, has been elevated; and she flatters herself that her instincts can recognize a member of nature's nobility. Nor is it easy to deny that in this case her choice has been worthily made. Mr. Wentworth, the tutor, is emphatically a gentleman. Personally we should not have cared much about him, though that may be masculine envy. He is dogmatic and often rough in his independence and self-assertion. He almost bullies the heiress, who, although she sometimes sulks and sometimes flashes out, nevertheless yields to him generally with humble submission. In short, Mr. Wentworth naturally strikes us as a prig who is in a fair way of being made more offensive by female

deference; while looking at him from the artistic point of view, we should say he is closely copied from Louis Moore in *Shirley*. It is true that we may find some excuse in his bluntness of perception for Wentworth's rough behaviour to the young mistress of the house. He adores her; he is fretted by the consciousness of the worldly distance dividing the lady of lands and houses from the dependant toiling for his daily bread; and he not only believes that she does not return his admiration, but that, with aggravated bad taste, she prefers somebody else. As we know, he is wrong; but Gladys is no more clear-sighted than Wentworth as to the cause of his jibes and sneers and irritating intervals of coolness. So they go on playing the game of cross-purposes till the party have explored all the beauties of Braemar, and the author is disposed to let them come to an understanding. Then, indeed, the *dénouement* broadly differs from that of Miss Brontë's novel. The tutor Wentworth is not what he has seemed to be. The mystery of his recent conduct and movements is explained by the announcement that he has come into a noble property. In fact, when he is savagely snubbed by Gladys Erskine's connexions for his presumption, he silences them, and summarily turns the tables, by proclaiming himself lord of broad lands in Perthshire; while his moral character and motives are still more triumphantly vindicated from imputations of selfishness, by his being disclosed as the anonymous and generous benefactor who has been enriching acquaintances right and left by the gift of farms in England and thousands of pounds sterling.

We have told the love story lightly, but without the slightest idea of ridiculing it. Though somewhat romantically conceived, and occasionally over-tinged with sentimentality, it is very much above the average. As for the pictures of Highland scenery, manners, and character, which go far towards making up the bulk of the volumes, they are generally as picturesquely conceived as they are true to nature. If we have a fault to find with them, it is that the author is too fond of following the method of the Grecian painter who drew a veil over the anguish of the hero's father, which he did not dare to depict. Since L. R. L. makes a point of sketching the scenery of hill and dale, stream, rock, and waterfall, it is hardly fair to fob us off in the chapter on Ben Muich Dhui by refusing to tire her readers with the narrative of her ascent of the giant of the Grampians. As she is right in believing that she excels in landscape-painting, she was absolutely bound to make the attempt, even under penalty of a failure which could hardly be ignominious. By way of specimen of her powers of description, we may end with her visit to the Linn of Dee, since each tourist who has passed a day or two at Braemar may correct her sketch from his impressions and recollections.

The linn or fall is in a deep ravine in the rock, so narrow that it is hardly many feet across; and through this the wild Dee comes springing down from its mountain bed, chafing at its restricted passage, whirling deep chasms in the granite, and passing clear and deep to the wider bed below. Huge masses of foam are hurled by the fall and the rush of water into the rock basins beneath, and the river raves with a deafening noise as it passes on, while strange sudden destruction seems to be coming on the rough rocks and on the spectator, as it leaps and whirls onward, boiling in its prison, with a concentrated rage. . . . Mr. Wentworth is horrified at my delight, as I stand in the foam and spray and watch it whirl and leap in its dark, fathomless basin; but then I am familiar with it, and have no fear, but such love for its beautiful, awful, foaming beds of water as I cannot describe. It is a grand freak of nature, this tumbling river through its dark fir trees—through its narrow contracted bed in the fissures of mountain rock.

DUNCKER'S HISTORY OF ANTIQUITY.—VOL. IV.*

THIS volume of Professor Max Duncker's *History of Antiquity* deals with the Aryan tribes who crossed the Indus and fought their way across Hindustan. The subject is one on which a vast literature has grown up already, but which, nevertheless, is by no means exhausted; and even for scholars, who cannot make the history and philosophy of India the task of their lives, a work which gives a masterly survey of the great political and religious systems which have grown up in that vast peninsula must be a welcome boon. Of Professor Max Duncker's survey we affirm without hesitation that it is in a high degree masterly, and that it must retain a permanent place among the most important works bearing on the subject. Our remarks on the first three volumes have sufficiently shown our sense of the general excellence and usefulness of the work; but the present volume seems to stand on a higher level, and to furnish the best account of the fortunes of the Aryan tribes in India, thus far written within the compass of a few hundred pages.

Nor need we qualify seriously the opinion which we have expressed of Mr. Abbott's powers as a translator. In the translation of the previous volumes we found scarcely a flaw. If in this fourth volume we have some sentences which are, to say the least, dark and mysterious, it may be because the task of reading the author's thoughts in an English dress was here and there far from easy. The Brahman yoke, wherever the people were made to feel its full weight, was beyond doubt fearfully oppressive. It was the more irksome, we may well suppose, in a climate which weakens while it strains the powers of endurance, and the Brahmins in imposing it may have discreetly considered how far they might go with safety. But, if this be

* *The History of Antiquity*. From the German of Professor Max Duncker. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D. Vol. IV. London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1880.

Professor Max Duncker's meaning, it is not very clearly brought out in the following sentence.

The conception of such endless torment must have pressed the more heavily upon the people as the hot climate in which they lived naturally awakened in them the desire for repose, a desire which increased with the increasing oppression of the State and religious duties, and was strengthened by the fact that these causes at the same time allowed the resistance which every healthy and strong nation can make to such oppressions and demands to slumber.—P. 333.

If the "causes" here spoken of are, as they seem to be, the despotism of the civil power, and the annoying multiplication of religious duties imposed by a tyrannical priestly order, it is not these causes, but the slackness of the kings and priests in the exercise of their power, which encouraged the passive disposition of the people. Nor can we think that Mr. Abbott would have allowed some odd phrases and repetitions to remain had he subjected his translation to a careful revision. It is scarcely good English to tell us that

the theory which the Brahmans had elevated to be the highest duty was without sympathy or pity; it could only allot to every man, in the alternation of birth and decay, the fruits of his deeds. No doubt the people, impelled by the necessity to have above them conceivable, comprehensible, healthful spirits, elevated Vishnu and Siva from among the faded and dishonoured forms of the ancient duties to be the protecting powers of their life, in opposition to the god of the Brahmans.

Lack of care gives us a sentence here and there thus constructed:—

Even for those who were not in a position to liberate themselves wholly from the misery of the earth and the torments of regenerations, by entering into the way of illumination, were to have their pains and sorrows alleviated as far as possible.—P. 352.

It might also be well to explain for the benefit of some readers that the word *donb*, which is here printed without any sign to show that it is not English, denotes a Mesopotamia. Some also might be glad to know that it is made up of the numeral *two* and the word for water, which is found in the names of a multitude of European, as well as Asiatic, streams.

But we need say nothing more about trifles which can easily be got rid of or set straight in later editions, and which are but slight blotches in a translation which may for the most part be read with singular ease. This, indeed, must be the case when the translator is reproducing the work of so clear a thinker as Professor Max Duncker. The question of the origin and significance of caste is commonly treated with an indistinctness which is sometimes very irritating; but certainly it would not be easy to draw a more vivid picture of the historical conditions out of which it grew up than that which we find here. The Aryans, when first they set foot in the Punjab, were a nation of warriors, simple, hardy, and independent, but pre-eminently conscious of their relations to the gods who were to them the givers of all their good things. The obligation, indeed, they regarded as not altogether on their own side. The gods might live without the help of men; but they were decidedly better off with it. Their strength was increased by the Soma juice, and still more by the sacrifices and prayers of their worshippers. If the latter were intensely earnest, they acquired over the gods a power which it was scarcely possible for them to resist; and they could, therefore, address them, if need were, with remonstrances couched in tolerably familiar language. They can pray Indra to come down and "drink himself full with the most inspiring of drinks"; they can beseech him for health in sickness, for long life, for victory in battle; but it is on the understanding that the return for the rich sacrifices shall be made, and they do not scruple to remind the gods of the fact. "If I were the lord of cattle, the master of such wealth as thou art, Indra, then would I assist the minstrel; I would not leave him in need." The gods literally grew by prayer and sacrifice; and the worshippers can say plainly, "The suppliants have strengthened Indra by their songs of praise to slay Ahi. Increase, O hero Indra, in thy body, praised with piety and impelled by our prayers. The hymns whet thy great strength, thy courage, thy power, thy glorious thunder-club." The thought which underlies such words, as Professor Max Duncker remarks, has furnished also the basis of fetishism, but here it has already advanced far on quite another track. Fetishism applies direct external compulsion to the being worshipped; with the early Aryans of India the power of the invocation depended on the sincerity of the worshipper, on the form of his prayer, or the correctness of his sacrifice. In this fact lay the germ of the mighty system which was to cast its shadow over India not for centuries only, but for millenniums. The creed of the Aryan warrior was simple enough. He had not yet learnt to trouble himself with questions relating to the origin of the gods, or to the distinction of these gods from the one great primary cause. He was ready to address each of them in terms which assigned to them an incommunicable greatness and majesty; and thus the gods exhibited that flexibility of character which is the most marked feature in the hierarchy of the Vedic deities, while the worshipper retained the sturdy spirit and stout hand which had won for him a home on the plains of the Punjab. But in his strength lay his weakness. If Indra and Agni were invoked to bestow on the suppliant wealth of horses and cows, fruitful pastures and rich harvests, there was no reason to bestow a thought on any counteracting influences; but in the earlier stage of Aryan settlement in India it was more often necessary to invoke their aid against the enemy. The sacrifice was offered to insure victory in the fight; but these offerings might be made on the other side also, and it was of the first im-

portance to nullify, if possible, the sacrifices and prayers of the enemy. This could be done partly by greater intensity of adoration, but partly also by scrupulous exactness—in other words, by a careful correctness of ritual. This notion, Professor Max Duncker remarks, had its natural effect. "The singers of these prayers, who knew the strongest forms of invocation, or could weave them—the priests—early obtained a position of importance." As time went on, their position as a class became more and more marked; but this class was distinctly subordinate to the Kshatriyas, or warriors; nor had any attempt been made by the minstrels or singers of one tribe to form a college with those of any other tribe. Still, in each tribe there were the warriors, and by their side was growing up a class of sacrificers, who soon became alive to the advantages involved in claims of priestly influence. The first step was to suggest the benefit accruing from the presence of a minstrel or singer at each sacrifice; and the suggestion was gradually petrified into a command. But the life of the Aryan was strictly the life of the family; and those who cared specially for exactness of ritual must become disciples of the minstrels—in other words, be adopted into their families. Again, as they advanced further from the Indus, and left behind them an Aryan population in a country enjoying undisturbed peace, the work of tilling the soil became for those who were so left behind not less needful than skill in exercises of war. Hence another portion of the Aryan population was gradually formed into an agricultural class, known as Vaisyas; and thus the three classes of warriors, priests, and farmers began to exhibit something like a distinct character. But, separated from all these by an impassable gulf, were the conquered inhabitants of the country, the dark-skinned woolly-haired people, the *varvara*, who became barbarians for the Greeks and Latins. On these the Aryan warriors, minstrels, and husbandmen looked down with infinite contempt. They were simply beasts in human form, designated by the common name Sudra, which, as not being a Sanskrit word, Professor Max Duncker regards as "the original name of the ancient population of the Ganges, just as the tribes of the Vindhya have to this day the common name of Gondas." Already, therefore, there were two sharply defined masses, facing each other, the Aryans and the Sudras; and among the former were three classes, still, it is true, in somewhat shadowy outline, but tending more and more to the same sharpness of distinction and the same exclusiveness on the score of difference of blood. The Kshatriyas were undoubtedly the dominant body in the State, and the kings invariably belonged to their class; but the minstrels or Brahmans started on their career of aggrandizement with the immense advantage conferred by their religious position. "Without them, without the accurate knowledge of the old songs and customs of sacrifice, as given by Manu and Pururavas, without precise acquaintance with the prayers in which efficacy rested, efficient sacrifices would not be offered." When this belief was once fairly implanted in the minds of the people, the revolution which ensured the ascendancy of the Brahmans was substantially achieved; but the one momentous fact—a fact seldom seen, and still more rarely understood—is that it was a revolution, not a mere growth or development. The Brahmans had to destroy as well as to build up, and this process of revolution has been traced by Professor Max Duncker in a manner deserving the highest praise. It may be safely said that he has neglected none of the factors in a very intricate problem; but he has treated with special success the crowning invention of Brahman, the world-soul, first impersonal, then personal and conscious—the impersonal Brahman being the great ocean into which the whole Cosmos shall in the end be absorbed. Brahman is the one source of holiness; it is the holiness which manifests itself in the personal Brahman, and below the latter are the deities which the ancient Aryan had worshipped as supreme. In this subordination the priestly order found more than the framework of their system:—

If the Holy nourishes, leads, and constrains the gods, it is mightier than the gods, the mightiest deity, and therefore the most divine. If the Holy constrains the gods and at the same time gives them power, in it alone the special power of the gods can rest, in so far as it is in them. The greater the portion they have in it, the mightier are they. The self-concentrated Holy is the mightiest power, the essence of all gods, the Deity itself. Thus the oneness of nature in the gods, their unity and the connexion between them, was discovered. Yet this Holy, or Brahman, was not in heaven only, but also existed on earth; it lived in the holy acts and in those who performed them; in the ritual and prayer; in meditation and heavenward elevation of spirit; in the priests. Thus there stood upon the earth a holy and an unholy world in opposition to each other; the world of the priests and of the laity, the holy order of the priests, and the unholy orders of the Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras.

Then came the procession of the three Aryan castes and of the outcast Sudras from the mouth, the arms, the thighs, and feet of Brahman, the condition of each being irrevocably fixed by a great intervening gulf, which could never be passed except by the process of new births succeeding to the present life. The painful renewal of existence would never cease until all creatures returned into Brahman; but it was possible for the Kshatriya in a future stage to reappear on earth as a Brahman, for a Vaisya to become a Kshatriya, and so forth, if he had sufficiently fought with and overcome desire—that is, separated himself from the sensuous world and all its filthy concerns. But the process was almost endless, and the pain and suffering involved in it overwhelming. The burden was found to be too great for the Aryan, even after he had been enervated by the heat of the Indian sun. Buddhism was a protest against this oppression, against this prolonged torment, not against the object for which the Brahmans professed

to be working. In both systems the outward world, and therefore also the human body, were absolutely and intensely evil; but Buddha saw that, according to the Brahman doctrine, absorption in Brahman was the reward of meditation, and that this reward might be won by Kshatryas, Vaisyas, and Sudras, in the course of a long series of transmigration. If it were so, the eternal distinction of the castes was a fiction; and, therefore, the gates which lead to the blessed extinction might be thrown open to all. But in both systems the extinction, as Professor Max Duncker rightly insists, was identical:—

The question was really the same, whether the soul was destroyed when in the one case it was plunged in Brahman, and in the other annihilated by Nirvana, whether those who sought after liberation had to become masters of their senses like the Brahmans, or to release themselves from sensation and the body and existence like Buddha.

But for human suffering the Brahman cared little or nothing; Buddha cared a great deal. He had a gospel to preach to all, a gospel of final annihilation, which would enable the penitent to say:—

I have entered upon the way of Nirvana. On this way are dried up the ocean of blood and of tears, the mountains of human bones are broken through, and the song of death is annihilated. He who follows this path without faltering escapes from pain, from mutability, from the wheel of revolution, from regeneration. He can boast, "I have done my duty; I have annihilated existence for myself; I cannot be born again; I am free; I shall see no other existence after this."

Towards this happy absorption men may be helped on by the kindness, the sympathy, the tenderness of their fellows; and in this sense the religion of Buddha may be called a religion of love. But this is, as Professor Max Duncker is careful to point out, quite another thing from the love of the Christian. It is not the highest commandment for its own sake alone, and because Love is eternal in God. With Buddha it is simply the means of alleviating the sorrows of the world and the wretchedness of mankind, and when its work is done, it will come to its natural end. In logical strictness there is no room for caste; and the removal of caste left room for the free play of natural kindness. So, too, as the Buddhist philosophy which extinguished instead of conquering desire lost its charm, the distinctions of caste naturally revived, and the whole work of the enlightened sage was swept away, except in so far as the goal toward which the Brahman still strives is indistinguishable from the annihilation in which Buddha saw the one escape from the unceasing torments of existence. Professor Max Duncker's chapters on this new reformation are full of instruction and full of interest, and with those which precede them form a complete history, political as well as religious, of the Aryan tribes in India.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.*

THE author of *Colomba* and *Carmen* must be allowed to have been, on the whole, singularly fortunate in the matter of posthumous autobiographic revelations. There is no need to mention a contrary instance which is fresh in the minds of all English readers, and no need to do more than allude to the singularly unfortunate fate in this respect of Mérimée's chief rival, Sainte-Beuve. The difference between the two greatest literary supporters of the Second Empire (for the mistake of considering Théophile Gautier as an Imperialist has been sufficiently proved) was harshly put in a well-known saying—"Mérimée était gentil-homme; Sainte-Beuve ne l'était pas." Something of the same distinction, however, inevitably suggests itself to the reader of the posthumous works of the two men. It is not that there is not plenty of crudity and plenty of indiscretion in Mérimée's letters to his friends, male and female, known and unknown. But the indiscretion and the crudity are such as are, on the whole, fairly covered by the fact that the documents in which they occur were never intended for publication, and that they are, in fact, merely so much written fireside conversation—chronicles, so to speak, of the smoking-room and the drawn cloth, if cloths were drawn now. On the other hand, every fresh volume of Mérimée's correspondence, while it adds to the evidences of his capacity as a writer of easy, polished French, takes away from the somewhat evil character which he laboriously managed to establish for himself in his lifetime—that of a mere cynic, *l'épicurean*. He was certainly a cynic, and he was certainly an Epicurean, in the conventional sense of the two terms. But a man who succeeded in causing disinterested attachment in so many different persons can hardly have been a cynic in the offensive sense, and a man who showed so much disinterested affection in return can hardly be counted as a mere Epicurean.

The last batch of Mérimée's correspondence, that recently edited by Mr. Fagan of the British Museum, and containing letters to the late Antonio Panizzi, perhaps promises rather more than it performs in undertaking to give an important portrait of "Mérimée politique," and an important collection of side lights on the policy of Napoleon III. It is true that the Librarian of the British Museum and the senator-antiquary-man-of-letters did serve in an odd kind of way as a side channel of intercourse between the ruler of France and the Government of England. Panizzi—conspirator as he had been, and fervent Italian patriot as he continued to be—was a Bonapartist, if not an Imperialist, and he was on intimate terms with many men of eminence in England,

notably with Mr. Gladstone. Mérimée was really attached to the Empress Eugénie in spite of her clerical proclivities, and seems to have regarded Napoleon himself as at least a barrier against *la stupidité égalitaire*, as Gautier put it. But nothing of any real political importance is to be found in these letters, unless it be a fresh illustration of the tortuous, vacillating, unsystematic, and unforeseeing policy of the Third Empire. In politics, as in other things, what is unintelligible before it is found out to be merely unintelligent is sometimes taken to be profound, and it is matter of history that this was the case with Napoleon III. More really interesting is the glimpse given of Mérimée's own political state. With all respect to the memory of a great writer and, in a way, a great intellect, this attitude must be admitted to be nearly as muddled as one as that of his master. Mérimée does not appear to have had the positive dislike to politics which Gautier had, and which sometimes made the latter get up from table and leave the room when the subject was introduced. His great reading, moreover, and his acute intellect must have made him thoroughly acquainted with history, the necessary vestibule of politics. But he seems always to have contented himself with a mere haphazard bundle of prejudices on general points and of improvised pinions on particular ones. He disliked democracy heartily, and with a keen sense of its dangers and faults; but he disliked the chimera of clericalism quite as much. Giant People with newly-developed fangs and newly-sharpened claws, and Giant Pope toothless and claw-clipped, were almost the same to him—a state of mind which, in vulgar parlance, may be said to argue a certain insensibility to the time of day. His anti-clericalism sometimes leads him into most ludicrous little outbursts of spite. He is applied to by Mr. Newton for some necessary testimonial, on an occasion not stated, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury. "Je ne connais pas l'archevêque," he writes, "et j'ai pour tous les gens de sa robe le goût que vous savez. Voici cependant une lettre officielle dont vous ferez l'usage qu'il vous plaira. Demandez à sa grandeur sa bénédiction apostolique. J'aimerais mieux une de ses vieilles bouteilles légères par quelque bonne dévotion." We certainly have plenty of "bonnes dévotions" in England, but it would surprise us very much to learn that any one of them has recently replenished the cellars of Lambeth. Yet Mérimée knew England as no true Frenchman in a hundred knows it, and would have been the first to laugh at the resuscitation under inappropriate circumstances of a hackneyed sneer in any other case. The same defect pervades his political utterances, acute as they often are. He cannot get out of his head the fixed idea that English policy is egotistical, and French policy a generous policy of ideas, though not one single war under the Empire was undertaken without a direct eye to the main chance, and though the wildest believer in our egotism can hardly accuse us of having acted for our interests in 1859, in 1862, in 1864, or in 1866. Nevertheless, there are incidental utterances of remarkable acuteness, and occasional anecdotes or reported sayings worth preservation. The sharpest of the latter is a *mot* of M. Thouvenel's on the Eastern question, to the effect that Turks, Greeks, and Slavs were only "trois couches de fumier superposées," and that, toss the heap about as you might, there would always be "du fumier" at the top.

If, however, there is no very great amount of pasture to be found here for the politician and historical student, the same cannot be said as regards the lover of literary biography. Mérimée is revealed in these volumes hardly less fully than in the famous *Incommensurables* letters, though from a slightly different point of view. He made the acquaintance of Sir Antonio Panizzi accidentally by a suggestion that the Museum should buy some manuscripts from Stendhal's sister, who was in reduced circumstances. This was in 1850, and for twenty years the correspondence continued, chiefly interrupted by the numerous visits which Mérimée paid to his friend for the purpose of enjoying "the excellent salt beef of the British Museum." It was a grief and pain to many loyal Britons to find some time ago that Mérimée was not always satisfied with English fare, and that (of all unexpected places) they did not give him enough to eat at Oxford. It is still more grievous to find in this book an insinuation against a personage of so exalted a rank at this moment that we can only recur to the modest practice of the last century. Mérimée refers contemptuously to the dinners of the present *Prima M-n-str* as consisting of "beaucoup d'argenterie et de l'agneau." But then he was never fair to Mr. Gladstone, who was associated in his memory with deans, family prayers, and other frippery of *l'enfance*. Creature comforts are frequently mentioned in these letters. The salt beef perpetually recurs, and indeed it is not a French institution. The two friends interchange criticisms and discoveries of wines suitable for dyspeptic stomachs, and when Mérimée establishes himself at Cannes, the mutton thereof comes in for frequent mention. Books, of course, have their fair share, and archæology is not neglected, while absolute gossip and chit-chat fill a good many pages, the humours of Biarritz in especial coming in for notice. One of these latter recalls a little too much that period of the Second Empire when the ambition of everybody was, as the Prince Titiane has it, to *gobichonner*, and when, on the equally veracious authority of M. Octave Feuillet, ladies ran races up and down drawing-rooms with their feet in their husbands' hats. To punish a lady visitor for outrageous admiration of Count Bismarck by dressing up a lay figure in the likeness of that statesman, and ensconcing it in her bed, is a practical joke, not indeed unpardonable, but rather worthy of a festive regiment after mess, or a bevy of undergraduates, than of the inhabitants of a palace. However, the *Gelächter* of the Second Empire,

* Prosper Mérimée.—*Lettres à Panizzi*. 2 vols. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1881.

which once seemed *unauslichliche*, is *längst erloschen*, and there is something more pathetic than unpleasant in even its wildest outbursts.

We do not know whether any more of Mérimée's correspondence is likely to see the light; but this last instalment may be said to complete his mental and literary portrait. M. Taine has said that Mérimée was "the dupe of his own mistrust." These neat little sayings have been ingeniously compared to Mr. Browning's "sharp spurt of a lighted match," which they resemble about equally in sound and in quantity of illumination. There is some truth in this particular *mot*, of course. Mérimée was an affectionate person, who was afraid of not being cynical enough until he became too cynical—a person of wide and varied sympathies and interests, who, for fear of getting too much engrossed, gave himself the appearance of feeling neither interest nor sympathy. But we have no reason to doubt that any loss of enjoyment of the frank and childlike sort which he may have experienced in consequence of this attitude was made up to him by an increase of enjoyment in what Dean Gainsford used to call "surveying his fellow-creatures from a proper elevation." He says somewhere in these letters that he always thought mankind were fools, and becomes more sure of it every year he lives. A man who says this kind of thing feels a distinct thrill of satisfaction as he says it, and has felt several such thrills every time he makes the reflection which thus finds words. Of course, if such a temperament reaches the point of real misanthropy, it becomes self-tormenting instead of self-sufficing. But Mérimée's never did this. He was fond of his friends and his *inconnues*, and his friends and his *inconnues* were fond of him. He knew perfectly well that all good judges regarded him as one of the best writers of French living, and that, with the exception of Gautier, whose style was too different to imply rivalry, the specially French domain of the *nouvelles* knew no master save himself. He enjoyed his medals, his ruins, his books, his salt beef at the British Museum, his "little wine of Champagne, red and not foaming," which, like Talbot Twyden's, but more truly, was "not a heavy wine, not an expensive wine, but had a bouquet and a pureness," and was good for "les maux de l'estomac." Admirable as his definitely literary work is, it is apt to leave a somewhat uncomfortable impression, because the author is in full-dress or undress, and never forgets that he appears in the character of a cynic. In these and the other volumes of letters which have been published this exaggeration disappears; and we have not, indeed, a sentimentalist, but a very human, and not at all doggish, person, whom we already know to have produced excellent literature, and whom we now know to be an eminently good fellow. The only charge that has been brought, not without some foundation, against the Mérimée of the letters is the somewhat Rabelaisian character of passages here and there, a fault which we shall not attempt to excuse, but which, as has been already remarked, becomes much less when it is remembered that publication was far from the author's thoughts. The same may be said of the allusions to living persons, for the publication of which the writer is, of course, not responsible at all, and which are offensive solely because of their publication.

BUDDHIST BIRTH STORIES.*

AMONG the various contributions to the comparative study of folk-lore, Mr. Rhys Davids's translation of the Jātakas must hold a foremost place. The inquiry into the relationship of the popular tales of different nations is one of the most fascinating branches of modern research. It is still in its infancy, and the student is always encouraged by the hope that he may strike out some fresh line or establish some unexpected connexion. No subject provides a more promising field for the exercise of individual fancy and controversial hypothesis. And, beyond this, the subject-matter is of itself interesting apart from its scientific aspect. It is in the nature of popular tales to possess those qualities of dry humour and practical wisdom which must always commend them to the general mass of mankind, and without which they could not have held their place in the traditions of the household; and they commonly offer even higher elements of interest in the side lights they throw on the social life of the people. The history of popular stories may often be obscure, and may demand learning and labour to unravel, but it can never be wearisome or wanting in human interest. As a picture of the early stages of a people's life, and the fullest and most authoritative picture to be obtained, a collection of folk-lore has a value and a charm almost unrivalled in literature. It is such a collection that Professor Fausbøll, the finest Pāli scholar in Europe, is now editing, and that Mr. Rhys Davids, who has already made himself a name among students of Buddhism, is translating for Messrs. Trübner's valuable "Oriental Series." The first volume alone of the translation has as yet appeared, containing only forty out of the five hundred and fifty Birth Stories; but it presents enough of genuine importance to enable us to appreciate the gain to the science of folk-lore which must accrue from the completion of the work. We can recognize even in this section the truth of the translator's statement that, "In the Jātakas we have a nearly complete picture, quite uncorrupted and unadulterated by European

intercourse, of the social life and customs and popular beliefs of the common people of Aryan tribes closely related to ourselves, just as they were passing through the first stages of civilization."

As an early social photograph, the Buddhist Birth Stories possess a peculiar interest and value; and this interest is increased when they are regarded as the progenitors of many or most of the household tales which are still current in Europe. To students of Mr. Tylor or Mr. Spencer, or to those who have listened to Mr. Halston's delightful *causeries*, it is superfluous to say that the whole tendency of folk-lore research has been more and more in the direction of an Eastern origin for our popular tales, and that India is generally admitted to be the birthplace of most of the stories which delighted our childhood, and still delight the healthier and less sophisticated among our children. The natural but humiliating result of the advance of knowledge is the discovery that even our household tales are borrowed, and that the familiar anecdotes of rustic tradition, pointed with wise saws and adorned with wholesome morals, have travelled to us through many lands, and boast a pedigree of many stages. There was a time when we were content in the belief that the irreproachable La Fontaine himself invented the ingenious and instructive tales which improved at once our morals and our French; and when our eyes were partly opened and we read *Æsop* in the original, we rejoiced to think we were enjoying the very stories which beguiled the weary hours of Socrates's imprisonment. Those innocent days are now past, and we are constrained to admit—if not the rash assertion that there never was such a person as *Æsop*, unless a pog on which stories were hung can be called a person—at least the fact that the fables ascribed to *Æsop* have nothing to do with the venerable storyteller on whom they are fathered. "*Æsop's Fables*" are the creation, or rather the translation, of the middle ages. An old Hindu story-book, which we possess only in a mediæval form, found its way westward by way of old Persian or Pahlavi to Syriac and Arabic. The Arabic version was known as *Kalila and Dimna*, after the names of two jackals who play conspicuous parts in the first story of the collection, and the Arabian translator ascribed the work to the sage Bidpai. From this version, which became a prime favourite among the story-loving Arabs, and thus came into contact with Europe, Greek, Hebrew, and Latin translations were made, from the eleventh to the end of the thirteenth century, and the "*Fables of Bidpai*" soon became famous over all Europe, and were done into Spanish, German, Italian, French, and English, whilst a Persian version, the *Anvār-i Suhaili* is a standard text-book among Indian students. The second Latin version bore the title "*Alter Æsopus*," or "the New *Æsop*" (not "*Æsop the Old*," as Mr. Rhys Davids by some extraordinary confusion renders it), and thus testifies to the tendency of compilers of story-books to connect their works with *Æsop* the typical story-teller; as a compiler of a jest-book naturally christens it after Joe Miller. Now the collection of moral tales commonly known as "*Æsop's Fables*" is the work of a Byzantine monk of the fourteenth century, named Planudes; and thus the Latin version of *Kalila and Dimna* had been done half a century before "*Æsop's Fables*" came into the world. Many of Planudes's tales have been traced to Indian sources, and the remainder will probably be identified in the progress of the investigation. Enough, however, is already proved to enable us to assert that *Æsop's fables*, as we now have them, are not Greek at all, but are the descendants of Indian folk-stories of very great antiquity.

A similar conclusion is to be drawn with regard to the Barlaam and Josaphat romance, which is ascribed to St. John Damascene, has been the source of much religious edification to centuries of pious souls, and has been so completely received into the bosom of the Latin Church that the names of "the holy saints Barlaam and Josaphat, of India, on the borders of Persia, whose wonderful acts Saint John of Damascus has described," have been duly canonized, and have their proper day, November 27th, as any one may read in the Martyrologium of Cardinal Baronius, authorized by Pope Sixtus V. for general use in the Catholic world, at page 177 of the 1873 edition, endorsed by his Holiness Pius IX. The Greek Church in this particular is not behind its Western rival, but assigns a different day to "the holy Josaph son of Abener, King of India," and omits Barlaam. Now Josaphat or Josaph is nothing but Bodisat, the title of the chrysalis-Buddha before he has become Buddha, and the religious romance of St. John of Damascus is simply a Greek version of the life of Gotama. It was Professor Max Müller "who first pointed out the strange fact—almost incredible were it not for the completeness of the evidence—that Gotama the Buddha, under the name of St. Josaphat, is now officially recognized and honoured and worshipped throughout the whole of Roman Catholic Christendom as a Christian saint!" And just as Barlaam and Josaphat is an offshoot of Buddhist literature, so the wide series of tales represented by the *Pancha Tantra*, *Kalila and Dimna*, or "*Fables of Bidpai*," "*Æsop's Fables*," and La Fontaine's, are mainly traceable not only to an Indian, but to a Buddhist, source. "*Sindbad the Sailor*" and other tales of the *Arabian Nights* have their birth in Buddhist Jātakas; Boccaccio, Chaucer, Gower, and Spenser have been indebted to this treasure-house of Buddhist folk-lore; even the three caskets and the pound of flesh in the *Merchant of Venice* are ideas found in this wonderful old story-book. These are but a few examples of the manner in which the household tales of Europe can be traced back to Buddhist India, as Professor Max Müller has shown in the charming lecture on the Migration of Fables published in the *Contemporary Review* of 1870. Mr. Rhys Davids has made no sparing

* *Buddhist Birth Stories; or, Jātaka Tales, the oldest collection of Folk-lore extant, being the Jātakathavāṇanā.* For the first time edited in the original Pāli by V. Fausbøll, and translated by T. W. Rhys Davids. Translation: Vol. 1. (Trübner's Oriental Series.) London. 1880.

use of this lecture in his learned, though somewhat disjoined, "Introduction"; and no one can study this interesting essay without being convinced that the Jātakas, or Buddhist Birth Stories, which he is translating are certainly one of the chief sources of European folk-lore, and form probably the oldest and largest collection of popular tales in existence.

The fables included in the Jātaka book undoubtedly belong to the oldest Indian folk-lore; but they are universally ascribed by the commentators to Buddha himself. There is nothing improbable in this attribution, if it be understood merely in the sense in which the Homeric legends are ascribed to Homer. From all we know of the life of Gotama, it was quite consonant with his method to make use of the household stories of his people in order to bring home to them the practical bearing of his moral teaching. A great deal of the Birth Stories, however, probably grew up after his death, and it is beyond doubt that in its present form the Jātaka book represents a long process of accretion. Each story consists of several parts, and these are by no means of equal antiquity. The real Birth Story, or "Story of the Past," is introduced by a "Story of the Present," and is followed by a conclusion. The introductory story tells some episode of Buddha's life; how some disciple acted in such and such a way, and how Buddha accounted for it by the fact that the same person in a previous existence had behaved in a precisely analogous manner. The Birth Story itself is the account of this passage in the previous birth, put into the mouth of Buddha, who generally utters a stanza pointing the moral. The conclusion "establishes the connexion" between the two episodes and identifies the characters. The introductory "Story of the Present" is clearly later than the "story of the past," and is the work of the compiler or commentator; and the verses included in the latter (and sometimes in the former) are older in literary form than the stories, though the stories undoubtedly represent in substance popular fables which existed long before the verses were composed. The history of the book in India is at present obscure; but Mr. Rhys Davids gives the following outline of its probable development:—

From the facts as they stand at present it seems to be the most probable explanation of the rise of our Jātaka book to suppose that it was due to the religious faith of the Indian Buddhists of the third or fourth century B.C., who not only repeated a number of fables, parables, and stories ascribed to the Buddha, but gave them a peculiar sacredness and a special religious significance by identifying the best character in each with the Buddha himself in some previous birth. . . . When stories thus made sacred were popularly accepted among people so accustomed to literary activity as the early Buddhists, the natural consequence would be that the Jātakas should have been brought into a collection of some kind; and the probability of this having been done at a very early date is confirmed, firstly, by the tradition of the difference of opinion concerning a Jātaka book at the Council of Vesali (c. 350 B.C.); and, secondly, by the mention of a Jātaka book in the ninefold division of the Scriptures found in the Anguttara Nikaya, and in the Saddharma Puṇḍarika. To the compiler of this, or of some early collection, are probably to be ascribed the verses, which in some cases at least are later than the Stories. With regard to some of the Jātakas, among which certainly may be included those found in the Pāli Pitakas, there may well have been a tradition, more or less reliable, as to the time and the occasion at which they were supposed to have been uttered by the Buddha. These traditions will have given rise to the earliest introductory stories, in imitation of which the rest were afterwards invented; and these will then have been handed down as commentary on the Bible Stories, till they were finally made part of our present collection by its compiler in Ceylon. That (either through their later origin, or their having been much more modified in transmission) they represent a more modern point of view than the Birth Stories themselves will be patent to every reader. There is a freshness and simplicity about the "Stories of the Past" that is sadly wanting in the "Stories of the Present"; so much so, that the latter (and this is also true of the whole long Introduction containing the life of the Buddha) may be compared more accurately with mediæval "Legends of the Saints" than with such simple stories as "Æsop's Fables," which still bear a likeness to their forefathers, the "Stories of the Past." The Jātakas so constituted were carried to Ceylon in the Pāli language, when Buddhism was first introduced into that island (a date that is not quite certain, but may be taken provisionally as about 200 B.C.); and the whole was there translated into and preserved in the Singhalese language (except the verses, which were left untranslated) until the compilation in the fifth century A.D., and by an unknown author, of the Pāli Jātaka Book, the translation of which into English is commenced in this volume.

As an example of the general character of the stories in their several parts, and also of their bearing upon European collections of popular tales, we may notice the *Baka Jātaka* (No. 38) or "The Cruel Crane Outwitted," in which the case of two cheating tailors is told in the "Story of the Present"; the "Teacher," i.e. Buddha, thereupon remarks that this was not the first time the one rogue of a tailor had taken in the other, and tells the "Story of the Past" in which a crane who had treacherously devoured a pondful of fish is himself outwitted and killed by a crab whom he had tried to deceive like the fish. Then comes the moral stanza, uttered by the Bodisat, who had been looking on in the form of a Tree spirit:—

The villain, though exceeding clever,
Shall prosper not by his villainy.
He may win indeed, sharp-witted in deceit,
But only as the crane here from the crab.

And, finally, by way of conclusion, the Teacher "established the connexion and summed up the Jātaka by saying, "At that time he [the crane] was the Jetavana robe-maker, the crab was the country robe-maker, but the Genius of the Tree was I myself." This fable can be traced through a numerous progeny; it is found in the Arabic *Kabala* and *Dimna*, the Persian *Anvār-i Suhaili*, the Greek *Stephanites kai Ichneutes*, the French *Liore des Lumières* and *Cabinet des Fées*, in La Fontaine, the Arabian Nights, the *Pancha Tantra*, *Hitopadesa*, and many other collections of household

stories; but it is not included in the so-called *Æsop's Fables*. The moral it inculcates is of a well-worn type; but this is not observable with regard to all the series. On the contrary, as Mr. Rhys Davids has well pointed out, the Jātakas teach two special lessons which are not of a common order. One of them is the strong influence of inherited character, the central doctrine of Buddhism and a vital element in ethics; the other is the common nature of men and animals, which is illustrated by many anecdotes, and leads to frequent injunctions to kindness and sympathy with the brute creation, one of the most striking aspects of the Birth Stories.

A work so important as the Jātaka book deserves a good translator, and it will be allowed that Mr. Rhys Davids has thus far acquitted himself very satisfactorily. Of his Pāli scholarship there can be no doubt; and his English is, as a rule, simple, straightforward, and free from affectation; and if he shows a doubtful familiarity with Latin and Greek, it is not a matter of much consequence. He has tried to put the Jātakas into English which shall faithfully represent the tone of the original, and the endeavour has been as successful as the difficulty of the task allowed. The fault lies on the side of unnecessary colloquialism rather than of fine writing, and there are a good many vulgarisms that ought to have been expunged. As a whole, however, this translation of the Buddhist Birth Stories is ably performed, and its worth to students of folk-lore, and to all who care to win a glimpse into early Aryan life and manners, ought to secure it a wide popularity.

WILLIAM LAW.*

THERE was, some ten or twelve years back, in Worcester Cathedral a verger who, if he observed a stranger standing alone within the enclosure of Prince Arthur's mutilated tomb, would ask, as if in unconsciously audible meditation, "What would have been the consequences to English history if that young prince had not died?" Impatient hearers were apt to cut the verger's soliloquy short before he had entered on his hypothetical chronicle; but the speculative question, which he had probably picked up and appropriated, is one of a not uncommon type. From the nature of the case it admits of neither test nor solution, while the basis upon which all such speculation must rest is the more than questionable assumption that the course of public events may be determined by the hazard of the die upon individual lives. Upon this thesis the "affirmatur" and the "negatur" are characteristically maintained in the old ballad of "Chery Chace" by the Scottish and by the English King:—

"God have merci on his soll," said King Harry,
"Good Lord, yf thy will it be!"
I have a hondryth captayns in Ynglonde," he sayd,
"As good as ever was here:"
But Persé, and I brook my lyffe
Thy deth well quyte shall be."

In the "more modern" ballad the "one hundred captains" had grown to five.

Yet while the proposition, so stated, is confessedly foreign to national sentiment, its converse, in the influence of the course of public events in the determination of individual lives, is measurable in its range from the vaguest conjecture to the limits of approximate certainty, as in the case where the results of a general election may crown or disappoint the hopes of a great lawyer. And it is from such a point of view that a peculiar interest attaches to the life of William Law, so carefully and anxiously investigated and recorded by Mr. Overton, the ecclesiastical historian, in conjunction with Mr. Abbey, of England in the eighteenth century. As a religious biography Mr. Overton's work is not calculated, and was probably not intended, to meet a popular taste. Touching, as it does at various points, the almost contemporary biography of John Wesley, it brings out the more clearly in contrast the essential distinction between the two men and their respective careers. Wesley was personally before the world; Law, save by his writings, was absolutely hidden from it. Wesley's life and work were independent of political history, and, unless we may imagine an eighteenth-century Inquisition, must, under any circumstances, have been independent of it; Law's whole future had been staked from the first on the success of the Jacobite cause, and, if that cause had prospered, it is a reasonable conjecture that "the Sage of Putney" must have looked upon the Thames from the Middlesex shore opposite, even if its stream had not carried him onwards to Lambeth. Mr. Overton has described Law's life as it was, without entering upon any speculations such as this; but he has exhibited him as a born ruler of men, hampered in the range of his action by the restraints of a despotic conscience; dying, in obedience to its dictates, the domestic chaplain of two old ladies in a Northamptonshire village, just after the accession of a third Hanoverian sovereign had established the national tradition of the dynasty; and leaving behind him in the constitution of a local charity school a minute model of ecclesiastical administration at which, even in these days of Board Schools, the reader will scarcely be tempted to smile, because of the unintended mournfulness of suggestion as to the wider sphere denied to the energies of a mind and character which must have made its mark on public life.

Mr. Overton describes the subject of his biography as "Nonjuror

* William Law, Nonjuror and Mystic; Author of "A Serious Call"; a Sketch of his Life, Character, and Opinions. By J. H. Overton, M.A., Joint-Author of "The English Church in the Eighteenth Century." London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

and Mystic." The second phase of this description may be taken as the consequence of the first, the forced inaction of the non-juring clergyman giving an inward direction to all the current of his thought. His biographer repeatedly complains, perhaps with some show of reason, that it is not by his mystic writings, which may have been intellectually the greater works, but by his *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* that the name of William Law has obtained a hold on Englishmen. It is due, no doubt, to this popular prejudice that the "Serious Call" is the only work of Law's to which Mr. Overton has allowed a place on his title-page. But the "Serious Call" was concerned with men's practical lives, and was written when the author was himself in some degree mixing with the life of the world as private tutor or "governor" to an undergraduate fellow-commoner at Cambridge, Edward Gibbon, the father of the historian. As to Law's academical position at this time, there is an obscurity which Mr. Overton has left without explanation.

William Law was the third son of a family residing at King's Cliffe, a large village or small market-town in Northamptonshire, where his father, a man of gentle blood, "was a grocer: but his social standing"—Mr. Overton writes in an amusingly apologetic tone, supported by a foot-note—"was different from that of an ordinary village tradesman in the present day." His stock-in-trade, and the capital invested in it, may very probably have differed as much from those of the "ordinary village tradesman" of our time as the requirements of their respective customers. The fine ladies might possibly have fancied a dish of tea at their country houses; and tea, in old Thomas Law's time, cost sixty shillings the pound. At any rate, after his eldest son had been amply provided for, there was a large house in King's Cliffe awaiting the inheritance of the third. William was born in 1686, and, entering Emmanuel College, Cambridge, as a Sizar in 1705, "he took his B.A. degree in 1708, was elected Fellow of his College and received Holy Orders in 1711, and took his M.A. in 1712." If the "Rules for my Future Conduct" were really, as there is no reason to doubt, drawn up by Law on his entering the University, his "education" must not only have been "very serious," but of a very high order. They are as admirably composed as they are thoughtful and devout; and, while they contain the germs of his subsequent mysticism, they are in entire keeping with the Puritan traditions of his college. But "the last four years of Queen Anne's reign (1710-1714) were marked by a vigorous revival of those doctrines which had led many conscientious men twenty years earlier to demur to the Revolution Settlement"; and the High Church and High Tory movement numbered Law among its most ardent disciples. His Puritan piety, like the Evangelical piety of a later date, had prepared the ground for a growth of religious and political opinions which almost seem to have pictured by anticipation an eminent life of our own day. Indeed, at various points in Mr. Overton's work the resemblance between Law and Cardinal Newman seems to come out as strikingly as elsewhere the utterances of the Sage of Putney recall, though in different matter, those of the Sage of Cheltenham. In "fierceness" the junior Fellow of Emmanuel left little for the junior Fellow of Oriel to desire. He "made a speech at the Trypos" in which "he asked the laity . . . whether, when the children of Israel had made the golden calf the object of their worship, they ought to keep to their God *de facto*, or return to their God *de jure*? whether the sun shines when it is in an eclipse? whether a converted son be not better than a converted successor? with other things of the same nature." For this speech Law was degraded "from M.A. to a Soph," as John Byrom writes in his journal; Hearne, who omits the "Soph," adding that "the Lord Treasurer" (Harley) "was zealous for his degradation." Mr. Overton has not intimated whether he was ever reinstated as M.A., although Law seems always to have retained the title. Possibly he made his peace with the Lord Treasurer by a vehement sermon in defence of the Peace of Utrecht which he preached three months afterwards, on July 7th, 1713, and in which the Queen and the Ministry are sufficiently magnified. It is the only sermon of Law's which is extant, and "it is," Mr. Overton remarks, "as unspiritual a composition as one can well conceive." The preacher appears as M.A. on the title-page.

But a few months later "the best of Queens" was dead, and Law was called on to make his choice between his principles and his prospects. He had no hesitation, and in a manly and touching letter to his eldest brother he announces his decision not to take the oath either of abjuration or of allegiance. He lost his Fellowship, and with it all possibility of preferment. John Byrom, his future disciple and a concealed Jacobite, had a less troublesome conscience. He desired, and obtained, a Fellowship of Trinity:—"How is it likely this young fellow should ever come among us? I saw a book in our library where his birth is made very suspicious." During the whole reign of George I. the personal life of Law is in obscurity. He was almost certainly in London, and there is a tradition that he was "a curate there"; perhaps based on such clerical or pastoral duties as would involve no concession of principle, since he is not likely ever to have "prayed for King George." But early in this period, in 1717, his "Three Letters to the Bishop of Bangor" (Hoadly) "raised him at once to the highest rank of writers in controversial divinity," while in 1726 his book on "Christian Perfection" showed him as an equally powerful writer on matters of practical religion. For such a man, if his time came, there could have been no doubt as to the worldly future. And from a single passage in Byrom's Diary we may infer, not unfairly, that he was biding his time, depressed with hope deferred

as years went by, perhaps really open to the charge of "roughness and morose and sour behaviour" which in 1738 John Wesley brought against him. Byrom writes:—

Aug. 1, 1739.—To Somerset Gardens. Mr. Law there. He said that they talked of the Pretender's coming; and he talked in his favour. [Then follows a sentence in cipher.] And as we came away, gave him (the father) a most excellent character for experience, wisdom, piety. I said that I saw him once. He said, Where? I said, At A. He said, Did you kiss hands? I said, Yes, and parted. He said that Mr. Morden and Clutton had been with him: that there should not be so much talk about such matters: that he loved a man of taciturnity.

On a later occasion Byrom relates that in the course of a somewhat impatient conversation with himself Law said "that when our king came over I should go into orders." At the period of these conversations he was in a very unsettled condition. The refuge of his earlier home in the reign of George II. was taken from him; that of the home of his closing years was not as yet prepared. In 1727 he appears as settled in the house of Mr. Gibbon, the grandfather of the historian, at Putney, as private tutor to his son, domestic chaplain and spiritual director in the family, and the centre of a small body of personal friends and of a large number of chance visitors who looked on him as a sage and prophet, or came to him for advice. Ten years later Mr. Gibbon died; and it was not till 1740 that Law retired to his own house at King's Cliffe, where in 1743 he was joined by the two wealthy ladies who looked up to him as their spiritual father, Miss Heester Gibbon, sister of his pupil, and Mrs. Hutcheson, a widow whose husband on his deathbed had entrusted her to Law's care. Both survived him, and both were buried near his grave. Both, under his direction, spent the whole of their then large united fortune of about 3,000*l.* a year in the exercise of the strange and unbounded almsgiving which Mr. Overton has described in detail, and which even then provoked adverse criticism as charity misapplied. Law died in 1761; and it was during the later years of his life that his earlier character of nonjuror and High Church controversialist merged in that of the "mystic divine." If the view in which we have regarded his life be true, the time for which he had watched and waited had never come; he had ceased to look outward across the sea, and would turn his gaze inward and upward for the rest.

Mr. Overton's chapters on mysticism are as valuable in relation to the religious thought as his biography of William Law is in relation to the Church history of the eighteenth century. The very name of mysticism is, indeed, in its popular acceptation misleading. The mystics, or, as they were commonly styled at the time with an unconscious exactness of expression, the enthusiasts, were not a sect, nor were their tenets a creed. They were men who presented in extreme, perhaps at times in disproportionate prominence, a habit of mind without which a creed cannot be realized. Mr. Overton has indicated with admirable clearness their leading thought in its two divisions: "Omnia videre in Deo: Deum videre in omnibus." The High Churchman and the Methodist in the last century, Evangelical devotion and the Oxford movement in our own, meet in this twofold canon and its developments. Of its second portion a well known and striking illustration is found in Keble's hymn for Septuagesima, "There is a book who runs away read," while the same thought underlies Newman's early doctrine of angelic ministration, and is familiar in almost every page of Isaac Williams's poetry. Upon the first portion of the rule and its expression, the following passage supplies material for an obvious and remarkable comparison. Law's acquaintance with the writings of Eckart, the mystic of the fourteenth century, "is shown, among other ways, by one of Byrom's mystic poems, which were nothing else than Law in verse. One of the prettiest of these odd compositions is entitled "The Soul's Tendency towards its True Centre," and commences:—

Stones towards the earth descend:
Rivers to the ocean roll:
Every motion has some end:
What is thine, beloved soul?
Mine is where my Saviour is:
There with Him I hope to dwell:
Jesus is the central bliss:
Love the force that doth impel.

A passage from Eckart is quoted as the source from which these ideas spring, "The fire rises up to heaven," &c., and Mr. Overton asks, "If Byrom versified Law, had not Law read Eckart?" In every important collection of Evangelical hymns forty or fifty years ago will be found one beginning "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings." It was widely popular, and the echoes of its vigorous marching tune, Dartford, may stir some older memories even now. Its second stanza runs:—

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So my soul, derived from God,
(*al.*) a soul that's born of God }
Faints to view His glorious face,
Forward [*al.* upward] tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

The authorship of this hymn is attributed by Lord Selborne to Robert Seagrave; in the *Congregational Hymn Book to Cennick*; and by the late Mr. Josiah Pratt to Madan. The two last-named versions show the common variation from the text in the *Book of Praise*, which is not without significance; but it is observable that all the three names are those of contemporaries of Law, and that only one of them is mentioned by Mr. Overton in connexion

with him, while that one, Madan, finds his place among "Law's Opponents." The "mystic" doctrine shows at least a wide standing-ground, with nothing of sectarian limitation. The eccentricities of expression and thought in Law's later years are the natural consequences of the isolation of his life; but his singular dialectical skill and his power of dealing with men are as plainly shown on the little field of the dispute about the charities of King's Cliffe as they had been in the earlier times of the Hoadly controversy. The influence which he exercised on his own and succeeding generations by his writings is known; and behind the veil of his obscurity we seem to trace the outline of another range of influence which might have been his had the events of his time drawn him from the seclusion of the Putney home where he drinks his modest "two glasses of red wine after dinner—one, Church and King; the other, All Friends."

FLOWER O' THE BROOM.*

THE principles which govern the selection of titles for modern novels have apparently undergone a considerable revolution during recent years. Formerly the title of a book was generally explained before the reader had got past the first few chapters; and, under any circumstances, there was no difficulty in connecting it with some leading character or chain of events. It is not impossible that this fashion may come round again some day. Future generations may be favoured with another series of "Robbers," "Smugglers," "Pirates," and other homely titles suggestive of the avocations of everyday life; but, in the meantime, the great art of finding an effective name for a novel appears to consist in making its connexion with the narrative as far-fetched as possible. In the book before us we are not vouchsafed the smallest clue to the title until near the end of the third volume, and then only in an incidental sort of way, which suggests the idea that the question was reserved till the last moment, and the title *Flower o' the Broom* pitched upon simply because it would sound as well as any other.

The principal character in the story is Elizabeth Milner, and forty or fifty years ago this would have been its inevitable title. Elizabeth Milner is the daughter of a soft-hearted and apparently soft-headed young doctor, who, during his temporary attendance upon a ladies' school, falls in love with Miss Eleanor Turton, a young lady boarder, possessed of "a lovely face, a passably good figure, a conveniently hard heart, and an ardent craving for liberty." The latter highly creditable impulse the young doctor proceeds to gratify by promptly eloping with her to London, where they are married in one of the old City churches. But, as might have been expected, the result is not particularly satisfactory. Mrs. Milner soon finds that existence on the narrow means afforded by the income of an obscure medical man, who is wholly dependent upon his profession, but has no regular practice, is not likely to be a perfect realization of her boarding-school dreams, and the inevitable reaction follows. She gets tired of her husband, who is "wildly, insanely jealous," and "flies into furies over her coquettish airs." After six months of this sort of thing, he can stand it no longer, and gets an engagement as doctor on board a P. and O. steamer. During his absence a daughter is born, whose advent if anything rather increases Mrs. Milner's dislike to her husband, especially as the infant's eyes are supposed to resemble his; and she takes to a religious flirtation with the incumbent of a ritualistic church. Just, however, as she is beginning to be talked about, her husband returns, and in a transport of fury hurries her and his infant daughter on board his ship, where they live together for three years, when he catches a fever from one of the sailors, and dies. We were not previously aware that the regulations of the P. and O., or any other line of passenger steamers, admitted of the presence of the female relatives of the officers on board their ships. Having thus disposed of her first venture, Mrs. Milner becomes companion to old Lady Bonham, of Hershaw, who is destined to become one of the principal characters in the story. Here she succeeds in captivating the Rev. Mr. Devereux, an amiable young clergyman of good family, and apparently with some small means of his own, with whom she settles down in the quiet living of Thornton, in the fens. Mr. Devereux is very much in love with his wife, and puts up with her whims and fancies with most exemplary meekness; while she, apart from a certain sense of gratitude to one who has relieved her from a position of dependence, is as fond of him as her selfish nature will allow; so that, on the whole, they may be considered a fairly affectionate and harmonious couple.

At the beginning of the story the Devereuxs have been settled at Thornton for some years, and are blessed with a numerous family. Elizabeth Milner is now grown up, and appears in the character of nursery governess to the Devereux children, and general household drudge. It is an understood thing that she is not supposed to care for society or amusement, but to exist simply for the purpose of making herself useful to others. Her mother has, in fact, never got over her prejudice to her eldest daughter on account of her supposed resemblance to the late Mr. Milner, and continues to exercise a petty tyranny over her, which Elizabeth bears with an evenness of temper that is one of the leading traits in her character. Her stepfather, however, is sensible enough to see what a treasure they have got in their midst, and, when allowed

to do so, treats her with the utmost kindness and consideration. Elizabeth on her part entirely accepts her position; and, when not occupied in superintending the education or darning the stockings of the younger children, is perfectly happy in looking after the poor of the village, who are one and all devoted to her. The principal local dignitary is Mr. Grenvil of Vennover who is himself a paralytic old man, and is soon put on one side, but who has a son, Brooke Grenvil, who is destined to enact the part of hero of the story. Brooke Grenvil is a good-looking young athlete, who lives by strict hygienic rules, and has rowed stroke in the Oxford Eight. He and Elizabeth have always lived more or less in each other's society, and are on the easy footing of old friends. But, although nothing in the way of love-making has ever gone on between them, it would appear that Brooke has always looked upon Elizabeth as, in a general way, his ideal of all that is perfect in woman, and one day, actuated by a sudden impulse, he proposes to her offhand. Elizabeth, however, having always been brought up with the fixed idea that the somewhat impaired fortunes of Vennover must be renovated by a marriage with an heiress, is very properly surprised and shocked at such an ill-advised proceeding on Brooke's part, and mildly, but firmly, refuses him. Apparently, however, her lover's disappointment at his rejection is not lasting, for within a week afterwards he is desperately in love with Narcissa Brooke, a young lady who has come to stay at Vennover with her grandmother, Lady Bonham of Hershaw, the old lady with whom Mrs. Devereux had formerly lived as companion. This young person is the source of great anxiety to her grandmother, a most unpleasant old woman, the great object of whose declining years, when not occupied in saying sharp things to those around her, is to prevent a marriage between her granddaughter and her late husband's nephew, Anthony Bonham. There is, however, a sort of tacit understanding between the two that they are to be married some day, although Lady Bonham's views on the subject will not admit of an open engagement. Anthony Bonham is as much in love with Narcissa as an indolent and self-indulgent disposition will allow him to be; but Narcissa, it need hardly be said, is really as indifferent to him as she is to every one else. For she was

satiated with adoration, often weary of her life, worldly to the very core of her heart, apt to wonder vaguely why she had been born and born a beauty, yet resenting any infringement of her claims to supremacy with inconsistent anger, superbly tolerant of rivals, cold, beautiful, yet passionate, a dangerous woman to love, a still more dangerous woman to cross.

When to this description are added such items as

a slim rounded body, having a peculiar serpentine undulating grace. . . . Hair as intensely dark as a moonless midnight grew low on a broad forehead, under which eyes as dark kept a strange outlook on life. A fathomless face, with its mouth so red and finely cut at the corners, and its severely oval contour,

we know in a moment the sort of person with whom we have to deal. In fact, we are disposed to welcome her as an old friend, and our mind reverts instinctively to that interesting series of heroines which has culminated in the "Lady Regula Baddun" of *Strampore*.

After a somewhat prolonged stay at Vennover, during which Elizabeth and Narcissa become friends and Brooke Grenvil becomes more and more hopelessly in love with the latter, the scene is changed to Hershaw. Narcissa returns thither with her grandmother, and Elizabeth is also carried off to act as that hardened old lady's companion, as her mother had done before her. Here we find Anthony Bonham, who, in spite of a cold and nonchalant exterior, is evidently very fond of Narcissa; and the flirtation between them is renewed in a necessarily furtive manner under the watchful eye of Lady Bonham, who, there is every reason to suspect, has got Elizabeth to Hershaw as much with the idea of distracting Anthony's attention from Narcissa as of being her own personal companion. Brooke Grenvil also turns up from time to time, more in love than ever, and much to the annoyance of Anthony, who upbraids Narcissa with encouraging him. And, as he eventually detects her in the act of impressing "a long, firm kiss" upon Brooke's upturned face while he is engaged in taking a stone out of her horse's foot, it may perhaps be said that he was not altogether without some grounds of complaint. He does not, however, become particularly excited over it, and he and Narcissa discuss the incident in the calmest possible manner. Shortly afterwards Lady Bonham, whose death has been anxiously expected for some time, is seized with what is evidently her last attack, and on her death-bed endeavours to make Anthony promise her not to marry Narcissa. This, however, he respectfully, but firmly, declines to do; and the old lady's last hours are in consequence neither peaceful nor edifying. When the will is opened it is found that, by an ingenious arrangement, they are both practically disinherited in the event of their marrying each other; whereas, if Narcissa marries Brooke Grenvil, she is to have 30,000*l.* She does not hesitate to let Anthony understand that she means to do this, and they part for good. In the meantime, an unfortunate event has occurred at Thornton. It has been hinted earlier in the narrative that Elizabeth is not likely to be able to satisfactorily fulfil her destiny until her amiable stepfather shall be dead, and she herself thrown upon the world. He is accordingly drowned one afternoon while out sea-fishing with his youngest daughter Dolly. Were it not evident that the immolation of this estimable divine is essential to the development of the story, we should be inclined to look upon it as a wilful waste

* *Flower o' the Broom*. A Novel. By the Author of "Rare Pale Margaret." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

of life; but, as it is, we are compelled to accept it as inevitable, and can only regret that two such amiable characters should be so abruptly removed from the scene. Elizabeth now becomes parish schoolmistress at Thornton, and the remainder of the family go to live at Southsea, where we are quite content to leave them, as they do not materially interfere with the rest of the story, the course of which readers may discover for themselves.

As we have already observed, the explanation of the title *Flower o' the Broom* only appears towards the end of the story. Narcissa meets Elizabeth in a lane, where the latter has been having a confidential interview with Brooke, to whom she has just given a sprig of broom as a token that she is not angry with him. She has gathered another sprig in an absent sort of way, when Narcissa comes round the corner, and catching her in the act exhibits an emotion which the circumstances would at first hardly appear to justify. It seems, however, that there is a popular saying, of which Elizabeth, although she has lived all her life among country people, displays a lamentable ignorance, that the first person one meets after plucking a sprig of broom dies within the year. We do not desire to discuss the origin or infallibility of this tradition; but anyhow, Narcissa does die within the year, so on this occasion, at least, the fidelity of the legend is vindicated.

The chief fault in the story is a certain incompleteness about the principal characters. That of Narcissa, as we have already pointed out, is now somewhat hackneyed; and as there is not a single redeeming point about her, it is impossible to get up any interest in such a soulless, passionless creature. That of old Lady Bonham is cleverly drawn. But she is quite unnecessarily bad; and although she has a very natural distrust of her granddaughter, whom she appreciates at her proper value, it does not appear that she has ever taken the smallest trouble to make her otherwise, or even wished her to be so, and she has, therefore, only herself to blame for the result. And, although the character of Elizabeth Milner is more carefully worked up, and is in fact a pleasing and natural sketch of an honest and true-hearted English girl, without any direct pretensions to good looks, but possessing the attractions of a good figure, good health, and a sweet temper, there is yet a want of force about it which at times renders even her manifold perfections a little monotonous. Of the male characters, Brooke Grenvil, who may be considered the hero, is unsatisfactory, and wanting in finish; and few lady readers will, we think, have much sympathy with him. The best character in the story is that of Anthony Bonham, the lazy and indifferent, yet honourable and self-controlled, rival of Brooke Grenvil. But even he is somewhat disappointing, and he is dismissed just as we are beginning to feel an interest in him. On the whole, however, the authoress—for that the story is written by a lady there can be no reasonable doubt—has succeeded in producing a very readable book, and one that contrasts favourably with much of the light literature with which the public is at present deluged. Such as it is, the story is gracefully told, and there are not wanting indications of considerable descriptive power. The quiet, peaceful scenery of the Fen country is depicted with a touch that shows a close and intelligent study of nature; and nothing could be prettier in its way than the description of the home life at the quiet country rectory. With a little more force and finish about the characters, and something more of a plot, *Flower o' the Broom* might have taken a high place among recent novels; but even as it is, and although it cannot be said to be a story of absorbing interest, it is a book which we think will be read with pleasure by many, and which certainly none will throw down with the uncomfortable feeling—too common, unfortunately, in many cases—that a useful hour has been wasted in a vain attempt to unravel an impossible plot, or to wade through a succession of equally impossible situations.

MINOR NOTICES.

A LIVELY volume was to be expected from the author of that capital story *Ula*, and expectation is not disappointed in Mr. Eden's latest production, called *Found, though Lost* (1). This is, in the true sense of the word, a romance, the author of which could without much difficulty have spun out his materials into the regulation three volumes. In abjuring padding and long screeds of "word-painting," and confining himself to one volume of about three hundred pages, Mr. Eden has deserved well of his readers, who will surely appreciate the considerable merits of his book all the more for its leaving them at the end in a state the opposite of satiety. The story opens in the time of the Carlist war of 1854, and deals chiefly with the fortunes of Xavier Warrington, at that time a mere boy, son of an English father and a Spanish mother, and those of Mariquita de Guzman, adopted daughter of the Conde de Mendoza, with whom in due time Xavier falls in love, and to whom he is betrothed. Mariquita is one of the richest heiresses in Spain, and the Minister of the day looks with an unfavourable eye on her proposed marriage with an Englishman and a heretic. Here, as the experienced novel-reader will discern, is matter for much complication, and the author has made the best use of the opportunities just suggested. The story is from first to last an exciting one, and is told with ease, vigour, and picturesqueness. We do not propose to reveal any of the complications of the plot, but we may note that they give the

author occasion for describing not only parts of Spain and its life, but also Manila and, among other things, an earthquake which takes place there. We may note, in conclusion, that a Romany band plays an important part in the story, and that Mr. Eden has had the commendable courage to describe the gipsy, not of conventional fiction, but of actual life. One fault we have to find with Mr. Eden's style, and that lies in his making his Spaniards, who talk for the most part in English (which of course stands for Spanish), employ every now and then a Spanish word or phrase; which is manifestly unreasonable. A greater fault than this, however, might be excused by the brightness and freshness of the story.

Out of some notes, not originally intended for publication, taken during his stay in Chili (2), Mr. Boyd has constructed an amusing and interesting volume, which appears at an appropriate time. His own description of the volume, that it "may serve to while away an idle hour, and to give some information about a country little known in England," is certainly more than borne out by the pages which follow it. The book is indeed full of matter, and is not the less attractive for being composed in the easy style which is natural to a traveller's jottings. We cannot here do more than call attention to a few of the more prominent points of a volume which is throughout interesting. Mr. Boyd has some very curious things to tell us about the coal-mining of Chili. "When the mining laws of Chili were framed in the beginning of the century, coal was not known, or if known to exist, was not worked. The mining regulations do not extend, therefore, to this mineral, which belongs to the owner of the soil." But, as it happens, the greater part of the coal seams worked as yet lies under the bed of the Pacific Ocean, for which there is no owner. The early workers consequently asked no leave or license from any one, but with human inconsistency regarded those who followed them as intruders, and resorted to all kinds of means, more foul than fair, for preventing their opening out new collieries. It was related to Mr. Boyd that a proprietor whose mine lay on the dip side of the adjoining one, and consequently could be, and was, inundated at the pleasure of the owner of the latter, was in the habit, if his pumps were unequal to getting rid of all the water sent in, of sending imploring messages to his neighbour to let in no more water for a day or two. "The evil of this want of system is the direct loss to the nation of so much coal wasted in the shape of pillars or ribs to protect the workings of each colliery against its neighbour." It is curious to note that, when Chilian coal was first raised, it was considered unsuitable for locomotive driving purposes, and for years English coal was employed on the railways, at a great cost, until a mechanical engineer, by a simple contrivance, which is not described, in the grate of the locomotive, enabled the Chilian coal to be used. Mr. Boyd appears to have been, on the whole, not particularly comfortable at the *establecimiento* at Lebu, at which he stayed when visiting the coal-mines; but there were some compensations for greasy *canelas* and dried-up meat, in fair Bordeaux, good wine of the country, exquisite coffee, and good cigars. Towards the end of the book there are some interesting and spirited passages concerning some incidents of the war, and especially the kind of *sen-duel* between the *Huascar* and the *Cochrane*. We may conclude our notice by quoting a "tip" of Mr. Boyd's which may be useful to those mountaineers who share our dislike of snow-masks and veils. "When we had reached a certain altitude [on the volcano of Renegado], we found the snow lying deep on the ground, and frozen on the surface, in spite of a vivid summer sun. The rays of the latter were very trying on account of the reflection from the snow; to guard against this we resorted to the usual custom in the Cordillera, of blacking the eyelids and cheekbones with burnt cork."

Of the other party to the war touched on by Mr. Boyd an account is given by Mr. Duffield in his *Prospects of Peru* (3). The author begins by giving a brief and clear account of some of the circumstances which led to the war, and goes on to contrast the Peru of modern times with the Peru of the Golden Age. He gives a very interesting and succinct account of the conditions of life under the sway of the Incas, conditions which in many respects might be termed ideal, and quotes a very significant passage from the confession attached to the will of Mancio Sierra Lejesama, one of the first Spanish conquerors of Peru, which confession was made in Ouzco on the 13th of September, 1589, before Gerónimo Sanchez de Quesada, notary public, and has been preserved by Espinosa in his *People's Dictionary*. "His Catholic Majesty," said Lejesama, "shall understand that the said Incas governed these kingdoms in such wise that in them all there was no thief or vicious person, nor an idle man, nor a bad or an adulterous woman, nor were there allowed among them people of evil lives; men had their honest and profitable occupations, in all that pertained to mountain or mine, to the field, the forest, or the home, as in everything of use all was governed and divided after such sort that each one knew and held to his own without another interfering therewith; nor were lawsuits known among them; the affairs of war, although not few, interfered not with those of traffic, nor yet did these conflict with those of seed-time and harvest, or with other matters whatsoever. . . . And by the permission of God our Lord we were able to subject this kingdom of many people, and riches, and lords, making servants of them as now we see. I trust that His Majesty understands the motive which moves me

(1) *Found, though Lost*. By Charles H. Eden, Author of "Ula in Valdés and Laager," &c. London: Newman & Co.

(2) *Chili: Sketches of Chili and the Chilians during the War 1890-1880*. By R. Nelson Boyd, F.R.G.S., &c. London: Allen & Co.

(3) *The Prospects of Peru; the End of the Guano Age, and a Description thereof*. By A. J. Duffield. London: Newman & Co.

to this relation, that it is for the purging of my conscience by this confession of my guilt. . . . So great is the dissoluteness now among these natives, and their offences against God, owing to the evil example we have set them in all things, that from doing nothing bad they have all, or nearly all, been converted in our day into a people who can do nothing good." The little volume contains, amongst other matters of interest, a careful and curious account of the present state of the guano deposits, and of the prospects of Peruvian industry in the future.

Mr. Foster's work (4) must represent an unusual amount of pains and care. Its genealogies are fuller than any that we have seen in other works of the kind; and an interesting feature of the book is found in the pages headed "Baronetage—Chaos," where, as may be guessed from this title, doubtful titles and pedigrees are assembled together, and may afford much entertainment to people who delight in puzzles. It would be ridiculous to expect every detail to be up to date in a volume of this calibre; but it seems a pity that there should be no mention, so far as we can discover, of the lately-recognized De Longueil Barony. The heraldic drawings are particularly good.

It would be superfluous to dwell upon the well-known merits of *Debrett's Illustrated House of Commons and Judicial Bench* (5), edited by Dr. Mair.

The eleventh annual volume has been issued of that useful work the *City of London Directory* (6), the whole of which has been revised and corrected to within a few hours of going to press.

An Unlucky Lie (7) is an ingenious, and not unamusing, little story of complication and practically harmless intrigue, the ingenuity of which is somewhat marred by the author's having chosen to lay the scene in Germany and to deal with German life, in his treatment of which he displays an odd mixture of knowledge and ignorance. Mouser is not a likely German name; nor is it probable that a German girl should keep up a flirtation and correspondence with a young man named Banne before her marriage. Nor, again, is it desirable to make a German finish up a speech delivered in English which stands for German with *Auf Wiedersehen*. Again, the attempt at humour is often too palpably forced and unsuccessful. Yet, with all its faults, the story has some freshness of invention.

No one better qualified than Professor Fleeming Jenkin could well have been chosen to perform the task of preparing a little treatise (8), the avowed object of which is "to induce beginners to regard the facts of electricity and magnetism not only as interesting or curious in themselves, but as the groundwork of a science, or rather as part of the groundwork of the general science of physics." It could perhaps be wished that the type of the book were as clear as Mr. Jenkin's style.

Mr. Gibson's little volume (9) is one of the many and significant results of the universal competitive examination system, with Peacock's dislike of which we are not alone in sympathizing. Mr. Gibson's book has at least the merit of meeting in a careful way a want the creation of which may possibly be regretted.

Mr. Brandram has abridged, by means of paraphrasing several passages, "certain selected plays of Shakespeare" (10), with the object of "introducing the plays for the first time to the notice of young readers in a manner at once appropriate and interesting." The plays might perhaps have been left to introduce themselves.

Readers acquainted with the first volume of Messrs. Stewart and Long's *Plutarch* (11) will welcome the appearance of the second, which is marked by the same care and industry that belonged to its predecessor.

The introduction of dry plates has probably stimulated amateur photography in no small degree, and the many people who now take up photography as water-colour painting used to be taken up—probably in most cases with better results as regards photography—will find Mr. Wheeler's (12) practical and exhaustive treatise an invaluable guide.

Mr. Loftie's name is warrant enough for the excellence of the unpretending little volume (13) lately issued by Mr. Stanford for the use of the traveller who finds himself for the first time in London, or, it may be added, for the resident in London who

knows nothing or little of the interests and attractions with which Mr. Loftie deals. Mr. Loftie's aim has been to provide his traveller with matter for a week's attention without overburdening him, and, it is perhaps needless to say, that he has attained his object. The historical part of the volume, in which the author, as he points out, differs from some authorities in vogue, is particularly interesting.

A third edition has appeared of Messrs. Silver and Co.'s *Handbook to South Africa* (14).

A new edition has appeared of the late Mr. Clay's well-known book on *Whist* (15).

Winmore & Co. (16) is a curiously empty, conventional, and "day-after-the-fair" little story, the *motif* of which is supplied by the failures which can no longer be strictly called recent, of certain joint-stock banks. We have in it a prosperous father who has risen from a comparatively subordinate position, a daughter, a young curate in love with the daughter, and a selfish and smart young merchant half engaged to the daughter. It will not be difficult to guess what is made of these materials in a hundred and twenty small pages.

Mr. Jerrold (17), without incurring the least suspicion of being a fanatical vegetarian, has done good service to all people who are not fanatical meat-devourers in pointing out in his latest volume the way both to grow and to cook a number of vegetables which are at present too much neglected. It is curious that the influence of French cookery should have availed as little as it has yet done to introduce in this country the habit of serving artfully-cooked dishes of vegetables by themselves, and not as a mere adjunct to meat. We may hope that Mr. Jerrold's volume will do something to encourage a practice which, entirely apart from any vegetarian theories, is calculated to improve the too frequently stupid and conventional *menu* of an English dinner-party.

The interest of Mr. Hulme's book (18) concerning Marlborough is more than purely local, inasmuch as it throws light upon various customs and manners of a bygone time. The writer has been careful in consulting his authorities, and the book may give entertainment not only to old and present Marlburians, but also to all people who care for such matters as we have above indicated. The illustrations are well designed and executed.

We note with pleasure the issue of a third and enlarged edition of Mr. Hunt's admirable and entertaining work, *Popular Romances of the West of England* (19), with Cruikshank's familiar and delightful illustrations.

What every Mother should Know is a thoroughly practical and sensible little treatise (20), which can be cordially recommended as completely fulfilling its purpose of telling mothers how much and how little they can safely take into their own hands, with the guidance here given them, before it is necessary or possible to obtain medical advice.

We can only note with pleasure, for the present at least, the appearance of a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Gilchrist's admirable *Life of Blake* (21), which was reviewed at length on its first appearance in these columns.

The Irish Presbyterian Mission Press has printed (Surat, 1880), and Sorabshaw Byramji Doctor has compiled, a *Student's Persian and English Dictionary*, "the design of which," to quote the preface, "is to provide students of Persian with a dictionary of portable size. It is mainly intended for students in High Schools and Colleges, who have long felt the want of a cheap and useful work of reference." The compiler then acknowledges his obligation to some well-known dictionaries, which he mentions by name. On looking through the work, we find that he has for the first three letters made a clumsy selection from Johnson's *Persian and Arabic Dictionary*, after which a simpler method seems to have occurred to him. He has apparently taken Professor Palmer's small and portable Dictionary, published by Messrs. Trübner and Co., and printed it without acknowledgment, but with a good many errors and omissions.

(14) *S. W. Silver and Co.'s Handbook to South Africa*. Third Edition. Revised and corrected to Present Date. London: S. W. Silver & Co.

(15) *Laws of Short Whist, and a Treatise on the Game*. By James Clay. New and revised Edition. London: De La Rue & Co.

(16) *Winmore & Co.: a Tale of the Great Bank Failure*. London: Marshall Japp & Co.

(17) *Our Kitchen Garden; the Plants we Grow and How we Cook them*. By Tom Jerrold, Author of "The Garden that Paid the Rent," &c. London: Chatto & Windus.

(18) *The Town, College, and Neighbourhood of Marlborough*. By F. E. Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A. Illustrated. London: Stanford.

(19) *Popular Romances of the West of England*. Collected and edited by Robert Hunt, F.R.S. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Chatto & Windus.

(20) *A Manual of What every Mother should Know*. By Edward Ellis, M.D. London: J. & A. Churchill. Melbourne and Victoria: Robertson. Christchurch, New Zealand: Simpson.

(21) *Life of William Blake; with Selections from his Poems and other Writings*. By Alexander Gilchrist. New and enlarged Edition, with additional Letters and Memoir of the Author. 2 vols. London: Macmillan.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

(4) *The Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of the British Empire for 1881*. By Joseph Foster. London: Nichols & Sons. For the Compiler.

(5) *Debrett's Illustrated House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1881*. Compiled and edited by R. H. Mair, LL.D. London: Dean & Son.

(6) *The City of London Directory for 1881*. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge.

(7) *An Unlucky Lie*. By Athol A. Johnstone. London: Newman & Co.

(8) *Manuals of Elementary Science.—Electricity*. By Fleeming Jenkin, F.R.S. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: Pott, Young, & Co.

(9) *The Preliminary Army Examination made Easy: a Complete Guide to Self-Preparation for the Above*. By John Gibson, M.A. London: Stanford.

(10) *Shakespeare*. Certain selected Plays abridged for the use of the young. By Samuel Brandram. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(11) *Plutarch's Lives*. Translated from the Greek. By Aubrey Stewart, M.A., and the late George Long, M.A. 4 vols. Vol. II. London: Bell & Sons.

(12) *Practical Photography; being the Science and Art of Photography developed for Amateurs and Beginners*. Illustrated. By O. E. Wheeler. London: "Bazaar" Office.

(13) *Tourist's Guide Through London*. By W. J. Loftie, F.S.A. With Map and Plans. London: Stanford.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,328, APRIL 9, 1881:

The Land Bill.
 Lord Beaconsfield's Illinois. Russian Reform.
 The Budget. France and Tunis. Church Patronage. Turkey and Greece.
 Lectors of Obedience. The New Mint.
 The Extraordinary Papal Jubilee.
 The Advantages of Democracy. Questions Left Out.
 The University Boat Race. The Earthquake at Chios. Railway Outrages.
 The Drain of Gold to New York. The Spring Exhibitions.
 Recent Music.
 Turkish Armenia and Eastern Asia Minor.
 The Practical Fisherman. Braemar. Duncker's History of Antiquity—Vol. IV.
 Prosper Mérimée. Buddhist Birth Stories. William Law.
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CONTENTS OF No. 1,327, APRIL 2, 1881:

The Transvaal—Turkey and Greece—The *Freiheit* Prosecution—The Thames River
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 Local Government.
 Old English Church Windows—Pollard-Triangles—Comacina—Fires in Theatres—The
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 National Gallery—The Franco-American Draft Resolutions—The Theatre.
 Anthropology—A Child of Nature—Salisbury's Dryden—Redhouse's Menavi-
 science and Slingshot—Japp's German Life and Literature—Texts, Translations,
 and Classical Aids—In Luck's Way—French Literature.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**DORR'S GREAT WORKS, "CHRIST LEAVING THE
 TABERNACLE," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and "MOSES BEFORE
 PHARAOH,"** each 43 by 22 feet, by "Dream of Ulster's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," &c.,
 at the DORR GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Daily, Ten to Six. Is.

**THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of High-class
 PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS,** including Professor LUDWIG
 CARL MEYER's picture, "An Engagement outside Cairo," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR
 TOWELL & SONS' GALLERY, 5 Haymarket. Admission, Is.

**FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The TWENTY-
 FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES by Artists of the Continental
 Schools (including Portraits of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, Count
 Moltke, Dr. Dingeldey, and other works by Franz Landeck), is NOW OPEN. Admission, Is.**

**DECORATIVE ART EXHIBITION, to OPEN in May, at
 the NEW GALLERY (500 feet long), 103 NEW BOND STREET, under the
 patronage of H.R.H. Princess LOUISE, Marchioness of Lorne, and over Sixty Noblemen and
 Gentlemen, and conducted by a Committee of Artists, Writers on Art, &c. The Exhibition
 will include Decorative Paintings, the Arts and Sculpture; Works of Art in the Precious and
 other Metals, Pottery, Porcelain, Enamels, Glass, Carvings, Mooses, and other Inlays; Art
 Furniture, House Decoration, Embroidery; Tapestry, Textiles, &c. &c. Applications for
 space should at once be made to the Director, Mr. T. J. GULLICK, a large portion of the space
 being already applied for. The Committee will allot the space according to merit, but where
 merit is equal preference will be given to the earlier application.**

**ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The NINETY-SECOND
 ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday,
 May 4, at 6.30 for 7 precisely.
 His Excellency the Hon. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, United States Minister,
 in the Chair.**

Second List of Stewards.

John Dard, Esq.
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 Dr. L. and Beale, M.A., F.R.S.
 J. P. Buchanan, Esq., Q.C.
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 Thomas Hughes, Esq., Q.C.
 Henry Irving, Esq.
 Louis J. Jennings, Esq.
 Blanchard Jerrold, Esq.
 Frederick Locker, Esq.
 George H. Longman, Esq.

The Third List of Stewards will be published next week. Tickets, six each, may be obtained
 from the Stewards and from the Secretary.
 7 Adelphi Terrace, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.
 The next ORDINARY MEETING of the present Session will be held on Tuesday,
 the 12th instant, at the Society's Rooms, King's College Entrance, Strand, W.C., London, when a
 Paper will be read, on "The Methods of Electing Representatives," by H. H. DROOP, Esq.
 The Chair will be taken at 7.15 p.m.

**CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL OF
 GARDENING and PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE.—Principal—Mr. EDWARD
 MILNER, Div. 1, Landseape Gardening, Chief Instructor, Mr. EDWARD MILNER. This
 School is designed to afford students of the Art of Landseape Gardening an opportunity of
 entering the profession by a scientific mastery of its details, acquirement from practical instruction.
 It is also intended to present similar tuition to gentlemen who are likely to be the owners, the
 conservators, or the managers of great estates, or who desire to cultivate artistic and natural
 taste, as a means of enhancing the value as well as the pleasure derived from the possession of
 land. A further purpose of the Directors is to utilize the exceptional capabilities of the
 Crystal Palace to this end under the most favourable conditions. Div. II, Practical Gardening
 and Floriculture. Chief Instructor, Mr. W. G. HEAD. This Division of the School is designed
 (a) For the educational training or preparation of young men intending to be Professional
 Gardeners or Nurserymen; (b) For the tuition by Special Lectures and Demonstrations of
 Students or Amateurs in the practical application of the Science of Botany in Gardening, and
 particularly Floriculture. Students will be received from May 1. Full Prospectus in the
 Office of the School, in the Library, Dyasian Court, or of the undersigned.**

F. K. J. SHENTON,
 Superintendent of the School of Art, Science, and Literature.

**GUYS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The SUMMER
 SESSION will commence on Monday, May 2. The Hospital contains one Bed, and
 includes special apartments for Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Skin, &c. Classes are held in the
 Hospital for Students preparing for the Examinations of the University of London, and other
 Examining Boards. For Prospectus, and further information with reference to Classes,
 Scholarships, &c., apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, S.E.**

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, NOTTINGHAM.

The Town Council of Nottingham have resolved to appoint FOUR PROFESSORS, as

ONE PROFESSOR, who shall undertake one or more of the following subjects—Classics,
 Literature, History, Political Philosophy, Moral Science; and
 THREE PROFESSORS, who shall undertake one or more of the following subjects—
 Mathematics (including Theoretical and Applied Mechanics), Physics, Chemistry, Physiology,
 Biology, Geology.

The work of the College will be divided into Four Departments, whose arrangement will
 depend, to some extent, on the subjects undertaken by the Professors elected, but it is intended
 that the three scientific departments shall severally comprehend:

1. Mathematics and Mechanics,
2. Chemistry,
3. Natural Science.

and that the subject of Physics shall be placed as a subject of principal importance in one or
 other of those departments.

Applicants are invited to specify the subjects which they would be prepared to undertake.
 Applications for the above appointments to be addressed to the Town Clerk, Municipal Office,
 Nottingham, on or before the 7th day of May next. Particulars of salaries, duties, and conditions will be sent upon application to the Town Clerk.

Candidates are especially requested to abstain from canvassing.

SAM. GEO. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

Municipal Office, Nottingham, March 22, 1881.

**THE Council of Firth College, Sheffield, intend to appoint a
 PRINCIPAL, who shall also be Professor either in the Literary or in the Mechanical
 Department of the College.**

These Departments will comprehend respectively the following subjects:
 1. Classics, History, Literature, Political Economy, Moral Science.
 2. Mathematics, Mechanics, Engineering, Geology, Physics.

Applicants are requested to state in which of these Departments they would be prepared to
 act as Professor, and which of the Subjects in that Department they would be prepared to
 undertake.

The salary of the said Principal will be £200 per annum, with Half the Fees of his own
 Classes.

The Council will only make the appointment in event of suitable candidates presenting
 themselves.

Candidates are requested to give full particulars concerning age, experience, and any
 acknowledged distinctions they may have gained, together with any other information likely to
 affect the decision of the Council. The names of three gentlemen to whom references may be
 made should be given, but no testimonials need be sent unless they are asked for.

Applications to be sent on or before the 25th day of April next, to

ENSON DRURY, Registrar.

Firth College, Sheffield, March 21, 1881.

WARDENSHIP, TRINITY COLLEGE, GLENALMOND,

PERFISHURE.

The BISHOPS of the EPISCOPAL CHURCH in SCOTLAND desire to receive appli-
 cations, with Testimonials, from CLERGYMEN in Presbyter's orders for the above office, vacant
 by the death of the Rev. W. PRINCE ROBERTSON, D.D.

Full information as to Duties, Emolument, &c., may be had from the SECRETARY, No. 10,
 Blackfriars Street, Perth, to whom also all applications are to be sent not later than April 25.
 Perth, April 2, 1881.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER.

For the Science and Practice of Agriculture.

For Intending Land Owners and Occupiers, Land Agents, Surveyors, Colonists, &c.

The R.A.C. Farm, surrounding the College, is a mixed farm of about 200 Acres.

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For Prospectus of College and Farm, List of Scholarships, Prizes, Diplomas, &c., apply to

the PRINCIPAL.

**RADLEY COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—There will be an
 ELECTION to TWO SCHOLARSHIPS in June next: Sewell Scholarship, value £25,
 during any at the School, and a Junior Scholarship, value £10, for four years, to which an
 Exhibition of £50 may be added.**

Boys must have been under 11 on January 1, 1881. Examination begins June 15. For
 further particulars, apply to the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

CHELSEA COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Eight £40; Four £20. Election, third Tuesday in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Chelsea.

**CLIFTON COLLEGE CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL,
 and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—NINE or more open to Competition
 at Midsummer 1881, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund
 to £100 a year in cases of Scholars who require it.—Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER,
 or SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.**

ROSSALL SCHOOL.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Twelve to be competed for, June 28. Value from 70 Guineas (covering School Fees) to
 £20. Ages under 14 and 15½. Candidates may be examined at Rossall or Oxford, as preferred,
 in Classics or Mathematics.—Apply to Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

DOVER COLLEGE.

President—Earl GRANVILLE, K.G.

A Chapel and another new Boarding House have recently been completed. Each Boarder
 will now have a separate Bedroom.

The 2nd place for Cooper's Hill, entries for Woolwich, Sandhurst, &c., have been obtained
 during the last year.

Tuition from 15 to 18 Guineas. Board, £40 &c.

For particulars apply to the Rev. W. BELL, M.A., the Head-Master, or W. KNOCKER, Esq., the Honorary Secretary.

SOMERSETSHIRE COLLEGE, BATH.—Senior and Junior

Departments.—The Senior Department is divided into Classical and Modern sides. The

SUMMER TERM commences Saturday, April 30.—Applications for admission to be made to the

HEAD-MASTER.

ISLE of WIGHT PROPRIETARY COLLEGE, RYDE.

Head-Master—The Rev. Canon TEESDALE, M.A., New College, Oxford.

Assistant-Masters—R. WEIR, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; the Rev. J. G. CHERMIE, B.A., St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.

Modern Side—HAROLD R. BROWN, B.A., St. John's College, Cambridge.

Most healthy situation. Swimming and Gymnastics taught. Racquet and Five Courts.

Boarders received by the Head-Master and by Mr. H. WEIR.

NINETEEN: TERM commences April 20.

For terms apply to the HEAD-MASTER, Isle of Wight College, Ryde, or to the Secretary,

TRAYOR R. OWEN, Esq., The Cottage, Melville Street, Ryde.

ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE, SALISBURY.—A HIGH-

CLASS SCHOOL for BOYS of GENTLEMEN. The religious training is upon

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further particulars, apply to the Warden, Rev. H. BOURN, D.C.L.

LANDAFF CATHEDRAL SCHOOL.

Pastor—Very Rev. C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D. Preparation for Eton, Harrow, &c., and

Public Examinations. Term begins May 15. Address Rev. the MASTER.

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This old Foundation (1863) has complete new buildings in fine position. University and

other Scholarships. Apply to Rev. E. SUMMERS, Head-Master.

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Masters, who are paid in Modern Languages, Classical and Modern Greek, Junior

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nasium, 1500 Courts, &c. Terms, 50 and 60 Guineas. Apply to the WARDEN.

CARSHALTON HOUSE SCHOOL, Surrey.—BOYS carefully

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assisted by a Cambridge M.A. and competent Teachers, prepares PUPILS for the

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE LAND BILL.

FEW candid inquirers will presume, after a week's study of the Irish Land Bill, to assert that they thoroughly understand it. The prominence which is given to the right of selling the tenant's interest seems to prove that the framers of the Bill, or perhaps its single author, appreciated but imperfectly the economic tendencies of the scheme. Mr. GLADSTONE was misled into the use of a fallacious argument by a hasty suggestion of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. It required no WOODFALL descending the steps of a law bookcase to confirm the proposition that leasehold interests, for however short a term, are assignable by the ordinary law. In default of a stipulation to the contrary in his lease or agreement, every tenant for a year may sell the remainder of his term, but he acquires no claim to the goodwill of his holding, and the landlord may recover possession at the expiration of the term of notice. The purchaser of Irish tenant-right will either retain the land for fifteen years after the expiration of the current tenancy, or be entitled to compensation for disturbance. The vendor will, in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE's protestations eleven years ago, have acquired a share of the inheritance, which he may afterwards transmit to his assignee. In some cases the price will be equal to ten or even fifteen years' purchase of the fee simple; and, as Mr. GLADSTONE himself cannot create an estate out of nothing, the whole amount which may be sold will, where the Ulster custom has not previously prevailed, have been carved out of the property of the landlord. It is evident that the value of the tenant-right will vary inversely with the rent. A holding under a liberal landlord may be reasonably worth a considerable sum. It may be admitted that the owner is not robbed of the balance because he would not have exacted the full rent either from the actual occupier or from a successor; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his tenants had a beneficial interest in their farms, dependent to a certain extent on their good conduct and on their ability to cultivate the land properly. The indefinite right of ownership is to be commuted into a saleable commodity gratuitously vested, not in the landlord, but in a stranger.

Not only Land League orators, but more plausible theorists on Irish land tenure, have habitually complained of rack-rents, or, in other words, of large and excessive charges imposed on the occupier of the soil. It is admitted that on the majority of estates, and especially on the largest properties, the rent falls far short of the amount which might have been exacted; but many cases remain in which the owner has probably in fixing the rent taken advantage of the necessities of the tenant. Mr. GLADSTONE's free sale will subject nearly the whole land in the country to a rack-rent, or, in other words, to the payment of its full annual value. The purchaser of tenant-right will have to pay the rent, which may perhaps be moderate, and also the interest of the purchase-money, which will be at least equal to the margin between the rent and the full annual value. The operation of the power of free sale on tenants who have not exercised their privilege has already been illustrated by a well-known result of the Act of 1870. The transfer of property, with or without, as Mr. GLADSTONE calmly observed, the consciousness of the legislator, gave the occupier possession of a marketable security on which loans could be raised. Vast sums have consequently been borrowed at usurious

interest from local money-lenders, whose annual claims are now added to those of the landlords. A loan at the ordinary rate of interest is not necessarily a loss; but, when money is borrowed at seven, eight, or ten per cent., the debtor is necessarily impoverished. There can be little doubt that when tenant-right is gratuitously conferred on every occupier, a large portion of the value will soon be pledged to usurers. It cannot be denied that, on the whole, the recipients of the boon will be enriched by the acquisition of sixty or eighty millions which now belong to the landlords; but the ultimate gain to the tenants will, for the reasons which have been given, fall far short of the losses suffered by the victims of spoliation.

The fixity of tenure which is indirectly created by the Bill will be subject to one nominal limitation. Eviction is still to be the remedy for non-payment of rent, after the amount due to the landlord has been abridged at the discretion of the Court which has to supply the deficiencies of legislation. It might be supposed from a perusal of the Bill that, when rents had once been adjusted to an arbitrary standard, there would be no further difficulty in recovering a just and undisputed debt. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues in framing the measure have reckoned without the Land League, and have forgotten the successful intimidation with which they have lately had to deal. There is no reason to believe that the new rent will be more sacred than the old; and the agitators candidly give the Government warning that their hostility has not been bought off by concession. Mr. PARNELL, turning, after the manner of demagogues, a not improbable conjecture into a positive assertion, informs an excited mob that the comparative liberality, which he acknowledges as characteristic of the Bill, is wholly due to the obstruction which was offered to the measure for protecting life and property by himself and his colleagues. The historical or apocryphal series of twenty-two successive drafts corresponded to as many acts of submission to the dictates of the Land League. In February the occupier would, according to Mr. PARNELL, have abstracted from his landlord a mere fraction of the estate. In April he has, thanks to the PARNELLS, the BIGGARS, and the MCCARTHYs, established a claim to sixty or eighty millions, which may, by a repetition of the process, be greatly increased hereafter. It is unnecessary to inquire whether there is any kind of foundation for statements which are at least largely exaggerated. The provisions of the Bill are somewhat less outrageous than the conclusions of the BESSBOROUGH Commission, which were probably framed without reference to Parliamentary obstruction. Mr. PARNELL's threats are more worthy of consideration than his complacent bluster. He announces as a supplement to the comparatively modest proposals of the Government the intention of forcibly expropriating those whom he chooses to call bad landlords. If his words are to be literally interpreted, it might be supposed that a direct invitation to the populace to robbery and violence was one of the crimes against which the Protection Act was directed; but Mr. PARNELL is perhaps too formidable a person to be molested by a Liberal Government. At the instigation of himself and his fellows, large numbers of landowners have been plundered and threatened; and he now seems to profess a determination to continue the reign of anarchy, and the process of spoliation, when so-called fair rents have been assessed by the tribunals to be con-

stituted by the Bill. If there were any advantage in arguing with the enemies of society, it might be asked how, after the passing of the proposed Act, one landlord can be better than another. The whole body will be reduced to the condition of annuitants or incumbrancers with scarcely any power of exercising influence on the prosperity of their tenants. By the term bad landlords Mr. PAENELL means to designate all persons entitled to the receipt of rent. While he announces that, in punishment of their assumed guilt they are to be forcibly expropriated, he furnishes an instructive comment on the clauses of the Bill which make payment of rent a condition of tenure. If force only means legislative compulsion, it would be interesting to learn whether the expropriated owners are to receive compensation.

The litigation which will, under the provisions of the Bill, be inevitable and universal, may perhaps be necessary, on the fundamental assumption that the ownership and occupation of land are no longer to be regulated by contract. If the parties concerned are to be superseded in the regulation of their own affairs, some kind of judicial tribunal must be substituted. In the present case it may be admitted that the landlords or their representatives had, before the introduction of the Bill, for the most part assented to the theory of arbitration. The clause which provides for the deduction from the rent of the tenants' contingent right to compensation for disturbance seems so extravagantly unjust, that it may perhaps have been misunderstood. The vastness of the task which will be imposed on the Land Commission and the auxiliary Courts has perhaps not been fully appreciated. Some of the problems which will be submitted to the Commission are wholly insoluble; but probably it will not become necessary to examine whether a landlord is justified in rejecting as a tenant the assignee of a former occupier on the ground of bad character. In those instances in which the defect of character consists in notorious perpetration of murder, the prudent landlord will, for obvious reasons, decline to raise the objection. In the ordinary case of fixing the rent, the County Court of the Commission will soon fall into grooves which may or may not coincide with rules deduced from sound principle. In all cases in which judicial functions are exercised outside the range of positive law, the fortunes of litigants are regulated by "the length of the judge's foot." It will be in the power of the Commission, which need include but one actual or former judge, to increase or diminish by an indefinitely large percentage the remnant of property which is left by the Bill to Irish landowners. The Commissioners will probably be suspected, either by their own social equals or by the disaffected peasantry, of partiality and injustice. It will be well if they add extraordinary courage and independence to superhuman sagacity.

THE SUBMISSION OF THE TEKES.

THE supposed delight of saying "I told you so!" is limited to very small minds, and we do not profess the slightest pleasure at learning that the value of Sir CHARLES DILKE's statements as to the attitude of the new Czar towards Central Asia was correctly appraised in these columns. Lord HARTINGTON's saving caution sufficiently demonstrated the importance of that statement the night after it was made, and when it had served its turn. There is a well-known weapon, called a trade musket, which is, we believe, still manufactured by the constituents of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in considerable numbers. The object of this weapon is not to go off with safety to the bearer, but to be sold; and, when it has been sold, the responsibility of the maker and seller for it is held to have entirely ceased. It has fulfilled the law of its being, and that is sufficient. In the same way, Sir CHARLES DILKE's statement, made, it is believed, on the authority of the German Foreign Office, that ALEXANDER III. had recalled General SKOBELFF, and had put a stop to the operations which General SKOBELFF had been conducting, had a very definite object—that is to say, the frustration of the arguments of the opponents of the Government and the confirmation of its supporters. We do not in the least suspect Sir CHARLES of inventing it or of asking the obliging German authority for it. It was sufficient that it lay in his way, and he used it with judgment and effect. Nor need we concern ourselves about the quarrel which the very remarkable

sequel of this incident has caused between the chief morning and the chief evening organ of the supporters of the Government. The *Daily News* is unquestionably justified in the interpretation it puts upon General SKOBELFF's despatches. The exact itinerary and whereabouts of that officer during last week are points of not the very slightest importance. The simple fact which is of importance is that, whereas he was said to be recalled more than three weeks ago, he has not been recalled at all, and that whereas it was announced that a stop was to be put to the operations in Central Asia, those operations have been allowed to mature in the complete submission and subjugation of the Turkomans of the Akhal Tekke district. This is certainly putting a stop to operations after a fashion; but it is the fashion of a man who, kneeling on his victim and promising to stop his operations, should give the final squeeze, and then, getting up, placidly announce that those operations were concluded.

There is, therefore, absolutely no room for controversy as to the facts of the case, as far as the value of the statement by Sir CHARLES DILKE is concerned. The Candahar division, quite innocently no doubt, was as much obtained by false pretences as the surrender of Potochefstroom, or rather much more so; for Commandant CRONJE simply withheld the truth, while the informant of Sir CHARLES DILKE's informant volunteered falsehood. There is nothing in this, as we have said, in the least calculated to surprise either those who know the antecedents of the question or those who know its present state. The actual annexation of the country up to Annau is indeed not announced, though it is implied; but if it does not follow, it would be, to say the least, surprising. That the Russian Government should, merely out of affection for the *beau jeu* of the English Government, surrender a hardly won, a long desired, and, in very obvious contingencies, a most valuable possession, would be one of those "magnificent" acts of which the benighted foreigner has not hitherto realized the wisdom, though he doubtless admires them very much when they are committed by others. If ALEXANDER III. commits it, he may be more than forgiven for the somewhat awkward use which he seems to have permitted to be made of his name to suit the purposes of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government. Sir CHARLES DILKE's statement must have reached St. Petersburg by telegraph early in the evening, and there would have been almost time for it to be contradicted before the House rose, while there would have been much more than time for a contradiction to have been made at the opening of the second night of the debate. This, however, would have been equivalent to taking the trade musket back—a thing which the true dealer never thinks of doing. He may, out of the abundance of his uprightness, caution the poor savage (just as Lord HARTINGTON did) that the gun is not exactly London proof; but this is more than enough, and a great deal more than can be fairly expected. It is perfectly possible for the savage, as for the English member of Parliament, to protect himself by a slight inquiry into facts, and if both prefer to accept the facts without inquiry, they must take the consequences. On the last night of the Session Mr. GLADSTONE announced, with a proud jocularity, his opinion that honourable members opposite him "must have had enough" on the occasion of the Afghan debate. In this particular little incident it might seem to a casual observer that, not merely Mr. GLADSTONE's opponents, but his supporters, had rather more than enough, at least in the way of worthless assurances.

As, however, a Central Asian darkness—the phrase may perhaps be suggested as a useful variation on the hackneyed connexion of darkness with Egypt—seems to rest on not a few of the advisers of the public as to what actually has happened, it may be well once more, and in a very few words, to point out what General SKOBELFF's announcement that his operations are ended really means. To the *Times* this announcement means the "abatement of anxiety," if it be not a possible subject for actual "rejoicing." Unfortunately, the reasons for this are given. So long, it seems, as operations went on, it was possible to believe that an advance on Merv, and a consequent menace to Herat, was intended. Now that operations have ceased, the fear of such a menace is, of course, removed. The writer apparently does not know that it is no more necessary for a Russian general holding what the Russians hold, and desirous of going to Herat, to go to Merv, than it would be necessary.

for a French general holding Antwerp, and desirous of going to London, to go to Brest. The submission of the Akhal Tekkes, if it is attended by actual occupation of their whole country, brings the Russians within a march or two of the river on which Herat stands, and (which is more important) to the border of a fertile frontier district of Persia, through which the road to Herat by Sarakhs is easy, well watered, well provisioned, and totally free from any likelihood of resistance by independent tribes. If—which is in the last degree improbable—such actual occupation does not take place, the submission still converts the warlike nation which has so long barred the Caspian road to India into friends and dependents of Russia. It is open to any one, therefore, to say that the threatening of Herat is a matter of no importance to England; it is open to no one to say that the cessation of General SKOBELFF's operations does away with all menace to Herat. General SKOBELFF has ceased operating simply because his work in this direction is done. The other claw of the vice which PASKIEWITCH's conquests fixed half a century ago on the North-West of Persia is now firmly gripping the North-East. The Turkoman steppes are bridged; the Turkoman spirit broken. It is true that the Russians have not yet gone to Merv, but as everybody who has the slightest acquaintance with the subject knows, and as not one in ten of the persons who write about that subject seems to know, in order to go to Herat they have no need to go there. Merv is on the road to Herat from Khiva and the North, it is not on the road to it from Tchikislar and the West. If somebody would succeed in convincing our modern Dukes of NEWCASTLE of the fact that Cape Breton is an island, he would do a very good deed. We almost despair of performing the feat, but it is at least worth while once more to attempt it. There is no need here to discuss the endless questions of Russian designs on India, of the best way of meeting those designs, of the importance of this place or that place as a bulwark. The designs of Russia may be as virtuous as the statements she permits to be made about her by Sir CHARLES DILKE are inaccurate; it may be physically impossible for her to cross Afghanistan; the Indus may be the natural and impregnable fosse of the peninsula. Let it all be so for the present. But at least do not let us be told, because General SKOBELFF says his operations are at an end, that the Russians are not within striking distance of Herat; because he is not going to Merv, that he is nowhere near Afghanistan. The exact contrary is the case. Unless the Russians relinquish the entire Akhal Tekke oasis, of which, as it appears, they have accepted the submission; unless the chiefs who have just sworn allegiance to the EMPEROR are released from that allegiance; everything of importance that they set out to gain in this quarter when they dreaded our attack in Europe has been gained by them, and every real obstacle which barred their course to Herat has been removed.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

AT the end of the first year of his Administration Mr. GLADSTONE may console himself for some disappointments by observing that his majority in the House of Commons, and perhaps in the constituencies, is still unimpaired. During the present Session he has scarcely found it necessary to make any demand on the fidelity of his followers. Almost all of them voted for the Government through the long and tiresome struggle with the knot of obstructive Irish members; and a little section which objected to any measure for enforcing the law in Ireland did the Minister the service of retaining within his political connexion the extreme democratic faction out of doors. In the contests to which the Government is pledged the late seceders will be the most zealous adherents of Mr. GLADSTONE. The representatives of the landless classes will eagerly concur in proposals for limiting the freedom of disposal of real property, and for increasing the tax on successions. The same members will unanimously approve the extension of household suffrage to counties, in the well-founded confidence that the new-comers will swell the ranks of democratic agitation. Many Liberal members probably regard with unqualified dislike the tasks which nevertheless await them; but they fear their constituents; and there has hitherto been no occasion for a schism. Since

the meeting of Parliament there has been but one strict party division; and the issue on which it was taken offered no temptation to a breach of discipline. But few members could affect to hold independent opinions on the retention of Candahar; and it was easy to throw the responsibility of a decision on Lord HARTINGTON and his colleagues. In questions of military expediency, or of Indian policy, it would be practically impossible for the House of Commons to reverse the decision of the Government. It is possible that the minority may not have regarded with unmixed regret the certainty that it would be defeated. Accordingly, both parties stood by their colours, with the result of showing that the balance of power has not materially shifted since the general election.

That a disruption of the Liberal party impends in the not distant future is nevertheless almost too certain to be announced as a conjecture. No judicious supporter of existing institutions will desire to precipitate an almost inevitable secession. The party which may conveniently be designated by the almost obsolete name of Whig has done great service to the country both in the promotion of beneficial changes and in the restraint which it has long imposed on the zeal of more hasty reformers. It is a still greater merit of the Whig aristocracy that they have prevented the dangerous coincidence of political party lines with social divisions. The Liberal magnate renders the same service to the public good at one end of the scale which is supposed by those who believe in his existence to be performed at the other extremity by the Conservative working-man. The Whigs were the natural leaders of the great body of moderate Liberals who considered constitutional and legislative improvements as expedient, both on account of their direct operation and as the best security against revolutionary measures. As long as political contests turned on the removal of restrictions and on the gradual and limited increase of popular power, there was room for a party of Whigs or of moderate Liberals. When property is threatened, and when the absolute supremacy of numbers is likely to be established, it becomes every day more difficult for the best section of the Liberal party to share in the movement. The most remarkable indication of the uneasiness felt by Mr. GLADSTONE's moderate supporters was to be found in the division of the House of Lords on last year's Disturbance Bill. The measure, though it was zealously pressed by the Government, would have been defeated by a majority of Liberals, if the Conservatives had abstained from voting. Two of the most eminent supporters of the Bill, the Duke of ARGYLL and Lord DERRY, delivered powerful arguments against its principle, while they justified or excused their votes in its favour by reasons of immediate and temporary convenience. Both of them may, perhaps unconsciously, have been influenced by political motives. Lord DERRY was probably unwilling to vote on the first opportunity against the party to which he had openly, if not ostentatiously, proclaimed his adhesion at the general election. The Duke of ARGYLL might well be excused if he placed some strain on his convictions for the purpose of avoiding or postponing his separation from his colleagues and his leader.

The painful sacrifice of personal feeling and of political prospects can now be no longer deferred. A sincere believer in economic science, or rather in its fundamental assumption, has found it impossible to support a measure which, as he said, places ownership in commission or abeyance. The objection was, he added, fundamental in its character, and it affects more or less directly several of the leading proposals of the Government. Although the Irish Land Bill, like the less violent measure of 1870, is justified on the ground of exceptional circumstances, Radical politicians loudly declare that the same principle is to be applied to England and Scotland. It may be added that other kinds of property are seriously threatened. Several witnesses before the Committee on railway rates have boldly expressed the opinion that the Parliamentary tariffs of Railway Companies ought to be summarily reduced. The Duke of ARGYLL is only the first of many who will drop out of the ranks of the party during the accelerated progress of innovation. Of all Mr. GLADSTONE's followers, the Duke of ARGYLL has been perhaps the most cordial and most faithful. In Lord PALMERSTON's days, it was known that Mr. GLADSTONE's influence in the Cabinet had little proportion to the weight which he already possessed in the House of Commons and the country. In

his frequent differences with his colleagues, he was believed to have no supporter but the Duke of ARGYLL. At a later period the Duke concurred without any public display of reluctance in the sweeping measures of Mr. GLADSTONE's first Administration, including the Irish Land Bill of 1870. The impetuous leader of the Liberal party has cause for serious reflection in a separation which is undoubtedly painful to both.

Haith he so long held on with me untired,
And doth he now take breath?

The remaining members of the Cabinet have persuaded themselves that the anomalies which some of them cannot but fully recognize must be overlooked under the pressure of urgent necessity. If the Land Bill passes without material change, the theories which it involves will soon find fresh application.

The appointment of Lord CARLINGFORD to fill the vacancy in the Cabinet is natural and judicious. No member of the Government will be better qualified to aid in the Ministerial deliberations which will coincide with the discussion in the House of Commons; and probably Lord CARLINGFORD will take a prominent part in the House of Lords debates. The LORD CHANCELLOR, to whom the conduct of the measure will probably be entrusted, will be the better able to conciliate the peers because he will sympathize with many of their scruples and objections. Lord CARLINGFORD, who knows Ireland better, belonging himself to a family of landowners, will command attention when he explains the reasons which induce many members of his own class to welcome almost any settlement of a dangerous controversy. Mr. GLADSTONE himself has perhaps been actuated by a desire to save something for the landowners as well as by anxiety to satisfy popular demands. The Duke of ARGYLL resigned because he thought suppression of freedom of contract injurious both to landlord and tenant. Lord CARLINGFORD accepts office in the persuasion that an arbitrary compromise is better than a continuance of agrarian agitation. As it was said of the Peace of Amiens, nobody can be proud of the settlement, but some may perhaps be glad. It is not to be expected that any Liberal member of the House of Commons will follow the example of the Duke of ARGYLL by dissenting from the Land Bill. As long as it is the subject of debate the majority will be unbroken, though some members of the petty faction which opposed the Protection Bill may affect to regret the absence of still more stringent provisions for the spoliation of landowners. Even Mr. PARNELL's followers will shrink from the responsibility of rejecting large concessions, though they will reserve to themselves the right of demanding more hereafter. The most anxious period of the Session will arrive when the Bill is introduced into the House of Lords. The guidance under which the former Land Bill and the Irish Church Bill were allowed to pass into law will be unfortunately suspended or withdrawn. It may be hoped that those who remain will follow the precedents of 1869 and 1870. There is no hope of substituting a more moderate measure for the Ministerial Bill; and the delay of a year would be probably attended with violence and anarchy. Even in Lord DERBY's cynical and impolitic confessions of the inability of the House of Lords to resist popular demands, there is an element of truth which deserves consideration, though it may be presented in a distasteful form.

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

SESSION after Session we have been told by the Government of the day, and year after year we have been told by all persons practically acquainted with trade, that the existing Bankruptcy law is a disgrace to the country, and gives rise to almost incredible scandals. Every year some solemn attempt has been made to remedy the evil, and every year has witnessed a new failure in legislation. Now Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has made a new attempt. He has once more told us the old stories of fraud and misconduct. It is impossible they should move us much, for we have heard them so often before. The tidings of a new Bankruptcy Bill no longer rouse in us indignation, but only a mournful wonder whether one more failure is or is not to be put on the long list. This time there is a slight gleam of new hope. It looks as if the Bill might possibly be seriously meant, and as if it might be really got through Parliament. This is not

because the Bill is a better Bill than its predecessors. It may be a better Bill or it may not; but its merits have scarcely anything to do with its prospects. It is simply because Mr. CHAMBERLAIN brings it in that it has a chance of success. Lord CAIRNS did his very best to reform the bankruptcy law, and no one could have been a better judge as to how it ought to be reformed. Lord CAIRNS knows law, he knows business, and he has plenty of courage. He was exactly the man to draft a Bankruptcy Bill, but he was not the man to carry it. No one in the House of Lords can carry such a Bill. To carry it there is needed some one who can not only bring it before the House of Commons, but make the House of Commons attend to it; and it is very difficult to get the House of Commons to attend to a matter so complicated and so uninteresting, and with which most men are so unfamiliar, as bankruptcy. It is impossible to say that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will get a chance this Session of making the House attend to his Bill; but it may be safely said that, if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gets a chance, he will make the House attend to it. This Bill has prospects which other Bankruptcy Bills have not had, because it is in the hands of a pushing man, and his first and best chance of pushing himself is to carry this Bill. He has an opportunity of showing what is in him, and of justifying his very rapid rise in the ranks of his party. And what very greatly improves the prospects of the Bill is that he is not the sort of man to let his colleagues smother his Bill if he can help it. The harmony of the Cabinet would be broken if a Bill brought in by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, associated with his name, justifying his advancement, and opening for him an avenue to fame, was suffered to die the easy death of a Vaccination Bill. It has often been a subject of controversy whether we ought to think most of men or of measures. The dispute is an idle one in these days, because we have found out that there are no such things as measures without men. A Bill may be the embodiment of human wisdom on the subject with which it deals, but whether it is born to die or to live depends entirely on the hands in which it is placed. This Bankruptcy Bill differs from other Bankruptcy Bills of recent years, because it alone seems born to live.

There are two leading evils in our present bankruptcy system. Every one admits them and every one deplors them. They are easy to specify and not very difficult to deal with. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Bill goes far to remedy them, but so has every Bankruptcy Bill which has been proposed since the greatness of these evils was brought to light. Under the present system the wrong kind of persons are made trustees; when they are made, they behave in the wrong way; and, what is peculiarly aggravating, they make enormous sums of money out of their misbehaviour. They are appointed by collusion, they manage the estate only to rob it, and they keep their plunder, enjoy it, and spend it without ever being brought to account for what they have done. Every one who knows anything of bankruptcy knows how it has happened that such an absurd state of things has come into existence. The Bill of 1869 proceeded on the assumption that the trustee would be an active and important creditor, whose only thought would be how to get in all that could be got in for himself and the other creditors. In practice it has been found that active and important creditors will not trouble themselves about the estates of these bankrupt debtors. They write off the debt as bad and have done with it. As the creditors will not interest themselves in the matter, the bankrupt has it all his own way. In his hour of distress he has one supreme consolation. He has a lucrative piece of patronage in his gift, and he gives it to the man who can best give him what he wants in return—a comfortable, speedy, and honourable whitewashing. The trustee starts the bankrupt clear; and the bankrupt, who has done with his old estate, prefers his useful friend to his creditors, and presents him with the estate. The chief aims of a Bankruptcy Bill are, therefore, to spoil this game, to keep a tight hold over the trustee, and to make the path to whitewashing straight and narrow. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Bill has several ingenious provisions for turning the trustee's bed of roses into a bed of thorns. Before the trustee is appointed, an official is to take charge of the estate for a time long enough to give him a fair idea of the mode in which a trustee who meant to rob would set to work. The Court is to control the choice of the trustee. The payment of the trustee is to be made according to a schedule, and all the trustee

realizes is to be paid into the Bank of England. Watched by an official who has been behind the scenes, always liable to be removed, paid a pittance, and divested of his money, the trustee of the future will, it must be owned, be entirely different from the trustee of the past and present.

The bankrupt is to be taken care of; that is, his past conduct is to be scrutinized, and if necessary punished, by a body of watchful officials, who in London will be under the supervision of a new first-class judge, full of commercial law and a member of the High Court. That the trustee and the bankrupt will be well looked after under Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bill is incontestable, but so they would have been under the scheme elaborated by Lord CAIRNS. What is really new in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S scheme is that this wholesome supervision is to be exercised by an army of officials, and these officials are to be appointed or guided by the Board of Trade. Very much officialism, and that officialism commercial, not legal, is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S contribution to the novelties of bankruptcy law. Under his scheme the penetrating power of officialism will be very great. Nominally it is only of very small estates that officials are to take permanent charge, a trustee being supposed to be appointed for larger estates. But who will want to be a trustee? A serious creditor who even now prefers to write off his loss is not likely to be tempted to activity by the prospect of being watched at every turn, humbly paid, and made to pay over and account for every penny. A friend of the bankrupt will have no opportunity of befriending him by accepting the office. No one who is otherwise busy will think of encumbering himself with a thankless burden. The trustees will be outsiders, who take to a calling that promises them an honest, but anxious and humble, livelihood. They will be like so many more officials, and it is not obvious why the creditors should trouble themselves to appoint a semi-official outsider as trustee rather than retain in office the official who would look exactly like his twin brother. Thus the end and beginning of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bill is officialism. This used to be the basis of bankruptcy in old times, and it was abandoned because it was found that, under the reign of officialism, nothing moved forward. The system of checks and counter-checks was so admirable that the machinery refused to go at all. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN replies that this was because the secret of the true motive-force had not been discovered. The propulsive powers of the Board of Trade had not been demonstrated. The Board of Trade is so full of life and movement that it can make others live and move. And if it is asked how we are to know that this is so, and how we are to satisfy ourselves that this particular Government office is so unlike other Government offices, memory must take us back to the days of Mr. PLIMSOLL. That agitated person, when his mind was rent by the thought of an over-loaded vessel being suddenly sent to sea, proved practically that it was possible to ring up the Board of Trade in the middle of the night. This recollection ought to cheer creditors, and they may feel less dread of the procrastination of officialism if they can but rely on making Mr. CHAMBERLAIN or his successors turn out of bed in case the assets of a bankrupt are not being properly got in or distributed.

FRANCE AND TUNIS.

THE debate in the French Chambers on the Tunis expedition was of so very poor and party a character that it could not possibly throw any light on the intentions of the French Government or the wishes of the French people. It was a mere railing of Bonapartists against Republicans; and when the Bonapartist protested that he could not bear the thought of a new Mexican expedition for the sake of new sections, the comedy of political hypocrisy could go no further. M. JULES FERRY stated that the object of the expedition was to punish the Kroumirs, and also to take such further measures as the safety of Algeria might seem to demand. The Chamber, confiding in the prudence and the energy of the Government, passed to the order of the day. The majority of the Chamber, in other language, trusted that the Government would not get France into a scrape, but also trusted that the Government would not put France to the expense of a costly expedition without being able to show something for the money. All the world finds it very natural and very innocent in France to

put down the Kroumirs if she thinks it worth her while to do so. They are very disagreeable neighbours to the French in Algeria; they have committed an outrage deserving exemplary punishment; and, as the BEY most certainly could not put them down if he would, and would not if he could, France is at perfect liberty to act for herself. It may cost France some little trouble to do the work she has taken on her, for the Kroumirs are only one of the wild tribes occupying the borderland between Algeria and Tunis; and the French, in attacking one of these tribes, will probably find it both necessary and convenient to attack all. The country is wild and difficult, and it is only as it nears the sea that it has any value as a possession. But, whether it is worth having or not in itself, it may be expected that France will feel obliged to take it. It is always difficult to keep wild tribes down by inflicting on them casual punishment. It is still more difficult in this case to have any assurance that the borderland will not be the cause of endless quarrels between France and the BEY, unless France brings him into permanent subjection; and, lastly, France has had granted to her, and will insist on keeping, an easy line of communication between Algeria and the capital of Tunis, and this line necessarily passes through the borderland. The annexation of the borderland will no doubt cost a considerable amount of money; it may cost as much or more not to annex it; and the French Government will have to decide on which side the balance of advantage lies. When the tribes are put down and their territory annexed, or not annexed, as France may decide, the turn of the BEY will come. At first the BEY thought that he might do exactly as he pleased. He felt sure that either Europe would combine to warn France not to meddle in his affairs, or that, if he wanted to offer active opposition to France, he would have the support of at least one European friend. An Italian army protecting him by land and an English fleet protecting him by sea was the beautiful dream which the BEY cherished when he first had to consider what he would do. He found that no English fleet and no Italian army would come to his help. He was summoned by France to send troops to assist in the work of putting down the Kroumirs. What he might perhaps have liked to do was to send the tiny force he commands to help the Kroumirs. But this, when left to his own resources, he had not dared to do. He has therefore chosen one of those halfway courses which commend themselves to feeble minds or feeble sovereigns. He has despatched a small body of troops to the frontier. They are to go there as slowly as possible, and when they get there they are to look on, assisting neither France nor the Kroumirs. The probable end will be that France, when it has given the Kroumirs the lesson they need, will call him to account.

When the BEY is called to account, and, in the language of M. JULES FERRY, such measures are taken with regard to him as the interests of Algeria demand, the question may arise whether the limit of these measures is to be solely the good sense of France, or whether they are to be bounded by the supervising influence of other Powers. Mysterious rumours have been afloat that, at any rate, England could not be one of these Powers, as she was bound by a secret compact with France to let her do in Tunis whatever she might think fit. Lord SALISBURY was said to have pledged England to this effect, and to have pledged her so solemnly and so tightly that there was no escape from the engagement. There were, however, two things to be observed as to this reported convention. In the first place, Lord SALISBURY, who must have known what he had said and written, persistently denied that he had ever made any such engagement. In the next place, the present Government, having looked into the matter, and being in possession of the secrets of the Foreign Office, were clearly of opinion that England had not been committed. They felt free to act as they thought best, and authorized the Italian PRIME MINISTER to say that they were not in any way fettered. The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* took this as a kind of challenge to himself. Lord SALISBURY and Sir CHARLES DILKE and Signor CARIOLI all seemed to have forgotten him. He would show them that he was not to be overlooked. He knew the great secret, and could tell it to the world. Accordingly, he published a reproduction of a letter from Lord SALISBURY to M. WADDINGTON written in 1878. He had only once seen the letter a long time ago, but his faith-

ful memory enabled him to give it word for word. It seems a very improper thing that a confidential despatch from the English Foreign Office should be communicated to a newspaper Correspondent, and that it should be so communicated that he feels at liberty to publish it to the world at any time, near or distant, when he fancies its production would do him credit. But, although it is extremely improper that the Correspondent should have been in a position to publish this letter, it is not altogether inconvenient that it should have been published just now. It sometimes saves trouble to get rid of a mare's nest once for all. If the Correspondent's memory serves him, Lord SALISBURY wrote in 1878, repeating the substance of a conversation held at Berlin, that England had not any special interests in Tunis which would lead her to watch with jealousy that growing influence of France which naturally arose from the possession of Algeria; and that, even if the Government of the BEY fell, the attitude of England would not be changed. Subsequently Lord SALISBURY wrote to the BEY, strongly urging him not to give France any good ground of offence. Lord SALISBURY evidently meant, what was perfectly true, that England has no special interests in Tunis, as she has in Egypt, to make her claim an equal right with France to approach the BEY in that peculiar manner in which all European Powers approach the Porte, and every vassal of the Porte, when they want to get anything done. If France, in the protection of its legitimate interests, found it necessary to do what both Powers did a little later in Egypt, and bring about the fall of the BEY's Government, England would no more interfere to save the BEY than Germany or Austria did to save the KHEDIVÉ. There was not a word said about annexation, or about what was to be the final form of French influence. Lord SALISBURY was not invited to discuss, and did not discuss, any such remote contingencies. All he was asked to say was, whether England claimed any special interests in Tunis which would make her consider French interference in Tunis as directed against her; and Lord SALISBURY being asked the question, and wishing to oblige the French Government, answered, with perfect accuracy, that England had no special interests. It would have been as much open to him the next day as it is to Lord GRANVILLE now to point out to France, if France was about to take any decisive step, that the moment was not a right one, or that what was proposed was liable to misconstruction, or that it would lay France open to great embarrassments in the future.

Italy has chosen a curious, but characteristic, manner of getting out of the difficulty in which she was placed by the impossibility of her doing anything, and by the national passion demanding that something should have been done. A Ministerial crisis worked off the excitement of the moment, and Signor CAIROLI fell for not having done something which none of his opponents could explain to him. He asked for explanations from France, and was told that France was going to punish the Kroumirs, and that this was her business, and not the business of Italy. He asked for explanations from England, and was told that England was quite free to make any recommendations to France that she thought advisable. There was nothing more to be done. But the Italians were in that state of nervous irritation in which men cannot settle down into peacefulness unless they have hurt some one. They looked out for some one to hurt; Signor CAIROLI was in the way, and so they hurt him. They were like sportsmen who have had a long tramp and have found nothing to shoot abroad, and so determined to close a day of idleness and annoyance by killing a tame rabbit at home. It does not seem much of a triumph; but, before we condemn or ridicule the Italians, we may remember how very near a parallel we offered when we sacrificed Lord PALMERSTON in order to work off our indignation at the French colonels. As it happens, the Italians have gained in an unexpected way by displacing Signor CAIROLI. There is no possible Government to take his place. There is no one to criticize, to remonstrate, or to combine while France is acting. No one can be blamed for doing, or not doing, this or that, for there is no one to blame. Meanwhile, the French have had time to reflect over what they are doing, and the more they look at it, the less they like it. They see the pitfall they are digging for themselves by becoming too much of an African power. They are beginning to talk of the annexation of

Tunis as if it had never been proposed by any but lunatics. Their views of a protectorate are getting gradually more and more modest. The good sense and perhaps it may be added, the nervousness of the French are the best safeguards against the execution of wild and dangerous schemes. They even like the work of punishing the Kroumirs less than they did. To that, however, they are committed, and that they must carry out. But they are addressing themselves to their task in a frame of mind which is calculated to relieve the apprehensions of those who fancied that France was about to set on foot a new reign of trouble and disturbance.

ARMY DISCIPLINE.

THE Lords brought the first part of the Session to a close with the moan which in ordinary years is not heard until August is nigh at hand. It must be admitted, however, that there was some ground for this particular complaint. When they are asked to sit on a Wednesday in April, they naturally feel that they are being hurried. Moreover, the question was one on which they had an unusually good right not to be hurried. A House which, as Lord CHELMSFORD pointed out, has in it so many officers, including the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, ought to be given a little time for discussing a Bill which gravely affects the maintenance of discipline in the army. It may be observed, however, that their lordships were not specially anxious to make the most of the time actually allowed them. Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL showed a well-founded sense of the difficulty of keeping a House beyond dinner-time, when he suggested that on the day when the Bill was to be put through Committee they should meet at four o'clock instead of five. As all the Opposition leaders were away, it was held impossible to take this course, there being seemingly no reasonable ground for believing that peers who are not present at debates read the morning papers, or have any recognized means of learning what takes place in their own House. When the day came, however, it turned out that they had time, not only to pass the Army Discipline Bill through Committee, and read it a third time; but to discuss at some length three other questions, and get away, after all, by twenty minutes to eight. It appears, therefore, that the military element in the House either had not very much to say or was content not to say it.

On the whole, perhaps, it was best not to debate the Army Discipline Bill at greater length. When the House of Commons makes up its mind to abolish flogging against the opinion of military experts, there is no way of preventing it. Lord DENMAN, indeed, moved an amendment by which flogging would have been retained, and even tried to tempt the House to adopt it by the prospect of a conference. But even a conference seems to have lost its charms. Perhaps the formalities which accompany it have too plainly ceased to be anything but formalities to be any longer pleasant to go through. The real state of the case was described by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE with that cynical common-sense which sometimes characterizes the speeches of Royal personages. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF is equally convinced of the impossibility of finding a substitute for flogging and of the impossibility of continuing to flog. He knows of no other means of dealing with bad characters in a summary and effective manner; but at the same time he sees that there is "a strong public feeling against the use of the lash," and that being so, he thinks it best to try to find a substitute for it. It is a curious tribute to Mr. CHILDERS's new punishments that in neither House have they been thought worthy of serious discussion. The truth probably is that no one believes that they will ever be inflicted. War cannot go on if one half the army is to be employed in guarding the other half. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF did not even pay them the compliment of a passing mention. He treated the discovery of a substitute for flogging as an event altogether future. What will happen will probably be something of this kind. The discipline of the army when in the field will get worse and worse, until at length it becomes so bad as seriously to impair the efficiency of the force and imperil the chances of ultimate success. If a resolute and capable officer is then in command, he will restore flogging, and take the consequences. No doubt if he is defeated, those consequences will be unpleasant. He will be censured by the military authorities, be debarred from all chance of

future employment, and perhaps be subjected to prosecutions for assault on the part of the men whom he has flogged. Victory, on the other hand, will hold him harmless against these dangers. If Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS had found it necessary to resort to flogging on the march from Cabul to Candahar, it is not likely that much would have been heard of it when he came home. An instance of this kind is given in the *Times* of Tuesday. We there learn that when Standerton was besieged by the Boers Major MONTAGU found it necessary at the outset "to use the cat on occasion; but when the men found that they had a master-hand over them all went smoothly and well. The strictest discipline was maintained, and all co-operated in this most gallant defence." It would be interesting to know Major MONTAGU's opinion as to how things would have gone if the masterhand had not had the cat within reach. If, on the other hand, the officer in command is not resolute and capable, he will go on with the inadequate punishments which he is permitted to inflict until such time as his demonstrated unfitness for his post brings about his recall. Unfortunately this recall may not be determined on until the time for averting disaster has passed away.

There is, indeed, another possibility, and that is, that officers will resort to penalties which are really cruel, though in form they do not go beyond the prescribed limits of punishment. Even the absurd provisions about making a man move after a horse or a waggon at a walking pace, or carry extra burdens, or sit in irons, might easily be carried out in a way which would cause acute suffering. If a man is tied to a horse of an uncertain temper, he may never be forced to go beyond a walking pace; but he may take every step in terror of his life. If a man is fastened to a waggon, the soldiers in charge of it may have no instructions as to noticing his stumbles, and on bad ground he may easily fall and be dragged some distance before it suits them to make the discovery. It is not likely perhaps that discipline of this kind will be resorted to in the English army, but it is said to be not unknown in other armies, and when great things have to be done with bad instruments, even English officers may be induced to try experiments to which, in cold blood, they would never resort. Unfortunately, if this should happen, the additional suffering caused will fall on the wrong men. The bad characters of the army will not have clamoured for the abolition of flogging, but it will be they who will pay the penalty. The persons who ought to bear the extra pain are the humanitarians who have insisted on superseding a punishment which, as administered of late years, was not cruel, by punishments which, if they are to be effective at all, must be made cruel. It would have greatly tended to the diffusion of sound opinion on this question if the opponents of flogging could have been tied for a few minutes to a kicking horse, or put in irons which are accidentally a little tight, or made to carry a cannon ball or two under an unusually broiling sun, with a guard with fixed bayonets charged to take care that the prisoner does not loiter on the road.

For some months to come it will remain quite uncertain whether any substitute for flogging is to be provided, or whether, when a crime hitherto punishable with flogging has been committed, the offender will be left to public opinion, or to his own conscience, or to some other imaginary sanction. The new rules cannot, it seems, be framed in two months, since "communications will have to be sent to officers abroad in order to ascertain their opinion as to the best substitutes for corporal punishment." It turns out, therefore, that the Government have done away with flogging, not when, but before, they have satisfied themselves that it is possible to find something to put in its place. It would have been more decent if Mr. CHILDERS had waited until these communications from officers abroad had been received. It would have been more frank if he had admitted that the Government were going to abolish flogging whether a substitute was found for it or not. It is plain, from what has been said about the new rules, that the military authorities are not in the least satisfied that irons, or tying to the cart's tail, or carrying heavy extra weights, or any other of the punishments which, by a pleasing fiction, are supposed not to "degrade" those on whom they are inflicted, will answer the purpose hitherto served by the cat. These proposals merely indicate the direction which, as at present advised, they intend their researches

to take. In the meantime the mischief is to be done on the chance that some day or other a remedy may be found for it. The Radicals want a plaything, and the discipline of the army must at once be put into their innocent hands.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

MR. GARFIELD has found by early experience, or perhaps he already knew, that the President's chair is not a bed of roses. It is true that he has no tragic reverses to apprehend, for the actual injury to public interests and the inconvenience to himself are not of an overwhelming character; but it is mortifying to come into immediate collision with the checks and drawbacks which limit the opportunities of a great position. As a veteran manager of elections and political combinations, Mr. GARFIELD is probably not taken by surprise. If he hoped to be independent of allies and rivals, he only shares the disappointment which awaited many of his predecessors on their accession to office. General GRANT, after his first election, was compelled to dispense with the services of the Ministers whom he had deliberately selected. From that time forward he submitted to the control of the Republican leaders in the Senate, who share with the President the responsibility of many discreditable appointments. Mr. GARFIELD's Cabinet nominations have been approved by the Senate; but he has since found himself committed to a troublesome feud arising out of a question of patronage. Mr. CONKLING, Senator for New York and a principal leader of the Republican party, was defeated in his efforts to obtain for General GRANT the nomination at Chicago; but it is the custom to distribute offices among the different sections of the majority; and Mr. CONKLING perhaps thought that his claims on the President were strengthened by the promotion of his rival, Mr. BLAINE, to the highest Cabinet office. Jointly with his less known colleague, Mr. PLATT, Mr. CONKLING considered that he had a right to dispose of the State offices in New York; and it seems that the President so far acknowledged the justice of the demand as to discuss with the New York Senators the pretensions of certain candidates. He nevertheless, without further consultation, appointed certain lawyers as attorneys for the districts of the State; and it seems that he gave additional offence by preferring nominees who were considered followers of Mr. CONKLING, though they were not in the present instance dependent on his patronage. It must have been provoking for Mr. CONKLING to receive congratulations on supposed proofs of his influence while the Senator himself was aware that he had taken no share in the appointments. While Mr. CONKLING was nursing his indignation, he was exposed to a severer shock by the nomination of a certain Mr. ROBERTSON to the place of Collector of the Port of New York. The office is the most lucrative in the Union; and, with the exception of seats in the Cabinet and of two or three diplomatic posts, it is regarded as the most considerable place in the gift of the President. The outgoing Collector is supposed to be but insufficiently consoled for his dismissal by the valuable office of Consul-General in England. In the controversy which has arisen, nothing is said of Mr. ROBERTSON's qualifications for the discharge of his important duties. It is more to the purpose to observe that, in local politics, at the Chicago Convention he has been a determined opponent of Mr. CONKLING. The President is accused of having yielded to the influence of Mr. BLAINE; and comparatively impartial Republicans complain that the appointment will have created a split in the party. Nevertheless both Houses of the New York State Legislature have passed resolutions in approval of the President's choice, in spite of the charges that the Democrats will at the next State elections profit by the schism in the Republican ranks.

The nomination of Mr. ROBERTSON still lies on the table of the Senate, where it is understood that Mr. CONKLING will use his utmost efforts to defeat his appointment. The trial of strength with the President or with the Secretary of State is delayed by a contest between the two great parties for the control of the Senate, which involves the appointment of its officers. At the meeting of Congress the Republicans and the Democrats were thought to be equally matched; but the balance has since been shifted by the accession to the Republican party of a Mr. MAHON,

who had been elected Senator for Virginia as a Democrat. In their indignation at his apostasy the Democrats are indulging in obstructive practices after the American fashion; and until they are finally defeated no business can be done. The Republicans, though they cannot afford to repel their new ally, are not proud of his adhesion. Mr. MAHONE is said to owe his election to negro support; and so far the Republicans are pledged to approve his pretensions; but he is also the champion of readjustment, which, in the political dialect of Virginia, means partial repudiation of the State debt. The professed advocates of national good faith cannot afford to discredit themselves by connivance at schemes for defrauding State creditors; but, on the whole, they are perhaps not dissatisfied with the advantages which they derive from MAHONE's questionable proceedings. When the officers of the Senate are appointed, the nomination to the Collectorship of New York will be considered in secret session. As the Republicans will be divided, the decision will rest with the Democrats, who will have to choose between the triumph of thwarting the PRESIDENT and the pleasure of disappointing Mr. CONKLING. Either result would be agreeable to a party in Opposition, which has in any case the opportunity of annoying one section of its adversaries. It probably matters little, except to the nominee, or to the candidate who may be substituted if he is rejected by the Senate, whether Mr. ROBERTSON or another functionary collects duties at New York; but the struggle for patronage between the PRESIDENT and the leaders of the Senate attracts general interest. In former times appointments made by the President were, if they were in themselves unobjectionable, approved as a matter of course by the Senate. In Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON's incumbency, the quarrel, which finally resulted in the impeachment of the President, induced the Senate habitually to reject his nominations. General GRANT, though he had the Presidency in view, supported the dominant party in every attempt to limit Mr. JOHNSON's power. The independence of the President in the disposal of patronage has not since been resumed. Politicians favour the assumption by the Senate of a control over nominations as a security for strict adherence to party lists. Those who are not mixed up with the business of politics would be rather disposed to lean to the President, who may be reasonably expected to consider personal fitness for office. Like several of his predecessors, Mr. GARFIELD announced in his inaugural address a desire to render the Civil Service independent of party. Mr. CONKLING's success would reaffirm the popular doctrine that office should be treated as a reward for party services. New York politicians apparently incline to the side of Mr. CONKLING, in the fear that a dispute with the PRESIDENT may impair the local influence of the party.

The issues which are involved in the contest seem to foreigners trivial, but unfamiliar political customs ought not to be treated with hasty contempt. It is the peculiar felicity of the United States that American citizens can afford to occupy themselves with controversies which may be decided either way without serious political disadvantage. It is much better that a legislative body should be at leisure to amuse itself with a question of petty patronage than that, like the English Parliament, it should be employed on measures which go to the root of the doctrine of property. The Customs' duties of New York will be collected whether Mr. BLAINE or Mr. CONKLING gains an advantage over a rival. In the meantime, the country enjoys unbounded and growing prosperity; and one Secretary of the Treasury after another is enabled to announce large and rapid reductions of the National Debt. Almost exempt from domestic anxieties, the United States are also happy in the non-existence or trivial importance of foreign relations. There is, indeed, always a diplomatic squabble with England or with Canada; and the Secretary of State has the opportunity of indulging in patriotic protests and threats; but it is highly improbable that for an indefinite time America should be engaged in any serious quarrel. The Republic is perhaps already the strongest of political communities; and its population and resources are constantly increasing. The Government of the country is perhaps not theoretically perfect, but the results are, on the whole, satisfactory. It is a proof of the excellence of a machine that it can be regulated and superintended without the exercise of extraordinary skill. It is because the Americans manage their own affairs, both individually and in townships, counties, and States, that

they can afford to suspend the functions of central legislation and administration while Mr. MAHONE passes from one party to another, and during the conflict between the PRESIDENT and a dissatisfied Senator. Politicians can even afford to pay transient attention to the grievance of an Attorney-General who complains that he is saddled by the PRESIDENT with a colleague as Solicitor-General who has not the good fortune to enjoy his confidence. Readers of provincial papers will recognize the prevalence of personal and local controversies of exactly the same kind in country towns. The national affairs of a European State are more exciting, and perhaps more dignified; but they may perhaps not indicate a sounder condition of society. The country which has no history is said to be fortunate; and the nearest approximation to such a state of things is the occupation of rulers and Parliaments with questions of parochial magnitude. The unconfirmed Collector of New York is a symbol of political security.

THE POLICE OF PARIS.

THE Municipal Council of Paris and the Government of the Republic have lately been at issue on the merits of the PREFECT of POLICE. The affair began by a demand for an interpellation as to the safety of the streets, addressed to the Municipal Council on the 19th of March. M. ANDRIEUX, who was present at the sitting of the Council, denied the right of the Municipality to question in any way the police administration of the city. The Council paid no attention to this protest, and fixed the debate for the 22nd. When that day came, a letter was read from M. ANDRIEUX, declining to take any notice of what might be done in regard to the interpellation. The Municipal Council thereupon passed an order of the day declaring that, in refusing to answer an interpellation, the PREFECT of POLICE had failed in the duties of his office, and that M. ANDRIEUX's administration did not afford the necessary guarantee for the security of Paris. On the 28th this order of the day was annulled by the Government as being in excess of the powers of the Council; and on the following day a new order was voted, in which the Council regretted that the relations between the Prefect of Police and the City of Paris were incompatible with the proper administration of municipal affairs, and pressed on the Government the impossibility of allowing this unfortunate state of things to continue. From that time till the beginning of this week Paris was divided into two camps—those who wished the Government to treat the question as merely a personal one, and to either dismiss or obtain the resignation of M. ANDRIEUX; and those who wished them to limit still further the powers now possessed by the Municipality. On Monday the controversy came to a head. An interpellation was brought forward by M. PASCAL DUPRAT, representing the deputies of the Seine, in which the Government was called on to dismiss M. ANDRIEUX and so restore peace to the capital. In replying to this demand, the MINISTER of the INTERIOR said that, though it was impossible to grant it, the Government agreed with the authors of the interpellation that things could not be left in their present state. The Government would not dismiss M. ANDRIEUX, but they would take measures to prevent any further conflict between the Prefect of Police and the Municipal Council. In future, if the Bill they propose to bring in should become law, the Prefect of Police will be entirely subordinate to the Minister of the Interior. The Municipal Council will no longer have anything to do either with him or with the police under his orders. As the capital will thus be deprived of the control of its own police, it will be only fair that it should no longer pay for it. The Police Estimates will consequently be transferred from the Budget of the Municipality to that of the State. An attempt was made to get an order of the day passed which might be represented as condemning by anticipation the Government Bill, but when put to the vote it was defeated by 354 votes against 65.

As things have actually turned out, the incident is not of much importance. But at one time it seemed possible that it might end in a way which would have made it very important indeed. Beneath all these expressions of the wish that the Government and the Municipality should swear eternal friendship over the body of M. ANDRIEUX an important principle lay hid. If the

Government had dismissed M. ANDRIEU in consequence of a hostile vote in the Municipal Council, they would in effect have made the PREFECT of POLICE responsible to the Municipality. They could not have sent one Prefect about his business because he did not enjoy the confidence of the Municipality, and then have appointed another without ascertaining that he was likely to be more fortunate. In point of fact, the Minister of the Interior would have nominated the Prefect of Police, just as the President nominates the members of the Cabinet; but he would have been just as much bound to choose a Prefect agreeable to the Municipal Council as the President is bound to choose a Cabinet agreeable to the Chamber of Deputies. The deputies of Paris were perfectly aware of this consequence. It suited their purpose to treat the question as purely personal, but they knew that the issue involved in it was much more than personal. They hoped, probably, that the Government would be induced to go along with them by the apparent simplicity of the solution they proposed. Here, they said, is a case of a wrong-headed man who has quarrelled with the very people he ought to make it his business to get on with. There is no need to raise any question about the respective rights of the Prefect of the Police and the Municipality. But for M. ANDRIEU this quarrel would never have arisen, and if he is made to give place to a more conciliatory successor, it will be at once laid to rest. With a new Prefect of Police nothing more will be heard of these general principles which have been so needlessly dragged into the discussion. The question will be reduced to its proper dimensions, and will then be seen to affect nothing more serious than the popularity of a particular official.

Fortunately for their subsequent comfort, the Government did not allow themselves to be taken in by this ingenious reasoning. It is quite true that, if they had dismissed M. ANDRIEU, the ground of contention with the Municipality would have been removed, and for the time the Council would probably have been wise enough not to push their victory any further. But M. ANDRIEU's successor would perfectly have understood that he was made Prefect on the understanding that he was, above all things, to keep on good terms with the Municipal Council. Though he would not have been responsible to it in name, he would have been responsible in fact. He would have been liable to be dismissed by the Government whenever he happened to displease the Council; while he would certainly have been retained in office provided that he contrived to satisfy the Council. From this it would not have been a very long step to a change which should have placed the appointment of the Prefect of Police in the hands of the Municipal Council. If he was their servant, why should not they have the selection of him? For form's sake, perhaps, the Government might have been given a veto on the Council's choice; but when all the candidates for a post are virtually of one way of thinking, very little is to be gained by a mere veto. If the control of the Paris police had been made over to the Municipal Council, a great many Frenchmen would have thought that the Commune had come again. Nor would they have been very far wrong. If the Commune itself had not come again, the materials for its creation would once more have been brought together. It is quite inconsistent with the good government of a city like Paris that its police should be under the control of the Municipality. In no great capital would such an arrangement be safe. The police of the City of London are subject to the Corporation, but then the City proper is but a fraction of London, and the Metropolitan police are subject to the Home Secretary. The capital is the seat of government, the place in which the members of the Legislature and the officials who compose the Executive are all brought together, and the central Government is bound to take precautions to ensure their personal safety and their political and administrative independence. What is true of all great capitals is true in an especial manner of Paris, for Paris, unlike other great capitals, lives in a state of perpetual hostility to the Government for the time being. So long as the Legislature sat at Versailles, and the Executive could at any moment be transferred thither, this fact was comparatively unimportant; but, now that the Chambers have been brought to Paris, Paris must accept the necessary drawbacks of the position it has regained. In the past the Legislature and the Government have too often

been merely hostages in the hands of the people of Paris; and it is the first business of the Government to take care that nothing of the kind shall happen again. With the police of the city under the control of the Minister of the Interior, and no National Guards to form a nucleus of insurrection, the relative strengths of Paris and France will be reversed, and the capital will fall by degrees into its natural position of subordination to the central Government. The dismissal of M. ANDRIEU would have been the first step in a course which, if persisted in, would infallibly have reproduced the disorders which play so large a part in the history of revolutionary Paris.

STOLEN GOODS.

THE fate of the Bill to amend the law respecting the recovery of stolen goods which the LORD CHANCELLOR has presented to the House of Lords will be determined by the number of friends that dealers in that kind of property command in the House of Commons. Exception may undoubtedly be taken to some of its provisions, if the dealer in second-hand articles is to be accounted innocent till he is proved to be guilty. The draughtsman evidently regards this presumably useful, and even respectable, trade with deep-seated suspicion. Nothing which is not new is likely, in his view of matters, to have been honestly come by. The circumstance that a thing has been the property of some one else before it came into the possession of the second-hand dealer is treated as *prima facie* evidence that it was not willingly parted with. We are not disposed to deny that this exceptional severity of treatment may have become necessary. When Lord SELBORNE explains the Bill to the House of Lords, he will no doubt go fully into the statistics of theft, and show that the laws which he proposes to amend are inadequate to deal with it. It may at once be conceded that, if the trade of receiving stolen goods could be put down, the trade of stealing them would be hopelessly crippled. A thief, more than any other man, is anxious to convert his booty into some medium of exchange. Jewels and plate are only dear to him in so far as they can at once be sold. Consequently, if there were no one to buy them, the thief's occupation would be gone. It is true that, even if the trade of receiving stolen goods could be put down in this country, it might continue to flourish elsewhere; and, provided that the payment were equally assured, a thief might be as well pleased to have a correspondent abroad as an agent at home. But the extinction of the home trade would operate as a very great restriction upon theft. It could only be carried on at a great outlay, and consequently upon a great scale. A gang of thieves who disposed of their goods in Amsterdam or Paris must be experienced travellers and fair linguists, and have a good store of ready money. There is no need, therefore, to refrain from legislating against dealers in stolen goods within the United Kingdom because we cannot legislate against them beyond the United Kingdom. If it can be made an exclusively international industry, its extent will be immensely reduced.

The Bill begins by enlarging the powers of the police as regards searching for stolen goods. An inspector applying for a search-warrant will only have to state on oath to the magistrates that he has reason to believe that certain articles specified by him to have been stolen, or some of them, are in such and such premises, and will be excused from stating the reasons for his belief and from specifying which of the articles he suspects to be in the place he names. The inspector, having got his warrant, may proceed to search for the goods, and may apparently bring before the magistrates any articles whatever which he finds on the premises searched. They are then to be regarded as in pound, and if there is *prima facie* evidence that they are stolen, they may be detained until the owner can be discovered. If the person in whose possession they were found is unable to give a satisfactory account of how he came by them, he will be liable to a fine of 5*l.*, or, if the court shall be of opinion that they are stolen, to imprisonment for a month or to a fine of 50*l.* The dealer may also be fined 5*l.* if the court is satisfied that he had reason to suspect that the goods were stolen and did not give information to the police, a provision which may occasionally defeat a well-arranged story or an excellent imitation of a *bona fide* sale. The effect of these clauses will be to make search-warrants more easily obtainable,

and consequently searches more sudden and frequent. In many cases the police know perfectly well that the goods they are in search of are in some one of a very few places. But they do not know in which of these places they are, and consequently they cannot state specifically the reasons why they believe them to be in this or that place. Under the Bill it will be enough if they have reason to believe that they are in some one or more of them. The result will probably be that, whenever a robbery has been committed, all the places in which stolen goods are known to have been from time to time received will be searched as a matter of course, and as all goods whatever may be brought before the magistrates, the risk of keeping anything of the kind will be greatly increased.

The Bill does not deal only with the powers of police officers. It provides for an elaborate system of supervision of all second-hand dealers who have once got into trouble. For the future they must be licensed, and before they can be licensed they must produce a certificate from a magistrate. Considering that a similar provision is already in force as regards pawnbrokers, it would be unwise to expect too much from its extension; but the Bill does seem to supply several reasons why a pawnbroker or a second-hand dealer should wish to avoid registration. A registered pawnbroker or second-hand dealer must not open a new shop without giving notice to the chief officer of the police of the district which he is leaving and of that to which he is removing. He must keep his books in a prescribed form. He must not do business before nine in the morning or after six in the evening—a restriction which, to many pawnbrokers, would involve very serious loss. He must keep all articles received by him in the state in which he receives them for three full days before disposing of them. Consequently a registered pawnbroker or second-hand dealer will not only be a recognized black sheep, but a sheep whose colour is constantly being brought home to him in inconvenient ways. It will be easy enough, however, to avoid registration if a man is so minded. He will be safe so long as he has not been convicted of an offence under this Bill, or under the Pawnbrokers' Act, and even after conviction it will rest with the court to determine whether registration shall be imposed by way of additional penalty.

For certain purposes pawnbrokers and second-hand dealers will be impressed into the service of the police. Where they have received written notice that an article has been stolen, together with such a description of it as may enable them to identify it if it be in their possession, they will be bound if any article answering to the description subsequently comes into their hands to give information to the police, and to describe the person from whom it was received. They are also to permit a constable to inspect all the articles in their shop which are of the same description as the one specified in the notice. Perhaps these provisions are not likely to be found very formidable in practice; but by another clause any pawnbroker or second-hand dealer who suspects that an article offered to him is stolen may seize and detain the person offering it and give him in charge to a constable. It is clear that this will render the disposal of stolen goods in a neighbourhood with which the thief is not familiar, or to a person with whom he has not already done business, an undertaking of some delicacy. He cannot possibly tell what motive the dealer may have for being exceptionally honest in this particular instance. A man may be, as a rule, quite willing to buy stolen goods, and the thief may know him by repute in that character. But he may not wish to open an account with new customers, or he may be anxious to recommend himself to the goodwill of the police. On either or both of these grounds it may best suit his purpose to detain the thief, and to get whatever credit there is to be had by so doing. Unfortunately it is not thieves only that are likely to suffer if this part of the Bill becomes law. The dealer who takes it into his head to detain a person offering goods in pawn will be fully indemnified for what he does. He will probably assign as his ground for making the seizure that the prisoner has not given a satisfactory account of the means by which he became possessed of the article offered. But when a woman who has been reduced to poverty has taken to the pawnshop some gold or silver article which she possessed when she was better off, she may be wholly unable to comply with this condition. All she can say will be that the thing is hers, and that she has always had it, and unless the pawnbroker is

a person of some discrimination, he will not be likely to know whether this statement is true or false. No doubt the constable into whose charge she is given, or, at worst, the magistrates before whom the constable takes her, will find out the mistake. But the effects of an error of this kind are not removed when the error itself is set right. The prospect of a night in a police-cell, followed by an appearance in court the next morning, will be a very serious addition to the annoyance with which a visit to the pawnshop is invested in the imaginations of decent people. It is not easy to suggest any precautions which would render this provision less liable to abuse; but, unless some can be devised, it would be better to leave it out altogether. It contradicts a little too directly the spirit of the old doctrine that it is better for ten guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to suffer. With this alteration, and with some simplification of its clauses, the Bill will probably be found useful.

DR. PARKER AND THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

WE have been told on the authority of very credible ear-witnesses, though we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement, that the Thursday preachments at the City Temple are, and are apparently intended to be, beyond comparison the most effective comic performances to be found in the metropolis. The congregation according to our informants, assemble on these occasions, whether to laugh with the preacher or to laugh at him it might be invidious to inquire, but at all events to be amused, and they do not go away disappointed. We seem also to have heard some strange stories about the close connexion of the platform and the press in the matter of a periodical called the *Fountain*, bordering in fact on transactions which, had they occurred in a State-paid and bloated Establishment, might not possibly have earned from the righteous indignation of the *Nonconformist* and *Independent* the ugly name of simoniacal. It is difficult not to be reminded of those current rumours, on reading in last week's issue of that sturdy organ of "the dissidence of Dissent" a remarkable correspondence on "the Chairmanship of the Congregational Union," in which Dr. Parker's name figures with a prominence which even to himself—and he is not open to the charge of hiding his light under a bushel—can hardly be altogether satisfactory. The Congregationalists or Independents, according to *Whitaker's Almanack*, stand third numerically among Nonconformist bodies in the United Kingdom, yielding only to the Roman Catholics and the Wesleyans. They are also much the oldest of dissenting sects, dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was only however in 1831 that their churches were formed into the Congregational Union, the chairmanship of which is now in dispute. This chairmanship, as we gather from the correspondence, is an annual office, candidates being nominated in the March of the previous year, though the friends of an enterprising nominee sometimes think it prudent "to take time by the forelock," or have at least so acted in the present instance. That there is anything actually irregular in this novel procedure is not alleged by their critics, who however naturally think it odd that, not content with justifying their precocious zeal, they should claim that "priority" of action gives them a right to suppress by anticipation all future opposition. It is with this singular claim of Dr. Parker and his friends that the first part of the correspondence deals, but it throws incidentally a somewhat lurid light on the grave underlying differences involved in the pending contest for the annual Papacy of Congregationalism. Mr. Alexander Hannay, who opens the discussion, is evidently, though he does not say so, the Secretary of the Committee of the Union, and he certainly appears to have been very hardly treated by "Priority," who maintains that the Committee, "instead of pursuing the traditional rule to inform the second nominee that Dr. Parker had already been nominated, have helped to get up signatures to promote a struggle"; that the officials of the Committee have departed from the usual course of procedure; and that either officials or Committee have even been guilty of malversation of public funds for promoting the interests of the rival candidate, Mr. Macfadyen. In all these assertions Mr. Hannay declares that there is "not so much as a grain of truth." The departure from traditional usage was in fact entirely on Dr. Parker's side, whose nomination, signed by fourteen persons, was sent in to the Committee on June 10, 1880, though no official notice of it could be taken till March 15 of the following year. Their real cause of complaint is that, when it became known that another candidate would be nominated at the proper time, the Committee did not inform Mr. Macfadyen that Dr. Parker was already nominated; to which there is the double answer, first, that no formal nomination had as yet taken place, and, secondly, that, were it otherwise, the Committee have no duty and no right to interfere to prevent a contest for the chairmanship. "On the contrary, the rules which provide for the present mode of election were adopted expressly with the view of giving the members of the Union a choice in the election of chairman between several nominees." As to the charge of misappropriating funds, which is rather hinted at than openly alleged, and this by an anonymous writer who offers no shadow of proof for his insinua-

tion, Mr. Hannay contents himself with a simple denial of an imputation which he reasonably characterizes as "in a high degree culpable and cowardly."

The next letter is from "a Member of Committee," who writes, "for the honour of Congregationalism and the prosperity of the Union," under severe provocation, with commendable self-restraint, but gives us rather a closer insight into the kind of tactics that find favour with Dr. Parker and his friends. He observes that his previous objections to Dr. Parker's appointment are greatly intensified by the fact of his having himself descended into the arena and become the advocate of his own claims. "For any man to try and persuade a large body of Christian gentlemen that they have confidence in him, or that if they have not, they ought to have, is a novelty, and one which I am extremely sorry to see introduced into Congregational practice." He adds, not unjustly, that, if Dr. Parker is right in contending that the opposition to him is of a purely personal character, "it is sad enough, but it is a conclusive reason against his appointment." The complaint of Dr. Parker and his friends "that there is a fixed determination on the part of the leaders of the denomination to exclude him from the chair on unworthy and insufficient grounds," is dismissed as simply incredible in itself, and nothing short of an insult to "brethren of so high a standing in the Churches." Like Mr. Hannay, the Member of Committee fails to detect any grievance in the fact that the premature action of Dr. Parker's fourteen supporters, who "resolved to take time by the forelock," and nominated him nine months before the appointed period, was not allowed to bar the way of the 438 representative members who subsequently, at the regular time, nominated Mr. Macfadyen. "The contention that the act of a few gentlemen in Kent ought to bind the Congregational Union, and that if their nominee be not elected there must be some personal animus, cannot be seriously advanced." Still less ground is there for the continued references to "the official mind"—meaning thereby the Secretary—as inspiring the opposition to Dr. Parker. "The truth is he has been perfectly neutral." Towards the close of the letter we are allowed to catch a glimpse of the real point of the controversy. Dr. Parker's abilities are not disputed, and "if the chair of the Union was simply to be a prize for intellectual power he ought to have been placed in it before this. But," adds the writer significantly, "it does sometimes happen that able men have idiosyncrasies which disqualify them for cordial association with others." One of these "idiosyncrasies" he proceeds to specify, which would go far to make Dr. Parker's election "an act of ecclesiastical suicide"; but he is careful to intimate that "there are other parts of his public action" open to exception, and that "his theological, political, and ecclesiastical vagaries" generally unfit him for the chairmanship. To most persons the one point dwelt upon at length would seem to be tolerably conclusive:—

Dr. Parker has declared open antagonism to the Congregational Union. He has sketched a Reform Bill, which really means an abolition of the Union as it is altogether. He objects to its constitution, objects to its policy, objects to its property—in fact, objects to everything about it except its name, and would take that as the title of a confederation which in character and aim would be totally different from the body which now exists.

Our readers may perhaps think they have heard nearly enough of Dr. Parker by this time; but the sting of the correspondence is in its tail, and the letter from Dr. Parker to Dr. Allon, with his reply, "which was returned *unopened*," let us look in behind the scenes. The name of Dr. Allon—who seems to have been lugged head and shoulders into this unsavoury dispute, and plainly tells us that he "loathes" the whole subject—will be familiar to many of our readers, as that of an accomplished scholar, editor of the *British Quarterly*, the leading organ of English Nonconformity, and author of at least one striking volume of Sermons which has obtained the high commendation of reviews neither Dissenting nor theological. Dr. Parker's letter to him, which, it will be observed, commences abruptly without any of the conventional forms of courtesy and is subscribed simply "Joseph Parker," is so very curious a document, especially as addressed by one minister of religion to another, that we shall place it as it stands before our readers:—

[Not Private.]

TO THE REV. DR. ALLON.

As the stories which you related to me, and which you are repeating to others, are doing me injury, and are so far fulfilling your intention, I hereby give you notice that I intend to publish the same, and to reply to them in detail, especially your frivolous stories about—(1) The controversy with Campbell. (2) The case of Pearson. (3) The visit of — to the City Temple. (4) The ridiculous story about Coley's visit. (5) The impression upon — of my book announcement. (6) Dale and Rogers covenanting with you for my silence. (7) Your inability to get any one to open a service for me in your church. (8) The "little man" who said none of his people would be there—and other pitiful rubbish which you pile up against me wherever you can create an opportunity for doing so.

Having done this, I shall trace your public life, and try upon you the effect of your species of undignified and unbrotherly criticism:—(1) Your "Consecration" sermons. (2) Your last Union address and the criticism it evoked. (3) Your right to have any connection with a *case-book*, and what your musical brethren think of it. (4) Your sermon on Naboth—where did you get it? (5) Your controversy with Campbell, which was never settled. (6) What your brethren said when it was supposed you might settle in Liverpool.

My object in giving you this notice is to give you an opportunity of modifying or withdrawing your stories, through the medium of a third party, if you wish to do so.

My very heart sickens at the process before me; but it must be carried out in honourable self-defence.

March 29, 1881.

JOSEPH PARKER.

The reply, which was returned unopened, is a good deal longer, and written in a very different tone. It begins with the usual formula "My dear Sir," and is signed, "I am yours truly, Henry Allon"; it is, in short, what can hardly be said of the other, the letter of a Christian and a gentleman. But, quiet and courteous as he is throughout, Dr. Allon makes mince-meat of his angry assailant, most of whose charges turn out to be wholly gratuitous, while of others "I have tried in vain even to surmise the meaning." And the attitude now assumed by Dr. Parker becomes the more marvellous in view of his previous relations with Dr. Allon:—

You came to me to ask why you were not held by your brethren in that degree of respect which you desired. I might have refused the invidious and painful task of telling you, and your letter makes me very much regret that I did not do so. But you solicited my confidence, and I thought it most manly and most kind to tell you frankly how things publicly said and done by you were regarded; and, that you might know all, I mentioned every name and circumstance so far as I knew it. I went even to the verge of impropriety in telling you the opinions and expressions of certain gentlemen, concerning things said by you in the pulpit, expressed to me in conversation. You understood and acknowledged my motive, and when I said that I had gone farther than I ought to have done in repeating to you these opinions you thanked me, and said that the confidence should be honourably respected. Your letter indicates your notion of what honour is.

Dr. Allon adds that he spoke only of matters of public notoriety concerning Dr. Parker as a public man, and that he has nothing to modify or withdraw. As to the story connected with Mr. Coley's name, who is now dead and cannot be appealed to, it seems that Dr. Parker "explicitly denied that there was a particle of truth in the incident—namely, that you apologized in the pulpit for your cold, and said that 'this great brain had been seething all night,' and asked your audience to 'excuse your usual action.'" We can only say that, if the story is not true—and Dr. Allon of course feels bound under the circumstances to accept Dr. Parker's disclaimer—it is at least *ben trovato*. On what most people will consider a much graver matter Dr. Parker appears to have preserved a discreet silence:—

Why, in your communications, do you not propose to justify yourself from the much graver matters of public offence about which I chiefly spoke—viz. your disavowal from the pulpit of responsibility for the *Fountain*, your covenanting for sales of the *Fountain* as a condition of preaching for your brethren, the matter of the advertisements, the candidature for the City, the chapter on Immortality, the letter to the *Times*, &c.—which, as I told you, had seriously hindered the confidence of your brethren.

Dr. Allon goes on to remind Dr. Parker that, little as he liked many things said and done by him—among which may perhaps be included his public avowal of sympathy with Mr. Beecher on a somewhat notorious occasion—he made a point of welcoming him on his first arrival in London, and had done his best ever since to maintain and induce others of his brethren to maintain friendly relations with him. These good offices, however, Dr. Parker promptly repaid by lampoons in his magazine, "and it is not easy to keep terms with a man who regards as an enemy every one who presumes to differ from him." Nor is Dr. Allon anxious to conceal his opinion that a man who has, whether rightly or wrongly, so entirely failed to conciliate his brethren, and who has always been in avowed antagonism to the Union, is not quite suited to fill its chair, which "ought not to be either the prize of a faction fight, the gratification of a petty vanity, or a reformatory for a cantankerous and foolish man." On the whole it is certainly a very pretty little "faction fight," and may suggest some lively reflections to Mr. Matthew Arnold, when he next takes up his pen to comment on the gracious amenities of Protestant Dissent. It would not of course be less unfair to select Dr. Parker than enthusiastic to select Dr. Allon as the typical mouthpiece of Congregationalism, but it is not unfair to take this pitiful wrangle over the claims of rival candidates for the Chairmanship of the Union as a characteristic example of the internal dissidence of Dissent. "Popery and prelacy" may have their abuses and their scandals; but it is evidently not in episcopal Churches only that Diotrephes loveth to have the pre-eminence, and perhaps even a *congé d'élire* may be thought less unedifying than a contest which offers, on the testimony of those directly concerned, such unpleasant facilities for a public display of factiousness, "petty vanity," and "cantankerous" folly. We do not forget that the Independents had an element of greatness among them when they were represented by Cromwell's Ironsides, though even in their best days there was not too much of "sweetness and light" in their presentation of the Christian graces. But the glory of Cromwellian fervour, such as it was, has long since departed, and if the City Temple exhibits the most vigorous phase of modern Congregationalism, it can hardly be denied that Ichabod would be a not inappropriate epigraph to inscribe over its portals.

NEW CALENDARS AND OLD SONGS.

THERE is always something pleasant to persons not wholly soured in the contemplation of the joy of a fellow-creature, even if that fellow-creature be a modern Radical. To be informed, therefore—the announcement should surely have been made in rubric—that "the present week should be marked with a red letter in the calendar of the British Empire" is at first calculated to make even the cynic forget all his woes, from the east wind to the Land Bill, and enquire the reason for this festivity. When, however, he ascertains the reason of the jubilation, the case becomes a

little different. The happiest time, the maddest, merriest day of all the glad New Year to the modern Radical, is, it seems, the day of the evacuation of Candahar. This it is that he celebrates with trumpets and shawms. It would be a pity, and indeed it would be useless, to argue with him on the grounds of his *nunc est bibendum*. We prefer to congratulate him on the almost endless prospect (bar the unexpected) of such festivities which is before him as long as it shall please Heaven to spare the Government of Mr. Gladstone. The peculiar kind of enthusiasm which Lord Beaconsfield so happily described as capable of being aroused only by the abandonment of a national policy or a national possession, has of late years found but little vent. The *Alabama* award, the results of the San Juan and Delagoa Bay arbitrations, were only partially satisfactory, for there was a show of honour and reason about them. The retreat was the fortune of war or of law, a matter in which the loser could comfort himself with the familiar better luck next time. The action of the late Government, however, and indeed of some scores or hundreds of Governments since England became a nation, has provided an inexhaustible store of things to be renounced, and the present Government revels in the luxury of renunciation. Candahar to-day, the Transvaal to-morrow; perhaps (the modern Radical whispers to himself with trembling bliss and awful joy) Cyprus the day after. It is almost too much for him, and if it goes on it will be quite too much for the Kalendar. We must suggest that the extravagance of reddening (by the way, the colour is, after all, not inappropriate) a whole week for a single evacuation is not to be thought of. There are only fifty-two weeks in the year, and there are a great many more than fifty-two foreign possessions in the rent-roll of the English monarchy—a phrase which we for our part prefer to the British Empire as being truer to fact and doing less injustice to Ireland. Behind Candahar there is Quetta, Scinde, the Punjab, India; behind the Transvaal, Natal and the Cape; behind Cyprus, Malta and Gibraltar. Very few years of a Radical Government would make the year all red-letter days, and impose a double debt on each, after the manner reprobated by Charles Lamb in his youth. It must, however, be admitted that the new Kalendar will have a sufficiently picturesque appearance. The Church has a Kalendar, the army and navy used to have one pretty thickly red-lettered, the Comtists have got one—why should not the modern Radical have his? Enterprising stationers will doubtless fall in with the hint, and have Radical Kalendar Notepaper ready very shortly. The motto will of course be, “*Quo regio in terris nostri non plena pudor!*” and a few general headings will suffice:—“Day of the retreat from —,” “Day of the capitulation of —,” “Day of —’s defeat at —,” and so forth. The use of these at first may be a little galling to the less thoroughly regenerate members of the party. The Liberal candidate for West Cheshire, with a candour beyond praise, has just confessed that “to him, as the son of an old soldier,” the Transvaal business gives an unpleasant twinge. But Mr. Tomkinson, and, no doubt, thousands more, get themselves out of the difficulty with the invaluable *distinguo* which their chief knows so well how to use. To them, as sons of soldiers, sons of Englishmen, &c., the things are painful, very painful; but, as admirers of Mr. Gladstone and enemies of the wicked Tory, they rejoice in them wholly. For to do Mr. Gladstone’s behest is all that is required of the faithful Radical, and to undo what Tories have done is *ipso facto* right.

It is probable that, if the modern Radical is not weary of well-doing, the unpleasant squeamishness of which Mr. Tomkinson complains will soon depart from him. Renunciation and vapulation are nothing when you are well used to them; indeed they acquire, as the meek in spirit frequently assure us, a positive relish. Evidences of this are to be found in a quarter which has not of late been suspected of actual Radicalism. The *Times* has been frequently accused of Philistinism, time-serving, and the like; but its reflections on the Easter holidays this year are scarcely to be accurately described by any of these terms. “We are all,” says the writer, “patriots in spite of ourselves”; and he proceeds to show beyond all doubt that, if he is a patriot—which is matter of argument—it is very much in spite of himself. All the fighting which has taken place, or has been within an ace of taking place, in the last four years has really, he says, been about questions affecting us very remotely, or indirectly, or problematically. The interest of the British people in Turkey, in Cabul, in Zululand, and the Transvaal is so slight that “we have to draw largely on the faith of the average Englishman to make him think it any at all.” “It requires a fine sense” (we suppose, to perceive it, for the scribe gets a little hazy here in point of grammar)—a sense which has “something of the over-sensibility which made our gentlemen a hundred years ago wear swords, and use them,” about such a matter as giving and taking the wall. This is certainly a most interesting confession. It will be observed that disputed points of history or politics are not here concerned. We may, for the sake of argument, suppose that the Turkish Empire was not really threatened; that Lord Lytton was wrong about the intentions of Shere Ali and of Russia; that the annexation of the Transvaal and the Zulu war were mistakes. The *Times* moralist’s principle is not affected by this. His doctrine is that, supposing the existence of disputed facts, England had really nothing to do with them except by a Quixotic straining of the point of honour. Maintain the independence and integrity of Turkey? What a plague had we to do with that? Defend India from encroachment? India is a very long way off. Protect the natives of the Transvaal and the colonists of Natal? This was the business of

the colonists of Natal and the natives of the Transvaal, not ours. In short, there is no such interest as the interest which a bond in honour creates. To defend clients, to protect the weak, to meet aggression half way, and with a steady countenance, not in the last ditch like vermin at bay, all these things are mere antiquated superstition.

L’honneur est un vieux saint que l’on ne chôme plus,

says the most vigorous of French satirists, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Times*, a remarkable pair, chorus the statement. If you want a holiday, says one, celebrate the retirement of Great Britain from a position which Great Britain was pledged to keep. If you have anything to do with these fine sensibilities, says the other, why don’t you wear a sword like your barbarous ancestors, and draw on the first impertinent person who jostles you in Fleet Street? Honour, and even interest, are old songs. The first interest of man is to keep a whole skin, and there is nothing so honourable to him as to run away. A clean pair of heels is the noblest and most beautiful part of the human figure, and it cannot be too lavishly exhibited. Putting the two doctrines together, it is difficult not to think that a certain ingratitude is shown by the compilers of the new *acta sanctorum* to their political foes. You cannot have the luxury of renouncing unless some one has previously acquired. The delight of running away is impossible unless there is a *terminus a quo* from which to start. Theologians of dubious orthodoxy have advised a lavish indulgence in sin that the graces of repentance may be fully enjoyed and displayed. But Tories save Radicals this doubtful manoeuvre. They construct the Empire for their rivals to pull down, and commit the sins of which the others luxuriously repent.

It is probably the abundance of this kind of repentance which enables the Radical party and their chief to dispense with any other. Mr. Gladstone’s discourse of dismissal for the Easter holidays perhaps made up in instruction for what it lacked in grace. The Premier was in great spirits, the reason for which he stated with much ingenuousness—it is because his majority is so very large. He does not repent (at least now, for a certain remark about “polemical utterances,” as well as others about the Transvaal and so forth, recur to the mind) of anything he said in his electoral campaign, and why? Because he has a large majority. Why should he care for Mr. Chaplin’s sense of humiliation? “It is not shared by the majority of this House.” Why should he not shorten the short holidays by bringing the Irish Land Bill in on Monday? The majority does not mind. Why should not Mr. Grant Duff snub members who make him answer in the affirmative a question which it is disagreeable to him so to answer? Mr. Grant Duff’s “tone was that of a large portion of the House.” Perhaps the poet of the *Pall Mall* (we do not mean either the author of the “Buck-Buck-Buckinghamshire Buffoon,” or the author of “Leading Cases,” but the constructor of the admirably poetical lines on Candahar the other day) will give us a version of the *Battle of Blenheim* for which the subject possesses great capabilities. Mr. Gladstone, interrogated on the consistency of his speeches of 1870 and 1881 as to Irish land property, on the attitude of the Government towards the Transvaal last year and this year, &c., might reply with irresistible force:—

“Why that I cannot tell,” quoth he,
“But I’ve a great majority.”

The attitude (Mr. Gladstone does not like the word attitude) is a pleasing one, and tells us how many other songs have grown old. Time was when Ministers (Sir Robert Walpole is, we admit, an exception) did not content themselves with proudly counting rows of obedient noses. However, we shall perhaps be reminded that “time was” is an idle expression, and that “time is” is the only one to which a sensible man pays any attention. Things may be a little disorganized, but are there not consolations? Have not the Boers magnanimously given up Potchefstroom? It is true that by the terms of the original agreement all the British garrisons were to be maintained, and all the captured material given back, so that in their apparent atonement for Commandant Cronje’s fraud the Boers have not sustained one atom of damage, and have gained for themselves compliments about their “descent from the chivalrous Huguenots of France.” But the very phrase of chivalrous Huguenots is a rest and refreshment, because it shows the blessed mantle of historical ignorance in which the modern Radical is wrapped, unless indeed, we are to have a new definition of chivalry as well as of honour and red-letter days in Kalendars. It is perhaps, on the whole, only proper that all such things should become new together. Let us have New Morality, New History, New Kalendars, and a great clearance of old songs of all kinds. For, indeed, what is the good of them? We have, as the *Times*’ philosopher justly remarks, to draw very largely on the faith of the average Englishman to make him attend to them, and he might have added that just now the bill seems to be dishonoured even when it is drawn. What is the use of drawing on Aldgate pump? Let us rather acquiesce in the new dispensation, and content ourselves with, on our part, dishonouring the bills which other people draw on us. Treaties are old songs; prestige is an old song; the British Grenadiers is an old song terribly in need of re-editing by the gifted bard above referred to. Let him give us an excellent new ballad, replete, as the advertisements say, with sentiments of mildness and meekness, recapitulating all the places from which pre-British Grenadier ought to scuttle, and dated 1881, the view of giving the merit of O’Neil’s Farm.”

As to the charge of misappropriating funds, hinted at than openly alleged, and this by an writer who offers no shadow of proof for his insinua-

A DREAM OF THE ACADEMY.

DOGS hunt in dreams, according to Lucretius, Mr. Tennyson, and other learned writers, and most men know the discomfort of pursuing the labours of the day through the visions of the night. Mathematical students are wearied by the fancy that they are an unknown quantity; chemists dream that they are essences so subtle that they can only detect themselves in the spectroscope; sportsmen find themselves shooting with guns whose hammers refuse to let themselves be raised; and gamblers attempt impossible systems, on roulette tables of previously unknown description. Thus it is only to be expected that Queen Mab should be with art-critics, especially after the fatigues of "Studio Sunday." By the way, does the institution of Studio Sunday exist in Scotland, and what has Dr. Begg to say on the subject? These important inquiries we have no time to follow up. It is our business to repeat the story of a singular Dream of the Royal Academy, which visited an art-critic after Studio Sunday. He is rather what Mr. Carlyle would have called a "high-sniffing" art-critic. He is apt to complain bitterly of the way in which our artists, having made a hit, try to repeat it, and do repeat themselves, every year of their lives. He is also fond of writing about harmonies, notes, dominants, counter-point, and similar vanities, for all of which things a nemesis befell him in the vision which we go on to describe.

Our reviewer dreamed that he was the Press. He felt within him that resistless impulse to write prose hymns to Mr. Rossetti, which distinguishes one critic, combined with the love of rare adjectives we admire in another, the gossip of a third, the Lemprière classicism of a fourth, and the contempt for all work not likely to be popular in Whitechapel observed in the chief exponent of the comic 'Arry, or "Yah" style of criticism. He snatched up the stairs of the Grosvenor Gallery, and found himself in the rooms of Burlington House. What he saw, and how he liked it, will best be learned from the following article, which this unfortunate and probably overworked man composed in his vision. Swift once woke with the impression that he had said a very good thing in a dream. By an effort of memory he recovered it, and it was "I told Apronia she must be very careful, especially about the legs." The visionary criticism, though somewhat bizarre, was more coherent than the *mot* of the Dean.

"On another occasion we intend to return to the minute consideration of the pictures of the year. To-day it will be sufficient to discuss the most prominent works of the most admired artists. The Hanging Committee has assigned to that sterling popular favourite, Mr. Burne Jones, the post of honour. In Mr. Burne Jones's pictures, we have, as usual, work understood of the people. His rollicking humour and exuberant vitality have never been better illustrated than in his immense and learned composition, "The Baste that pays his Rent." The "Baste" is not, as our readers might imagine, the pig, but the tenant who "sneaks behind his neighbours' backs," and barely fulfils his contracts. Mr. Burne Jones has depicted a subject full of Irish humour, a "carding" match. The "baste," a tenant whose raiment has been partially removed, is being "carded" by two sturdy fellows with blackened faces. About a dozen others look on with torches in their hands. In the extreme distance may be seen a troop of mounted Constabulary, riding in an opposite direction. This is not only a most laughter-moving piece, but a valuable contribution, like most of Mr. Burne Jones's works, to contemporary history. Many years hence the student of the past will seek, and find, in Mr. Burne Jones's paintings, a precious guide to the manners and humours of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Butler, the famous artist of the "Roll-Call," sends a picture "whereby hangs a tale." It is no secret that the Prime Minister has expostulated with Mrs. Butler, in a friendly way, on her choice of glorious scenes from the remote past of ancient British history. Mrs. Butler has, therefore, at Mr. Gladstone's repeated request, designed a triptych representative of some of the more recent triumphs of British arms. The work is denominated "Scuttling," and, being a triptych, is naturally in three compartments. The first compartment shows us our forces in full retreat from Canthahar. The general is leading, at a great pace, and "go as you please" is the order of the day. The colours may be observed sticking out of the pockets of the officers, to which, by a recent general order, these emblems of our martial race are to be confined in moments of excitement. In the central compartment we have a view of the English troops returning, at the double, unencumbered with their arms, from the vicinity of Laing's Nek, which forms the background. On the top of the Nek is a small Boer boy, in an attitude of derision. English farmhouses are burning on every side; but Sir Evelyn Wood clasps, with an air of satisfaction, a document legibly marked "Apology." The third compartment, designed in the spirit of prophecy, represents the retreat of our gallant fellows before a corporal's guard of Wasiris. As but little can be learned about these, our most recent foes, the artist has given them yellow complexions and a Mongolian cast of feature. We predict that Mrs. Butler's triptych will be the centre of admiring crowds. Arrangements have already been made to have "Scuttling" engraved, and orders for proofs (before letters) have been received from Holland, St. Petersburg, and the Shields Liberal Association.

The bits of tender memory and tears of infinite desire invade modifying or withdrawing the brimming eyes as we gaze for the brief party, if you wish to do so. My very heart sickens at the process before out in honourable self-defence.
March 29, 1887.

mortal poem, "Helen in Leuké." The arras on the Academy walls is, fortunately, securely hung, otherwise it could never resist the weight of Mr. Frith's admirers, as they throw themselves with eager clutch and blind, adoring ecstasy on anything that seems to promise physical support. In the presence of delight-someness like this, once more vouchsafed by the Master to our eyes, words, howsoever vehement, are vain. Mr. Frith has chosen, somewhat to our bewilderment, his subject from "Pausanias, lib. iii. ch. xix." We have looked up Pausanias in our Lemprière, and we find that he was a Spartan general, starved to death in the Brazen House of Minerva Athene. Lemprière does not say that Pausanias left any writings. Be this as it may, Mr. Frith quotes thus:—"Leonumos, being wounded, was commanded by the Delphic Pythia to fare to the Isle of Leuké, and there should he be healed of his wound, who, having gotten back out of Leuké, said that there he beheld the spirits of the sons of Telamon and Oileus, and that Patroclus dwelt with them, also that Helen abode there, and was the wife of the ghost of Achilles." Mr. Frith has represented the beauty of the most beautiful woman of the world, heightened by fatigue and disease, transfigured and transformed by death and decay. In the midst of harmonies of silver air, in which the sickly moon strikes the dominant note, the gracious ghost of Helen stretches her weary and passionate arms to embrace that shadowy shape which, in days of common sunlight, was the swift-footed Achilles. All that we had to pardon in Achilles, all that we had to overlook in Helen, the brawny sinew, the coarse colouring, the glittering eyes, have been purified away. Both yearn eternally in the loveliness that can never be lost, the shadowy effulgence of the grave. Never let Mr. Frith paint otherwise than thus. Almost we could wish that Helen would strike him with blindness as she did Stesichorus, that his palette might never be profaned with colours less colourless, nor his canvas occupied with figures less limp and lifeless.

Mr. Whistler sends "My Last Duchess," a portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Stilton. Seldom has this courtly painter been so fortunate in a subject or an inspiration. Reviving the gracious classicism of the last century, the Reynolds of our age has represented her Grace as Juno with her peacock. The Peacock, a real fugue of Bach's, in the coruscating harmonies of his ecstatic notes of colour, occupies the entire foreground. Her Grace is faintly indicated, we might say hinted ('tis a mere innuendo, a breath, a vapour on the glass), in the middle distance. As Michael Angelo commonly left a corner of the unbewn rude primeval marble in his sculpture, so Mr. Whistler has neglected to glaze the hands and face of the Duchess. There is something sublimely precarious in this *Rohheit*, as Winckelmann phrases it, something worthy of the artist. Mr. Whistler also contributes two etchings in dry-point and counter-point, and an exquisite little painting in *niello*, after the manner of the early Spézia school. The etchings he calls "Portrait of a Gentleman" and "Portrait of a Painter-Etcher." The painting in *niello* represents a singular incident from the apocryphal book of Tobit with gracious *naïveté*.

We must return on another occasion to Mr. Burne Jones's popular canvasses, "In Training" and "Out of Training"; the first representing a boating breakfast, the second revelling in the humours of a Bump-supper. To Mr. Poynter's "Court of Thetis," a bevy of sea nymphs gathered in a cave with "a ceiling of amber, a pavement of pearl," criticism may object that the Nereids are somewhat elderly, and scarcely display the charm of divine and deathless youth. But as most of the faces are fashionable, and all familiar, such criticism is obviously provincial, and cannot be listened to in the centre of taste. Mr. Millais's "Grandfather's Clock" is a most affecting work. It illustrates the beautiful lines:—

It stopped short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

The long white locks of the aged sire overflow a footstool, worked (observe the texture) with a kitten in Berlin wool and beads, on which pillow he has laid his weary head. The churchwarden pipe, dropping from his hand, has shattered into pieces, a beautiful emblem of "the end, the end, the end of all." The clock, a marvel of imitative design, is an eight-day article of inlaid mahogany, and the brass-work of the face is worthy of Van Eyck in its elaborate reproduction of nature. The hands point to noon. A cock is seen through the open window, perched on a farmyard wall. It is the cock which popular superstition, from Siberia to Ceylon, from Finisterre to Cape Matapan, "owes to Æsculapius" at the moment of a mortal's death. This masterpiece was painted for the proprietor of the copyright of the song, "Grandfather's Clock." It will be reproduced, in chromolithography, on the cover of that true *volks-lied*. This, indeed, is to bring art home to the people.

We come last to Prinsep's "Idyl," and precious *idyl* it is. Two girls with none too much on, prinsepally idling by a bay, and a cove playing the pipe to them. The ladies do not seem to object to 'baccy; perhaps, as the scene is in Sicily, they are Bacchantes, or rather meces. No extra charge for that joke.

With 'Arry's yabs ringing in his ears, our shuddering critic awoke, and beheld it was a dream.

MR. HORSLEY ON SUICIDE.

FEW of those who read the very remarkable article which the chaplain of the Clerkenwell Prison has contributed to the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* will be surprised to learn that women are more prone to suicide than men, but probably a good many readers will be surprised by the information he is able to give respecting the causes which drive women of the poorer classes to attempt self-destruction. No one can be better qualified than he is to speak on the subject, inasmuch as, owing to his position, a large number of those who in London try to commit suicide are, to a certain extent, under his charge. Persons who have committed this offence are, as we need hardly say, usually kept for a short time in the House of Detention, and the magistrates who commit or remand commonly intimate in a set phrase which has become familiar, that they ought to receive the advice of the chaplain. The chaplain, to use Mr. Horsley's words, "visits them daily, sees and writes to their relations, finds homes or other institutions for deserving cases where help is necessary, in other ways helps them temporarily as well as spiritually; and in each case he writes to the committing magistrate his opinion of the case with a recommendation, which is always carefully and kindly considered, as to its disposal." Mr. Horsley, then, as Chaplain of Clerkenwell Gaol, has had to question, exhort, and remonstrate with would-be suicides innumerable, and to learn the motives which had prompted them to attempt their lives. From the note-books which, in the performance of his duties, he had to keep he has now taken "three hundred cases of separate individuals, not picked cases, however, but taken simply as they come"; and these may certainly be considered to indicate very fairly the causes of suicide amongst the poor. As has just been said, women are more given to this crime than men; and the facts which relate to women are therefore the most interesting. Very remarkable they are, and in some respects very surprising, as it is clear that the sufferings which might be thought to be most poignant with women do not often cause them to attempt suicide. It might be expected that amongst the classes in which a husband's infidelity is frequently made clear beyond all doubt, a paroxysm of jealousy would not infrequently drive a miserable wife to seek to make away with herself. This, however, is not the case; neither does that humiliation which is thought beyond all others to wound and distress women cause them, save in very few cases, to try to kill themselves. Out of three hundred attempts at suicide recorded by Mr. Horsley, only seven were due to jealousy or jilting; and some of the number who sought death for this cause may have been men. Another cause, of a very different nature, which might be thought to be potent with the working classes, seems to have very little effect. Seeing how frequently cases of cruelty to wives come before the magistrates, it would be natural enough to expect that hapless women subject to habitual brutality would try to end their wretched lives; but this is not so. Putting aside the statement of attempts by intoxicated women, Mr. Horsley's table shows only three attempts due to the conduct of "a bad husband," and two to "brutality of paramour." He mentions, it is true, five cases of women with bad husbands who tried to kill themselves when drunk; but attempts of this kind are of a different nature from those which are deliberately made. The small number of real attempts may be to show that habitual ill-treatment of wives among the poor is not so common as might be supposed from the records of the police courts. A further fact recorded by Mr. Horsley is not perhaps less remarkable. The pangs of conscience are rarely so acute as to cause women to try to destroy themselves. Mr. Horsley only records one case in which the remorse of an unfaithful wife caused her to attempt her own life.

As to the motives which do largely influence poor women who try to destroy themselves, Mr. Horsley's statements are not quite so clear as might be wished. He does not separate the sexes, so that in cases where the description of the reason does not indicate the sex it is not possible to discover the proportionate number of men and women. Out of the 300 attempted suicides mentioned by Mr. Horsley, 144 may be dismissed at once as due to drunkenness. Next in number, though with a great interval, are the cases in which the causes were unknown, and next are those in which the attempts were due to destitution, debt, disease, or distress. This seems, if the expression may be allowed, the most natural kind of suicide, and it is not surprising that out of 300 cases 40 were due to these causes. Domestic disagreement comes next on the list, and here ordinary expectation proves to be right, as women are found to be infinitely more sensitive than men. No less than fifteen women are shown to have attempted suicide in consequence of drunken quarrels with their husbands, but only two men were sufficiently moved by disputes of this kind to attempt to kill themselves. Curiously enough, amongst the lower classes neither husbands nor wives seem to have much power of driving their partners to desperation by incessant worrying or bullying. Mr. Horsley only mentions two cases as due to annoyance. In one of these the offender was the wife, in another a drunken husband who had deserted his helpmate.

As may be seen from the above extracts, Mr. Horsley's statistics are very interesting, and, with regard to women, not a little different from what might be expected. What, however, will probably most surprise those of his readers who are not acquainted with other statistics relating to this subject, are his statements

respecting the influence of the seasons on this crime. Attempts at suicide, strange to say, are more frequent in the pleasantest part of the year than in the most disagreeable. This fact has several times been pointed out, but Mr. Horsley is able to put it in a very strong light, and moreover to suggest a reason for what seems at first sight unaccountable. He says:—

It appears, from books kept by my predecessors and by myself, that in the decennium 1868-77, there were nearly exactly 1,900 cases brought to the notice of the chaplain. Of these, 377 came in during the first quarter of the year, 542 during the second, 561 during the third, and 420 during the last. The first or winter quarter is thus 284 under the third or summer quarter; or, to divide the year into halves, there were in the half year, October to March, 797 cases, and from April to September, 1,103, a difference of 306. All crime is greater, or at least the total amount of crime is greater, during the summer half of the year, but yet the disproportion is not so marked as that we find in the one item of suicide. I believe, considering that nearly half the cases are those of seeking a watery grave, the difference of the temperature of the water has much to do with the matter.

It is quite possible that this very simple explanation is the true one. The notion of a plunge into cold water is, to the majority of men of the poorer classes, and still more to the majority of women, most unpleasant in the winter. It may be thought that this is a very tiny matter to any one who is bent on self-destruction, but the strange fancies of people who attempt or commit suicide have often been noticed, and, after all, but little can be required, in the majority of cases, to turn aside those who have just succeeded in bringing their courage up to the point of facing death. Respecting the age at which people are best able to make this effort, Mr. Horsley gives some facts which are as remarkable as those which he gives respecting the influence of the seasons. Taking periods of ten years, he shows that suicide follows the law which seems to govern all kinds of crime, and that the decade from twenty to thirty years is the worst. Out of his 300 recorded attempts, 124 were by persons within these limits of age. When this period, which seems to be so perilous for those who have any bent towards self-destruction, is passed, there is a great change. The number of cases in the decade from thirty to forty being only sixty-one, or half that of the preceding ten years of life. The longer men live the more they seem to get reconciled to life, or, at all events, the less desirous of quitting it abruptly. Between forty and fifty Mr. Horsley gives forty-four cases; between fifty and sixty only twenty-four. After sixty the desire for self-extermination appears to become very faint. As has often been noticed, the less life is worth having the more men seem to cling to it. True now, as in his own time, are Dryden's words:—

Strange cozenage, none would live past years again;
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.

It is worth noticing, however, that there are exceptions to this rule, and that the unadvisableness of living any longer does occasionally occur to old people. Mr. Horsley mentions the cases of two persons—of which sex he does not say—who, at the ages of eighty-three and eighty-eight respectively, came to the conclusion that they ought to leave this world. This view, however, is quite opposite to that which is usually taken by old men and women; and it is a curious proof of the perversity of human nature that, just as the old cling to life, so the young seem ready to quit it. It appears from Mr. Horsley's tables that the age at which suicide is most common amongst the humbler classes is twenty-two—that is to say, precisely the age at which the vital powers are at their highest, at which life should be most enjoyable and should seem to offer most promise. It might, of course, be thought that disappointments in love have much to do with suicides at this age; but this cannot possibly be the case, for, as has been shown, poor men and women, however foolish they may be in some respects, are not so foolish as to kill themselves for love. It is, then, most difficult to see why twenty-two should be, to use Mr. Horsley's expression, the favourite age. If people are more excitable then than they are later in life, they are also more hopeful, and loss and misfortune mean little to those who have all their best days before them. One explanation, however, of the fact recorded by Mr. Horsley suggests itself. A large number of the women who came under his care were courtesans, and probably even at twenty-two most of these unhappy women have become quite reckless and have lost utterly all hope for the future.

Want of space prevents us from noticing other remarkable facts brought forward by Mr. Horsley respecting suicide amongst the humbler classes of the community. It is to be observed, that, striking and interesting as the facts he records are, they point to no general conclusion of any importance save that drink is a great cause of suicide, and this has long been known. He does himself, indeed, draw one very definite conclusion from his observation of those who had, with more or less earnestness, attempted their own lives. He is of opinion that attempts at suicide should be more severely punished, and gives the following reasons for this view:—

It is worthy of note that the impression (greatly justified by facts) which prevails among the class from which most of these cases come, that the punishment for the crime is merely a week's detention and a lecture, has a bad effect by causing the persons to think lightly of the crime, and even to repeat it on the next occasion of irritation or apprehension.

An alderman was once derided for expressing his intention of putting down suicide, but he probably meant, what is undoubtedly true, that some

real punishment, inflicted as a rule, would be a strong deterrent to those who are unable or unused to see moral crime in what is ignored or treated lightly by the law of the land.

I firmly believe that if it became the exception instead of the rule for such offences to escape a period of hard labour, the numbers of attempts would at once, and to a remarkable extent, diminish.

Here we find it quite impossible to agree with Mr. Horsley. No doubt there are every year a certain number of half-hearted attempts at suicide, and if the offence were more severely punished many of these would not be made; but, on the other hand, the certainty of severe punishment in case of failure would make those who really are sick of life much more determined in their efforts to put an end to themselves. Mr. Horsley himself remarks in the beginning of his article that during the last three years the number of suicides has been steadily decreasing, while the number of attempts at suicide have been steadily increasing. Were such a law as he desires enforced, this state of things would in all probability be exactly reversed. There would be fewer attempts, but more cases of self-destruction. A man who was really anxious to die would certainly be stimulated in his attempt to remove himself from the world by the thought that, if he did not succeed, a degrading punishment awaited him. Men are not likely to be reconciled to life by the prospect of a long term of imprisonment; and, though suicide is undoubtedly a crime, it is repugnant to the instincts of humanity to treat unfortunate wretches who have been driven to it as if they were criminals of the ordinary stamp.

INDEPENDENT ART.

AN exhibition has been recently opened at No. 35 Boulevard des Capucines, "par un groupe d'artistes indépendants," as they style themselves in their prospectus, although they are none other than our old acquaintances the "Impressionists," who have, however, become disgusted with the name under which they first challenged public attention. Nor is this disgust to be marvelled at, for the term "Impressionist" has been applied to Courbet, and to others like him, who knew how to draw, and who were not ignorant of the art of painting as it is generally understood by ordinary mortals; and these two accomplishments stink in the nostrils of "independent art." The first things that strike a spectator's eye on entering the independent gallery are the frames in which it has seemed good to the exhibitors to hang their works; and one asks oneself in sheer bewilderment whether it can be possible that the independent artists have succeeded in finding an independent frame-maker to aid them in their task, for it is out of the question that any sane workman should have consented to make such monstrosities. Frames of scarlet, frames of mauve, and frames of violet follow each other in hideous succession, forcing the wearied eye to turn for relief to the pictures they enclose, and making one think that this ugly manifestation of eccentricity may, after all, be the result of a well-hatched plot on the part of the artists to force one to look at their productions. Of the technical qualities of these it is so difficult to think seriously—or to think at all—that we devoted most of the time that we spent among them in endeavouring to find out the hidden impulses which drive men to represent nature in such a manner. In this matter we believe that we have had some success. The conviction in which the independent landscape-painter clothes himself as in a garment appears to us to be that the world which we inhabit is a much steeper place than we work-a-day people have supposed it to be; and that its denizens—man and beast and creeping thing, together with its vegetation—suffer under a chronic tendency to fall from right to left. Of this doctrine we may cite, from among many others, two triumphant manifestations—"Le Quai des Célestins" by M. Guillaumin, and "Le Boulevard Rochechouart" by M. Pissarro. It is simply fearful to think of what might happen if, in obedience to any natural law, the things which M. Guillaumin has portrayed in the picture we have mentioned were to come to pass. The quay in the left of his picture falls violently to the left, dragging with it the river Seine, whose waters are discoloured with "streaks of green and purple, like those on a tiger's forehead," as Blake has it in his "Marriage of Heaven and Hell"; while the trees on the right protrude menacingly like the crest of some savage monster, and the "Pont Marie" totters in the background, to the imminent danger of an omnibus about to cross it. M. Pissarro's "Boulevard" is, if possible, more disquieting to behold; miserable human beings are seen vainly striving to keep their feet on the pavement of this street, which the engineers of Paris have obstinately built at right angles to the inclination of the fearful declivity that he represents; and yet we have often walked through the boulevard in question, deeming that the right-hand and the left-hand sides of it were on a level with each other. As if these strange aberrations in the art of perspective were not calculated to alarm the spectator sufficiently, the painter has summoned to his aid all the powers of a crude and violent scheme of colouring. His shadows are bright blue, and his high lights scarlet—colours apt to disconcert and to strike terror into the beholder. We wish that we had no more serious accusation to bring forward against M. Pissarro than his ignorance of drawing and his inharmonious colour; but he has exhibited other works of a more ambitious character, notably "Le Fendeur de Bois" and "Paysan du Val Hérpé," in which he does more than merely

imitate certain works of Jean François Millet. And this is an indictment which holds good against many of the "independent" artists, who in more than one instance in their figure compositions owe what little merit they possess to very uncompromising reminiscences of the masters they affect to despise. This asperser, however, can in no wise touch M. Degas, whose work is utterly unlike that of any other artist. Amongst other things, he exhibits an oblong piece of paper, covered in one corner by a horribly ill-drawn head of a soldier in coloured chalks, and in another by a rude sketch of a military cap. This production is mentioned in the catalogue as a "Physionomie de Criminel," a title which is also accorded to a sketch of an unsightly being smelling a bone, while an idiotic woman looks on approvingly—a work in the same manner by the same artist. It is to M. Degas that we owe the wondrous spectacle of independent sculpture, in the shape of a "Petite Danseuse (statuette en cire)." Here we find ourselves face to face with a wax model of a hideous young woman, devoid alike of bone and of muscle, clad in white wax stays, red wax shoes, and a real muslin frock. This appalling image is protected from the profaning air by a glass case, and is in every way worthy of being considered as the last word of independent art. We will therefore abstain from speaking of the numerous studies of persons in an advanced stage of decomposition, humorously spoken of in the catalogue as "études de jeunes femmes" and "études d'enfants," and pass on to the works of M. Raffaelli and M. Vignon. Here, at any rate, we have the consolation of being able to speak of works of real talent. The first in the catalogue of M. Raffaelli's numerous studies is an oil picture of two worn-out men playing at cards in a suburban "auberge" called "Les Déclassés." We have rarely seen a more careful and intelligent study of Parisian character than that which this picture brings to our notice. There is something in the faces of the two men that reminds us of Balzac's best pages; and the accessories, although somewhat crudely treated, are true to nature and help out the subject. "Cassant une croûte" is another admirable instance of this artist's power of seizing the character of those strangely interesting types that one so often sees in the vicinity of the old fortification lines of Paris. In "Une Grue à vapeur" and "Doux Vaches et trois Poules," M. Raffaelli shows his power of dealing with water-colour; these are pictures in which he displays his ability of seeing the poetic side of common things, and which make us the more regret that he should have exhibited such a lamentable performance as his "Chemin de fer sous neige," which purports to represent a locomotive engine leaving a station, but which at a little distance is suggestive of a deformed rhinoceros charging a row of palings. His "Locomotive en manœuvre" is, on the other hand, a very charming little study, with a singularly inappropriate title, for the subject is in reality a stretch of landscape with a dark windy sky, and the steam-engine, from which the picture takes its name, is only visible as a black speck in the distance. We hope to see more of M. Raffaelli on other occasions, and devoutly trust that in future we may find him in better company. M. Vignon, although decidedly inferior to him in originality, displays some excellent qualities; and his landscape, marked 152 in the catalogue, is in every way a good picture. His other works do not rise above the level of a respectable mediocrity; but we are so grateful to any one who evinces any artistic capability whatever in these torture chambers, that we cannot forbear mentioning them with approbation. Neither can we leave the Gallery without referring to M. Raffaelli's "Bourgeois lisant les faits divers," which we have overlooked in our notice of his works. This picture, which represents an old gentleman of the lower-middle class reading the account of a savage murder, displays a sense of humour on the part of the artist which is rarely to be met with out of England. An extract from the account in question, let into the frame, enables one to see, at a glance the exact words with which the old man is comforting his soul—a contrivance of doubtful taste, but which is not the less effective in its way. There is some truth of colour in M. Rouart's "Vue d'Antibes"; a quality which consoles one a little for his weak drawing, and M. Tillot exhibits some tolerable landscape sketches. Lest we should come away with anything approaching to a pleasant impression, the "Indépendants,"

more cruel far
Than wildest wolves and savage tigers are;

have reserved a dismal surprise for us in the shape of "La Chateuse, Médaille," a sort of glorified wooden soup-plate, with a blue-eyed howling monster carved in relief on it, who bears some distant resemblance to a woman. This "knavish piece of work" is suggestive of the first efforts in wood-carving of some North American Indian; and one is surprised that it is not signed "Raging Wolf" or "Spotted Tail." With sore eyes and a troubled brain we turned from these unearthly nightmares. In the courtyard below a blind fiddler was playing a choice selection of fashionable airs; he, at any rate, was following the rules laid down for the guidance of his art, to the best of his ability, and his strains, in which some vague notion of a harmonious ensemble was conveyed, fell like a pleasant shower upon our withered soul, and we went forth marvelling at the case of that man to whom it befell that a street musician should repair the havoc that had been made in his spirit by a group of independent artists.

In this article the name of Camille Muller, the self-taught

artist of "Le Tréport," naturally finds its place. Even at the premature age of nineteen, he leaves behind him a number of portraits, and of still-life pictures, which make one regret his loss. His work, always excellent in intention, despite the faults of extreme youth, shows none of the hesitation of the beginner. His drawings, often correct and always vigorous, and his remarkable power of dealing with masses of rich colour, incline us to the belief that, had he lived, he would have achieved lasting fame in the annals of French art.

SPIRITS IN PRISON.

THE very moderate sentence passed by Mr. Justice Hawkins upon Susan Wills Fletcher alias Sister Bertie, is doubtless unpleasant to that person, who is vouched for under the hand of a friend as one of the best and sweetest women she has ever known. Sweet is a very ambiguous term—sugar of lead is decidedly sweet; but, if Mrs. Fletcher was the best woman that her courageous friend has ever known, the moral character of the friend's circle cannot be regarded as altogether high-toned or wholesome. For the first time (if we put out of sight a very inadequate imprisonment endured by a follower of Slade, who was unwise enough to choose Yorkshire as the scene of his operations) positive punishment has been inflicted by English law upon those who avail themselves of the most degrading and dangerous delusion of modern times to rob the dupes of that delusion. The remarkable adducity with which Mrs. Fletcher ventured into the lion's den after the experience she had had in America of the changed sentiments of Sister Juliet, was sure to be wrested into a proof of her innocence. It is hardly necessary to say that the principal and most dangerous ground of confidence which swindlers of this kind have is the reluctance of their victims to make open confession of their folly. It is a pity, certainly, that husband and wife should be separated; and a twelvemonth or two of prison quiet, and perhaps a little hard bodily labour, would no doubt be an excellent alternative for Mr. William Fletcher, after the excitements and unhealthy spiritual exertions of his life as a medium. Mr. Morton, too, the lawyer-colonel, who was in England last week and to be found in just the place he might have been looked for in—a curious instance of the intelligent activity of the English police—would have been a pleasing completion to the trinity. But, if prevention be the end of punishment, the fate of the best and sweetest of women is likely to be as effective as the fate of her accomplices.

The history of the case, like the history of most such cases, may be said to have tended a good deal more to amusement than to edification. We desire to speak with all respect of Dr. "Mac"—doctor of healing, if not of medicine—who has certainly been instrumental in bringing one rogue to justice and in baffling the machinations of two others. It would appear that Mrs. Hart-Davies is in absolute need of somebody to lean upon, and hitherto Dr. "Mac" appears to have been a sufficiently trusty staff. Her previous supporters have, we fear, proved but broken reeds. Her husbands leave her under circumstances doubtless susceptible of the fullest explanation; her lovers, if only co-dévant lovers, go off in the most irritating fashion with her sworn sisters, and her "brothers" are the rottenest reeds of all. The affection of a young trusting heart, as this lady pathetically describes her *épanchement*, seems to have been more than once cruelly deceived. As to the Fletcher story itself, it might almost have been written without knowledge of the actual facts by an intelligent novelist. A remarkably excitable and impressionable person is discontented with her present relations in life, has Spiritualist leanings, and thinks with regret of her dead mother. This is the great handle which Spiritualist rascality invariably works. The only perceivable idiosyncrasy in Mrs. Hart-Davies was her extraordinary gullibility, the implicit faith with which she received the announcements of the Fletchers, and the rapidity with which she divested herself of her worldly goods in their favour. None of the more exquisite impostures were required; it was sufficient for the mediums to fall into a trance, to look at a divining ball, even to write in a letter that the deceased lady "had walked across the room with the grace of a true queen," and the thing was done. Mrs. Hart-Davies at once made room for the Fletchers, man and wife, in her capacious heart. They made a trinity, in which Fletcher represented Wisdom (*i.e.* that of the serpent), Mrs. Fletcher Work (and indeed she seems to have performed the tasks allotted to her with creditable thoroughness), and Mrs. Hart-Davies Love, a commodity of which she seems always to have had a great deal to give away or exchange. The affectionate consideration of the maternal spirit discovered that certain valuable property which she had left to her daughter was altogether too magnetic, that it was exercising a bad effect on her health, and that it had much better be transferred to Sister Bertie and Brother Willie. The transfer was effected with speed and completeness, and the woe to which the best and sweetest of women put the jewelry and the lace were, to say the least, peculiar. No sooner, however, had the too magnetic ornaments found themselves (sometimes with very little else, it would seem, to keep them company) on the person of Sister Bertie, than the affection of that sister and the other saint, her husband, began to cool. A long journey was undertaken in company (always a rash thing), and Mrs. Hart-Davies saw with disgust (or without it, whichever the student of human nature may prefer) "a handsome Captain," a former admirer

of her own, make tracks at the port of debarkation with Sister Bertie and remain absent for some days, occupied doubtless, under her guidance, in cultivating relations with the spirit world. Then Dr. Mac appeared on the scene, and things were not so pleasant for the Fletchers. Of the Doctor's powers of healing we can give no opinion, but he seems to know a rogue when he sees him, and to have a very shrewd notion of the proper method of treatment to be applied to that phenomenon. With the assistance of the American authorities a good deal of the property was disgorge, and, on the woman Fletcher making her appearance once more in this country, proceedings were taken with the result which everybody knows. The history is in the main a very old one. Grovelling superstition, which actually anticipates the attempts made to deceive it, and holds out its throat to the knife and its pocket to the spoiler, is nothing new in the history of the world. Neither is the fact that such superstition occasionally "takes the rue" after a time and discovers its own folly; nor the fact that jealousy is a very useful instrument in bringing about such repentance. The principal points of novelty in the individual story are the fact that most of the plunder was recovered, and the fact that one at least of the plunderers has met with something like her deserts.

Unluckily there were certain special features in this matter which are indeed almost always more or less clearly discernible in such affairs, and for which readers of the *Tale of a Tub* and beholders of Hogarth's "Enthusiasm Delineated" are pretty well prepared. Mr. Justice Hawkins, with great propriety, restrained the cross-examination of counsel as much as possible when it tended in this direction, but (as properly) he referred in his sentence to a possible aspect of the matter which, if less legally criminal, is morally more disgusting than the most barefaced spoliation of a credulous dupe by designing rascals. Even in Spiritualist trials and investigations, there are recorded few things more nauseous than the "scrunches," the "cuddling rests," the "pawing," the inquiries about "having babies in the spirit world," the allusions to "handsome captains," the confessions by a wife in the character of go-between that her husband has for some time ceased to regard his spiritual sister in a merely sisterly light, and so forth. The fact, however, that sooner or later this particular cloven hoof always peeps out in these cases of ghostly imposture, though it is not in the least surprising to physiologists or historical students, is perhaps worth bearing in mind by those who have a hankering after Spiritualism, and who regard it as a precious buttress to religion, a field for pure and unmaterial delights, and so forth. The correct way, according to a great scientific authority, to discover whether a spirit is properly "materialized" is to take her in your arms. The average visitant from the other world (and it is curious how much oftener these visitants are of the sweeter and better sex) is quite *apprivoisé*, and does not object to the harmless test. It is, perhaps, from this originally scientific and experimental practice that "scrunching" and "cuddling" have come to hold so large a place in the operations of spirits and Spiritualists. Or it may be contended that the reaction from the high ethereal delight of spirit communion requires such methods, and is, indeed, helped by them. "I touch heaven when I touch a human body," says Walt Whitman, among whose oddities, to do him justice, Spiritualism does not seem to be counted. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and their likes appear to have hit upon the same method of reaching the celestial regions, though it is less euphoniously expressed in their favourite term of "scrunching."

No one of course supposes that persons far gone in Spiritualism will be in the least affected by this exposure; that, indeed, they will be any more affected by it than by the scores and hundreds of exposures, equally clear, if less disgraceful, that have occurred before. But it is perhaps worth while to point out that the trial ought to do good from the very fact that it does not directly attack Spiritualist belief. Any believer in the general doctrine that there is no wisdom in the grave, which, as based upon the reported utterances of spirits, may be said to be a sound general principle, may hold, if he likes, that Mr. Fletcher was a wicked man who did not really see the spirit of the late Mrs. Hengley, or that he was a wicked man who did see her and perverted her commands to his own base purposes. But even such a person, unless he or she is as far gone as Mrs. Fletcher's compurgatrix, who holds her to be the best and sweetest of women, must admit the extraordinary "shadiness" which hangs over the whole affair. The nauseous language, the indecent photographs, the sordid cupidty of the mediums, the pitiable confessions that the victim has to make, these are things likely to make a deeper impression on the sort of mind which, as a rule, falls a victim to Spiritualism than repeated exposures of phosphorus-bottles and flax wigs, slip-knots and false-bottomed cabinets, slate pencils under the nail, and hands made of sawdust and flesh-coloured kid. The latter appeal to the judgment, which in such cases very frequently does not exist; the former to feelings of shame and taste, which frequently do. To be gulled is, after all, nothing very terrible. But to be degraded into taking a vicious and vulgar Yankee adventurer for a saintly prophet, a greedy harpy and possible *extrême-remède* for a sweet spiritual sister, this is an experience of which few women, we should think, would altogether care to run the risk. The very fact, that in this particular case it is hardly possible to feel any sympathy for Mrs. Hart-Davies is the strongest argument in this direction.

...the King should be invited to come to Lay-
bach, and then invite the Great Powers to put him on his throne
again. They stated that France and England might be expected
to give their consent, "since the principle on which the invitation
was in perfect harmony with the agreement formerly concluded
there." This may have been very true; but England was not in
the same mood. The King had become very unpopular, owing to
the "Glenalton" trial; the Opposition was much strengthened; Lord
Castlereagh could no longer do everything he wished; the Duke of
Wellington had a great objection to interfering in the affairs of
small nations, and England finally decided to decline. Metternich
was, however, perfectly convinced that he, and perhaps he alone,
knew what was wanted to save society; and in the end of 1820
he laid before the Emperor Francis a sort of elaborate confession
of his political faith, the keynote of which was "a league between
all Governments against factions in all States." Full of this for-
mula, he had the delight of meeting in October 1821 a
thoroughly kindred spirit in George IV., who was then visiting
Hanover. The King praised the Emperor, whom he styled "Our
Emperor," and Metternich to the skies, and ended with a frightful
explosion against his own Ministry, especially against Lord Liver-
pool, but entirely excepting Lord Castlereagh, whom he described
as a faithful, vigorous man, quite devoted to the good cause, as
proof of which he concluded by saying to Metternich, "He under-
stands you; he is your friend; that says everything." The two
friends got on so well together that Metternich wrote that he
made it part of his business to prepare for the fall of the Liverpool
Ministry, and to reconstruct a Ministry, under Lord Castlereagh's
leadership, "devoted to the cause or us, which is the same thing."
Metternich appears to have believed in perfect good faith that
England stood in the same relation to Austria that Prussia did,
and that he and George IV. could make any Ministry they liked in
England, and keep it in office. Things, however, turned out badly.
Lord Londonderry committed suicide in August 1822, just when he
was coming to Verona, where a new Congress was met to declare a
new sentence of monarchs against Spain. Metternich was sincerely
shocked at the sad occurrence; but he had the satisfaction
of pronouncing over his departed friend what to him seemed the
highest eulogy that earth had to bestow—"Londonderry was the
only man in his country who had gained any experience in foreign
affairs; he had learned to understand me."

A remarkable letter from Metternich to the Emperor Francis,
written in 1829, concludes the fourth volume of his Memoirs, and
sums up the chief results of the years which had intervened
between the first break-down of Metternich's policy in 1823, to the
time, when, as he fondly hoped, the end had come of the sad
struggle to which he had been exposed by the perversity of Russia.
Canning had broken altogether away from the wholesome sway of
right principles. Then Russia had openly shattered the peace
which was the chief aim of Metternich to preserve. England
had failed with Russia in declaring in favour of Greece, and
France had ultimately assented, and thus the Triple Alliance was
formed together outside of the old European alliance, and pro-
ceeded on principles which Metternich thought detestable. In-
stead of all Governments combining to put down all factions, some
Governments were combining to help a faction. This was a chal-
lenge to Metternich and his policy of the most direct kind.
Metternich knew that it was, and candidly explained in his letter
why he had not accepted it. He would very much like to have
imposed peace on Europe, but he had not the means. Austria had
not got the money or the men to impose on her neighbours the
policy she thought best for her and for them. He had been made
very happy by the opportune death of Canning, but he was obliged
to own that this release from the utter misery which Canning had
caused him was not so fruitful of blessing as he had hoped; for the
Duke of Wellington, otherwise so admirable, had no true notion
of foreign affairs, and had got so firmly into his head the notion
that the old European alliance was dead that Metternich could not
persuade him that it was as much alive as ever. The Duke hap-
pened to be right. The day for ruling Europe by Congresses in
which all Governments combined against all factions had gone by,
never to return to the last hour of Metternich's long life. But
Metternich could never believe that he was mistaken. In 1829
he thought that everything looked very bright. There had been a
temporary departure from his policy, but the bad time had
passed. In England there was the Wellington Ministry, which, if
not very wise, had at least a firm grasp on right principles, and
the Marquess of Hertford—with whom Metternich was delighted,
and whom he pronounced to be among the most independent,
thoughtful, and clever of his English acquaintances—had told
him confidentially that he and his friends were going to exert
their vast dormant power, and put down the movement for
Reform once for all. Russia had ended its perturbing action
against Turkey, and in France Polignac was Minister, and he
was one of whom Metternich could say, "he holds our opinions
thoroughly." As Metternich summed up the situation, "Every
power that is inclined to return to the original principle of the
European alliance, as well as to the system of which it is the basis,
must join with Austria; and that this sooner or later must be
done, is evident from the nature of things, and from the unmis-
takable necessities of this age." These were the views of the one

man in Europe on the eve of the French Revolution of the
English Reform Bill, of the liberation of Belgium, of the French
occupation of Algeria. Somehow the nature of things and the
necessities of the age would not operate as they ought to have
done. Canning, as Metternich wrote on one occasion, "tried
to kill me, whereas I killed him and his policy." The sense in
which Metternich meant that he had killed Canning was evidently
that his principles and that of Canning had come into collision,
and that he had triumphed, and among the scalytes of Canning
whom he had killed must have been Palmerston. Throughout
Europe there was no one prophesying more blighly as to the
future than this man, who was profoundly convinced that he was
gifted with almost more than human wisdom. This very blind-
ness, however, this limit of his range, this conviction of his
wisdom had largely contributed to his success during the years
when he was successful. He was no doubt favoured by the times,
for Europe was stunned by the long Napoleon wars, and dreaded
above all things new disturbances; but it was Metternich who gave
shape to the thoughts of the ruling classes, and who fashioned
others to his will, because, while others doubted, he never doubted;
while others shrank from action, he was resolute; and because he
alone had an intense and unchanging persuasion that he had
got hold of great truths and was born to establish their
dominion.

WOOLING A SWEETBRIAR.

IN a recent novel we have a lively picture given us of a dress-
maker's work-room, with a young man who occupies his
leisure hours in reading out highly-spiced romances to the busy
"young ladies." In such a circle we feel certain that *Wooring a
Sweetbriar* would have received a hearty welcome. The dress-
maker's apprentices would have revelled in the descriptions of
aristocratic life, in the elegant costumes of the ladies, in the jocular-
ity of the gentlemen, only—for constancy is the ideal virtue (in
fiction) of the working classes—they would have been shocked at
the levity with which the fascinating hero pays devoted attention
to a beauty and an heiress, while his affections were unalterably
engaged elsewhere.

We should certainly have felt very much surprised had a novel
with such a silly name as *Wooring a Sweetbriar* turned out clever
or interesting; but we were not prepared for anything quite
so improbable or dull as this tale proves to be. It opens at a
"quiet place" in Paris where "respectable citizens" come and
drink coffee and smoke and listen to the band, and here the
heroine, Linda Cavaye, accidentally renews her acquaintance with
her father, who has been for twelve years in India. Now a place
frequented by "respectable citizens" is the very last spot that
would have been favoured with the presence of "the Hon. Captain
Frederick Cavaye, younger brother of the Earl of Glenlindon,"
who "showed his breeding in every line of his chiselled features,"
still less was it likely to have been visited by his friend Sir
Edward Gore, who, "though a baronet with a goodly line of distin-
guished ancestors, bore no outward visible signs of his good birth."
The experienced novel reader will find no difficulty in detecting
Captain Cavaye's character and position in the story, after discover-
ing his military rank. No man could be a captain at forty-two,
even before the recent regulations, without being a scamp
who has but a secondary part to play. Had he been in-
tended for the hero, he would have been a colonel fifteen
years before, or, had he been the virtuous parent, we should have
found him a general, if not a K.C.B. Captain Cavaye, therefore,
beneath his "pleasant exterior" conceals every vice that was ever
united by a mature captain and a younger son of an earl. His
"breeding" extends no further than his looks, for he grossly insults
his sister-in-law and her husband, who have brought up his
daughter for twelve years, and then abruptly carries Linda off to
visit among his own relations, with the avowed object of marrying
her as speedily as possible. On the journey homewards he ex-
poses her to the offensive admiration of Sir Edward Gore, who
informs her pleasantly that "he would rather be scolded by her
than kissed by any one else." Captain Cavaye does his best to
make her ask for money from any one who seems likely to give it
to her. Twelve years' absence from this attractive person does not
seem to have done as much for Linda as we could have wished. She
first engages herself to her cousin, Will Jones, though of course
the reader at once knows no heroine would be allowed to
marry a young man with such a plebeian name, but, on her arrival
in England, promptly falls in love with another cousin, Lord
Kilmara, the future Earl of Glenlindon. Lord Kilmara is deeply
in debt, and has no pecuniary expectations except from his aunt, so
he dares not propose to her, though this trifling omission does not
prevent many endearments from passing between them. Un-
happily, however, Lord Kilmara does not confine his caresses to
the lady with whom, for the time being, he really fancies himself
in love. Partly to blind his rich aunt, and partly to amuse him-
self, he flirts vigorously all though a ball with another young lady,
Eva Venables, and suddenly, on the balcony, seizes her in his arms
and kisses her wildly. This Eva Venables is the type of every-
thing that the author thinks gentle and womanly, but she resents
the insult very mildly indeed, though she herself is the fiancée of
one Charles Egerton, and is madly in love with him. This young

man is as penniless as all the characters in the book that have not 60,000 a year. Eva's father is a very poor curate, whose head is not unaptly turned by succeeding to a baronetcy and to the above-mentioned large income. It would be an immense relief to all thoughtful and imaginative people if these turns of fortune's wheel could be accomplished in some other way than by the invariable drowning of a distant cousin and his two sons, heirs to the title and estate. Could not the family go up in a balloon, and discover something wrong with the apparatus; or might they not be all seized with a sudden feeling of patriotism, and volunteer, and be killed in one of our foreign wars? Any variety would be welcome. Sir Dalton Venables and his two sons, however, dispose of themselves in the regulation way, and Eva becomes the heiress to the family property. Her father has always disapproved of her engagement with Mr. Egerton, and now availed himself of the first excuse to act like the father in the poem:—

Once he loved you, loved you blindly,
But papa behaved unkindly,
Gave poor Reginald his congé,
One evening in the salle à manger.

Linda meanwhile had been pursuing her career of conquest and, let us add, of kissing, in an uninterrupted way. The only man she did not flirt with was Sir Edward Gore, who, besides being short, ugly, and horsey-looking, knew not how to draw the line between "broad familiarity and coarse rudeness." We should have imagined that there was no such line to be drawn, and that if there was, that it was equally unperceived by the rest of the characters; but then we are ignorant of the manners and customs of the circles in which the Cavayes moved. Sir Edward still wished to marry her, and her father still urged the match; but Linda held out, in spite of threats, and even blows, so Captain Cavaye takes her with him to try her luck in the happy hunting grounds of Edinburgh. Here she makes friends with a young lady of sixteen, "well meaning, but utterly unprincipled," and spends her days on the tops of drags, and her evenings in ball-rooms. In reading *Wooring a Sweetbriar* we could almost fancy the days of Erasmus had returned, so regularly on every public occasion do the principal persons salute each other, though without the purity and sweetness of their dispositions suffering in the least. The result of this behaviour in the case of Linda is that one young man with whom she has gone these lengths, and then refused, commits suicide—a fact which is thrown in her teeth in ordinary conversation for the rest of her life. We will give a specimen of the delicate observations made to her by the Rev. Sir Horace Venables, a few months after the event had occurred:—

"I fancy you knew a gentleman of the name of Edwards, in Edinburgh, Miss Cavaye, did you not?"

He had met a friend the day before, who had related the story of poor Edwards's death—with a good deal of exaggeration respecting Miss Cavaye's share in it—to him, and he was anxious to ascertain how far the report was correct; for, if it proved to be so, Miss Cavaye was not exactly the sort of friend he would choose for his daughter, though she was Glenlindon's cousin. So he took the above delicate way of approaching the subject, staring hard at Linda with his cold grey eyes as he spoke.

The girl, who had also been indulging in a reverie, roused herself with a slight start, and answered steadily, though the blood suddenly forsook her lips:—

"Yes, I did."

"He shot himself, I believe?"

"He did." Linda's quivering lips could hardly frame the simple words.

"They say he was crossed in love, or something of that kind."

This time the girl essayed no answer whatever, and Sir Horace suffered the subject to drop, convinced by her evident unwillingness to speak on it, that she was in truth the heroine of the Edwards's suicide which had created such a sensation, and on whom the newspapers had heaped such unsparring abuse, though they had not given her name.

It would be too dismal to follow the manœuvres which drag their weary length through three volumes. The scene is changed periodically from England to the Riviera; but not only are the actors the same, but their mode of acting also. On learning that Eva has become an heiress, Lord Kilmarra, now the Earl of Glenlindon, at once flies to Cannes to pay court to her; and this under the very eyes of Linda Cavaye, with whom he is still "in love." He begins by asking her why she is so unkind to him, and then refers, in the best taste, to the subject of the ball-room kisses:—

"I have wanted to apologise to you for a long time for anything that you may have thought rude in my manner that night. You cannot tell how I regret having offended you. I do not know what possessed me to act as I did; except that you looked so tantalizingly pretty; and I had known you so intimately ever since you were a child, that I had come to regard you almost as I did any of my cousins. I never thought you would be so angry with me; Lady Flora Wilton and heaps of other girls would only have laughed and treated it as a joke. I think you took it rather too seriously, Miss Venables; and then, when you refused to dance with me, I got angry too, and was too proud to apologise, as I had intended doing. But say you forgive me now, and I will never do anything that can vex you again."

After much perseverance on his part, he is unwillingly accepted, just when Linda's fortunes are at the lowest ebb, for her father has committed forgery, and is now living by cheating at cards at Nice. When all their money is gone, and Linda has declined either to ask any one for more, or to act as decoy to the young men about the place, Captain Cavaye deserts his daughter, who rushes to Geneva to throw herself into the arms of Lord Glenlindon. He tells her that he regrets to say he has promised to marry the heiress; but, as Linda promptly falls ill of brain fever, he reconsiders the situation, and everything ends happily.

Such is the outline of *Wooring a Sweetbriar*. We cannot stigmatize the characters as unnatural, because in many cases they represent a state of society which does undoubtedly exist, a society which, while keeping the letter of the commandments, perpetually breaks them in the spirit. There is hardly one relationship in *Wooring a Sweetbriar* which is not distorted into something hideous. Aunts are jealous of their nieces, young men openly accuse the girls of whom they think most highly of throwing themselves at their heads and laying traps for them, young ladies are unable to resist their own vanity and to be true to what they know is right. Dignity or reticence is, of course, absolutely wanting among people of this sort, and they seem to have lost the sense of care for their own reputation, which outlasts care for the reputation of others. It is not often a father is so lacking in decency as to tell a stranger who remarks upon the delicate looks of his daughter that she is fretting "about her old lover," or that a gentleman tells his friend, just after he has proposed, that his fiancée is "a stupid little thing." But if we were to begin to dissect the taste of the book our task would be endless.

ODGERS ON LIBEL AND SLANDER.*

MR. BLAKE ODGERS has acquitted himself of an exceedingly difficult and troublesome undertaking in a manner deserving of almost unqualified praise. And if our own approval is thus far guarded in its expression, it is not because we have actually noted any material error or defect, but because it is impracticable for a reviewer to examine critically the whole of a book dealing exhaustively, as this does, with a large and intricate subject. In those parts to which we have given closer attention we have found Mr. Odgers an accurate as well as a diligent writer. The burden of diligence he has imposed upon himself is no ordinary one. His object has been to bring together in an orderly form the whole of the existing authorities on the law of libel and slander, and to state as nearly as possible their results. Thus his work is a Digest in the old sense, in so far as it collects all the cases; but it is also a Digest in the newer sense which has come in of late years, in so far as it extracts the meaning of the cases and embodies it in general propositions. The second part of the task, though it covers less space than the first, is really the more important. As Mr. Odgers truly says in his preface, "A huge collection of reported cases piled one on the top of the other is not a legal treatise, any more than a tumbled pile of bricks is a house"; accordingly he has "attempted to strike a balance, as it were, and state the net result of the authorities." Too many of the books in common use offer us little better than a tumbled pile of bricks. The operation of putting a long series of decisions in order and getting some sort of net result from them is more troublesome than any one would believe who has not done it himself. Mr. Odgers has here carried it through manfully and successfully. So far as we can see, he has never shirked a doubtful point or taken refuge in ambiguous generalities. In dealing with really unsettled questions it might perhaps have been an improvement to state with equal precision and particularity (as Mr. Justice Stephen has once or twice done in his *Digest of the Criminal Law*), both of the opposing views which may still be tenable. On the head of blasphemy, for example, we think Mr. Justice Stephen's method gives a clearer notion to the reader of what a judge and jury would be likely to do at the present day. But it must always be to some extent a matter of individual judgment how far an attempt to reconcile apparently discordant authorities is worth making.

It would be impossible for us to follow Mr. Odgers through all the matters treated of in his book. We shall select one or two which raise questions of principle not without general interest. The distinction in English law between written and spoken words, as affording a cause of action, has been more than once commented on as unsatisfactory, and there is much reason to believe that, as regards its actual history, it is a casual result of the manner in which jurisdiction in cases of libel and slander was acquired by the civil courts. An ingenious argument to this effect was contributed to the *American Law Review* in 1872 by Mr. St. John Green, and has been adopted by Mr. Melville Bigelow in his *Leading Cases on the Law of Torts*—a valuable work too little known in this country. Mr. Odgers, on the other hand, thinks the distinction justified by the reason commonly given, that written or printed matter has naturally and necessarily more publicity and permanence than spoken words. But this omits to notice that the quality of the persons to whose knowledge a defamation comes may be far more important to the party's feelings or reputation than their mere numbers. A libel in a newspaper may be extremely offensive and injurious to a well-known man conversant with educated people, when the very same statement, made in the same manner of an obscure man whose kinsfolk and friends are illiterate, might do him far less harm than oral communication. To speak ill of a man in a newspaper which his acquaintance do not read surely is a less injury than to speak ill of him to their faces. It is a strange conclusion, again, that a slander should be deemed less mischievous because (as may be the case) it is so vile that the utterer cannot get it printed and dares not commit

* *A Digest of the Law of Libel and Slander; with the Evidence, Procedure, and Practice, both in Civil and Criminal Cases, and Precedents of Pleadings.* By W. Blake Odgers, M.A., &c. London: Stevens & Sons, 1881.

himself to writing it. On the whole, we think the rule of law should be the same for spoken and for written words, and the manner and extent of publication, whether by speaking, writing, or printing, whether by private communications or by the public press, whether in an ordinary course of dealing or with a special purpose of injury, should be considered only for the purpose of awarding damages. Or, if there are to be fixed differences, the principal one in our opinion should be, not between written and spoken words, but between matter published and matter not published; understanding publication in its common and popular sense, not in the technical and often unnatural one which it has gradually acquired in this branch of the law. There are one or two other points as to which Mr. Odgers does not think it needful to be astute to justify the existing state of things. Such is the rule that spoken imputations of immorality, however gross, are not actionable without special damage; though perhaps a reason for this, too, might be discovered with a little ingenuity. For mere foul-mouthed abuse will hardly beget in impartial bystanders any other opinion than that the person uttering it is in a state incompatible with being the witness of truth; and thus the person to or concerning whom the words are uttered is not damaged. But if the hearers of such matter perchance lightly believe it, they show themselves to be a sort of people whose good opinion is not worth having, and, by consequence, the loss of it is no damage; unless, indeed, the party's known character be such as to make the description antecedently credible, which is as much as to say that he or she has no character to lose. If this plea for the common law fail to carry conviction to our readers, we can but assure them that there are worse in Blackstone. As regards the special question of the position of newspaper editors and publishers who have issued libellous matter in good faith, in the course of truthful reports of speeches made at meetings and the like, Mr. Odgers does not agree with the recommendations lately made by a Select Committee of the House of Commons. He thinks that no further extension of the description of privileged matter or occasions is needed; and that the best reform of procedure would be to abolish prosecutions by indictment altogether in libel cases. The procedure by information would then remain as an auxiliary to the ordinary civil remedy, which Mr. Odgers proposes should not be, as it now is, excluded by it. A criminal remedy of some sort must be retained, as Mr. Odgers points out, if only because many libellers of the worst kind are not worth powder and shot in a civil action, and indeed regard it as a desirable advertisement.

An excellent feature of Mr. Odgers's work is that he wholly sweeps away the cumbrous and idle fiction of "malice in law." What is called "malice in law" means, as he justly says, nothing else than the absence of lawful excuse. But where there is lawful excuse there is no wrong; so that, in this sense, every actionable wrong is malicious, and to say that it is maliciously committed is mere surplage. The fact that you bring an action shows that you maintain the defendant's word or deed to be both wrong on the face of it, and not justifiable by any matter of excuse or privilege applicable to the conduct complained of. Probably the habit of alleging malice arose from the opinion found in some of the older cases, but now overruled, that to make spoken words actionable some proof must be given that they were spoken with ill-will; in other words, that what is now called "malice in fact," or "express malice," was a necessary ingredient of the wrong. Mr. Odgers's handling of the matter is identical in principle with that of Mr. Justice Stephen in his *Digest of the Criminal Law*, where, however, the word "maliciously" is retained, perhaps in order the more effectually to expose its absurdity. Fair comments on subjects of public interest are dealt with by Mr. Odgers, we may here note, not under the head of privilege, but in connexion with the general question, What amounts to defamation? The correct view, he maintains, is not that criticism of matters of public concern is privileged, but that fair criticism of such matters is no libel. For, "if such criticism was privileged in the strict sense of the words, it would in every case be necessary for the plaintiff to prove actual malice, however false and however injurious the strictures may have been; while the defendant would only have to prove that he honestly believed the charges himself in order to escape liability; and this clearly is not the law." This reason is, we think, a good one. It would be still better, though a text-writer could hardly attempt it, to get rid of "privilege" altogether as a technical term. Fair comment on what is fairly open to public comment is no libel. Other statements which otherwise would be libellous may be justified by showing that they are true, or they may be excused by the occasion. Some few occasions afford an excuse, even if the statement is not believed to be true by the person making it. There are said to be absolutely privileged. Others have this effect only if the statement is made with belief in its truth, and with some other motive than ill-will to the person affected by it. In these cases there is said to be qualified privilege. To all practical intents the difference between occasions of absolute and of qualified privilege is much greater than between occasions not privileged in any sense, and occasions privileged in one or other of the above-named senses. Privilege, therefore, as a general term, gives an awkward or misleading cross-division; if retained at all, it should be limited to what is now called "absolute privilege." The rational title to include all the cases would be justification and excuse, under which the topics might be arranged in the following order:—1. Truth in substance and in fact. 2. Fair comment on matter of public interest. 3. Communications or reports made in good faith and on proper occasions ("qualified privilege"). 4. Statements made in Par-

liament, in discharge of official duty, or in the course of judicial proceedings ("absolute privilege"). It is well known to lawyers that the law of libel and slander, especially slander, has a sufficiently comic side. The severely technical character of Mr. Odgers's book has not allowed him to call attention to this directly. But we judge from passages like the following that the humours of the subject have not escaped him:—

Is it a publication if a man tells his wife what he thinks of his neighbours? . . . The question seems never to have arisen in England; probably because in every such case there has been an immediate and undoubted publication of the same slander, or an exaggerated version thereof, by the wife to some third person; for which the husband would be equally answerable in damages, and which would be easier to prove.

One use to which an idly curious reader might put this *Digest* is to discover how much vituperation of his neighbour he might safely indulge in without risk of an action. There is a tradition on the Northern Circuit of two members of the mess who on a Grand Night exchanged unactionable compliments for a considerable time. We know not if their exploits are fully recorded, and probably great part of them would be unquotable if they were. But we may suggest the following general description as probably safe to speak (though not to write) of a country gentleman in the commission of the peace, not called to the Bar, and carrying on no particular business:—

He is a runagate rogue, a villain, a varlet, and a cozening knave. He hath as much law as a Jackanapes; he is a bankrupt fellow not worth three half-pence; he hath but one manor, and that he got by swearing and forswearing; he is a logger-headed, slouch-headed, bursen-bellied hound, an ass and a beetle-headed justice. He is a scamping rascal, and stole the parish bell-ropes when he was churchwarden; he stole a growing tree worth forty shillings from Farmer Stiles's meadow, and a hoghead of water from his pond, and poisoned his pigs with mustard and brimstone.

We do not answer for every one of these epithets as being certainly not actionable at the present day, and in any case it must be left to the speaker's discretion whether there is any chance of special damage ensuing and being provable. Above all, variations are dangerous; for example, though you may without fear tax a churchwarden with stealing the parish bell-ropes, it will not do to say of him that he cheated the parish of their value, nor to call him a thief in general. He that would learn more of this excellent distinction, let him turn to *Jackson v. Adams* in the second volume of Bingham's *New Cases*.

THREE MILITARY BOOKS.*

MR. TOMASSON was much disappointed by the results of the Zulu war. We fear he must have been still more chagrined by the terms of peace made with the Boers. For Mr. Tomasson holds, and holds strongly, that "Africa should become to us a second India, and should be British from Table Bay to Cape Guardafui." He prophesies "such it will be, spite of all the clamour of a section at home"; he explains to all the sections "we are, to a barbarism a thousandfold greater than that of India, the pioneers of Christianity and civilization"; and he concludes his volume by inquiring of the pioneers—"Should we pause in our glorious career?" The recall of Sir Bartle Frere in response to the clamour of a section was very much calculated to throw a damper upon Mr. Tomasson's exuberant hopes. In that enterprising statesman he had recognized the nation's first and greatest pioneer, one who he might confidently expect would be giving orders at an early date to Adjutant Tomasson and the irregular horse of the flying column to free the continent of Africa from Table Bay to Cape Guardafui. "History," however, says our author, "will look after Sir Bartle's reputation"; and we have no doubt such will be the case. With history and prophecy both on his side Mr. Tomasson can afford to wait awhile for the full realization of his programme.

Colonel Buller's irregulars were composed of men of no less than nineteen nationalities, besides Jews of all nations. "Discharged soldiers and 'Varsity men, unfrocked clergyman and sailor, cockney and countryman, cashiered officers of army and navy, here rubbed shoulders." It is no wonder that it required "long months of anxious work" on the part of Colonel and officers to bring this heterogeneous material "to its best form." Mr. Tomasson must be well qualified to pass an opinion, and he tells us that Danes make the best, and Americanized Irish the worst, soldiers. It is a mistake to suppose that the most efficient irregular corps is necessarily made up of the most irregular people. Under a man like Colonel Buller, unfrocked clergymen and cashiered officers have very carefully to mind their p's and q's; and an irregular force is never so efficient as when in the matter of discipline it is most like a regular one. Mr. Tomasson gives us a spirited account of various combats in which he was engaged in Zululand—amongst others of Ulundi; various details concerning the poor Prince Imperial, whom he met more than once; and some observations on the Boer outbreak. There is an amusing anecdote concerning Oham's wives when that astute brother to Cetewayo came over to our

* *With the Irregulars in the Transvaal and Zululand.* By W. H. Tomasson, late Adjutant of Irregular Cavalry. London: Remington.

The Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea: Extracts from the Letters and Journal of the late General Lord George Paget, K.C.B. With a Map. London: Murray.

The Dress, Horse, and Equipment of Infantry and Staff Officers. By Captain Henry Hallam Parr, C.M.G. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

side. Colonel Buller had to escort the party to our camp, and on the way a river was reached, which two of the wives pretended to be afraid to cross. "Two troopers were therefore told off to take the ladies on their backs and swim over; but one, finding her cavalier rather knocking up in the transit, quickly dived off, and swam like a duck to the shore; immediately the other followed suit, and both reached the bank, leaving their bearers struggling in the stream, to be received on gaining the bank by the unmerciful laughter of their comrades. To add insult to injury, the fair ladies addressed them in Zulu, which the interpreter translated to be, 'Him no good.'" Mr. Tomasson has a bad opinion of the "ill-advised Dutchmen" till now in rebellion; but makes exception of "men like Paul Kruger and Joubert, fanatics of the Calvinist school, who, I am firmly convinced, are acting sincerely up to their convictions." Were this volume to reach a second edition, some qualifying remarks would doubtless be attached in explanation of the following sentence:—"The Boer will not fight unless driven into a corner whence there is no escape." The author was very disconsolate when his corps was broken up and his vision of a new British India became temporarily obscured. He is more to be pitied than Alexander, whose disappointment was of a negative order. Here there *was* a world waiting to be conquered. The late adjutant wonders where his former comrades are now to be found. He fears they will not be easily mustered again, for

Some are dead, and more are gone,
And others, beyond the seas,
Got arraped to death with oyster shells,
Among the Caribbees.

Mr. Tomasson's apologies for shortcomings in English composition take the form of a defiance to the critics to find any worse. It certainly did occur to us more than once that his grammar had, like his unfortunate comrades, got "among the Caribbees."

In a memorandum attached to the preface of Lord George Paget's book, the late author tells us he had lent his manuscript to many people to read, among others to Mr. Kinglake, "who had it in his possession for two years, I think, and who was so complimentary as to say that he learnt more from it than from all other accounts put together." Outside the circle of anecdote, and beyond the range of matters of interest only to the writer's own friends, there is therefore no news which has not been long ago discounted. The gallant officer took such a time to consider and re-consider whether his experiences were worth giving to the world—and, in that case, if and when he ought to give them—that the day has gone by when these would have secured any large share of the public attention. There are a few old generals, colonels, and others left who, after the appearance of this volume, will doubtless often fight Balaklava over again "across the walnuts and the wine." Leaving it to them to fight it out, we may briefly refer to a few of the writer's opinions on the proceedings of the day. It may here be remarked that, though Englishmen must ever take a deep pride in the heroic onsets of both heavy and light cavalry brigades in that battle, it should be remembered that in more recent wars an equally brilliant counterpart to these achievements has been found in the exploits of the cavalry of other armies. The French cuirassiers at Wörth charged with no less gallantry than did the Light Brigade to inevitable destruction, and, as the ground traversed was in their case less favourable, the futile heroism of the act was still more remarkable. The Prussians at Mars-la-Tour were equally heroic, and far more scientific in the calculated sacrifice of their cavalry. In the matter of the charge of the Light Brigade there is a noticeable difference from either of the two above instances, in that there was neither calculation nor miscalculation involved. The whole business was a costly blunder. Lord Raglan never meant the cavalry to go at the guns they did go at; Sir Richard Airey entrusted his chief's order to a hare-brained aide-de-camp to take to Lord Lucan; the aide-de-camp—Captain Nolan—interpreted, when appealed to, the order to suit his own view, or else really misinterpreted it; Lord Lucan felt bound to obey orders which he looked upon as absurd; and Lord Cardigan was bound to execute them, though they appeared to him monstrously unreasonable. Nevertheless, he started on his mission as became a gallant leader of a gallant following, and he had the good fortune to come back to tell the tale. Then he went to England; but, being "vain and ambitious," he made foolish speeches, as a man might be expected now and then to do on seeing the people of a great city scrambling for a hair of his horse's tail. These speeches begat counter-orations, and in due time we got the "Cardigan trial." Lord G. Paget, than whom no man perhaps was so well calculated to pass an opinion, and who, we can see from occasional remarks, was anything but partial to his immediate chief, believes that Lord Cardigan did his duty in the fight. He exonerates him from the imputation that he failed in his duty in not waiting after the ruin of his front line to lead or rally, or see what had become of his second line. He proves that when Lord Cardigan emerged from the chaos he could not, from his then position in the proper front of the guns, have discerned a single man of his supports. Mr. Kinglake is about of the same opinion. Lord George ventures the theory that Lord Cardigan might not have known for certain that his supporting regiments (at least the 4th and 11th) had ever moved forward. "It was well known," says the author, "that Lord Cardigan never looked back from the moment when he put spurs to his horse, and, for anything he could know to the contrary, the advance of those regiments *might* have been countermanded by the Lieut.-General; or their onward course

might have been impeded or turned aside by some eventuality unknown to him in this unusual contest." Certainly it was an unusual contest, and it would have been still more unusual had the supports failed to support the leading squadrons. Though Lord Cardigan could, as it happened, have done little or nothing towards directing or rallying the second line, a cooler head—we do not mean a stouter heart—would perhaps have exhibited some little curiosity as to what had become of half his command before making for home. It must be borne in mind that, on the eve of charging, Lord Cardigan several times and with marked emphasis urged the leader of his second line to give him his "best support." And with equal emphasis Lord George Paget promised his best support. Did Lord Cardigan assume, on the spur and in the excitement of the moment, that the second line had shared the fate of the first?

The author concludes his amiable, but probably just, remarks by a reflection. "I am sitting in an easy chair writing this!" and, full of daring as he was himself, he advises that people in easy chairs should be careful in their criticism of those who bore the burden and heat of a "somewhat uncomfortable day." We are unable, however, having regard to the weight of opposite opinion, to agree with him that the Light Brigade was judiciously restrained from falling on the flank of the Russian cavalry after their defeat by our "Heavies." It was their one great opportunity, and it was allowed to slip. So true is it that to be a good leader of cavalry implies the possession of exceptional qualifications, and that the occasions for utilizing cavalry come in a moment, and in a few moments may be gone altogether. Curiously enough, Lord George, after giving us cogent arguments why the Light Brigade should not have charged, winds up by avowing that, having been in second line, he could not see well how matters stood, and acknowledges that "subsequent information gained by conversations with some who were in the first line have tended to shake my confidence in my own opinion."

He is extremely partial to Lord Raglan, and we are pleased to find Lord Lucan receiving that justice which has too frequently been denied him by less competent critics. At the same time, the capital fault of that general on the Balaklava day is duly exposed. There is, indeed, no blinking the truth of Sir R. Airey's remark that, before getting the fatal order which he handed over to Lord Cardigan for execution, Lord Lucan had not made himself sufficiently acquainted with the general dispositions of the enemy and the features of the engagement that was going on. In consequence of this negligence Lord Lucan was entirely at a loss how to proceed when the crisis came.

At one time we are told the headquarters staff cordially hated the French; and once when the author was dining with Lord Raglan and the bugles of a French corps were heard in the distance, our chief exclaimed impatiently, "There they go with their eternal *too-too-tooing*, and they're good for nothing else." The staff naturally took their cue from the leader, and there can be no doubt some of the little misunderstandings between the allies arose quite as much from want of tact, courtesy, and sympathy on our part, as from exhibitions of vanity and eagerness to be first on that of the French. It is pleasant to read how, when Lord George Paget commanded a brigade at Eupatoria, and was directly under the orders of the French General d'Allonville, the excellent feeling subsisting between these two officers produced its natural effect throughout the entire force.

The book contains a number of details which can have no possible interest for the general public; on the other hand, there is a fair amount, if not of novel, of very readable matter.

It is laid down by Captain Parr that infantry officers, as a body, dress worse when in uniform than any other branch of the service. "Many officers who would never allow themselves to be seen in shabby garments when *en bourgeois*, think nothing of turning out in uniform which is very much the worse for wear." There can be no doubt that this is very often the case. "In some battalions," adds Captain Parr, "it is no unusual occurrence to see an officer in a battered forage cap and a shabby patrol jacket, with a dim scabbard and tattered sword-knot, inspect men whose apparel contrasts favourably with his own." Our own observation enables us to endorse the truth of the remark. Of course it goes without saying that officers who are slovenly and shabby in dress have an unsoldier-like appearance and demeanour on parade. Their gait, their salute, their manner of action during barrack square manoeuvres, are in close correspondence with their dress. Perhaps when the late excellent general order enjoining the wearing of uniform constantly in garrison towns has had time to work, we may be privileged to witness some improvement in the above respects. The best officers almost invariably dress well. The Duke of Wellington said of his officers in Spain that many of his best men were the greatest dandies. Sir Garnet Wolseley says, "The better you dress a soldier, the more highly he will be thought of by women, and consequently by himself." It must have frequently been observed by those who go abroad how much neater, and more like soldiers, both French and German officers look when walking about the streets of a town in uniform than our own do under the same circumstances. Even when our officers are well dressed, many of them seem to care little, if at all, whether they look like soldiers provided they have the appearance of gentlemen. British officers would, as a rule, find it difficult to look otherwise than gentlemen, but why should not they look also what they professionally are? Vicars and barristers do not strive their utmost to divest themselves of their professional "cut"; why should soldiers do so? Lord George Paget, in his "Crimean Journal"

relates, "I was riding to-day with the Duke of Cambridge about the French camp, when we fell in with St. Arnaud, and the contrast between him and Lord Raglan, whom we had just left, was very typical of the two nations. He had a staff of about twenty . . . with an orderly close to him carrying a beautiful silk tricolour standard. We rode with him to Lord Raglan, who came out in a mufti coat to meet him, and looked as much *less* like a O.-in-C. as *more* like a gentleman." It may have been only exceptionally that Lord Raglan turned out in this guise, but had he done so always when off parade it would certainly have been considered in the British camp as far "better form," and more the "correct thing," than had he moved about with the circumstance of a Commander-in-Chief in the field. And this way of looking at things has obtained wellnigh universally in our army down to the present time. The necessity, however, now laid heavily upon our officers of being practical soldiers, having a thorough knowledge of their work, and not merely walking characters upon a military stage for an occasional brief hour, will induce also in the matter of dress and professional demeanour a beneficial effect. The perpetual changes in the dress regulations are certainly calculated to discourage officers—especially those with slender means—from paying sufficient attention to their attire. In view of the heavy expense which alterations entail, every effort is made to take advantage of the permission to wear one thing out before getting the latest fashion. We fear the authorities have an idea that German victories were not wholly disconnected from the question of German habiliments. When Napoleon found the Emperor Francis and the King of Prussia engaged one day in profound discussion as to the proper number of buttons on a soldier's coatee, he took care, he tells us, to join in and affect the greatest interest in the matter.

Captain Parr is not satisfied with the appearance of the majority of infantry officers when mounted, and we are not surprised this should be the case. No infantryman should be allowed to appear mounted on parade till he has been through a riding school, till he has provided himself with riding trousers and Wellington boots, and knows how to carry his sword, and salute in cavalry fashion. There are some useful hints in the book concerning the dressing of the staff, and on the subjects of saddlery, equipment, and chargers. The dress of the service, take it all round, is smart enough to please the ladies, very good for parade purposes, and in some instances serviceable enough for campaigning work. It is to be regretted that the great personages whose minds seem for ever exercised in devising new cuts for tunics and caps, and new patterns in lace, should not rather insist on existing regulations being carried out more strictly. Commanding officers who are sharp enough to detect the tiniest irregularity on the part of the men are often strangely indifferent as to the figure their officers make on parade.

OUR COUNTRY TOWNS.*

BOOKS on the rural districts of England by sympathetic and accomplished writers have been common enough. Enthusiasts like George Borrow and William Howitt have made us familiar with scenes that might well tempt the summer tourist to take his holiday on our own side of the Channel. They have interested us in our old castles, halls, and manor-houses, in picturesque country churches undisturbed by restoration, in artistic "bits" of mediæval village architecture. We have pedestrians among us now like Mr. Louis Jennings, with the gift of describing what has charmed themselves so as to tempt their readers to follow them in their rambles. But our old country towns have been comparatively neglected, or, at all events, only alluded to incidentally. Nor is that unnatural, for to most people the enjoyment of the summer excursion consists in removing themselves as far as possible from anything resembling a city. The brain-worker, who toils amid brick and mortar, loves to get off the stones and away from an agglomeration of smoky chimneys, and to wander under shady trees, along field-paths and between green hedgerows. If he seeks even a quiet provincial town for bed and breakfast, he is inclined to hurry on his way the first thing in the morning. Mr. Rimmer has shown in what is literally a rambling volume that the tourist would often do well to linger in a spot where he may find a variety of unsuspected objects to interest him. Even so far as picturesqueness goes, there are towns in England that may vie with any of the show places in Brittany or South Germany. The pity of it is, that they are being modernized so fast that the man of taste must pay his visit to them now or never. While the remoter parts of the country stagnated, when communication with the busier world was slow and costly, the genius of conservatism was indisputably in the ascendant in them. The dreamy little place only woke up to some faint excitement on the weekly market day, going quietly to sleep again for the rest of the week. The inhabitants had neither money nor taste for embellishments, and were content to live on in the dwellings of their ancestors, keeping the old wood-work and metal-work in repair. The churchwardens sauntered along peaceably in the old-fashioned ways, and considered that their duties with regard to the venerable church were discharged when they kept the roof tolerably weathertight. But now the general growth of prosperity and the increasing acceleration of progress has been

changing all that. Towns that used to be half forgotten somewhere at the back of the world have woke up to the rattle of the railway trains; money has been flowing fast as new industries have been started. The crooked lanes have been made straight, and the narrow thoroughfares have been widened, as demolitions and reconstructions have been going on apace. That growth of activity ought to be gratifying in the extreme; nevertheless it is to be deplored by amateurs of the beautiful. So we have read Mr. Rimmer's lively volume with mingled feelings. On the one hand, it is pleasing to be reminded that time and the wreckers have spared so much that is quaint and curious; yet we know that too many of those memorials of the past are awaiting the doom that may overtake them at any moment.

Of the volume itself we can only say that it is in every respect excellent. It is written in an agreeable and gossiping style, while it contains a great deal of curious and out-of-the-way information. The author is evidently an enthusiast in archaeology and mediæval history; but he always keeps his disquisitions on these subjects within bounds, and he changes the ground he lightly travels over so fast that he leaves us no time to feel *ennuyé*. He has extracted the local essences of countless county histories; he has the local legends and traditions at his finger-ends, and he links innumerable historic worthies with the scenes where they distinguished themselves by the threads of association he has been at pains to unravel. We gather incidentally that Mr. Rimmer is a strong partisan on historical questions and that he holds advanced views in politics. But his opinions are never offensively obtruded so as to ruffle the susceptibilities of those who differ from him, and they rather serve to give an air of individuality to a piquant narrative. He guards himself in his preface against being supposed to give anything like a comprehensive idea of our old country towns. But a glance at the table of contents will show how thoroughly and fairly he has sampled some of the most interesting parts of England. In the course of his perambulations he has embraced Derbyshire and Yorkshire, the Midlands, the Potteries, the Fens and the Cinque Ports, besides making promiscuous excursions in the North country, towards the Welsh Marches and elsewhere. He has illustrated the volume himself, and the illustrations do credit to his taste and execution, while they invite one to look into the accompanying letterpress. Many of them are slight and simple enough, but without exception they are artistically selected. Mr. Rimmer likewise is careful to disclaim the idea of writing anything like a guide-book, but beyond his outlines of attractive itineraries, there is one point of no little importance on which he gives the tourist some valuable hints. Now and then he notes a house of entertainment where he was impressed by the excellence of the fare and the moderation of the charges. Mr. Rimmer, who is an Englishman to the backbone, is somewhat depreciatory of foreign cookery, and occasionally insists upon comparisons which are doubtful, if not odious. But we should be inclined to trust his judgment on an English dinner or breakfast.

In a desultory volume where so much is attractive it is difficult to make satisfactory selections by way of examples; and when we detach scraps of the text from their context, we are almost sure to do the author some injustice. But if we do the best we can, we cannot do very badly for him. There is a group of old Cheshire towns that seems to be well worth a visit. At Malpas Mr. Rimmer makes allusion to its romantic associations with the days of chivalry, and he tells a strange story of an act of fantastic heroism in the plague that desolated the place in the beginning of the seventeenth century. There is another tradition about a visit paid to Malpas in disguise by his sacred Majesty King James I., who must have been roving somewhat in the manner of his ancestor of Picaresque memory, the Knight of Snowdon, in *The Lady of the Lake*. Malpas, we are told, with its market-place and fine old church, reminded him much of one of the quaint old towns in the Rhineland. Nor is the church at the neighbouring Nantwich much inferior, while in a vignette there is a view of such a roadway "as we might have expected to find in the Tudor period. In some parts, a man with a handcart would find a little difficulty in threading the narrow lane." Nantwich, where the streets have been steadily subsiding over the excavations of the salt-mines, is "well worthy of a visit, if only to see the curious way in which the houses incline towards each other and from each other in every direction, while props are used to keep them as nearly upright as circumstances will permit." At Whitchurch there is also "an ancient market-place with many fine old houses, but the chief interest centres in the church." In that church was buried the Talbot of Shakspeare, which sends Mr. Rimmer away on a pleasant digression as to the history in the First Part of *Henry VI.* Mr. Rimmer, by the way, is a firm believer in the immortal William's historical exactness, and holds that his account of the battle of Bosworth, with the events that preceded and followed it, is as trustworthy in point of fact as it is brilliantly dramatic. And crossing Staffordshire and clearing the towns in the Potteries at a bound, we may as well follow Mr. Rimmer to Bosworth Field as anywhere else. There is a charming view of it as it appears now, with King Richard's well in the foreground, indicating the features of the landscape as they influenced the fortunes of the battle. We are taken to Hincley, which has been greatly modernized since old Hurton condemned it for want of uniformity; and to Atherstone, where Richmond slept the night before the battle at the inn of the "Three Tuns," which is still a respectable hostelry. Richard had his quarters at the appropriate sign of the "Blue Boar," in Leicester, and though the house has long since been pulled down, it has bequeathed its name to Blubber Lane.

* *Our Country Towns.* By Alfred Rimmer, Author of "Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

Mr. Rimmer takes his stand on the battlefield by the well, imagines the trees cleared away, maps out the ground with its strongly-marked features, posts the divisions of the opposing armies, with Sir Richard Stanley's command on the one flank and that of Lord Stanley on the other; and then, with constant reference to Shakespeare, discourses on the incidents of the memorable day. In a different style, he makes his chapters on the Marsh country equally interesting, dilating on its condition in the days when Hereward held out in his Camp of Refuge against the Conqueror, and referring to those successive attempts at reclaiming the fens which were finally crowned with success. The Abbey of Croyland, he says, is "even now a delight to a stranger," and the remarkable triple bridge there of which the Croyland monks were the authors and architects is worth going far to see. Local legend assigns to it a fabulous antiquity; but Mr. Rimmer unhesitatingly decides from the mouldings that it cannot possibly date back from before the beginning of the thirteenth century. The view of Whittlesea, which forms the frontispiece to the chapter, is a pretty picture of one of the pleasantest towns in the fens. Whittlesea boasts no less than three churches, one of them with a noble spire of the fourteenth century, some fine old houses, and "a quaint and ancient canopied market cross in the middle of the large open Market Square. . . . The spire of the church is very light and beautiful, and shows charmingly above the houses that surround the market-place." "Cambridge, Ely and Peterborough," are no doubt interesting enough, but seem to stand somewhat wide of the range of subjects we expect to find in such a book as Mr. Rimmer's. But, although Boston is too much of a city to be strictly included in his category, we should be sorry to spare the interesting chapter he devotes to its associations with the Puritans and its relations with its big Transatlantic namesake. As for the Cinque Ports, with which we must bring our notice to a close, there is nothing better in the volume than his description of them. Some of them, indeed, are romantic enough to awaken chords of poetry and eloquence in a more prosaically-minded narrator than Mr. Rimmer. He takes us back to the days when those flourishing maritime communities furnished their gallant contingents of ships to the navies of the Romans and Saxons, the Plantagenet kings and the Tudors. The citizens still retain some shadowy privileges, the last vestiges of their ancient glories. "The freemen of all the ports are called barons, and in former days they stood very much indeed upon their dignity, and ranked with the barons of the land." The sea that once made their fortunes has now left Hythe and Romney in the lurch; and there are broad tracts of the fertile pasture land that, according to the old Kentish proverb, give wealth without health, between highwater mark and the houses. We are still reminded of their former riches by the noble remains of their ecclesiastical buildings. And at Hythe Mr. Rimmer came upon a suggestive evidence of an industry the inhabitants had thriven by in later times. He gives a sketch of a house with a curious attic on the roof, commanding extensive views of the Channel, and still bearing the name of the "Smugglers' Lighthouse." He has no doubt that it was built to display a beacon for the guidance of those swift luggers of light draught that were on the look out to run their contraband cargoes. Hythe, having become a military station, has been greatly modernized. Nevertheless, besides its churches, it can still boast a couple of hospitals of very old foundation, while near it is a very noteworthy old cottage, which, in Mr. Rimmer's opinion, may really date from the reign of the second Richard. We might go on indefinitely directing attention to similar curiosities and to places which have their attraction for the archaeologist or artist. But we have said more than sufficient to recommend an attractive book.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION REPORT.*

THE Report of the second meeting of the Library Association, held at Manchester last year, makes as comely a volume as either of its predecessors, and much of what it contains is of interest to others besides librarians. One item, we may say at starting, is of interest to every one who has published, is publishing, or is about to publish a book, and to every book-buyer as well. It is the balance sheet of the Association, which contains an account of the cost of producing the former volume. If it was, as we believe, the same size as this, it contained about 190 or 200 pages imperial 8vo., or small folio size, in double columns; it was beautifully printed by Whittingham; the paper was of the thickest and richest kind; and the total cost of 180 copies was 45*l.*, or exactly five shillings a copy. If this is so, how is it that the combination between the publishers and the retail booksellers continues to enforce upon us the enormous and prohibitive prices that we have to pay for English books? The normal price for such a volume as this, in the shops, would be at least sixteen or eighteen shillings; the cost of producing it is five. Allow half-a-crown for author's profit and the same for the trade, and you get ten shillings—the price charged in France, Italy, Germany, everywhere but in England. Who profits by the present system is

known to the gods and to the publishers; certainly the author does not.

But it is not right to begin with a digression. Coming back to the volume itself, we find abundant evidence of the good work done by the Association. The papers come, with a few exceptions, under three heads; those which deal with the technicalities of library work; those which deal with Free Libraries and their organization; and those which deal with special libraries or collections of books. The first class is naturally rather beyond our scope; the mysteries of catalogue-making and indexing are only for the initiated; and these matters are properly left very much to committees, whose reports are for the experts to read and decide upon. One of these, however, is of more general interest—namely, the report on a general catalogue of English literature. This project, which is one that touches very closely a large number of students, has not been very fairly handled as yet. The Council of the Society of Arts were asked some years ago by their President, the Prince of Wales, "to consider what would be the cost of producing a universal catalogue of all books printed in the United Kingdom previous to 1600"—a plain question, susceptible, one would have thought, of a plain answer. But, as the Librarians show, the Society of Arts diverged into quite other questions, and never found out for the Prince what he wished to know. The question that now agitates them, and the librarians also, is how a universal catalogue of *all* English literature could be produced; is it practicable, or is it likely to be too costly and too difficult? The Trustees of the British Museum have been considering "the proposal to print in future the accessions (foreign as well as English) to the general catalogue of the British Museum"—amounting, incredible as it may seem, to 60,000 entries a year—and to circulate these printed accession-lists among subscribing libraries. This might lead to what some people desire so eagerly, the printing of the complete British Museum Catalogue; or it might be a help to the rival scheme for printing a general catalogue of the whole of English literature. As to these alternative proposals, the Report says:—

This Committee is in favour of the latter rather than the former of these two proposals. It seems to us that the printing of the Museum Catalogue as it stands is quite inadequate to our needs as regards English literature, and that if the titles of the English books in such a Catalogue were to be reprinted in a subsequent Catalogue of English Literature, an immense cost and trouble would be incurred twice over.

As before, the Committee feel that the true solution of the whole matter lies in the co-operation of our great national library with the other more important libraries throughout the country. If other libraries would supply the Museum with the titles of English books which the Museum does not possess, and the Museum would consent to incorporate them into the catalogue of their own English books, the task would be achieved. We should have a General Catalogue of English Literature, and the Museum would not only have catalogued its present possessions, but also its future acquisitions, in the printed English literature of four centuries.

It is difficult not to agree with these remarks, and it is difficult to see why this is not at once done. Is it necessary to wait for the Government or the Museum to do it? It would probably answer for private enterprise to undertake it; for it is not to be supposed that the cost would be beyond the returns. Suppose—to make a pure guess at the extent of the work—the catalogue were to occupy ten thousand double-column pages, and were to be sold at ten guineas. How many buyers would be forthcoming in the United Kingdom and America and Germany? We think it a fair estimate that five thousand copies would be taken up within the first two years, and that the proprietors would find themselves with a handsome profit in hand.

The Association occupies itself a good deal with what may be called the social, or semi-political, side of library affairs, especially with the questions how to develop and organize the Free Libraries. Mr. Nicholson of the London Institution, who is always active in this department, makes some proposals about the amendment of the Free Libraries' Acts which are well worth consideration by local authorities and by literary members of Parliament. It appears that there are now four Acts, amending one another; clearly they ought to be consolidated. Not to mention technical amendments that are required, Mr. Nicholson suggests various amendments of principle, of which the following are the chief:—There should be a power of disestablishment vested in the ratepayers; corrupt practices in applying the Acts should be far more carefully guarded against; the principle of the Act of 1877, which allows the use of voting-papers, should be generally adopted; a supplemental voluntary rate should be encouraged; Town Councils and similar bodies should have the right not only to submit the adoption of the Acts to a public meeting, but actually to adopt them; there should be special legislation for London; and public free libraries should be inspected. Some of these points are certainly debatable—for example, that which gives the Town Councils the power of adopting the Acts without special reference to the ratepayers; but some others of the suggestions are open to no objection. It is clear that, as Mr. Nicholson says, in many towns the Acts are not adopted because the ratepayers think that, whether the library turns out a failure or not, they are to be saddled with it for ever. School Boards can be disestablished under certain circumstances; why should there be no power of acting in the same way with libraries? Again, anything that prevents the undue interference of the landlords of compound householders with their tenants' votes should be welcome. Mr. Nicholson says he can give the name of a landlord who, "in the presence of some of the leading supporters of the Acts, avowed that he had threatened to raise his tenants' rents sixpence a week unless they voted against the Acts"—and it is to

* *Transactions and Proceedings of the Second Annual Meeting of the Library Association of the United Kingdom.* Held at Manchester, September 23, 24, and 25, 1879. Edited by the Secretaries, Henry R. Tedder, Librarian of the Athenæum Club, and Ernest C. Thomas, late Librarian of the Oxford Union Society. London: Printed at the Chiswick Press. 1880.

be feared that this landlord does not stand alone. Much would be done to check this by universally adopting the plan of voting "allowed," but not enjoined, by the Act of 1877—namely, that "the vote of the ratepayers should be taken by voting-papers left at, and collected from each house, instead of by public meeting and subsequent poll." It is impossible to say that the majority of ratepayers feel very keenly one way or another on the question of public libraries. They are benevolently neutral, but are easily turned into hostile voters if, by a factitious agitation, by the employment of rowdies at public meetings, and by other methods, it is made to appear that the Acts are in any particular town unpopular. If the voting were done quietly, and the arguments for and against were submitted to the citizens in print, the number of towns in favour of the Acts would no doubt be much larger than it is. If so, if free libraries become more common, it will be a satisfaction to every one to adopt Mr. Nicholson's suggestion of Government inspection. Two or three inspectors could annually go through all the free libraries that are likely to be in England in our time, and the cost would be trifling. The institutions are really a great boon to most of the towns in which they are adopted; at Manchester and Liverpool they are the greatest possible boon, and the very poorest of the people take full advantage of them. They ought to be developed in all ways; partly by such legislative amendments as Mr. Nicholson proposes, and partly by such means as other writers in this volume suggest—by co-operation with the Board Schools, and by lending themselves to schemes of lectures and popular instruction generally. There seems to be no reason why they should not in large towns have branch rooms in the more distant quarters, where the books in commonest use should be deposited in duplicate, and where a sufficient number of periodicals should be supplied. It is evident that a central free library can hardly expect to draw artisans who live more than, say, a mile away.

One of the most interesting papers in the volume is that written by Mr. Nodal on "Special Collections in Lancashire and Cheshire." As might be expected, there are many collections of local books, and books on local industries; and there are also collections of a more individual kind. The Manchester Library contains nearly eight hundred volumes on the cotton manufacture; Rochdale aims at a complete library of wool literature; and Wigan at possessing all that is known about engineering. Many private persons, too, have local topographical collections, such as the Rev. P. M. Herford, of Chendale, with his three hundred volumes of Cheshire books, and Mr. Earwaker, the new historian of Cheshire, with his almost complete assemblage of maps, manuscripts, and books on the same subject. Some persons, however, find topographical subjects very dreary; to them we commend the more exciting collection of Mr. R. U. Christie, the learned author of *Etienne Dolet*, and those of Mr. Ireland, Mr. Crossley, and others here duly described. Mr. Christie's strength lies in the books of the Renaissance, though his Horaces are celebrated; his Aldines, though not quite so splendid a set as was lately to be seen in Piccadilly, are 276 in number; and his Lyons printed books are enough to make the French collectors die of envy. Etienne Dolet was not the best of publishers to deal with, but books of his printing are worth having. Mr. Christie has nineteen, "all of the highest rarity, four or five being the only copies known to exist." Mr. Crossley, the venerable President of the Chetham Institute, seems to have given his mind to Daniel Defoe among many other matters, and possesses "the whole of the 254 books and tracts enumerated in the list prefixed to Mr. Lee's *Life of Defoe*," and fifty-two others besides. A still more interesting possession is the yet unpublished MS. of Defoe's *Complete English Gentleman*; a book which the author had begun to print when his last illness came upon him. Mr. Crossley might well give this to the world. Mr. Ireland's collection contains all the editions of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*; all the works of Leigh Hunt and W. Hazlitt, &c. Mr. Salisbury has 18,000 volumes—probably an almost complete collection—relating to Wales and the four border counties; Mr. Rylands has all the Ptolemies ever published; and so the curious catalogue goes on. The reflection that strikes one most in reading it is, how easy it would be, and how desirable, to extend this sort of sketch or summary to the whole of the United Kingdom, and to publish a volume containing short authoritative accounts supplied as much as possible by the owners of all the best private libraries in England. Many of them are not large, and for that reason are apt to remain unknown; and to make them known would be really interesting to students and lovers of books. We commend the idea to Mr. Nodal, who would, we are sure, work it out admirably. Or the Association itself might do it, by means of the local librarians who already belong to it; and Mr. Nodal might be asked to act as editor-in-chief.

A MODERN SPHINX.*

ONE of the commonest (though by no means one of the worst) mistakes into which beginners in novel-writing fall is the putting of too much material into their books. The old hand sins in a directly opposite manner, being content with a minimum of

new matter smothered in "some of my own sauce," as Beau Tibbe's wife has it. But the amateur, probably because he really has something to say or because he is afraid of seeming stingy in the quantity of provender he sets before his guests, constantly spreads his action over too long a time, introduces too many characters, describes too many scenes, dwells on too many incidents. Major Rogers has in some sort fallen into this error. We should say that his book would have gained not a little if about half its substance had been cut away; by which we do not mean that there are too many words or too many pages, but that the actual matter is too copious. It requires a more practised juggler to keep a dozen balls going in the air at once than to keep half a dozen, yet somehow the unpractised jugglers seem to prefer the more difficult feat.

The scene of *A Modern Sphinx* is laid in Demerara, and is thus tolerably fresh. We do not remember to have read any Demerara novel since Mr. Jenkins's *Lutchmes and Dilloo*, which was entirely occupied with the wrongs of coolies and the wickedness of planters. *A Modern Sphinx* barely mentions the interesting "aborigin," as his defenders have been known to call him, and busies itself almost entirely with garrison life and colonial society of the upper class. It opens with the arrival of a new regiment at Georgetown, and with the ball given, according to custom, to celebrate that arrival. The reader may think (erroneously) that he has discovered the Modern Sphinx in a certain Captain Seagrave, the philosopher, the misogynist, and in a manner the butt of Her Majesty's —th Regiment. This officer is introduced at great length as being quizzed by his brother officers, especially the officer in command, a mysterious Major Catherwood, with an evilly handsome countenance and a habit of sneering. The conversation of the gallant —th is of an innocent kind, and unless Major Rogers is cryptically satirical it more than justifies Thackeray's Stubble and Spooney caricatures. All the —th except Seagrave are confirmed lady-killers, the Doctor having slain his thousands and the Major his tens of thousands. Seagrave is an exception to this weakness, or this conquering habit, whichever we ought to call it; but at the ball he falls hopelessly into the toils of a young lady who rejoices in the odd name of Creoline—which suggests a combination of crinoline and creosote. The redoubtable Catherwood, with the worst intentions and antecedents, constitutes himself his rival; and so one part of the plot is, so to speak, laid out for us. There is plenty more, however. The —th have brought with them a frisky matron, native to the place, one Mrs. Barton, who flirts abominably with her Creole cousin, a lawyer and Civil Servant, named George Grey. He has a wife still friskier, who flirts with everybody, but especially with a subaltern of the regiment, Lieutenant Burke. To these characters (to mention only an indispensable addition) has to be added Dr. FitzJames, the senior medical officer of the station, an ill-tempered and hideous little person, who frequents ladies' society assiduously (though he abuses it at mess), and keeps himself in many ways mysteriously to himself. All these persons, and a great many more for whom we have no space, dance, flirt, eat, drink, and generally intrigue a great deal. We are early informed of a bad kind of business in which Mrs. Barton and the Lawyer Grey are concerned, and which turns on the malversation of certain property which Grey, by evil practices, has got into his hands. This, with the passion of Seagrave and Catherwood for Creoline, and a great many mysterious embranglements of lost heirs and changed names and such like things, form the substance of the story.

The book, in spite of the faults of plan and construction which have been noticed, and of others in the writing, especially in the dialogue, is fairly readable, though few parts of it deserve higher praise than this. The few which do so deserve are for the most part episodic. Major Rogers has been pursued by the desire to give good measure, pressed down and heaped up and running over, even in the details of his plot. The complications, for instance, which attend the end of the unlucky George Grey are so preposterously involved that they recall nothing so much as the story of the would-be suicide who arranged a fourfold end for himself, were it not that this ingenious person finally escaped, while Mr. Grey did not. In the first place, Mr. Grey puts himself in peril of the clutches of the law, as has been already pointed out, by meddling with other people's property. Then he suddenly overhears a poor relation of his friend and cousin, Mrs. Barton, confessing knowledge of his guilt, and, "in the hurry of the moment," as Mr. Samuel Morley would say, brains her with an iron bar. Having committed this rash act in full sight of a sentry, he is shot at but missed. Then he finds Georgetown on fire, and heroically distinguishes himself in rescuing persons and properties from the flames. Then he is arrested and sentenced to death for the murder. Then a plot is formed by the foreman of the jury and several other persons of respectability to half-poison him with woorali, get him out of prison, and bring him to life again. Then, the execution of this being entrusted to Mrs. Barton, who is half-mad with narcotics, she administers the wrong sort of poison, and the unlucky, but, after all, murderous lawyer, dies for good and all. Such a concatenation is the sort of thing which is possible in real life; but it is so intrinsically improbable that it is out of the range of incidents allowable for fiction. If this sounds like a paradox to any tiro in novel-writing, let him reflect over it till he comes to understand it, for in it lies a valuable secret. We are constantly told that such and such a story is founded on fact. There could not be a worse recommendation, for at least a considerable number of facts are quite unsuitable for literary treatment. The mistake is indeed only another form of the

* *A Modern Sphinx*. By Major E. Rogers. 3 vols. London: J. & R. Maxwell. 1881.

naturalist heresy which is just now working such havoc with French fiction.

The most attractive part of the book is to be found in a description of a picnic up the country, which, though as usual a great deal too full of incident, has some liveliness. The misogynist, Captain Seagrave, who from first to last is something of a nuisance, does indeed vary it with appalling speeches of this sort:—

Listen then while I warn you solemnly of the inevitable fate that awaits you, that already seems to engulf you, and that will assuredly carry you as uncontrollably to an unknown inscrutable hereafter as the waters around us do a leadot. Yet, it seems, I can as little hope to turn the river from its source as interfere to prevent it.

It is not surprising that the unfortunate young woman to whom this rignarole is addressed remarks that her companion "speaks enigmas." Fortunately, however, the party is large, and its members do not all talk about inscrutable hereafters, though Major Rogers himself is nearly as bad as his hero. When he wishes to tell us that three young officers who managed the picnic wished to get their party comfortably arranged, he says that "they felt themselves in duty bound to concentrate the incongruous elements of the picnic party round some acknowledged focus." An acknowledged focus is certainly one of the oddest synonyms for a young woman, even if her name be Creoline, that we have ever heard. So, too, the following is a sentence which we cannot commend.

Even Dr. FitzJames' fealty to the dusky young ladies was open to much ill-natured construction as to the use he would make of the pleasantries that passed, forged as it were for the delectation of Mrs. Elrington, who sat aloof conversing chiefly with her bantering husband.

This odd dialect, however, is more tolerable when the author describes than when he "dialogues." And he had a great deal to describe in this picnic on the Essequibo. As soon as his guests have exchanged their steamer for Indian canoes, a deer is hunted by a jaguar across their path, and, the party scattering in pursuit, Major Catherwood and Mrs. Grey are left alone. They lose their way, of course, and another jaguar turns up "promiscuous," followed by an ant-bear. Dim reminiscences of the early works of Captain Mayne Reid, we must confess, crowded on us when we came to this. The ant-bear and the jaguar have a battle royal, and Major Catherwood, not over-fairly, seizes the opportunity of the conclusion of a round to finish the jaguar with his gun-barrel, and to knife both it and the bear. This is entirely contrary to the best traditions of English sport, and after reading it we can quite believe that Major Catherwood was a bad man. He is exhausted, and goes to sleep by Mrs. Grey's side, which, as she wants him to flirt with her and is a little afraid of more jaguars, annoys her a good deal. Then he wakes up, and they discover an Indian hut cheerfully occupied by a corpse, a pot of woomali, and a mourner, who is with great difficulty persuaded to guide them out of the wilderness. We cannot follow this remarkable picnic any further, except to remark that a canoe accident, with half a dozen deaths by drowning and a general succumbing to "Yellow Jack," complete its delights. Altogether it must be acknowledged that the author's preliminary and moralizing description of picnics is justified by his instance. "This sort of entertainment," he says, "is an anomalous one, anticipated with transcendent delight, enjoyed in limited measure, and frequently recalled with unmitigated disgust." The last clause, in particular, seems thoroughly applicable to Essequibo picnics, if we are to suppose that jaguars, ant-bears, dead men's corpses, drowning, and yellow fever are usual or frequent incidents of them.

We have already declined to enter into the intricacies of Major Rogers' *dénouement*, wherein Dr. Fitzjames turns out to be a very surprising kind of medicine-man, and most of the remaining characters are served heirs or heiresses to peerages, great estates, and other desirable hereditaments. Whether it was desirable to reproduce in a novel the tolerably well-known story of the strange being who is here called Dr. Fitzjames may be an open question. The chronology of the book is a little difficult, and characters which have but little to do with the general action wander about its pages in a miscellaneous condition. Altogether, the book is what German critics would call a very inorganic one. Considering the awkwardness of the writing, the involved and congested condition of the plot, and other faults, it is rather odd that the readability which in a manner it does possess should remain to it. Perhaps this may be set down as due to the fact that Major Rogers, in writing on Demerara, writes about a subject with which he is familiar. An ounce of observation certainly goes further in novel-writing than a pound of anything else—another point which might with advantage be borne in mind oftener than it is.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT is seldom indeed that a competition for a prize essay produces such a performance as Professor Schanz's work on the commercial policy of England at the close of the mediæval period (1), more especially under Henry VII. and Henry VIII. The proposal emanated from the University of Göttingen, but so substantial a result could hardly have been looked for by that

learned body. In two thick volumes Professor Schanz traces the relations of England with every Continental State with which commercial intercourse, on any scale worth mentioning, was maintained by her during the period under his notice, with the addition of a most voluminous index of *pieces justificatives*. By this method of treatment the author is led to enter successively into the commercial affairs of each of the Continental States in its turn, and the result is a series of admirable monographs, full of condensed information, and far more lively and entertaining than could have been expected by any one unversed in the subject. We trace the relations of England to such great commercial and industrial communities as the Flemish cities, the Hanse Towns, and Venice, all at that time greatly her superiors in wealth and civilization. We see how reasons of State policy contributed to foster commerce, as when, for instance, Edward IV.'s desire to marry his daughter to a Spanish prince led him to grant Spanish merchants equal privileges with his own subjects. We follow the intricate negotiations between the Venetian Ambassador and Wolsey, and the decay and ultimate extinction of the Venetian commerce, once so important. We admire the sagacity of the Hanse Towns in supporting Edward IV., notwithstanding his previous unfriendly conduct towards them; and learn the narrow escape which Iceland had of becoming an English possession when Christian II. of Denmark sought in his distress to pawn it to Henry VIII. The historical portion of the work is succeeded by a series of most interesting dissertations on trading companies in England, on protection to native industry, on the rights and privileges of foreigners, the currency, means of communication, and other subjects intimately connected with commerce. The second volume contains copious statistics of exports and imports, with a treatise on the tariff and the Custom-house system in general; and a great number of documents and records, English and foreign. It is remarkable how few obsolete words occur in the former, notwithstanding the quaintness of the style.

The assumed introduction of real personages and revelation of political secrets have helped the novels of "Gregor Samarow" to a popularity to which their merits as works of fiction are far from entitling them. The writer now comes forward (2) in his own person as the historian of the fall of the Kingdom of Hanover. He occupied, as would appear, a confidential position about the person of the King, and exercised a back-stairs influence not altogether without efficacy in furthering the rise or fall of Cabinets in the miniature kingdom. He was also a Press Commissioner, charged with suggestions for the regulation of the press at home, and with negotiations with influential papers abroad. Some natural desire to embellish his motives and magnify his office must be looked for; but, on the whole, Herr Meding appears to write in a spirit of impartiality, and his most unfavourable portraits do not seem to be malicious or caricatured. The misfortune of his book is the want of engrossing interest, or any immediate bearing upon the great events of European history. Hanoverian statesmen were but straws upon the tide, with the liberty, indeed, of determining whether they themselves would swim or sink, but without the slightest influence upon the mighty flood itself. From Herr Meding's account, it would appear that numerous petty misunderstandings had arisen from time to time between the Prussian and Hanoverian Courts, sufficiently irritating to the latter to obscure the obvious common-sense consideration that Austria was too far off to be formidable as an enemy or useful as an ally, while Prussia was near enough for both. The characters of the leading personages about the King of Hanover are depicted with spirit and apparent candour; but the most interesting portrait is that of the King himself. In his deep religious feelings, in his domestic virtues, in his homely good sense, occasionally counteracted by obstinacy and the propensity to view affairs through a false medium; in his quaint punctiliousness, even in his blindness and his love of music, he strongly reminds us of his grandfather, George III.; but no trace, at least in Herr Meding's papers, appears of George III.'s imputed cunning and insincerity. One anecdote bespeaks a liberality of feeling uncommon in a German prince. A Premier having recommended two incompetent noblemen for seats in the Cabinet, and having met the King's objections by stating that he proposed to give each an able secretary to keep him straight, the King desired that the secretaries should be made Ministers in name as well as in fact, which was accordingly done, to the horror of the Hanoverian aristocracy. Most of the personages sketched by Herr Meding have been politically extinguished by the annexation, but there are noticeable exceptions in Herr Bennigsen and Herr Windthorst.

The fifth volume of Karl Hillebrand's "Epochs, Nations, and Men" (3) is devoted to personages or phases of the Revolutionary period or the era which ushered it in. Many of them have appeared in the *Kundschau*. Among the most interesting are those on Catherine II. and Metternich. Catherine is very leniently judged, mainly with reference to her recently published correspondence with Grimm, in which her character certainly appears to the best advantage. The writer is thus enabled to ignore the ruthlessness of her foreign policy and the scandals of her private life, and to dwell mainly on the cheerfulness, amiability, genial good sense, and considerate kindness to inferiors, which certainly render her a *vera avis* among autocrats. Metternich is more severely, but

(2) *Memoiren zur Zeitgeschichte*. Von Oskar Meding. Abth. 2. Vor dem Sturm. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Zeiten, Völker, und Menschen*. Von Karl Hillebrand. Bd. 5. Aus dem Jahrhundert der Revolution. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Englische Handelspolitik gegen Ende des Mittelalters, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung des Zeitalters der beiden ersten Tudors*. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

not less equitably judged. Hillebrand allows him an extraordinary diplomatic talent, but deprecates the want of insight and foresight which prevented him, with unexampled opportunities, from doing anything to adapt the institutions of Austria to the needs of the times. The article on Napoleon and Mme. de Rémusat is also impartial, although the applicability of the proverb about the hero and his *valet de chambre* may not have been sufficiently borne in mind. The review of English thought in the eighteenth century is mainly based upon Mr. Leslie Stephen's work on the subject. There is a pleasing portrait of Montesquieu, and an entertaining one of Count Albergati, an Italian dramatist of the latter part of the eighteenth century, deservedly forgotten as an author, but worthy of remembrance as a type of the man of letters of the period.

The late Prince Consort's letters to the present Emperor of Germany, at the time Prince Regent of Prussia (4), have been excerpted from Sir Theodore Martin's biography, retranslated, as it would appear, into German, and printed in a very elegant form. The Prince nowhere appears to more advantage than in this correspondence, which, as the editor remarks, also evinces the Prince Regent's rapid progress in the comprehension of the duties of a constitutional sovereign.

Those cuneiform inscriptions are of especial interest which, by their mention of Cyrus (5), afford means of testing the veracity of Herodotus, and reconciling discrepancies in Scriptural and profane chronology. Dr. Floigl endeavours by their aid to settle Median and Lydian chronology, and to determine the date and duration of the Scythian irruption into Asia. His conclusions may possibly be sound, but his method of working them out is obscure and tortuous.

The ninth part of Dr. Fürst's valuable "Bibliotheca Rabbinica" (6) contains the Midrash on the Book of Esther. It is almost needless to remark that these contribute nothing to the understanding of the book. From the point of view of a modern commentator, Rabbinical exegesis is perfectly childish. Expositors dispute whether Haman's cushions were of gold without and silver within, or *vice versa*; and agree that Mordecai's reason for refusing to bow down to him was that he wore an idol upon his breast, to which also obeisance would have been made. The real value of these commentaries consists in the lively picture conveyed by them of the Jewish national feeling at the time of their composition, its patriotic intolerance and sullen resentment against the Gentile persecutor, feelings which the subject-matter of Esther is especially calculated to call forth. They also embody some interesting anecdotes and fables.

Dr. Horstmann's collection of old English metrical legends (7) is a work of extraordinary merit and industry. It contains fifty-eight narrative poems on sacred or ecclesiastical subjects, all of considerable length, besides an appendix of shorter pieces, the whole transcribed by the editor from MSS. in English libraries, with the various readings subjoined where there is more than one MS. The extreme value of such a collection for the history alike of the English language and of English poetry requires no pointing out, and its importance is increased by the masterly and almost equally laborious introduction. In this the writer takes a general view of the nature of the ecclesiastical legend, explaining its relation to hagiography on the one hand, and to the homily on the other. The original purpose of the legend was strictly one of edification; it was an excerpt from, or adaptation of, the voluminous *Acta Sanctorum*, and gradually almost usurped the place of the less interesting homily. The adaptation of tales at once so popular and so pious to the purposes of the minstrel was an obvious step, but it must be allowed that the mediæval bards edited by Dr. Horstmann appear to have kept edification fairly in view, and to be by no means obnoxious to the charge of subordinating their religious mission to the display of their profane accomplishments. At the same time they are for the most part no contemptible writers; their diction is commonly clear and forcible; their narrative, if artless, compact and effective; and their simplicity is frequently very touching. It is remarkable that the early metrical legends manifest a great superiority over the last, the work of a writer of the Reformation period, of which a unique copy, printed when Shakespeare was an infant, is extant in the Pepysian Library. Dr. Horstmann remarks that the earliest English literature was pre-eminently ecclesiastical in type, and that the legend represented its highest development on the imaginative side. He distinguishes between the Southern English literature, in which the legend proper predominated, and the Northern, which rather inclined to the homily. His preface further contains a sketch of the principal collections of legends, with an account of the peculiarities of the MSS. containing them.

Dr. Oesterley's (8) Historical and Geographical Dictionary of Mediæval Germany is an important work, whose scope is best ex-

plained in the compiler's own language:—"An alphabetical arrangement of the names of places in Germany mentioned by German historians of the middle ages, with the various forms under which they occur, the periods at which they are mentioned, the more important events connected with them, and the authorities." The work will be completed in twelve parts, the first of which is now published.

F. Babsch's essay upon the place of the ancient Germans in universal history (9) is mainly a collection of the principal passages in ancient historians relating to them, and a general review of their relation to other races and their domestic manners and institutions. It is well executed, but not distinguished by any remarkable novelty.

Johannes Turnmair, surnamed Aventinus (10), whose minor works the Bavarian Academy is publishing, is described by his editor as the founder of scientific history in Germany and the "Bavarian Herodotus." He was born in 1477, and wrote in the early part of the sixteenth century. He was evidently a very learned and diligent antiquary; but the writings hitherto published are scarcely of sufficient compass to exhibit his historical merits, and the gravity with which he records that Tuisco reigned over the Germans for 236 years seems to indicate that, if he had really started on the track of scientific investigation, he had not proceeded very far.

The philosophy of Nicolaus Cusanus (11) (1401-64) is interesting as an attempt to give a philosophical form to the pantheistic ideas which, in the guise of religious mysticism, had long been current in Germany. Cusanus himself is a striking figure as a cardinal with a genius for metaphysical speculation, and as the intellectual precursor of a long line of German philosophers with similar tendencies. Carrière compares his relation to Giordano Bruno with that of Pythagoras to Plato. Dr. Falckenberg's examination of his system is most thorough. Its general drift is sufficiently clear, but the details are often difficult to elucidate.

Dr. Bahnsen's application of dialectics to the problems of philosophy (12) bears evidence, at all events, of the writer's having applied his mind vigorously to the subject; but, until at least the last few pages, which treat of the problems suggested by various branches of chemical inquiry, it deals wholly with abstractions, in a technical style unintelligible to all except highly trained metaphysicians.

Dr. Baas's abridged History of Medicine (13) is not a work of great pretensions, but will be found adequate by the majority even of professional readers. It gives a concise and clear chronological account of the principal medical schools and medical writers; and it is but inevitable that a considerable part of the information should obviously be imparted at second hand.

The most recent parts of the Encyclopædia of the Natural Sciences (14), edited by Professor Jäger and his colleagues, contains the continuation of the treatises on botany and mathematics, and of the dictionary of zoology and anthropology. The latter is laudably compact and condensed, but the mixture of the tribes of mankind with all manner of beasts, birds, and creeping things produces an almost grotesque effect.

Mr. Carpenter's little grammar of the Icelandic language, as now spoken and written (15), not only contains full grammatical rules, but a chrestomathy and vocabulary, and is preceded by a brief but interesting sketch of the vicissitudes of the language.

The most important article in the *Rundschau* (16) is the first part of a review, apparently by the same anonymous writer who has so frequently exhibited his acquaintance with diplomatic secrets in this periodical, of the political career of the Marquis Wielopolski, the well-intentioned but unsuccessful statesman who endeavoured to perform the part of a Polish Desak by mediating between his country and Russia. The author evidently considers that Wielopolski was right, and that the Russian Government and his own countrymen displayed an equal want of intelligence in failing to enter into his ideas. Poland and Russia, he thinks, are equally necessary to each other. "The Age of Credit," a lecture by a professor at Prague, pleads for an extension of the facilities afforded by credit to the working classes, and is chiefly remarkable as another testimony to the depressed condition of these classes in Germany. "From Athens to Delphi" and "Flemish Studies" are agreeable light reading; the latter is especially concerned with the legends and folklore of the Flemings.

(9) *Die alten Germanen in der Universalgeschichte und ihre Eigenart.* Von F. Babsch. Wien: Hölder. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Johannes Turnmair's, genannt Aventinus, sämtliche Werke.* Herausgegeben von der K. Akademie der Wissenschaften. Bd. 1. Hft. 2. München: Kaiser. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Grundzüge der Philosophie des Nicolaus Cusanus, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Lehre vom Erkennen.* Von Dr. R. Falckenberg. Breslau: Kohnen. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Der Widerspruch im Wissen und Wesen der Welt.* Von Dr. Julius Bahnsen. Bd. 1. Berlin: Grieben. London: Nutt.

(13) *Leitfaden der Geschichte der Medicin.* Von J. H. Baas. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Kolckmann.

(14) *Encyclopædie der Naturwissenschaften.* Herausgegeben von Prof. Dr. G. Jäger, &c. Abth. 1. Lief. 14, 19. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Nutt.

(15) *Grundriss der Neu-Islandischen Grammatik.* Von W. H. Carpenter. Leipzig: Schliche. London: Nutt.

(16) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. VII. Hft. 7. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(4) *Aus dem politischen Briefwechsel des deutschen Kaisers mit dem Prinz-Gemahl von England aus den Jahren 1854 bis 1861.* Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Cyrus und Herodot.* Nach den neugefundnen Keilinschriften. Von Dr. Victor Floigl. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Der Midrasch zum Buche Esther.* Ins Deutsche übertragen von Dr. A. Wünsche. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Altenglische Legenden. Neue Folge.* Mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen herausgegeben von C. Horstmann. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Historisch-geographisches Wörterbuch des deutschen Mittelalters.* Von Dr. H. Oesterley. Lief. I. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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EDWARD A. BOND, Principal Librarian.

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THREE PROFESSORS, who shall undertake one or more of the following subjects—Mathematics (including Theoretical and Applied Mechanics), Physics, Chemistry, Physiology, Biology, Geology.

The work of the College will be divided into Four Departments, whose arrangement will depend, to some extent, on the subjects undertaken by the Professors elected, but it is intended that the three scientific departments shall severally comprehend:

1. Mathematics and Mechanics,
2. Chemistry,
3. Natural Science,

and that the subject of Physics shall be placed as a subject of principal importance in one or other of those departments.

Applicants are invited to specify the subjects which they would be prepared to undertake. Applications for the above appointments to be addressed to the Town Clerk, Municipal Offices, Nottingham, on or before the 7th day of May next. Particulars of salaries, duties, and conditions will be sent upon application to the Town Clerk.

Candidates are especially requested to abstain from canvassing.

SAM. GEO. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

Municipal Offices, Nottingham, March 22, 1881.

THE Council of Firth College, Sheffield, intend to appoint a PRINCIPAL, who shall also be Professor either in the Literary or in the Mechanical Department of the College.

These Departments will comprehend respectively the following subjects:

1. Classics, History, Literature, Political Economy, Moral Science.
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Applicants are requested to state in which of these Departments they would be prepared to act as Professor, and which of the Subjects in that Department they would be prepared to undertake.

The Salary of the said Principal will be £200 per annum, with Half the Fees of his own Classes.

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Candidates are requested to give full particulars concerning age, experience, and any Academic distinctions they may have gained, together with any other information likely to affect the decision of the Council. The names of three gentlemen to whom references may be made should be given, but no testimonials need be sent unless they are asked for.

Applications to be sent on or before the 25th day of April next, to

ENSOR DRURY, Registrar.

Firth College, Sheffield, March 24, 1881.

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The BISHOPS of the EPISCOPAL CHURCH in SCOTLAND desire to receive applications, with Testimonials, from CLERGYMEN in Firth's orders for the above office, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. PERCY ROBINSON, D.D.

Full information as to Duties, Emolument, &c., may be had from the SECRETARY, No. 10, Blackfriars Street, Perth, to whom also all applications are to be sent not later than April 21. Firth, April 2, 1881.

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LORD BEACONSFIELD.

A DAY or two ago there were two men in England known to the whole nation, and now there is only one. It is vain for detractors to explain away an undisputed pre-eminence. The proper office of criticism is to examine and explain the causes of Lord BEACONSFIELD's extraordinary position during his later years. The last two general elections, with their opposite results, were in popular estimation regarded as single combats between Lord BEACONSFIELD and Mr. GLADSTONE. On both sides other eminent politicians were engaged; but it was on the two lifelong rivals that general attention was fixed. That the antagonists were unequally matched in knowledge of public business and finance, in sympathy with democratic aspirations, and even in oratorical power, was an additional proof of the hold which the less favoured competitor had acquired on the national imagination. It has been for many years the fortune of Mr. GLADSTONE to swim with the stream, though skill and strength and courage to tread an opposing current would, in case of need, not have been wanting. Mr. DISRAELI, of whom it was not the least achievement that he made himself as well known by his later title as by his family name, seemed to owe nothing to luck. Though he was born in the upper middle class, his Jewish descent was an impediment to his rise; and, indeed, it might have rendered his career impossible but for his father's lucky quarrel with the authorities of the Synagogue. In his after years Mr. DISRAELI was not the selected nominee of the aristocratic party, though he led it for thirty years; and he never commanded the support of the multitude. He had also the disadvantage, if not the defect, of provoking strong personal animosities. Among the unwilling witnesses of his superiority are three or four spiteful libellers, who devoted themselves during his lifetime to the ignoble task of writing hostile biographies of the leader whom they feared and hated. His own nature was neither malignant nor revengeful, and he not unfrequently won over former antagonists when occasions of hostility had become obsolete. One cause of his success was his apparent, and perhaps real, insensibility to attack. Those impassive features offered no inducement to cultivate the dislike which is felt by those who have hurt an adversary. In more than one sense he seemed, like the ACHILLES of later fiction, to be invulnerable. His frequent inaccuracies and occasional contradictions of himself, proceeding from imperfect knowledge or from indifference, were never taken seriously. It was understood that he was occupied with the government of men or with the organization of a party, and that he trusted to others the details of legislation.

*Exequent alii spirantia mollis æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducunt de marmore vultus,
Orabunt causas melius, cœlique neatius
Describent radiis, et surgentia sidera dicent:
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:
Hæ tibi erunt artes.*

Mr. DISRAELI never understood the details of political machinery; but he supplied the motive power. The early part of his Parliamentary career was devoted to the establishment of his own position, as the necessary step to his further efforts. The leader of the party to which he attached himself endeavoured in vain to repress the ambition of his unwelcome ally, until, as Lord BEACONSFIELD records in his latest novel, "a gentleman who had never been in office" became

Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. During the remainder of his life, Lord DERBY was guided and controlled by the astute and daring lieutenant who was destined to be his political heir. It was to Mr. DISRAELI that the Conservative party was indebted for its relief from the dead weight of Protectionist pledges. The opponents who denounced a cynical breach of consistency well knew that he had no economic convictions to repudiate. In common with a statesman extremely unlike himself, he regarded as of secondary importance the special issues which were involved in successive political contests. The first object of both was that "the QUEEN'S Government should be carried on"; and, in the later case, that the Conservative party should not be permanently excluded from power.

On many important occasions Mr. DISRAELI displayed wisdom and patriotism. It was under his direction that the Opposition maintained throughout the Crimean War a critical attitude which neither impeded the action of the Government nor offered encouragement to the enemy. It would not have been difficult to stimulate popular indignation against Ministers of whom some prosecuted a war which they disapproved, while others were intriguing against their colleagues in promotion of their own personal interests. Mr. DISRAELI brought his own followers through the crisis without impeachment of the character of the party, and with the credit of having in no instance compromised the national interests for purposes of ambition. The war had been ended for one or two years when Mr. DISRAELI organized the coalitions which forced Lord PALMERSTON on the first occasion to dissolve and on the second to resign. Of all the confederates, including Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Mr. COBDEN, and Mr. GLADSTONE, it may be said that the Conservative chiefs were the least inexcusable. It was perhaps not unfortunate for Mr. DISRAELI that he was three times the real head of Administrations which had no majority in the House of Commons. He had a sufficient reason for abstaining from legislation which was not the direction in which his genius lay. In or out of office he impressed friends and enemies alike with belief in his powers. At a time when faction was less violent and less supreme than at present, Mr. BRIGHT truly assured a meeting of his constituents that Mr. DISRAELI stood by the head and shoulders higher than his political allies. In his letters Lord PALMERSTON often recognizes the ability and the fairness of the leader of the Opposition. One of the greatest services which Lord BEACONSFIELD has rendered to his country was the steady pressure which he exercised both on his followers and his opponents in favour of neutrality during the American Civil War. Nearly all the Conservative party sympathized with the cause of the South; and yet, from the beginning of the war to the end, Mr. DISRAELI prevented the introduction of any motion which tended to interference. It was well known that the three principal Ministers were adverse to the Northern cause, though Sir G. LEWIS was supported by a majority of the Cabinet in resistance to a dangerous policy. At a later period Mr. DISRAELI's unrivalled influence alone reconciled the Opposition to the two Irish Bills which could not prudently be resisted when they had once been carried by large majorities in the House of Commons. With the adroit co-operation of Lord CAIRNS he induced the House of Lords to pass the Bill for the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, in violation of the strongest prejudices, and in spite

of legitimate doubts of the beneficial tendencies of the measure. It is desirable that a statesman should be a competent judge of economic and social measures; but it is more important that he should possess the faculty of ruling men. Dispassionate historians will admit that, while Lord BEACONSFIELD has always been the real as well as the titular leader of his party, he has on many occasions saved them from serious errors, though he has, in his turn, undoubtedly committed mistakes.

It would not be convenient at the present moment to stir the hot ashes of recent controversy. Political passions have not subsided to the calm which befits a funeral celebration. Yet it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that in his conduct of foreign affairs Lord BEACONSFIELD was for once thoroughly in earnest. His participation in domestic affairs had often included an element of ironical contempt. In dealing with questions of peace and war he was zealously devoted to the cause of national honour and greatness. An unfriendly satirist once said that his familiar demon had deserted him as soon as he became serious and disinterestedly patriotic. It was unlikely that he should retain life and vigour long enough to retrieve the reverses which ended in his retirement from office. The regret which is now caused by his loss is suggested, not by his political triumphs or defeats, but by his genius and his force of character. There is no more wholesome and natural feeling than admiration of great ability. Lord BEACONSFIELD's political connexions excluded him from the enthusiastic applause of the great mass of Englishmen; and yet he was always regarded with good will and indulgence. Political zealots receive their good things in the form of hearty sympathy from the vulgar, with which they are identified in opinion and in feeling. A large and humorous intelligence receives credit for capacity to recognize its own shortcomings. It was always probable that Lord BEACONSFIELD would be the first to smile at any incidental blunder into which he might be betrayed. His writings would alone have made the reputation of an ordinary man. As literary compositions, they were better than his speeches, and they were still more fully replete with imagination and wit. If the political novels are in purpose too didactic, the doctrines which they inculcate are easily forgotten in the play of character and fancy. The moral of *Tancred* and the moral of *Gulliver's Travels* may be equally neglected by the judicious reader. Lord BEACONSFIELD will not be remembered by any special doctrine, though he promulgated many political propositions. His main achievement is that for more than a generation he led a great party and shared largely in the government of the nation.

CANDAHAR.

THE city and district of Candahar have already made good their claim to rank among the places known as graves of reputations. The reputation of Lord HARTINGTON for seeing all sides of a question, of Sir CHARLES DILKE for care in ascertaining the trustworthiness of statements made to influence the votes of the House of Commons, of the officials of the India Office generally for looking after important documents which the Government has promised to produce, all lie buried somewhere about the Douranee capital. But the largest contingent to the inhabitants of the Candahar reputation-cemetery has undoubtedly been furnished by the military profession. From the time of Sir DONALD STEWART's departure to the time of Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's arrival the history of the military operations at Candahar was one long tissue of blunders and misfortunes relieved only by the gallantry of the 66th and the artillery at Maiwand. That unfortunate battle, and the hardly less unfortunate sortie during the siege, probably represent a point of professional mismanagement lower even than that of the operations round Laing's Nek. Although the Government of India could not be entirely acquitted of the disaster of Maiwand, it was certainly due directly to the ill luck or the misconduct of persons on the spot. Ever since the battle, according to an unfortunate habit of English military arrangements, a kind of squabble has been going on for the apportionment of this particular blame. It will be remembered that the Indian Commander-in-Chief complained bitterly, and justly, of the unsatisfactory official accounts of the battle. It was appar-

that something must be done, and various inquiries were held, arranged, or promised. Nothing, however, came of them but two courts-martial, which tried two regimental officers, Major CURRIE and Colonel MALCOLMSON, for misbehaviour in face of the enemy. Had these officers been found guilty, the result would have been sufficiently unsatisfactory. That they have been honourably acquitted makes the matter almost more unsatisfactory still. For, although the principle—unviolated in all our disasters of the last year or two—that the conduct and courage of subordinate officers can be depended upon without fear or limit has been once more established, it is to be feared that the inferences as to the conduct, if not the courage of superior officers, compensate for this satisfaction.

The etiquette which in such cases makes the commanding officer the chief witness for the prosecution, if not the actual prosecutor, is a just one, no doubt, but it has its inconveniences. For it is almost impossible for an acquitted to be attained without damage to the character of the person who holds this invidious position. The trial of Major CURRIE, and still more that of Colonel MALCOLMSON, has certainly had that result. General BURROWS and his Cavalry Brigadier, General NUTTALL, practically undertook in these trials to prove that the misconduct of their officers made it impossible for them to save the day. Not only did they fail to show this, but their cross-examination brought out all sorts of things of a very unpleasant character which can hardly be left unsettled, and which yet are most unsavoury to inquire into. We need not attach much importance to some of the personal imputations made. That one account represents General BURROWS as having come out of action in the placid enjoyment of a cheroot, while another represents him as having been insensible across another officer's horse, will not surprise the student of military history. Mollwitz, Waterloo, Balaklava, scores and hundreds of other instances occur to the memory, and make the most laborious inquirer despair of making accounts tally. General NUTTALL's personal bravery is, we believe, beyond question, and his conduct under Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS redeemed more or less fully any deficiency of the qualities of a General which he may have shown at Maiwand. But his own unlucky admission, made long ago, that the cavalry were "out of hand," and that they would not "charge home," seems to make an attempt to criminate regimental officers idle on the face of it. For it must be remembered that the force under General NUTTALL's command, though it was dignified by the title of a brigade, was not composed of many different regiments, for the individual leading of which the Brigadier was bound to rely on colonels and majors. It was, indeed, made up of more than one corps; but it was not numerically stronger than a single cavalry regiment in most armies, and could certainly have been "in hand" to General NUTTALL himself, if to anybody. The incidental evidence against General BURROWS was much more damaging than that against his second-in-command. The statements made were not themselves the subject of cross-examination, and should, therefore, be accepted with reserve. But, if even part of them is true, the GENERAL showed both at the mutiny on the Helmund and at Maiwand itself a want of head which, except by some extraordinary favour of fortune, made disaster tolerably certain. The events themselves gave but too strong suspicion of this, and it is in the last degree unfortunate that the proceedings resorted to by the GENERAL to clear his own reputation at the expense of others should have resulted only in the strengthening of that suspicion.

While this unpleasant affair has been going on a good deal of interest has been felt in the possible compromise as to the abandonment of the Candahar district. According to the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times*—a strong partisan, it is true, but also an exceedingly well-informed person—the greatest pressure is being put on the home Government to moderate the ardour of their scuttling. For the present, we are told, not merely are Pishin and the Thall-Chotiali route to be occupied, but an advanced post is to be maintained at Chaman, the half-way house between Quetta and Candahar, so as to command the Khojak passes. The news seems almost too good to be true, but its truth is not wholly impossible. Even Lord HARTINGTON's stolid resolution must feel how exceedingly awkward it is to have obtained the Candahar division by something more than a *suggestio falsi* (the statement of Sir CHARLES DILKE, preparing for the Universities, German, and English subjects, for Modern Languages, Science, and English subjects, Summer Term begins May 6. For Prospectus and further information apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

WILLIAM STOKES, and Mr. GIBBS). The general tendency of these powerful arguments of the members of the Indian Council was in favour rather of Pishin than of Candahar, and it may be acknowledged that the great mass of qualified military opinion tends the same way. It is understood, also, that perhaps the greatest authority on the actual question, Sir ROBERT SANDEMAN, who is now in England, has made personal representations to the India Office on the importance of retaining all that is necessary to make Quetta thoroughly tenable. It need hardly be said that no reasonable person will be disposed to taunt the Government with inconsistency if, at the eleventh hour, they condescend to listen to reason. In politics, even more than elsewhere, half a loaf is better than no bread, and a late and ungracious concession in matters of real national importance ought never to be treated scornfully because it is ungracious and because it is late. It is not at all unnatural that certain members of the Radical party, who have been accustomed to look at foreign policy merely as a convenient arena for party strife, should fail to understand that other people care very little for dialectic victory or for triumph in a division of the House of Commons, provided the interests of the Empire are safeguarded. These other people, though they may be somewhat suspicious of the chance of resipiscence on the part of the Government, would be unfeigningly glad of it. The certainty, or all but certainty, of a Russian annexation on the north of Persia, extending almost to the frontiers of Afghanistan, the reported troubles in Herat, and the very lukewarm welcome which has been accorded to the AMER's representatives in Candahar itself, make a complete withdrawal from the border of Afghanistan not so much imprudence as madness. It is unfortunately a madness of which a Government with Mr. GLADSTONE at its head is fully capable. But some consolation may be found in the fact that the passion for scuttling has since the abandonment of Candahar was decided upon found another vent for itself. When Mr. GLADSTONE and his Ministry resolved to abandon Afghanistan, they had not realized the possibility of abandoning the Transvaal. It is but reasonable that in the enjoyment of this greater luxury they should consent to forego a part at least of the lesser, especially after their victory in the House of Commons. It will always be possible to quote that triumph—without, of course, any pedantic references to the methods by which it was obtained—even if Pishin and the approaches to Candahar are not finally relinquished.

THE LAND BILL.

A MEETING of Ulster representatives of Tenant-Right Associations has, as might be expected, passed resolutions in approval of Mr. GLADSTONE's Land Bill. The supporters of the Government in England feel or profess satisfaction at the testimony which is thus given to the soundness of the measure. As the meeting avowedly considered only the interest of the proposed recipients of legislative bounty, its decision only proves that the tenants will gain largely at the expense of the landowners. A forcible transfer of property from one class to another is necessarily welcome to the recipients. It would be more to the purpose to show that the victims of expropriation are in any degree reconciled to their loss. The only sufficient excuse which can be given for such a proposal is that it is the alternative of greater evils. As a precedent it is purely mischievous, by shaking the confidence which has hitherto been felt in all rights of ownership. The mischief which results from even the unintentional recognition of a vicious doctrine has been abundantly illustrated by the consequences of the Act of 1870. Mr. GLADSTONE then repeatedly asserted both that the tenant would acquire no right of ownership, and that the whole measure was exclusively justified by exceptional circumstances. He now admits with a light heart that the occupier became under the Act a part-owner; and English and Scotch agitators, following in his footsteps, threaten the early extension of the doctrine of spoliation to all the land in the United Kingdom. Occupiers whose possession of the land arises wholly from deliberate and perhaps recent contract argue that they are entitled to the permanent enjoyment which was claimed in Ireland as a right of the people. "A man who has never been in office" became

Continental Communism; and meetings of artisans will, like the Ulster Tenant-Right Associations, condescend to applaud legislation for the sacrifice of capital to the supposed interests of labour. In 1870 the landlords paid a fine of many millions sterling for the alleged security of the remainder of their property. They are now to be mulcted to a larger amount without any pretence of corresponding benefit to themselves. From the first clause of the Bill to the last there is no mention of anything in the nature of compensation. There can be little doubt that the pecuniary rights which the landlords retain will be exposed to additional risk. Mr. C. RUSSELL, at the Belfast meeting was careful to remind the tenant-farmers that they owed the liberal provisions of the Bill to the violence of the Land League. Mr. PARNELL long since anticipated the statement by assuring his followers that the Government measure would be liberal in proportion to their turbulent activity during the winter. Hereafter landlords without duties, and with the solitary right of receiving their diminished incomes, will be exposed without defence to the attacks of demagogues. It will be easy to excite prejudice against absentee annuitants who contribute nothing to the cultivation of the soil. Indeed Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE, in a speech at Nantwich, taunted holders under the Landed Estates Court with their undoubted purpose of regarding their purchases as investments. The abolition of landlordism, as it is called by Mr. RUSSELL's Land League friends, can only be effected by degrees. The present Bill, when it comes into operation, will have established the principle that private rights may be confiscated for supposed public benefit without any pretence of compensation. It is highly probable that periods of distress will recur at intervals; and the rent will again be regarded as the fund most readily applicable to the purposes of relief.

One of the many evil consequences of anomalous legislation is that a sacrifice to popular clamour tends to become irrevocable. Mr. GLADSTONE's bid for tranquillity in Ireland will be henceforth regarded as the minimum of concession. Not only the agitators of the Land League, but the more respectable advocates of the claims of the tenants, have begun to suggest improvements in the Bill, of course with exclusive regard to the interests of the occupiers. One of these suggestions is that the judicial administration, which is of the essence of the Bill, shall not be entrusted to the County Court judges, who are accused of imperfect acquaintance with the relations affecting the land. The real objection to the tribunals is that they might probably be impartial, and that they would be guided by the rules of law. As there will be many thousands of litigated cases, it is clearly impossible that the Central Commission should act as a Court of First Instance; nor, indeed, would its intervention be desirable, if only one of the three Commissioners is to be a lawyer. If the County Courts are set aside, the power of arbitration must be vested in surveyors and in land-agents of an inferior class, the higher ranks of the profession being generally occupied by the representatives of the landlords. It will probably not be at present suggested that tenant-farmers should be employed to adjudicate between their neighbours and the owners of the soil.

The Bill in its present form supplies ample material for the acuteness of legal interpreters; and some of the clauses are so obscure as to countenance the rumour that Mr. GLADSTONE was himself chief draughtsman. No two commentators seem to agree as to the meaning of the fundamental provision for the assessment of a fair rent. The Court is directed "to have regard to the tenant's interest, estimated with reference either to the Ulster custom, or to the scale of compensation for disturbance." The former alternative might by itself be approximately intelligible. The Court would award such a rent as would leave unaltered the value of the tenant-right which existed before the passing of the Act. There might be some difficulty in the application of the rule, but the principle of valuation seems not unjust. The reference to compensation for disturbance is more perplexing. The amount of compensation ought in theory to vary in proportion to the rent; and it may be roughly estimated at a fourth, or, in some instances, at a third, of the value of the fee simple. If the Court is to deduct a third or fourth of the annual value before fixing the rent, the epithet "fair" is exactly the last word that can be said; yet it is difficult to construe the clause in any sense which is consistent with common sense or justice. Mr. GLADSTONE may have intended, while he establishes tenant-right for the

first time in three-fourths of Ireland, to define its value as equivalent to the amount of compensation for disturbance.

LORD MONTEAGLE, who has since the beginning of the controversy advocated the doctrines which are now embodied in the Bill, publishes an ingenious explanation of the doubtful clause. In his opinion, "the question for the Court would be, not 'what portion of the fee-simple' 'belongs to the tenant as his interest,' but 'can the tenant at such and such a rent sell his interest for as much as the disturbance scale would give him?' And 'the answer, if the rent was fair, would certainly be, 'Yes, and more.'" LORD MONTEAGLE adds that on his Limerick estate there is no tenant-right, except what he has voluntarily created by giving thirty-one year leases, with right of sale. Several of his leases were sold in 1879 and 1880 for sums exceeding the amount of compensation for disturbance as proposed by the Bill. "The disturbance scale," he concludes, "seems to me to be referred to as a rough measure of what I have called this dormant tenant-right, in the absence of Ulster custom or the like." The most admissible argument which can be urged in favour of any provision of the Bill is that it renders compulsory the hitherto voluntary practice of a prudent and liberal landlord. LORD MONTEAGLE'S equation between disturbance and actual, though unrecognized, tenant-right seems to be in some degree casual or arbitrary; but it is possible that he may have solved MR. GLADSTONE'S puzzle correctly, though he will do well to obtain, if possible, a more intelligible version of the clause. Obscure language used by a legislator who calmly admits that he gave the tenants a share of the land without intending it, is at the same time characteristic and dangerous. Honest and intelligent apologists for the Bill render a service to the public interest by facilitating an acquiescence which may perhaps be indispensable. It may be an unwelcome duty to pay at once the exorbitant price of MR. GLADSTONE'S Sibylline books. The Irish tenants cannot be expected to abate any part of the demand which is conceded by a Minister with an overwhelming majority at his back. Submission to irresistible force would be rendered more endurable by proof that the wrong suffered by the landlords is comparatively moderate. Only political purists contend that an intrinsically unjust measure ought to be rejected, even when those who suffer by its provisions consider the compromise unavoidable. The Opposition has hitherto displayed commendable moderation in suspending its judgment on the Bill, and its leaders will perhaps be well advised in not dividing on the second reading. Some of the clauses in the Bill are not intrinsically unjust, and the least objectionable portion of the whole relates to the advance of public money for the purchase of land. The apprehension that the annual payments by the purchasers would not be secure is probably exaggerated. English and Scotch popular opinion, which is adverse to the landlords as an aristocratic minority, would perhaps favour the rigorous exaction of debts due to the Treasury, as long as taxation is not wholly and finally dissociated from representation and from political power.

THE TUNIS EXPEDITION.

THE preparations for the French invasion of Tunis are now so far complete that, at the date of the most recent advices, the foremost columns were in sight of the camp fires of the Kroumirs. As a preliminary to further operations the French have decided to occupy the little island of Tabarka, situated at less than half a mile from the coast of Tunis, and eight miles from the nearest point of Algeria. A French vessel of war was sent to examine this part of the coast, and to select a spot for landing troops, if a landing should be thought advisable. As the vessel passed Tabarka it was fired on, although no damage was done. Tabarka is held, not by the Kroumirs, but by soldiers of the Bey; and, if the soldiers of the Bey have fired on the French, and the French are going to occupy an island held by the Bey's soldiers, it is difficult to see in what sense the Bey and France are not at war. But the Bey has adopted the politic course of denying altogether that a shot was fired from Tabarka, and, if his garrison retires before the French arrive, peace may still be held officially to continue. The Bey's small force, sent from Tunis under his brother, is marching in the direction of the Kroumir territory, and the Bey announces

himself as very much pleased with the cordial reception which the inhabitants of the districts through which his force is passing give to his soldiers. This cordiality is evidently due to the belief of the inhabitants that the soldiers of the Bey are going to help the Kroumirs, and fight the French. But the Bey gives official assurances that nothing of the kind is intended, and that his soldiers are not going either to help the Kroumirs or to attack them. They are to maintain an attitude of dignified neutrality, and to watch the French and the Kroumirs fighting out their difference. The French expeditionary force is put down at 20,000 men, and is under the command of General FERGEMOL, the most advanced column being commanded by General VINCENDON. How many Kroumirs there are to fight the French is probably unknown to the French commanders, and is certainly unknown to outsiders. They seem to grow in numbers, as the French want to have an enemy respectable enough to justify the magnitude of an expedition which nominally is only going to chastise a clan of mountain robbers; and the amount of Kroumir fighting men has now been run up to 15,000. Even, however, if this is an exaggeration devised for special purposes, the prudence of the French in operating with a large force if they are to operate at all is obvious. The French Government, although it may be quite sincere in saying that it has no wish to attack the Bey or occupy his capital, has many excellent reasons for wishing, if possible, to avoid anything like a check. As a rule, France, like other great Powers dealing with barbarians on their own soil, like Russia and like England, is accustomed to receive temporary checks, and not much to mind them. The great Power successfully uses after a certain delay more of its strength, and the check is retrieved. The history of the French occupation of Algeria has been a history of small disasters repaired at the cost of much money and many lives by great successes. France has hitherto thought little of temporary checks at the hands of African Arabs. It now has a new and sudden apprehension of the possible consequences of a check. It has reasons, partly military and partly political, for desiring that the work it has to do should be done quickly and effectually, and that this feeling should prevail throws much light on the character and bearings of the expedition, when viewed as an expedition merely meant to put down the Kroumirs. If it was intended to do great things ultimately, to advance on Tunis and bring the Bey to submission, the force employed would certainly not be large, nor the desire of the French for rapid success at all singular. But the Frenchmen who assert most positively that nothing more than the punishment of a robber-tribe is contemplated are as eager to finish with the Kroumirs as if a great thing was meditated, and they naturally have some special reasons for an eagerness which seems at first sight out of harmony with the very limited purpose which is said to be alone in view.

The military reasons for desiring a speedy and complete success refer partly to Algeria and partly to Tunis. There is always a danger that if the Algerian Arabs saw a chance of rising they would rise, and although they would be put down in the long run, it might cost France a serious effort to put them down. The French Government is perpetually alive to the insecurity of its tenure of Algeria. There are so many Arabs and so few Frenchmen. There is so much military expenditure to hold a country by which few individual Frenchmen profit. How acutely this is felt is shown by a proposal which the present Government has under its consideration. It contemplates the expenditure of no less than two millions sterling to coax new French settlers to go to Algeria. Individual Frenchmen may be proud of their country having what they think a magnificent possession, but personally they prefer not going there. As they will not go to Algeria as a matter of pleasure or business, they are to be paid to go there. This State is to buy colonists who are to be engaged in the useful, but arduous, task of overawing their wild neighbours. Hitherto schemes of this sort have not proved very successful; for, although Frenchmen have been found to take money to go to Algeria, they cannot be got to stay there when they have gone. In the next place, although the Bey may be too frightened to oppose the French openly, his subjects may be in a different humour. They do not like foreigners coming into their country, and they hate with a special and burning hatred those foreigners when they are Christians. A rising of the Tunisian population is more than possible if the Krou-

mirs are not easily beaten. The BEY has not only formally protested to foreign Powers against the French invasion, but has alleged that he cannot answer for the safety of foreign residents in his dominions, and especially in his capital, if the patriotic and religious indignation of his subjects is once awakened. To this the French Government has given the simple answer that, if any foreigners are injured, it will hold the BEY himself and his Prime Minister personally responsible. This has had, at least for the moment, the desired effect. The BEY now thinks that he can protect foreign residents, and the foreign residents seem to think they may go on in comfort and security if the BEY is to be deposed, unless he manages to make them safe. But, although the BEY may be strong enough to maintain order in his capital, he is certainly not strong enough, and cannot be expected to restrain those of his more distant subjects who may wish to join the ranks of the combatants against a foreign invasion. The Tunisian Arabs would, of course, be subdued in the long run by France, but France would have a new, a vexatious, and even an odious business to get through. To punish the Kroumirs, and more or less to frighten the BEY, is within the present French programme. To conquer the Tunisian Arabs is not. The obvious way of preventing this new difficulty arising is to give it no time to arise. If the Kroumirs are decisively beaten before the adjacent population forms any serious purpose of resistance, it will not resist. But a lingering war—if a contest between France and the Kroumirs can be called a war—would open the way to projects of general resistance which might gradually assume a serious shape.

The political reasons for desiring immediate success are still more urgent. This is the first occasion on which a French army has seen real warfare since the army was remodelled after the German war. For ten years France has been spending largely and working continuously to get an army unlike the army which was crushed at Gravelotte and Sedan—an army much larger, better organized, better equipped, and better led. France and Europe are now to see what this new army is worth, and what are the practical fruits of so much trouble and money. The present French army is, too, in an especial sense the army of the Republicans, and both Republicans and their enemies are keenly watching what this new army can do. A check to the army would be a check to the Republic. And the military authorities have frankly accepted the challenge to show on fair terms what the average of the French army is like. They have not sent a picked body of men, or men only who have been long with the colours. They have sent troops from all parts of France, and have among them sent men or boys who have only been months with their regiments. Local observers pronounce that the expeditionary force, as seen on the spot, is a force of great promise. The men are strong, healthy, intelligent, and longing to fight; the officers are on the most friendly terms with the men, and are anxiously attentive to their wants. Some young recruits have shown a want of marching power, and have dropped behind under the trial of an African sun. But, in one way, it may be said that the presence of such men in the force only makes it a more faithful representative of the army at large. There must be young immature recruits in every army that is based on the supposition that every fighting man in the country is to fight. And just as, in order that the general character of the army may be reflected in the expeditionary force, it is fair that there should be a certain proportion of young recruits, so is it fair, for the same purpose, that the expeditionary force should be large, for the largeness of the army is its present chief characteristic. As the force is typical of the army, both in its composition and its size, any appearance of inefficiency in the field would be more than usually mortifying to the Government which has created, and is responsible for, the army. Then, again, in the field of home politics, the Government has strong motives for wishing to get its Tunis business over as early as possible. The whole scheme of the invasion is fiercely attacked, as everything the Government does is attacked, by its habitual opponents. The Bonapartists say that it is a clumsy imitation of the expeditions of the Empire which the Republicans have so fiercely denounced. The Extreme Left say that it is not only a wicked waste of the money of the taxpayers, but is at bottom a manoeuvre of stock-jobbers. What they mean

when they say this is that last summer a group of French financiers bought Tunisian bonds when they were very low, and have run them up since on the credit of a French intervention, and the facile calumny of French criticism finds in these financiers the wirepullers of the Government. The Ministry can afford to despise idle tales of this sort, but it cannot avoid seeing that the best way to scatter criticism and rumour to the winds would be to get through its work rapidly, and to be able to say that criticism and rumour referred to a thing that was past. If it is possible, it would be in the highest degree convenient to the Ministry that a telling stroke should have been delivered before the Chamber meets again in three weeks' time; and it would be not only inconvenient, but even dangerous, to it if the session closed and the preparations for the new general election had to be made while a state of things half peace, half war, very costly, and not very creditable, was dragging on in Tunis.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THERE is no use in an indefinite prolongation of criticism on the conduct and termination of the petty war with the Boers. It is not likely that the respective partisans of national self-assertion and national self-abnegation should in the course of further controversy approach to an agreement. Politicians, like all others engaged in practical occupations, must accept accomplished facts whether they like them or not. The feelings which have been aroused by the conduct of the Government will find expression soon after the meeting of Parliament; and Mr. GLADSTONE's announcement that he will not take an apologetic tone portends some bitterness of discussion; but a vote of censure on a Government with a majority of 150 is a hopeless experiment. The Opposition will have to console themselves for defeat by the knowledge that a large number of Ministerial supporters secretly share their own feeling of anger and humiliation. It is possible that the Government may by that time be enabled to furnish the country with authentic information as to the present condition and future prospects of the Transvaal or of its loyal inhabitants. The English Government cannot honourably repudiate its engagements to settlers and traders who invested their capital in the province after Sir GARNER WOLSELEY's declaration that the territory was permanently annexed to the Empire.

When the peace was hastily patched up, the Ministry apparently forgot that there were other parties concerned in the settlement of difficulties besides the Government and the insurgents. Nearly all the local trade is in the hands of Englishmen, who consequently form the principal population of the towns and villages. There are also proprietors and tenant farmers, some of them of Dutch nationality, who have an undoubted claim either to protection or to compensation. It is said that in some instances the loyal residents have been expelled from their farms either during the short war or after the conclusion of peace. There ought to be no question of compensation in money, because there is no pretext for ejecting peaceable purchasers or lessees. The disturbance of storekeepers and jobbers would be still more wanton, especially as the Dutch farmers are not inclined to settle in the towns or to engage in commercial pursuits. It is possible that some accounts of the violence and injustice of the victorious Boers may be exaggerated, or that their misconduct may be partial and exceptional. Nothing which the English Government can do will tend so directly to an equitable arrangement as an exhibition of irresistible force within reach of the Transvaal. It is true that the timidity which has been already displayed may probably tend to reassure the violent party. If Sir EVELYN WOOD's advice had been followed, the Government by a delay of two or three weeks might have dictated a reasonable settlement, instead of depending on uncertain negotiation. It is comparatively satisfactory to remember that the greater part of the reinforcements which were sent from England are still in South Africa. In case of need Sir EVELYN WOOD could dispose of a force of 10,000 men, whose services will not be required if the Boers are impressed with a belief that the English Government is in earnest. That with such a force an English general should have pledged himself not to occupy a position within the QUEEN'S dominions is not

the less humiliating because it is to be defended by apologies which are not to be apologetic.

The irritation with which the news of the peace was received by the English population of the Cape Colony indicates, among other things, the absence of serious alarm at the threats of the insurgents and their allies. The declaration of some of the Boer leaders that they were about to establish the independence of all the South African provinces seems to have produced no effect on the loyal colonists. They are much more disturbed by the recognition even in a remote territory of the supremacy of the rival race. For the present there is happily no appearance of a serious feud between the English and the Dutch inhabitants of the colony. A possible change of Ministry at the Cape bears no resemblance to an impending revolution. The threatened attack on Mr. SPRIGG, who has now enjoyed an unusually long tenure of office, may perhaps have some connexion with the untoward events in the Transvaal; but it is more naturally explained by the tedious progress of the Basuto war. The Colonial Government is wholly responsible for the rupture, which would not have been precipitated if Mr. SPRIGG and his colleagues had anticipated the obstinate resistance of the natives to disarmament. The Dutch colonists have never heartily supported the policy of the Government, and the burden of the actual contest has fallen on the English volunteers. The next election will probably turn on the question of the Basuto war, while it will at the same time be a trial of strength between the Eastern and Western provinces. The Imperial Government and its representative can well afford to be neutral. The war with the Basutos has been to a certain extent undertaken and prosecuted for the purpose of asserting colonial independence. The Cape Ministry from the first announced the not discreditable resolution to bring the war to a close by their own unassisted efforts. The aid of Imperial troops was of course not gratuitously tendered; but, if it had been offered, it would probably have been rejected. From time to time Lord KIMBERLEY formally reserved to himself the right of intervening on due occasion for the protection of the natives, but his claim was never acknowledged by the Colonial Government, and it is evidently destined to be inoperative. When the Basutos are finally subdued, the victors will, without risk of interference, dispose of the spoils. If it was intended that the Imperial Government should permanently protect the natives, the colonists ought not to have been invested with the privileges of responsible government. It has never been found possible to combine the exercise of any kind of Imperial control with the modern form of colonial independence.

The abandonment of the right and duty of protecting the natives from the possible oppression of their white neighbours may perhaps not be eventually injurious to their interests. The Colonial Government has been justly proud of its success in dealing with the tribes on the northern and eastern frontier. Friendly natives living in the colony are not even excluded from equal political rights, though it is necessary to take care that they shall not acquire even local predominance. The franchise has been fixed at such a level as to admit a few of the most prosperous and intelligent natives; while the remainder, though they are provisionally excluded, are not exposed to any formal disqualification. The disarmament of the Basutos was only impolitic, and therefore unjustifiable, because their feelings and personal pride had not been duly appreciated. As Mr. SPRIGG said, they had no use for arms except to rebel, inasmuch as they had no foreign enemies to fear, and there was no large game in the country to shoot. The formidable resistance which the colonial troops have encountered has, in a certain sense, justified the fear of rebellion; but, if the Basutos had been for the time let alone, some of them might have been enlisted in the colonial service, and the remainder would gradually have become exclusively devoted to pacific occupations. The demand for a surrender of their arms was considered both as a threat and as a humiliation. Many of the Basutos believed that their allegiance was only due to the QUEEN, and that the Colonial Government was guilty of usurpation. Small pains had been taken to explain the transfer of sovereign rights from the mother country to the colony. It is not improbable that more serious complications may result from the surrender of dominion in the Transvaal. The boast of Mr. JOUBERT, that no slaves were manumitted during the period of English occupation, is compatible with the un-

doubted existence of compulsory servitude in the province. If the capture of native children continues to be customary, the Boers will from time to time be involved in border wars with neighbouring tribes, of which some are akin to the bulk of the population of Natal. It is not improbable that the Zulus, the Swazis, and other Eastern tribes will accustom themselves to regard the English as their natural protectors and allies; but it is premature to speculate on the social and political conditions of the future. The defence of the English and loyal Dutch inhabitants of the Transvaal is a more urgent duty than the protection of the natives. The transient annexation, now that it has ceased, leaves the coloured population in the same state in which it found them. European residents have in some instances settled in the province on the faith of official assurances; and they have of late incurred the resentment of their present rulers by their acceptance of English sovereignty. The assertion of their rights will scarcely involve blood-guiltiness, unless, indeed, it should become inconvenient or dangerous, like the Transvaal war, when the English troops had been three times defeated.

THE BRIGHTON REVIEW.

SOME useful notes on the Easter Monday Review at Brighton were contributed by a military Correspondent to the *Times* of Wednesday. The general result, both of this and other criticisms, is decidedly favourable to the Volunteers. They have immensely improved since the days when these Brighton Reviews were chiefly valuable as showing that they had still everything to learn except readiness to be taught. Great complaints, for example, used to be made of the unmilitary demeanour of the men who spent the previous Sunday at Brighton. They commonly wore their uniforms, because they had nothing else to wear, but they did not in the least behave themselves like soldiers. This time they are described as saluting promptly and accurately every officer whom they meet, and this single circumstance says a good deal for the change that has come over them. The difficulty used to be to get the Volunteers to regard themselves as soldiers, except when they were actually on parade. They did not understand that a soldier has other duties than marching and firing, and that, as a Volunteer's opportunities of practising these other duties are few, it becomes him all the more to make the most of such as present themselves. A man who has learnt to salute an officer as a matter of course has made considerable progress in this direction.

Military efficiency is so largely a question of money that it is not surprising to find the Military Correspondent put an increase in the Capitation Grant either in money or in kind among the first of his recommendations. Volunteers, as he very justly says, cannot be considered fit for service unless they are provided with a great-coat, a water-bottle, and a haversack; but on Monday he noticed that many of the men arrived at Brighton with one or more of these items in their outfit wanting. There are two very obvious reasons why these deficiencies should at once be put right. However improbable an invasion may be, it ought not to be regarded as improbable where the Volunteers are concerned. As they exist in order to be useful in case of invasion, nothing that would really be needed to make them useful ought to be left uncared for. It would be an annoying addition to the confusion which would certainly attend a calling out of the Volunteers if a large number of great-coats, haversacks, and water-bottles had to be provided at a moment's notice. The other reason is that these articles are a sensible addition to the weight which a soldier on the march has to carry, and it is not desirable that a Volunteer should begin his first real campaign under a heavier load than that to which he has been accustomed on a field day. An increase in the Capitation Grant seems to be demanded, even if the equipment of the Volunteer is to remain as complete as it is. The other sources from which the funds of a Volunteer corps used to be fed are gradually drying up. Payment of an entrance fee is scarcely ever demanded. Local contributions have been generally discontinued. Officers are not able, or do not care, to pay as large subscriptions as formerly. No one has any right to complain of these shortcomings. So long as the utility of the Volunteers was an open question, it was natural that the Government should be unwilling to spend money on what might turn out to be

an unsuccessful experiment. It was for those who believed in the movement to show their faith by their works. Now the utility of the Volunteers has been established, and the nation knows not only that for every shilling laid out in making the Volunteers more efficient it gets a solid return in the shape of additional security, but that this expenditure brings in a larger proportionate return than almost any other which the military authorities can suggest. It cannot be supposed, therefore, that a proposal to increase the army estimates in order to provide a larger Capitation Grant for the Volunteers would meet with any appreciable opposition. "A Military Correspondent" makes a sensible remark with regard to the commanders of Volunteer regiments. *Prima facie*, he admits, lieutenant-colonels of Volunteers should be ex-officers of the regular army. As a matter of fact, however, these ex-officers are usually men who have left the army for some years, and, what is worse, have left it because they cared but little for it. Consequently, they represent at best the military proficiency of a past time, and they seldom care to acquaint themselves with the many changes that have recently taken place in the drill of the regular army.

The principal disadvantage of Brighton as the site of a review—the immense crowd that the spectacle attracts—was very evident on Monday. The Volunteers could not always manœuvre freely, by reason of the pressure of their attendants, and the difficulty of observing the movements of the enemy, necessarily great from the clouds of dust raised by a strong east wind, was increased by the dense smoke of the burning furze, which had been set alight out of sheer mischief by the Brighton roughs. The number of spectators makes it additionally difficult to secure the necessary ground. The mischief done by those who come to see the Volunteers is far greater than that done by the Volunteers themselves. On Monday, for example, there are said to have been eight or ten times as many lookers-on as there were Volunteers, and they were practically under no control whatever. The town of Brighton undertakes to pay for all damage done; but there is a good deal of damage which is very annoying to a farmer, and yet cannot very well be expressed in unimpeachable figures. As it was, most of the regiments which came from London on the day of the review brought their food with them, and it is extremely desirable that the habit of trusting for supplies to taverns and refreshment-rooms should receive all possible discouragement. The regiments which march to the ground would not mind having to go under canvas for a night or two; indeed, the opportunity of doing so would make the review additionally profitable. Practice, no doubt, has made the Brighton Railway Company exceedingly perfect in making arrangements for the transport of the Volunteers; but it would be well that other Companies should have a chance of showing that they can do equally well.

The appearance and drill of the men seem to have been on the whole very satisfactory. The troops "were thoroughly in hand, and were easily manœuvred." They were quiet, silent, and fairly deliberate in their fire. In the march past many of the corps went by in admirable order, and but few in a manner to call for positive blame. On the return to Brighton several battalions marched as briskly as though they had only been out for an hour. On the other hand, there was some carelessness in skirmishing, and in two places the Military Correspondent saw outposts stationed in places where "a whole division might have been collected out of sight 200 yards in front." Possibly it was the consciousness that they were placed where they could be of no use that induced two of the men to smoke "while lying down watching the enemy." "A Military Correspondent" notes that, if the corps he saw at Brighton are a fair sample of the whole force, at least 5 per cent. must be deducted from the effective strength of the Volunteers on the score of the men being too young for their work. This fact ought of course to be borne in mind whenever numbers are of importance to a calculation; but there would be good reason for contentment if no worse a thing could be said of the regular army.

THE FRENCH OPPOSITION.

THE Republican party in France is more fortunate in its enemies than in its friends. The approaching general election will find the moderate element within the

party more powerless than ever. Its one chance of existence seems to be that M. GAMBETTA, when he comes to the head of affairs, may have both the willingness and the ability to cut himself adrift from the Extreme Left. As yet there is no distinct evidence that this is his intention; but there are several considerations which point to it as one which he is likely to entertain. The hostility of the Extreme Left is now so pronounced, and their preference for M. CLÉMENTEAU so unmistakable, that M. GAMBETTA can apparently have nothing to gain by any longer attempting to remain their servant. His desire to have the *Scrutin de liste* substituted for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* may perhaps be explained by the fact that, according to the most probable of the conflicting opinions which M. BARDOUX's Bill has called forth, the *Scrutin de liste* will tend to discourage extreme views in Parliamentary candidates. M. GAMBETTA's speeches, again, have of late been marked by a rhetorical ambiguity which may be meant to conceal an approaching change of front; and such a change must, almost of necessity, be in the direction of moderation. In any offers that he might make to the Extreme Left he would certainly be outbidden by men who were not hampered by any actual or prospective acquaintance with the conduct of public affairs. Still, when due allowance has been made for this contingency, a possible revolution in one man's policy is but a poor foundation for a party to be built on. Poor as it is, however, the moderate Republicans seem unable to command a better. The truth is that the natural development of the Left is checked by the overpowering personality of M. GAMBETTA. It is of no use for any less conspicuous politician to offer himself as a leader to the moderate section of the Republicans so long as it is certain that M. GAMBETTA must in the end take the Government into his own keeping, and uncertain how he will handle it when he has done so. The only Minister who has shown any disposition to hold his own against M. GAMBETTA speedily found it impossible to do so in office, and has apparently not thought it worth while to renew the experiment since his resignation. Times, or, at all events, men, have changed since M. THIERS declared that France was Left Centre. If this can still be said with any truth, the Republican party must represent her with singular inaccuracy. A moderate Republican in France is as badly off as a moderate drinker at a meeting of total abstainers. He is equally hated by extremes of all kinds.

If the enemies of the Republic could but lay aside their internal quarrels, they might perhaps profit by the collapse of moderate views in the majority. A Conservative Opposition can ask for nothing better than a consistent preference for extreme views in the party in power. It gives them constant opportunities of gaining over all who regard these views with uneasiness or dislike, and saves them the trouble of framing a programme. When a Government is suspected of meditating some attack upon religion or property, an Opposition has only to give notice that it will do its best to defend them. Unfortunately for the French Right, the Government of the Republic has not as yet shown any inclination to make property less secure. That satisfaction, at any rate, it has steadily refused to give its foes. They have consequently had to make the most of the religious question, and in its present phase the religious question does not readily lend itself to the purposes of an Opposition. Still, if they could but agree among themselves how to treat it, something might be made even of such unpromising material as the dispersion of the religious orders. The unknown has always an element of terror in it, and the religious policy of the present Government might conceivably be made alarming by reason of the obscurity in which it is involved. They may mean to do nothing more than they have done already; but, as they can only stop short at the sacrifice of consistency, it is open to the Opposition to maintain that they must be judged by their theory rather than by their practice, and that, from this point of view, further attacks upon the Church may confidently be looked for. But, from one cause or another, the Opposition are unable to turn this opportunity to much account. They are divided into at least four sections, each one of which distrusts or denounces all the rest. Not only can Bonapartists and Royalists no longer combine against the Radicals, but Bonapartists and Royalists are themselves divided upon matters in which some amount of agreement is indispensable to any common action. The Bonapartists are at issue as to the place which the dynastic idea

is to hold in their calculations. The Royalists are divided upon the extent to which the interests of the Monarchy may be subordinated to those of religion. The followers of Prince NAPOLEON, who may fairly regard themselves as the legitimate Bonapartists, are ready to forego for the present all reference to the Empire. They have ceased to be Imperialists, and claim to be considered good Republicans. The only thing they stipulate for is that an alteration should be made in the mode of electing the President. The old-fashioned Bonapartists labour under the serious disadvantage of being at issue with the natural heir to the Empire, and at issue with him mainly upon religious grounds. Prince NAPOLEON and M. DE CASSAIGNAC have very different ideas as to the tone which a Government should adopt in dealing with the Church. They can agree in condemning the action of the Government in particular cases; but, inasmuch as the one assails the morality and the other the prudence of what has been done, their agreement is not worth much.

The divisions in the Royalist camp are of a different kind. The Bonapartists could live in decent harmony but for Prince NAPOLEON's reputation as a Freethinker. The Royalists are of one mind as regards religion, but they differ as to the relation which ought to exist between religion and politics. Since the final triumph of the Republic, the Legitimists have treated the cause of the Church as indissolubly associated with the cause of the monarchy. It is impossible to fear God unless you also honour the King. The defeats which have hitherto befallen the Conservatives have been due, as they not obscurely hint, to the unholy alliance with the Bonapartists into which the Royalists allowed themselves to be drawn. The break up of the MacMahonist coalition has put an end to this danger, and the friends of religion have now to take care that under no pretence shall any similar alliance be concluded. The moderate Royalists, on the contrary, build their hopes on the reconstruction of the old Conservative coalition on a sounder basis. A restoration, they say, is past praying for. So long as Frenchmen remain in their present minds—and no signs of any proximate change are visible—the Republic is the only possible Government for France, and the recognition of this fact is an indispensable condition of taking any useful part in public affairs. As Catholics they are bound to subordinate their political preferences to their religious convictions. They would rather see religion respected, and the Church free under a Monarchy than under a Republic; but this is not the form in which the question now presents itself. They cannot bring about a restoration; but if good Catholics would agree to lay aside politics, and give all their energy to the defence of religion against its Radical assailants, there would be a fair chance of gaining the day. It is hardly necessary to discuss the probabilities of such an ending to the quarrel between the Republic and the Church, because this preliminary condition is altogether wanting. Good Catholics are not agreed, and are not likely to be agreed, upon the propriety of laying politics aside. M. DE FALLoux and the Archbishop of Paris, and even the Pope himself, may be of opinion that the Church is above parties, and that she ought, if a Republican Government consents to respect her rights, to be as loyal to an elected President as to an anointed King. This is not a platform on which a Legitimist can possibly consent to stand. His business at this moment is rather to proclaim to his countrymen that, no matter how exalted may be the position of those who preach it, an alliance between men of all parties who wish to see religion respected is an impracticable dream. The altar is higher than the throne; but it must, not the less, be built upon the throne. In other countries the two ideas may be dissoluble; but in France Providence, manifesting itself in history, has decreed that they shall be for ever united. So long as doctrines of this kind continue to be preached by one section of the friends of religion, the other sections can hardly hope to escape the unpopularity which attends them. The Legitimists cannot serve the Church in their own persons, but they can at least ensure that Catholics of more moderate views shall not be able to serve her any better.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS.

IT is so natural, and even desirable, that a man should magnify his office that we are not disposed to quarrel with the National Union of Elementary Teachers for magnifying theirs. Its members have this week been holding their annual Conference; and even a glance at the report of the proceedings will do much to enlarge the reader's view of the grandeur of an elementary teacher's work. There is a great deal, no doubt, to be said against the existing Educational Code; but we were not prepared for the sweeping accusations which were directed against it at the Conference. Indeed, it seems likely that the faults which we detect in it would be regarded by the Union as the salt which alone preserves it from utter decay. In a paper on its defects, which was read on Tuesday, no reference was made to the exaggerated importance which the Code attaches to extra subjects, or to the want of some better provision for ensuring that elementary subjects shall be really learned in elementary schools. Indeed, the commonplace arts of reading and writing do not seem to have been referred to during the proceedings. The first demand which the author of the paper suggests that the Union should make is one for the abolition of what has long been supposed to be the main security that dull children will be taught these arts at all. Even an elementary teacher, magnificent as is the place he holds in the universe, is still human, and, being human, he will always be tempted to take more interest in clever children than in dull ones. He is helped in some degree to resist this temptation by the provision which makes the Parliamentary grant depend on the examination of the individual scholar. Without this there would be no guarantee that the education of dull children would be properly looked after. They might form the majority of every elementary school, but the teacher might safely neglect them, because in the examination the Inspector would naturally be brought in contact with the children who could and would answer his questions, rather than with the stolid mass of silence in the back rows. An examination of a class or of a school is necessarily an examination of the sharpest children in that class or school. However determined an Inspector might be to go behind the show children, he could not help addressing his questions to the children who showed a disposition to answer them; and, by judicious arrangements, these children might be distributed over the room so as to insure that the Inspector should never draw an absolute blank in any part of it. The examination of the individual scholar is a sufficiently tedious process for all concerned, but it does do something to ensure that the still more tedious process of teaching the individual scholar has not been omitted.

Another claim put forward by elementary teachers is that they should have less clerical work in the shape of returns to the Education Department. It is a very natural demand on their part, for, of all known employments, filling up forms is perhaps the dulllest; but, like many other dull things, even filling up forms has its uses. Every year a larger amount of public money is spent upon elementary education, and these forms are one of the principal means which the Government has for ascertaining that the money laid out has brought in some return. If they can be sure that a certain proportion of the children on the school register have attended so many times in the year, and that, of those who have attended so many times in the year, a certain proportion have passed the Inspector's examination, they know that the outlay has gone to the instruction of the children generally, and not to that of a select minority. What is the good of making school attendance compulsory if the Government are to have no way of finding out whether the law is obeyed or disregarded? The returns made by the teachers do supply such a way, and, troublesome as it may be to make them out, we sincerely hope that they will not be allowed to forego the duty. A third grievance is the exclusion of elementary teachers from the office of School Inspector. This is described as "a fatuity at which foreigners stand aghast," on the score that it keeps the work of inspection out of the hands of those who are most capable of doing it. We are not inclined to defend indiscriminately the competence of HER MAJESTY'S Inspectors of Schools. They have become by degrees a very large body, and there are naturally very many degrees of merit among them. Nor do we deny that there are shortcomings in elementary teaching and in

elementary teachers which would be more readily detected by men who have actual experience of a teacher's work than by men who have always looked at it from the outside. But against these reasons for the selection of elementary teachers as Inspectors there is to be set the important fact that an Inspector drawn from the ranks of elementary teachers would, as a rule, protect the public only against the idle or inefficient members of his former calling. What is quite as much wanted, however, is protection against the too ardent and ambitious teachers—the teacher who is continually forgetting, and helping school managers to forget, that elementary and secondary education are distinct processes, and that the subjects which have their proper place in a secondary school ought for that very reason to be excluded from an elementary school. The present race of Inspectors do give us some protection against teachers of this type; and though it is possible that some concession might usefully be made to the natural desire of elementary teachers to be inspected by their peers, we should be sorry to see it done until the distinction just referred to has been authoritatively recognized.

Mr. Justice BOWEN has this week drawn attention, in a speech at a middle-class school meeting, to the urgent need that exists for making national education more complete and comprehensive. One of the very first results of any efficient scheme directed to this object would be to remove from elementary schools a large percentage of their present teachers, and from the elementary curriculum a large percentage of the subjects now comprised in it. The higher education is amply provided for in this country; primary education is, as regards the kind of instruction given, more than sufficiently provided for. But middle-class education does not exist except in a fragmentary and chaotic state, which hardly deserves the name. There are good middle-class schools, no doubt, to be found; but it is entirely a matter of chance where they are found. An old grammar school lingers on in one town; an endowed school has been unearthed by the Endowed School Commissioners in another; a teacher of unusual zeal and ability has created a good private school in a third. But sporadic instances of this kind do not make a system of education; and we see little chance of anything better being set up until the simple truth that elementary schools are designed for the teaching of the elements is more generally taken in.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON "THE OXFORD SCHOOL."

IT might seem rather curious that a review of the first volume of the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce* should appear some time after the second, which is divided from it by an interval of more than a twelvemonth, has been before the world. But in fact the writer of the article in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review* on "the Oxford School" does not concern himself much with the work he professes to be criticizing, and still less is there any need for us to return here to the examination of a volume which was thoroughly dealt with in our columns on its first appearance, and in a spirit very different from the present reviewer's. The biography, or, as he prefers to call it, "the High Church hagiology" of the Bishop is simply made a peg on which to hang a quasi-historical—we mean an unhistorical—sketch of what the reviewer is pleased to designate throughout the Oxford School of 1834. The arrangement of dates is indeed altogether somewhat enigmatical, though its startling peculiarities may be partly credited to the printer. When we are informed, for instance, that in 1851 a fierce attack appeared in the *Quarterly Review* from Bishop Wilberforce's pen on the volume of *Essays and Reviews*, which was not published till ten years later, or that "the movement which began at Oxford in the year 1844 came to a sudden termination in the year 1845," it is charitable to acquit the writer of any graver fault than an extraordinary negligence in the correction of the press. But no such excuse can be pleaded for his reiterated assertion that what has been popularly known for the last half-century as "the movement of 1833" began in or about 1834. And what makes this blunder the stranger is that he actually refers—for a purpose of his own to be noted presently—to Mr. Keble's famous Assize Sermon on "National Apostasy," preached at Oxford on June 14, 1833, which Cardinal Newman tells us in the *Apologia* he has always kept as the birthday of the movement. These however are points of minor importance. The leading aim of the article is to show by an historical retrospect that Dr. Newman was quite mistaken in saying the Liberals drove him from Oxford, and that in fact "the Liberals"—by whom are here meant the Broad Churchmen, and notably "this Journal"—always consistently supported the Tractarians, as they are of course on their own professed principles bound to do, against the narrow and fanatical intolerance of their Evangelical or red-tapist

opponents. The general drift and even the details of the argument are in very close accord with a similar contention urged more briefly by Dean Stanley some months ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Both papers are marked by the same sophistical ingenuity of reasoning and picturesque audacity of paradox; only the *Edinburgh* writer, who is a good deal more elaborate in his method of presenting the case, has also committed the fatal indiscretion of a more vulnerable precision in his statements of fact.

We may premise that the writer betrays from his very first paragraph a temper of mind which essentially disqualifies him for fairly appreciating the merits, we do not say of the Tractarian but of any "religious movement," as such. A religious movement must from its nature be based on some kind of enthusiasm about religion, and that is just the element in the matter with which he has less than no sympathy. It is only natural perhaps that an *Edinburgh* reviewer of the conventional type should deprecate any "depreciation of the religious [or irreligious] character of the eighteenth century," and should even think it "an advance and not a retrogression" from the preceding age, though it is a little odd that he should suppose the recent publications of Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lecky have given us "almost for the first time" any means of forming a judgment about it. It may be equally natural for him to think that a work which has made so deep an impression on all religious minds from that day to our own as Law's *Serious Call* was "amazingly over-estimated by [its author's] contemporaries." But even an *Edinburgh* reviewer might have been credited with sufficient moral and religious discrimination to save him from classing together men so utterly dissimilar in every respect as "Hoadly, Berkeley, and Butler," as common types of episcopal virtue and Christian graces in their day. But the explanation is not far to seek. Bishop Hoadly, though he occupied, during nearly half a century, one rich See after another, can hardly be said to have left his mark on any of them, but he did indirectly leave his mark on the Church of England in a way which has secured him the warmest gratitude of the reviewer, for his publication of a Socinian volume and its censure by Convocation led to the suppression of that body, whose "revival from its state of long repose" in our own day, chiefly through Bishop Wilberforce's efforts, is here spoken of as a sign of national degradation. It is characteristic of the same habit of mind that the reviewer should include in his sweeping indictment not only a restored Convocation, diocesan Synods, Church Congresses, and clerical conferences—in which he can see nothing but a "rage for public meetings and large assemblies"—but even "missions and revivals," which in some shape or other form part of the religious machinery of almost every Christian community, Catholic or Protestant. However, it seems these unhappy missions "are conducted on strictly ecclesiastical principles," and we cannot therefore wonder at the inevitable result, that "a parish which before had seemed to be as the garden of Eden is turned into a howling wilderness." This general estimate of the religious side of things may help to explain the notion, which would else be simply unintelligible to any tolerably competent judge, that "the apostolical succession, the revival of obsolete rubrics, together with one or two Patristic tendencies, were the staple of" Tractarian teaching. But it is hard to understand how even the most unappreciative outsider can imagine that the movement had "an entirely political origin" and character, and can refer in proof of it to the famous "Catholicus" Letters of Mr. Newman in the *Times*, which deal exclusively with the supreme importance of the religious element in education.

There are other curious idiosyncrasies of the writer's on which one might be tempted to linger. But, after all, it is his own affair if he likes to think that Dr. Newman's principal works "leave no trace on the mind," that there is not "in the whole range of historical or theological thought a single subject on which he has left his permanent mark," and that his Oxford Sermons—which have pretty well revolutionized the whole preaching of the Church of England—are but "the reverberation in a more subtle, though not a more commanding form," while "lacking the vigour and originality of" Dr. Arnold's School Sermons at Rugby—excellent in their way no doubt, but in a different and much humbler way, and scarcely equal to the Harrow Sermons of his distinguished pupil, Dr. Vaughan. On such points however the reviewer must be welcome to his opinion. It is a graver matter when he elaborately insinuates, under a thin disguise of officious apology, a charge of insincerity against Dr. Newman, and supports it by direct misstatement. Petavius "has" not "told us," in the passage cited in the *Grammar of Assent*, "that the doctrine of eternal punishment has never been defined in the Catholic Church," but merely that a particular theory about the condition of the lost (*dammatorum hominum*), held by many Catholic Fathers and divines, has never been condemned. Neither is it the least true that, in expounding the doctrine of the Trinity, Dr. Newman "rests his foundation on the verse which is known by every scholar not to be genuine," if by "resting his foundation on the verse" is meant—what alone could give any relevancy to the reviewer's comment—citing its authority. He merely takes the words, without marking them as a quotation from Scripture at all, as containing one of "the separate propositions of which the dogma consists," and so of course they do. But it is in recounting, or rather rewriting, the history of the Oxford Movement that the reviewer's paradoxical passion for inaccuracy—to put it mildly—becomes most prominent. We will not stay to inquire whether he is right in summarily

rejecting the general belief that Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures were largely indebted to the aid of Blanco White, but "a comparison of Blanco White's writings with the few other works of Dr. Hampden" has to many competent judges seemed to prove, not that the theory is "totally groundless," but that it is pretty certainly correct. Whether these long forgotten Bampton which scarcely any one has seen or thought of since the accidental notoriety once more bestowed on them by the author's appointment to a bishopric in 1847, are "acknowledged by most intelligent students to afford the best solution of many of the perplexities of Christian theology" is a question on which the reviewer must be left to form his own judgment. It turns of course on whether the not inconsiderable number of "students" who happen entirely to disagree with him are all of them unintelligent. He must be aware that Dr. Hampden did not "avenge himself by (merely) compelling candidates for theological degrees to debate on topics to them studiously offensive," but by compelling them to defend theses which they believed to be false as a condition of taking degrees indispensable for retaining their fellowships.

But the reviewer's grand point is that, when the onslaught was made on Tract XC., and "a cry of anguish went up from Dr. Newman's adherents," thereupon "the Liberal party of the Church of England, which from the days of Lord Falkland had never been extinct," &c. &c., at once came to their rescue. And this is a question not of opinion but of fact. Dr. Newman insists in the *Apologia*, and when his statement was challenged repeated in fuller detail, that "the Liberals drove him from Oxford." The reviewer declares, like Dean Stanley in *Macmillan*, that he is entirely mistaken, and that they did their best to keep him there. What are the facts? The *fons et origo* of the whole attack was a formal protest against the Tract handed in to the Oxford authorities by four tutors, of whom one was Mr. Tait of Balliol—the present Archbishop—who is metamorphosed by the reviewer into its "generous" defender, and another was Mr. Wilson of St. John's, afterwards well known as one of the most "ecological" of the *Septem contra Christum*, as a witty Don nicknamed the writers in *Essays and Reviews*. Both these were leading men among the young Liberals or Broad Churchmen of the day at Oxford, not "two or three elderly Liberals." Their two associates, the late Mr. Churton of Brasenose and the present Warden of Wadham, were pronounced Evangelicals. Of this famous protest of the Four Tutors, which, we repeat, originated the attack on "the illustrious author of the whole Tract movement"—who was not by the by thought very illustrious by his Liberal critics then—the reviewer characteristically makes no mention at all. Dr. Newman has put on record that on that occasion not a single Liberal took his side, that "excepting the Liberal no other party, as a party, acted against" him, and that in consequence of the proceedings then taken he finally left the University. But the reviewer passes *currente calamo* from 1841 to 1845, when Mr. Ward's *Ideal* had provoked a renewal of the conflict, and declares that even those Liberals who had hesitated before rallied then to the defence of the persecuted Tractarians, and "especially this Journal," i.e. the *Edinburgh Review*. It is true that in 1845, when Dr. Newman had long retired from the contest, and when it was feared that too stringent a policy might drive a large number of his followers to Rome, some of those who had taken a prominent part against him in 1841 adopted a course more consistent with their professed principles of toleration, and opposed the imposition of a new religious test, not however so much from any generosity to the Tractarians—who certainly did not owe them "the smallest gratitude"—as from a well-grounded apprehension that it might be turned with fatal effect against themselves. They came forward, as Dr. Newman himself says, "to shield from the zeal of the Hebdomadal Board," not one, but professedly all parties throughout the country who had to subscribe to the Articles, and especially of course their own. But their efforts, such as they were, would have proved unavailing, but for the courageous interposition of the two proctors—Mr. Church, now Dean of St. Paul's, and the late Mr. Guillemard of Trinity—who put their veto on the obnoxious decree; and both these proctors, though the reviewer omits to say so, were pronounced high Churchmen. He says indeed that they were thanked for their conduct by almost every conspicuous Liberal of the Church of England. If so, "this Journal," as we shall see presently, cannot then have been conspicuous for its Liberalism. But he is not content with citing the acts of the living; he also evokes from his grave Dr. Arnold, who died three years before, but "would certainly," had he been still alive, "have voted in the ranks of Dr. Newman's supporters." We have a sincere respect for the memory of Dr. Arnold, but we also know the bitterness of his avowed, and unquestionably conscientious, opposition to Mr. Newman, and we more than doubt the accuracy of this posthumous and hypothetical estimate of his conduct. What we do know, and what the reviewer himself admits, is that he was the writer of a fierce attack on the Tractarian party and its leaders, published in the *Edinburgh* some few years before, when the party was "at its culminating point of success," under the pleasant title of "the Oxford Malignants," in which they are charged with deliberate "falsehood," and the leaders, though "sufficiently insignificant as individuals," are said to be men "whose censure is to be coveted by every good Christian minister," while the entire party are labelled as "conspirators," "malignant fanatics," whose conduct is an amalgam of "the mingled fraud, and baseness, and cruelty of fanatical persecution," and who find their "only perfect prototypes" in "the malignant fanatics who, to the number of more than forty, formed a conspiracy to assassinate Paul."

It is more to the purpose however to refer—as the reviewer, we presume, has forgotten to do—to the articles which appeared in the *Edinburgh* at the very time of the controversy about Tract XC., when "this Journal especially" came forward as the generous champion of the oppressed. Did it? We have three articles before us. The first appeared in April 1841, and warmly commends "the excellent Resolution" of the Heads of Houses condemning Tract XC.—in response to the protest of the Four Tutors, which drove Dr. Newman from Oxford—but insists that this is not enough, and that "the University should, by some clear and indisputable act, declare that no man who adopts Mr. Newman's interpretation of the Articles can become, or continue, a member of its body," which is just what they attempted to do four years later, when they were only foiled by the "courage and magnanimity" of the two high Church proctors, which the present reviewer so highly extols. We pass on to October 1844, when the second storm was brewing, which overwhelmed Mr. Ward and his *Ideal*, and when the reviewer tells us that even those Liberals who had faltered in their Liberalism in 1841 generously put aside their objection to Tract XC. and came forward to shield its author and his friends from their persecutors. The *Edinburgh* for that month opens with an elaborate article of over sixty pages on "Recent Developments of Puseyism" in which the "scorn and sophisms" of men like "Mr. Ward, Mr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and others" who have the hardihood to remain in the Church of England are sharply arraigned, and "the authorities of the Church" are pointedly invoked to find some means for getting rid of them. "Something," it is added, "ought to be done, and must be done, or effectual ruin will visit the Church." "The very flagrancy of such conduct as that vindicated in Tract XC., and consistently exemplified by Mr. Ward, has tended to disclose the full enormities of the system, and to show the perils to public faith, morality, and decency which it involves." It scarcely appears therefore that "this Journal" was resipiscant in 1844. But lastly we turn to an article on "Oxford and Mr. Ward" which appeared in the following April, when "the closing scene of the conflict" was over, and "the measure which would have been most fatal to the existence of the Oxford party was for the time warded off by the intervention of the two proctors." The reviewer says they received the thanks of all the Liberals for their conduct. What "this Journal" said at the time is that "of the three propositions submitted to Convocation, the first and second [censuring and unfrocking Mr. Ward] against each of which there were grave objections [i.e. they were probably illegal] have been carried. The third, [vetoed by the proctors] to which we should have supposed that every man of common veracity would have assented, has failed." And the article goes on to suggest that that Resolution should be again introduced as soon as fresh Proctors came into office. Much might be added as to the reviewer's paradoxical eccentricities, but space fails us, and we have perhaps said enough to enable our readers to judge what measure of credit may be attached to his historical reminiscences. He affects to hold a brief for the Oxford Liberals of forty years ago and the *Edinburgh Review* of the period, and no doubt, as the Irishman said, he "has his own consent" to the bargain; it is not equally clear that he has theirs.

THE CANT OF CONSCIENCE.

ONCE upon a time, the French Academy of Arts, owing to favouritism and caballing, defrauded a promising student of the Prix de Rome, his only chance of continuing the study of his art. At the same time the sculptor Falconet, who was executing commissions for Catherine of Russia, wrote to his friend Diderot asking him to engage this same student as an assistant for him, Falconet, at whatever terms he pleased. The good-natured philosopher ran off to show this to one of the honestest members of the Academy who had deplored, though he had not dared to prevent, the injustice. Thereupon the pious man lifted up his hands, and exclaimed gratefully, "La Providence! La Providence!" Diderot was not a pious man, but on this occasion he showed himself perhaps the better Christian of the two. "Est-ce que vous croyez," said he angrily, "que la Providence est faite pour réparer vos sottises?" It is to be feared that a very large number of persons do entertain precisely this idea of the nature and function of Providence. The habit is, however, perhaps venial; it is certainly scarcely disgusting in comparison with another habit which seems to have taken hold of a certain portion of the Liberal party of Great Britain in these days. Ever since Mr. Gladstone came into power, we have heard a great deal about the conscience of the nation; and the obstreperousness of this conscience since the conclusion of the Transvaal compromise has been almost deafening. There is Mr. Gladstone himself, who writes to Mr. Tomkinson that he is certainly not going to assume an apologetic tone about the Transvaal, and that "it was a question of sheer bloodguiltiness." No doubt it was a question of sheer bloodguiltiness, and the guilt rests pretty clearly on Mr. Gladstone himself. By the confession of his admirers, he overlooked in the hurry of the moment—that is to say, for something like a twelvemonth—the wrongs of the Transvaal. Till the insurrection broke out, he overlooked it again in the Queen's Speech; again in the early dealings with President Brand. This seems to call for a good deal of apology for bloodguiltiness. But it is a case of

conscience. Mr. Gladstone's conscience, according to a habit which it has, only pricks him when it is convenient. As long as the extreme Radical party seemed likely to content themselves with mere grumbling, it was quiet; when they threatened open revolt and organized agitation, the bloodguiltiness forced itself upon his mind. Mr. Gladstone's conscience is apparently a kind of repeater. It tells the moral time of day with the greatest accuracy—but only when it is directly appealed to by its owner or some one else.

It is not, however, with Mr. Gladstone that we purpose to deal at present. The remarkable organ or sense which he calls his conscience is an old friend to political psychologists. They have been accustomed for years to trace the mazy doubles and windings, the *cham-croisé*, the backings and fillings, in which it indulges with his temper and the political exigencies of the moment for partners. It is, however, only since St. Stephen's and some other places have been filled with a generation whose simple creed is "There are no Liberals but ourselves, and Mr. Gladstone is our Prophet," that consciences à la Gladstone have become common among us. Now they are very common indeed. There is not a carpetbagger who found the letters M.P. tacked on to his name twelve months ago but can talk about the conscience of the nation and the God-fearing instincts of the English people. Since Liberal has become a term of no meaning, and Radical has scarcely lost its connotation of contempt, we beg to suggest that these persons should call themselves "the party of conscience." They have a kind of chaplain or lord high almoner of the guild already in the person of the Bishop of Manchester. We have a certain respect for Dr. Fraser, who has done a good deal of hard work—much of it very good work, too, in his time—and who has made the Church of England a good deal more popular in the North than it was. But though Dr. Fraser's intentions are always excellent, his judgment is very frequently at fault, and his taste is more often than not a minus quantity. Preaching the Spital Sermon the other day, the Bishop of Manchester seems to have set himself to show the benighted citizens of the capital how much better they order these matters in Manchester. In London, where, as is well known, nothing is known of politics, and the whole population freely cooks its spleen in clubs and drawing-rooms, people think that political matters are best kept out of the pulpit. Dr. Fraser thinks they are best brought in. He must needs inform his audience that in the Transvaal we have reversed a policy which was not founded on justice and honesty, that the conscience of the nation was aroused, and that we have been saved from bloodguiltiness. Logic is never Dr. Fraser's forte, and he probably does not perceive that the acknowledgment of injustice involves the acknowledgment of bloodguiltiness. Enough of that, however. The impudent assumption—we beg the Bishop's pardon, but we can use no other phrase—that conscience is the appanage of one political party, is what is specially offensive in the mouth of a minister of religion. "There is hope," thinks the Bishop, "for a nation which recognizes the supreme obligation of God's law"; there is certainly not much hope for one which does not. But we doubt whether there is much hope for a nation or party which does not recognize God's law until it happens to be convenient to do so. The conscience of the nation and the Ministry, according to those excellent authorities, Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Fraser, appears to be singularly like the unjust judge in the parable. You must weary it night and day, you must administer good sound blows and kicks to it before it is, in the majestic language of its mouthpieces, "aroused." It is remarkably human this conscience, and not at all divine, as another Bishop, Bishop Butler, used to think and teach. You act upon it exactly as you act on a rather unfavourable specimen of mankind. You appeal to his interests when you can, to his fears when you can't appeal to his interests. The conscience of the Radical party—we really do not know why we should insult the nation, foolish as it may have shown itself to be, by admitting the right of Dr. Fraser to speak for it—is a conscience which is subject to most curious fits of alternate liveliness and torpor. When it is a question of regaining office, of healing divisions in the party, of bribing new adherents to join, this conscience is preternaturally active. When these questions are not to the fore, it sleeps the sleep of a just conscience and refuses to be awakened. This is the sort of conscience which is entirely blind to the iniquities of an Irish Church till those iniquities supply an easy stair to office; which thinks it dishonest confiscation to acknowledge tenants' co-partnership in 1870, and just statesmanship to establish it in 1881; which sees nothing but the necessity of re-establishing the Queen's authority in January, and nothing but a question of sheer bloodguiltiness in April. It is a kind of streaky conscience, tender and tough by turns, and the tender and the tough layers occur with the most marvellous precision at exactly the moment most convenient to the conscientious possessor. No doubt, whether to a man or a party, it is an invaluable possession and equipment for political warfare. It is like Sidney Godolphin in his early days—never in the way or out of the way. It never interferes with its owner in doing anything he likes to do, and is always at hand forbidding him absolutely to do whatever he does not like to do. It distinguishes him notably from the Pagan and Quixotic devotees of honour, the base and sordid followers of interest, while at the same time it allows him to consult his interests as much as he likes, and gives him something to plume himself upon as following a higher law than even honour itself. In short, conscience is your only wear for the enlightened politician.

Yet there must be some old-fashioned people left who regard this cant of conscience, this lugging-in of "God's law" and "God's will" as a kind of political makeweight to turn the scale in the speaker's favour, rather with disgust than with admiration. The story quoted at the beginning of this article must occur pretty often to such persons, and they must feel not a little inclined to alter Diderot's words into "Est-ce que vous croyez que la conscience est faite pour masquer vos bassesses?" The supreme point of moral obliquity has been said to be reached when injustice is decreed by a law; but there is perhaps a higher height, or rather a lower depth, whereself-seeking and cowardly irresolution are cloaked and covered by the names of conscience and morality. A great outcry has been made about the famous words "To man I can be answerable, and as for God I will take Him into my own hand," though there is a very obvious interpretation of them which is orthodox, and indeed reverent enough. Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Fraser, however, may be acquitted of any such boldness as that of Claverhouse. They say, "To man I cannot be answerable, but I will make God an excuse for my proceedings." Conscience and religion are admitted to partnership exactly on the principle recorded in *David Copperfield*. It is highly painful to Mr. Tomkinson, and other people too, that England should act as she acted in the Transvaal; it is impossible to make good the withdrawal from Candahar against the arguments of the brutal expert; the robbery of the Irish landlords is in ugly contrast with the Eighth Commandment. Never mind. "They have a partner—Mr. Jorkins." It is their conscience that obliges them to do those things, and conscience—like Mr. Jorkins—is utterly immovable. The absolute deference paid to this mysterious partner is perhaps surprising in a party, not a few of whose members hold peculiar views on religion if not on morality. The force with which the conviction that the Transvaal peace is in accordance with God's law must act on Mr. Bradlaugh, for instance, must require a curiously-constructed dynamometer to estimate. The advanced philosophers, to whom conscience is a meaningless word, show a singular sensitiveness to its injunctions in approving the scuttling out of Candahar. But here one of the most convenient points of the conscience which we are discussing comes in. It has among its other versatile characteristics some of the marks of charity. It never questions the convictions of allies, it never discourages friends. The Atheist and the pious person who reads the lessons on Sunday in his parish church, the Evangelical and the philosopher who considers conscience a variety of indigestion, can put their heads and votes together for the glory of the Lord and the good of the Liberal party. The quality of this sort of conscience is very far from strained. It will take oaths which are meaningless to it; speak "polemically" things which it does not mean historically; declaim against a mechanical majority when the majority is against it, and appeal to a mechanical majority as settling all questions when the majority is for it. It is all things, not to all men, but to its fortunate possessor. But it is conscience for all that; and having, luckily or unluckily, power as well as authority, it does, as in the millennium of the other bishop (not Dr. Fraser), govern the world at this present moment. We have all heard of a Grandison-Cromwell—what shall we say of Cromwell-Tartuffe? At least this, and no more, that, if Sterne could come to life again, he would add to his famous sentence, that there is one thing more disgusting, if not more tormenting, than the cant or criticism, and that is the cant of conscience.

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

MR. WATERHOUSE'S beautiful Romanesque building, which has been rising for so many years at the corner of Cromwell Road and Exhibition Road, was at last on Easter Monday thrown open to the public, who thronged into it in their thousands. It was perhaps to divert the mind of the populace from the fact that there is as yet very little to be seen in the new branch of the British Museum, that fussy officials at the entrance gave the visitors something to think about by taking away their sticks and umbrellas. There has been much correspondence upon this subject going on in the columns of the daily papers, and the case of one lame gentleman, whose crutch was demanded of him, does certainly recall the good old times at the British Museum when persons in livery were so unsympathetic to country cousins, and when aproned custodians thought nothing of smiting the nervous foreigner with a wet broom. Geological specimens and stuffed beasts are not particularly in danger from umbrellas. They do not offer the same attractions either to the idler or the iconoclast as are presented by works of fine art. It is perhaps still fresh in the minds of some of our readers that a lady who objected to the nude, a mute inglorious Savonarola, from some obscure dissenting sect, got into trouble about ten years ago for whacking the statues at the Crystal Palace with her umbrella; it is, perhaps, less widely known that a "young person" was once detected trying to pick out with the handle of her parasol the jewels in the great Carlo Crevelli in the National Gallery. The Portland Vase and the elderly maniac have become commonplaces in the history of the umbrella, used as an instrument of destruction. But, to the best of our belief, no such thrilling incidents have ever attended the natural history collections. The mad old gentleman who used to try to feed the stuffed bears with buns presented them always in his hand, and, moreover, did no damage whatever beyond making crumbs on the

floor. Only once, we believe, have the natural history collections found their way into the courts of justice, and that was when the Belgian stole the eye of the hippopotamus, and he, by his own confession, gouged it out with his thumb, and not with the ferule of either stick or umbrella.

The burning question of umbrellas being settled, the visitor has time to look round him. There is at present not very much to see; that, at least, is the first impression given by the lofty vault of the Typical Gallery, the empty pens on each side, the Bird Gallery, where even a London sparrow would attract attention, and the vast halls and corridors whither the zoology is one of these days to draw the great throng of sight-seers. The echoing floor of the long western wing may at least be trodden by the public, though nothing is arranged there; but the series of six galleries running north from this wing, and eventually to be dedicated to birds, shells, echinodermata, reptiles, insects, and fishes, are at present inaccessible and full of workmen. Upstairs it is just as bad on the western side; and in point of fact there are only two galleries, or suites of rooms, and these both on the eastern side, which are yet filled with specimens. The botanical collection is ready for the use of students, but still in too confused a state to be laid before the general public. All, therefore, that is to be seen is the mineralogy, arranged upstairs, and the paleontology, which occupies some exceedingly handsome and spacious galleries on the right hand as we enter the Museum.

Those who remember how closely and awkwardly the most interesting parts of the fossil zoological collection were pressed together at Bloomsbury, will note with surprise that they never realized until now how rich this part of the great treasure is. Since Dr. Peter Camper, in 1784, presented a jaw of the gigantic *Mosasauros* from the Holland chalk, nearly a century has passed, and that donation has proved to be the nucleus of a vast and still widening collection. There are few objects so exciting to the imagination as these colossal fragments of antediluvian life. At the very entrance of the gallery, and in such a position as they never enjoyed before, we find on our right hand the remains of the *Toxodon*, that alarming rodent which, in shape like a mouse, but in size like a horse, gnawed and squeaked on a grand scale in the aboriginal forests of Buenos Ayres. The loves and wars of the *Toxodon* would have been worthy of the song of Homer; nor would the muse have disdained the slow progress through a groaning labyrinth of trees of the *Megatherium*, whose vast forearms and blunt huge claws are lifted in a minatory fashion from the pedestal in the centre of the small gallery at the extreme east of the building. The *Megatherium* was the prototype of which the curious little sloth of modern times is the degenerate descendant; it crashed lazily through the forests, gripping young trees in its paws, and stripping off the bark with a muscular, cylindrical tongue, to which the trunk of the existing elephant is a mere plesantry. Perhaps the most beautiful object in the south-east gallery is the skeleton of a male specimen of the gigantic Irish deer, *Cervus hibernicus*, which was found under the bogs in the county of Armagh, and which is so arranged that the noble arch of black antlers breaks the centre of the room, as the visitor enters, with a curve of surpassing delicacy and originality, forming a span of over nine feet. The Guide sold at the doors has several little eccentricities, due, we suppose, to the hurry with which it has been prepared. Not least puzzling among these is the sentence which refers to this splendid specimen:—

The *Cervus hibernicus*, so named from the abundance and perfect preservation of its remains, met with in the shell-marls.

This is equal to Bishop Latimer's instance of *non-sequitur*, "Tenterden steeples the cause of Goodwin Sands."

The corridor at the east end is almost entirely given up to the life-size plaster cast of the great marine lizard, *Pliosaurus Cramptoni*, which was found in the alum shale of Whitby in Yorkshire. This huge reptile measures twenty-two feet from the end of its snout to the tip of its tail, and fourteen feet across its expanded paddles. It will be recollected that one of the most acute of living zoologists has identified the legend of the sea-serpent with the vagaries of some last lingering specimens of this extraordinary creature. A little further on, in Case 9, we come upon the remains of the great fossil salamander from the miocene of Eningen, which, when first discovered in 1726, was supposed to be the skeleton of the last antediluvian man, *homo diluvii testis*. These colossal forms, representing the reptiles, are, for the time being, all that the northern galleries have to show. The gallery intended to receive on one side fossil fishes, and on the other side fossil squids, ammonites, and such-like quaint Cephalopoda, is not yet ready for occupation. Gallery B, the western side of which is being filled with fossil Mollusca, and the eastern with Brachiopoda, Bryozoa, Crustacea, and Echinodermata, will, it is hoped, be ready very soon to entertain the public; while the other northern gallery, in which are sooner or later to be collected the corals and sponges, is not yet provided with wall-cases. When all these objects have been placed, a home will be arranged for the fossil plants.

It may perhaps be admitted that, except to specialists, a collection of mineralogical specimens is not particularly exhilarating. The great hall of dichroite which seems crystal white when looked at from one point of view, rich blue from another, and straw-colour from another, is perhaps the most entertaining object that the upstairs galleries have at present to show to the indifferent masses. The general collection of mineralogy is contained in forty-one table-cases, so arranged that each pair of opposite cases

properly forms a single series. At right angles to these cases is arranged at the end an assortment of "pseudomorphs," that is to say, of minerals which have been subjected to decomposing influences, and have lost their normal character. In the pavilion beyond there are to be found the very valuable and numerous collections of crystals and of meteorites for which the British Museum has long been famous, the Cranbourne meteorite occupying the place of honour at the end of the whole gallery. Among the crystals, those purchased with the Kokcharow collection in 1865 are particularly prominent, and are said to surpass all others in number and value. For those whose education in mineralogy has been neglected, Mr. Lazarus Fletcher has appended to the Guide above mentioned a very complete and interesting chapter on this particular science.

The building itself seems to be in every way commodious and spacious, as well as a striking piece of architecture. It is perhaps not generally realized that it is "the largest, if not the only, modern building" in which terra-cotta has been exclusively used for external façades and interior wall-surfaces. Mr. Waterhouse has displayed great ingenuity in his interior decorations. The walls and supports are covered with designs, in relief, of animals, reptiles, and fishes, drawn with a truth and picturesque freedom which remind us of Japanese metal-work. The designs on the western side of the building are taken from living organisms, while those on the eastern are altogether restorations of fossil forms, often excessively grotesque in outline. The whole history of the building is a curious instance of the way in which great adventures are often carried out piecemeal in English life. Professor Owen had long been calling out for, "in the first place, room for seventy whales," before his plan was seriously taken up by the Government. Finally, in 1864, it was not an architect at all, but a very clever engineer, Captain Fowke, to whom the Commissioners entrusted the construction of the building. His design was a striking one; it represented a red-brick building of the French Renaissance, much ornamented with white and red terra-cotta; it included two detached wings, destined to form a Museum of Patents. But Captain Fowke died in September 1865, before he had completed the details of his design, and early in the next year the Commissioners, determining this time to secure professional knowledge, laid his fragments in the hands of the eminent architect, Mr. Waterhouse, and begged him to adapt and complete them. For two years Mr. Waterhouse did his best to make Captain Fowke's clever drawings fit in with a practical purpose, but in the month of February, 1868, he confessed that the task was an impossible one, and was empowered by the Commissioners to form a new plan to his own satisfaction. His first step was to abandon the French Renaissance, and to adopt that refined Romanesque of the eleventh century, the strangeness of which to unfamiliar eyes is probably the reason why this beautiful building has not been universally approved of. In architecture, more than in any other art, popular taste is swayed by the personal or the accidental. Mr. Waterhouse's rough sketch was accepted by the Trustees in April 1868, but the plans were not finally digested until 1871. In 1873 the actual labour of building was begun, and, at last, in 1881, we have the pleasure of congratulating the venerable director, Professor Owen, in whose brain the scheme first germinated more than twenty years ago, on entering at last into the fruit of his labours.

ARYAN ODDITIES.

WE lately improved the occasion with some remarks on those habits of early man which induce him to pursue the practice of "primitive Boycotting." We showed that the ruder races Boycott each other all round, and that it is quite an unusual thing to find a man, among certain peoples, who may speak to his mother-in-law, his father-in-law, his wife, or, in some extreme cases, his mother. Odd and amusing as is the etiquette of primitive man, it scarcely excels in humorous absurdity those Aryan manners which are recorded for our example in the *Institutes of Vishnu*. This work, translated by Mr. Jolly, and lately published by the Clarendon Press, is a collection of ancient aphorisms on the sacred laws of India. We do not know that among the *Jatakas*, or queer stories about beasts which Buddha used to tell his grinning disciples, any one is recorded to have made a stuffed bird laugh. That kind of miracle is certainly much in the vein of the Buddhist imagination. But it is certain that the ancient aphorisms on the sacred laws of India are comic enough in themselves, and we cannot be too thankful that the great Aryan mind took another turn in the ancestors of our own race.

The aphorisms begin at the beginning, with a singular account of Creation. The people of the Guinea coast believe that creation was the work of a big spider. The Bushmen will have it that things in general were made by the Mantis, a large grasshopper, and this plausible view is accepted among the Hottentots. The Australians are inclined to divide the praise between the eagle and the crow, who lived, before men appeared on earth, in a paradise of birds, as may also be read in a favourite passage of Aristophanes. The Iroquois stand to it, in spite of the Jesuit missionaries, that the world was constructed, or rather fished out of the water, by a large hare, and "our god appears to us," said they, to an old English explorer, "in the form of a mighty big rabbit." A Californian tribe accounts for the origin of things by saying that "the Great Spirit awoke and found himself sitting

in a chair." Feeling rather lonely, he set about making wolves, who afterwards rubbed their tails off and grew into men. The great Aryan mind, not to be outdone in gratuitous absurdity, ascribes creation to a boar. "Having woken from his slumber, Vishnu purposed to create living things," to which end he assumed the appropriate form of a boar. "His feet were the Vedas," and he raised up the earth with the edge of his tusks. He created ogres, fairies, witches, and bogies, and then he made men, and went off "into a place hidden from the world." But how were men to behave? This question at once occurred to the goddess of the earth, an extremely pretty woman, whose charms are described in intimate detail and at great length. The goddess of the earth marched off to consult the chief god, who replied in those aphorisms which give us so strange a picture of life and duty in India.

First, of course, men were divided into the four castes. The Brahmanas were to have all the cream of everything. The ludicrously mean precautions taken by the Brahmanas to secure wealth, power, honour, and immunity from punishment, make half the fun of the Institutes of Vishnu. On the other hand, the Sudras were so despised that "painting and the other fine arts" were left exclusively to their menial hands. In India Sir Frederick Leighton would be a Sudra. Literature, on the other hand, is treated with high and just respect. The chief duty of a king is to "show reverence to the gods, and the Brahmanas." "Let him bestow landed property upon Brahmanas." This rather reminds one of a hint in a monkish chronicle of the reign of Richard II. After attributing to that unfortunate prince almost all known crimes, the pious author adds, "Yet he had his redeeming qualities. He once gave an estate to the brethren of" St. Albans, or wherever it might be. It is suggested that the king may just as well confide all judicial duties to a Brahmana. Then, when we come to crimes, the Institutes of Buddha decree that "all great criminals shall be put to death"; but "in the case of a Brahmana no corporal punishment must be inflicted." He is only to be branded with a mark, even if he kills another Brahmana. But if a Sudra chafes a Brahmana, a red-hot iron pin, ten inches long, is to be thrust into the mouth of the miserable offender. There is a crushing fine for any one who neglects to invite a Brahmana to dinner, or, still more, offers him no food after having invited him. Brahmanas may borrow money at two per cent. The ordeal by poison must not be administered to Brahmanas, nor, what is more sensible, to bilious persons. Also a Brahmana may have four wives. We do not gather that they are all to dine out with him at the same time. As to marriage, neither a Brahmana, nor any one else, may marry a woman whose hair is red, which satisfactorily accounts, to the evolutionist, for the rarity of auburn locks among the natives of India.

The duties of an undergraduate in India afford some agreeable reading. He must "put on two chapels" every day; "he must twice a day perform the religious acts of sprinkling the ground round the altar, and of putting fuel on the fire." As to what is called "tubbing," it is written that "he must plunge into the waters like a stick." The sense of this puzzles the commentators. He must avoid honey, stale food, singing women, the killing of living beings, and rude speeches. He must not study the Veda, and then go and get up the binomial theorem, or chemistry, or anything else, under penalty of becoming a Sudra. After conduct which, in England, the proctors could not overlook, he must go begging to seven houses, clothed only with the skin of an ass. As to reading, some of the regulations are very sensible. The student must take an entire holiday on four days of every month. Many men would do better work if they abstained altogether from study on Sundays. But now come the rules, which are not so sensible. There are Saints' days every day, so to speak, and the student is luckier than Mr. Trevelyan's undergraduate:—

In Neville's court four years I spent,
Where we didn't use to read in the term of Lent.

The Brahmana student must not read when a strong wind is blowing. Nor in a village in which a corpse is lying. Nor during a battle. Nor while dogs are barking. Nor when a musical instrument is being played. This sounds like a modern aphorism to excuse indolence under the infliction of a barrel-organ. Again, a man must not read when Sudras are in the neighbourhood. Nor while immersed in water; and this would have been hard on the famous Wolf who used to study all night with his feet in cold water to keep him awake. The student must not read in a boat; but there seems no reason why he should not study in a punt, on cushions, under the trees. If a five-toed animal comes between him and his tutor, he must put away his books. Therefore (perhaps) the Master of University turned dogs out of college, lest they should come between the men and their tutors, and lead to idleness, screwing up, and similar indiscretions. The aphorisms well observe that to study on forbidden days does a man no good either in this world or the next. To read the Rig-Veda is to feed the ancestral ghosts with clarified butter. How much better these ghosts (whom he neglects a little in his mythological speculations) must owe to Professor Max Müller! But the ghosts prefer one to read the Atharva-Veda. They like it as much as meat. One pleasing indulgence is permitted to the student. "He may at pleasure prostrate himself before a young wife of his Guru (coach, or private tutor), stretching out both hands, and saying, 'Ho, salute thee!'" This is a most interesting custom, which is unlikely, however, to be much appreciated by Gurus with young wives at Oxford and Cambridge.

We now come to the crimes committed by wicked men. Among these are selling lac, adultery, cooking one's own shop for dinner, marrying before one's elder brother, Atheism, cutting trees, to teach the Veda for a reward, causing bodily pain to a Brahmana (which must be a most attractive offence in a country so Brahmana-ridden). One punishment for these offences is to eat barley gruel for a month. In the next world there are twenty-two hells, all very worthy of a place in Dante's collection. When the torments are over, criminals of the fourth degree become fish. First-class misdo-mennants enter the bodies of birds, and so forth. When re-born again into human form, the criminals each suffer appropriately. Let people who complain of dyspepsia, like Mr. Carlyle, learn from Aryan wisdom that they have been "stealers of food" in a previous existence. Horse-stealers are punished with lameness. A man, who sank so low as to sell tin is re-born as a dyer. Most amusing of all, a thief is born a bard. Some bards are certainly born thieves of other men's ideas, but the converse sounds odd. But we may escape these misfortunes by living on milk for three weeks, by eating nothing but lotus, and by avoiding conversation with ladies. There are penances for having dined with carpenters, goldsmiths, enemies (a thing we all do frequently), blacksmiths, liars, doctors, trainers, lunatics. The majority of birds and beasts are not to be eaten.

Perhaps these examples, chosen almost at random, will prove that etiquette of extraordinary stringency and minuteness is not peculiar to primitive man. The Australian, who may not speak to his mother-in-law, and must give his wife's sister the ears of the beasts he kills, is not subjected to a more ridiculous tyranny than the devout believer in the Institutes of Vishnu. Sir George Grey thought Heaven had ordained Australian laws to prevent the natives from becoming civilized. Man seems to have thought out the Institutes of Vishnu for a similar purpose.

IBERISM.

THE ordinary Englishman may be incredulous when he is told that recent events in the Transvaal have indirectly produced one huge and almost unalloyed joke. It is true, however, and the locality of the joke is no other than Lisbon. For some weeks past readers of their newspapers have been more or less dimly aware of a tempest in a teacup about the Lourenço-Marques Treaty. Negotiations have been going on for converting Portugal's southernmost African possession (which she owes to the kindness of Marshal MacMahon in one of our invariably unlucky arbitrations) from a pestiferous swamp, of no value to herself or anybody else, into an entrepôt, which might have considerable chance of being commercially important. Other incidental advantages were to accrue to Portugal, and her sovereign rights were not even to be bought out, much less taken away without compensation. This arrangement, however, which might appear to be beneficial to all parties, has been taken by one of the little factions which the blessed gift of constitutional government has raised up in all the smaller European countries as an occasion of warfare. The arrival of the British fleet in the Tagus, a tolerably frequent event, tending considerably to the enrichment and enlivenment of the Portuguese capital, was construed as an attempt to overawe the freedom of Lusitanian debate. Progressistas and Regeneradores fought in the Council Chamber with their tongues, and with more deadly weapons in the streets. Blood was shed; a Ministerial crisis arose which was fully discussed in these columns at the time. Finally somebody triumphed, and the song of that triumph has been duly raised. The liveliest newspaper of Portugal appears to be a certain Republican print called the *Seculo*, which is strongly devoted to "Iberian" principles, and the Lisbon Correspondent of the *Times* has given Englishmen who do not read Portuguese—a larger number, it may be suspected, than those who do, though Portuguese has been not ill defined as a very ugly kind of Latin—an opportunity of forming acquaintance at once with "Iberism" and with one of the finest specimens of modern journalism. The liveliest Irish papers, even the *Irish World* itself, cannot hold a candle to the *Seculo*, though there is a considerable affinity between Irishmen and Portuguese in race, in style, and in affliction for the pig.

Iberism, as the intelligent man will probably discover by means of his unaided wits, signifies the desire for a coalition of Spain and Portugal, in which Iberia is to be for the Iberians, and for nobody else at all, at all. Whether this idea has supplanted Señor Castelar's more famous and grandiose dream of a Latin League, in which France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece are to face and dominate the brutal Teuton and the savage Slav, or whether it is supplementary and preparatory to it, is a mystery of Iberian politics which we cannot pretend to solve. To an Englishman who has always been told (and not untruly told) that Spaniard and Portuguese hate one another with a hatred compared with which the mutual aversion of Scotch and English at its hottest was a mild dislike, this may seem surprising enough. The Iberist, however, would probably retort that England and Scotland got on very well together, and that there is no reason why Spain and Portugal should not. In order to promote this blessed result, it has struck the ingenious Portuguese mind that there is nothing for reconciling enemies like a community of hatred, and they seem to have pitched on the necessary object of detestation. This object is England. It is true that, until recently, any dislike which Spaniards may have had to us

was confined to a mild and chiefly Platonic hankering after Gibraltar; and that Portuguese, as a rule, were not supposed to hate us at all. We are generally supposed to have held towards Portugal the position which France used to hold towards Scotland, except that France never did any particular good to her ally except to make her people call legs of mutton *gigots* to this day, while England really has done many good turns to Portugal. Without going so far back as the Abbey of Batalha, the historical ties between England and Portugal are considerable. Everybody has a dim idea of the Methuen Treaty, which gave the Portuguese wine trade such an impetus as no trade ever had before or since, and, according to grumblers, gave half England the gout for generations. We took the Portuguese very much under our wing in the Peninsular War, spent oceans of money on them, preserved them from all but very transient experiences of the awful incubus of French occupation, which weighed on their Spanish neighbours, and taught them to fight in a very creditable way under Pack and Borsford. We helped them semi-officially to get rid of that unpleasant person, Don Miguel, and we have bought *quintas* in their hills and valleys, and accepted baronies and viscounties from their monarchs in the most condescending way in the world. Perhaps there has been a little too much condescension in the matter; and possibly the Portuguese, while they were too lazy to exploit the Alto Douro for their own exclusive profit, have been annoyed at the Viscount Smiths and Baron Browns who buy up and store in their lodges the magenta-coloured fluid which claret would be, if it could. At any rate, the screaming of the *Seculo* seems to reveal a Tattycoram-like attitude of rage at favours received. We have kept the *Seculo* too long waiting, however, for which it deserves, and is hereby requested to receive, the excuses of an infamous English journal.

It seems that the fiendish Progressistas, who, not to bother the reader with the political intricacies of Portugal, are the people of whom the *Seculo* does not approve, have been hinting that, if England is offended, and withdraws her regis, "the lion of Spain will instantly claw us, and reduce us to a mere Iberian province." Now there is nothing that the *Seculo* would like so much as this in reality, only it does not exactly say so. It says instead, in effect, "What business is this of anybody except ourselves?" "Mayn't we be clawed as we like?" "What liberty have we, if we have not the right of option or even of discussion on a matter which affects the integrity of our Empire?" Besides, "What shall we lose if we are now in the claws of the British leopard?" This is a point of pathology on which we can offer no opinion, though perhaps a great shikari might be able to say whether the lion or the leopard is in his clawing the clawer most agreeable to the clawed. But we can assure the *Seculo* that the British leopard was quite ignorant of the noble quarry which, it seems, he has in hand, or rather in claw. The *Seculo* continues in the line interrogative manner which is the soul of oratory and journalism. "What do we gain by being Englishmen instead of Spaniards? As Spaniards we should, at least, be citizens; as Englishmen we should never be more than serfs." This last statement is obscure, but probably refers to the degraded monarchical institutions of this realm. Besides, it seems that Great Britain only takes care of Portugal till she has stripped her of her last transmarine possession. We confess that we did not know that England had ever stripped Portugal of any transmarine possessions, except during the brief period when Portugal was under that very Spanish dominion to which the *Seculo* is anxious to return. But perhaps the *Seculo* has a private history all to itself. In fact, it certainly has, for "since 1640," it seems, we have been making capital out of the ingenuous, patriotic sentiment of Portugal, in order to continue the gratuitous and cowardly seizure of all her colonial dominions. This bad English leopard, this "insatiable British sea-serpent"—for the *Seculo* is liberal in metaphorical zoology—has done the most dreadful things to Portugal. "By her bestial and sordid diplomacy" she has severed Lusitania from Spain and France. We have supplanted the Portuguese in the basest manner, we never did anything in "the marvellous work of maritime discovery," "an adventurous and warlike disposition is a feature in the English character which has ever been conspicuous by its absence." And therefore it is that "the Republican party of Portugal accepts as an honour England's sordid political hatred."

This is indeed a melancholy state of things. It seems that not only have we been robbing Portugal for centuries, but we now hate her sordidly. It may be so, but we can only say, like the lover *malgré lui* in the comedy, "I protest to you, Madam, I was wholly ignorant of my own affection." Englishmen have been sordidly hating Portugal without knowing it, and now without knowing it they have been plotting to take from her her last transmarine possession, which, by the way, seems to show that geography, like history, is not the *Seculo's* strong point. "The Jewish sordidness" of our "usurious and crafty disposition," the "total absence of any noble or heroic element in our character," make it appear impossible to expect anything better from us. It is really odd that, considering the oceans of generous Portuguese wine which have passed into English bodies in the last two centuries, they should have exercised so little purifying and refining influence on the English soul. It was probably too bad to begin with, the *Seculo* would, no doubt, retort with the lightning quickness of repartee which distinguishes the Latin journalist. However this may be, it is clear that the shortest way to be a good Iberist is to be a good hater of England. Iberism will probably soon discover that

England first bred the Phylloxera, and has no doubt already discovered that Sir Wilfrid and all his followers are at heart animated only by a jealousy of the Latin race. Of course it is not easy to say how much of the amusing and amazing nonsense which we have been quoting really expresses any actually existing sentiment, and how much is to be set down to the *blague* which to the journalism of the Latin races is the very breath of life. Iberism is not in itself an impossible thing; for the two nations of the Peninsula—composite as the larger of the two is—have at any rate a considerable community of faith—by the way, Iberism is Freethinking—and language, and certainly are not much wider apart than Sicilians from Piedmontese, or Silesians from Holsteiners. The modern cant of nationality proceeds upon no intelligible or scientific grounds, either in its uniting or in its disintegrating agency. Iberism, too, has several things in its favour. The average Portuguese, unless he is very much belied, is rather ignorant, and possessed of a good deal of national jealousy. By combining these two strings, and playing on both, it might be quite possible to substitute for the traditional hatred of Spain a hatred of England. Many people will remember the amusing outburst which appeared some time ago in the Portuguese papers about remarks derogatory to Portugal in some obscure English school-book. This Lourenço-Marques to-do seems to be a sort of sequel to that international episode. It is at least satisfactory to find that England is in no danger of the woe denounced against those of whom all men speak well. Since the French left off abusing us, except now and then as a sort of survival, there might have seemed to be some danger of our getting blue-mouldy for want of a verbal beating. Germany, Spain, and now Portugal, however, seem to be determined to save us from this peril. The odd thing is, that to all these nations we have for a long time done nothing, or next to nothing, but good. Russians, whom we constantly oppose, are civil-spoken enough on the whole; so are Austrians, to whom of late years we have certainly not behaved too handsomely. National antipathies, however, are always more or less inscrutable; and if it pleases the Portuguese to swear eternal hatred to us, we must even put up with it, and only hope that they will not, in an ecstasy of determination to spite us, set fire to the anchorage of the Tagus, or cut down the vineyards of Boa Vista and Calcavillos.

SEALS.

THERE was a jubilant paragraph the other day in one of the morning papers respecting the success of the "sealers" belonging to the port of Dundee. The *Resolute* had taken 3,600 seals; the *Ancora*, 16,000 young and 1,000 old; the *Thetis*, 4,000 young and 2,800 old; and the *Narwhal* was reported "full." We are not told the number of seals that this vessel could contain, but perhaps we may be allowed to put it at 3,600, like the *Resolute*. These two vessels therefore killed about 7,000 seals between them. No distinction is made in the case of the *Resolute* between "old" and "young"; but, as old seals are more valuable, the absence of particulars probably indicates that they were all "old." If this be the case, the Dundee fleet has brought home this season 20,000 young seals and 10,800 old seals. This number, however, must not be supposed to represent the total killed by the crews of the English vessels, for in these general massacres many more are killed than the ships can bring away, and many that escape die of their wounds afterwards—not to speak of the thousands of young who perish for want of their natural sustenance. A victory such as this is really far more disastrous than a defeat, as we propose to point out. We must premise that two distinct animals are habitually spoken of as "seals," and two different substances as "sealskin." The group of marine, flesh-eating mammals which are spoken of collectively by naturalists as the *Pinnipedia* (because their hands and feet are modified into swimming organs by the interposition of webs between the digits), contains three families:—1. The Walrus. 2. The True Seals (*Phocidae*). 3. The Eared Seals (*Otariidae*). The True Seals are clothed with short, coarse hair, and are, therefore, sometimes spoken of as "Hair Seals"; while the Eared Seals are called "Fur Seals," because some species possess beneath the coarser hair that short, thick, silky fur which is so much prized for cloaks and other garments. Most people have long been familiar with the general form and appearance of a True Seal; and of late years two fine Eared Seals have been exhibited in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London. There is also a fine pair from the north-western coast of America to be seen in the Brighton Aquarium. It is to this family that the popular names "Sea-Lions" and "Sea-Bears" have been given, for their power of locomotion on land, their general appearance, and their loud cries—which, however, resemble a bark rather than a roar. The animals which have lately been slaughtered in such numbers are certain species of True Seals. Though not of the same commercial importance as their fur-bearing relations, they are still most valuable for their skins and their oil. Seal oil is largely used in the preparation of the vegetable fibre called "jute," and is worth 50s. a tun. Their extirpation, therefore—not to mention the regret with which naturalists regard the destruction of a species—would not merely involve the loss of the capital embarked in the fitting out of the vessels engaged in the business; but would seriously endanger, if not ruin, more than one branch of commercial industry. This catastrophe, however, cannot be far distant, unless vigorous

measures to regulate the slaughter be adopted without delay. The habits of the seals, which are exceedingly curious, have not as yet been properly considered. Those captured off Newfoundland and Jan Mayen, which are the grounds resorted to at this season, belong to migratory species. They leave the Polar Seas at the beginning of winter, assembling, like swallows, at some long-frequented and well-known meeting-place, which they do not leave until the gathering is completed. Then, taking advantage of the Polar current, they start southward. Small detachments, consisting of from half-a-dozen to a score, form the vanguard; and behind them comes the vast, uncountable herd. For many miles nothing is to be seen but seals; the sea seems to be literally paved with their heads. At Belleisle Island the herd divides—part drifts into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, part goes on to Newfoundland. There they remain until the beginning of January, when they commence their return northward. This is not the easy matter that the previous migration had been, the current being now against them. On reaching the ice, which at this season covers the sea through which they had passed a short time previously, the herd halts. The females are then ready to bring forth their young, and if unmolested would remain on the ice until the cubs were old enough to accompany them on their homeward journey. The cubs are usually born from the 15th to the 24th of March, each female producing only one, and they are suckled for about twenty days. They develop with extraordinary rapidity, and when three weeks old are able to take care of themselves. Until this age they are comparatively worthless. It is manifest, therefore, that to kill them at an earlier period is not only cruel but foolish. Yet this was until very lately, and we fear is still the practice. Moreover, as the female seal shows a strong affection for her cub, and will not leave it to save her own life, advantage was taken of this to kill a larger number of old seals, the young being left to starve. The following account was written in 1875 by Captain David Gray of Peterhead, an experienced sealer. It is therefore strictly accurate, and, painful as it is, deserves careful attention.

Last year the fleet set to work to kill the seals on the 26th of March, 1874, and in forty-eight hours the fishing was completely over, the old ones being shot, wounded, or scared away, while thousands upon thousands of young ones were left crying piteously for their mothers. These mostly perished of famine in the snow, as they were not old enough to make worth while the trouble of killing them. If you could imagine yourself surrounded by four or five hundred thousand babies, all crying at the pitch of their voices, you would have some idea of the piteous noise they make.

To the barbarity and folly of wasting the young seals in the manner above described may be added the "imprudent expenditure of capital," as a Norwegian sealer cleverly said, in killing so many old seals. After the season of 1874 there was a general feeling that some date must be fixed by international agreement before which no seals should be killed; and an Act of Parliament, called "The Seal Fishery Act," was passed in 1875, by which it was enacted that a "close time" should be fixed by an Order in Council "when the foreign States whose ships or subjects are engaged in the seal fishery have made with respect to their own ships and subjects the like provisions to those contained in this Act." In 1876 the 3rd of April was fixed as the day when seals may first be captured, apparently without the consent of any foreign Power; and the Government of Norway passed a similar law, prescribing the same date in the following autumn. We have not been able to ascertain what action, if any, was taken by Germany or America. It will be observed that the number of young seals captured this year is twice as great as the number of old ones; whence we may conclude that, at any rate, they were not left to die on the ice as heretofore; but the early date at which the news of the success of the sealers was received at Dundee shows that they must have been taken before they were old enough to leave their mothers. It was admitted by one of the sealing captains examined in 1874 that his most successful season, both in skins and oil, had been that of 1866, when the fishery did not begin till the 6th of April. If sealers could be induced to look beyond the success of the moment, they would learn from such a fact as this the necessity of moderating their eagerness. The thirst for gold, like other excesses, carries its own punishment with it. The records of the seal trade are full of warnings. When the Southern Ocean was first opened to British enterprise by the discoveries of Captain Cook, it teemed with animal life. Fur Seals and Hair Seals abounded on the coasts of Australia and New Zealand, and on the outlying islands. They were at once set upon and killed, the slaughter being conducted without regard to sex or season. The result was the total extermination of several species. "One might as soon expect to meet a sea-lion on London Bridge as on any one of the islands in Bass's Strait," was the reply of a New Zealand naturalist to an inquiry about the seal-life that early voyagers had observed. The same result has happened at the Falkland Islands, at Cape Horn, and on the Pacific seaboard of South America. A vessel called the *Betsy* took one million skins from the island of Masafuera at the beginning of the century, an exploit which left no survivors for future adventurers; and the island of Juan Fernandez, where, in Anson's time, there were seals in abundance, has now only a few stragglers to show. The same thing happened at the South Shetlands. In 1821 and 1822 British sealers took away 320,000 skins for the two years; killing males and females indiscriminately, and leaving the young to die. The fate of the sperm-whale might furnish a useful lesson in the same direction. It was once abundant in the Southern Ocean, but is now all but extinct,

from the very same causes that we have pointed out above in the case of the seals. The American whalers observed its maternal affection, and found it easier to kill a mother and her cub together than a mother alone. A few years of this policy, added to the use of steamers armed with projectiles of cunning contrivance, and the fishery had to be given up as no longer profitable.

The possibility of regulating a traffic of this kind has been most conclusively demonstrated in the case of the Northern Fur Seal (*Otaria urima*), an Eared Seal inhabiting the Pribilof Islands, in Behring's Sea, whence "sealskin" for the London market is now principally, if not entirely, obtained. These islands belonged to Russia from their discovery in 1786 down to 1869, when they were ceded to the United States. In the early years of the Russian occupation the seals were slaughtered recklessly and indiscriminately, and in 1842 an unusually severe winter thinned them still further. After this a smaller number was killed in each year, and in consequence the seal population steadily increased, until, in 1869, Mr. Elliott, who was sent to the islands by the Government of the United States, estimated the numbers at between five and six millions, or twice the population of London. Shortly afterwards, the islands were leased, under certain conditions, to the Alaska Commercial Company. Of these provisions, that which is most important for our present purpose limits the slaughter to 100,000 in each year; and, further, it has been agreed, after careful observations extending over several years, that these shall be all males of four or five years old. We have no space to give the reasons for this determination, which is based on the curious polygamous habits of this species of seal; we merely draw attention to it in order to show the importance of studying the habits of creatures on which a large commercial venture has been risked, instead of trusting blindly to chance. The English had a similar opportunity with the Fur Seals of the Southern Hemisphere; but, as we have shown above, it was lost through carelessness and ignorance. We are much afraid that our system of hunting the Hair Seal will lead to a similar result, unless we can secure the active co-operation of the other nations interested, and so bring about a radical change. This will not be easy. The Americans are fortunate in being the sole owners of the Pribilof Islands, and in having animals of exceptional habits to deal with. The difficulties, however, that stand in the way of a necessary reform should not deter us from at least trying to bring it about.

THE MYSTERY OF E. J. W.

THE singular misfortunes which seem to have befallen this unlucky person can hardly fail to interest those who study the very curious collection of advertisements from the "Agony Column" which Miss Alice Clay has recently published (*The Agony Column of "The Times."* London: Chatto and Windus). No small industry must have been required for the work, which covers a very long period, the first advertisement given being dated January 13th, 1800; and the last, November 23, 1870. Miss Clay must therefore have taken the trouble to examine some twenty-two thousand copies of what was within the memory of persons still living the leading newspaper. The task must have been a wearisome one, but the result is an amusing and very interesting little book. The Agony Column has presented to the world a long series of enigmas, many, no doubt, not worth the guessing; but others not undeserving the attention of people who are fond of riddles, and these Miss Clay has carefully picked out so as to offer her readers the choicest utterances of those mysterious persons who, having been for some unaccountable reason debarred from using the post, have been obliged to advertise their frantic appeals in the neighbourhood of the births, deaths, and marriages. In one respect it must be said that Miss Clay's work is disappointing. Much curiosity has always been felt respecting these strange advertisements, of which, by the way, a large number now appear in the *Standard*, and this curiosity she is not able to satisfy, as her labours have not apparently enabled her to form any opinion, or even to indulge in any plausible guesses, respecting the advertisers. She does not attempt to say whether they are lunatics, or in some instances thieves and receivers of stolen goods, as they are commonly supposed to be, or whether they are really unfortunate people who are driven to this peculiar way of communicating with each other; but, though she cannot satisfy curiosity on the main point, she is able to throw some light on a singular and obscure subject, as her collection, without dispelling the mystery which surrounds the advertisers, makes clear some remarkable facts regarding them. It shows, for instance, how persistent certain of them have been and over how long a period their communications extend. This would seem to prove that some of them, at least, are not lunatics or fools, and are attacking or defending interests of real importance. Of the most remarkable instance of devotion to the second column which Miss Clay gives we now propose to speak, leaving for a future time notices of the minor agonizers. Attention has lately been drawn to the curious advertisement of Mrs. G. to Mrs. Jones, which, it is said, has appeared for several years past; but Mrs. G. is far surpassed by the person above-mentioned, Mr. E. J. Wilson, of Ennis, Ireland, who, at varying intervals, advertised in the Agony Column of the *Times* from February 1851 to July 1870, and not impossibly may be advertising in the *Times* still.

As has so often happened with men who have achieved distinction, his maiden effort in the line wherein he was destined to

excel was a modest one, as he merely stated in his first advertisement that, as the clothes were ready, he was ready to wear them, and alluded to a bar of iron, intimating thereby, probably, that he was prepared for some undertaking and would not flinch. This was addressed to "D.," and was followed by advertisements addressed to "Equator," "Indigo Blue," "Simulacre," and "Alexis," which were in the florid style so much beloved by the agony advertisers, and have no meaning for the uninitiated. It is remarkable that in March 1852 his advertisements called forth some of the very few answers they ever received, and that he was entreated to give an explanation, in capitals, and asked whether he had a conscience. On the latter point apparently "E. W." was unable to give a satisfactory reply, as in a French advertisement he apparently admitted that he was a serpent nourished in the bosom of somebody, who was "de la race sacrée"; but added that his blood was not ditch water. Mr. Wilson was silent for awhile after this, but in June he was at work, and issued an advertisement in which he gave for the first time his full initials, "E. J. W." This was followed by a series of inflated notices addressed to "The Counterfeit," to "Equator" again, to "Croix Rouge," "Fly-by-night," and "The Key." The only thing to be deduced from these stilted productions is that "E. J. W." had been asked to do something which he thought unpatriotic, but that nothing would "sway his allegiance," and that he was quite incorruptible. In January 1853 "Mary (alias Emily) Pierce Crawford, daughter of Daniel Merryweather Ford," addressed him in the *Times*, intimating that she should like to apply to 4 Spring Place, Hammersmith, and in the next month he was told by "Two Indescribables" that, together with G — and Arthur, he was "inexcusable" for absenting himself, and was apparently invited to come to the same place. The "Indescribables" added that all communication was interrupted in England and abroad, and that their reputations were calumniated to render them homeless and friendless.

Up to this time there had been nothing remarkable about the advertisements of "E. J. W." He had been engaged in secret negotiations, possibly political, but very likely commercial only; had been asked to do something which he called unpatriotic, and had refused. In March 1853, however, two curious notices were issued by him, referring, apparently, to some political struggle; and in 1854 a very remarkable advertisement appeared, which seems to show that, in the course of the intrigue or negotiation in which Mr. E. J. Wilson had taken part, he had made very desperate enemies, who, in revenging themselves on him, were not deterred by the slightest timidity or by scruples of any sort. In the *Times* of May 1st, 1854, he advertises thus:—"MY DAUGHTER! O, my daughter!" and in May 17th he says:—"Lutte à mort. Je veux voir ma fille." Unless the strange notices which he sent for so long to the *Times* were altogether due to the delusions of an unsound mind, it is clear that his daughter had really been carried off; for, as will shortly be seen, many subsequent advertisements refer to her loss, and prove that he made the most strenuous efforts to get her back. In 1854 and 1855 advertisements by "Egypte" and "Egypt" appeared, which, though not at first recognizable as the productions of "E. J. W.," were undoubtedly his. He refers—giving his initials in one case—to stolen gains, participation in which he absolutely refuses, and on June 27th, 1855, he asks where his child is. It seems certain that she was not restored to him; but for some reason not to be gathered from Miss Clay's collection, he was for some time after this either willing to correspond by the penny post, like ordinary mortals, or was debarred from his beloved second column. He did not appear in it again until July 1856, and after issuing three brief German advertisements in this month, he was silent until January 1857, when he published an advertisement signed "Decimals.—Cygne," both of which appear in many of his later appeals. In March he again mentions his daughter, informing the public, in the first place, that she has two of her toes joined together; and, secondly, that he has not seen her for seven years; and shortly afterwards he speaks again of the money he would not take. A series of mysterious advertisements, in one of which he describes himself as "hors la loi," follow at varying intervals the notice containing this reference, and in December 1857 his daughter is heard of again, as he says indignantly to one "X. Cheops," "No, no. Hands off my child," and adds that he will not risk his "little gipsy girl in the pestilential marshes of Hungary, though there secure against every power." About this time misfortune appears to have fallen him, as he seems to have been sadly in want of money. In July 1858 he issued the following remarkable advertisement:—

X. GAMINS X.—I CANNOT LECTURE at Coventry as contemplated. Although reported in the "Endowed Schools Commission" as receiving £80 per annum, I get but £50, and you know with that without board, &c.—E. J. W., Cygne.

After this he apparently came to the conclusion that secrecy was no longer necessary, as in a notice to his friend Cheops he requested that gentleman to address E. J. Wilson, Ennis, Ireland, and this advertisement is followed by several giving his name. In one of these he says that he has lost his money and his child, and asks the delicate question whether a lawyer can advise a criminal act without rendering himself liable. In February 1859 he pathetically speaks of himself as "the author of the decimal system at Her Majesty's Customs, which pours pure gold every day into the coffers of the nation, earning a miserable subsistence in the worst part of Paddy's land": and in March he became, it would seem, very anxious about his daughter, as he issued a

notice warning all persons assisting in secreting her that they were liable to imprisonment. This was succeeded by an advertisement complaining of a schoolmistress whom he had previously spoken of as having aided in the abduction of his daughter, and on April 16, 1859, the following formal notice appeared in the Agony Column:—

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—Any person (except a detective or his agent) restoring to me my daughter, ALICE JANE WILSON, 10 years old, shall receive £200 reward.—E. J. WILSON, Ennis, Ireland.

This offer did not bring her back, as in July we find him issuing a despairing appeal to "Alice," saying that he has not heard from her for eighteen months, and has undergone great persecution. A French advertisement published the next day seems to have answered this, and it may be hoped that poor Mr. E. J. Wilson succeeded at last in recovering his child, as there is no more mention of her in his subsequent communications in that Agony Column wherein he loved to impart his woes to his intimate friends, his deadly enemies, and the world in general.

For some time after 1859 he was silent. In 1862 there was an advertisement about eggs which was perhaps his, and there were others headed "Spurs and Skirts," which were indignantly answered by "the father of E. W.," who may or may not have been Mr. Wilson. In 1867 he indubitably reappears, as there is a communication to "E. G. G. (en voyage)," which subsequent notices show to have been his. It must be said that his later productions are not as interesting as his earlier ones, and suggest no stranger story of dark conspiracy or desperate revenge. In one of these earlier advertisements he had alluded mysteriously to money which he claimed on "eggs," and most of his latter appeals are to "E. G. G." though he occasionally addresses "B. E. N." Answers to his advertisements there were apparently none; but by this he was undismayed, for, though not voluble as formerly, he not infrequently addressed the *Times* from 1867 to 1870, when he was, so to speak, "left advertising," his last recorded effort being an appeal to "E. G. G." to pass through the Tyrol, over the Stelvio, and then by Solferino, Magenta, and the Mont Cenis to Grenoble. As has been said, Miss Clay's book does not extend beyond 1870, and without examination of very many files of the *Times*, it is, therefore, impossible whether the veteran advertiser continued his labours, or whether, after nineteen years of work, his place in the Agony Column knew him no longer.

What were the curious intrigues in which he was involved? Why was his daughter taken away from him twice, and, above all, why was it necessary for him during all this long period to correspond by advertisement? Of course it may be said that there is really no mystery whatever about the matter, and that Mr. E. J. Wilson was simply a person liable to harmless fits of derangement, during which he amused himself by penning advertisements, just as Mr. Toots pleased himself by writing imaginary letters from great personages. This may be the true explanation of the mystery; but we somewhat doubt whether the delusions of lunatics are so definite, so numerous, and so lasting as those which must have afflicted E. J. Wilson if he was really deranged. If he was sane, and if his innumerable advertisements were not due to a disordered imagination, his story must be an interesting one, and, should he still be alive, he might well take the world entirely into his confidence, and recount the adventures and misfortunes of which Miss Clay's book gives the dim outline. Having greatly stimulated public curiosity, he ought in fairness to give the answers to the riddles he has put, now that the enemies of twenty-five years ago are presumably not in a position to abduct children or instruct solicitors. What were the deeply mysterious intrigues in which he was engaged in 1852 and the following years? What made his enemies so furious against him, and how were they able twice to carry off his daughter? What was the unpatriotic task he was urged to undertake? Who were "Alexis" and "Fly-by-night," and "Counterfeit," and "Cheops," and "Indigo Blue," and the many others to whom he addressed himself for so long? Was Miss Alice Jane Wilson restored to him? and, if she was, who restored her? What were the stolen gains he refused to participate in, and how did he introduce decimals into the Customs? Who was "E. G. G.," so often urged to go to Grenoble; and why, above all, was he, Mr. E. J. Wilson, of Ennis, Ireland, obliged during nineteen years to advertise in the *Times*, and how was he debarred from using the post like other men? If he is, as we much hope, still alive, and will answer these questions fully, he will produce a work of surpassing interest, and will doubtless prove that the truths of the Agony Column are stranger than the fiction of Gaboriau.

MURETUS.

IN the somewhat grotesque series of quotations intended to demonstrate that Dr. Reid's philosophy had its adherents before Dr. Reid was born, Sir William Hamilton pronounces a glowing panegyric upon "the pattern critic, the incomparable Muretus." Few people now, probably, turn to that scholar's remains. His criticisms and illustrations of the ancient writers have long since been gathered up by indefatigable editors; the use of Latin for original compositions has so nearly died out that we no longer require a model to show how modern topics may be treated in the

language of Cicero: and the dialogues of Erasmus and the speeches of Muretus have alike disappeared from schools. In the history of literature and learning, however, every one who has ever held a prominent place retains some interest, even though it be the faint interest we feel for a fading name; and the remembrance of the hours most of us have spent in endeavouring to write Latin prose may possibly inspire some respect for the modern who succeeded best in that pursuit.

Marc Antoine François Muret, better known as Muretus, was born of respectable parents, near Limoges, in 1526. In his boyhood his talents attracted the admiration of the elder Scaliger, for whom Muretus in his turn professed a filial regard. At the age of eighteen Muretus lectured on Cicero and Terence at the College of Auch. He subsequently taught the classics at Poitiers and at Bordeaux, where he numbered Montaigne among his pupils, and wrote Latin tragedies which undoubtedly led the way to the vernacular tragedies of the Pléiade, and in which Montaigne himself acted. Before 1552 he went to Paris, where he occupied the chair of philosophy and civil law in the College of Cardinal le Moine. Though Turnebus and Buchanan were his colleagues, the young professor gained such admiration by the elegance of his style that his class-room was crowded, and, it is said, Henry II. and Catherine de' Medici were among his hearers. But the college was not long to be illustrated by the first living writer of Latin verse and the first living writer of Latin prose. The restless Buchanan returned to his wandering life, and Muretus's Paris career was brought to a sudden and unhappy termination. A disgraceful charge was brought against him, and he was thrown into prison. He had already begun to starve himself to death, when the interference of powerful friends procured his release. Muretus next appears at Toulouse, where he began to lecture to the law students. At Paris he had declaimed with success on jurisprudence; but at Toulouse the study was seriously prosecuted, and the justly celebrated school of law was not prepared to allow the finest phrases to compensate for ignorance of the subject. The course ended in a fiasco; and about the same time the unlucky lecturer was assailed by a charge similar to that incurred at Paris. How far the accusation was well founded it is not easy to determine. Turnebus, who had connexions in Toulouse, continued on friendly terms. On the other hand, Joseph Scaliger apparently has no doubt of Muretus's guilt. It has been argued that Scaliger was willing enough to believe any story to the discredit of Muretus, who had played a trick on him which the great critic never forgave. Out of a fragment of Philemon Muretus manufactured some Latin verses. These he palmed off on Scaliger as the work of Attius and of Trabea, and Scaliger gravely inserted them in his commentary on Varro as interesting relics of those poets. The biographers further plead that only conscious innocence could have prompted Muretus to dedicate his translation from Alexander's commentary to the very person whose name had been coupled with his a few months before at Toulouse. There are, we think, two other considerations which may fairly be urged in the defence. Part of the accusation consisted in a charge of heresy. Now, on a review of the writings of Muretus, this imputation appears so undeserved, and so manifestly invented to create a prejudice, that we are justified in viewing the whole accusation with considerable suspicion. Moreover, it is notorious that from the days when Dominic established the inquisition in Languedoc to the days when Voltaire denounced the judicial murder of Calas, Toulouse was infamous for its savage bigotry. Fanaticism has always recognized its surest opponents in the artistic character and in the culture of letters; and Muretus was above all things a literary artist. Innocent or guilty, however, Muretus was in imminent danger of being burnt. Happily he effected his escape, and the disappointed zealots of Toulouse could only enjoy the gratification of burning his effigy. The reproach of atheism still clung to his name, and long afterwards gave rise to the absurd suggestion that Muretus was the author of the mysterious book *De Tribus Impostoribus*. Muretus now resolved to go to Italy. On his way he fell ill at an obscure inn, and a consultation was held over him by the rural surgeons, who determined on attempting a hazardous operation. "Fiat periculum in anima villi," said one of them, little supposing that the wretched patient was the first Latinist of the age. Muretus was so scared that, in spite of his illness, he pursued his journey to Italy. He first visited Venice, where he made the acquaintance of Paulus Manutius, between whom and himself a cordial friendship continued to subsist. Here he dedicated several of his productions, including the commentaries on Catullus and on the Catiline orations, to various nobles of Venice. Finding them insensible to his flattery, he ceased "ploughing the seashore," and made his way to Padua. While there, he was warned by Lambinus, who played the part of the good-natured friend with much satisfaction, that a certain person with a short neck, red hair, and wide nostrils was reviving reports to his prejudice. Who this unprepossessing person was does not appear; but Muretus wrote back in deep distress that he longed to retire to some lonely country "where he should never hear the name of the Pelopidæ." Such a refuge, he adds, presented itself in Greece, whither he had been invited with a promise of a handsome salary. Greece in 1558 hardly offered many attractions to a man of letters; and unfortunately Muretus gives no explanation of this incident. The next letter to Lambinus is of a very different kind. Muretus had now gone to Ferrara on the invitation of Cardinal d'Este, and, forgetting all his wishes to retire from the world, cheerfully pledges Lambinus in a glass of excellent white wine, and only

regrets that his friend was not with him to drink it. Shortly afterwards Muretus accompanied Cardinal d'Este to Rome, and when his patron was despatched to Paris as papal legate, formed one of his retinue, and renewed the old intimacy with Turnebus. Except this interval, he passed the rest of his life in Italy, composing orations for State occasions of ceremony, and lecturing on the classics. Twice at least topics worthy of an orator were afforded by the massacre of St. Bartholomew and by the battle of Lepanto; but in these addresses the speaker betrays a poverty of thought unredeemed by his usual felicity of diction. The praises of persecution, however, did not lack admirers, and within a few months a translation appeared at Lyons of the speech "touching the happy and admirable success of Charles IX."

The letters of Muretus are so colourless that it is difficult to form from them any notion of the personality of the writer. The occasional mention of the sausages, thrushes, and becafores which his friends sent him may lead us to believe he was not averse to good cheer. A certain mischievous vein shows itself, not only in the imposition which he played on Scaliger, but in his custom of using rare words from Cicero which had escaped the diligence of Nizolius, and diverting himself by the shrugs and glances of the purists who might be present. But the letters generally are occupied by learned discussions, by frigid compliments, or by the petty squabbles common among scholars. At one time Muretus poaches upon the Horatian preserves of Lambinus; at another, Muretus himself is the sufferer from the incursions of Lipsius. Perhaps what the letters omit is more significant than what they contain. Living in Venice, and afterwards in Rome during the sixteenth century, Muretus is silent on the works of art in which those cities were rich. His interests were exclusively literary, and neither painting, nor sculpture, nor music appealed to him. His general course of life may, however, be collected from his works. The summer months, from July to October, were devoted to the Long Vacation, during which Muretus usually accompanied Cardinal d'Este to his retirement at Tivoli, "to live the life of the Phœnicians." In the rest of the year he delivered two courses of lectures, opened in November and in March by addresses, of which several specimens survive. The audience appears to have been somewhat miscellaneous, and the laudable endeavours of the more studious were sadly disturbed by the pushing and whistling of the unruly spirits. On one occasion a facetious youth brought an alarm with him, and amused himself in the middle of the lecture by making it strike. "It would be odd," said Muretus, "if among so many noisy animals there was no bell wether." The hour he occupied twice a week was in the afternoon or evening, and it is possible that the morning lecturers found more peaceful classes. At any rate Muretus, as soon as he had delivered the fixed number of public lectures, was glad to continue the course in his own room, where the teaching assumed a less formal aspect. Of the quality of his instruction we may gain some notion from the opening addresses, and from the more copious of his commentaries. On anything connected with Aristotle, no better judge can be found than Sir William Hamilton; and from his eulogy of Muretus it appears that he put a high value on his Aristotelian labours. A modern student who dips into the commentary on the *Ethics* to seek help on those passages outwardly so easy, and really so difficult, of which the *Ethics* contain not a few, will find little aid from Muretus. For "getting up" the book for an examination, his commentary is useless. Yet the general interest, the light touch, the gossiping illustrations—sometimes resembling an essay of Montaigne, though of course the personal charm of Montaigne is wanting—may well have served to inspire a taste for study. In Mr. Ellis's judgment, the commentary on Catullus is unworthy of the reputation of Muretus. Its great defect appears to us to be its want of fulness. So far as it goes, it evinces fine literary feeling, and its sound judgment avoids the far-fetched ingenuities from which even Mr. Ellis's excellent work is not altogether free. In fact, Muretus was singularly free from pedantry. He ridicules Ciceronianism so far as it was a servile imitation, with much the same arguments as Erasmus had used, and with not a little of his wit; while, so far as it was a striving after consummate literary form, he gave it his approbation and his example.

In 1578 proposals reached Muretus from two different quarters to quit Rome. The "natio Germanorum," studying law at Padua, wrote to him expressing their desire that he should lecture on jurisprudence. The authorities at Padua do not appear to have concurred in the project; and Muretus civilly excused himself, adding that his mode of teaching the civil law did not find favour with the Italians, who preferred the method of Bartolus. As Bartolus was the author of the maxim "*De verbis non curat jurisconsultus*," this remark was not altogether complimentary to the Italian jurists. But it is not uncommon for men to mistake their abilities, and Muretus was always sore that he was not recognized as an authority in jurisprudence. The other invitation was more important. Stephen Bathory, King of Poland, wished to found a college at Oracow, and was anxious to attract to it learned men from Italy. He particularly desired the presence of Sigonius, Fulvius Ursinus, and Muretus, and held out to the last the splendid stipend of 1,500 gold crowns, with the certainty of ecclesiastical preferment. Muretus, who frankly avowed the doctrine that a man's country is where he is best off, was disposed to close with the offer; but his friends dissuaded him, and the Pope made an arrangement by which his salary was raised from 500 to

1,000 crowns. Before this year Muretus had taken holy orders. He had always been sensitive to religious impressions, and could not perform Mass without shedding tears. The approach of age and a severe illness rendered him devout; and towards the close of his life he confined his classical reading to Seneca and the graver writers, only returning to Terence, "his early favourite," to assist the studies of a nephew of promise, who unhappily died young. The biographers record that Muretus never gave more than five hours to repose, and he relates himself that he used to return to his books immediately after dinner till he felt the ill effects of the practice. Nevertheless, he appears to have generally enjoyed good health. In his latter days he became extremely fat, and suffered from gout in the feet, in allusion to which he observed that it was time to leave the house when the foundation was tottering. At last, in 1585, thirteen years after he had pronounced the funeral oration of his patron, Cardinal d'Este, he died in a manner which greatly edified those around him. The beauty of his language and, it must be owned, the verbosity into which his facility too often betrayed him, have affected his reputation, and he is sometimes regarded as a mere stylist. But his attainments, both in Greek and Latin, were of a high rank in an age of learning, and it was not without reason that Scaliger remarked, "Pauci in mundo Mureti; vere regius erat."

ENGINE-DRIVING.

WHENEVER a fatal railway accident happens both the press and society are overwhelmed by a flood of talk mostly of the most ignorant and therefore dogmatic kind. Every talker and every habitual writer of letters to the *Times* makes his noise and spoils his paper. The one "tells you, sir," that, until some scheme of his is made compulsory, accidents will occur daily. The other trusts that the editor may find space for what appears to him (though to no one else) to be a valuable suggestion. Words run riot over the devoted heads of readers and listeners, and the only people able to check their flow and add a few ideas to their rapid mass are too busy to talk or write letters to the editor; for very few people outside of "the railway world" have the slightest accurate knowledge of the subject of railway management, and perhaps to this general popular ignorance may be attributed some of the shortcomings of railway managers who have not public opinion to urge them on to better ways, and who have but few suggestions worthy of a moment's consideration laid before them except by their own class. Mr. Michael Reynolds has done something to enlighten the public mind about one department of railway work in his book called *Engine-Driving Life* (Crosby, Lockwood, and Co.), and incidentally much light is thrown on railway management generally. His other books, *Locomotive Engine-Driving* and *Stationary Engine-Driving*, show that he is a man thoroughly acquainted with his subject, so that we may safely accept his guidance in considering why we are generally safe, but sometimes are killed or maimed, in travelling by train. The first lesson which his writings and general experience combined teach is that all servants and officers employed on railways must have the very rare quality of being always on the look-out for great and serious danger in circumstances which they have passed their lives in encountering without meeting with any accident, and that this faculty is of especial importance amongst engine-drivers. It is a matter of everyday experience to find men smoking in fiery mines and on board of powder-vessels; nay, even without the temptation of tobacco, we find miners in dangerous places removing the gauze from their lamps to get a better light. And we can recall with a renewed feeling of "goose-flesh" Major Majendie's report of a visit to the mining districts, when it was by no means an uncommon occurrence for him to inspect a stone-paved cellar full of powder-casks, the floor of which was gritty with loose powder, in the company of the proprietor or his servant wearing hobnailed boots and carrying a naked light.

Indeed, this blindness to danger produced by living amongst it with impunity seems almost universal. We believe that the best authorities recommend that night watchmen in big buildings should be frequently changed, because when a man has made a certain round every night for years, or even months, and has never found a fire or a thief, he becomes quite blind to either of these should he chance to meet them later on. See how this blindness would tell in the case of a driver of an express train. He has perhaps to make a journey of one hundred miles, and stop perhaps three times, but has to pass thirty, forty, or more signals. If the traffic is well regulated he may travel this road for months together without ever finding one of these signals at "danger"; but were he to get into a condition of danger-blindness and not look out for these signals the result would probably be that there would be a terrible accident. He must go on assuming that every signal is at danger, though never in his experience has it been found to be so. He must also exercise patient and untiring vigilance in inspecting and testing his engine; trust no one but see that all is right for himself. It is really a matter for marvel that men are to be found to do this work, and it becomes even more so when we read what Mr. Reynolds has to tell of the early years of training which every driver has to go through. After an appalling story of hard work, irregular hours, and no little danger, he goes on to say:—"If we were to sum up the

conditions on which a man can command the regulator of an engine, it would read thus—miles to run, 200,000; coals to break up and put into the fire-box in their proper place, 3,000 tons; day work, three years; night work, four years; Sunday work, twenty-five days per year; innumerable hair-breadth escapes, eyes constantly on the roll, the mouth shut and the ears open, an iron constitution, a whistle on the lips, a warm heart, and an intelligent head, with the motto "Wait." As with the engine-driver, so with all the rest of a railway staff—they must always assume that things are wrong until they are proved to be right. Not long ago an accident happened from a signalman not having a proper railway mind. A train was in the station waiting to go out; this signalman tried to lower the starting signal, but found it locked; he looked at his locking-frame and saw that the lever moving the points of a siding was pulled over, thus locking the starting-signal; he tried to put it back, but could not; he now made the fatal error of thinking for himself, instead of acting as part of the machinery; seeing a truck on the siding he jumped to the conclusion that the wheels were foul of the points, and that that was the reason why the point-lever would not move, and without further verification signalled the train on by hand. Now, the real reason why this point-lever would not move was that the signal on a branch line was down, thereby locking the lever of the siding-points and that of the starting-signal. As soon as the main-line train, which had been so recklessly sent on, got well on to the line, a train came along the branch line, and, the signal being down, did not stop, and ran into the other train, doing great damage. In many instances it is possible to test the working of men and machinery in unusual circumstances. At sea fire drill and "man overboard" drill are carried out, and in the military service false alarms of fire or attack are given to exercise the men in vigilance and promptness of action; but on a line of railway this is impossible. Punctuality in the running of the trains is of the first importance; so that when something goes wrong the staff must deal with it as it were by instinct, and how well they do it is obvious from the comparatively few accidents that happen. How danger is often ward off by courage and intelligence the general public seldom learn. Mr. Reynolds tells one stirring story on this point. At a certain station on a single line of rails an express from the North had to stop to let the express from the South pass. A few miles from this station was a steep incline, down which the North express had to travel. A fish train had recently passed over the line, leaving the rails so slippery with oil which had run from the partly putrid fish that the North express could not be controlled by the breaks, and all hope of stopping at the station was lost. The driver therefore sounded his whistle in short jerks to show "danger." The station-master heard him, and, with true railway instinct, saw what must be wrong, jumped upon a horse which was luckily near, and galloped along the line to meet the South express, and succeeded in stopping it in time. From the two opposite examples of the signalman and the station-master, it will be seen that there is another mental difficulty in railway work. As a rule, the most dangerous thing for any person to do who is connected with the running of the traffic is to think for himself; but there are occasions on which such a man must think for himself and quickly, and carry out his plans at once. Of course instances do occur of carelessness and stupidity amongst railway servants—even amongst drivers. Mr. Reynolds gives one very curious example. There were some gates at a level crossing, and a new regulation was made that they were to be kept shut across the line at night, and only opened to let the trains pass. The drivers being directed by a notice posted up in the engine-shed to stop before coming to the gates, and open them themselves, he goes on to tell us that "It was a single line, and only three trains passed through them between eight P.M. and six A.M. The notice was there for all to read, but about a dozen gates were demolished before all the drivers whom it concerned really knew of it."

Before leaving the subject of carelessness we may quote one more story from engine-driving life. It will be remembered that some time ago an accident occurred through a driver, after stopping to put something right in his engine, starting the train in the wrong direction, and that this error was not found out until some time had elapsed. Much astonishment was expressed at the time, not so much at the mistake having been made, as the engine was fitted with a peculiar form of reversing gear to which the driver was not accustomed, but that it should be possible for a train to travel in the wrong direction for some time without attracting the attention of driver, fireman, or guard. But the following story shows that such a thing has happened before:—"The driver of a goods-train brought his engine and train to the foot of a home signal which was against him. He and his fireman had some difficulty in stopping it; so the engine was reversed, and they sat down, and it is thought that they both went to sleep. The driver happened to open his eyes and saw the signal off, and put on steam. The guard in the rear finding that the train was going the wrong way and gaining speed, and fearing some one would run into his van, jumped out and showed a red light, of which no notice was taken until the engine came up to him, when he saw that both men were standing facing the weather-board, and quite unconscious that they were going the wrong way."

Any one who wishes to get a real insight into railway life cannot do better than read *Engine-Driving Life* for himself, and if he once takes it up he will find that the author's enthusiasm and real

love of the engine-driving profession will carry him on till he has read every page. Perhaps the constantly recurring stories of danger and disaster may make him rather nervous on his next railway journey, but the antidote is to be found in the statistics of railway accidents, which, on the whole, go to show that we are perhaps safer when travelling by train in England than at any other moment of our lives.

M. DE LAVELEYE ON THE APPROACHING SCRAMBLE FOR GOLD.

AMONG the various publications which the International Monetary Conference has called forth, perhaps the most remarkable is a letter addressed by M. de Laveleye, the eminent Belgian economist, to the members of the Cobden Club, and more particularly to those of them who are also members of Her Majesty's Government. If this country, M. de Laveleye tells the members of the Cobden Club, persists in its attachment to the single gold standard, it will compel other nations to follow its example, and will thus provoke a struggle, or, as he prefers to express it, a scramble, for gold, which will inevitably enhance the value of that metal; or, in other words, will lead to a fall in prices. But a slow and continuous fall in prices, induced not by the abundance of commodities, but by the scarcity of money, means general distress. The farmer, getting less for his cattle and his corn, will not be able to pay the old rent to his landlord, or the old wages to his workpeople. The manufacturer, also getting less for his wares, will not be able to pay the old rate of wages, or make the old profits. And so with all other classes. Consequently, with prices, wages, salaries, rents, and profits must all come down. This will produce universal discontent, will lead to ill-feeling between classes, will intensify the bitterness of labour disputes, and generally will discourage production, while it will also check the accumulation of wealth, because there will be smaller profits and wages out of which to save. In their distress and discontent the producing classes will attribute their sufferings to foreign competition, and a cry will arise everywhere for protective duties. Thus the final result will be a war of tariffs. From these multitudinous evils, M. de Laveleye assures us, the only safety is to be found in universal bimetalism, which will provide the world with an abundance of metallic money, and will prevent, therefore, the fall in prices of which we have been speaking. The picture is an alarming one, but we venture to think that it need not disturb the equanimity of any amongst us. M. de Laveleye by implication admits what goes far to weaken his conclusion—namely, that the single gold standard gives advantages to those who adopt it over bimetalism. If it does not, why should other nations follow the lead of England, and bring upon themselves all these terrible calamities? If it does, on what ground should we give up admitted advantages to please our envious neighbours? It is to be borne in mind that our existing monetary system dates from the end of the great war against Napoleon, and that for half a century afterwards silver retained its full price. There was no struggle for gold, and none of the evils followed which M. de Laveleye holds up as warnings before us. The depreciation of silver dates only from the demonetization of that metal by Germany after the Franco-German war; and, consequently, if any nation is responsible for the approaching struggle for gold, it is Germany and not England. Why do not M. de Laveleye and those whom he represents address their remonstrances to Germany instead of to England? Or why should he expect us to redress a state of things brought about not by ourselves but by the Germans? If his argument means anything, it means that our monetary system is superior to that of other nations; that they are envious of us, and resolved that we shall not continue to enjoy our present advantages; and that, therefore, we had better give up those advantages for fear of suffering from the acts of those who thus envy us. That is hardly the kind of reasoning which will induce Englishmen to change their monetary policy. And, in truth, on such grounds it would be folly as well as pusillanimity to change. If there is to be a struggle for gold, the rich countries have clearly an immense advantage over the poor. Gold, like other commodities, can always be had by those who have the means of paying for it, and the rich countries have better means of paying for it than others. If, therefore, there is to be a struggle for gold simply because others are envious of our good fortune, we have reasonable ground for thinking we are able to hold our own, and it would be sheer imbecility to be frightened out of our advantages by threats such as M. de Laveleye adduces.

M. de Laveleye attributes to English economists the prevailing opinion that the single gold standard is the only sound one. We think, however, it would be difficult for him to prove the point. No doubt, English example has had immense weight. But we are inclined to think that the preference for gold is due partly to the abundance of gold caused by the great gold discoveries in California and Australia, and partly to the advance of the world in wealth during the present century. In rich countries there is a convenience in having a money composed of a very dear metal—that is to say, in having a money which has considerable purchasing power in a small compass. And as Western Europe and the United States have advanced immensely in wealth during the last three-quarters of a century, it is natural that the preference for gold has generally spread. And as gold itself became more abundant during the past thirty years, that preference was

able to show itself. To these circumstances we would attribute the existing preference for gold much more than to any doctrinaire opinions, though we do not dispute that a certain school of English economists did give currency to the notion. But the best school of English economists have never taught that gold is the only proper standard of value. Different metals suit different countries, and suit even the same country in different stages of development. The best opinion in England at present undoubtedly is that for rich countries gold is the most convenient standard of value, and for poor countries silver, because in rich countries transactions are usually large, and consequently it is convenient to have a standard which has much value in a small compass; whereas in poor countries transactions are small, and coins of small amount consequently are the most convenient. Foreign economists have misconceived this theory, and have understood it as implying an inferiority on the part of the nations which continue the silver standard or the double standard. It seems strange that such a misconception could prevail; yet in this very letter of M. de Laveleye we have a striking instance of the misunderstandings to which English writers are subject when dealing with these questions. It seems that Signor Luzzatti, the negotiator of Italian treaties of commerce, did us the honour on the 7th of February last to refer in the Italian Parliament to an article of ours, which he supposed to convey a threat to the following effect—that “England, France, and Germany will form a coalition to defend their gold, should Italy wish to take it away.” We are quite unable to say to what passage Signor Luzzatti refers in this quotation, but we think we may assert with confidence that we never used the words here quoted. We have said, and on occasion we are prepared to say again, that it is unwise of Italy to resume specie payments in gold; that, if she does so, she will be unable to retain her gold, and instead of promoting, she will really hinder, her own economic development; that, in short, a silver standard is much more suitable to her present circumstances. We learn with surprise that Signor Luzzatti understood the article referred to as a threat. Even if it were our custom to threaten, we should certainly never have thought of a coalition between England, France, and Germany against Italy. The idea is in itself absurd, all the more so as we have often stated our conviction that Germany made a mistake in adopting the single gold standard, and would do wisely in returning to the single silver standard. But a coalition between any countries in this matter is impossible. The leading banks of each country must act for themselves to protect their own metallic reserves.

To return, however, to M. de Laveleye's gloomy anticipation of the consequences of the rejection of bimetalism, we should like to know from that eminent economist how he would give effect to a universal adoption of bimetalism, supposing it to be possible. At the present time silver is legal tender just as much as gold in France; yet silver accumulates in the Bank of France. As soon as it is paid out, it is paid in again by the public, who will not keep it in circulation. So, again, in the United States, silver is coined at the rate of 100,000 a month, yet silver will not circulate, because the public pay it into the Treasury as fast as the Treasury pays it out to its servants and contractors. And in New York the banks have actually entered into a compact with one another not to accept silver. Lastly, here at home the Bank of England is allowed to hold one-fourth of its metallic reserve in silver; but it never has used the privilege, and never is likely to do so. Supposing even that England and Germany at the Conference were to agree to adopt bimetalism, how would the bimetallic advocates ensure that the agreement would have any effect? Here in England it is almost certain that the banks would agree among themselves to receive and pay only gold, and almost all persons who have large sums either to take or give would also enter into similar agreements. Would bimetalists propose, then, that the Governments represented at the Conference should interfere with the freedom of contract so far as to forbid special contracts for payment in gold? and, if not, how would they get over this difficulty? We venture to think that the only effect of joining a bimetallic union by England would be that all persons in trade would have to contract for payment in gold, and if they did this, no more silver would circulate in England after the arrangement than before it. But a more academic agreement that silver was to be full legal tender would not increase the consumption of silver, and it is only by an increase in the consumption of silver that its value can be raised. The bimetallic plan, then, is impossible, whatever way we look at it. And we venture to think M. de Laveleye's forebodings of evil are equally groundless. The United States, France, and her allies of the Latin Union will not bring upon themselves calamities such as M. de Laveleye describes simply because England and Germany will not join them in adopting bimetalism. Their Legislatures and Governments will be guided by the interests of the countries to which they belong, not by mere pique or foolish desire for retaliation. And, certainly, the consequences of a continuous fall of prices would be at least as serious in France and the United States as they would be in England. We saw at the time of the Pittsburgh riots how formidable and how numerous are the dangerous classes in the United States, and to what lengths they are prepared to go when spurred on by distress. In France, again, where parties are so envenomed, and the institutions of the country so new, general distress would lead to results which no Government will lightly face. It may be, of course, that both France and the United States will be compelled to demonetize silver; but

they will not do so because of the action of England. They will take the step because they are compelled by their own circumstances, and any aid that England might be willing to give them would certainly not avail to prevent the change. The truth is that people are too impatient about this depreciation of silver. If they would only wait a little longer, things would right themselves without any disturbance. The price of silver possibly may never again be as high as it was before the Franco-German war; but, once the present disturbances are over, and a condition of equilibrium is established, the price must become steady at some point. And, when once the price does become steady, no matter at what point, the evils which now affect trade will cease. As for the agricultural distress and the long depression in trade, to which M. de Laveleye incidentally refers, their causes are far different from any passing fluctuations in the value of silver, and no tampering with our own monetary system will have much effect upon them. The causes of the long depression in trade we have so often discussed that we need not refer to them now. And, as for the agricultural distress, it is sufficiently accounted for by the long succession of bad seasons with which we have been visited. A few good harvests would do more to set our farmers upon their legs again than any amount of tampering with the currency.

THE THEATRES.

WAS it worth while to go to a great deal of trouble to have the 1603 quarto of *Hamlet* acted by an inferior amateur company in order to see whether Herr Devrient was right or not in supposing it to make a better acting play than the accepted version as now arranged for the stage? "I, there's the point," as the quarto has it, which Mr. Furnivall and his friends proposed to their "fellow Shakspeare-students" at the St. George's Hall last Saturday. It is self-evident that a performance on the stage can neither help nor hinder the settlement of the literary question as to the source of this first edition; and, with all respect to the memory of Herr Devrient, we may doubt whether his opinion was of such importance as to require all this labour to settle its value. The contrivers of the spectacle had further the intention of showing us exactly how the piece looked when first played, without scenery and in the dress of the time. But in this, as in some other details, they did not act with the courage of their opinions. To be consistent, the actors should have worn the dress of to-day, not that of the Elizabethan period, which does not essentially differ from what actors commonly wear in ordinary performances. *Hamlet* should have superintended the play in evening dress and killed Laertes in a fencing jacket. If the play could not be given by daylight, it should at least have been lighted with candles, and not with gas. Still less should the gas have been raised or lowered, or turned on suddenly, to represent the dawn, when Horatio says that "the Sunne, in russet mantle clad, walks ore the dew of yon his mountaine top." The parts of Ofelia and the Queen ought to have been taken by boys, not by women. It was perhaps as a compensation for this that the part of the player Queen, in the quarto Duchess, was taken by a stout youth, as tall within "the altitude of a chopine" as *Hamlet* himself.

Some such drawbacks were perhaps inevitable in a performance of this kind, but it was at least to be expected that a body of persons professing to be honouring Shakspeare's memory, and promoting the study of his works, should have made some effort to fit themselves for their task. The actors of Saturday, however, appear to have confined themselves to learning the mere words of their parts very indifferently well, and rehearsing just enough not to run up against one another. Mr. Furnivall, in his address before the curtain rose, begged the indulgence of the audience for whatever was amiss, for the absence of much that they might reasonably have expected from a regularly-trained company. And the indulgence asked was liberally given. The audience not only tolerated a version of *Hamlet* which botchers and pirates had done their best to reduce to a *caput mortuum*, but, with the exception of an occasional titter, they listened with a gravity of dubious merit while that degraded text was declaimed in a manner beneath criticism. Only once was there a general laugh. That was at *Hamlet's* querulous delivery of the words "O my propheticke soule, my uncle! my uncle!" which ended in an absolute whine. This was followed by a breakdown on the part of the Ghost, who had gone on at first with a perfectly confident sing-song; on recovering, he gabbled through the rest of his part as if conscience-stricken. The remainder of the performance was in keeping with this. The principal actor perfectly solved the problem of giving a *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. There was something almost ingenious in the way in which he contrived to avoid even blundering into an attempt to do what he ought to have done. The other performers probably only appeared less bad because they had less to do. The ladies, Miss Zoe Brand and Miss Helen Maud, did show some power of acting; but even the latter, though much the best of the troupe, contrived to spoil her *Ofelia* by a series of offensively piercing screams. All showed, moreover, the airy confidence of ineptitude.

It is impossible to avoid wondering what can be expected of such a performance as this, except the gratification of much fussy vanity. If the degraded text of the First Quarto must be acted before we can tell whether the *Hamlet* given there be or not a better acting play than any possible arrangement of the accepted version, it must be given by competent actors. Amateur theatricals

are doubtless a good school of manners and culture, as well as a nice amusement for the actors, and are to be tolerated with politeness in private. It is, however, quite another thing for six-and-twenty persons to come forward heralded by much flourishing of trumpets by Mr. Furnivall's "New School of Victorian Shakspeareans," and pretend to settle an artistic question. They must expect to be judged by a standard proportionate to their pretensions, and we have already said what we think is in that case the judgment due on the performance at the St. George's Hall. Nobody supposes that admiration for Spohr would excuse four people who scarcely knew at which end to take hold of a fiddle-bow for inflicting on us a pirated edition or rejected draft of one of his quartets. And this is the exact parallel to the feat performed by Mr. Furnivall and his friends. It is high time that people who set up an idol and dub it Shakspeare should be made to understand that the antics they may be pleased to indulge in before it are not to be taken seriously.

At Sadler's Wells Miss Isabel Bateman has produced a new play by Mr. H. A. Jones. This piece, which is called *His Wife*, is a domestic drama of the traditional kind. There is a villain, Colonel Forester by name, who has seduced a maiden in humble life with the help of a Scotch marriage and under an assumed name. After casting her off and attempting to suppress all evidence of his marriage, Colonel Forester becomes engaged to a Miss Nelly Christy, although he knows that his wife, who goes by the name of Margaret Field, is still alive. Shortly before this second marriage is to come off Margaret Field, who is supporting herself as a needlewoman, turns up at Fairdale Hall, the home of Nelly Christy, and, meeting her husband by accident, claims him. She is, however, robbed of her certificate by the Colonel's faithful, though villainous, servant, and committed to gaol under a false charge. The remaining four acts are taken up with the Colonel's efforts to get her out of the way by various means—murder among them—her sufferings, and her final rescue by her friend and guardian angel, the Rev. Michael Christy. There are a certain number of loose threads in Mr. Jones's piece which want winding up more neatly. His villain is much too honourable a man for his part, and his fifth act ends just a little tanelly; but the drama, on the whole, goes well, and the first four acts end with effective tableaux.

Miss Bateman made a decided success in the part of Margaret Field. Her appeal for help when about to be taken off to prison at the end of the first act, and her acting in the fourth when she is in a madhouse and well nigh mad in fact with grief and suffering, were very effective. Perhaps her best point was the speechless trance of grief with which she learns of her child's death at the end of the third act. She had the satisfaction of being well supported by her company. Miss Kate Pattison played the part of Nelly Christy very gracefully and gave what little pathos her rôle allowed very sympathetically. Mr. Brooke as Colonel Forester made a most cool and satisfactory villain. Two subordinate scoundrels of the male sex, and one female—Mrs. Puckram, the nurse in the madhouse—were adequately filled by Mrs. Carter and Messrs. Edgar and Redwood. We have seldom seen a better get up than that of Mr. Oanninge as Dr. Sprottle, and indeed the whole piece was excellently put on the stage. We believe we can congratulate Miss Bateman on having made a genuine success with *His Wife*.

On Wednesday afternoon a piece by Messrs. Savile Clarke and Du Terreaux was performed at the Gaiety by a company including several members not belonging to the ordinary staff of the theatre. The play, which is a drama of a distinctly sensational character, has the merit of perfect unity of interest and development. It is founded on the adventures of a gentleman who enlists as a soldier, and is then driven to desertion by his sergeant's tyranny. He becomes confidential clerk to a banker, but is reduced to despair by the persecutions of a lawyer, a Mr. Frere, and finally saved by the lawyer's daughter, and the discovery that his father—whom he imagined he had offended beyond forgiveness—has left him his heir. The story, it will be seen, affords abundant opportunity for effective situations, which are well utilized by the authors of the play and by Mr. Charles Kelly, who played the hero, Edward Carrell. Mr. Kelly looked his part in the first act, in which he has to represent a hunted-down deserter very well, but he was best in the third and last. In this he has to play a man who is driven to suicide by sheer despair, and is saved from death only to fall into apparently hopeless difficulty. In this scene Mr. Kelly's acting was both manly and pathetic.

Mr. Robert Brough played the character of a clerk, who has to be too continuously drunk, with considerable comic power. The chief female parts were taken by Miss Florence Terry and Miss Alma Murray. Miss Terry's acting was lively, and reminded us of her performance in the fifth act of *Shylock* at the Lyceum, when she suddenly developed an original capacity. Miss Alma Murray showed some power of expressing passion. A word of praise is due to Mr. S. Charteris's acting in the character of a banker, and J. O. Cowper's rendering of the lawyer, Mr. Frere.

At the Lyceum *The Corsican Brothers* has made way for a revival, which it is not too much to call brilliant, of *The Belle's Stratagem*. The wit, the humour, and the courtliness of Mr. Irving's Doricourt were already known to many playgoers. The fun and grace of Miss Ellen Terry's Letitia Hardy approach as nearly as possible to perfection. The assumption of the hoyden seemed to us to be admirable alike in conception and execution. The other parts are capably filled. Mr. Howe appears for the

first time at this theatre as old Hardy, a part which, oddly enough, seems until quite lately to have been taken by a low comedian. Mr. Terrias will do well to give up wearing his sword in the minuet. The piece is mounted with excellent taste and discretion. So much unnecessary fuss has been made over the so-called mutilation of a clever play, the brightest parts of which are retained in the present version, that we may expect soon to see a performance from Mrs. Cowley's "first quarto" undertaken by Mr. Furnivall and his followers.

At the Folly Mr. Toole has revived a singularly amusing piece of nonsense called *The Wizard of the Wilderness*, in the course of which he performs some real and some affected conjuror's tricks with unflagging spirit and skill.

REVIEWS.

THORNTON'S FOREIGN SECRETARIES.*

MR. THORNTON, in a work which is probably his first, has not attained high literary excellence. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any recent writer has exhibited so habitual an indifference to the rules of grammar. That verbs require nominatives and nominatives verbs appears not to have occurred to the author, who also habitually fails to overcome the difficulties of the cases of pronouns, as *who* and *whom* or *he* and *him*. It is nevertheless odd that Mr. Thornton, in spite of the confusion of his language, not only writes like a gentleman, but always makes himself intelligible. His style may be compared to that of George III. in his letters to Lord North. No one can construe the King's sentences, but it is equally true that no one can misunderstand them. The process of thought is indicated if not expressed by the words, as when Lord Castlereagh is said to have accused an adversary of pulling out a white pocket-handkerchief like a crocodile. With similar indifference to minute accuracy Mr. Thornton relates how "after being herself forced on from the island of Protia, and seeing no other way out of the difficulties, Sir John Duckworth took advantage of the first fair wind to retrace his steps through the Sea of Marmora." The feminine pronoun represents the flagship, and the masculine the Admiral. The only fault of the narrator is that he thinks in the same sentence of both without observing the consequent change of gender. An elaborate eulogy on Lord Liverpool is perhaps less easily analysed:—

His Premiership is perforce brought before the readers of the later pages in this book, and has no place here; but the head of a school in statesmanship, which Prime Minister after Prime Minister has chosen to model itself upon, it proves that the possession of extraordinary information, unflinching patience, natural kindness, facility of expression both of tongue and pen, and, above all, a high rectitude of purpose, may land the possessor on the highest pinnacle of fame to which a British subject can attain.

The Premiership or the head of a school is apparently the proof of some proposition, while Lord Liverpool has been landed on the highest pinnacle of fame. The Minister himself would have been satisfied with a humbler position, but it is true that in popular estimation he has been underrated. He was successively overshadowed by Castlereagh and Canning; but he must have had a remarkable power of conciliation and management, and on more than one occasion he offered a spirited resistance to the King's encroachment. It may be worth while to correct an error in the second volume of the *Life of Wilberforce* which has led to some confusion. Lord Aberdeen, in 1856, is said to have told the Bishop of Oxford, then on a visit at Haddo, that Lord Liverpool was "greatly overrated." He proceeds to say, "True, his qualities were rather moral than intellectual, yet in difficult times he kept for years a Government together, and brought the country gloriously through a terrible war; but he was strictly fair, just, careful, painstaking, and honest." It is evident that Lord Aberdeen said that Lord Liverpool was underrated, and that he proceeded to correct a mistaken judgment. Either the reporter of the conversation or the printer accidentally reversed his meaning. In a later part of the same volume, Lord Aberdeen repeats the same judgment without using any ambiguous phrase.

Notwithstanding his enthusiastic praise of the Minister whom Lord Beaconsfield unjustly stigmatized as "the arch Mediocrity," Mr. Thornton is the very reverse of an exclusive partisan. The twelve or thirteen Foreign Ministers who are the subjects of his work excite in succession his gratitude and admiration. In several instances he applies to them indiscriminately the old-fashioned title of "our hero," with an impartiality worthy of a Public Orator presenting a batch of eminent persons to the University for an honorary degree. Grenville and Fox, Canning and Castlereagh, Aberdeen and Palmerston, successively provoke in him a mild outburst of the *furor biographicus*, which is generally directed to one object at a time. Even the Mulgraves, the Harrowbys, and the Hawkesburys, whose tenure of the Foreign Office has been almost forgotten, are recalled to memory by the sympathizing historian; and, notwithstanding the smile which his zealous sympathy may provoke, Mr. Thornton is on the whole in the right. All the statesmen whom he com-

memorates were anxious to discharge their duties as they understood them; and even Fox when he was in office preferred the welfare of the country to the interests of a faction. A few months earlier he had grudged the admission that the advantages of the battle of Trafalgar compensated for the relief which the victory afforded to Pitt. Even for George IV., though he was not a Foreign Minister, Mr. Thornton has a good word. "Whatever may have been the faults and shortcomings of George IV., he never, as a king, neglected public duty." It is perfectly true that "the poisoned pen of faction," and, it may be added, of cant, "has not been idle before and since the death of this unfortunate prince." It is a relief to find one benevolent apologist for George IV., or, indeed, two, for it seems that the King's "old friend Alderman Martin took up the cudgels in that interesting *History of Brighthelmston* which bears his name." Mr. Thornton adds that "the volume should anyhow be read by all lovers of history, and of Brighton in particular." The classification of Brighton as a subdivision of the art or science of history is nearly as original as the vindication of George IV.'s character. On a very different person, more wholly unconnected with the Foreign Office, Mr. Thornton goes out of his way to bestow a somewhat surprising eulogy. "On the whole, the greatest Whig of the century, Thomas Babington Macaulay, rivalled Pitt and Fox themselves in forensic exposition, &c." The cheerful and indiscriminate admiration of every eminent person is pleasanter than the common propensity to carp and criticize, and perhaps it is equally instructive.

By the accident of remaining in office till 1801, Lord Grenville acquires a claim to be included in Mr. Thornton's catalogue. He judiciously quotes Lord Malmesbury's statement that no other Foreign Minister of his time was equally independent of his chief and his colleagues; yet the policy of his administration was attributed both at home and abroad almost exclusively to the Prime Minister. French historians of all shades of opinion, from Louis Blanc to Lanfrey, believe that the steady opposition of England to the French Republic was inspired and maintained by Pitt. Grenville owed his introduction into public life, and his appointment as Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Lords, to the friendship and confidence of his famous kinsman; but after the French war broke out he was far more earnest in his prosecution of the struggle than Pitt himself. At the time of the abortive Ghent Conference Pitt wrote to Lord Malmesbury that if it came to a choice between peace and war "either I or Grenville will go out, and it will not be I." In explaining his later financial arrangements, Pitt more than once confessed to the House of Commons that the long duration of the war had been to him a surprise and disappointment. If he could have foreseen the long continuance of the necessary efforts, he would have raised a larger proportion of the necessary funds by taxation, with a corresponding diminution in the public debt. After his resignation Pitt approved the Peace of Amiens, notwithstanding its unsatisfactory conditions, while Lord Grenville censured the tameness of Addington's Government, and the extent of the concessions which it made. At the same time Fox declared that he found it difficult not to rejoice in every triumph achieved by France and in every mortification incurred by England. It is difficult to reconcile with his former policy Lord Grenville's feeble resistance to France during his term of office as Prime Minister, and his long-continued opposition to the Peninsular War. As long as Fox lived, it was perhaps unavoidable that he should exclusively control foreign policy; but Lord Grenville owed no allegiance to Lord Howick. The tame abandonment of Continental independence by the Ministry nicknamed "All the Talents" was suitably rewarded by the Treaty of Tilsit, and by the French conquest of Spain. It was by no merit of theirs that both transactions were in their ulterior consequences injurious or ruinous to Napoleon. A liberal subsidy to Alexander before the battles of Eylau and Friedland would have been both politic and economical. There is no question connected with the history of the great war on which more general misapprehension prevails than the pecuniary relations of England to the Allies in successive coalitions. The war cost, in round numbers, a thousand millions, while the subsidies amounted to fifty millions, or one-twentieth part of the whole. All the great Continental battles, any of which might with better generalship have overthrown Napoleon, were rendered possible by English subsidies. The greatest achievement of Pitt's career was the organization in his last term of office of the great coalition of Austria and Russia, which was treacherously and foolishly repudiated by Prussia. When Pitt succeeded Addington, Napoleon was encamped at Boulogne, and the Continent was at peace. Before two years had passed the fear of invasion of England had finally disappeared, and Napoleon was compelled to risk his Empire in the struggle which was decided at Austerlitz. The Tory Governments which, after a short interval, succeeded, had the courage not only to follow the traditions of their master, but to prosecute, though with insufficient vigour, the war in the Peninsula which sapped the revenues of France. The criticisms of the Treaty of Vienna by Lord Grey and his reduced body of adherents were in some respects plausible, and even just: but Lord Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh, and the Duke of Wellington had no means of dictating to their powerful allies the conditions of the European settlement. The English Ministers were undoubtedly inspired by a well-founded dread of revolution and of revived French ambition; but the Duke of Wellington successfully resisted a further curtailment of French territory on the ground that, with

* *Foreign Secretaries of the Nineteenth Century to 1834.* By Percy M. Thornton. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1881.

out seriously impairing the power of France, it would create a standing grievance and a plausible pretext for war. The Peace of Vienna, with all its defects, was fully justified by its results, inasmuch as for nearly fifty years it secured the peace of Europe. For sixty-six years it has not been followed by war between England and France, a period which is double the longest intervals of peace which had occurred for many centuries. It is not surprising that Metternich, who was more responsible than Castlereagh for the conduct of the negotiations, should to the end of his life have regarded his own main achievement with unqualified complacency.

The change of tone and temper rather than of policy which was introduced into the conduct of affairs by Canning after the death of Lord Londonderry is gradually losing by lapse of time the historical interest which it may once have possessed. By an excusable miscalculation of political proportions Canning employed a grandiloquence, which was afterwards corrected by experience, in boasting of his interference with Peninsular squabbles and of his recognition of the Spanish Republics in South America. The new world which he said that he had called into existence to balance the old weighs nothing in the political scale. The Spanish colonies were decaying before the separation; and the process was not interrupted by the secession. The result is probably due to the practical elimination of Spanish blood, and to the increase of the indigenous race. The survival of the unfittest in moral and political aptitude unfortunately sometimes coincides with the converse results of physical adaptation to soil and climate. In Mr. Canning's time historical precedents were seldom checked by ethnological considerations. The results of the North American revolt had produced a hasty confidence in the progress of emancipated colonies. It is, after all, possible that the separation of the South American colonies from the mother-country may have been innocuous, or in some instances beneficial. The Spanish Viceroyalties administered a system as corrupt and oppressive as that of the Presidents who have succeeded them; and the removal of the former restrictions on trade was a perceptible advantage.

It would perhaps have been convenient to close the list of Foreign Secretaries at the death of Canning or with the formation of the Duke of Wellington's Administration. Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston represented two conflicting systems of policy in a later generation, or, rather, they pursued the same objects by opposite methods. The animosity which was, as the *Life of Wilberforce* shows, felt by the former colleagues of Sir Robert Peel against Lord Palmerston was not exclusively caused by his foreign policy; but they seem to have attributed to Palmerston the war to which, in spite of their feelings and their deepest convictions, they had been themselves parties. Their weakness and their insincerity are curiously illustrated in Sir James Graham's conversation with Bishop Wilberforce. The truth is that Palmerston's apparently pugnacious policy coincided during his long tenure of office with the maintenance of peace. For the Crimean war no single statesman was so responsible as Lord Aberdeen. Forty years before he had incurred the ridicule of his diplomatic colleagues by contending that it was dishonourable to offer Napoleon at Châtillon terms of peace less advantageous than those which he had rejected while the allied armies were still beyond the Rhine. It is unfortunately true that diplomacy, which is the function of Foreign Secretaries, is almost identical with the more or less direct exhibition of force. It is desirable not to cause unnecessary irritation; but the friendship of other States habitually depends on implied threats and promises. The position of England at the end of the great war was the fulcrum on which successive Ministers rested their influence over European politics. Lord Palmerston believed in the national strength when it had, in comparison with the resources of other Powers, already begun to decline. Lord Beaconsfield will probably have been the last English statesman who will have sought to keep alive the old tradition. It will perhaps have been finally swept away by the abandonment of the new Indian frontier, and by the capitulation in the Transvaal. The vast armaments of the Continent have destroyed the ancient balance of power. The forty years which intervened between the fall of Napoleon and the Crimean war will perhaps be regarded hereafter as a golden age.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.*

A RECENT writer on Latin literature has observed that the Romans in the age of Plautus had not arrived at the intellectual condition in which general moralizing on life is found agreeable. We are inclined to think that nations as well as individuals interest themselves in this form of literature only at a given period. Boys and unformed races do not care for it; mature men and women have more or less outgrown the taste. It is when a man awakens to the perplexities of the world, between eighteen and twenty-five, that he speculates on life as a whole. He is puzzled with big problems—he suffers, perhaps, from *Weltschmerz*. Afterwards, when he has real private cares and duties of his own, he ceases to vex himself about life, and devotes himself to living. It appears to us that English literature has reached this practical stage. We have scarcely any essayists who write about things at large—love, life, death, marriage, idleness, childhood, and so forth.

* *Virginibus Puerisque*; and other Papers. By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

A. K. H. B. has been left by the death of Mr. Friessell almost alone in the field. We do not "even" Mr. Louis Stevenson, as his countrymen say, to A. K. H. B., or to the late Mr. Friessell. He at least is not a Montaigne *épiciër*. He does not repeat the commonplaces, or appeal to the sympathies of middle-aged tradesmen and people in business. But his topics are those of all the old essayists—the wide, almost limitless topics which are neglected by a generation that has little care for general reflection, but is anxious to make special points in particular branches of history, literature, and science. Mr. Stevenson's interest in human life is absolutely untouched by any care as to how that life came to be organized and evolved. He takes it as he finds it.

A brief dedicatory letter explains very clearly the nature of Mr. Stevenson's aim. He had meant, he says, to be the *advocatus juventutis*, "to state temperately the beliefs of youth as opposed to the contentions of age," and to produce a volume that might be called "Life at Twenty-five." But Mr. Stevenson says he found it impossible to remain fixed at twenty-five, and he declares that "the shadows of the prison-house" lie on part of his essays. We scarcely agree with him in this estimate. The essays are those of an exceedingly clever man, who knows uncommonly little about the "prison-house" and its shadows. Mr. Stevenson complains that he cannot be a Socialist any longer. Except for that important loss to the revolutionary party, we fail to see any sign that his essays are either those of an old or a world-weary man. He need not try to fancy that, like the father of Aucassin in the story, *il a sons tens trepassé*. Only a man still young at heart will so resolutely disdain Sidney Smith's advice to "take short views." Only a young man will be as sad as night, or as Mr. Stevenson now and then. Older people take shorter views. They don't look on marriage, for example, as a stage so very near death and dissolution. A certain laird, who was "unco wastefu' in wives," as the parish sexton said, was married five times. Even at his fifth venture, we are sure that he did not say, with Mr. Stevenson, "Times are changed with him who marries; there are no more by-paths where you may innocently linger; but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave." Mr. Stevenson declares, as the last result of his philosophic contemplations, that "it is good to have been young in youth, and, as years go on, to grow older." This might be disputed. It is good not to dress like a younger man, nor to cultivate his fine swagger. It is good to feel that "we may all be mistaken, even the youngest of us." But surely a great deal of youth may be preserved, especially by people who find their young tastes cleave to them still. Many elders are young at Lord's, or on the moors, or the links; and Mr. Bright is much more than a boy again beside a salmon river.

It is a duty to remonstrate with Mr. Stevenson on his melancholy assumption of middle age. As far as his published works show, he is still, to use an American idiom, "just as young as he can live." His very style is young, and not without a certain quipomeness. It is his own style, but here and there in the tissue one discerns a thread of Thackeray, of Carlyle even, of Emerson, of the great English essayists of the eighteenth century, or of old and quaint English. It is a very personal style, and, if we are to hint a fault and hesitate dislike, now and then somewhat too exclamatory, and too apt to address the reader with a familiarity which all readers do not equally admire. For this reason, and still more because, as we have said, the world is too old to care for general talk about life, Mr. Stevenson's essays are not every one's book. People are certain to like it very much indeed, or to be indifferent to it and even repelled by it. In Mr. Stevenson's charming books of sentimental and humorous travel, the *Inland Voyage* and the *Travels with a Donkey*, the landscape was always with us. If we tired of the talk of our companion (which, for our part, we never did), the hills and swift rivers, and forests of chestnut-trees were there to admire. In these essays of course we have Mr. Stevenson without his environment of landscape. How much or how little any reader will appreciate his discourse is a matter of individual taste and habit of mind. For our own part, we have always heard him gladly, and generally differed from him exceedingly. "These notes, if they amuse the reader at all," says the author, "will probably amuse him more when he differs than when he agrees with them; at least they will do no harm, for nobody will take my advice." Yes, in spite of Mr. Stevenson's deliberate counsel, ladies will still marry men who do not smoke and brides will be won even by total abstainers.

But let us examine Mr. Stevenson's theory of life, as he entertained it in his salad days. *Ecrases l'infâme*, he cried; and *l'infâme*, in Mr. Stevenson's eyes, was "the infamous Budgett"—that is, Mr. Samuel Budgett, the Successful Merchant. Mr. Stevenson is irreconcilable to a world of commerce and "business habits," a life in which men go to offices. Every man in Edinburgh (where we learn that Mr. Stevenson has resided, if not "lived") does go to an office of one sort or another. Of these persons Mr. Stevenson speaks with a bitterness almost akin to the spirit of persecution. He draws what he obviously thinks a terrible picture of a busy person compelled to be idle:—

It is no good speaking to such folk: they cannot be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious mowing in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them; you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they

were paralyzed or alienated; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.

This is a painful sketch of failure, but are industrious people really so forlorn? We have never met with any such, except in Mr. Henry James's little tale, the *Pension Beaurepas*, where there is a New Yorker as miserable, out of his counting-house, as the deplorable creature of Mr. Stevenson's imagination. A regular man of business would hurry off and "do" the town, or he would instruct himself with the conversation of the traffic manager, or he would read the city articles in all the papers, or he would write letters in the waiting-room. We differ as much from Mr. Stevenson about the value of life. Indeed, he is not consistent,—not that that charge will distress him much,—with himself. This is the conclusion of his whole philosophy—"to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour." That is to say, life is worth living for living's sake, for the sake of consciousness of effort and of experience. Yet Mr. Stevenson, in a charming essay called "*Æs Triplex*," denies that we can love life, defined as a "permanent possibility of sensation." The language is that of the schools since Mr. Mill's date; but the meaning is Mr. Stevenson's own meaning. We are attached to life, because it is always calling on us for exertion, and presenting to us spectacles of interest; in fact, because it offers a permanent possibility of sensation, action, and emotion. All philosophers, including Aristotle and Mr. Stevenson, are pretty well agreed about that matter. The difference is only in language. It is the *ἐνέργεια* we all care for; but then Mr. Stevenson comes in with his difference. He wants, or seems to want, this consciousness of the various world, and of our active and passive share in it, to be enjoyed, not in the "perfect life," but in the life Bohemian. We are obliged to use that detestable word. His youthful conception of existence is that of a healthy and reflective nomad who walks in the ways of his heart and the sight of his eyes. Thus he writes:—

To reckon dangers too cautiously, to hearken too intently to the threat that runs through all the winning music of the world, to hold back the hand from the rose because of the thorn, and from life because of death: this it is to be afraid of Pan. Highly respectable citizens who flee life's pleasures and responsibilities and keep, with upright hat, upon the midway of custom, avoiding the right hand and the left, the ecstasies and the agonies, how surprised they would be if they could hear their attitude mythologically expressed, and knew themselves as tooth-chattering ones, who flee from Nature because they fear the hand of Nature's God! Shrilly sound Pan's pipes; and behold the banker instantly concealed in the bank parlour! For to distrust one's impulses is to be recreant to Pan.

The old toast wished "success to our inclinations, provided they are virtuous." Mr. Stevenson has no such cautious distrust of his impulses. He, at least, is not "Pan's dastard." Mr. Max Müller has discovered that Pan was really "a purifying or sweeping wind," which does not absolutely account for the god's goat-feet, nor for his singular, and even scandalous, reliance on the excellence of his own impulses. But Mr. Stevenson does not appear to take Mr. Müller's view of Pan. Perhaps years, which take away the philosophic mind, will also lead him to doubt the wisdom of being a creature of impulse. Meanwhile, this confidence in impulse, this nomadic habit, this familiarity with solitude and with nature, make a great part of the singularity and of the charm of his work. If he were not so much a disciple of Thoreau, he would be much more like a disciple of Henry Murger, for which it would be a great error to mistake him.

We have said so much of Mr. Stevenson's philosophy of life that we have no room for his theory of love and marriage. He is almost inclined to doubt whether Scott was ever in love. One or two short passages of autobiography in Lockhart, scraps written early and late in life, seem to us to make the affirmative answer a matter of certainty. Scott's heart was less "prettily mended again" than he himself declared, and the crack rings audibly enough in his poetry and prose.

Perhaps the best of Mr. Stevenson's essays are the excellent and most spirited paper on "English Admirals" and the singular vision of approaching death, styled "Ordered South." From this we quote an example of Mr. Stevenson's touch, when he deals with landscape, the landscape of Southern France:—

Or it may be something even slighter: as when the opulence of the sunshine, which somehow gets lost and fails to produce its effect on the large scale, is suddenly revealed to him by the chance isolation—as he changes the position of his sunshade—of a yard or two of roadway with its stones and weeds. And then, there is no end to the infinite variety of the olive-yards themselves. Even the colour is indeterminate and continually shifting: now you would say it was green, now grey, now blue; now a tree stands above tree, like "cloud on cloud," massed into filmy indistinctness; and now, at the wind's will, the whole sea of foliage is shaken and broken up with little momentary silverings and shadows. But every one sees the world in his own way. To some the glad moment may have arrived on other provocations; and their recollection may be most vivid of the stately gait of women carrying burthens on their heads; of tropical effects, with caves and naked rock and sunlight; of the relief of cypresses; of the troubled, busy-looking groups of sea-pines, that seem always as if they were being wielded and swept together by

a whirlwind; of the air coming, laden with virginal perfumes, over the myrtles and the scented underwood; of the empurpled hills standing up, solemn and sharp, out of the green-gold air of the east at evening.

The very great interest of a paper on "Raeburn's Portraits" may, perhaps, be most felt by Scotchmen, but should be apparent and attractive to all readers. The Essay on Childhood is full of sympathy and observation. Indeed, there is no paper in this little collection but is sure of its readers, none that can fail to give a novel and exciting pleasure when the right man or woman opens the book in the right mood and the right hour. But we admit that this harmony of moment and mood are necessary, and that Mr. Stevenson's book is not one for every student and every condition of feeling.

FROM EXILE.*

THE jaded voluptuary in novel-reading may possibly cavil at the construction of Mr. Payn's latest work of fiction on the ground that, to his experienced eye the secret which runs through the book is revealed, or at least suggested, for reasons in which his confidence is never subsequently shaken, as early as the forty-first page of the first of three volumes. But perhaps neither Mr. Payn nor any other prolific novel-writer can be expected to write for old hands at novel-reading only, and he would be a very capricious old hand who was not amply compensated for any feeling of satiety suggested by his early penetration into the plot by the merits which one has learnt always to expect in Mr. Payn's work. The leading idea of *From Exile* is founded on the many cases of personation, in the latest of which a kind of languid interest was the other day revived, and of one of the most daring and successful of which Vidocq was the hero. This celebrated thief, and subsequently thief-taker, has recorded in his memoirs how one of his most audacious and brilliant escapes from prison was due, so far as the duration of its success went, to his having picked up enough of a fellow-prisoner's private history to enable him, with the aid of the histrionic power he possessed, to pass himself off as the returned son of an old couple upon whom he had never set eyes before, but who welcomed him "with effusion." The task undertaken by, we must not say the hero, but the principal figure of Mr. Payn's *From Exile*, is less difficult than Vidocq's, and its undertaker's talents are by no means equal to those of the inventor of the *police de sûreté*; but, while Mr. Payn's story is a good deal longer than Vidocq's, it is only fair to say that, even if the secret is guessed at the point above referred to, the interest of the book can never be said to flag. There are many difficulties in the way of the imposture being detected by those personages of the story to whose interest it chiefly is that it should be discovered; and, in the management of the overrunning of these, as well as in several more or less subordinate episodes, Mr. Payn's technical skill in exciting and suspending his readers' interest finds plenty of play. Nor can any one complain that there is any want of incident in the volumes; indeed, the catastrophe which opens the way to everybody, except the villain, being happy ever afterwards is as sensational as can be desired by the greediest devourer of novels of the school indicated by the epithet just used.

The novel opens with a freshly enough chosen place and incident:—"On a rock, rising sheer from the purple depths of the mid-Pacific, stands a man beneath a flagstaff from which lazily droops the British Union Jack." Silence and solitude are around him, and, as he stands with his eyes fixed on the horizon, he is

as motionless as a statue, and as dumb. A sculptor would have been glad of such a model, though perchance he would have attired him differently. He is in an English sailor's dress, so far as he can be said to be dressed at all—that is, he has blue trousers, fastened by a belt around his waist; but the cloth is in rags, and the leather is worn thin, and has lost all trace of its original colour. He has a snow-white shirt, not made of linen, however, but of some soft and pulpy substance—the bark of the paper mulberry tree, macerated in a running stream, and beaten out, like gold leaf, by a wooden mallet. His headgear is a large leaf of many colours, which not only shields his face from the tropical sun, but trails behind his back like a dustman's cap; and yet his face, naturally swarthy, has become tanned almost to copper-colour by the sun-rays of a clime where it is seldom cooler (save in storm times) than England's June, though rarely warmer than its July.

Further than this, the out-of-door life and enforced temperance of ten years spent on what seems a desert island, have tended to foster the natural, if somewhat fierce, handsomeness of this young fellow, who "has no expectations, and yet it is plain he has placed himself on that coign of vantage beneath the British flag, with some idea of seeing or being seen by some one. . . . But for the brightness of his eyes, and a certain passionate look in them, which puzzles you, you would say his expression was indifferent." His expression suddenly changes, however, as a speck of white on the horizon catches his eye, and, with a face instinct with hope and fear, he catches up a telescope and makes out that what he has seen is a ship bearing the British flag. Then he hesitates for a time between conflicting emotions, and then flinging the telescope down, he rushes down hill to a wooden cabin, where, bursting open a sea-chest, he drags two little packets from the bottom of it. Having done this, he climbs down the sheer face of a cliff with startling rapidity, and leaping into a small boat, paddles out into the open sea already foaming with the coming storm. After some two hours' struggle, he comes so near the

From Exile. By James Payn, Author of "By Proxy." London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

ship that those on board see him, and as "he deftly glides up a snow mountain into a dark green valley, under her quarter, a rope is thrown to him by which he swings himself on board; at the same time spurning with his feet the little bark of safety that is no longer necessary to him, and which proceeds bottom upwards, like a largish turtle, on its road to ruin." In answer to the questions of the second lieutenant, the new comer announces that his name is Frank Wylder, that he comes "from yonder rock, called Craglands Isle, on which you will go to pieces on the reef within half an hour, if you keep on your present course." Presently the first lieutenant, in conversation with the second, says, on hearing of the new arrival's name, "Wylder, Wylder! and shipwrecked! That is really very curious. I knew a Wylder in Cumberland who disappeared from his family about ten years ago, and was supposed to have been lost at sea; that is, I know his father."

"Was he a black man?" inquired Lennox, innocently.

"What nonsense you talk. He was a Cumberland squire, of considerable property, though, to be sure, he was swarthy."

"I should think his wife must have been swarthy, too, if this is their offspring. He is not like a nigger, however, for his hair hangs down his back like a girl's, except that there is little doubt of its being his own."

"I am certainly curious to see him," mused Grant.

"I recall the story now quite distinctly. He quarrelled with his father, Ernest Wylder, of Craglands."

"Craglands," interrupted the other, "why that is the name of his island. He called it Craglands Isle."

"Then that cannot be a mere coincidence," ejaculated the first lieutenant, "but Frank Wylder it must be."

"Now you mention it, he did tell me his name was Frank."

"Well, 'pon my life, it's most extraordinary," observed Grant, reflectively, "to think that we should have been drawn out of our course, apparently all for nothing, and, sighting that solitary rock, have been the means of rescuing this unhappy man from what would probably have been a lifelong exile. If there be such a thing as a special Providence, this surely looks like it."

"It won't look like it, however, to the younger brother, who is calculating on the success in the meantime," remarked Lennox.

At about this point Wylder himself appears, and in the course of the conversation which follows makes what will strike the practical novel-reader as a somewhat curious slip. Having given some account of his shipwreck on Craglands Isle—so called, as Grant had guessed, after his old home—he finishes by saying that he has lived alone on it for ten years. To this Grant replies that he could have sworn that after Wylder came on board he saw through his glass the flag lowered that was flying above the rock; "indeed, it seemed to me as though there was signalling with it." Wylder replies, smiling, that there can hardly have been any attempt at signalling, although the flag may have been lowered. "When I said I was alone, I should have explained that what I meant was, that I had no European companion. I found some natives on the island, who, upon the whole, have treated me kindly. They have no love for strangers, however, and were certainly far from wishing to attract your attention."

In the next and third chapter we are introduced to a skating party taking place on Cragland Mere, and make the acquaintance of two very attractive girls—Grace Wylder, cousin of the missing Frank, and Helen Turton, her friend. Somewhat *à propos de bottles*, we learn some significant facts in the course of their conversation—that a certain Richard Rideout used to be the constant sporting companion of the missing Frank; that the said Rideout was concerned in a murderous poaching affray, for which he would have had to stand his trial but for the supposed fact of his being drowned in the Mere; and that this supposition was never verified by the finding of his body. In subsequent chapters we learn that the present Squire of Craglands, Frank's uncle, has "had losses"; and we are also told of the circumstances of Frank's disappearance, and how, amongst other things, the beautiful and noble Margaret Neil, to whom he had been betrothed, found out, too late, that the tales of his vulgar vices were untrue; and that it was not he, but Rideout, who, not without reason, bore a certain resemblance to him, that had been seen in suspicious situations. Then comes the news of Frank's discovery on the desert island, and shortly afterwards appears Frank himself. The first people who meet him are Grace Wylder and Helen Turton, who are, like the reader, struck by various oddities of speech and manners in the young man, but are ready to set them down to his long residence on his desert island. Here, of course, with the reception of Frank by the Squire, with the words, "Let him come in, Jennie. Get him something to eat and drink, and —," added he to himself as he led the way indoors, "I wish to Heaven it would poison him," begins that interest which, as we have before said, is kept up without flagging to the end of the book. We do not intend to indicate the nature of the surprises which are in store even for the reader who has, or thinks he has, foreseen what will be the end of the complication; and we may end as we began our notice of an exciting book by calling attention to the undiminished liveliness of Mr. Payn's style.

WHAT IS A CAT?

THIS is the question which Mr. Mivart propounds at the outset of his treatise, and the answer occupies 557 closely-printed pages. As Bishop Berkeley began to write on the virtues of *Tar-Water*, and ended with a proof of the existence of the Trinity,

The Cat: an Introduction to the Study of Backboned Animals, especially Mammals. By St. George Mivart. London: Murray.

so Mr. Mivart rises from minute investigations of the organic structure of the cat's body to disquisitions on its psychology, and then, after passing in review all cats, known and unknown—a vast procession headed by our own familiar "Thomas," and terminated by strange creatures from geological strata, whose forms can only be guessed at from fragments, a tooth here, and a claw there—he dons the garb of a polemical divine, and vindicates for Divine agency a distinct share in the origin of every species. We remember in the days of our youth certain tortuous problems in arithmetic, wherein a countryman, on being asked how many eggs he had in his basket, replied in an evasive fashion that this needed the application of several rules to unravel it. How we used to wish that his answer had been more straightforward! Some such feeling came over us, we own, as we read Mr. Mivart's ponderous volume; and the more we think it over, the more convinced we are that it would have been much more effective had it been shorter. The half is often much better than the whole, if authors would only think so. Mr. Mivart's main intention is excellent, as set forth in his preface. He has proposed to himself to select some living organism, the description of which should serve as "an introduction to the natural history of the whole group of back-boned animals" (the italics are his, not ours), the subject being treated with the same minuteness of detail that has hitherto been bestowed upon the human species alone. For this purpose he had to choose between one of the lowest and simplest or one of the highest and most complex of living creatures. There is much to be said in favour of each of these courses. As the greater includes the less, it is easier to proceed in a descending scale; and as the nomenclature of the different parts of all "back-boned animals," to adopt Mr. Mivart's phraseology, has been fixed by that of man so immutably that there seems to be no hope of changing it, there is a certain convenience in mastering it once for all, before the student proceeds to study birds, reptiles, or fishes. On the other hand, the said nomenclature is, unfortunately, not a philosophical one. It was first adopted when the anatomy of any other creature was not thought worthy of investigation. It is based on resemblances, real or fancied; on relations that are found in man only; or on the discoveries of particular observers. In consequence, when applied to other organisms, it is often unmeaning or misleading; and some of the ablest of German anatomists have found it necessary to begin their researches with a lower and more generalized form, and to propose an entirely new nomenclature for the different parts. We rather regret that Mr. Mivart did not select the first of the two courses mentioned above, and work out the anatomy and life-history of some lower form with the same ability and industry (though let us hope not with the same prolixity) that he has brought to bear upon "the harmless necessary cat." Such a treatise, if well done, might become the starting-point of a new system of biology, which would in time, as other monographs were written, include all the higher forms, with the exception of Man. As the human body is studied for practical purposes, and not for the extension of science, no inconvenience would be caused by leaving the description of it as it is at present, with a set of designations devised without reference to the existence of any other mammal. Mr. Mivart, however, has determined otherwise; and, having come to this decision, it is obvious that no animal would suit his purpose so well as the cat, being so well known, so readily accessible, and "the most highly-developed type of carnivorous mammalian life." It is not the first time that it has been used for this purpose. Nearly forty years ago M. Straus-Durckheim published an elaborate and exhaustive monograph on its osteology and myology, with excellent plates, as "type des mammifères en général, et des carnivores en particulier"; and in his introduction he traverses much of the ground covered by Mr. Mivart. Strange to say, we can find no reference to this book, either in his text or in his notes, though it is quite inconceivable that he should not have read it.

Mr. Mivart begins with a short introduction, in which, firstly, he discusses very briefly the origin of our domestic cat. We wish that this part of the book could have been longer. It is a very interesting subject, and would well bear going into with minuteness of detail. His conclusion—the reasons for which he does not give—is that our cat came to us from the East, and "is probably a descendant of the old domestic cat of Egypt." Dismissing in a sentence the theory of Professor Rolleston that the domestic cat of the Greeks was the white-breasted marten, he proceeds to enumerate the existing breeds of cats, amongst which it appears that there is one in South America that does not "miaul," or, as Mr. Mivart politely puts it, "give forth cries like those by which our own cats are wont to give expression to their emotional sensibility." We devoutly echo his wish that this delightful novelty could be introduced into this country. In the next place, we come to the order to be observed in the bulk of the treatise. Here Mr. Mivart pauses, to lay down the position that, in order to be able to give a correct answer to the question "What is a cat?" we must "know both the main facts as to the animal considered in itself absolutely, and the various leading relations in which it stands to all other creatures"; or, as he explains a little further on, its anatomical structure, which includes, according to him, not merely the form, relations, and functions of the organs, but the activity of the animal as a whole, which he terms "the physiology of the individual or Psychology" (the italics are his), its *Hæcology*, and its *Phylogeny*; and further still, we are invited to compare the cat with all other living creatures. This is a formidable programme, and the strange words in which

it is set forth trail their novel length along and rattle their air syllables in a fashion that may well appal the stoutest advocate of transcendental anatomy. On closer investigation it appears that the cat's "Hexicology" means the study of the cat's "relations to time, space, physical forces, other organisms, and to surrounding conditions generally"; and the cat's "Phylogeny," the tracing out its probable pedigree. Seriously, however, we think that a very great deal of this is superfluous. These questions are of the highest importance and interest; but such a return to first principles is surely out of place in the present treatise; as, indeed, is much of the preliminary part of the anatomical investigations, where the chemical constituents of bone, and the histology of such common substances as cartilage, connective tissue, and the like, are described and figured. In Moore's *Lalla Rookh* the learned Fadladeen proposed to begin his criticism on "The Veiled Prophet" by taking a review of all the stories that had ever been written. We all laugh at such a proposal; but really the attempt here made amounts to much the same thing. Moreover, if every time that an anatomical monograph is written it is to include all those subjects which nowadays can be found treated of exhaustively in plenty of accessible books, we hardly like to think of the number or the weight of the volumes that will encumber our shelves. Original research is a very desirable thing; but surely the iteration of truths that have been stated over and over again falls into the category of vain repetition. The eight chapters (iii.-x.), however, which contain the description of the cat's skeleton, muscles, alimentary system, circulation, respiration, organs of secretion, nervous system and organs of sense, and development, are very good; and if anybody will take the trouble to get a cat's skeleton, and then a cat's body, and work through the descriptions carefully for himself, we can assure him that he will find that he has acquired much sound knowledge on the normal structure of mammalian osteology and visceral anatomy.

The chapters whose contents we have thus briefly mentioned terminate at p. 364, and then the portion of the work begins to which the rest is merely introductory, and for the sake of which we suspect that it was written. The author's previous works have taught us his peculiar views on the theory of evolution, and in this monograph he finds a fresh opportunity of stating and enforcing them. The chapters we have now to notice are headed "The Psychology of the Cat"; "Different Kinds of Cats"; "The Cat's Place in Nature"; "The Cat's Hexicology"; and "The Pedigree and Origin of the Cat." We give their titles in the order in which they occur, but it will be most convenient to notice them in a rather different sequence. Under "Different Kinds of Cats" we have a list of the species of living cats—fifty in number—which the author is disposed to accept, accompanied by a short description of each, and illustrated by numerous figures of the animals and their skulls. This enumeration is succeeded by a brief account of extinct cats and catlike animals, which, we are sorry to say, disappoints us greatly. We have already stated our opinion that information of this sort should be sought for in some of the ordinary text-books; but, putting that objection aside for a moment, we venture to find fault with the execution of this section. It is so much compressed that beginners will be simply bewildered; while advanced students, though grateful for the numerous references contained in the notes, will feel the want of fuller descriptions and more numerous illustrations. This chapter is succeeded by that headed "The Cat's Place in Nature." In this the author contrasts the cat with, firstly, "creatures that are devoid of life," by which unusual expression the "mass of non-living, inorganic things" is meant; and next passes on to invertebrates, the review of which he concludes as follows: "Inasmuch, then, as the cat is a back-boned animal, it may be said to differ from the whole of the invertebrata in the following points;" and so on through fishes, reptiles, birds, and the lower orders of mammals, each section being dismissed with the formula of which one example has been cited above. By this means the cat is carried upwards stage by stage, as though the author were ascending a long staircase, and shouting in triumph as each landing was gained, till, at the top of the last flight, he proclaims it to be "a member of the typical genus of the typical family of carnivorous placental mammals—mammals being the suck-giving, tied-brained class of back-boned animals"! No doubt Mr. Mivart has written this portentous sentence from a wish to avoid the obscurity of long words derived from a dead language; but we submit that "tied-brained" is quite as difficult of comprehension as the usual "zygcephalous." We have no space to do more than allude to the chapter on "Hexicology," which is mainly devoted to geographical distribution, and is very interesting; or to that portion of the last chapter wherein a genealogical tree of the cat from its most remote ancestors is constructed. We have a few words, however, to say on the cat's psychology, and on the concluding sections of the last chapter, in which the theory of evolution is treated. The term "psychology," as we explained above, is held by our author to embrace not merely the cat-mind, but "all the vital activities, of whatsoever kind," of which the cat or any other animal is capable. Mr. Mivart begins by citing several interesting illustrations of the intelligence, the affection, and the instinct of cats. To these we can add a curious instance of charity on the part of a cat which came under our own observation. A much-petted domestic cat had a saucer of cream regularly set for her in the verandah of a country house. One day, when there was more than she wanted for herself, she went out into the garden and brought in a half-starved

kitten, a stranger to the house, to share her meal; and while it lapped the cream she sat by and protected it from the dogs, who viewed its presence with much jealousy. We once saw a dog do nearly the same thing. Mr. Mivart denies that animals have language to express their thoughts. Perhaps not, as we understand the word; but they certainly have some means of communicating their ideas to each other. We think that Mr. Mivart errs in comparing cats with man at his best. Degraded forms of the human species could be found, we imagine, whose habits were not more elevated and far less cleanly than those of cats; while their power of communicating their ideas, such as they are, to each other would be quite as unintelligible to ourselves. Mr. Mivart next sets forth his own meaning of the word "psyche," or "soul," by which we are to understand "the living principle of individuation," or, as he says in another place, "a power, or polar force, which is immanent in each living body, or, rather, which is that body living." In this there is nothing very different from the conception of life which other authors have arrived at. Mr. Mivart, however, has a special object in laying down the doctrine so carefully. In one of the anatomical chapters he had traced out the stages of the cat's development, and had pointed out the remarkable appearances presented by the embryo at different periods. He next argues that this "internal force" effects each of these successive changes; and, further, that it is but reasonable to suppose that the same force, when set in motion by "a Great First Cause," brings about that greater change which differs from the former in degree only—namely, the evolution of one species out of another, which "mode of origin may, as opposed to the hypothesis of natural selection, be fitly termed psychogenesis." Natural selection is stigmatized by Mr. Mivart as "a crude and inadequate conception." We confess ourselves, however, wholly unable to see how his "internal force," controlled by divine agency, is a worthier conception of supernatural interference than the existence and operation of natural laws which, on his own theory of the universe, must be part of the same scheme of creation.

GULSHAN-I RAZ.*

THIS *Mystic Rose Garden* is a work on the doctrines of the Persian Sufis, written in verse by Sad ud din Mahmud of Shabistari, near Tabriz. It was composed in A.H. 717 (A.D. 1317) in answer to fifteen questions on the doctrines of the Sufis, or Mahomedan Mystics, propounded by Amir Syad Hosaini, a celebrated Sufi doctor of Herat. These questions were sent to Khurāsān in a poetic epistle, and Sad ud din Mahmud was chosen by his brother Sufis to answer them. Little is known of the writer, but the fact of his having been called upon to respond by the professors of Sufi doctrines is a convincing proof of his authority and learning. The questions having been put in verse, it was desired that the answers should also be in rhyme. The author says—

I began
An answer to that epistle in concise terms.
All know that this person in his whole life
Has never attempted to write poetry;
And though his talents be competent thereto,
He has rarely had to compose verse.

His confidence in his powers was not unfounded, and his work is accordingly written in rhyme. Mr. Whinfield has translated it into blank verse, a medium well adapted to the subject-matter.

Sufeyism is widely spread throughout the East, and although it has its foundation in the Kuran and the Hadis, or traditions of Mahomed, it has attracted to it men of various religions, who have felt the want of something more than a formal religion of rites and ceremonies, and have sighed for a nearer approach to the Divinity. Kabir, the celebrated Hindu reformer, was a Sufi, and his writings are full of Sufi ideas and teachings. All European writers who have considered the subject are agreed as to its near relation to the European mysticism, and especially to the speculations of the Neoplatonists. Mr. Whinfield says in his very interesting introduction:—

Many of the Catholic definitions of "Mystical theology" would do for descriptions of Sufeyism. The ruling ideas in both systems are very similar, if not absolutely identical. Thus, for instance, we find the Sufis talking of "love to God," of "union with God," of "death to self and life eternal in God," of "the indwelling in man of the Spirit," of "the nullity of works and ceremonies," of "grace and spiritual illumination," and of "the Logos." Both systems may be characterized as religions of the heart as opposed to formalism and ritualism. Both exalt the "inner light" at the expense of the outward ordinance and voice of the Church. Both exhibit the same craving for visionary raptures and supernatural exaltations, and have been productive of similar excesses and extravagances. Both systems have a tendency to Pantheism, and both use similar sensuous figures to express their visions and raptures.

The essence of Sufeyism, says Sir John Malcolm, is poetry. The chief poets of Persia, the great Maulana Jamāl ud din, Shaikh Sadi, Hafiz, Jami, Omar Khayyam, were all Sufis; and indeed all Persian poetry of any note is imbued more or less with Sufeyism. The imaginative temperament of the poet lifted him above the trammels of creeds and the forms of religion, and as Sufis they

* *Gulshan-i Rāz: the Mystic Rose Garden of Sad ud din Mahmud Shabistari.* The Persian Text, with an English Translation and Notes, chiefly from the Commentary of Mahomed bin Yahya Lahiji. By E. H. Whinfield, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, late of H.M. Bengal Civil Service. London: Trübner & Co.

became what they call themselves, "men of heart," "men looking behind the veil," "interior men"; and in their raptures they sought "the Truth," the Infinite in the world of imagination. Having no special terms in which to embody their poetic creations, they adopted the language of the world, and made the tavern and the wine cup, the ruby lip, the graceful curl, and such like, the images under which they expressed their mystic ideas and beliefs. The exhilaration of wine, the pleasures of love and of convivial intercourse, are made to figure the raptures of the soul and the joys of a spiritual existence. These terms are full of mystic meaning to the initiated, and are the means of uplifting his soul to high imaginings and raptures, in which he looks behind the veil, and arrives at some conception of what he deems "the Truth." Many of their productions are clothed in imagery so material that, to the ordinary reader they are mere rhapsodies of the lover and the reveller, and are read and admired as vivid and truthful pictures of the pleasures and troubles of this mortal life. This outward expression of the ideas of Hafiz, who constantly sings, or appears to sing, the joys of love and wine, led Sir W. Jones to call him the Anacreon of Persia. But under all the worldly imagery of the Sufi there lies a deep and hidden meaning, intelligible to men of kindred feelings, but unperceivable by the man of the world. The author of the *Gulshan* gives a long answer to the thirteenth question which inquires

What means the mystic by those expressions of his?
What does he indicate by "eye" and "lip"?
What seeks he by "cheek," "curl," "down," and "mole"?
He, to wit, who is in "stations" and "states"?

and he answers:—

Whatever is seen in this visible world
Is as a reflection from the sun of that world.
The world is as a curl, down, mole, and brow,
For everything in its own place is beautiful.
The epiphany is now in beauty, now in majesty;
Cheek and curl are the similitudes of those verities.
The attributes of the Truth are mercy and vengeance,
Cheek and curls of fair ones are types of these two.
When these words are heard by the sensual ear
At first they denote objects of sense.
The spiritual world is infinite,
How can finite words attain to it?
How can the mysteries beheld in ecstatic vision
Be interpreted by spoken words?
When mystics treat of these mysteries
They interpret them by types.

He goes on to explain that "wine, torch, and beauty" are epiphanies of "Verity." "To be a haunter of taverns is to be freed from self," for "self-regard is paganism, even if it be in righteousness." Other of the author's explanations are very long and diffuse, and he seems to have been overpowered by the variety and extent of his own ideas. Thus he says "The story of the curl of the Beloved is very long. Ask not of me the story of that knotted curl," but he describes some of its similitudes and effects. All the explanations of this interpreter of Sufeyism require careful study and comparison before anything intelligible can be arrived at; but for this very reason, perhaps, they are more appreciated by the mystic, who is proud of possessing a knowledge, or the shadow of a knowledge, unknown to the world at large. Jalâl ud din, as translated by an eloquent writer on Persian literature, is far more direct and intelligible. He says, "They (the Sufis) profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection, and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual in their sect, all is mystery within mystery." In words like these the great Sufi poets have embodied their high conceptions. The Sufi looks through the veil of words in which the inner meaning of the poet is shrouded, and the uninitiated, who comprehends no more or little more than the material sense of the words, is delighted with the beauty of the language and the elegance of the verse. Hence it is that the odes of the great poets, and of Hafiz in particular, are sung and recited throughout the East by men of all degrees; by many for the mystic meanings they embody, but by more, perhaps, for their sensuous imagery and burning language which is intelligible to all.

Mr. Whinfield in his introduction has analysed the contents of the various sections of the poem, and for this work his readers will be grateful. It will greatly help those who desire to read and understand the poem itself, and some readers no doubt will be sufficiently satisfied with its explanations to abstain from any attempt to push further and master the mysteries and difficulties of the Sufi poet. We quote as an illustration the analysis of Section VIII., which is one of the shortest:—

The creature state being non-existent, man cannot of himself move, draw near to, or unite with [the Truth]. Union is only a phrase for annihilating the phenomenal element in man—sweeping on the dust of contingent being. The genesis of the creature world is an eternal process. It is a drop of water raised from sea of Being in mist, poured down in rain, converted into plants, animals, man, and finally recalled into the bosom of the sea. Phenomena are constantly annihilated in the universal Noumenon, and this annihilation is union.

The poem contains many illustrations of the writer's argument. Among them is the following story, the subject of which is a favourite one with Oriental poets, and is more than usually explicit:—

I have heard that in the month Nysan
The pearl oysters rise to the surface of the sea of Umân.
From the lowest depths of the sea they come up,
And rest on the surface with opened mouths.
The mist is lifted up from the sea,
And descends in rain at the command of the Truth.

There fall some drops into each shell's mouth,
And each mouth is shut as by a hundred bonds.
Then each shell descends into the depths with full heart,
And each drop of rain becomes a pearl.
The diver goes down to the depths of the sea,
And thence brings up the glittering pearls.
The shore is your body, the sea is Being,
The mist Grace, the rain knowledge of the Names,
The diver of this mighty sea is human reason,
Who holds a hundred pearls wrapped in his cloth.
The heart is to knowledge as a vessel,
The shells of knowledge of the heart are voice and letters,
The soul is darting as a lightning flash,
It bears these letters to the hearing ear.
Then break open the shell, take out the royal pearl,
Cast away the husk, carry off the sweet kernel.

Sufeyism, as we have said, is based on some mystical verses of the Kuran; but its development was furthered by the knowledge which the Mahomedans acquired of Western philosophy and mysticism. The chief Sufis have been Persians, and there are constant allusions to and quotations from the Holy Book and the Traditions. So the whole has a Mussulman colouring. But it has been declared by competent Mahomedan authority that "the Sufi has no religion on account of his non-observance of the rites, forms, or ceremonies of any religion." Notwithstanding this, the pure Sufi is held in high esteem by all intelligent Mahomedans. So far indeed is their reverence carried, that all their distinguished and learned men are deemed to have been more or less advanced Sufis. Nor is this surprising. Minds that were able to put a spiritual interpretation upon the hard and dry utterances of the Kuran, to lift them above the material facts of mundane existence to the unknown world and the life to come, were Sufis, perhaps even without acknowledging it. In fine, every elevated and enthusiastic teacher of the higher and more ennobling truths, though Mahomedan in his creed, was Sufi in his inmost soul, and let his imagination wander into the mysteries of life and future existence. The great license of thought which was the life of Sufeyism might be considered entirely adverse to sectarianism; but it is not so. It is the tendency of all religions, whether formal or spiritual, to split up into divisions; and there are three sects of Sufis, which cannot be described in a few words. Suffice it to say that the members of the first sect are gentle, gracious, and forgiving; those of the second ardent and enthusiastic. Those classified in the third division are endowed more or less with the virtues of both. Lastly, there is a dark side to Sufeyism. Some of its professors, in casting off the outward forms and ceremonies of the law, have held themselves also released from its moral rules and precepts, and have no scruple about indulging in sensual enjoyments or of writing of them in the most outspoken language. They interpret the mystic terms of their profession in the double sense; and, if they indulge in the grossest forms of sensualism and bodily indulgence, their minds soar at intervals in search of the Infinite, and are purified and exalted by their spiritual ecstasies.

The text of the verse is well printed in Talik type, in imitation of the MS., and the translation, so far as the exoteric meaning is concerned, is close and accurate. Mr. Whinfield may be trusted for having accurately rendered the esoteric terms and phrases. He has been assisted by a Commentary, which he commends, and has been most laborious and conscientious in his own work. We cannot predict anything like popularity for his book, but it is a contribution to philosophy for which a restricted few will be thankful.

HAUGHTON'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.*

IN a course of six lectures delivered in Dublin a few years ago for the benefit of the Governess Institution of Ireland, and now printed with additional notes and appendices, Professor Haughton has condensed into a popular form the results of the most recent research on several of the most important problems of physical geography. Professing to give rather a series of sketches than a formal exposition of this complex and engaging department of knowledge, his mastery of the subject has enabled him to compress into so narrow a compass the material which would in ordinary hands suffice to fill a treatise of no slight dimensions, whilst his mode of exposition has an amount of clearness which must agreeably lighten the task of the learner. If the facts and figures with which his pages are crowded to fullness present themselves with an abruptness as regards arrangement, as well as with a dryness of style, not always compatible with easy or pleasurable reading, they have that definiteness of aim and precision of statement which forms one of the highest points of merit in all lessons, making them easy for the memory to retain, and supplying both appetite and food for the speculative faculty. Mathematical formulæ are brought in where called for to illustrate the larger operations of nature, or to connect particular natural phenomena with the fundamental and all-regulating principles of the code of physical law, but not to an extent to tax unduly the powers or the attainments of the class of persons for whom these lessons are intended, themselves engaged in the duties of educating others. For the purposes of instruction these lectures will be found admirably fitted, seeming as they do with subjects capable of boundless expansion, and supplying

* *Six Lectures on Physical Geography.* By the Rev. Samuel Haughton, F.R.S., M.D. Dubl., D.C.L. Oxon, Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Figgis. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

under each head of inquiry such elementary facts as the teacher whose wants are contemplated would most gladly have ready to hand.

In a rapid sketch of the past history and future prospects of the globe on which we live, Professor Houghton sums up the stops which have been made good in terrestrial physics within the memory of men hardly beyond middle age. Forty years ago such a lecture, he remarks, would have been looked upon as the wild dream of a romance writer. Yet there may now be built up upon the solid basis of fact and demonstration, in a way to carry the confidence and conviction of the learner, an edifice of knowledge for the surety of which there are guarantees at every stage, and to the extension of which no limits can be set. Casting aside as futile the old-world speculations of metaphysicians concerning the possibility or the conceivability of the world being created out of nothing, modern science has set itself to work out the history of our globe as made up of materials existing as far back as the mind is capable of reaching, the actual origin or beginning of matter lying wholly beyond our powers of apprehension. It is to the great cosmical hypothesis of Laplace that we owe the first scientific conception and development of the idea of the evolution of the planetary system from a primary nebulous mass, later research having greatly extended our knowledge of the composition both of the sun and the subordinate members of the scheme, the main outlines of which advance the lecturer draws out and confirms by proofs. He is so far careful of one suspicion traditionally attaching to the daring scheme of the French physicist—"qui n'avait pas besoin de cette hypothèse"—as to premise at the outset that "the evolution of planets with their living freight from combinations of pre-existing materials by no means involves the denial of a creating and presiding mind; such an evolution as we find in nature—orderly, symmetrical, and regular—constituting, on the contrary, the highest proof we have from natural religion of the existence and power of God, the author of nature."

Since the days of Laplace our great gains have been in the way of the chemical composition of meteoric bodies and of the sun and stars. Among the constituents of the numerous extraterrestrial bodies that have been accumulated no new element has been discovered; but of the sixty-five elementary substances recognized by chemists, twenty-seven are understood to have been found in meteoric stones. Still closer is the identity established by spectrum analysis between the constituents of the sun and stars, comets and nebulae, and our earth. When first thrown off from the sun, as these indications go to prove, the earth with its satellite formed a binary system, rotating on its axis in precisely the same time as it now takes to revolve round the sun, there being then but one day and night in the year. As the earth's mass contracted by cooling, this motion gradually accelerated until the year became what it is now. Under the retarding action of the tides due to the moon's attraction, it is to be expected that in course of time the original condition will recur, as has come to pass in respect to the moon's motion round the earth, she having when first condensed into a separate body spun much more rapidly round our globe. A further identity in fate is thought to await our planet in the withdrawal into the interior by means of cracks or faults of all the water which now envelops it, not less than a third of the oceanic mass being held by some to have been already absorbed; the difference of ocean levels, which has often puzzled geologists, being thus accounted for. Shocked as the astronomer of a few years ago would have been at the accuracy of his great clock in the heavens being called in question, there is increasing urgency in the proofs presented by advanced reasoners like our author of the fact that the sidereal day is lengthening; foreboding the time when, the water and air having been absorbed, our planet will be reduced to the condition in which we now see the moon—a lifeless, dry, burnt-out cinder. That this process of deterioration has gone on so much more rapidly in the case of the moon is shown in the next lecture to be due in part to the lesser size of our satellite. A careful estimate is further given of the agencies which originally determined the structure and distribution of the earth's mass, and have since modified and altered the relations of land and sea. The lecture on continents and oceans, volcanoes and mountains, traces the tremendous operations of wrinkling and folding of the surface crust as the globe contracted under cooling, resulting in vast and lofty mountain chains and deep-sea valleys. The continents may be regarded as flat-topped table-lands, raised slightly above the sea-level, often with precipitous cliffs all round, or a fringe of volcanoes, corresponding, in all probability, to ancient lines of faults, of different geological ages. Were the earth stripped of its oceans, there would be seen the true amount of wrinkling produced by these geological causes. If we call the zero plane the original surface of the globe before it became wrinkled at all, we can easily see that it must lie far below the present sea-level—7,000 feet, as Professor Houghton's formula brings it out. The mountain chains are the axes of elevation along which the continents were raised, differing widely from each other in geological age. The most modern is the great east and west chain which produced the continent of Europasia, from the Pyrenees to the Himalayas, chiefly of nummulitic limestone. Our writer's charts show clearly the main axes upon which these elevations have taken place, with the comparative depths of the ocean basins or depressions. The great volcanic chains, both active and extinct, are also mapped out. Of these the Australian island chain forms perhaps the most conspicuous, starting from Tierra del Fuego, through the Andes, Central America, the Rocky Mountains, Aleutian Islands, Kamtschatka,

Japan, the Philippines, Sunda, New Guinea, and the eastern Australian islands, terminating in New Zealand; twenty-four thousand miles in length, or equal to the circumference of the whole globe. The total number of active volcanoes on the border of the Pacific basin is 175, considerably more than half the number shown by the entire earth (225). Of isolated volcanoes in this range and in the whole globe, the grandest are the group of the Sandwich Islands; Mauna Loa rising to a height of 18,750 feet, and its lava streams flowing to an extent of thirty miles from the crater. Kilauea, only 3,870 feet high, shows a molten bubbling lava sea 14,000 feet long by 5,000 feet in breadth. Were the Pacific Ocean dried up the aspect would be that of a gigantic lunar crater, occupying three-quarters of the whole surface of the globe, its generally level bed broken here and there by isolated central volcanic peaks, like those of Owyhee and Otaheite, rising abruptly to a height of 30,000 feet above the crater floor, and girt on all sides by a margin of lofty unbroken conical precipices, nowhere less than 12,000 feet, and on the eastern rim exceeding 20,000 feet, in height. What, compared with this, is the widest crater of the moon, Maro Crisium, less than 300 miles in diameter, with but six central volcanic cones of no great comparative height?

We are surprised to find our author discern in facts and observations such as these a refutation of the uniformity in nature upheld by Lyell and his followers. That nature has been uniform at all times, past, present, and to come, is, he declares, a shallow creed refuted by many known facts in astronomy and geology; and "if there be one science which teaches its falsehood more clearly than another, it is the science of geology, from which we learn that the present is unlike the past, and will probably be still more unlike the future." That the aspect of our globe, as also that of the sun, moon, and stars, has been at successive periods of time wondrously diverse, not even the most rigid uniformitarian would deny. But that these changes, stupendous as they have been, have been brought about by the uniform operations of the same laws we now see acting in nature, we should have thought our author the last man to call in question. Different as are at present the physical conditions of the earth and moon, what he describes as their life-history has been by his own showing continuous, the self-same laws operating through all; though, for reasons strictly referable to the same code of physical causes, the course of one body has run towards its end more rapidly than that of the other. To what but the uniform persistence of the same course of nature does he owe the confidence with which he lays down the like doom of extinction for our globe, with its manifold living forms? The main causes of terrestrial change have been, as he distinctly lays down, heat and moisture; and vast as have been, and still must be, the results of secular cooling, and of the partial absorption of the earth's watery envelope, these operations have obeyed, and must ever obey, the uniform laws of heat and fluid motion. How and when are we to conceive a new code breaking in upon the uniformity of nature? The doctrine of catastrophes and intrusive creations had, we thought, long ago given place to the reign of unbroken law and continuous evolution. Our author, in all but this singular passage, testifies to faith in the harmony of nature; as when, by reference to the known law of cooling, he proceeds to calculate the proportional length of the periods into which geological time divides itself, even without our knowing the coefficient that should by right fix the rate of cooling for the sun-heated earth suspended in cold space. To Azoi time, during which the earth's temperature sank from 212° (the boiling point of water) to 122° (the point of congelation of albumen and formation of living tissues), he assigns 33 per cent. of the whole term. Palaeozoic time, down to 68°, the age of the simpler forms of plant life and lower vertebrates, occupies 41 per cent. Neozoic time, from 68° to the existing mean of 48°, includes the development of living forms from the Triassic age to the present day, or 26 per cent. A very close approach to the same figures results from a tabular survey of the thicknesses of the stratified rocks, in preparing which our author has been assisted by Professor Edward Hull. Of course the climates through this stupendous roll of ages, in the sense of local or periodical averages of temperature, have been anything but uniform. This, however, is a simple matter of degree in point of sun heat and moisture, the wide differences that we see being due to the same causes uniform in action through prolonged ranges of time.

The problem of atmospheric and ocean circulation, as main elements in the determination of climate, is treated with a mastery of its fundamental conditions which we cannot remember to have seen in any English treatise on the subject. Within the scope of this short lecture we get in a highly compressed form the essence of the scientific matter which fills a large space in works like that of Elisée Reclus. Starting from the primary cause of all atmospheric motion in solar heat, and consequent watery evaporation, he shows how the key to the general problem of meteorology is to be sought in the study of barometrical pressures all over the globe, combined with the measures of rainfall. Circulation, both in air and water, begins with the partial vacuum caused by solar heat round the equator, to fill up which cold and heavy currents of air and water are stirred from either pole. In illustrating the movement of a mass of either fluid from pole to equator, our author has not escaped the common fallacy of employing the figure of a cannon ball fired in this direction, and, owing to the rotation of the mark, falling behind the point aimed at. The actual force exerted in nature is not one of propulsion, but, on the contrary, is a drawing force. A particle or mass of air thus set in motion, instead of being deflected to the rear or west of a meridian line

drawn from the starting point (the pole) to an imaginary point on the equator, will be swept by the whirling motion of the earth towards the opposite or eastern side of such a hypothetical meridian; the resultant of the two motions being seen in the gyratory law of storms, as well as in that generally preponderant set from west to east which observation has widely established. Over Europe at least, where the amplest means of registration are enjoyed, it seems made out that, for not much less than 200 days out of the 365, the wind sets more or less from west to east. The primary currents thus set in motion are affected by the unequal distribution of land and water, a wide difference being manifest in the two hemispheres; the result being, on the whole, the five great systems of winds indicated by our author's scheme—the north-east trades, 6° N. to 35° N.; the south-east trades, 6° N. to 28° S.; the south-west anti-trades, 35° N. to 65° N.; the north-west anti-trades, 28° S. to 70° S.; and the north-east Arctic winds, 65° N. to 80° N. We do not find that he notices a further cause of difference between the northern and southern hemispheres, due to the ellipticity of the earth's orbit: the northern half of the globe, under the present position of the equinoxes, having its winter in perihelion, neither winter nor summer being in consequence liable to the same extremes as those of the Southern Hemisphere. The charts and tables of local temperatures, rainfall, ocean currents, and similar details of meteorology show immense care in their compilation, and their value is much enhanced for the more advanced class of readers by mathematical notes, such as that upon the total amount of solar heat at any spot upon the earth, and its loss by radiation into space. We regret having no space for detailed notice of the lectures upon the lake and river systems of the Old and New Worlds, or that upon the geographical distribution of animals and plants—all full of valuable information, treated in the true spirit of science, and embodied in language of unvarying clearness and force.

BURIED ALIVE.*

IN the year 1849 a young Russian literary man was condemned to be hanged. His crime consisted in his having taken part in what was styled "The Petrashevsky affair"—that is to say, he had been a member of one of the secret societies to which the Government so strongly objected. His sentence was commuted, but he was sent to Siberia, condemned to a long period of hard labour in a prison, to be followed by service in the ranks of the army. On foot and in chains he made the dreary journey to his far-off prison-house, and therein endured the miseries of penal servitude during four years. This same man has recently been carried to his grave in the Alexander Nevsky cemetery at St. Petersburg, escorted by deputations from the Universities and other learned institutions, and followed by crowds of mourners who represented all that is most cultured in Russia. And the Emperor who now rules that land has conferred a pension of 2,000 roubles on the widow and children of the man whom his predecessor kept during four years in chains in Siberia.

When Fedor Dostoevsky, the convict in question, was allowed to return home in 1860, he renewed his long interrupted literary pursuits. He had always warmly sympathized with all who were needy and oppressed, and his years of prison life had only strengthened the influences which drew him towards them. As a successful novelist, he attained a position which enabled him to plead with effect the cause of the "Poor People" and the "Humiliated and Outraged," after whom he named two of his works, and to give expression to the generous indignation which stirs the hearts of each youthful generation in Russia, and which has of late years developed into so dangerous a fire of revolutionary wrath. Having been forced to associate for years with criminals, he studied with special interest the paths along which men advance towards crime, the motives which urge them to become law-breakers, the reasonings by which those among them who are given to speculation still the voice of conscience. The most remarkable passages in the best of his novels, *Crime and Punishment*, are those in which he traces the first manifestations of the moral obliquity of vision which induces a Russian specimen of the Eugene Aram family to regard as a quite excusable, if not praiseworthy, action, the murder of a disreputable old woman. But by ordinary readers that elaborate psychological romance will be found less interesting than the simpler sketches of prison life, founded upon his own experiences, which he published a few years after his return from Siberia, under the title of *Notes from the Dead-House*, and of which an English translation is now before us. They naturally created a great sensation in Russia at the time when they first appeared, and they are still highly esteemed there as faithful records of what convict life used to be before the reforms were introduced which have considerably modified its conditions; for, although it is impossible to say how much of the work is fact and how much fiction, still the general idea which it conveys is likely to be tolerably correct.

No one who visits a Russian prison can fail to be struck by the docility of the prisoners, their readiness to yield to what appears to be a very insufficient amount of force. A traveller who recently visited Siberia has put upon record his not unnatural surprise at finding that twenty soldiers sufficed to control a body of eight

hundred prisoners, of whom nearly a third, he was told, were probably murderers. To this docility on the part of the convicts, as well as to a considerable amount of negligence on the part of their warders, the pages of *Buried Alive* bear frequent testimony. One so-called mutiny, indeed, is described, but it is represented as little more than a remonstrance against bad food. Now and then an officer of a brutal nature figures on the scene and behaves cruelly. But the greater part of the guardians are credited with a good-natured carelessness which enabled their charges, or at least those among them who had money, to obtain many more enjoyments than are usually to be obtained in a gaol. Tea and tobacco were easily to be purchased in the prison described in *Buried Alive*, and brandy, although a forbidden luxury, was introduced in considerable quantities. Sometimes a feast went on for days within the walls, including "much eating, drinking, and music." We are even told that "some of the revellers who are rich will occasionally elude the vigilance of the officers, and bribe their escort to accompany them to some haunt of vice in the suburbs of the town instead of going to work. Here a feast is prepared, ladies are invited, and the convict eats, drinks, and shirks to his heart's content." After a winter's day spent in doing little or nothing, the prisoners would pass several hours of the night either in working on their own account or in gambling. No sooner had the guardians left the dormitory than it was suddenly lighted up, each of its thirty inmates producing his own candle. Some of them earned considerable sums of money by their nightly handiwork, but it was difficult for them to retain their earnings, which were generally exchanged for strong liquors or lost at cards. For gambling, though strictly prohibited, was an ordinary occurrence, and sometimes "card parties would last all night, and only come to an end when the doors were unlocked in the early morning." At Christmas-time no small amount of license was accorded by the authorities. The most characteristic scenes in the book are those in which the author brings before the eyes of his readers the stage fitted up within the prison walls, and the dramatic performances in which criminals acted with skill and zest, and were rapturously applauded by a criminal audience.

Various types of convict life are represented by the prisoners whom the author describes at length. One is the innocent-looking young soldier who had never misbehaved himself except upon an occasion when, out of sheer wretchedness, he drove his bayonet into his commanding officer. Another is a young Circassian "with a wonderfully attractive, clever face, which was the image of his beautiful soul," and whose sole offence was that he had obeyed his brothers when they ordered him to go forth on an expedition which ended in the murder of an Armenian merchant. A third, the most interesting of the group, is an old Raskolnik, or Dissenter, who is described as being the most "thoroughly benevolent" old man whom the author had ever met. He had assisted in the burning of an orthodox church in his native village; but this was his solitary crime, and in Siberia he lived a faultless life, and was much respected by the other convicts, who made him their banker. He was "as pleasant, cheerful, and open-hearted a man as ever lived on the face of this earth." But he had his own secret sorrows. One night his fellow-prisoner woke up and heard a sound of subdued weeping. "The old Dissenter was sitting on the stove reading his prayers out of a manuscript book and weeping bitterly"; and between his sobs could be distinguished words of bitter sorrow, such as "Lord, do not forsake me! Lord, give me more strength! Oh, my darling children, my dearest children, shall I ever see you again?" These three criminals all belong to the class of convicts on whom may be conferred without impropriety the title which the Russian peasants apply indiscriminately to all persons in the grip of the law, that of "The Unfortunate." On the tragic lives of such men, whom a hasty impulse or a mistaken view of duty has hurried into crime, the author of *Buried Alive* always loved to dwell. Sorrow was ever sacred to him, but never so much as when it was intensified by a fault, or at least a folly. Of more vulgar criminals a few portraits are given; such as the robber Orloff, "who had murdered old men and young children from no other motive than that of satisfying his own thirst for blood," and who "scorned pain and suffering, and respected the authority of no human being." But they are not so interesting, though their stories are illustrated by detailed descriptions of the effect of the lash.

Of more legitimate interest are the descriptions of a captive's feelings during his imprisonment, which the Russian novelist attributes to the imaginary author of the book, but which are probably faithful records of his own sensations. As mere results of imagination they would have no special value. But, if they may be regarded as conscientiously chronicled reminiscences, they are well worthy of being studied. It is not often that we have an opportunity of knowing what are the thoughts which pass through the mind of a man of culture who is obliged to herd for years with the outcasts of humanity. The aristocratic wife-murderer, who is credited in the introduction with the authorship of the book, is represented as finding his new life "after all not so very different" from that which he had hitherto led. Existence as a convict seemed to him less hard, after he had entered the prison, than it had appeared to him on the journey. His work was not heavy, his food was not bad, his companions were not unendurable. What might be called the professional criminals were at first reserved with him, despising him as an amateur, and imagining that he would stand upon his dignity. But after a

* *Buried Alive*; or, *Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia*. By Fedor Dostoevsky. Translated from the Russian by Marie von Thilo. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

time they became more affable, having discovered that he was what they called a "good" man. At first he used to wander about the prison absorbed in grief, and unable to think of anything except his misery. But gradually this acute pain wore off. Only the impossibility of being alone even for one moment remained an evil to which he could not become accustomed. Feeling that the depression which constantly weighed upon him, and the jarring to which his nerves were incessantly exposed, would be certain to ruin his health unless he made a vigorous struggle against their influence, he resolved to take as much physical exercise as possible, and therefore always worked as hard as he could, whether he was employed on pounding calcined alabaster, or turning a flywheel, or shovelling away snow. By this means he preserved his equanimity, though at times his misery is represented as seeming greater than he could bear. On a bright winter's day, for instance, when the sun shone on the white snow, he would feel an almost irrepressible longing to flee away into the boundless steppe which stretched away southwards from the bank of the river by the side of which he worked. And the same impulse would make itself felt again when the winter was past and the spring came back, the time "when not only in Siberia, but all over Russia also, those who are known as God's people escape from their gloomy dungeons and hide themselves in the woods and forests." At length the happy moment came when his chains were struck off and he was allowed to go forth "into the wide, free world." As a matter of fact, the real author of the book did not become utterly free when he emerged from his prison, for he was obliged to serve in the ranks of the army as a private soldier from 1853 till 1856. Then he was promoted to be an officer, and eventually he was amnestied. His health, it is said, suffered greatly during his confinement, and he never completely recovered from the effects of the hardships he endured. Since the time of his imprisonment great changes have taken place in the Russian convict establishments. Readers who wish to form a correct idea of what penal servitude in Siberia now is cannot do better than refer to the letters on the subject which Mr. Lansdell contributed to the *Times* in the spring of last year, and the paper which he read at the Swansea meeting of the British Association, and which was afterwards published in the October number of the *Contemporary Review*.

Gaelic Proverbs.*

THE collection of Gaelic Proverbs on which the present one is based, the editor tells us, was first published at Edinburgh in 1785. It was a small book and in several respects faulty, but it was then and for some time afterwards the only collection of Celtic proverbs gathered into a book and translated for the benefit of the world. It appears to have had the still greater merit of being a genuine product of the past, the editor's share in the compilation of which consisted in simply giving as correctly as he could the words of sayings familiar to all among whom he lived, in rendering them into English, and in occasionally illustrating them by an explanation or an anecdote. Macintosh intended to publish a new edition, but his death, which took place in 1808, intervened. A second edition, however, did appear in the year 1819, in which additions, probably found in his papers, were incorporated. The editor this time was Alexander Campbell, better known as the editor of a collection of Scottish songs and music called *Albyn's Anthology*; he prefaced the proverbs with an account of the original compiler, which has been termed a biographical curiosity. But worse was to come; for he had announced in the title-page that he would "English" the proverbs "anew," a threat which he appears to have carried to effect in a novel fashion. For not only did he lack the requisite knowledge of Gaelic to deal satisfactorily with his subject, but he undertook to improve Macintosh's simpler and more correct language into turgid commonplace. For instance, where Macintosh had been content to translate "Smiles are not companions of pain," Campbell got it into his head that the elegant thing to say was "The laugh is not excited by the sharp lancinating pain of a stitch." The first edition contained only 1,305 proverbs and familiar phrases, the second 1,538, while Mr. Nicolson has brought the number up to 3,900, many of which, he tells us, came in at the last moment. Besides thus doubling the number of recorded proverbs, which implies work extending over many years, he has appended some useful notes to the collection, and a short biography of the original compiler. On the whole, the work has been most conscientiously done; nor have we found many occasions of charging him with inexact translations, as when "An ni a chùim an eideann o na gobhair" is rendered "What kept the goats from the ivy," instead of "What kept the ivy from the goats." Of course the question as to what sayings wanted to be explained and as to the kind of explanation required would always be one on which readers would differ, so we cannot regard it as a serious fault that we meet with explanations now and then, which we could have spared, and that at other times we miss the editor's assistance. Some of the notes contain anecdotes in illustration of certain sayings which have become common in the Highlands, and they are frequently both amusing and instructive, but never in bad taste. We shall now

select a few instances, beginning with the following, which illustrates an important event in Scotch history:—

Bò a' bhàbhaill-thulchain (the cow of the end-stall).—The *buabhall-thulchain*, or end-stall, was the innermost in the row, and was used for the accommodation of a cow that had lost her calf, in place of which a stuffed imitation calf was brought in whenever she was to be milked. Hence came the application of the word *tulchain* to the imaginary calf, and of the term *tulchain-bishop* to persons appointed to that office in Scotland after the Reformation, simply as receivers-general of the temporalities for the benefit of the baron or his creatures. "The Bishop had the title, but my Lord got the milk or commoditie."

The volume contains many allusions to the turbulent life formerly led by the Highland Gaels, such as the one relating to a disastrous cheese, referring to which we have the following note:—

Three parties of the Macdonalds of Glencoe went in different directions on a Faugh-Nollagh, or "gentle begging" expedition, for the Christmas of 1543. They met by appointment at the Black Mount, and proceeded to divide the proceeds, when it was found, after everything else had been divided, that the remnant of a cheese was still to be disposed of. From words on the subject the claimants came to blows—not with fists, alas! but with dirks; and, if the story be true, only one man out of eighteen was left to tell the tale! A small loch at the spot where this happened is still known as *Lochan-na-fala*, the bloody tarn.

One of the sayings recorded refers to a time when there were wolves in Scotland, the story being "that two men went to a wolf's den, when wolves still flourished in Scotland, for the purpose of carrying off the whelps. The den was in a cairn with a narrow entrance, through which one of the men crept in while the other stood on guard outside. Presently the yelping of the young ones called their mother to the rescue, and she bolted past the man outside, who was dexterous enough, however, to seize her by the tail while she was disappearing. So they stood, the she-wolf blocking the entrance and darkening the den, while the man outside held on like grim death. The man within finding the light suddenly obscured, called out to his companion, 'What is that darkening the hole?' The reply was, 'If the tail breaks, your head will know who darkened the hole,' which has since become a familiar saying.

We are not in a mood to write on proverbs and familiar phrases generally, or to institute minute comparisons between those of the Scotch Gaels and those of other nations; and, if we had been inclined to venture on the latter course, the editor has given us no assistance in the shape of a good and useful index. This is the only serious charge we have to make against him. He has, however, brought together some groups, in English, in his Introduction, under such headings as those of Religion, Morals, Self-respect, Truth, Courage, Temperance, Industry, Courtesy, Benevolence, Caution, Pools, Boors, Women, Children, and others. But we shall only mention in particular those referring to women, which may be characterized as conceived in much the same spirit as those of other European nations; but, on the whole, they are much less unfavourable to them than those of the peoples of Southern Europe. The following have been brought together by the editor:—

Meal is finer than grain, women are finer than men. There was never good or ill but women had to do with it. Modesty is the beauty of women. I like not pullets becoming cocks. Take no woman for a wife in whom you cannot find a flaw. Choose your wife as you wish your children to be. Take a bird from a clean nest. Choose the good mother's daughter, were the Devil her father. If you take a wife from Hell, she'll bring you home there. When you see a well-bred woman, catch her, catch her; if you don't do it, another will catch her. Their own will to all men, all their will to women. What a woman knows not she'll conceal. Harsh is the praise that cannot be listened to; dark are the dames that cannot be dallied with. Where a cow is, a woman will be; where a woman is, temptation will be (attributed to St. Columba). A man's wife is his blessing or bane. If you wish to be praised, die; if you wish to be decried, marry. You are too merry, you ought to marry. Who speaks ill of his wife dishonours himself. True or false, it will injure a woman. Warm is the mother's breath.

But this by no means exhausts the references in the volume to women, some of the most amusing ones being omitted in it, such as that about "MacCormack's wives, very strong in the neck," or the one worded "Pity him who would burn his harp for you," in allusion to a Hebridean harper, who, having nothing else to make a fire with to warm his wife, broke his harp in pieces and burned it. The story, which forms, as it appears, the subject of one of Hector McNeill's poems, goes on to say that he failed to warm her heart, as she proved by running away with another man before the morning.

Some of the most interesting things in the book are for several reasons the allusions to Cuchullin, as in the saying "As strong as Cuchullin," *a propos* of which we learn that Cuchullin's name is still associated in the island of Skye with the old vitrified fort of Dùn Sgathlach at Ord, where his son Connlaach was supposed to have been born and brought up by his mother, whom Cuchullin is made to describe in *Fingal* as

The sunbeam of Dunscaulch of waves,
White-bosomed fair of gentle eye,
Whom I left in the Isle of hosts.

Mr. Nicolson very properly raises his voice, however, against the habit of guide-book writers, who would improve the Coolin Hills in the same island into Cuchullin's Hills, to which they have no local or historical claim, as the name is pronounced by the natives *Coolyun*, which they could never confound with that of Cuchullin. It is curious also to notice that the sweet-scented herb called *Queen of the Meadow* is in Gaelic called Cuchullin's Belt, as in

* A Collection of Gaelic Proverbs and Familiar Phrases, based on Macintosh's Collection. Edited by Alexander Nicolson, M.A., LL.D., Advocate. Edinburgh: Macneilhan & Stewart. 1881.

Alexander Macdonald's "Song of Summer"; the passage has been rendered:—

Sweet is the scent of thy deck,
Thou belt of Cuchullin of calma.

We should like to do justice to the allusions to the Fenian legends in the Gaelic sayings of the Highlands, but, as we have not had time to make an index, we can only mention the following which we happen to have stumbled across, worded "Conan's life among the demons: If bad for me, for them no better." Conan was one of the principal characters in the legends about Finn, or, as the Highlanders love to call him, Fingal. He was, the editor tells us, the only disagreeable one of the Fenians; in fact, he is described as rash, quarrelsome, and meddlesome. Among other things he did, he is said to have visited Hell in search of some of his departed friends, and to have there given as good as he got to the fiends. Sir Walter Scott picked up the story, and made use of it, as the editor remarks, in *Waverley*, where Mrs. Flockhart asks:—"And will ye face thae tearing chields, the dragoons, Ensign Maccombich?" "Claw for claw," quoth he, "as Conan said to Satan, Mrs. Flockhart, and the Deevil tak' the shortest nail."

The allusions to witches and ghosts are numerous in the book, but we will only mention the one rendered "The way of the ghost, going round the bridge," to which is appended the following note:—

The superstition here referred to is illustrated in *Tam o' Shanter*, where the infernal pur-ueers have no power to go beyond the keystone of the bridge. Another saying is, "I came round about, the ghost's trick," in reference to which the following story is told. A certain man was haunted by a ghost, which met him wherever he went, so that he became known in the country-side as Big Donald of the Ghost. Weary of his life, he went away to America, hoping there to be rid of his tormentor—but in vain. The very night of his arrival, the first person he met in the streets was his old friend. He cried out in amazement—"How did you come here?" "I came round about," said the imperturbable ghost. Donald in disgust returned home.

We can thoroughly recommend the book as full of amusement and instruction. But when it reaches another edition, let us hope that the editor will not be so cruel to his readers as not to provide them with the assistance of a good index.

PASTORAL DAYS.*

THIS pleasant American book has brought to our remembrance, though without any sense of imitation, two old-fashioned favourites. In the first place, its descriptions of rural humanity, its rustic sweetness and humour, have a certain analogy with the delicately pencilled studies of life in Miss Mitford's *Our Village*; but the relation it bears to the second book is much closer. It is more than forty years since Mr. P. H. Gosse published the first of those delightful sketches of animal life at home which have led so many of us with a wholesome purpose into the woods and lanes. It was in the *Canadian Naturalist* that he broke this new ground, and though we do not think this has ever been one of his best known books, we cannot but believe that there are still many readers who will be reminded of it as they glance down Mr. Gibson's pages. The fauna and flora of both books are the same, or nearly the same; the patient, cheerful attitude in the presence of nature is the same; and in his specially entomological fervour the younger distinctly recalls to us the elder naturalist. The indignation of the villagers at the man who can spend his time in paying attention to insect-life is told in a story that directly reminds one of Mr. P. H. Gosse's anecdotes. In Canada, as in New England, there seems a wider and more generous landscape than we can boast. A recent American writer, otherwise highly complimentary to our institutions, complains of the poverty and confined range of our scenery. Only once, for a moment, among the billowy woods of Sussex, did he contrive to lose the sense of restriction and constraint that our landscapes gave him, and he found himself always sighing for the boundless forest and vast rivers of the States. Even in the naturalist's account of the civilized parts of New England, where all is pastoral and comparatively old, we have the same impression of vastness. The powers of nature are unexhausted, the ground itself retains its primeval richness, and the explorer who dives into a solitude is not always, as in England, coming out upon the seamy side of nothing. To those who are haunted by the narrowness of the old world and the swarming civilization of its crowded acres, there is something very soothing and almost moving in the record of a life spent in the beautiful woodlands of America. Mr. Howells has prophesied that a time will come when the gadding temper of the Yankee will turn backwards and form a wave of passionate nostalgia for American solitude. We fancy that the whole world will some day look to the back counties of the States as the only place where a man may be quiet and possess his soul.

People must be strangely constituted who do not enjoy such pages as Mr. Gibson has presented to us here. It is not merely that he writes well, though he possesses a style that is full of felicity, but the subject itself is irresistibly fascinating. We plunge with him into the silence of a New England village in a clearing of the woods. The spring is awakening in a flush of tender green, in a fever of warm days and shivering nights, and we hasten with our companion through all the bustle and stir of the few busy hours of light so swiftly that the darkness is on us before we are

aware. Then falls on the ear a pathetic, an intolerable silence; a deep mist covers the ground, a few lights twinkle in scattered farms and cottages, and all seems brooding, melting, in the deep and throbbing hush of the darkness. At last a little plaintive piping trill breaks the stillness:—

Again and again I hear the little lonely voice vibrating through the low-lying mist. It is only a little frog in some far-off marsh; but what a sweet sense of sadness is awakened by that lonely melody! How its weird minor key, with its magic touch, unlocks the treasures of the heart. Only the peeping of a frog; but where, in all the varied voices of the night, where even among the great chorus of nature's sweetest music, is there another song so lulling in its dreamy melody, so full of that emotive charm which quickens the human heart? How often in the vague spring twilight have I yielded to the strange, fascinating melancholy, awakened by the frog's low murmur at the water's edge! How many times have I lingered near some swampy roadside bog, and let these little wizards weave their mystic spell about my willing senses, while the very air seemed to quiver in the fulness of their song. I remember the tangle of tall and withered rushes, through whose mysterious depths the eye in vain would strive to penetrate at the sound of some faint splash or ripple, or perhaps at the quaint, high-keyed note of some little isolated hermit, piping in his sombre solitude. I recall the first glimpse of the rising moon, as its great golden face peered out at me from over the distant hill, enclosing half the summit against its broad and luminous surface. Slowly and steadily it seemed to steal into view, until, risen in all its fulness, I caught its image in the trembling ripples at the edge of the soggy pool, where the palpitating water responded to the frog's low, tremulous monotone. Higher and higher it sailed across the inky sky, its glow now changed to a silvery pallor, across whose white halo, in a floating film, the ghostly clouds glide in their silent flight.

The wailing of the great owl upon the maple-tree breaks through this mood of reverie, and takes our author back in memory to the scenes of his youth, where the owl was looked upon as a creature of most sinister omen, and his own partiality to it, as a proof that there was something uncanny or even "fey" about him. All this is described with great sympathy and delicacy; but perhaps Mr. Gibson is most felicitous in his little touches of floral painting. He has a few words about the earthy, spicy fragrance of the arbutus that might have been said in verse by the late Mr. Bryant; his description of the effect of biting the bulbs of the Indian turnip, or "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," is inimitable in its quiet way; while the phrase about the fading dandelions—"the golden stars upon the lawn are nearly all burnt out; we see their downy ashes in the grass"—is perhaps the best thing ever said about a humble flower, whose vulgarity, in the literal sense, blinds us to the beauty of its evolution and decay.

In his studies of life and country manners Mr. Gibson is a very agreeable and amusing, if not quite so novel, a companion. Not seldom he reminds us, not merely of Miss Mitford, but sometimes of Thoreau and of Hawthorne. The story of Aunt Huldry, the village crone who sustained herself upon simples to the age of a hundred and three, is one of those little vignettes, half-humorous, half-pathetic, and altogether picturesque, in which the Americans excel. Aunt Huldry was an old witch in a scarlet hood, whose long white hair, flowing behind her, was wont to frighten the village children who came upon her in the woods; but she was absolutely harmless, a crazy old valetudinarian, who was always searching for the elixir of life in strange herbs and decoctions. At last she thought she had found it in sweet-fern, and she spent her last years in grubbing up every specimen she could find, smoking it, chewing it, drinking it, and sleeping with a little bag of it tied round her neck.

But, although Mr. Gibson writes so well, he modestly disclaims all pretension as a writer, and lets us know that he is an artist by profession. His book is illustrated by more than seventy designs from his pencil, engraved in that beautiful American manner to which we have so often called attention that we need not particularly dwell upon it here. The scenes designed are closely analogous to those described in the text. We have an apple-orchard in full blossom, with a group of idlers lounging underneath the boughs; scenes in the fields so full of mystery and stillness that we are reminded of Millet, or of our own Mason; clusters of flowers drawn with all the knowledge of a botanist and the sympathy of a poet. It is hard to define the peculiar pleasure that such illustrations give to the eye. It is something that includes and yet transcends the mere enjoyment of whatever artistic excellence the designs may possess. We are directly reminded by them of such similar scenes as have been either the rule or the still more fascinating exception of every childish life, and at their suggestion the past comes back; in the familiar Wordsworthian phrase, "A river flows on through the vale of Cheapside." It is a curious matter of speculation how far this sentiment of homely nature is or is not a growth of nineteenth-century civilization. A certain sentiment of the grandiose forms of scenery was undoubtedly introduced into life at the close of last century, and scarcely existed before even in trained poetic minds. But the homelier beauty, the picturesque of the minute objects that surround our feet, this seems to have been more or less an element of human feeling from the first, and as vivid in Theocritus or Virgil or Herrick as in any nature-loving bard who has flourished since the French Revolution.

We know so little over here of the best American art that it may chauce that Mr. Gibson is very well known in New York. We confess, however, that we never heard of him before; but his drawings are so full of delicate fancy and feeling, and his writing so skilful and graceful, that, in calling attention to his book as one of the prettiest that the present winter season has brought forth, we cannot but express the hope that we soon may hear of him again, in either function, or in both.

* *Pastoral Days; or, Memories of a New England Year.* By W. Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated. London: Chatto & Windus.

ACOSTA'S HISTORY OF THE INDIES.*

IN the whole series of volumes put forth by the Hakluyt Society few probably deserve to be read with greater attention or will better repay the reader than Acosta's book on what he calls the natural and moral history of the Indies. It has its special scientific value in the fact that it laid the foundations of physical geography, while the portion which is devoted to a narrative of events may almost be regarded as a contemporary history. His trustworthiness has been admitted by more recent writers; and, if we adopt Mr. Markham's somewhat curious numerical test, he takes the fourth place among the original authorities on Mexican and Peruvian affairs during the century of the conquest. It seems that in Mr. Prescott's *Conquest of Peru* "Garcilasso de la Vega is quoted eighty-nine, Cieza de Leon forty-five, Polo de Ondegardo forty-one, and Acosta nineteen times." The scrutiny of some other books might furnish a different result; but if Acosta seems, with Prescott, to have a subordinate place, this is perhaps only because Prescott's plan did not throw him back on the most valuable portion of Acosta's work. Acosta shows undoubtedly no small historical powers; but his heart was clearly given to the most careful study of the formation, the products, the people, of a country in regard to everything which tends to make them what they are; and, so long as he is engaged on these subjects, his writing has a peculiar charm.

Whether that charm would have been enhanced by a new translation instead of republishing one now nearly two hundred and eighty years old, we can scarcely venture to say. The fastidious eyes of more modern readers are apt to quarrel with the spelling of the Elizabethan age, and a more solid objection may be urged against the lumbering style of some of the Elizabethan writers. But this charge cannot fairly be brought against the translator who attached simply the initials E. G. to his rendering of Acosta's work in an English dress. It has been ascertained, Mr. Markham tells us, that this was Edward Grimston, who wrote a history of France, and translated or compiled a general history of the Netherlands from that of Jean François le Petit and the manuscripts of Sir Roger Williams. He was the grandfather of Sir Harbottle Grimston, whose name became known in the civil wars, and he is said to have reached the mature age of ninety-eight. It is more to the purpose that he could write English, and good English too, with not too much of Latin in it. Of his translation of Acosta Mr. Markham speaks as creditable and trustworthy, although it makes some omissions and has some blunders, especially in proper names and native words, which have been corrected in the present edition.

It would not be easy to express in a single phrase the qualities which impart to Acosta's volumes their power of attracting and keeping the attention of the reader. They are rich in information of all kinds, and whatever be the subject with which he is dealing, we see that the author was a man not only of wide but of deep learning, which he has thoroughly at his command; but it is not this alone which challenges our respect, for on many matters of which he treats much is known now which was utterly unknown in his day. Nor are his pages startling from any expressions of a destructive or negative philosophy. Acosta was a member of the Society of Jesus, and no imputation has been thrown on his orthodoxy; and although his utterances here and there are fully beyond some which have brought others into trouble, he was altogether unconscious of any inconsistency between his theological or religious and his scientific convictions. Nor can it be said that in the field of physical science he was to any wonderful extent beyond his age. His birth synchronises with the death of Copernicus; but he makes no reference to that astronomer, nor is there any reason for thinking that he was alive to the fundamental principles of his system. Experience had convinced him that the earth was a globe; and he had learnt that the whole heavens around it were in motion, but it is very doubtful whether he had any idea of the relations of the sun with his planets to other bodies in the universe. But a man's worth is to be measured not so much by his actual knowledge as by his method of dealing with matters which are only partially known or are wholly new to him, or, in other words, by the means which he uses for the discovery of the truth of facts. It is here that Acosta shows the true scientific temper; and it is this which must win for him the respect and sympathy of readers who yet may think that, although he used his opportunities to good purpose, he might have used them for better.

Such a censure would probably be undeserved, for we have to remember the vast range of facts and the multiplicity of the questions with which he had to deal; and, if under such conditions he could judge calmly and dispassionately, he was doing perhaps a harder work than that which fell to the lot of Copernicus or Galileo. We may find the evidence of this in almost every page of the book. His explanation of the darkness of portions of the nightly heavens may or may not be adequate; but he seized at once the real point when he asserted "that according to the figure which these spots have in heaven, they move with the same proportion with their stars without any separation. . . . It followeth then by all that we have said, that the heaven containeth in it all the parts of the earth, circling continually about it, without any more doubt." The soundness of his judgment is

specially tested when he has to encounter theories which seem to have sprung up almost with the discovery of the new world. No sooner had Spanish enterprise forced itself unto Mexico and Peru than the wise or the devout were ready with their reasons for saying that Peru was the Ophir of the historical books of the Old Testament, and that the nations found in America were the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. The folly of these notions is shown in each case by a simple reference to facts. Peru yields gold, but it does not yield it in the quantities ascribed to the Biblical Ophir, nor has it the precious stones and the exquisite woods of the latter. As to the resemblance in sound between the names Ophir and Peru, that seems to him "of small consideration." If that argument "were of force, we might as well say that Yecatan is Jectan mentioned in the holy scripture." Of the other problem which is concerned with the peopling of America he confesses candidly that he can give no satisfactory solution; but he is sure that, they must have come either by sea or by land; and the enormous difficulties involved in the idea of their having crossed the vast Atlantic or Pacific Oceans incline him to the conclusion that they must have come by land. But, as he is careful to record his conviction that there yet remains much land to be discovered in these oceans, so he urges that there is no reason or experience contradicting his "conject or opinion that the whole earth is united or joined in some part, or at least the one approacheth neere unto the other." This is a remarkable anticipation of the more recent knowledge gained of the conformation of Northern Asia and America. But, however the so-called Indians of America may have found their way thither, they are clearly not Jews, in spite of any points of seeming likeness on which stress may be laid; for, on the other side, he says:—

We know well that the Hebrews used letters, whereof there is no shew among the Indians; they were great lovers of silver, these make no care of it; the Jewes, if they were not circumcised, held not themselves for Jewes, and contrariwise the Indians are not at all, neither did they ever use any ceremonie neere it as many in the East have done. But what reason of conjecture is there in this, seeing the Jewes are so careful to preserve their language and antiquities, so as in all parts of the world they differ and are known from others, and yet at the Indies alone they have forgotten their lineage, their law, their ceremonies, their Messias, and finally their whole Judaisme.

Such follies, however, are seldom killed; and dreamers, driven off from America, find the lost tribes in Afghans and in Englishmen. But with Acosta fact is the great teacher. He approached the equator with the prepossessions of a man who has put faith in the theories of Aristotle and Virgil; but, on crossing it, the cold was such as to make him glad to get into the sunshine for warmth; and what else could he do then "but laugh at Aristotle's Meteors and his Philosophie?" He had his political as well as his theological prejudices; but he was quite ready to admit that the government of Spain was not perfect, and that there were good points in the government of Montezuma. "Every history well written is," he says, "profitable to the reader, for, as the wise man saith, 'That which hath bin, is; and that which shall be, is that which hath bene.' Humane things have much resemblance in themselves, and some growe wise by that which happeneth to others. There is no nation, how barbarous soever, that have not something in them good and worthy of commendation, nor commonweale so well ordered that hath not something blameworthy, and to be controlled." He speaks with less certainty, as we might expect, when he has to deal with narratives of portents and prodigies, and with regard to these his sentences curiously balance or nullify each other. They are worthless and they are valuable; they are not to be trusted and they are to be treated as divinely sent warnings.

Although the holy Scripture forbids us to give credite to signes and vaine prognostications, and that S. Jerome doth admonish us not to feare tokens from heaven, as the Gentiles do, yet the same Scripture teacheth us that monstrous and prodigious signes are not altogether to be contemned, and that often they are forerunners of some generall changes and chastisements which God will take, as Eusebius notes well of Cæsarea.

He is not less exercised about those passages in the Bible which describe the earth as flat. He refuses altogether to admit the authority of Chrysostom or any other Father when they deal with questions of astronomy; and he does not rate highly the wisdom of the former when "he doth laugh at those which hold the heavens to be round," although "it seemes the holy Scripture doth inferre as much, turning the Heavens a Tabernacle or Frame built by the hand of God." But his learning makes it easy for him to set one Father against another, and the opinion of Chrysostom is set aside by the dictum of Jerome, "that those which hold the heaven to be round are not repugnant to the holy Scripture, but conformable to the same." We shall, however, go wrong if we look on his conclusions as involving the theory of a heliocentric system. His words have their value chiefly as showing his position in reference to the ascertainment of fact and the interpretation of Scripture. The fact, if proved, is not to be denied, and it may sweep away a multitude of time-honoured ideas. The south wind is warm in our northern hemisphere; and, according to Aristotle, "we must confesse of necessity that the Southern wind is that which blowes and comes from the burning zone, the which being so neere the sunne wautes water and pastures." But Acosta had seen abundance of water and excellent pastures in this burning zone, and so he adds:—

This is Aristotle's opinion, and, in truth, man's conjecture can hardly passe any further. So as I do often consider with a Christian contemplation how weak the philosophie of the wise of this world hath bene in the searche of divine things, seeing in humane things (wherein they seeme so well read) they often err.

* *The Natural and Moral History of the Indies*. By Father Joseph de Acosta. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. 2 vols. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1880.

He sees, in short, that the testimony of genuine experience must be paramount, and that it is absurd to take a metaphor, no matter where it may be found, as authoritatively settling any question. Otherwise the anthropomorphites may safely take their stand on the saying, "Heaven is my throne and earth is my footstool"; and thus he reaches the conclusion, "that in the holy Scriptures we ought not to follow the letter which kills but the spirit which quickeneth." Some of his own notions, as on the subject of earthquakes or sea-sickness, are perhaps worth no more than Aristotle's theories about the south wind; but they are the notions of a man who has his eyes open to note all that may be brought before him, and his sojourn of seventeen years in Central America has been made to yield a rich harvest. As a historian he is judicious; as a naturalist he is both accurate and unwearyed. Among the few products of the country which he has not noticed is the tree with which Mr. Markham's name will be closely associated in India; but of the general features of the country his descriptions are excellent. It is clear that the time which he spent in tropical America was one of no little enjoyment, and he almost waxes eloquent in speaking of the climate of Aristotle's fire-devastated zone:—

Considering with myself the pleasing temperature of many countries at the Indies, where they know not what winter is which by his cold doth freeze them; nor summer which doth trouble them with heat, but that with a matto they preserve themselves from the injuries of all weather, and where they scarce have any need to change their garments throughout the year, I say that often considering of this, I find that if men at this day would vanquish their passions and free themselves from the snarcs of covetousness, leaving many fruitless and pernicious disciplines, without doubt they might live at the Indies very pleasant and happily.

As we may suppose, he esteems the climate more than the people; and his remarks on the religion especially of the Mexicans are thoroughly to the point. He sees that it rested wholly on the primitive idea of Chthonian gods, gods whose keenest appetites are those of hunger and thirst, and of whom nothing more terrible could be said to their worshippers than that they were dying for want of human flesh and human blood. One of the most vigorous supporters of this worship was the second Montezuma, whose character, as given by Acosta, is probably the more true as lacking the gloss thrown over it by the more glowing narrative of Prescott.

FARMING IN A SMALL WAY.*

WE have rarely opened a book more replete with valuable and practical information than this handy little volume of Mr. Long's. Indeed it must have needed no slight self-control to condense into such very moderate compass the results of so much study and experience. To say nothing of the chief topics of what may more strictly be called farming, such chapters as those on the dairy and poultry-yard, on gardening and bee-keeping, might easily have been expanded almost indefinitely. But Mr. Long, greatly to his credit, has steadfastly resisted all temptations of the kind; and we may well hope that he will reap a satisfactory harvest in the shape of popularity, if not of profits. He has written principally for the benefit of gentlemen farmers, who may have undertaken to cultivate thirty to forty acres, which is about the smallest extent of land they can hope to turn to the best account as an investment. Assuming that they are fairly intelligent, and that they are prepared to supplement the use of their capital by assiduous attention to a business that should be a pleasure, Mr. Long gives them every encouragement. Speaking with all deference to his superior knowledge, we should be inclined to think that the general contrasts he has drawn between the cost of living in town and in the country are decidedly coloured in rose so far as the latter is concerned. At the same time he rejects with searching common-sense criticism some of the extravagant estimates as to particular branches of profit, which theorists, on the strength of logic and figures, have worked out entirely to their own satisfaction. As for his own statements and suggestions, they are invariably those of a thoroughly well-informed expert; nor does he attempt to impose them on us by a mere *ipse dixit*. On the contrary, and especially when differing from the majority of recognized authorities, he always states his reasons succinctly; and when he deduces his arguments from close money calculations he shows that he has all the figures at his fingers' ends. We may add that, being himself a practical farmer, he must have tested most of the plans he recommends.

We have said that his general picture of what ought to be the position of the industrious gentleman farmer in a small way is somewhat rose-coloured. Thus, he asserts, what is doubtless very true, that "there is no end to the home production of food for home consumption"; but he goes on to add that, "excepting for clothing, grocery, coal, and minor matters, it should not be necessary to have a tradesman's bill at all"—a proposition that seems very much more problematical. He refers to an old work, written in the beginning of this century, with the object of showing that a gentleman in the country could live as well with economy and keep as good a position on 200*l.* a year as if he were settled in London on an income of 1,000*l.* We should have fancied at least that, with the increased cost of living, and the tremendous fall in the prices of agricultural produce from what they stood at

through the long wars with Napoleon, the estimate would have been valueless for present purposes. But that is not the opinion of Mr. Long. He believes not only that the author was in the right when he wrote, but that the thing is perfectly feasible still. In a chapter entitled "The Household" he goes carefully into details. He assumes, of course, that his country gentleman has a few hundred pounds of capital to start with, and that he has laid them out to the best advantage under competent advice. His actual cash incomes from sales will form but a small part of his profit. His home is supplied chiefly from his own little domain and farm buildings. He need never buy milk, butter, or vegetables; and he fattens his own pork. Besides that, the butcher, baker, and grocer may be paid in great measure from the home produce, by way of barter. His rent is set down, with the taxes, at 100*l.*, which ought to infer a sufficiently comfortable dwelling-house. And, with rent and taxes included, taking into account his special arrangements with the indispensable tradesmen mentioned above, his total outgoings are to be slightly under 400*l.*, while the receipts, comprising the home consumption, will be somewhat in excess of it. And this briefly is the way in which he is to manage, in order to arrive at a result so desirable. He has rented thirty acres. He lays twelve acres out of the thirty down in grass; two are reserved for yard, garden, and orchard; seven for growing various kinds of corn; and the rest for potatoes, roots, and field vegetables. He keeps a couple of useful horses, that may plough or go in a carriage; with eight cows, besides pigs. The cows are to be almost entirely stall-fed, as they always are by the frugal peasant-proprietors on the Continent. Thus nine acres of his grassland may be left to be mown for the home-feeding. The yield of wheat should supply bread enough for the year; the barley he raises will feed his pigs and poultry, while the oats will suffice for the horses. The main sources of his actual profits are in the potatoes, dairy, pigs, calves, and poultry. Mr. Long takes the yield of potatoes at a minimum of five tons to the acre. If of well-selected sorts, they ought to sell at from 10*l.* to 12*l.* per ton; and with thirteen tons to spare for the market, that gives no less than 135*l.* in shape of receipts. The sales of butter, after deducting the grocery account, come to 100*l.* in round numbers; the pigs, after paying the butcher's bill, ought to bring in 130*l.*; while the poultry-yard will be good for another 100*l.*, and the calves for 30*l.* more. Mr. Long has evidently felt in drawing out his tables that those results would be at least as surprising as satisfactory. For he protests beforehand that he has no idea of straying into the regions of the impossible; and has merely considered "what may be realized by dint of care, attention, and industry." While he adds *per contra* and by way of postscript to his balance-sheets, that the several items, as he has set them down, are almost all of them capable of great extension. The returns on the single article of calves might be doubled at the least; while much more might be made of the pigs and poultry. But we imagine that most people would be more than contented, even were their incomes materially within his margins.

There are certain simple, but golden, rules laid down for the guidance of the farmer. In the first place, he must look well before he leaps, and take care to select his locality judiciously. Next, in taking so small a holding on lease, he ought to be able to secure full liberty of action, or, at all events, be free from the crippling routine of hard and fast covenants and rules of cropping. Necessarily he must practise systematic economy. But, at the same time, it is shortsighted folly to grudge giving a good price for a good article. Thus there could be no more fatal saving than buying cows that are beginning to be worn out, or even past their prime; while it is self-evident that in the matter of his manures he must be liberal both as to quality and quantity. *A propos* of manure, nothing is to be wasted; and even the refuse of almost everything that comes out of the soil should be returned to it in one shape or another. The small farmer must have the faculty of judicious combination, and his whole systems of feeding and cropping should be arranged with the most minute consideration as to dovetailing their separate parts. He must be intelligent, of course, and have something of the natural bent of the late Mr. Mechi, whom Mr. Long, by the way, repeatedly quotes. He must specially study the character of the soil, not only with regard to the cropping, but to the methods of tillage, and he must never be sparing of labourers' wages. Spade husbandry, with its thorough stirring of the land, is much to be commended within his manageable limits; yet there is such a thing, on the other hand, as going to work too thoroughly. After a field has been brought into high condition at great expense, an unkindly substratum may be forced to the surface.

Much must depend on the proper choice of seeds, roots, or breeds of animals, and there Mr. Long's experienced advice will be found invaluable. Thus, in potatoes, which, as we have seen, are almost to be the farmer's mainstay, there are tubers which are predisposed to disease, while others appear to be practically safe from it. The size and quality will of course essentially affect the price, while there is a great deal in the manner of sowing. It has been very much the practice to throw aside the smallest and poorest roots for seed, and we need hardly say there can be no more false economy. So with the pigs, some breeds of which fatten more quickly than others on a far smaller allowance of food, to say nothing of their superiority of flesh and the comparative absence of bone. Of the necessity of exercising a wise discretion in the selection of poultry we need hardly speak. Some fowls lay eggs in abundance but will not sit; others do less in the way of

* *Farming in a Small Way.* By James Long, Author of "Poultry for Prizes and Profit," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1881.

laying, but are admirable nursing mothers; while there are others, again, that fetch comparatively little at the poultryer's, owing to the colour of the flesh, or even the tint of the skin. We confess that Mr. Long has given us a new "wrinkle" in strongly recommending the Plymouth Rock. He tells us that it is an American bird with Asiatic blood in its veins. "It is perhaps equal to anything yet described as a farmer's fowl; it is, *par excellence*, a fowl for all, possessing every qualification for profit. It is large, very hardy, tame, a fine layer of large yellow eggs, very plump and tender on the table; it is precocious, and a quick grower; and, moreover, a fine sitter and mother." It would be difficult to say more in its praise; and though he mentions that as yet they are rare in England, we shall expect them to become common ere long. The chapter on cows and dairy management is admirable—it contains some interesting notes, by the by, on foreign cheeses—but the subject is so wide that we dare not even touch it. For the same reason, we hardly venture to follow Mr. Long into the garden and orchard, though there also he is well worth consulting as to the most suitable seeds and plants for different seasons and situations. He dwells on the propriety of utilizing each inch of space with seedlings that may be shifted elsewhere in the garden or even transferred to the fields; though all that can only be carried out by the ungrudging use of fertilizers. In laying out an orchard, he points out that special care must be taken in examining the subsoil to which the plants will strike their roots. The trees will pine and wither away should they get down to wet. The more hardy fruits will necessarily pay the best in such a climate as ours; and Mr. Long refers especially to the profit that may be made by apples, if the grower can dispense with the services of a middleman. "If he is able to store apples with safety, he could almost make his own price in the winter." With regard to fruit bushes and trees, two suggestions of his have struck us. One is, that gaps in hedges might be advantageously filled up with gooseberry bushes. The other relates to growing vines in the open air. In many localities where they fail the failure is set down to the climate. Mr. Long considers that success depends rather on the exposure and the variety of the vine than on temperature. There are plenty of hardy sorts to be procured, and he says, "if a suitable grape is grown, we can see no reason why every south wall and every cottage porch should not be ornamented with glorious clusters which would add so much to the pleasure of the occupants." There are a variety of minor matters besides which are pleasantly and instructively treated, from game, dogs, and bees, down to rabbits, rats, and ferrets. All we have attempted is to give some general idea of the contents of a volume which deserves to be studied by every resident in the country who takes an interest in country pursuits.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ON and after May 1 the PAINTING of the celebrated Russian Artist AIVAZOVSKY will be ON VIEW for a short time only at the PALL MALL GALLERY, 48 Pall Mall, S.W. The famous Paintings, "COLUMBUS'S SHIP IN A STORM," and "COLUMBUS LANDING ON THE ISLAND OF SAN SALVADOR," are alone worth seeing. His Continental reputation among Art Critics and Royalty (for whom he has executed several works of art) in Italy, Rome, France, and Russia has long been established, and should tempt admirers of fine original paintings to take an early opportunity of seeing his celebrated Pictures.—Admission, 1s. Fridays, 2s. 6d. Catalogue, with Biography of Artist, 6d.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, May 4, at 6.30 for 7 precisely. His Excellency the Hon. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, United States Minister, is the Chair. Tickets, 21s. each, may be obtained from the Stewards and from the Secretary, OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, For the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans. The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, May 14, at six o'clock. The Right Hon. the EARL of ROSEBURY in the Chair. Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by: JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., Honorary Secretary. PHILIP CHARLES HARDWICK, Treasurer. F. LAMBE PRICE, Secretary, 24 Old Bond Street, W. Dinner Tickets, including Wines, One Guinea.

ART-UNION of LONDON.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING to receive the Council's Report, and to distribute the Amount subscribed for the Purchase of Works of Art for the year 1881, will be held in the Royal Adelphi Theatre on Tuesday, May 4, at Half-past Eleven for Twelve o'clock precisely, by the kind permission of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. LEWIS POCOCK E. E. ANTROBUS Hon. Secs.

GUYS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The SUMMER SESSION will commence on Monday, May 2. The Hospital includes special departments for the Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Skin, &c. CLASSES are held in the Hospital for Students preparing for the Examinations of the University of London, and other Examining Boards. House Surgeons, Dressers, and Clinical Assistants are selected from the Students according to merit, and without extra payment. The Prizes and Scholarships are awarded for proficiency in the several branches of Medical study. Two Scholarships of 125 Guineas each, to be awarded next September, are open to Students who enter in the Summer session.—For Prospectus, and further information, apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, S.E.

GUYS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Two Open Scholarships, each of 125 Guineas, tenable for one year, will be open for competition on Monday, September 28, 1881, and following days. Open Scholarships in Science: the Subjects of Examination are Physics, Inorganic Chemistry, Botany, and Zoology. Open Scholarships in Arts: Subjects—Latin, Euclid, Algebra, Arithmetic, French and Greek, or German.—For further particulars and conditions apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, S.E.

THE Council of Firth College, Sheffield, intend to appoint a PRINCIPAL, who shall also be Professor either in the Literary or in the Mechanical Department of the College. These Departments will comprehend respectively the following subjects: 1. Classics, History, Literature, Political Economy, Moral Science. 2. Mathematics, Mechanics, Engineering, Geology, Physics. Applicants are requested to state in which of these Departments they would be prepared to act as Professor, and which of the Subjects in that Department they would be prepared to undertake. The Salary of the said Principal will be £500 per annum, with Half the Fees of his own Classes. The Council will only make the appointment in event of suitable candidates presenting themselves. Candidates are requested to give full particulars concerning age, experience, and any Academic distinctions they may have gained, together with any other information likely to affect the decision of the Council. The names of three gentlemen to whom reference may be made should be given, but no testimonials need be sent unless they are asked for. Applications to be sent on or before the 25th day of April next, to ENSOB DRURY, Registrar. Firth College, Sheffield, March 21, 1881.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.—STUDENTS for the Profession will be received by Mr. EDWARD MILNER in the Crystal Palace Company's School of Gardening and Practical Floriculture after May 1.—For Prospectus, apply to the Under-signd at the Palace. F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent of the School of Art, Science, and Literature.

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The next ENTRANCE EXAMINATION will be held at the London University, Burlington Gardens, W., and in Manchester, will begin on Monday, June 13. Forms of Entry should be filled up and sent on or before April 30, to the Secretary, Mrs. CROOK, Mountbatten, 31 Kensington Park Gardens, London, W., from whom information may be obtained.

The CLOTHWORKERS' EXHIBITION, of the value of 60 Guineas a year for Three years, will be awarded in connexion with this Examination.

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THE NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL for GIRLS, Sandall Road, Camden Road, N.W. The SUMMER TERM will commence on Thursday, April 24, 1881.

THE CAMDEN SCHOOL for GIRLS, Prince of Wales Road, N.W. The SUMMER TERM will commence on Tuesday, April 26, 1881.

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The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any Tender. Parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their Tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase-money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the conditions of sale.

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THE FUNERAL OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

THE remains of Lord BEACONSFIELD were committed last Tuesday to the resting place which he had himself chosen with a ceremony more imposing in reality than the most pompous public funeral. At a public funeral the attendance is perforce numerous and brilliant, but it is for the most part an official attendance, and the scene being London, the assistants put themselves but little out of the way. On Tuesday last an obscure Buckinghamshire village, and a ceremonial hardly more gorgeous than that which would be gone through in the case of any popular country squire, attracted an assembly which may be said to have been fully representative of the whole of English society. The heir to the Throne and two of his brothers, almost the whole body of foreign diplomats, all but one or two of the deceased statesman's colleagues, and many of his lifelong opponents, the heads or the heirs of the greatest houses in England, the most distinguished representatives of literature and art; last, but not least, a great multitude of delegates representing half the population of the country, followed the coffin of the late Conservative chief to his grave. That grave, putting the traditional abodes in death of the great men of England out of the question, could hardly have been better chosen. The country, better known perhaps than most purely country districts because of its lying on a road—the direct road from Oxford to London—which many men have trodden in the days which are least forgotten, has more than the usual charm of English country districts. Its remarkable diversity of hill and valley, the hills jutting out like promontories and embracing gulfs of green valley, while they themselves are saved by endless beech woods from the bareness which too often afflicts the higher eminences of the North and West, has a singular air of retirement and repose. It is not exactly a silent country, for the processes of fashioning the beechwood into its various uses are audible enough in most places. But the noise is rather cheerful than disturbing, and the manufacture is one of those old-world kinds which are conducted in cottage homes, and make a merely picturesque litter, not a grimy desolation. In the remoter depths of the hills and the woods the retirement is complete; and Hughenden itself, without a regular village, and at some distance from anything that, except in Buckinghamshire, would be called a town, is as far from any madding crowd as the most determined lover of a quiet God's acre could desire.

It is probable that there never has been so little discord in the opinion expressed at home and abroad at the decease of an eminent man. The graceful and satisfactory intention of the Government to erect, with the permission of Parliament, a monument in Westminster Abbey to Lord BEACONSFIELD, at the public expense, lost some of its grace by the unfortunate accident which prevented Mr. GLADSTONE from personally announcing it. Luckily, however, the person who stands next to Mr. GLADSTONE in general estimation as a representative of his party was able on an occasion suitable enough according to English habits, though it may seem incongruous to foreigners, to repair the misfortune to some extent. The plain and downright, but thoroughly satisfactory, panegyric which Lord HARTINGTON passed on the late Prime Minister at the Fishmongers' dinner expresses in an irresistible fashion the claims of Lord BEACONSFIELD

to the funeral honours he has received, and to those memorial honours which still remain to be paid. The eulogy is especially noteworthy because, as Lord HARTINGTON with just pride reminded his audience, it was practically only a repetition of one uttered by the same voice in the very hottest of the political battle, when but few on the same side were found to acknowledge the virtues of their great foe with the same union of courtesy and candour. It coincides, too, with the special praise which another Liberal, Lord ROSEBURY, had bestowed when it was yet a question whether Lord BEACONSFIELD would live or die. Nor can it be doubted that this praise exactly expresses the feelings of the majority of the nation, and, what is rarer, and perhaps more remarkable, of almost all foreign critics who are able to judge. Amid the general chorus of eulogy, seldom other than temperate and appropriate at home and abroad, three persons only, whose names are known to any one beyond their own immediate circle, have ventured in various manner and degree to hint faults and hesitate dislikes. The dubious language of Canon LIDON may be held to be either an apology for or a consequence of the uncertainty of vision which once made him unable to pronounce that bean-sacks were not men. M. SCHERER, according to a habit of critics, English as well as French, in dealing with foreign subjects, may have desired to convince his own countrymen of the profundity of his knowledge by differing with Englishmen themselves as to the obsolescence of Lord BEACONSFIELD's novels and the motives of Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, having sufficiently demonstrated already his lack of his father's qualities, may have desired to show that he at least possesses defects from which his father is free. But the mention of these discordant voices—its manner, a discord—may be excused as tending to show the real unanimity with which at least part of the excellences of the late Chief Minister of Queen VICTORIA has been recognized. It was once said of a different enough person, "C'est une pierre de touche, il déplaît invariablement à tous les imbéciles." Lord BEACONSFIELD undoubtedly had something of this same peculiarity; and it is not strange that some of those who disliked him should have been unable to avoid giving instances of the fact.

The terms of Lord HARTINGTON's eulogy might well be inscribed on the monument which Mr. GLADSTONE, it may be hoped, will still have the opportunity of formally proposing. "We have admitted," said the politician who for years had to fight a losing game against Lord BEACONSFIELD at the head of an insignificant and dispirited minority, lavish of imputation, and embittered by constant defeat—"We have willingly admitted that his policy, "has been directed to no mean petty personal or even party ends, that it has been one which, in the end, "has been calculated to promote the greatness of the Empire, "and the prosperity of this country." No higher eulogy can be passed by an opponent on any statesman than this, and it is, unfortunately, not one which has been or will be passed on all who have occupied the position of Lord BEACONSFIELD held. It indicates moreover the apt test by which history distinguishes between two classes of statesmen. It would be invidious even to specify the discrimination which this test has made in times past, still more to speculate on the way in which it is likely to work in the future. It is sufficient that the most unquestionable testimony, the testimony of a persistent and con-

...passes Lord BEACONSFIELD through the ordeal of this same peculiarity which has attracted most attention abroad. Abroad, too, even more than in England, the opinion of those who are qualified to judge asserts not merely that the greatness, the honour, and the true prosperity of England were Lord BEACONSFIELD's constant aim, but that they were his actual achievement. A remarkable sentence, written without the least personal reference to him and published when he was on his death-bed, expresses the opinion of a competent and impartial critic on this matter. "Au lendemain de San Stefano," says a recent French writer, "les Russes sont les maîtres de l'Orient; après le traité de Berlin il ne reste plus au Czar d'autre client que l'état Bulgare diminué de moitié." It is certain that this is the all but universal opinion of the Continent, and it is possible that it may one day be the accepted opinion of English history. The Treaty of Berlin would thus be classed with the Triple Alliance alike in the magnitude of its immediate effect, and in the folly with which its advantages were thrown away afterwards. This, however, is contentious matter, and it is better for the present to keep to ground which is common to all but the eccentric, the ill-natured, and the ill-informed. Despite M. SCHERRER, Lord BEACONSFIELD's novels are not obsolete in England, and it is exceedingly improbable that "Coningsby," "Henrietta Temple," and "Contarini Fleming," to name no others, will miss such immortality as happens to the usually short-lived literature of fiction. But Lord BEACONSFIELD's chief and proper function was not writing, well as he could and did write. The eulogy which has been made the text of this article seizes the real importance and nature of his work. At all times, those who are not rocked and dandled into legislators, but cut their own political fortunes out with their own swords, have been exposed to, and have too often deserved the reproachful title of adventurers. The epithet has been flung often enough at Lord BEACONSFIELD himself, and he has now been acquitted of it solemnly and finally by the deliberate judgment of those best qualified to judge with knowledge and least likely to judge with partiality. An adventurer does not set his country before party and personal ends; an adventurer does not come out of forty years of desperate political warfare with scarcely a personal enemy, and with hands on which unscrupulous and embittered foes are unable to detect a speck. Only in one sense, the older and better sense, of the word may the word adventurer be attached truly to Lord BEACONSFIELD's career. All England admits that he followed the quest of the greatness, the honour, the prosperity of his country with the courage, the perseverance, the fortitude in defeat, the moderation in victory of a legendary seeker after adventures. Half England, at least, believes that before he was laid among the Hughenden beeches the quest, if, after the manner of such things, only for a moment, was attained.

GREECE.

THE Ministers at Athens have probably reasons of their own for delaying the announcement of a decision which they must necessarily take. They think it prudent to consult popular prejudice by affecting to regard as a misfortune the wonderful good luck of obtaining without a struggle the large extension of territory which the Porte has been induced to concede. In private life judicious persons never congratulate a friend on high promotion, on an unexpected windfall, or generally on any success which may have been achieved by himself or his family. Experience has taught them that it is more complimentary to assume that merit has been inadequately rewarded. Newly-made judges like to be pitied for the supposed diminution of their professional incomes; and bishops profess regret for the loss of their former freedom from responsibility. In all cases it is possible to imagine a preferable state of things, with which alone, as with a recognized standard, less eligible conditions of life are compared. The Greek Government has selected the decision of the Berlin Conference as the high-water mark which has not subsequently been reached by the diplomatic tide. If the Plenipotentiaries at the Congress had been less liberal at the expense of Turkey than the Ambassadors at Constantinople in their late deliberations, the Greeks would have repudiated the authority which they now describe as paramount and conclusive. At one

time they almost succeeded in persuading themselves that they would go to war for the possession of Janina, Metsovo, and Prevesa; but sagacious observers justly conjectured that warlike enthusiasm was assumed for the purpose of obtaining as much as possible without detriment to the interests of peace. When the European representatives were instructed to warn the Greek Ministers of the consequences of further obstinacy, there could be no doubt of the ultimate acceptance of their advice. The disposition of the Court to consult the dictates of prudence was first allowed to transpire, and, when no disturbance followed, Mr. COMOUDOUROS and his colleagues thought it safe to return a reasonable answer to the offer of the Great Powers. For the purpose of avoiding sudden inconsistency with the policy which had been previously announced, the Note, which contained the acceptance of the modified frontier, was expressed in studiously ungracious language. The Greek Government professed not to have recovered from its surprise at the refusal of the Powers to be bound by the decision of Berlin. It was also thought proper to publish a protest on behalf of the Greek inhabitants of the districts which are not to be surrendered; and, with better reason, an inquiry was made as to the time and manner of the evacuation of the ceded territory by the civil and military Turkish authorities. The quarrelsome tone of the communication mattered but little, as it was a substitute for the threatened declaration of war. The resignation of the Minister who was specially charged with the organization of the army served as an additional argument to show that the Cabinet had formerly been in earnest.

The Porte with good reason complains of the inadmissible pretensions of the Greek Government to make stipulations for the supposed benefit of the population of Epirus. The least that could be expected in return for a voluntary sacrifice was a receipt in full; but the European Ambassadors will probably explain that the blustering language of the Greek Ministers is addressed rather to their own countrymen than to the Turkish Government. More conciliatory professions would have little practical value. There is no doubt that, as occasion arises, the Greeks will promote intrigues both in the neighbouring provinces and in the islands of the Archipelago. It might have been courteous to suppress for the moment any publication of their future intentions; but verbal warnings are neither more nor less significant than well-known designs. The Albanian revolt, which is perhaps not yet finally subdued, may in some degree reconcile the Greeks to the avoidance of a collision which might be dangerous. The Albanian tribes have among their causes of dissatisfaction with the Government of the SULTAN a feeling of resentment at the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro, and they regard with alarm the establishment of Greek dominion in Epirus. According to the latest accounts, a body of Albanian insurgents has occupied a part of the territory which has been ceded by the Porte to Greece; and the League disputes the validity of the transfer. The victory of DERSH PASHA may perhaps have broken the strength of the movement; but a Turkish general is not likely to exert himself for the purpose of compelling Albanians to submit to Greek authorities. The same officer, indeed, effected after long delay the cession of Dulcigno; but at that time the SULTAN and his Ministers were threatened with aggression by some of the Great Powers, and the friendly Government of Germany was exerting its influence to procure an early settlement of the Montenegrin dispute. Those who have the best means of judging of the present policy of the Turkish Government seem to apprehend no serious difficulty in the completion of the arrangement which has been effected with so much difficulty. In Thessaly there will be no real or fictitious insurgents to act the part of the Albanians, who, by a secret understanding with Constantinople, resisted for a time the surrender of Dulcigno. The province is occupied by regular Turkish troops, which will certainly obey the order to retire. It is highly probable that the ceded districts will contain many malcontents, including all the Mahometan population; but the majority will prefer, at least at the outset, Greek to Turkish rule.

The European Governments have not guaranteed to the SULTAN the quiet possession of his remaining dominions; but they have become morally responsible for the discouragement of Greek aggression, at least in the immediate future. It would be both dishonourable and impolitic to promote agitation for the transfer to Greece of the districts

in which are reserved to the SULTAN. The English Government, which has professed exceptional sympathy with Greece, is in consequence especially bound to adhere to the compromise which it has finally approved. Lord GRANVILLE's despatch to Mr. COCHRAN exhausts the merits of the controversy; and it is satisfactory to find that the mistake committed at the Berlin Conference originated with the French Government. Lord GRANVILLE wisely gives the true explanation of the change in English policy. He and his colleagues would, he says, have supported the decision of Berlin; but they found that some of the Powers were not prepared to insist on the acceptance by the Porte of the proposed frontier. The English Government had the good sense to acquiesce in the modified policy of its allies, and it now reminds the Greeks that the territory which they will acquire is extensive, fertile, and defensible. It may be hoped that irresponsible English sympathisers with Greece will henceforth desist from further efforts to disturb the peace. No serious politician will repeat the opinion which Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE lately thought fit to deliver, that the Greeks ought to take what they can get, and to wait for the earliest opportunity of obtaining more. The rash and unjustifiable advice of an obscure member of the Liberal party would matter little, but that his name may perhaps mislead foreigners into the belief that he speaks with authority. It is well that they should know that the speaker occupies no official position, and that, in unconsciously dissociating politics from morals, he has no pretension to represent the Government. The Greeks are not so delicately scrupulous that it is necessary to stimulate them to practise a perfidious policy. It would be difficult to feel satisfaction in their good fortune if the political interests of the kingdom were exclusively considered. The object of the Great Powers was praiseworthy or justifiable, not because it aggrandized a petty State, but because it has emancipated a considerable population from alien rule. The faults of Turkish administration are incurable, through incapacity rather than by reason of deliberate injustice. That the SULTAN should still be strong enough to defend his remaining dominions is expedient in the interests of peace. It is well that no sacrifice of life or treasure has been made in resistance to Greek pretensions. Competent judges entertained little doubt that a Greek invasion could have been successfully repelled; but war, if it had once begun, might not have been confined to a single quarter. If peace can be maintained for a reasonable time, it is possible that Greece and Turkey may find that they have interests in common. Both Governments are concerned to resist the encroachments of the Slavonic Principalities; and the Greeks in the northern parts of the peninsula have already suffered from the civil and ecclesiastical oppression of the Bulgarians. Unless the hopes which have been excited are unexpectedly baffled at the last moment, some satisfaction may be felt in a settlement attained by the cordial co-operation of the Great Powers. It is also worth while to note that the concert of Europe has only been found possible when it was directed to peaceful objects.

THE LAND BILL DEBATE.

THERE is a sufficiently paradoxical superstition to the effect that a bad beginning makes a good ending, and on this principle the end of the Land Bill debates in the House of Commons ought to be very good indeed. The singular maladroitness, or still more singular contempt of good management, which has again and again characterized the present Government, never appeared more remarkably than on Monday night. Ministers had made a point of the debate beginning in earnest on that day, and had turned a deaf ear to all representations of the inconvenience thus occasioned. Yet when the time came they were not ready even to put in an appearance, much less to conduct operations regularly, and the Bill was introduced anyhow by an inferior official. The Opposition, however, were ready if the Government were not, and some at least of the difficulties which have been puzzling all heads for the last fortnight were put with his usual force, and more than his usual moderation, by Mr. GIBSON. Such a speech evidently demanded a reply of the most serious character. It would have been impossible for the Opposition, all things considered, to open fire from heavier guns. Their own Irish Secretary is not in Parliament, and Mr. GIBSON's position, as ex-Law Officer, gave him an official

status, which was more than supported by his admitted legal and oratorical ability. Yet the Government made no sign even after that black swan an Ulster Liberal had given them time to make up their minds. The squabble—for it hardly deserved any other name—which followed was sufficiently discreditable to the Ministry, even if they had not hit upon the felicitous idea of deputing Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, their ordinary peacemaker, to make play for them. The well-known effect of an eironicon from the HOME SECRETARY is to set the House in a blaze, and something of this sort actually happened. That Mr. GLADSTONE should decline to receive lessons in the art of managing business was also nothing new. This is a favourite habit with the PRIME MINISTER; and, for some reason not altogether easy to discover, it never fails to fill his devoted followers with admiration. It may, however, be doubted whether it is either conclusive as an argument or sufficient as an excuse.

The point of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's jeer at Mr. GIBSON might have been anticipated. "You don't dare to move the rejection of the measure" was the only retort which the HOME SECRETARY could think of, and it was a very obvious one. It might have been hoped, but perhaps scarcely expected, that the discussion would be conducted in another fashion. In the first place, it is impossible, or at least unreasonable, to move the rejection of a measure, much of the meaning of which is certainly obscure to those who do not like it, and apparently unknown to those who do. But, in the second place (though it is not to be supposed that merely factious disputants, whether in or out of office, will understand this), to move the rejection of the Irish Land Bill *sans phrase* is no light matter, and one which but few serious politicians would take in hand. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his colleagues—who in the last Parliament repeatedly moved and supported resolutions and motions on foreign policy, the success of which was practically impossible, but which, if they had succeeded, would have produced consequences still more impossible to foresee—no doubt do not appreciate the attitude of hostile critics of the Land Bill. That attitude is, however, easily enough to be explained. There is, perhaps, no sane man acquainted with politics in either of the three kingdoms who believes it possible now to do without some sort of a Land Bill, unless England is prepared either to face permanent anarchy in Ireland or to put it down sternly and ruthlessly. It was possible a year ago; Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his colleagues have made it impossible. By coquetting for months with the Land League; by elaborate assurances that their measures of coercion, when at last they were decided upon, were merely the preface of measures of reform; by causing many landlords to give up the game in despair, and allowing others to be so nearly ruined that they are ready to accept any fragment of the loaf rather than none; by openly declaring their own belief in the occupier's right of partnership; by a score of other omissions and commissions, the Government have brought matters to such a pitch that something must be done. They have proposed a something which is more complicated than any measure of any kind that the English Parliament in all its experience has had before it, which affects not merely innumerable interests, but affects them in a way which is as yet dimly comprehensible, or not comprehensible at all. And all they have to say when explanation is asked for is, "You can take it or leave it; pass it or oppose it. If you dare not oppose it, what business have you to talk about it at all?"

Such, at least, was the attitude of the Government as it was displayed, not merely by their refusal to meet Mr. GIBSON, or in any way to enter on an explanatory course, but by the plain meaning of the HOME SECRETARY's speech. It was, of course, impossible that a pretension so monstrous should really be maintained; and Mr. FORSTER, late, unwillingly, and after many Irish and Liberal members had interferred to give him time to find something to say, did at last rise to meet Mr. GIBSON's objections, and to satisfy his inquiries. Practically speaking, the IRISH SECRETARY devoted himself to one point only—the point that the Bill, whatever advantages it confers on the tenants, confers them at the expense of the landlord without in any way compensating him. This is, of course, to put the matter in the largest possible way, but it is for the purpose sufficiently accurate. In particular, the objection has been made on all sides that the proposed tenant-right to be given must, if it have a value at all, have a value representable in money, and that exactly this amount is practically carved by the Bill out of the land-

lord's property. Mr. FORSTER denies this. He goes so far as to say that, if it were so, it would be a very unfair proceeding. But nowhere in his speech did he attempt to prove where the value of this tenant-right is to come from. If it is not to come out of the landlord's pocket, it must come out of the tenant's. That is to say, in the long run, besides paying a "fair rent" to the landlord, the tenant will pay the full balance of the utmost competition rent, in the form of interest on the sum he has paid to an outgoer, and a huge bonus having been given to the present generation of tenants, Ireland will in the future be worse rack-rented than ever. Mr. FORSTER's speech may be described not so much as an answer to Mr. GIBSON's doubts as a panegyric on the Bill. It had the fault of all such panegyrics, that it overlooked what is practically possible. In such cases the three-hooped pot is always to have ten hoops. Landlords and tenants are to be both benefited, and yet the benefit is to come out of nobody's pocket. The Land Court is to dispense absolute justice on the principles of the soundest equity, and yet there is to be no guarantee that it shall not dispense absolute injustice on the principles of decreed iniquity. In the enormous mass of discussion which has been published on the Bill, nothing has more clearly appeared than the arbitrary nature of the powers which this Court is to possess, and the probability of its acting most to the detriment of those who are the best landlords. To these things Mr. FORSTER has really nothing to say, except that he hopes the best things from this best of all possible Courts. Clearly that is not a satisfactory answer. What those who frankly admit that they dislike the Land Bill, but as frankly confess that, in view of the mismanagement of the last twelvemonth, they do not see how some measure of the kind is to be avoided, have a right to demand is, that the powers of the Land Commission shall be more strictly defined and guarded, and that the exact nature and origin of the benefits intended to be conferred on the tenant should be clearly defined. Neither on Monday nor in the somewhat jejune debate of Thursday night was this demand met. Mr. C. RUSSELL, representing the extreme partisans, and Mr. H. BRAND, representing the unwilling acceptors of the Bill, brought objections, but did little more, and the IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL repeated the policy of vague panegyric.

There are many minor points, doubtless, on which much discussion may and must take place, but these are the chief. If the Bill, as Mr. FORSTER's rose-coloured view of it represents, is merely meant to settle tenants in their holdings, to reduce confessedly exorbitant rents, to raise others which are unduly low, and to assure the payment of the settled amounts, there would be much room for objection to its principle as a needless and mischievous interference with laws which are quite certain to work in spite of it and to bring on the trouble over again, but there would be little room for complaint of positive injustice. At present there is a very great deal of room for this last complaint, and it is perfectly easy to see why the Government shrinks from facing the difficulty. The truth simply is that the fault of the Bill in the eyes of the Opposition is its merit in the eyes of the Irish party and the extreme Radicals. As the one side fears, so does the other hope, that the landlords will be robbed. No clearer proof of this could be given than the manifesto of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops, representing as they do the Left Centre, not the Extreme Left, of their party. A demonstration that the landlords will not be robbed would therefore substitute only one class of opposition for another, while a demonstration that they will be robbed would alarm the moderate Liberals. It is, however, the absolute duty of the Opposition to insist on these points being made clear, and to be deterred by no unworthy insinuations as to obstruction from forcing the Government to speak out.

AMERICA.

IF the dead-lock in the United States Senate has a ludicrous side, it may also be regarded by patriotic Americans as a proof of the soundness of their institutions. The only question at issue is the appointment of the Serjeant-at-Arms and of half-a-dozen other officers of the Senate. Neither party pretends to believe that the duties will be better or worse discharged by a Republican than by a Democratic nominee; but both parties are determined that their respective opponents shall not have the pleasure of

the nomination. The Democratic Senators also reply on the hardship which, in their opinion, would be inflicted on the existing officers by removal from their places at the present moment. It had not been expected that any business would be transacted during the Spring Session, and consequently the Democratic Serjeant-at-Arms and his colleagues had thought that their tenure was safe till December. The Republicans reply that the fundamental principle of the right of the majority to govern is involved in the personal and trivial issue. They can out-vote their opponents, but without the minority they cannot make a quorum. The numbers would be equal but for the defection of MAHON, one of the nominally Democratic Senators for Virginia, who represents in his own State the sacred cause of repudiation of debt. According to the Democrats, MAHON is to be rewarded by the appointment of one of his partisans to the office of Serjeant-at-Arms. A Republican colleague probably alluded to the arrangement in the reference to the sale of Mr. MAHON's vote in the Senate. The accused Senator replied that his assailant was a liar and a coward; and he was informed in return that he had lost the power of offering an insult. The altercation formed part of a promiscuous debate on things in general, and especially on the state of parties, which has occupied several weeks of compelled idleness. Day after day long speeches are delivered, sometimes to a very small audience, but there are no Bills, no motions, and no divisions. Happy is the country which can afford to allow its most important legislative body a holiday in mid Session of indefinite duration.

In the meantime the Senate has not lately held an executive Session for the consideration of the PRESIDENT's nominations. Two hundred and forty appointments are consequently suspended, though some of them are probably safe from eventual rejection. Mr. CONKLING is known still to resent the disregard by the PRESIDENT of his influence in his own State, but he has probably not ascertained whether the Democratic Senators will take part with himself or with the PRESIDENT. The main cause of quarrel is the nomination of Mr. ROBERTSON to the place of Collector of Customs at New York. Mr. ROBERTSON, who is an active election-manager, had done good service to Mr. GARFIELD during the Presidential contest, and he had therefore naturally incurred the displeasure of General GRANT's party and of his principal supporter, Mr. CONKLING. The appointment may perhaps have been intended as a challenge to this most formidable rival to Mr. BLAINE and Mr. GARFIELD in the ranks of the Republican party. As a political manoeuvre the nomination seems to have been a mistake, as the Republicans disapprove of an unnecessary schism in their own ranks. As a protest against Mr. CONKLING's theories of Civil Service patronage, the appointment of Mr. ROBERTSON was open to criticism. Mr. GARFIELD, like his predecessor, professes a desire to reform the Civil Service, and a President is likely to be sincere in a policy which tends to establish his own independence; but Mr. ROBERTSON's claims to promotion were exclusively political; and it is not known that the present Collector of Customs was incompetent to discharge his duties. Since his dismissal a memorial in favour of retaining his services has been numerously signed by New York bankers and merchants, who may or may not have been influenced by political motives. As an impartial American writer observes, it may be right to attack CONKLING, but not with CONKLING weapons.

The American Senate so far contrasts favourably with the English Parliament that its constitution is not doomed to organic change and that it is not engaged in revolutionary legislation. A Serjeant-at-Arms is a much more harmless subject of contest than the landed property of a kingdom. Even the larger issues which are raised in American controversies are almost exclusively retrospective. Northern critics affect to be shocked at a book lately published by Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS in defence of the expediency and lawfulness of his conduct before the outbreak of the war. If the question is to be decided by legal or constitutional standards, there is much to say in defence of secession; but it scarcely seems worth while to revive a dispute which was settled, not by logic or by legal discussion, but by superior force. Neither the North nor the South perceived at the outset that the institution of slavery was at the bottom of the conflict; and probably few intelligent politicians in the South now seriously regret emancipation. Political society in the United

Spain has since attained a condition of stable equilibrium which is enjoyed by no European State, and least of all by England. It is a melancholy task to read the articles in the *Quarterly Review* which not inaccurately recapitulate the progress of democracy and of subversive doctrines. Shame and sorrow may be justly felt that such things should be capable of being said,

Et non potuimus repellere.

The miscarriages and disasters connected with Central Asia and Southern Africa would alone justify feelings of regret and anxiety which are unknown in a country which has, happily for itself, no colonies, no dependencies, and no foreign politics. The best excuse for the persistence of the North in its resolution to suppress the Confederacy, was the determination that the Republic should have no formidable or equal neighbour. American citizens need no such impulse to the cultivation of patriotic pride. The classes which have lately become dominant in England seem to have no sympathy with national greatness or honour. It may be confidently asserted that such a transaction as the Transvaal peace would not have found a supporter in the United States.

The domestic dangers of England are even more serious than any external complication. Squabbles about Serjeants-at-Arms and Collectors of Customs are not only trifling in themselves, but they have nothing behind them. It matters little whether four years hence another now President finds a difficulty in inducing the Senate to confirm his nominations. Whatever may happen in the interval at Washington, the population and revenue of the Union will have largely increased, and the debt will have been reduced to comparatively insignificant proportions. The English Parliament will probably by that time have changed its constitution and its character; and a still more democratic House of Commons will probably have undertaken enterprises more anomalous than even the Irish Land Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE, who has himself denounced almost every existing institution, may perhaps have retired from official life; but he will be succeeded by still more violent politicians. The threatened extension of household suffrage to the counties will have destroyed the power, not only of the Conservatives, but of the Moderate Liberals; and all power will hereafter be vested in the representatives of artisans and labourers. The saying which was once attributed to Mr. BRIGHT, that such a democracy has never yet existed, may perhaps not be authentic; but it is undoubtedly true. The unqualified supremacy of a constituency living on weekly wages has no precedent in any other country, and it would be more menacing to property and order than any existing political organization. Perhaps at some distant period the evils which are reasonably apprehended may tend to cure themselves. In the United States the elections on which power and office depend are not controlled by turbulent demagogues, but managed by professional agents by methods which would in England be deemed correct. The Birmingham machinery, which is now mild for purposes of oppression and exclusion, would be more innocuous if jobbers superseded the ambitious agitators who devised the system. It is conceivable, but scarcely probable, that at some future time an English Parliament might spend the half or the whole of a Session in a contest for the appointment by one of two hostile parties of a Serjeant-at-Arms. America has already attained that enviable condition.

THE WEEK'S ORITUARY.

WITHIN the last few days three men, each famous in their day, although for very different reasons, have passed away. Their careers are worth considering, not only because they played a leading part in great European countries, but because they were each in a special manner representatives of the country, or at least of one important section of the country, to which they belonged. Marshal VON BENEDEK was an admirable specimen of the commanders of a type high-minded, loyal, capable of considerable things, and incapable of very great things, whom Austria has sometimes sent out to victory, and often to defeat. He will be known in history as having lost the great battle of Sadowa, and it will be forgotten that he had previously commanded with success in Galicia, Italy, and Hungary. He accepted his post as head of the home army, in 1866, with

great reluctance, and only on the express order of his sovereign. If the plan of the campaign which he adopted was an obvious one, it was also obviously right, and was very nearly successful. As the Prussian army was coming forward in two halves, it was natural that the Austrian Commander-in-Chief should endeavour to crush one half before the other came up. He failed to carry out his design, partly because he was not possessed of the gifts requisite to infuse celerity into a vast force, and partly because the army itself was so disciplined, equipped, and led that it was ill adapted to move quickly. The fortune of the day, which for hours seemed promising for Austria, was decided when the CROWN PRINCE appeared on the scene. The Austrians fought with the greatest bravery; but they were outmanœuvred, and they had the serious disadvantage of a weapon much inferior to the Prussian needle-gun. Austria had, as usual, got together a force very large and of very good quality. The ease with which, while BENEDEK was defending Austria against the Prussians, the Archduke ALBERT defeated the Italians at Custoza, showed how very strong Austria was against all except an enemy of the first class. But Austria, although in seven years she had repaired the losses of Magenta and Solferino, had never dreamed that it was necessary to have an army of a new kind. There was nothing of the growth of that military spirit, aiming at great achievements, studying every detail, pondering over every combination, and pushing the best men to the front which pervaded the army and the leaders of Prussia. In fact, Austria, like the rest of the world, very much underrated the capabilities of the Prussian army. It had been accustomed to lead in Germany because it had been taken for granted that the Austrian army must, in the nature of things, and in the absence of an exceptional genius like FREDERICK the GREAT, be more than a match for any army that Germany, or a part of Germany, could bring against her. If so, the man whom it seemed in accordance with the established order of things to appoint as Commander-in-Chief would do perfectly well. It was immaterial that the person thus marked out did not feel himself competent. He would, whether he liked his task or not, discharge in a manner satisfactory to Austria the duty of leading an ordinary Austrian army in the ordinary Austrian way. BENEDEK was quite up to the level of Austrian generals, and was perhaps superior to all of his generation except RADETSKY. He went to Sadowa, was beaten, and a new order of things commenced for Europe, for Austria, and for the Austrian army.

Nothing is harder for a nation, in spite of lessons and warnings, than to alter its military system, for the army is the creation of a Government and a people, and to alter the army it is necessary that the Government should undergo a change of policy and the people a change of character. If Austria had not learnt enough in time to anticipate Sadowa, France did not trouble itself to learn enough after Sadowa. The EMPEROR was probably better aware than any one else in France how little the lesson of Sadowa had been taken to heart. He was as reluctant as BENEDEK to enter on a campaign which caused him many anxious forebodings, and, like BENEDEK, he entered on his task in deference to influences and to considerations which left him, as he thought, no option. In part, he was led astray by a political miscalculation, for he thought that the South German States would either hold aloof, or openly side with him if he won a first success. In part, he was deluded by a military misconception, for he thought, and thought with apparent reason, that South German troops, even if they did fight against him, would not prove very formidable enemies. They at least had not been among the victors at Sadowa, and it might have been fairly said that Sadowa had taught, not that Germans generally, but that Prussians only, were dangerous. General VON DER TANN and his Bavarians were at Sedan, but then they were supported by the main force of the triumphant Prussians. It was only after Sedan that the General and his South German troops showed what they could do, when inspired by the example of Prussia and perfected by incorporation into the system of Prussian organization. For a short, but most critical, time the issue of the war, the issue whether France should close the war altogether crushed or not, depended on VON DER TANN and his men. The French had got their new army ready on the Loire, and the German army was mainly occupied with the investment of Paris and the siege of Metz. It was mainly the task of VON DER TANN to hold the army of the Loire in

check until the surrender of Metz set free an overpowering force of German troops. If the army of the Loire had not been held in check, the investment of Paris must have been abandoned. With great skill, with very great patience, persistence, and courage, the Bavarian leader held the army of the Loire in check until succour came up. It is true that VON DER TANN had mainly raw levies opposed to him, and that the new army was under the command of a general of moderate experience, reputation, and capacity. It is also true that Metz surrendered for political, and not military, reasons much earlier than it ought to have done, and that it was thus by a stroke of good fortune that VON DER TANN was helped as soon as he was. But, as things turned out, he so resisted as to gain great credit for himself and his troops, and he resisted long enough to save Germany from a prolongation of the war. And, as it happened, the service he rendered to Germany was political as much as military. He may be said to have been one of the chief founders of the German Empire. Of course, if he had not prevented the abandonment of the siege of Paris, there could have been no crowning of the German Emperor at Versailles. But this was not only or the chief sense in which he contributed to found the Empire. The basis of the new Empire was that the Royal family of Prussia should be placed at its head, as representing German States large and small, all of which had pretensions to independence, and had justified their pretensions by arms. Bavaria could regard Prussia on the footing of an equality, if not of force, yet of worth, and not in the humble attitude of a partner in the struggle who had done nothing towards a partner who had done everything. In founding the Empire and being merged into it, the smaller States could maintain their self-respect, and that this should have been possible was due to VON DER TANN more than to any other one person.

If the French Government had not largely profited by the lesson of Sadowa, the French people had never imagined that there was any lesson of Sadowa by which to profit. They shouted "To Berlin" as comfortably and gaily as they might now shout "To Tunis" had not times changed and they changed with the times. Nor was it only the foolish and ignorant who raised the cry. No one shouted and screamed so loudly as the recognized leaders of French popular opinion. Of all the screamers, the loudest and the fiercest was perhaps EMILE DE GIRARDIN, the cream of the cream of popular journalism. He has now died peacefully and happily, after a career singularly prosperous, influential, and interesting, if to give facile and impetuous utterance to any opinion that comes uppermost, and to find each successive utterance eagerly echoed by others, gives interest to life. No French critic would have admitted that EMILE DE GIRARDIN was the best writer or nearly the best writer that the press could boast; but every critic would have allowed that EMILE DE GIRARDIN was a complete embodiment of all that makes French journalism especially French. He was bold, independent, vivacious, very dogmatic, and very capricious; thought just enough to write well, and wrote well enough to permit him to think as badly as he pleased. He got over his professional duelling when he killed ARMAND CARRÉL; and he was a master in the art of starting a journal, selling it, and starting another. He had no kind of scruple in turning suddenly from one point of the political compass to the other, for he could sell the expression of one opinion as well as that of another, and he was supported by the consciousness that the opinion he expressed was always his real honest opinion at the moment when he wrote. He was as far as possible from being a hack-writer, for he owned the papers in which he wrote, and he could sell a paper, whatever he might write in it. He had thus two of the greatest recommendations a journalist can have. He was found to be entertaining, and he was believed to be honest. He gained an importance which he greatly enjoyed, and he persuaded Frenchmen that it was a part of their day's work to find out what EMILE DE GIRARDIN had to say. Good judges could not expect to find much that was valuable in the expressions of his impromptu and momentary creed, but it was always possible that he might be saying something that was telling, and that an indefinite number of readers might repeat as of their own. On two or three occasions of his life he exercised incontestable influence on popular opinion. He gave voice to that reaction against the sternness of

CAVAIGNAC which paved the way for the election of LOUIS NAPOLEON. He rallied to the Liberal Empire, and believed in the crowning of the edifice when his rallying and his belief were of real service to the Empire. He threw himself heart and soul into the struggle of 1877 against reactionary intriguers, and the adherents of the present governing party freely admit how greatly they were indebted to his vehement and unsparring aid. He was thus, in an intelligible way, the greatest of French journalists, and perhaps he was the last of the journalists of his type. Life is too serious in France for another EMILE DE GIRARDIN to find with ease his proper sphere. There is abundance of vehemence and bitterness in French journalism; but it is expected to flow in the channel in which it first takes its course. There is no shouting "To Tunis" now, for the shouters would be afraid that their cries might be heard at Berlin. Everything in this world comes to an end; and the common fate has apparently overtaken such journalism as that of EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

ENGLISH LAND.

PROJECTORS, not satisfied with the realization in the Irish Bill of their wildest dreams, continue the agitation against the tenure of land as it exists in Great Britain. In his Budget speech Mr. GLADSTONE, while he intimated his future design of imposing additional taxes on landowners, excused the postponement of fiscal changes by alleging that they would form a part of a more comprehensive scheme. The extent of the proposed legislation is indicated by the cold support or positive opposition offered by the Government to Lord CAIRNS's Bill for removing restrictions on the alienation of land. The transfer of discretion in selling settled lands from trustees to tenants in possession would, if the opinions of theorists are well founded, bring a large additional quantity of land into the market; but measures which are not directed against the continuance of life-estates appear to the Government, or to its advisers, insufficient. It is doubtful whether the economic and sentimental causes of the accumulation of landed property will be practically counteracted by any interference which falls short of the Continental method of compulsory subdivision; but the burdensome Succession duties which will probably be imposed by the present Government may perhaps tend to break up family estates. Down to the present time owners have rarely been inclined to sell portions of their property for the purpose of clearing off incumbrances or of improving the remainder; but if three or four per cent. on the capital value of land were charged on every succession, it might sometimes be difficult to raise the money by mortgage. It is also possible that the startling provisions of the Irish Land Bill may alarm landowners into an abandonment of their hereditary prejudices or instincts. When the doctrines of political economy are relegated to Saturn and Jupiter, the advantage of purchasing or possessing land in a better known and more lawless planet will perhaps become doubtful. Fifteen months ago an eminent orator provoked surprise and indignation by the gratuitous statement that landowners might justly be expropriated, if it were thought expedient to divide their estates among occupying freeholders. It was justly thought necessary to anticipate a contingency which the speaker himself professed to consider improbable. Circumstances change so rapidly that Irish proprietors would now gladly submit to the seizure of their land, if only they could secure compensation, which is not even mentioned in Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill. Timid English landlords may perhaps be disposed to anticipate the time when a Government, anxious to appease popular clamour, may make the tenants a present of a half or a third of the property of the owners. It is true that a theory of customary tenure has been invented to excuse or explain the project of confiscation in Ireland. For the present, English tenants are allowed to depend on contract; but the special conditions of the Irish precedent will be explained away when the time arrives for spoliation in England and Scotland. Mr. BARCLAY and the Farmers' Alliance have begun not indistinctly to point to fixity of tenure as one of the objects of their agitation.

The more modest or plausible claims which are urged on behalf of tenant-farmers have within two or three years lost much of their force. The evils of limited ownership

have been habitually exaggerated, though few projectors have gone so far as Mr. ARNOLD, who hopes by means of subdivision of land to increase the population of the United Kingdom by five millions. It cannot be denied that in some cases a life-tenant has been less able than an owner, in fee to do justice to the land. The process of borrowing money for improvements under modern Acts is cumbersome and expensive, and the interests of younger children not unfrequently clash with the object of improving land for the benefit of the heir. As a matter of fact, great settled estates are for the most part liberally administered; and in England, as in Ireland and in Flanders, small landlords are the most exacting; but there has been some foundation for the complaints which are loudly and constantly repeated. At present it is almost useless to inquire into special impediments which affect the expenditure of capital on land. With falling rents, and with the abandonment on a large scale of arable cultivation, few landowners have either the means or the inclination to sacrifice capital in addition to the loss of income. The absurd proposition that the produce of English soil might be doubled by improved cultivation has become irrelevant, as it was always practically untrue. Unless the gross produce can be increased without a more than proportional increase of cost, it is idle to discuss physical possibilities of artificial cultivation. Since the great fall in prices, which has followed on a great increase in the cost of labour, it is more than doubtful whether high farming is profitable; and the permanent improvements which the landlord is expected to make in many cases fail to return an income on the outlay. When a naturally fertile soil is saturated with moisture it is possible that it may still be worth while to drain; but drainage costs, on an average, from 8*l.* to 10*l.* an acre, and it ought to produce as many shillings of rent. At present a tenant is seldom disposed to pay interest on such expenditure; or, if he agrees to the arrangement, he is likely in a year or two to require, on some other ground, a reduction of rent. The improvement of roads or farm buildings, making no direct addition to the productiveness of the land, is still less tempting to a prudent landlord. Notwithstanding the voluminous incubations on landed property which have been published of late years, the owners of land have not been educated into the belief that they are public functionaries, with duties entirely unconnected with their interests. Those of them who have retained a smattering of economical knowledge since the science departed from the earth even doubt whether it is for the general advantage that they should improve land, except when their operations tend to the increase of their own revenues. At present it is only in rare instances that so-called improvements will pay.

The managers of the Liberal party are naturally proud of their successful efforts to detach the farmers from their ancient and natural alliance with the Conservative landlords. The diminution of the majority at the West Cheshire election may perhaps have been caused by the hopes which are founded on the violent provisions of the Irish Land Bill; yet it is possible that the tenants may find that their interest is not identified with the cause of democratic change. Before the next general election they will have been practically disfranchised, as the landlords were deprived of political power by the introduction of the Ballot. The highest class of occupiers will find that large farms are naturally connected with large estates; and they can scarcely hope to be supported by the labourers under a system of household suffrage in any scheme for the acquisition of the land. It would not be for their benefit that the great landowners would be expropriated. Few of them, if they had the choice, would become owners of their farms on fair terms of purchase. It can scarcely be advantageous to any person engaged in an industrial occupation to sink a large portion of his capital in an investment at the lowest rate of interest. As an ingenious writer has lately contended in a series of letters to the *Times*, the most profitable tenure by which a farmer can hold is to pay a rack-rent, or, in other words, the annual value of the land. The landlord receives and the occupier pays about three per cent. on the capital represented by the land. Farmers have also learned by recent experience the unexpected lesson, that in times of difficulty they may detach themselves from the land, so as to anticipate the ruin with which they might otherwise have been threatened. The numerous tenants who have within two years thrown up their farms must have continued the business when it ceased

to be profitable if they had been freeholders as well as occupiers. Some of them were bound by engagements for terms of years; but agricultural leases are for the most part one-sided contracts. The landlord must in any case perform his covenants; but there is, in the majority of cases, no use in insisting on the obligations of a leaseholder who complains that he is farming at a loss; on the whole, it is probable that the agitation of the farmers for advantages to be obtained at the expense of the landlords will subside before it has produced any considerable effect. It is possible that hereafter more revolutionary changes will be attempted by more formidable numbers. The division of England into petty freeholds would be a comprehensive and doubtful experiment. The most certain result, or rather the preliminary condition, would be a large diminution in the class of tenant-farmers, which will have been previously deprived of political power.

THE BRADLAUGH DIFFICULTY.

MR. BRADLAUGH has once more presented himself in his favourite character of the Radical HELEN, the fatal but fascinating person who brings Governments into disaster and parties into disarray. The difficulty which has been experienced for the second time in adding this particular sheep to the flock appears to have completely upset, at least for some considerable time, the never very stable equilibrium of Mr. GLADSTONE's temper. That temper was sufficiently irritable on Monday night; but the fretfulness of the PRIME MINISTER was fairly explained by the unlucky accident which had deprived him of the power of performing one of those rare acts of graceful generosity the opportunities of which English statesmen justly prize, and on the discharge of which they specially pride themselves. On Tuesday, however, Mr. GLADSTONE must surely have recovered from the vexation of having to commit the task of announcing the intended monument to Lord BEACONSFIELD to the hands of Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR. Perhaps his inability to attend the funeral brought on a new access of irritability. Perhaps his equanimity was upset again, and still more seriously, by the defeat he met with. The epigrammatic historians of the last century, who strove to imitate SALLUST and TACITUS, would probably have defined Mr. GLADSTONE as "strenuous in obtaining great victories; impatient in the sufferance of the smallest defeats." The PRIME MINISTER relapsed into his last year's mood of sulkiness inactivity—a mood which may, with much aptness and every disclaimer of disrespect, be compared to the well-known "then-I-won't-play" attitude of childhood. The majority, as Mr. GLADSTONE satirically designated his enemies, had acted for themselves, and they must take the consequences. Therefore the SPEAKER was left without the assistance of the leader of the House in carrying out its orders; an unseemly wrestle took place on the floor; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had to come once again to the rescue. Mr. GLADSTONE's contribution to the carrying on of the QUEEN's government and the national business was confined to one of his familiar protests against being instructed in his duty by any one. The folly, to say no more, of such conduct as this can be illustrated by a very simple dilemma. If the rebuke to Mr. GLADSTONE conveyed by the division was so severe as he seems to have considered it, his proper course was resignation; if, as is obvious, this is absurd, his proper course was to bow to the will of the House, and to remember that the leader, not less than the Speaker, of the House of Commons is its servant and not its master.

The merits of the case were so clear that only Mr. GLADSTONE's expectation—an expectation justified, it must be allowed, by the general conduct of his followers—of implicit obedience on the part of his party could have led him to expect a favourable division. When the advocates of Mr. BRADLAUGH's admission are driven to represent his exclusion as an inquisitorial proceeding, to suggest that the late Mr. MILL ought to have been excluded likewise, and so forth, the desperate weakness of their position is as good as confessed. It is not on record that the House had any official cognizance of Mr. MILL's religious opinion; nor has it been proposed to inquire into the religious opinions of any one who presents himself to take the oath. The entire proceedings in the matter of Mr. BRADLAUGH are integral.

and each of them as have taken place out of the House of Commons are but parenthetical passages, inseparable from the rest. It was the House which—with very doubtful wisdom, it must be confessed—delegated formally to the law courts the duty of examining into Mr. BRADLAUGH's case. It was before those law courts, thus representing the House, that Mr. BRADLAUGH voluntarily and solemnly declared himself a person on whose conscience an oath is not binding. To say after this that the House is not officially cognizant of Mr. BRADLAUGH's atheism, or that a confessional is being set up at the door of the House of Commons, is simply childish. The very journals and speakers who adopt this untenable ground admit that, in their own judgment, Mr. BRADLAUGH, by the manner in which he has conducted himself in this matter, has forfeited their sympathy, and cannot be regarded as a martyr for conscience sake. There was, therefore, no conceivable reason why indulgence should be shown to him or why the House should feign ignorance of what was unmistakably and unavoidably before it. Such an argument, resting as it did on premisses false in fact, is even feebler than the absurd quibble that the House has power to expel, but has no power to refuse to admit. Even if the power of expulsion did not necessarily imply the power of refusing to admit, there is no reason whatever for limiting the sovereignty of the House over all subjects affecting its own members. The question of the dignity of the House has been pooh-poohed; in reality, it is the kernel of the whole matter.

It was perhaps a sense that the defeat in numbers was for once only symbolic of a complete defeat in argument which made the tone of the Government much milder on Wednesday than on Tuesday. At first, it is true, Mr. GLADSTONE showed himself to be in an even more disturbed state of mind than on the previous night. He threatened the Irish members with delay of the Land Bill as a consequence of, or a punishment for, their conduct in the division; he rated an unfortunate member of the Opposition for daring to express by a laugh the opinion that the PRIME MINISTER's demand for a pledge of capitulation was a little surprising, and he generally showed his soreness at his defeat. On this occasion, however, Mr. BRIGHT, who on the night before was in the thickest of the battle, was, as the telegraph lately described the King of ASHANTEE, "quite peaceful." Perhaps the prospect of the Fishmongers' dinner soothed Mr. BRIGHT. Perhaps he perceived the extreme danger to his chief's reputation of a mere attitude of sulky petulance. As was pointed out last year, the evident desire of the Government is to get their *protégé* in without being obliged as a Government to propose the further relaxation of the oath. It is possible that Mr. GLADSTONE, owing to a remnant of antiquated prejudice, shrinks from drawing his own pen through the name of GOD in the admission forms of the House of Commons. It may be that he doubts the effect of such a proceeding on his supporters. It is certain, on his own authority, that he thinks the elimination of the Deity would take a great deal of valuable time, which had better be spent upon existing measures of a more practical nature. He therefore, at first, refused to give Mr. LABOUCHÈRE any facilities for his enabling Bill unless the Opposition would pledge themselves to accept it without a murmur. This astounding demand was, of course, met as it deserved. There may be differences of opinion on the Opposition benches as to the propriety of altering the test, there can be none as to the impropriety of pledging a whole party to accept before seeing it a measure which the Government dare not, or do not choose to, introduce on their own responsibility. Mr. BRIGHT, however, though he too expected rather unreasonable things, was less absurd in his expectations, and a great deal less pugnacious in his manner, than Mr. GLADSTONE; while the efforts of Mr. PETER RYLANDS to take a high tone naturally did not greatly exasperate any one on the Opposition benches. The fate of any such Bill as seems to be indicated need not here be prophesied, nor need its merits or defects be discussed. But it may be pointed out that the Government (that is to say, Mr. GLADSTONE) will have, whether they like it or not, to make up their minds, and boldly to adopt the proposal to admit atheists (by way of being consistent, Republicans, too, ought to be admitted) to the Parliament of Great Britain. Their desire to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, to enjoy the advantage of Mr. BRADLAUGH's society and countenance, without the disadvantage of identifying

themselves with his opinions, has on two separate occasions wasted a great deal of time, brought upon them humiliating defeats, and convicted their chief of an almost incredible want of the faculties either of a statesman or of a party leader. They will hardly risk a third disaster. The incident is a deplorable one in many ways, and an unpleasant sign of the times. But it is at least instructive to those who have eyes to see as to the incurable duplicity which besets a Liberal Government which strives to conciliate Radical opinion. The one thing which the present Government has steadfastly refused to do is to play *cartes sur table*. It is, no doubt, by accident that it has had the appearance of keeping back evidence and of manufacturing evidence in matters of foreign policy. It seems to refuse to explain the actual bearing of its Irish Land Bill. It ostensibly shrinks from assuming the responsibility of writing "There is no God inside these walls," on the door of the House of Commons. In all these cases it is possible that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have been the victims of circumstance and of that maleficent influence of office which Mr. BRIGHT pathetically described after dinner on Wednesday. But it is at least conceivable that a remote posterity reading the records of the present Administration, and drawing unguarded conclusions, may describe it as an "organized dishonesty." If any future historian should be so misguided, one of his principal documents will undoubtedly be the pages of *Hansard* which record the events of the BRADLAUGH debates of 1880 and 1881.

THE FRENCH IN TUNIS.

THE French have entered the territory of Tunis and the war has begun. In some subtle sense there is no war at all. There is merely an expedition to punish marauders who live on a strip of land between Algeria and Tunis, and who only acknowledge the authority of the BEY when it pleases them. They are to the BEY what the BEY is to the Porte—rebellious, independent, or dependent, according to the convenience of the hour. They made a raid into French territory, and killed, not only French Arabs, but French soldiers. The French determined to inflict chastisement of a kind that would at least prevent raids for the future; and when the brother of the BEY arrived and invited the Kroumirs to submit to the authority of the BEY, they replied that they were quite willing to submit to the BEY in other things, but that, if the French attacked them, they would defend themselves. The French had no choice but to carry out their punitive expedition, and on Tuesday the French force crossed the boundary, and a series of petty skirmishes began. The Kroumirs fought well—after their savage fashion. They knew the ground, and made the most of the advantages which the ground gave them. Creeping through the brushwood they discharged their muskets, and then slunk into the brushwood again and were no more seen. At one point they got between two companies of French infantry and were destroyed to a man; but in the main they endeavoured, not so much to stop the French advance, as to make it hazardous and laborious. They are greatly assisted by the configuration of the land, which consists of ranges of barren mountains intersected by ravines at once abrupt and sufficiently covered with vegetation to give shelter to those who are on the watch for their enemies. They are still more assisted by the climate; for the heat is intense, and heat provokes agonizing thirst, and to drink the cold water of the streams in the heat is almost certain death. One of the French commanders has already had to return invalided, and the task that falls on the officers of preventing their men drinking water is more arduous than that of meeting and beating the Kroumirs. In order to shorten their operations, the French have thought it necessary to secure the means of cutting off the Kroumirs from receiving arms and food. To do this, they have taken steps which, as the BEY plaintively protests, are somewhat inconsistent with the state of peace which he is assured still prevails between France and Tunis. They have bombarded his fort of Tabarca, they have occupied his town of Kef, and disarmed his garrison. Neither at Tabarca nor at Kef did the BEY's troops offer any resistance. At Tabarca the garrison waded from the island along a spit of sand to the main-

land, when the firing began. At Kef the garrison consented to be disarmed, with the exception of one Arab, who did not on the spur of the moment understand why he was to be disarmed by people at peace with his Bey, and had to be killed. If the Bey wanted a justification for going to war with France, he has any amount of justification he could ask. But he does not want to go to war with France, and France does not want to go to war with him. When the French Consul at Tunis proposed that, to secure order, a force should be landed at Goletta from a French man-of-war, the Bey replied that he preferred to maintain order himself, and the Consul at once acquiesced in the refusal, on the ground that it was entirely for an independent prince like the Bey to choose whether a French force should enter his capital or not. The French have committed acts of war against the Bey, but they contend that they have only committed such acts of war as were necessary to make their expedition against the Kroumirs successful. The Bey would not aid them by inviting them to occupy such positions as were necessary for the purpose, and so, with as little display of force as possible, they occupied Tabarca to cut off the supply of ammunition, and Kef to cut off the supply of food. It cannot be said that the French have as yet done anything at variance with their alleged purpose of confining themselves to the chastisement of the Kroumirs. All they have done is, for the purposes of their expedition, to treat the Bey as if he did not exist.

The BEY has eagerly invoked the assistance or intervention of the European Powers, and has pointed out with irresistible force that the French have not obeyed the ordinary rules of international law. The Powers have turned a deaf ear to the appeal. They think that the French have a legitimate excuse for punishing the Kroumirs, and they are not inclined to help a petty African prince to make objections which, if allowed, would render its process of punishment difficult and protracted. Further, the BEY has appealed to the Porte, of which it now suits his convenience to declare himself the abject vassal. The Porte, so far as diplomatic forms go, has responded to the appeal. Its representative at Paris has remonstrated with M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE against the violent measures to which its vassal has been subjected; but, on the other hand, to show at once its own power and its desire to please France, which has recently been befriending Turkey in the Greek negotiations, it offered to depose the BEY, and appoint his brother to reign in his stead. The BEY will thus learn that there are inconveniences as well as conveniences in the vassalage of which he has suddenly become so enamoured. The French Minister, if the report given of his reply is accurate, made a very crushing answer to the representative of Turkey. He said that it was a trap that was being set for France, but that a trap set in the face of an old and wary bird was set in vain. To accept the offer to depose the BEY was to acknowledge that the Porte had the right to depose him. It was to recognize that Tunis stands to Constantinople as Egypt stands, and this was what France never had recognized and never would recognize. The claim of the Porte to a suzerainty over Tunis was, in the eyes of the French Minister, a novelty set up in 1871. Just as Russia during the German war got her gain out of the weakness of France by annulling the provisions of the Treaty of Paris relating to the Black Sea, and Italy got her gain by putting aside her engagements with France and occupying Rome; so, directly the war was over, the Porte thought it might venture to gain something in the same way, and proclaim that Tunis belonged to it and was under its protection. Even at that time, when France was crushed, the French Government altogether declined to admit the pretension of the Porte, and it is not likely that it will admit it now that France has recovered its strength, and is able to make its will prevail, at any rate with the smaller Powers. The claim of the Porte is thus, in the view of the person who is entitled to speak for France, not only baseless in itself, but a manifesto of French humiliation. M. ST.-HILAIRE, therefore, gave the Turkish Minister to understand, as plainly as language could express it, that he could not discuss the affairs of Tunis for a moment on the footing that Turkey had a special authority over Tunis. Turkey is a Mediterranean Power, and a Mahomedan Power, and in these qualities she can speak of Tunis as much as she likes, but not in the quality of the guardian, protector, and suzerain of Tunis. The Turkish Minister

accepted with diplomatic suavity the position created for him. As France would not discuss the matter on the footing which he was instructed to maintain, he forbore to say a word more, and was sure that Turkey had no wish to offend a Power from which she had recently received such essential service. Thus the interview terminated in the pleasantest manner. France had asserted her views, and Turkey had consented not to abandon, but to keep silence as to, her views; and this was the end of the conversation on which the BEY had fondly placed his hopes between those who are anxious to protect him by coercing him and those who are ready to depose him.

The Firman of 1871 was recognized by England, as well as by the other Great Powers, with the exception of France, and therefore an English Minister like Sir CHARLES DILKE naturally speaks of Tunis as a vassal State. It may be added that, as a mere piece of historical accuracy, the claim of Turkey to the suzerainty of Tunis seems to rest on better grounds than M. ST.-HILAIRE was ready to allow. But, when it comes to a practical question, and the Great Powers have to consider whether they shall uphold the claims of Turkey or not, against France, they wisely consider what is expedient for themselves. It is evidently much more convenient to them that, if possible, no new extension shall be given to the interminable Eastern question. It is no part of their business to uphold the claims of the Porte when their own interests are not touched, and they seem all to have perceived at once that they had no interest in treating an attack on the BEY as an attack on the Porte. They did not interfere with the protest made by the SULTAN as suzerain, but some of them, at least, gave the Porte to understand that the protest must be considered only as a matter of form. A section of the Italian press has taken a sudden fancy for the Porte, and speaks of the French invasion as a monstrous violation of rights guaranteed by Europe. But, so far as is known, this is not the language of the Italian Government, or of the Government of any Great Power. Germany openly says that she would like to see France annex Tunis, as the French might see in Tunis a compensation for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, and be thus kept happy and quiet. Austria and Russia are probably very indifferent to what may happen in Tunis, or, if Austria might be inclined to different views, it has, in this as in other matters, to follow the imperious lead of Prince BISMARCK. There remain Italy, which has very serious interests at stake, and England, which is not directly interested in Tunisia, but has very strong motives not to let the interests of Italy be sacrificed. Italy is not strong enough to get attention for her representations at Paris, but England is; and England has taken the only practical and useful step that was open to her, and has obtained from the French Government an assurance that nothing more than the punishment or subjugation of the Kroumirs is contemplated. The French Government may have been glad, for its own sake, to give this assurance. It affords it an opening for getting out of its difficulty at an early moment. The expedition, though not disapproved, is by no means strongly approved in France; and now that the new army has been tried, and it has been ascertained that even the raw recruits, although at first confused, soon got steady and behaved admirably, the French will have something to rest on with satisfaction; and, when they have done what they say they mean to do, may be very well pleased to do no more.

SHOOTING IN THE ARMY.

IF the question were not so exceedingly serious, there would be something irresistibly comic in the discoveries which are constantly being made about the English army. No matter what it is that has to be done, the moment the need arises it turns out that the particular thing is wanting which can alone enable us to do it. If reinforcements are wanted at a moment's notice, the regiments first on the roster have only half their complement of men. If a sudden demand is made on the endurance of the troops, it is found that they have not the physical strength which, in the majority of men, is the foundation of endurance. The latest revelation was made the other day when it appeared that, by the side of the Boers, our soldiers were wholly unable to hit the objects at which they aimed, or even to aim at the objects which they wished to hit. This is the most wonderful,

perhaps, of all the wonderful things that have come to light about the army. It was known to be small; it was known as regards its recruits to be young and weak; it was known to be very imperfectly equipped with some of the first essentials of warfare—as foreign armies count essentials. But it was not known that the individual soldier, even when his training is complete—the individual soldier, that is, who is of full age and of full height, and of full measurement round the chest, and who has neither deserted nor been sent to prison—might still be worthless when pitted against hastily raised levies, when these hastily raised levies happened to be able to shoot. That was a fact which, after all our experience of the injudicious economy which gives us the costliest and the least efficient army in Europe, could still excite surprise. There are some things which it takes an actual campaign to bring to light. The troops seem to do their work all right, so long as they are at home, and it is only when they get into the field that the weak place makes itself visible. But this cannot be said of a deficiency in shooting power. Shooting with arms of precision is not a faculty that comes to a man he does not quite know how. It is a matter, not of chance or intuition, but of training and practice, and as such it depends on the nature of the one element and the amount of the other. The revelations which have appeared in the *Times* during the last ten days show that if the public had known what opportunities of training and practice in shooting are enjoyed by English soldiers the disaster at Majuba Hill might have been foretold almost with confidence. The Boers were marksmen, the Englishmen were not. Consequently the Boers brought down their men at every shot, while the English fire did scarcely any execution. Nothing takes the heart out of troops more than the discovery that they are simply so many irresponsible targets. If they could have resorted to the bayonet they might have regained their confidence; but before the bayonet could be used there was a space to be crossed on which the enemy's fire suffered no man to live. Against experts like the Boers the British volleys went for nothing. Our men might as well have been armed with the old Brown Bess as with rifles of the utmost accuracy which they did not know how to use.

That they did not know how to use them was in no sense their fault. Good military shooting requires three things—the ability to hit an object when the distance is known, the ability to make a good guess at the distance, and the ability to combine these two powers in circumstances resembling those of actual warfare. No pains seem to be taken to make an English soldier perfect in any one of these elements. In the first place the amount of practice at the target is very much less than it ought to be. Many skilled Volunteers fire, it is said, as many as 2,000 rounds in the year, and none as few as 200. The regular soldier fires 90 rounds a year—that is, a little over 500 rounds in his whole time with the colours. This is not enough to make him a good shot, even at a fixed target, with the proper decoration of bull's-eyes and rings. But, supposing that these 90 rounds were enough for this purpose, and that an English soldier did learn some appreciable time before passing into the Reserve how to fire at a target with a reasonable probability of hitting it, he would have mastered only the rudiments of military shooting. The targets at which he will have to fire on a campaign will not be fixed. He must dismiss all thought of the familiar markings from his mind, and learn to fire at any object, however inconspicuous, which promises to be or to belong to an enemy. More than this, he will have to ascertain for himself how far off the object is, and to sight his rifle accordingly, and to do all this amidst the excitement, probably the wholly new excitement, of a battle. No kind of training can give him the experience he needs in this latter respect, but he is not even given the experience which, with a little expense and trouble, might be brought within his reach. The practice at the target is pretty nearly all the practice he gets, and practice at the target leaves him just where he was as regards firing when skirmishing. Major DAUBENEY suggests that the proper targets for soldiers would be dummies placed behind rocks, or in hollows, or on the side of a hill, in positions as nearly as possible resembling those in which a flesh and blood enemy would be discovered. If the men were then to advance firing to within a certain distance of their supposed foes, the con-

dition of the dummies when the halt was sounded would be an excellent test of their proficiency. The suggestion is so simple that the wonder is that it should be necessary to offer it. That soldiers should be accustomed to the mimic warfare of a sham fight in which they do nothing but blaze away with blank cartridge, and be denied the mimic warfare in which they would be really learning to fire with ball, is one of those unfathomable mysteries in which English military administration is so strangely rich.

The third point in which practice is essential to good shooting relates to the circumstances under which the shot is delivered. When the object of shooting is to win a prize, these are necessarily quite different from what they are when the object of shooting is to win a battle. In the former case the utmost care has to be taken that the soldier should be perfectly undisturbed, with his wind in the best possible order, and every muscle under proper control. In the latter case, the first two of these conditions can never be secured, while the first is only to be had in practised soldiers. The German system of instruction takes this difference into account, and endeavours to reproduce it during musketry practice. One of the German directions provides for firing immediately after a charge, while the men are still out of breath. In our army this would be regarded as a sheer waste of good ammunition. Why should the men be made to fire just when they were least likely to hit the mark? That it is precisely when they are least likely to hit the mark that they will have to fire in battle is dismissed as an irrelevant consideration. As the *Times* very well says, "The troops attacking Laing's Nek arrived in front of the Boers with weary limbs and panting breath. Then, like the Germans, part of their practice should be after rushes, and when their breath is hurried." The General Order which has just been issued leaves all these shortcomings where it found them. It does not alter the number of rounds annually fired, it does not substitute movable dummies for fixed targets, it does not provide for any combination of musketry instruction with the ordinary movements of actual fighting. Whatever is needed to make the shooting of the English infantry soldiers what it ought to be, and what the shooting of other armies is, still remains to be done. Perhaps among the host of useless questions with which Ministers are daily beset, some officer of weight may think it worth while to ask whether Mr. CHILDERS proposes to make any further move in a matter which so nearly concerns the military efficiency of England.

M. GAMBETTA ON EDUCATION.

M. GAMBETTA is apparently of opinion that what he has already done is not enough to keep his name before the public upon the eve of a general election. It is only on rare occasions that the PRESIDENT of the CHAMBER of DEPUTIES finds it convenient to descend from the chair, and take his turn with other speakers. If he did so too often, he would be forced to deliver himself with more clearness and precision than at present suits him. What he prefers to do is to make speeches upon all manner of non-political occasions, into which he can introduce just so much reference to public affairs as is needed to support those eloquent generalities which sound so fine and mean so little. In this way he is committed to nothing, while at the same time it is impossible that the dullest elector, provided he reads his newspaper, should forget his existence. Englishmen will probably think the usage of their own country preferable to that which M. GAMBETTA has introduced into France. Occult influences have often enough been brought to bear upon Governments; but M. GAMBETTA is the first conspicuous instance of an occult Government. The business of the country is understood to be carried on in precisely the way he wishes, but his own explanations of what that way is go no further than a repetition, which even his oratory can but just save from being tedious, of the glories of universal suffrage. If what is done by the subordinates whom he allows to call themselves Ministers turns out well, M. GAMBETTA is ready to take the praise. If it turns out ill, they are paid to bear the blame. A politician, whose eloquence consists of endless variations upon the theme that the people can do no wrong, can hardly fail to find himself on the winning side.

M. GAMBETTA's latest effort of this kind is a speech at the

Congress of a "League of Instruction," which has just been sitting in Paris. It would be idle to go to this speech for any account of what the League of Instruction is, but as this is a matter which has only a local interest, there is nothing to regret in the omission. The presence even of a few statistics would have lessened the specific impression left by M. GAMBETTA's rhetoric. Such displays succeed best when they are wholly unweighted by any reference to facts or figures, and no one appreciates this useful truth more accurately than M. GAMBETTA. A prosaic person who had spoken earlier in the day had alleged as one of the reasons for supporting the League the necessity, as Mr. Lowe once said, of educating our masters. France is governed by universal suffrage, and unless those whose votes determine how she shall be governed are enabled to determine it intelligently, all manner of public evils may follow. M. GAMBETTA is evidently of opinion that it is not respectful to a master to speak of educating him. Worse still, such language may be twisted to imply that the gift of mastery should be withheld until the recipient is capable of exercising it properly. Universal suffrage, he declares, being a right, must be exercised independently of all considerations of fitness. Still, though it is not permissible to say that the electors need education, M. GAMBETTA is anxious that they should be educated. Their decision must be accepted under any circumstances, but it may be accepted with greater pleasure, though not with greater submission, if those who give it know something of the questions upon which they have to pass judgment. Politicians are not bound any more than judges to pronounce upon hypothetical cases; but it would be interesting as a matter of speculation to know what M. GAMBETTA would say of universal suffrage if it were to decree the dissolution of the Republic. Probably he would maintain that, under some special circumstances which he would be quite able to invent for the occasion, what appeared to be a decision given by universal suffrage was, in fact, nothing of the kind.

We have no wish to say anything against education considered as a preparation for the discharge of political duties; but there is undoubtedly a fallacy lurking in the double sense in which the word is employed. Of this fallacy M. GAMBETTA made liberal use in his speech. He painted in the brightest hues the august and magnificent task of the teacher who gives an education from which chimeras, sophisms, and the absolute are alike banished—an education which is made of the "lion's marrow" of positive science. As a Republican critic has pointed out, this lion's marrow only embraces in the great majority of cases the positive sciences of reading, writing, and the four first rules of arithmetic. This amount of education is useful in a small way to its possessor, but it falls a long way short of M. GAMBETTA's glowing description. It would be nearer the truth to say that the lion's marrowbone is there, but that all the marrow has gone out of it. Nothing can be more characteristic of democratic enthusiasm in its least imposing aspect than this absurd endeavour to invest one of the humblest and dullest of functions with these majestic attributes. M. GAMBETTA knows as well as anybody that the amount of instruction that can be conveyed to the great majority of Frenchmen is exceedingly small, and that such political intelligence as they may chance to display is far more likely to come from the education of life and business than from anything which the League of Instruction can teach them. So long as it was the clergy or the religious orders who were employed in imparting rudimentary knowledge, the Republican party looked upon it with proper contempt. Now that lay teachers have taken their place, Republicans think it best to avoid particulars and quietly to appropriate to the preliminaries of education all the fine things that have from time to time been said about education itself.

At this point it seems to have occurred to M. GAMBETTA that he was coming near to dangerous ground. The League of Instruction is a private association for extending the benefits of education to all who care to receive them. How is such an association to be distinguished from those other associations professedly aiming at the same object which the Republican party has lately been busy in dispersing? If one association of Frenchmen may go about teaching its neighbours, and its neighbours' children, why should other associations of Frenchmen be debarred from doing precisely the same thing? M. GAMBETTA evidently felt that it was not necessary to give himself much trouble about a quibble of this kind; for all he

said by way of establishing a distinction was that he is in favour of true liberty of teaching, but not of "a certain liberty." This formula has, at all events, the merit of simplicity. Liberty to teach what M. GAMBETTA approves is true liberty; liberty to teach what M. GAMBETTA does not approve is a "certain" liberty. By this means the necessity of proving that M. GAMBETTA has any more right than other people to impose his views upon France is avoided. The phrase demonstrates itself. No one can desire to see any liberty recognized which is not true liberty, and all liberties which do not please M. GAMBETTA fall short of this standard. They are only "certain" liberties. M. GAMBETTA is not above taking a leaf out of the reactionary book. The distinction he draws has always been in high favour with the adversaries of freedom. They are never opposed to liberty in the absolute, but always to a "certain" liberty. So long as people will be content to teach what is true, they must be secured against censure or interference. It is only when from teaching what is true they turn to teaching what is false, that the need for restriction arises. It is not in the least strange that M. GAMBETTA should wish to act on this distinction; indeed, it is far too convenient to be lightly laid aside. But it is strange that he should think it worth while to give it actual expression. It is a much less dangerous thing to be illogical in deed than to be illogical in word. Unfortunately, each time that one political party is guilty of thus bogging the question its adversaries are confirmed in their determination to bog it in their turn whenever they have the opportunity. It is one of the grievances of this very League of Instruction that when the reactionists were in power the League was thwarted and discouraged in every possible way. If the friends of the League had returned good for evil, and conceded to the reactionists the liberty which had been denied to themselves, the first step would have been taken towards a better state of things. So long as neither party will forego its turn of vengeance, France is condemned to a hopeless see-saw.

THE CHURCH QUARTERLY ON GREGORY THE GREAT.

THERE can be no doubt that Gregory the Great must rank with Leo I. and Innocent I. among the virtual, if not intentional, founders of the Papal Monarchy. Dean Milman calls him the "third great founder of the Papal authority, not only over the minds but the hearts of men." This fact is clearly apprehended and illustrated by the writer of an able and interesting article on "The Letters of Pope Gregory I." in the new number of the *Church Quarterly*; and he has done good service in pointing out how these letters not only supply in great measure a reason and justification of the process of gradual aggrandizement, but formed also one main instrument for carrying it out. The letters of Popes, both genuine and forged—notably the too famous Isidorian decretals—are the foundation of the Canon Law, and this alone would give a peculiar significance to the fact that the collection of Gregory's letters far exceeds, as well in magnitude as in diversity of subject-matter, those of any of his predecessors, not excepting Leo, the most copious and energetic in his correspondence among them. Dean Milman had already observed that these letters offer a singular picture of the incessant activity of his mind and multiplicity of his occupations, and prove that nothing was too little or too great for his personal solicitude, from the minutest details of ritual or regulations about the papal farms in Sicily, to the conversion of Britain, the extirpation of simony in Gaul, negotiations with the conquerors of Italy, and the revolutions of the Eastern Empire. And he proceeds to distinguish the three-fold character of Gregory's pontificate, as a Christian bishop, organizing the ritual and music of the Church service, and administering the patrimony of the Roman See; as Patriarch of the West; and as virtual Sovereign of Rome, and protector of the city and the Italian population against the Lombards. With this agrees very closely the reviewer's estimate of the special nature and interest of the contents of Gregory's *Registrum*.

Matters of Church government and discipline, of social morality and order, are prominent. But secular questions in great variety, such as might engage the attention of a conscientious and just landlord, a vigilant and beneficent head of a civil department, or a public-spirited and large-hearted minister, occupy even more space in it, and show how large a part the Pope was beginning to take in the political and temporal business of Italy. It is this preponderance of administrative activity which gives a character to the letters of Gregory the Great, and makes them so important in illustrating the history of his age and country. But the collection has a further interest. The special interest of Gregory's letters is that, amid the desolations of Italy and these wails of despair, in this record of lamentation and mourning and woe, they exhibit in the clearest and most instructive way the nascent Papacy of the middle ages; the early steps by which the Primacy of St. Leo, the head of the hierarchy of the early times, *Præsum inter pares* among the great Patriarchs of the undivided Church, developed into the administrative all-controlling monarchy of Gregory VII., Inno-

cent III., and Boniface VIII. And they show not only the steps by which it took shape and became established; they show it was a necessary and inevitable consequence of the conditions of the time.

It was in fact a main source and secret of its power that, amid the confusion and misery to which Italy had then been abandoned, "the one survival of purpose and governing capacity was in the Roman Church." It was great alike by the weight of the religious traditions to which it appealed, and by the happy accidents of ecclesiastical and secular history, when the disputes and quarrels in the Church needed an arbiter and men looked naturally to the most highly placed, while the retirement of the Emperors to Constantinople left no rival sovereignty in the field. The Roman See was indeed hardly less indebted, from an historical point of view, to its civil than to its spiritual inheritance. "The temper, the obstinacy, the 'high stomach' of the old senate had passed into the clergy who surrounded the Roman Patriarch at the Lateran." And the play of these combined forces, secular and religious, is the more strikingly illustrated by the conspicuous absence of any marked distinction of personal character or ability among the Popes of the early centuries. St. Leo, who reigned from 440 to 461, is the first of them who can be called a preacher or a theologian. But when all the elements of local and inherited authority came to be represented, not by a man of average or inferior calibre, but by one who in a remarkable degree reflected and embodied all its characteristic features, the effect could not fail to be largely and permanently increased. And such a man was Gregory, who stands out in his official capacity in the sharpest personal contrast to all around him, and to nearly all his own predecessors.

We have observed that Gregory embodied in his own person all the leading characteristics of his high position. He was not simply a great Churchman; it might almost be said that he was a Roman first and a Churchman afterwards. He "was above all things a Roman of the Romans," and might with better reason be called, what Mr. Carlyle designates his own father, *ultimus Romanorum*. To him the Romans were the rightful, though disinherited, lords of mankind; the old proud Roman name, not *Imperium* but "*Respublica*, name and thing, the sum of secular interests, with all their associations and duties, is as often in his mouth as it was in the mouth of Cicero," and it is hardly too much to say that he was the volunteer and unofficial Secretary of State for the imperial Government in the West. The Greeks he hated and despised, as Juvenal did before him, or as Englishmen of the last century hated and despised the French; he declined to learn their language and seemed almost to pride himself on his ignorance of it; when a Roman lady wrote him a letter in Greek, he would not answer it. For the "long-bearded German barbarians"—the Lombards as we now call them—he felt only an indignant loathing, though as Pontiff he was solicitous for their conversion to the Gospel. No member of his household, says his biographer, showed any trace of barbaric ways, either in speech or dress. His keen Italian humour, one side of which was exhibited in his famous puns about the conversion of the Anglo-Saxon slave boys, had a sterner side too. When he had written to "John, the Faster," Patriarch of Constantinople, to remonstrate about the cruel scourging of certain Isaurian monks, and the Patriarch replied that he knew nothing about the matter, Gregory asked his "most holy brother"—whom he seems to have regarded as a religious variety of the *Graculus esuriens* type—"whether he carried his abstinence so far as to feel bound to abstain from telling the truth"? He has bequeathed his name to the ecclesiastical chant which he introduced, but his method of teaching it is not so generally known. Throughout his whole active life, probably owing to his austerities, he was a chronic invalid, unable to stand or sit, and obliged therefore to transact business of all kinds lying on a couch, and long after his death this couch was shown at the Vatican, on which he reclined while giving lessons to his choir school, as well as the *flagellum*, "with which he used to threaten his boys"—but apparently without needing to use more than threats—during practice time. But his Roman temper found expression in graver matters than these. Like St. Ambrose of Milan, he had been a magistrate before he became a bishop, and he carried into his ecclesiastical administration the strict integrity and justice of the best class of Roman magistrates. The Church of Rome possessed, at that time a vast patrimony, in different parts of the empire, managed by local agents, sub-deacons, who discharged the duties, and too often emulated the greed and extortion of the provincial governors of an earlier age. One of Gregory's first acts was to issue peremptory orders to Peter, the subdeacon, manager of the Sicilian estates of the Church, to look closely into these abuses, abandon all unjust claims and profits, and insist on justice being done everywhere. He even sent him "a regular Land Law for the management of Church estates," going into the minutest detail, and studiously providing against all kinds of vexatious and oppressive dealing with the poor tenants. In another way he showed his superiority to the standards of his age, in his treatment of the Jews. He would not indeed allow them to hold Christian slaves, and desired that all legitimate means should be adopted for their conversion, by preaching and argument, but every attempt to convert them by force or annoyance, or denial of their rights, he strictly forbade. He enforced the existing law against building new synagogues, but, when a serious convert from Judaism raised a mob and forcibly turned a synagogue at Oglilari into a Christian church, Gregory at once wrote to condemn the insolence and injustice of his conduct,

and directed the Bishop to restore their synagogue to the Jews. They were not, he wrote to another Bishop, to assume any liberty beyond what the law allowed them; but neither should they suffer any prejudice in what the law did allow.

It is however chiefly through his contributions, not the less effective because in the main unconscious, to the development of Papal power, that Gregory has left his mark on history. By the end of the sixth century, when he succeeded to the chair of Peter, its claims as generally admitted throughout the West, though by no means unlimited or undisputed, were already considerable, in spite of the shock occasionally given to their authority by the blundering and vacillations of Popes like Vigilius, who suffered himself to be made the supple tool and accomplice of the intrigues of the Court of Justinian. The primacy of Rome was, the reviewer thinks, universally acknowledged, but exactly how much that primacy involved was another question on which as yet there was no such general agreement. In the fifth century the title of Pope came to be restricted to the occupant of the Roman See, and his office was supposed to make him the natural judge of appeals, and—at least since the days of St. Leo—to carry with it a right of confirming the decrees of Ecumenical Councils different from that of the other Patriarchs. But the Patriarch of Constantinople also held a very high and dignified position, and ruled over a clergy more learned and cultivated than the Latin, and it still seemed uncertain whether, under favourable circumstances, the centre of gravity might not be shifted from West to East. To prevent this was probably among the aims, and was certainly the permanent result, of Gregory's policy. This helps to explain his quarrel with John the Faster about the title of Ecumenical Bishop, of which, as the reviewer very properly points out, an unfair case has too often been made by Protestant controversialists. What Gregory did and what he did not mean to include in his somewhat intemperate denunciations is very clearly explained in the following lucid summary:—

The condemnation is, indeed, as absolute as definite reasons and violent language can make it; but the popular controversial use of it, as a condemnation by Gregory of the pretensions of the Roman See, must be considered as an instance of theological boldness or innocence. For it is assumed that Gregory, in condemning the word, absolutely condemned the thing; whereas, the truth is that he only condemned the word and title, and that because it had been assumed by his rival at Constantinople, and symbolized his pretensions. . . . But to be all that the title of Universal Bishop practically and really signified Gregory certainly made no hesitating claim. He spurned, indeed, the pompous name, as unbecoming a Christian, and as invented by that ostentation and pride of office which he very sincerely despised and hated. And his protest undoubtedly does further exclude that later development of the Papal office which annulled the independence of bishops, and placed its own delegated authority on their thrones. But that every bishop in Christendom, including him of Constantinople himself, owed to the Patriarch of Rome and the successor of St. Peter an account of his faith and conduct, and was liable to his judgment, was certainly Gregory's belief, and he systematically acted upon it.

But Gregory had other and nobler methods than this of promoting the influence of his See. If he was masterful and imperious in his dealings with recalcitrant prelates, as his letters testify, it was in the interests of a vigorous and impartial discipline and in order to enforce a high standard of life and work among the clergy of every rank. That his judgments were sometimes hasty or based on defective information he himself frankly admits, but of the single-minded aim and spirit of his administration generally, and of his lifelong and unrelenting war against every form of corruption, selfishness, sloth, and oppression in the Church, no reader of his letters can entertain a doubt. Most especially did he wage an implacable war against simony, which he always spoke of and treated as "the first and worst of heresies." So emphatic indeed was his language on this point that in later days, when it had to be reconciled with the infallibility of simoniacal pontiffs and the validity of simoniacal ordinations, it caused serious perplexity. Nor can we fairly attribute his struggle for the supremacy of his own See to any narrow or selfish motives. In the Church, as in the Empire, a double government would have seemed fatal to the preservation of unity, and his Roman instinct no less than his ecclesiastical traditions prompted Gregory to resist to the uttermost the pretensions of his Eastern rival. The notion of a Greek bishop claiming equality, or still more superiority, to the Bishop of Rome was quite as shocking to his deepest national as to his ecclesiastical sentiment; he was resisting not only a schismatical claim, but the insolence of a *parvenu* and an upstart. And the thirteen years' pontificate of "a man who impressed his character on the Church with a power unknown since St. Augustine, and even more widely felt than his in the East," made the success of that claim thenceforward impossible. The Papacy passed out of Gregory's hands far firmer and stronger than before; his letters were eagerly searched in after ages for rules and precedents by the compilers of the Canon Law, while his administration impressed on many minds a conviction at once of the reality and the necessity of the vast powers supposed to be inherent in his See. He was, in Milman's words, the real father of the Medieval Papacy.

Disinterested and just, it was the only power which none but the bad need fear, the only power which men could wish to grow and increase. In Gregory's hands it grew, not because he was ambitious, but because he was so just and good; not because he aimed at increasing it, but because from his way of using it, it could not help increasing.

The reviewer goes on to insist, like Milman before him, with obvious reason, that in the hurry-burly of the middle ages the centralized power of the Papacy was essential for the maintenance

of religion and social order. In this secondary sense, at all events, it is certainly true to say that the Church was built on the rock of Peter. It does not of course follow, as he observes, that the same system could be profitably maintained under the altered conditions of a later age. But into that discussion we need not enter here. We are tracing out an historical sketch, not defining the terms of a theological controversy.

THE WAY WE ADVERTISE NOW.

ADVERTISEMENTS are the ground-bait of commercial success. We are all pestered every day by the circulars of Companies who manufacture tea out of old brooms, sell chemical waters with sham Greek names, or are anxious to dispose of shares in the South Mull and Tobermory Gold Mine. This is sufficiently annoying; but private adventurers in literature, society, art, politics, and what not, easily outdo the impudence of their pushing commercial brethren. The trumpet is blown at street-corners with extraordinary emphasis, and persons who are anxious to "get on" have taken to organized systems of self-advertisement. Perhaps the most audacious advertisement which has been issued takes the shape of a printed post-card. On one side of the card, naturally, is the address of the recipient, the victim. On the side where the writing should be comes this pitiful printed application for a puff (we alter the names, of course):—

A FAIR PHILISTINE. The New Novel. By Mr. TOMKINS.

MR. TOMKINS'S NEW NOVEL.

At all the Libraries, in 3 Volumes,

A FAIR PHILISTINE.

The Author will esteem it a personal kindness if you will demand his book at the Club and from the Circulating Library.

The author is exceedingly grateful for favours to come. He only wishes every one to act as his unpaid tout, to oppress the circulating libraries with demands for a book they do not mean to read, and to introduce what may be nonsense, for anything they know, into their clubs. We had previously thought the women who knit stockings and send them to all parents of new babies, and the persons who dun all railway shareholders for subscriptions for every church on the line, the most importunate of petitioners. But the knitting-women are probably poor, the object of the begging clergy is at least a public object. The self-advertising novelist has no such excuse. He degrades literature, such as the profession is, by his circulars, by his invitations to join a conspiracy to puff him. Probably the advertising novelist is not the only offender of this sort, and it is said that the poems of the modern Muse have been pushed in the same enterprising manner.

The shamelessness of people who have written a book, or even a magazine article, seems to have become infectious. No sooner has Jones "ventilated" (as he calls it) his view of compulsory vaccination, or of the Irish Land Bill, in the "Modern Period," than he, his editor, his brothers, his cousins, and his aunts write to every one they know who has anything to do with the press. The editor ventures to think that a daily or weekly journal will find in Jones's essay an unequalled subject for a leading article. The brothers, cousins, and aunts express the same view in different terms. We believe that if Jones had written on Maori Kitchen Middens, and if he and his friends knew the sporting prophet of such a print as "The Patriotic Publican," they would pester the poor man with requests to advertise Jones's researches in that light-hearted journal. It is thus that many queer phenomena in journalism are accounted for. The dullest and most uncalled for of books is made the topic of a formidable leading article, while many amusing or edifying works are left quite unnoticed. The reason is that the literary advertiser has made his point. He has got hold of some one, some literary Mr. Lofly, who "has spirits working at a certain board," or rather, at a certain newspaper office. This kind of pushing impudence is becoming as shameless and as successful as it was in Macaulay's time, before he smote Montgomery. Literature shows signs of degenerating into a Mutual Advertisement Society. Notorious people of every description allow their names to be printed at the end of articles; they thus advertise and are advertised. Meanwhile, many of the unhappy men who do the manual labour of puffing are sincerely to be pitied. The advertising writer or editor makes himself such a steady, unabashed, persistent, brazen bore, that the writers whom he assails sacrifice even their sense of justice to pacify him and escape his importunities. Few people have the strength of will to resist the interested impudence which is encouraged by every concession. Other people, perhaps naturally modest, beholding the success of shamelessness, clothe themselves in impudence. Thus the life of every one engaged in criticism is made a burden by "presentation copies" of worthless books and by begging letters.

The artistic advertiser follows very much the same tactics. There was a time when artists allowed their friends to see their finished pictures before they were sent to the Academy. The ordeal was trying, and the pretence of criticism was made under difficulties. Still, among friends, these things might be endured. But now every beginner, every pushing wistful amateur, sends cards to people he does not know, and compels them to come into his studio. The critic who yields is lost. A favourable opinion is extorted from him; and then of course he is bound to express the same opinion in his published review, or to be stigmatised as a mean hypocrite. In his invitations, in his entreaties for scraps of

notice, the painting advertiser scarcely differs from the literary pusher. But the latter, at least, does not ask people to listen to his unfinished works and to explore the secrets of his waste-paper basket. The poetaster seldom has an entertainment analogous to Studio Sunday. But we presume that cards offering the privilege of hearing Mr. Raggs recite the first two acts of his unfinished tragedy of *Caractacus* will soon be as common as circulars from Indian Gold Mining Companies, and the proprietors of patents for making chocolate out of scraps of old leather.

The advertising politician, the pushing carpet-bagger, is no less annoying than his brethren, and no less eager for little bits of notice. He begs quite pathetically for what is called in the language of the press "a friendly par." Friendly pars are the breath of his political nostrils. One favourite dodge of the advertising politician is to get himself put upon the Committees of forlorn political hope. The Oppressed Boers Committee; the Skipetar Committee; the Independence of Tunis Committee, are the kind of public bodies in which he disports himself. Then he gets up deputations to the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, the Colonial Office, and pleads, in moving language, the cause of the Boers, the Bey, the innocent outraged Albanians, and the rest of his clients. When deputations are slack, the advertising politician is always busily lecturing at South Shields, or Morpeth, or some such place on "Politics and Morality," "Religion and the Empire," and so forth. He sends his lecture ready printed, with "cheers" and "laughter" inserted at the more moving passages, to all the newspaper offices he knows, and asks to have three columns allotted to him. He fills the press with little notices of his movements, as if he were a pet professor in a scientific, or a popular beauty in a mundane, journal. These are arts by which men do not disdain to try to rise. But it must be said, for the credit of human nature, that the advertising politician rises very slowly. Even when he takes the part of a Parliamentary buffoon and plays his little pranks, or asks his comic questions in the House, he mainly achieves notoriety as a bore. We cannot doubt, when we think of some advertising members of the Lower House, that many men prefer notoriety as bores to the absolute lack of attention which is their natural portion. This they can obtain. They will do well to be content with what they have achieved. No one, by sheer dint of advertising, unaided by real cleverness, can make much way in politics.

In society the same truth holds good. Mere buffoonery, mere posing and posturing, is not enough. A man who is depressed by a snub from a duchess will fail, however assiduously he cultivates curls, imbecility, and daffodil neckties. People will not listen to every sort of egregious nonsense; the nonsense must be clever as well as egregious. Alcibiades showed much knowledge of the art of social advertisement when he cut off his little dog's tail. The action set all Athens talking; but Athens would not have talked about his imitators, if they had cut off the tails of a whole pack of hounds. Success of every sort is now sought, as it were, in the cannon's mouth, in the face of all modesty and self-respect. But we cannot succeed by advertising alone, nor will mere impudence do everything. This is a truth which the advertisers of themselves too much neglect. If Mr. Tomkins's *Fair Philistine*, which introduced us to these reflections, happens to be hopelessly dull, the money and invention expended on his post-cards will all have been wasted. If the modern Muse's poems are trash, no number of dinner-parties, nor a world of advertisements, will make people buy them. The advertising politician will advertise till he is grey, but he will be as far off the Cabinet as ever. The pushing young man who wears bangles on his ankles and his hair in a net will never really be a success unless he has some originality and humour in his impudence and buffoonery. If people could only become convinced of these facts, they would cease to bore their acquaintances with petitions for praise; they would dare to be natural, and cease to be impatient of obscurity. Good work, great power, original character, will make their way without puffing and pushing. Perhaps they will not make their way quite so fast as they would do by the aid of mean obtrusiveness. But self-respect is worth keeping, even at the cost of a retarded success; nay, some will still think, even at the cost of failure. Meanwhile, most of the advertising people will lose their self-respect, will become generally odious, and will fall into the bargain. And they will be odious and contemptible even when they succeed, even when a sorely tormented world does ask for their novels at the club and the libraries.

SNAKES IN THE FLOWERS.

OF all the pleasant winter resorts on the Western Riviera, none is more enchanting than the Principality of Monaco. To vary the famous Spanish saying, Monaco would have been a terrestrial paradise, had Providence, with innumerable other blessings, only granted it a decent Government. But the yoke of its autocratic princelets pressed on the necks of their subjects, and successful revolution circumscribed a territory originally so minute as to seem almost microscopic on any moderately-sized map of Europe. The townships of Mentone and Roccabruna have been long lost to the Grimaldis, with many a rich hectare of olive ground and shady lemon garden. But enough still remains to surround the palaces of the reigning powers with a domain of almost unrivalled picturesqueness. We talk advisedly of palaces and powers in the plural; because, as is well known to the gayer

half of the world, the townfolk and simple peasants of Monaco have been subjected to a double allegiance. By solemn legal arrangements between the high contracting parties—arrangements of which, so far as we know, the terms have been kept scrupulously secret—M. Blanc, when banished from the German Empire by the Reichsrath, was encouraged to transfer his tables to this sunny nook of the Mediterranean. M. Blanc has been gathered to his fathers, in the fullness of riches, if not of honour; but, so far as he, his heirs, and representatives were concerned, it would seem that he could hardly have been driven to a happier choice. Judging, at least, by appearances, and the crush of the sanguine customers who swarm day after day into the "Moorish" halls of his Casino, the gleaming of the grapes of Monaco must be better than the vintage of Hombourg. The fact is, that Monte Carlo—as the new suburb is called which has been springing up around the Casino—is as admirably central as it is eminently seductive. It lies among the growing health resorts that are overcrowded every winter with hosts of wealthy and idle strangers. There, within easy reach, are Cannes and Nice, on the one side, Mentone, Bordighera, and San Remo, on the other. At Cannes, the scattered villas, boarding-houses, and hotels are spreading along the coast for miles, and running along the precipitous sides of the valleys far into the interior. But, beyond sauntering in the sunshine when there is any, and giving his mind to keeping out of the shrivelling winds, there is nothing in the world for a man to do there. Nice is really a city, and consequently more lively; but the gaieties of Nice, such as they are, distinctly incline its visitors for the peculiar dissipations of Monte Carlo. Mentone, in the deep indentations of its hill-locked bays, is an *al-fresco* hospital where the languid air is never stirred, save by the sweep of some occasional tornado, and in self-defence the robust relatives of invalids must keep their health by frequent changes of scene. At Bordighera and the far more beautiful San Remo existence stagnates after a time, till there is a craving for any form of excitement. By an understanding with the railways of the Riviera, this very natural state of things has been turned to the account of the Companies and the Casino of Monte Carlo. Every facility is offered to the idle and listless for spending a succession of happy days there, or any number of agreeable hours. Quick trains are started at convenient times. You may make a dash at Monte Carlo, and come back to dinner, with such appetite as your gains or losses have left you; or, marvel of marvels, in Continental railway arrangements, after devoting the evening to the feverish pleasures of those halls of dazzling light, you are brought home again by a midnight train to heavy or troubled slumber. Necessarily the Railway Companies reap a rich reward for their spirited enterprise; and the shareholders may congratulate themselves on enjoying a reasonable percentage of the profits of the late M. Blanc's speculation. But the legitimate tourist feels sadly out of place in the mob of smartly or elegantly dressed gamblers. The flippant clerk at the booking-office almost forces a return ticket on him. His luggage may be cared for as a matter of favour by porters who are looking out to carry the hand-bags or overcoats of their regular patrons to the carriages. And, unless he is well forward in the scramble, he will find each corner in the first-class compartments filled, and have to content himself with catching flying glimpses of the scenery between the heads of abstracted fellow-travellers in close consultation over the chances. No wonder that jealous hotel-keepers along the Cornice object to the constant and prolonged absences of the people who ought to be their most profitable customers. No wonder that they have been actively agitating in favour of the great moral movement that would clear away the Monte Carlo hotbed of vice; and the stoppage of what are really so many excursion-trains at the Monte Carlo station is a sight to see. Languid "swells" suddenly drop their normal airs of calm superciliousness; doors are thrown open while the carriages are still in motion; ancient ladies and venerable men, who seem already to have one foot in the grave, place the other on the step in readiness for a descent; and before the growling engine has come to a full stop the passengers, in general forgetfulness of their manners, are precipitating themselves in a surging mob towards the solitary exit. You are inclined to moralize on the morbid greed of gain, which cannot bear to lose even one of the precious minutes so near the doors of the possible El Dorado. But though, doubtless, it is cupidity that indirectly sets your companions hustling each other, they are not altogether so unreasonably impatient as they appear to be. The truth is that there is a steep hill to be toiled up from the station, while the number of places in the carriages and omnibuses in waiting is limited. And, moreover, when the visitors are proposing to settle themselves to a long day of serious play, it is of the last importance to make sure, if possible, of a seat at the tables.

Play at Monte Carlo is indeed a serious business, involving, beyond the anxiety inseparable from games of hazard, great bodily exertion and no small expenditure of temper. In the good old times at the favourite German gaming places, though the fun might grow fast and furious towards the hour of closing, in the daylight things were quiet and decorous almost to dullness. You lounged out of the blazing sunshine into cool and darkened apartments; and when your blinking eyes became accustomed to the dim religious light, you looked round on a scene of peaceful stagnation. Some of the tables were as yet unoccupied and still shrouded in brown holland; the others were surrounded by little social groups who gave something like a silently friendly welcome to each new arrival who came with his contribution of cheerful-

ness. There was every facility for studying the strategy of the campaign, laying down the stakes, and making up the winnings. At the Monte Carlo Casino it is much the reverse. As high noon, and very possibly before it, all the eight tables—there are six roulette tables in an outer hall, and two for *sage-et-rais* in an inner chamber—are doing the very briskest business. There is a hubbub of voices. There is a general sense of ruffle and turmoil. You feel as if you had passed the swing doors of a thriving City bank, and were being crushed up to the counter in a mob of money-getters on a term day. Eager adventurers or gaping onlookers are pressing round each centre of excitement in serried ranks three or four deep; while the comparative few who have been fortunate enough to find chairs seem half stifled under the physical pressure from behind. The duties of the croupiers are no sinecure. They are constantly occupied in placing the stakes for those who, finding it impossible to get near the tables, are screeching contradictory instructions, often in unintelligible French. Literally the ladies and gentlemen who are relegated to the back places in this bear-garden earn their money, when they make any, by the sweat of their brows. Nor are the chances against their winning limited by any means to the odds that are avowedly reserved by the establishment. For, when you have won a stake, you have often to wrangle for it; and we need hardly say that a modest foreigner, abroad in everything but his native speech, is exceedingly likely to be pushed to the wall. In the first place, there is the liability to make honest mistakes when coins are being scattered broadcast over the board by many different persons, and sometimes piled upon each other in inextricable confusion, when there is a rush to back a popular number. In the next place, there are professional harpies who are always on the hover, with the sole idea of preying on the profits of other people; and we need not say that these conscienceless creatures are the loudest and most determined in insisting on their claims. The croupiers are passionately appealed to, and give their decision, which is final. Frequently the decision, though it may be honestly given, is flagrantly unjust. And the victim who has been waiting for the turn of luck that might have materially redressed the balance of his transactions can only resign himself to the robbery. When M. Blanc was building up his princely fortune at Hombourg his servants had orders to deal more liberally. When the parties to a dispute refused to be reconciled, the bank paid both of them, and went on again. But Hombourg was exposed to a lively competition, while Monte Carlo has a monopoly which it seems inclined to abuse; though, in its early days, it perpetuated the Hombourg traditions, and was generous to the victims of runs on the wrong colour. So when a gambler satisfied the administration that he had been fairly cleaned out, it helped him with his hotel bill and advanced him his travelling expenses. Now it is said that all appeals *in forma pauperis* are summarily rejected. The applicant is told metaphorically to go and be hanged; and not unfrequently, it is asserted, the counsel is taken literally. But to judge from the looks and manners of many of the most assiduous frequenters of the tables, we should say that any well-authenticated case of the relief of distress would be an encouragement to innumerable attempts at cunningly devised imposition. A more ill-favoured lot, generally speaking, it would be difficult for the most imaginative of romance-writers to conceive.

Setting the question of morality aside, the existence of the Casino is a decided advantage to the man of the world who makes some stay at Monte Carlo. For a few days, at all events, he finds a constant interest in odd studies of life and observations on objectionable manners. There is a spacious reading-room, fairly well furnished with journals, and an admirable band that plays in a magnificent concert-room. In short, he will always have resources for his evenings, nor will he have any cause to complain of the hotels, their cellars, and their *cuisines*. And the natural beauties of the place are unsurpassed, while the excursions in the romantic neighbourhood are endless. We know nothing more entrancing than the blending of grey cliff and blue sea; the sloping gardens of blooming geranium beds hung on the very crests of the beetling precipices; the grey of the olive groves and the deep green of the orange and lemon gardens, backed up by the sweep of the amphitheatre of rugged hills, breaking the nipping winds that are the scourge of the Riviera. The climate is delicious, though somewhat enervating, and you may possibly be worried by the premature visits of the mosquitos. But, on the whole, if you are on the outlook for the earthly paradise, you may go far further and fare far worse, unless you should push your researches to the islands of the South Seas.

MR. BURGES.

THE unexpected death, at the age of only fifty-three, of Mr. Burges has robbed English art of one of its most brilliant and original standard-bearers. According to party distinctions a Gothicist, and, among Gothicists, an Ecclesiologist, Mr. Burges was, beside and beyond all sectional designations, William Burges, brimful of energy, boldly original at times, and then loyally observant of precedent, acutely sensitive to the dignity and responsibility of his profession, and yet overflowing with the drollest humour and master of the most manifold conceits. He was an architect and he was an artist, but he

began by being an artist before he became an architect. Mr. Burges at one time attained European fame by coming out in 1856 as first prizeman, by the award of judges who were mainly Frenchmen, in alliance with Mr. Clutton, in the international competition for the projected Cathedral at Lille, while Mr. Street followed in the second place, leaving M. Lassus, whom his countrymen had backed as certain winner, to take the third place, behind Englishmen of whose name he had probably never heard. The *Annales Archéologiques*, which then represented the Gothic movement in France, had grimly to confess that this was for France its artistic Waterloo. Yet the victory was barren. The award of the judges was set aside in favour of a *pastiche* of the designs concocted for the advantage of a local architect, so as to smooth down susceptibilities, while we believe that very little of this unsatisfactory work has in the intervening quarter of a century been carried out. Again, in the following year Mr. Burges was named first prizeman for the Memorial Church at Constantinople, and yet he was destined to see the accomplishment of the work pass to another architect. In the meanwhile his reputation grew, and some years later he was selected among the favoured ten who were invited to compete for the New Law Courts. He produced a design of singular dignity, harmonious proportion, and stately detail. But the judges, men of great eminence, but in the selection of whom the scientific knowledge of architecture was not an element of choice, passed it over without a notice. At a still later period the great project for the decoration of St. Paul's was entrusted to Mr. Burges, and all know how far that enterprise has progressed. This is a topic on which we have spoken so often, so fully, so decidedly, and at so many stages of the tedious business, that we shall now confine ourselves to the simple statement that we adhere to every word which we have said upon the merits and the treatment of the great artist who has passed away from the possibility of human reparation.

Of the buildings which Mr. Burges was enabled to execute, the first place must be assigned to that very stately Cathedral at Cork, of stern Early French, with its triple spires, which, even in the agonies of disestablishment, the Anglican communion of Ireland upraised in defiance of those Puritan delusions by which it had too long been beguiled. But at an earlier date Mr. Burges had out of the cold flat room which then served as chapel to Worcester College, Oxford, created a gorgeous temple of religious subtlety. In his hands likewise the severe fragment of a Norman nave, which survived from the mighty Abbey of Waltham, was most cleverly restored for its present more modest attributes of a parish church. A very elaborate church—built in Yorkshire in memory of Mr. Vyner, so brutally murdered by Greek brigands—led to its author being commissioned to carry out that larger and more sumptuous one which Lord Ripon raised in Studley Park. At Cardiff Castle, and at the neighbouring Castell Coch, in Glamorganshire, which Mr. Burges restored and decorated for Lord Bute, he gave full rein to his luxurious fancy. Whether the richness of the fittings, at least in the larger pile, may not be almost oppressive, is a point which could be reasonably argued; but that the work shows exceeding ability in the design is incontestable. He also built the Speech-room at Harrow, a translation into Gothic forms of an ancient theatre, remarkable for its successful acoustics. For many years Mr. Burges lived in picturesque chambers, upstairs, in Buckingham Street, Strand, overlooking the wide bend of the Thames, where the rooms and their furniture, creations of his inexhaustibly sportive imagination, were quite a show for his amused friends. But recently he transferred his abode to what is a true country-house within the circuit of London, standing upon one of the plots carved out of the grounds of what used to be known as Little Holland House, in the street now dubbed Melbury Road. We hope that no vulgar successor will deface a house in which the consistency of the architecture and the manifold resources of the decoration blend in an unique whole of whimsical, yet thoughtful and attractive, piquancy.

It is quite consistent with the most sincere admiration for Mr. Burges's genius to question whether the style in which he worked by preference, though not exclusively, as Sir J. Heathcote Amory's house in Devonshire testifies—the Early French Pointed—may not be too massive and inelastic for the life of our mobile age. Anyhow, he displayed a mastery of it such as no other Englishman could lay claim to; and, by a curious combination of qualities, the missionary of this the most severe type of Pointed architecture was in accessories, in decorations, and in furniture the most exuberantly and fancifully droll of inventors, never sparing either his knowledge of form, his researches into variety of materials, or his mastery of coloration—coloration of good, full hues, boldly contrasted, and never disdaining the support of gilding.

It was this almost bizarre combination of qualities, which at first would have seemed hardly compatible, which created the specialty of the Burgesian style. In fact, Mr. Burges's intense sense of humour was almost a snare to him, against which, it is fair to say, that he manfully struggled whenever duty ordered him to be serious. Akin to it, and proceeding from the same mental conformation, was his good temper and patience under provocation. We do not mean to say that he could not be pettish when he felt himself misunderstood or ill-treated, or that he had not a due sense of his own capacity. But it was just this surface fault which saved him from that rancour and jealousy which is so often the bane of the artistic character. To criticism judiciously offered he was sure, in the long run, to give candid attention.

As may be inferred from what we have been saying, the estimate of Mr. Burges's contributions both to the practice and the theory of art, which should confine itself to recording his characteristics as an architect, would be so thoroughly defective as to be absolutely false. He did not even confine his achievements to large undertakings of mural decoration and painted glass, nor to those studied compositions by way of furniture which are really architecture on a diminutive scale. In all the delicate processes which subdued precious material to the service of art and fancy, the craft of the goldsmith, of the jeweller, of the binder, and of the ivory-carver, Mr. Burges was a proficient, and in their exercise he was wont to seek his recreation from the more onerous labours of his regular profession. It was in this branch of his studies that his freedom from conventionality most clearly asserted itself. Gothicism as he was in his buildings, he sought forms of quaint fancy and serviceable materials from the art of every country and age, and he possessed withal the knack of so combining his selections as to produce a harmonious and reasonable whole. The publications which bore Mr. Burges's name were written for practical objects, the cultivation of a literary style not having been one of the objects of his ambition.

A late recognition of Mr. Burges's artistic merits was accorded by his being elected A.R.A. a very short time before his death. We are glad for the sake of the Royal Academy that it should not have missed numbering him among its illustrations.

ROGUES AND VAGABONDS.

THE death is recorded of George Brine, "King of the Beggars." He had earned his title by having been committed to gaol no less than a hundred times for begging and similar offences; but it was his proud boast that he had never been convicted of larceny or felony in any form. There are few things as to which so much nonsense has been written, or so much ignorance of the real facts of the case displayed, as this same question of beggar confraternities, societies of rogues and vagabonds, and gipsy kingdoms. Writers of fiction have perpetuated the convenient delusion, and from Sir Walter Scott to Major Whyte Melville the organization and mysteries of these lawless guilds have furnished an interesting *motif* for incident or plot. The beggar's calling is undoubtedly a most ancient one, for it is as old as the institution of idleness itself. The right of members of the religious profession to be supported by the voluntary contributions of their fellows was also naturally recognized at an early stage of society, and as naturally produced the class of which jogis, fakirs, and dervishes in the East, and mendicant friars in the West, are types. These certainly have their organization, their initiations, passwords, and signs, but their constitution is founded strictly on the religious basis, while their mendicancy is the accident rather than the final cause of their foundation. In the middle ages, when every calling had its Guild or Corporation, it was only natural that the beggars should form theirs; but these were composed of licensed mendicants—the poor, but highly respectable Bedesman, or the disabled soldier, to whom the Government gave permission to beg in lieu of a pension—and not of "casuals" or "tramps." That most conservative and irrepressible tribe the Gipsies is always credited with the possession of a king or queen to whose sway the rest bear unquestionable allegiance, but we unhesitatingly assert that no such person ever yet existed among them. They have not even a word in their language for king, those of Europe having borrowed the Slavonic word *král* to express the idea. The first bands of "Egyptians" who invaded Europe no doubt put forward some able man of their number to act as their agent, spokesman, or leader, and to conform to the prevalent customs of the time, but the office of "Duke of Egypt" was as mythical and misleading as the origin implied in the name. In the present day the name of king or queen of the Gipsies is often heard, but the circumstances of the monarch's coronation are very simple. When a Gipsy has reached an advanced age, and finds himself or herself the head of an extensive family, he or she occasionally settles down, and is of course visited from time to time by nomad children and grandchildren, with their "sisters and their cousins and their aunts," to say nothing of male relatives. These gatherings excite curiosity in the Gentile mind, which the tribe takes care to cultivate; the patriarch is at once given the royal title, and the offerings of the "gorgios" make a very handsome little income for the ancient one, while the family gatherings are as good as so many additional fairs, with all the impetus which these give to Gipsy trade and roguery. But, were it not that the Gentiles themselves desire a Gipsy king, the idea would never enter into the heads of the "Romany chals," who laugh in their sleeves at "gorgio" gullibility.

The celebrated Bamfylde Moore Carew is a good instance of a pseudo-king of the roads. The son of a clergyman, and coming of a very good stock, he developed an uncontrollable passion for a vagabond life, disgraced his family, and occasioned much scandal by his lawlessness and audacity. His notoriety seems to have attracted to him a number of professional rogues and vagabonds; but his self-assumed title of "King of the Gipsies" was a misnomer; for, to judge by his own accounts of himself, and still more by the vocabulary which he has left behind, his subjects were not Gipsies at all, but mere "mumpers," or tramps, with at best a sprinkling of "posh and posh," or Gipsy half-breeds. The

adventures and tricks of Carew and his companions bear, of course, a great similarity to those of the traditional beggars of antiquity and of the middle ages, as well as to the "dodges" of the beggars of the present day; but it by no means follows that they were handed down from primitive times, or taught by initiatory and mystic rites. The whining appeal for alms, backed up by lies and canting religious phrases; the simulation of deformity, wounds, or disease; the appropriation of any cock that may be met with "crowing promiscuous" in a deserted lane, or the replenishing of the rogue's wardrobe from the linen that hangs on every hedge; these and the like are devices which Nature herself suggests to the idle and unscrupulous "loafer," and need no apprenticeship to learn.

Nevertheless, "the roads" of England do present phases of society, or rather extra-social phases, which are both curious and interesting. The life of the vagabond,

Homeless, ragged, and tanned,
Under the changeful sky,

has, and probably always will have, great charms for many; for it satisfies the restless longing for change and impatience of restraint, it affords an almost certain means of livelihood, often without work, and during the spring, summer, and autumn months is healthy, invigorating, and pleasant. If, in the course of the exercise of begging, or any other of the unlicensed professions, the tramp make the acquaintance of the treadmill, the stone-breaking yard, or the oakum-picking cell, he is only earning experience that will be useful to him in the winter months, which he will most probably spend in voluntary or forced retirement in establishments where these branches of industry are carried on. There are so many varieties of the vagabond that we can only enumerate a few of those most frequently met with. First and foremost is the Gipsy, the most incorrigible, but perhaps the most respectable, of all. With him vagabondage is a normal condition of life, and, like the ancient Scythian or the modern Turkoman, his tent and his waggon constitute his home. His ancestors, as far as his traditions reach back, have lived in the same manner; he has his own language, and he follows his own trades and calling; he has not perhaps the same ideas of honesty and respectability that "house-dwellers" have, but he bears them no ill-will for it, and he certainly does not regard himself in the light of an offender or an outcast. Impressed with a strong nationality, and having a good constitution and a cheerful disposition, he has outlived generations of persecution, and only yields slowly to the influence of the Inclosure Acts, which are in this country gradually crowding him out. Next comes the "posh and posh," or half-bred Gipsies; of these a large number adopt the life and habits of the Gipsies themselves, but maintain certain relations with the civilized and stationary world. They are often well to do, and such an instance as was related to us by one of them of a girl of this class, who had married "a hinddependent gent," is by no means rare. On asking of what this particular independent gentleman's fortune consisted, we were told that he earned "sixteen pound a week brush-hawkin'." Some among them pursue the calling of *mush-fakin*—that is, of repairing umbrellas, with which others combine the tinker and travelling cutlery business. Then there is the tramp proper, the rogue and vagabond *par excellence*, who lives entirely by begging, chicanery, and petty larceny. He may be always known by a bright, unquiet eye, a dissipated, "ne'er-do-weel" air, and a chronic aversion to the sight of a policeman or doing a day's work. Mechanics and labourers "on the tramp" and in search of work are also to be met with; but they do not belong to "the road," and, indeed, are for the most part inexperienced in its ways. The Handwerk's Bursch, or travelling artisan of Germany—who roams as much for change, and because it is the fashion, as to get work, and for whom begging, or, as it is called in his argot, "*fechten*," is prescribed by the etiquette of his class—has no representative in this country. The Handwerk's Bursch does belong to an organization more or less recognized and somewhat of the nature of a workman's guild. Lastly, upon the English "roads" there is the Fern-seller, a race entirely by itself, and unlike any other of the "traveller" class; for he it known that "traveller" is a purely technical word, applied by themselves to designate collectively the various classes to which we have referred. The fern-seller is wretchedly poor, his wardrobe is deplorable, he is more beery and disreputable than any of the mates he meets in the hospitable tramps' lodging-house; but he is of a cheery temperament, displays considerable taste in the arrangement and disposition of his wares, and can tell you the botanical name of every fern in his basket. Why it is we know not, but ferns have a singularly demoralizing effect upon the "traveller"; an acquaintance with the "extra social" classes teaches that horses are not conducive to strict commercial honesty; pigeons are even worse than horses, and may be considered as most immoral birds, leading their "fanciers" into constant temptation through matches and shows; but ferns have some malign influence which is quite inexplicable, and he who once takes to "shelkin gallopers," as the trade of fern-selling is euphoniously called, is a lost "traveller." We have not mentioned the beggars, thieves, and other rogues of the town, as, though having points of contact with the roads, they belong to a different class. The annals of the police courts, also, and the proceedings of what an Eastern friend of ours used to call the "Mendacity" Society, have made them less of an unknown species. A further subdivision of the vagabond, or "traveller," class may be made accord-

ing to the languages spoken on the roads; these, again, are in a descending scale of respectability. First, there is the Romany, or Gipsy tongue proper, a "deep" acquaintance with which is a sign of aristocratic "Egyptian" descent. Then there is *Zemzek*, or "cant," the old-fashioned thieves' slang, with which the half-breeds interlard their discourse, much to the scandal of the Romanies themselves. Again, we have *Minkler's Thery*, or "Tinker's talk," also called *Sticks*, a corrupt form of Gaelic, which is affected chiefly by the lower-class travellers. Last of all comes a dialect which betokens a depth of social degradation to which even ferns seldom lead, and that is Italian. A conversation with an itinerant organ-grinder in that language once almost lost the writer the respect of a "mush-faker" with whom he was on friendly terms, and quite lowered his prestige in Romany circles. The purloins of Leather Lane and Saffron Hill are probably to blame for this evil repute of the soft Tuscan tongue.

The "Tinker's talk" is that which is most used by the real rogue and vagabond, since, being less known than either Romany or Cant, it is less likely to be understood of the common people, and is much safer in the presence or vicinity of the police. "You're readered sobree"—that is to say, "There is a warrant out against you"—is the muttered warning that has caused many a tramp to seek more hospitable and safer spots. For beggars, if they have no regular organization, are bound together by ties of mutual interest and sympathy, and will always impart to each other serviceable information as to pecuniary chances, or constabulary dangers, in certain districts. There is, as is tolerably well known, a recognized system of signs, and happy the householder on whose gates the symbol for "No good trying here," or "Gives yer soup tickets," is marked, for his gate-bell shall be unbroken and his watch-dog rest. The death of King George Brine is no doubt a sad event, but we may console ourselves with the reflection that, if numerous convictions constitute a claim to the title of "King of the Beggars," we shall not have to wait long for his successor.

FRENCH CRITICS AND FRENCH DRAMATISTS.

IT has been said of the modern British drama that its principal *raison d'être*, after the playgoing habit of the British public, is the drama of modern France. Without the second the first could hardly contrive to exist. The London manager who would steer clear of bankruptcy, the London actor who is anxious for opportunities of histrionic adaptation, keep a sharper eye on the doings of M.M. d'Ennery and Sardou than on those of Messrs. Byron and Wills, and are rewarded for their diligence by overflowing houses and material for fresh and profitable impersonations. This being the case, it is disheartening to find that, in the opinion of competent persons, the French drama is, like the English, on its last legs. Critics of several schools are agreed on this point. The lamentations of M. Sarcely, for instance, are loud and prolonged. In the matter of theatrical criticism M. Sarcely is not perhaps the infallible person his friends believe; but he knows what constitutes a play, and his judgments may often be accepted without question or reserve. It is ominous that of late he has found nothing to praise. When he is not reproving M. Perrin for mismanaging the Comédie-Française, he seems to have nothing to do but bewail the poverty of invention, the mean imagination, the lack of insight and energy and skill, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the younger generation of playwrights. According to him, the managers are clamouring for new plays, and new plays there are none. There are no more dramatists, and the stage is going to the dogs. M. Zola, a critic who has scarcely a single opinion in common with M. Sarcely, goes still further. In his new volume, *Le Naturalisme au Théâtre*, he envelops the actual order of things theatrical in an immense and dogmatical disdain. It is his ambition to be considered "a swallower of formulas," as Carlyle used to say; and he has swallowed the French stage at a gulp. Nothing that is, or that has been, contents him. He is equally contemptuous of Barrière and Corneille, of *Hernani* and *Bertrand et Raton*. He visits with disdain both *Le Tour de Neale* of glorious memory and *Chien d'Aveugle*, both *Orphée aux Enfers* and *Les Noces d'Attila*. He is not less angry with D'Ennery than with Jules Verne, with *Les Bourgeois de Pont-Arcy* than with *Jean-Marie*; and it is evident that he prefers *Thérèse Raquin* to *Le Mariage d'Olympe* and *La Contagion*. His talk is all of science, method, analysis, the "human document," the naturalistic formula, "*la crudité superbe de Ben Jonson*," and so forth. In anticipation, he is the Marat of a revolution in the drama, and he will not be satisfied with less than complete anarchy, and the heads of all his contemporaries. His war-cry is that of John Leech's demagogue; nothing is that ought to be, and therefore "Down with everything!" As he makes no single sign which would help us to believe that he knows what makes a play and what a play should be, and as he appears to hold that the drama of the future will be an analogue in action of the novel of the present, as understood by himself and his disciples, his contribution to the literature of the question seems to be not only exasperating to everybody, but of no manner of use to anybody.

On the other hand, writers are not wanting to take a more hopeful view of matters. One of the best and most intelligent is M. Léopold Lacour, whose *Trois Théâtre* is a clever spirited attempt

to describe and define the several talents and achievements of MM. Augier, Sardou, and Dumas. M. Lacour treats all three of his authors as if they were already classic, and his work—with every allowance made for the strain of exaggeration which seems inevitable in a writer's criticism of his contemporaries—is discriminating enough. The essay which is the least deformed in this sense is the one on M. Augier; and it is, in consequence, the best and most workmanlike of the three. M. Lacour's estimate of those master-qualities—of delicacy and force, of observation and imagination, of sober daring and austere and virile refinement, of constructive ability and literary skill—which have set their owner in the front of living writers for the stage, is singularly temperate and just. M. Augier has occupied from the first a position which exposed him to a good deal of adverse criticism. When he began, it was as a representative of that reaction in favour of the classic principle in art which set in when the after of Romanticism had somewhat abated of its violence. Then, he was laughed at as a member of the school of common-sense. Next, he got into difficulties as a preacher of domestic morality, and as one who openly avowed himself the champion of injured husbands. Finally, as the grandson of Pigault-Lebrun, and the friend of Prince Napoleon, he met with scant courtesy at the hands of critics who differ from him in politics. Of the antagonism that it has been his to awaken there are traces here and there in M. Lacour himself. This author writes well of M. Augier; but it is significant that, while prone to enthusiasm and exaggeration, he writes almost dispassionately. Of *Diane*, a very beautiful and touching play, he merely says, after Théophile Gautier, that it is "a pallid copy of *Marion Delorme*"; and of *L'Aventurière*, one of the noblest and most striking of romantic dramas, he hardly deigns to make any mention at all. He admires the master works of the poet a great deal, and discerns in some of them—in *Les Lionnes Pauvres*, for instance—more and greater merit than perhaps they possess; and he makes no difficulty about giving to M. Augier that first place which is his due. But there is a touch of reserve in all he does for the author of *Maître Guérin* which is not felt when he comes to treat of the authors of *Nos Bons Villageois* and *La Princesse Georges*. He has a passion for these writers, and he cares not who knows it. Under his hand their faults grow almost admirable, while their talent takes the hues of genius itself. It is really amusing to hear him dilating on the virtues of M. Dumas. This, for instance, is the way in which he starts upon his examination of that eccentric master and his works:—"Observateur d'une pénétration rare, philosophe aventureux, volontiers mystique, tourmenté sans cesse par deux livres qu'il aspire à mettre d'accord, le Ode et l'Evangile; interprétant, d'ailleurs, l'Evangile et la Bible au gré de ses théories, séduit par les images apocalyptiques, prophète et boulevardier, révolutionnaire et déiste, socialiste et conservateur, M. Dumas fils, au point de sa carrière où nous le trouvons aujourd'hui, nous présente une œuvre extrêmement originale et complexe, toujours séduisante, étincelante d'esprit, d'adresse et d'audace, avec des parties admirables, et, ce qui vaut mieux encore, avec deux ou trois pièces de premier ordre." After this, it is not surprising to find that M. Lacour is penetrated with admiration for that violent, vulgar, and clumsy melodrama, *L'Etrangère*; that he thinks the Cœnobia of *La Femme de Claude* a "figure à la Michel-Ange," and a masterpiece of characterization, and the play itself, which has been described as a nightmare of sensuous mysticism, a very excellent play indeed; and that he is prepared to accept the *dénouement* invented by M. Dumas for the *Supplice d'une Femme* for one of the best in the modern drama. It need hardly be said that he takes the moralist in M. Dumas quite seriously, or that he makes the most that can be made of his author's right, as the poet of Marguerite Gautier and Diane de Lys, to be considered the leader of the realistic revolution effected in art during the last twenty-five or thirty years. As for M. Sardou, the critic discourses of him in terms still more obliging. He labours under an impression that that most brilliant and vivacious of playwrights—"Cette incarnation du théâtre," as Barrière called him—is a great writer, a great moralist, a great satirist, a great dramatist, and a great artist in the presentment of character and emotion. In his enthusiasm he accepts the dashing farce of *L'Oncle Sam* for very literature; he sees in *La Famille Benoiton* a work which, under one of its aspects, may be regarded as a pendant to *Les Femmes Savantes*, while under another it is of the deepest tragic significance. He is inclined to admire the emotional quality in *Les Vieux Garçons* quite as warmly as the incomparable neatness of its construction; and he claims not less than heroic rank for *La Haine* and *Patrie*, which are, assuredly, no more than splendidly clever. He even takes up the cudgels in defence of *Daniel Rochat*, and proves to his own satisfaction that it is not a dramatic futility, but a real play. In fact, he pushes his admiration so far as to awaken a feeling of something like astonishment in his readers that he has refrained from speaking of *Les Femmes Fortes* and *Les Poinçons du Voisin*, as models of their kind.

M. Lacour has nothing to say of what is, or is not, the essential in drama, and he now and then, as has been seen, allows his enthusiasm to get the upper hand of his discretion. But he is useful in his way, and as often as not discourses usefully. His remarks concerning realism are particularly sensible; and his analysis of the influence of Balzac on the later drama—on which the image and superscription of that extraordinary artist are imprinted not less deeply than on the later novel—is extremely good and pertinent. It is worthy of note that, like MM. Sarcey and

Zola, he, too, believes the drama to be even now in a state of transition; and that, when naturalism shall have died the death it deserves, and the *pièces* shall have passed away, and there shall be no more question of the sermon-melodrama, he looks for the advent of a new kind of play, the form and spirit of which shall be altogether poetical.

JOINT-STOCK INVESTMENTS.

IT seems plain that the salutary dread of joint-stock enterprises which has so long weighed upon the English investor has at last been lifted off him. The list of new Companies which has recently been published in the *Times* may represent a good deal more capital than has been subscribed, but it must also represent a good deal which has been subscribed. Promoters do not spend their money in advertising unless the public show some disposition to buy shares, and by the time that a few Companies have asked for money without getting it, many more that have come to the birth have discovered that there is not strength to bring forth. If investments had not been brisk, the list for the three weeks ending the 23rd of April would not have been larger in proportion than that for the three months ending the 25th of March. For some time past everybody who has any spare money has been under the influence of one of two feelings—dislike to losing his principal, and dislike to getting very little interest for it. Unfortunately, the first of these feelings grows less acute as the recollection of former disasters becomes fainter; whereas the second is constantly kept vivid by the practical inconvenience of a diminished income. Every right-thinking mind is disgusted by the prospect of having to think yourself lucky if you can get four per cent. for your money. The faith of the English people in five per cent. as a divinely ordered minimum of interest has been rudely shaken of late; but the germ of the faith is there, and it only waits for a little encouragement to shoot up afresh. The promoter is skillful in marking the least signs which tell that public confidence is reviving. He rejoices to think that prospectuses have become an unknown literature to numbers who were once painfully familiar with them, and that the delusions which have been so often exposed, and the promises which have so often been broken, may once more be reproduced without much fear of detection. Now is the time to launch upon the world his Cabbage Tobacco Company. Hope, that so long seemed dead, has again come to life, and he no longer fears to find deaf ears turned to the grand scheme by which an ingenious public may be induced to buy something which is not tobacco at about the price which it has hitherto paid for something which is. When one scheme has been successfully floated, the way is at once opened to a second. Those who could not make up their minds to write for shares in one Company until the day on which the subscription list was to be closed had come and gone are naturally anxious not to make a similar mistake with a second. They do not wish to be less courageous, and consequently less fortunate, than their neighbours, and as each successive prospectus takes care to improve a little on its predecessors, they are justified in describing their prospects from the undertaking in which they have actually invested as even brighter than those that would have been theirs if they had not let the first undertaking slip. This process is capable of indefinite repetition; and, for however long a time the issue of new Companies may go on, promoters are sure to be forthcoming who will promise to give unto this last even as unto all that went before it.

There are two aspects in which investment in new Companies may be regarded, and neither of them at all justifies the childlike trust which characterizes the investor in prosperous times. The money invested is either put into a business, or lent to those who are going to carry on a business. Consequently, a man who buys shares in a new Company must, if he is commonly prudent, be satisfied of his own knowledge either that the business is promising, or that those who propose to carry it on are trustworthy. It is strange that the mere interposition of the words "Joint-Stock Company, Limited," should exert so magical an effect. Ordinarily speaking, if it were proposed to a man who has saved money to embark in a business of which he knows absolutely nothing, or to lend his capital to persons of whose character and qualifications he is equally ignorant, he would think that he was being made fun of. Dairy farming, hotel management, house-building, mineral water bottling, furniture-selling, and all the hundred other forms of industrial enterprise which are now being launched upon the market need special skill and training. They need this special skill and training just as much when the business is to be carried on by a joint-stock Company as when it is to be carried on by an ordinary partnership. It may be said that even in ordinary partnerships there are sleeping partners, and that an investor in a joint-stock Company is no worse off than a sleeping partner in any other concern. But then a sleeping partner is usually a man who has sufficient confidence in those with whom he is associated to leave his money in their hands. He is not a trader, but a capitalist who has lent money to traders. The wisdom of this course depends entirely on his knowledge of the traders in whom he places this trust, and there is nothing in the position of a shareholder in a joint-stock Company to exempt him from this rule. In so far, and only in so far, as he has good grounds for putting confidence in the management of the Company, is he wise in lending

money to it. To have these good grounds it is not enough that there are names on the direction whom he knows by repute. There are names, indeed, which carry assurance with them, but they are the names of men who have a specific business reputation, and of this the ordinary investor can seldom be a judge. What he means by a good direction is a board which includes a baronet, a general, and a younger son of a peer—an excellent combination possibly for social purposes, but an utterly worthless one from a business point of view. If any one of the three came to the investor and proposed to borrow money of him, he would at once feel this; but when the proposal is that he should lend money, not to a baronet, a general, or a younger son, but to a Company, of which he really knows nothing except that a baronet, a general, and a younger son are among its directors, his hand is at once in his pocket. There is, it is true, a further difference between an ordinary sleeping partner and a shareholder in a joint-stock Company. The liability of the ordinary sleeping partner is unlimited; the liability of the shareholder is, for the most part, limited. If the investor took his total liability into account, and bought no more shares than he could contrive to pay for, supposing all the capital to be called up, this would be a solid distinction. But, as regards the majority of investors in new Companies, it is a distinction which comes to very little. They regulate the amount of their investments, not by the nominal capital, but by the capital it is proposed to raise at once, so that, if the Company is wound up and the whole of the nominal capital has to be provided in order to satisfy its creditors, the shareholders may be ruined quite as effectually as though their liability had been unlimited.

The result of all this is that the general public had better avoid new Companies, and especially small new Companies, one reason for this last caution being that where the nominal capital is very small there is always some ground for surprise that it has been found necessary to come to the general public for it. Men of business are always on the look out for good investments, and when they know of one which promises exceedingly well, and needs no more money than they can themselves command, it is not very obvious why they should be anxious to share the golden opportunity with people of whom they know nothing. Inasmuch, however, as new Companies are increasing in number every week, it is evident that nobody needs this and similar warnings. If they did, there would be very few new Companies.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.

THE General Tariff Bill, which has so long been under discussion in the French Chambers, has at last been passed, and now awaits only promulgation to become law. Six months after it is promulgated it will come into force, and, consequently, there are only six months within which to negotiate the new commercial treaty between this country and France. If the treaty is not then concluded, the General Tariff will apply to English as well as to other foreign goods imported into France, unless, indeed, our Government in the meantime can induce the French Government and Chambers to prolong the existing treaty for another short period. From one point of view the General Tariff marks a great advance towards Free-trade, though from another it is disappointingly reactionary. The National Convention adopted commercial, as well as civil and political, freedom; but in the long wars which followed, heavy duties had to be imposed, not so much for the sake of the protection they gave as for the revenue they yielded; but they were continued and even increased by the succeeding Governments with the view of giving protection to native industry. At last these duties became absolutely prohibitive in many instances, and in nearly every case were very onerous. The Commercial Treaty negotiated by Mr. Cobden in 1860 was the first breach in this system, and there quickly followed other treaties with the Continental Governments. The General Tariff Bill, which has now been passed, is intended to replace the old tariff which existed before Mr. Cobden's treaty was negotiated—that is to say, the legislative, not the conventional, tariff of recent times. Regarded from this point of view, it marks, as we have said, a great advance. But the experience gained under Mr. Cobden's treaty and those which followed it had proved so clearly the advantages of a liberal *régime* in trade that it was hoped France would adopt the conventional tariffs as a rule henceforth; and this, indeed, was the first idea that prevailed. Five or six years ago, when the question was first submitted to the Superior Council of Commerce, the recommendations made were that the conventional tariffs should be adopted in the case of those countries which did not negotiate special treaties with France, but that for countries entering into treaties further concessions should be made. The Bill, however, which was ultimately introduced in the Chamber of Deputies, proposed duties in most cases higher than those of the treaties, and even those duties have been raised during the passage of the measure through the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. Roughly, we may say that, as the Bill now stands, the duties have been raised, on an average, about 25 per cent. From this point of view the Bill must be regarded as reactionary. But when it is borne in mind that the tariff is intended to apply to countries, like the United States, which refuse to make any concessions to France or to enter into any treaties with her, and that further concessions can be purchased by countries which will negotiate, it must be acknowledged, after all, to be not very re-

actionary. Of course, it is not a Free-trade tariff. Its fundamental principle is Reciprocity. The French have not yet come to see that the interests of the general consumer are of greater importance than the interests of the small body of producers who provide for the foreign market. And they insist, therefore, that whatever concessions are made to the foreign importer must be bought by him. The general tariff is, therefore, merely the starting-point for negotiation, and it depends upon the willingness and ability of other Governments to purchase concessions whether they shall obtain a large or a small reduction in the duties. In this country we take a different view of the matter. But as we desire the promotion of commercial intercourse between the two countries, it is to our interest, if possible, to induce France to reduce the duties of the General Tariff. In any case, whether we obtain reductions or not, it is important that the new treaty should be negotiated as quickly as may be, and it is to be hoped, therefore, that no time will be lost in pushing on the negotiations. Mr. Kennedy, of the Foreign Office, it is true, has been sent to Paris; but, according to the statement made by Sir Charles Dilke in the House of Commons on Monday evening, the negotiations proper have not yet begun, Mr. Kennedy and the French delegates being engaged as yet only in the examination of the tariff relating to woollen goods.

As we have stated above, there are only six months, according to present arrangements, within which to negotiate the treaty. This is evidently too short a time. The negotiations proper must be preceded by a detailed and minute examination of the duties relating to each particular class of articles, and to make this satisfactorily will be a slow and tedious work. As we have already stated, the first idea in France, five or six years ago, was to take Mr. Cobden's treaty as the starting-point, making reductions in it if this country was willing to grant corresponding advantages to France. This plainly was an admission on the part of the French authorities that the old duties of the commercial treaties were not only protective, but were sufficiently protective, even in the case of countries like the United States which refuse to negotiate with France. It is now said to be the intention of the French Government to propose to ours a reduction in the general tariff of only about 25 per cent.; in other words, to continue the Cobden Treaty practically, or, that is to say, to maintain Protection against us. But, in reality, a rough reduction in the General Tariff of 25 per cent. would not maintain the duties now existing, for in some cases the duties have been raised more than 25 per cent., while in others they have not been raised so much. There would thus be a disturbance of existing duties, and our negotiators would need the assistance of experts to say whether this disturbance would be to our advantage or not, or whether, in fact, it would not in some cases put an end to all trade between the countries. The mere examination of the various duties would, therefore, take up a very large part of the six months, even if there were nothing else to prolong the examination and make it more difficult. But there is very much more. Besides raising the duties generally, the General Tariff Bill substitutes specific for *ad valorem* duties—that is to say, it proposes to tax goods by weight and quality instead of by value. The reason assigned for this is the prevention of frauds and disputes. And no doubt the *ad valorem* system does admit of both frauds and disputes. A dishonest importer, we can well believe, often puts too low a value upon his goods, thus defrauding the French Treasury and his own more honest competitors. A perfectly conscientious man may often make a mistake in the hurry of business. And in any case, whether he is right or wrong, the French Custom House officials may take a different view of the matter, and disputes may arise even with the best intentions on both sides. But the specific system is liable to still greater abuses. It splits up the various kinds of goods into a multitude of categories, so that it is scarcely possible for any importer to know in what category to place his goods. It is thus as liable both to frauds and disputes as the other; while it is much more vexatious to the importer, and quite as troublesome to the Custom House officials. For example, if a bale of goods should be made up of two or three different qualities, the Custom House officials would have to open the bale and test the weight and fineness of each of the two or three pieces. There is thus just as much room for dispute as in the other case, and the opening and handling of the bale are very likely to spoil the goods. The following extract from the letter of a merchant to one of the Manchester papers puts this part of the case so strongly from the practical point of view that we are tempted to quote it:—

The new tariff substitutes no less than 51 categories or separate standards in lieu of the uniform 15 per cent. *ad valorem* rate for every variety of printed cottons—namely, 17 groups in connexion with the grey cloth and three more subdivisions of each group in respect of colours. Thus, a French buyer coming to this market to purchase of export or calico warehouses would, before he could ascertain the suitability of the seller's quotations, entail on the seller the following laborious work. First, the separation of all goods submitted to him into groups in respect of colours—a process of the gravest difficulty in view of "superpositions," and almost impossible to perform in foggy seasons; secondly, after having thus separated the colourings, each piece has to be separately measured for width and length, then weighed, thereafter counted with a magnifying glass to ascertain the number of threads in a square of five millimetres, in order to determine to which of the 17 grey classes each piece may belong.

This, it will be borne in mind, refers only to cotton goods; but the same thing more or less applies to woollen, linen, jute, and, in fact, almost every other kind of commodity. Our manufacturers are most anxious that the proposed substitution of the specific for

and *ad valorem* duties should not be acceded to by our Government, and, if possible, it is desirable that the *ad valorem* duties should be retained. In any case, there will be a strong opposition made to the proposal, and the discussion will lead to a very long and very minute examination. If only six months are allowed, it is scarcely possible that this examination can be conducted satisfactorily; and, therefore, the treaty either will not be concluded in the time, or it will be concluded hurriedly and imperfectly. It is to be hoped, then, that a prolongation of the time allowed for negotiating the treaty may be agreed to. And this is desirable for another reason. A certain time ought to be given to our merchants to prepare for the new régime. As things stand now, they do not know whether at the end of six months the existing duties will be continued, or the duties of the General Tariff will come into force, or new duties will be agreed upon of which they are as yet entirely ignorant. It is impossible, therefore, for them to prepare for the new state of things. And if they are not given a reasonable time for preparation, they will be obliged to suspend their manufacture for the French market altogether. This does not mean merely that a certain portion of the time for which the new treaty runs will be lost; it means that manufacturers and workpeople now engaged in producing goods for the French market will have to stop working altogether, or nearly altogether, and, therefore, to go without their profits and their wages.

Unfortunately, in the negotiations we have very little to offer to France except a reduction of the wine duties. We have frankly adopted the principle of Free-trade, and have thrown our ports open to all the world. When France, therefore, insists that we shall purchase concessions from her, we have nothing with which to make the purchase. It is very improbable, therefore, that we shall be able to induce her to reduce very greatly the duties she now proposes, or to alter her intention to substitute specific for *ad valorem* duties. And there are reasons why she should be unwilling to make very great concessions apart altogether from protectionist prepossessions. During the past few years, as we all know, protectionist ideas have gained ground rapidly upon the Continent. Spain, Italy, Austria, and Germany, one after another have increased their duties. And what France grants to us she will hardly be able to refuse to the countries surrounding her. Perhaps this would not affect her much if she regarded the matter from a commercial standpoint solely. For even now Free-trade principles have gained a considerable foothold in France. But, unfortunately, political prejudices and antipathies come into play. By the Treaty of Frankfurt, which ended the Franco-German War, Germany obtained for herself the privilege of the most favoured nation in all commercial matters, and, resting satisfied with that, she has refused since to negotiate a commercial treaty with France. It follows that whatever concessions France makes to us in the coming treaty she will make to Germany also, without obtaining anything in return from Germany. We need hardly say that France is very unwilling to make any concessions to Germany which she can avoid. We are thus weighted in the negotiations upon which we are about to enter by the fact that we are purchasing concessions for Germany as well as for ourselves. We are also weighted by the unwise advocacy of many of our own merchants and public writers. They cite statistics to show that the Cobden Treaty has been much more favourable to France than to England, which is no doubt true enough for this reason, that we maintain no duty upon French goods except upon wines, whereas France maintains a great many duties upon English goods. But the inferences that are drawn in this country, and are urged upon the attention of Frenchmen, imply that France thereby has gained an advantage, and that she ought to redress the balance; whereas the real truth is, that it is we who have gained the advantage. Our consumers obtain French goods without paying a heavy duty upon them, whereas the French purchasers of English goods have to pay a price for those goods enhanced by all the amount of the duties. Those writers, therefore, confirm the Reciprocity notions of the French, and make them doubt whether English people are, after all, such thorough Free-traders as they profess to be. In another way, too, our advocates injure their own case. Some of the Manchester people, for instance, are advising the Government to refuse to negotiate altogether unless *ad valorem* duties are retained. This is sheer nonsense. And none know that it is so better than the French. If the Government were to refuse to negotiate a treaty, those specific duties which the Manchester people so much dislike would be introduced by the General Tariff, and, in addition, the 25 per cent. which that tariff adds to the existing duty would be imposed. So that, if the Government were to follow the advice of these sapient counsellors, the only result would be an enhancement of the duties, and the introduction of the very specific duties against which the protest is made. What is really desirable is that the Government should lose no time in negotiating some kind of treaty, and should obtain as low duties as it can without sacrificing any principle; but that it should neither make threats which it does not intend to carry out, nor pretend an indifference to a treaty which it does not feel.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

WITHOUT any special reference to the wisdom or unwisdom of the system of Hanging Committees, as that system is arranged by the Royal Academy, it is certainly safe to say that all former vagaries of all former Hanging Committees within the

memory of man have been surpassed by the Hanging Committee of this year appointed to arrange those pictures which the Council has decided to have hung on the walls, and to select and arrange for hanging on the walls those pictures the choice of which is left to the Hanging Committee. There would be no new experience in finding a certain number of grossly incompetent works hung in places of conventional honour; for the rules of the Academy are so constituted that a certain number of such works must inevitably be so hung. But it is perhaps almost as novel as it is unfortunate to find so much valuable space given to works which are plainly beneath serious consideration, while pictures of much merit are put in places which are evidently unfit for them. It is, of course, impossible to say anything of those pictures which the Committees have thought fit to reject altogether. But there is no reason why the system, already spoken of, of filling up "the line" with utterly unworthy works should not be dwelt upon both in general and in detail. Of this we may have more to say on future occasions, as we may of the extraordinary blindness or indifference to any rational scheme of colour exhibited by the Hanging Committee of this year in their juxtaposition of pictures. In every room this creates constant offence to the eye, and a constant sense of irritation, due to the feeling that there are certain pictures which it is impossible to judge fairly, merely because their surroundings are so ignorantly placed.

Apart from the freaks and fancies of which we have spoken, it cannot be said that the whole exhibition, so far, at least, as the oil-paintings are concerned, is one of astonishing merit. That it should contain some fine works is, one may hope, for the sake of English art, as inevitable as the prominence given to pictures of mediocre, or less than mediocre, value is clearly avoidable. It may be well, in a first general view, to pick out some of those works which, from one cause or another, seem to compel attention. Gallery No. I. contains an admirable picture by Mr. Briton Rivière, called "Envy, Hatred, and Malice" (2). In this we have a girl standing up with a pet pug on her shoulder, whilst dogs of other kinds surround her with attitudes and expressions that are denoted by the title. The dogs are as true as are well painted as one would expect them to be by Mr. Rivière; while the figure of the girl seems to show a distinct advance in the painter's command of the human figure. The same gallery contains a work by Mr. Yeames, R.A., "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush" (9), a work which can hardly be surpassed for hotness of colour and hardness of treatment, and which is hung on the line. It would be unjust, however, to Mr. Yeames to couple with this another work hung on the line, painted by Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., and entitled "For Better, for Worse" (14). The glaring faults of this production, of which vulgarity is not perhaps the worst, cannot possibly be conveyed by description. Also on the line is an ambitious work by Mr. Eyre Crowe, A., which purposed to represent the "Explosion of the Cashmere Gate at Delhi, September 14, 1857" (66). The idea of the composition is not altogether without merit, but to the execution it is impossible to give any praise. From these things it is pleasant to turn to such work as Mr. Cecil Lawson's "The Pool" (19), of which the tenderness, truth, and good painting are striking. Mr. Peter Graham's "Mountain Road" (55) is fully worthy of the painter's reputation. It represents a Scotch landscape, with steers sniffing, as only Highland steers can, at an approaching man and dog. A mist hangs lightly, in spite of the bright sunshine, over the mountain's side on the right. The vividness and delicacy of the work can hardly be overpraised. Mr. Woods's "At the foot of the Rialto, Venice" (61) is admirable, alike in composition, drawing, colour, and in the sense of picturesque life which pervades an attractive work. Mr. Logsdail, who seems to have made the subject of Antwerp his own, has in this room an exceedingly good picture called "St. Anne's Almshouses, Antwerp" (25), and close to this hangs a portrait, "Mlle. L. R." (24), by M. Fantin, whose treatment of black drapery is, as usual, masterly. We are sorry to be unable to find any admiration for the President's "Elisha raising the Son of the Shunamite" (49). In Gallery No. II. not the least remarkable and admirable work is a small picture called "A Frightful State of Things" (71), by Signor Chierici. The subject is a child in a high chair, with an empty, or all but empty, bowl of porridge, besieged by geese and poultry of every description. The work is admirably painted and is full of life, movement, and unexaggerated humour. The large work by Mr. Long, which hangs in the place of honour in this room, "Diana or Christ" (97), will inevitably and justly attract a great deal of attention; full inquiry into its merits and shortcomings must be deferred, but for the present we may say that it strikes us as a strongly and beautifully felt piece of work, which, it is hardly necessary to add, has some striking technical merits. Mr. S. E. Waller's "Success" (81) is full of dramatic power, and is admirably painted. Mr. Stacy Marks's "An Episcopal Visitation" (113) is an admirably humorous portrait of some adjunct cranes at whom a bishop is looking. The President's portrait of himself (119), painted for the Uffizi Gallery, seems to us a work of the highest merit. In Gallery No. III., the large room, Mr. Calderon, R.A., exhibits "Flowers of the Earth" (161), an ambitious and highly-coloured attempt in the manner of Veronese. Near this are Mr. Briton Rivière's admirable study of tigers, called "A Roman Holiday" (155), and Mr. Watts's excellent portrait of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Mr. Frank Dicksee's "The Symbol" (175) is remarkable for, among other things, its beauty of colour; and Mr. Frith's "Swift and Vanessa," which is hung on the line, is remarkable for every quality which it ought not to

possess. The President's "Idyl" (197) is as beautiful in colour and feeling as anything that he has lately done; and Mr. Alma Tadema's "Sappho" (269) is an admirable piece of drawing and brilliant colouring, next to which the Hanging Committee have placed Mr. Millais's charming, and quietly coloured "Cinderella," a piece of taste which requires no comment. Mr. Haywood Hardy has struck out a new line with complete success in his "Sidi Ahmed ben Avada and the Holy Lion" (213). Of this, as of Mr. John Collier's powerful "Last Voyage of Henry Hudson" (260)—which has been bought by the Academy under the terms of the Chantrey bequest—we may have more to say in future. We shall also have to return to Mr. Boughton's finely felt and painted "Hester Prynne" (237), and to a picture which will excite a deep and mournful interest—Mr. Millais's admirable portrait of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Herbert, R.A., who has a curiously ill-painted picture hung on the line in this room, has in the next a still worse one, also hung on the line, called "The Sword of Herod" (299). In the same room, No. 4, is a fine and strong landscape of "Mountain-tops" (315) standing out from a sea of mist by Mr. McWhirter. Mr. V. Prinsep's "The Young Solomon" (341) is remarkable for its daring and completely successful scheme of colour.

In Gallery No. V. Mr. Herkomer's "Missing" (373) seems to us somewhat disappointing both in conception and execution. Mr. Small's "The Survivors" (385) is a little wanting in the power needed for the treatment of such a subject. Mr. Luke Fildes's "A Venetian" (378) more than makes up for the comparative failure of some pictures of his in a former room which we have not mentioned by name. Mr. Briton Rivière's "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie" (402) is instinct with character and humour. Gallery No. VI. contains a striking landscape, "Golden Prospects" (445), in which Mr. Brett has produced as brilliant and attractive an effect as he did with his celebrated picture of the Channel Islands a few years ago; and "After Rain" (459), one of Mr. Keeley Halsewell's best Thames studies. On the line hang Mr. Archer's "Betrothal of Robert Burns and Highland Mary" (464), which seems to be a study from ugly wax figures; Mr. Cope's "Far-away Thoughts" (510), which is full of an obviously unconscious humour; and a picture by Mr. Clark (477), which is described in the Catalogue, with unintended irony, by two lines from Burns. The work is an attempt, which is not altogether unsuccessful, to follow the style of Mr. Frith. It may be enough to call attention to the fact that Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Sandwiches" (503) is also hung on the line. Next to this hangs Mr. Dicksee's charming picture, called "The Monks' Walk." In Gallery No. VII. a lately-elected Royal Academician exhibits a diploma work, which seems to mark accurately enough his sense of the honour done to him; but, to make up for this, the room contains two very fine sea-pieces by Mr. Shaw (530, 536); a beautiful and tender picture by the President (585); a study of Monks, which is full of humour, by Mr. Sadler (596); and a portrait, by Mr. Millais, of "Captain James, Royal Scots Greys" (604), for which it would be difficult to find anything but praise.

In the Lecture Room the Hanging Committee has perhaps found fuller scope for its jests and japes than elsewhere. M. Fantin's "La Pluie d'Or" (873), Mr. A. Stuart Wortley's portrait of "C. Stuart Wortley, Esq., M.P." (975), Sir Robert Collier's "Glacier of the Rhône" (984), and, to say nothing of other instances, Mr. Browning's "Heresy" (971), are as ill hung as possible. Mrs. Butler's "Defence of Rorke's Drift" (899) will probably disappoint those who remember M. de Neuville's picture. Mr. Bridgman has a fine picture called "The Funeral Rites of a Mummy on the Nile" (906), and Mr. John Collier an admirable portrait of Mr. Edwin Booth in *Richelieu*. The Tenth Gallery contains comparatively little to challenge attention. The President exhibits two charming Studies (1414 and 1417); Mr. Watts has an admirable portrait of Mr. Pepps Cockerell (1391), and Mr. Glindoni a very clever subject-picture of "Prince Henry before Judge Gascoigne" (1353). In this first general sketch of the Academy a large number of works which deserve notice either for their merits or demerits have, of course, been passed over. But the impression produced by a first view cannot be called altogether pleasing.

THE THEATRES.

WE do not know whether Mr. McCullough has chosen to appear in *Virginius* because that is his best part, or because he wishes to avoid direct rivalry with another American tragedian whom we have all had the pleasure of seeing. If the latter is his motive, we can commend it as wise; but from any other point of view his choice was unfortunate. He would have done better to select a piece which helps the actor more to meet the heavy call it makes on his power. The story of *Virginius* and the great scene in the fourth act are so terrible that only the finest acting can render them adequately. The verse of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, again, leaves everything to the actor. There is a feeble evenness of flow about it that becomes utterly wearisome, unless the interpretation be striking. Unfortunately Mr. McCullough fails to elevate the dialogue by any power of acting and shows himself unable to rise to the level of the really great situations. In the earlier scenes of the play he has a

certain homely simplicity of manner, which is in good keeping with the character of Virginius, but in the very first he disappoints, by the want of variety in his voice and acting. He has but one manner for his daughter, Servia, Iollins, or Dentatus. He promises his daughter in marriage with the same voice and bearing with which he discusses the conduct of the Decemvirs. The verse of Sheridan Knowles is extremely commonplace in this passage, the pathos entirely conventional; but, if there had been any genuine emotion in the voice of the actor, that could have been overlooked. But Mr. McCullough's acting only served to point the conventionality of the words. His utterance became mechanically slow and laboured, but was never husky. The working of his eyes only called attention to the absence of tears.

It would, of course, be unjust to judge the actor by his performance in this act, though a failure to avail himself of the opportunities it affords is not a hopeful sign of what is to follow. And in all that does follow the impression produced by him is that he constantly falls far short of excellence. We do not deny that Mr. McCullough has studied his part carefully or that his elocution is generally good. But there is no indication of an intelligent conception of the character, still less of any originality. It is not only that he fails to express emotion. That might be largely due to deficient physical power. There is no sign of original artistic intention. Throughout the one great scene of the fourth act, in which he has such ample opportunities for producing a great effect, his gestures were mechanical and his voice hard. There was none of the terrible wrath with which he should have cowed Caius, or the withering sarcasm to be expected when he taunts Appius Claudius. The trivial wrangle about the word "fashion" between Virginius and the Decemvir is made doubly trivial by Mr. McCullough. But the worst part of his acting was the way in which he kills his daughter. The actor's bearing is ungraceful throughout, but his delivery of the blow was ignoble. It is in keeping with the general absence of thoughtful artistic effort in Mr. McCullough's acting that he has been unable to resist the temptation of being far too fine for his part. With no apparent object, except to enhance his own personal importance, he consistently violates the simplicity of dress and surroundings proper to the position of Virginius. The hero of the Roman legend is a poor freeman, who tills his own land. The Virginius of Mr. McCullough lives in a house too splendid in furniture and size for a wealthy Roman of the time. In the camp he wears a gilded cuirass and purple mantle, gaudy enough for an Imperial legate, and quite out of place on the back of a Republican centurion. All the tragedy of Virginius's part is lost if he is not to represent the poor man suffering from the rich oppressor; but at Drury Lane he is as fine as Appius Claudius.

Mr. Ryder, who played Dentatus, is the only one of the other actors of whom any good can be said. His Dentatus, though stagey, was on the whole satisfactory. If Mr. Ryder was the best of the company, by far the worst was Mr. Harris. His bearing, which was doubtless meant to be manly, was in the worst style of melodrama. Miss Cowell was pretty and sympathetic in the part of Virginia, but she was never anything more. She was equal to her part in the first two acts, but when the play required her to do something more than smile pleasantly, she was found wanting. There was nothing worthy of note in Mrs. Arthur Stirling's Servia, except the clearness of her elocution. The performance, it is only just to say, was loudly applauded. Those who understand the humours of the Drury Lane pit and gallery may perhaps be able to explain why.

The most striking feature of the revival of *The Lady of Lyons* at the St. James's is the acting of Mrs. Kendal. Her Pauline has the fault of being at times a little too lachrymose. When she offers to accompany the husband she is beginning to love and has forgiven for his unworthy trick, her manner might with advantage be a little more proud and resolute. In the fifth act her recital of her story is somewhat too much drawn out. But her impersonation is not the less one of sustained excellence. She was graceful in the coquetry of the earlier love scenes with the supposed Prince; but she was at her best in the trying scene in Claude's cottage. She indicated very finely the first dawning of her understanding of the truth, and passed into a bitter passion of rage and sarcasm without losing for a moment the self-control necessary for a proper artistic rendering of the situation. Equally fine was her acting with the Widow Melnotte. The struggle between Pauline's pride and her innate kindness while she is hesitating how she is to behave to the mother of the man whom she does not know whether she loves or not was indicated in its most delicate variations. The cottage scenes were also Mr. Kendal's strongest point. He represented throughout the passionate, fiery Southern nature of Melnotte with force enough to atone for the extreme incredibility of the character. There was great pathos in his parting from Pauline, and a sort of fierce dignity in his dismissal of Beauséant. The best acting could scarcely save the inflated language of Bulwer Lytton's hero from sounding ridiculous, and Mr. Kendal was accordingly heavy at times. Perhaps he could not help being weighed down by the bombastic rhetoric. He is weakest in the fifth act, when he fails to look sufficiently soldierly. Mr. Hare does the utmost for the smaller part of Colonel Damas. His bearing is at once well-bred and blunt, and he gave the Colonel's well-known soliloquy on women with his usual spirit. Miss Louise Moodie made a very touching piece of acting out of the part of the Widow Melnotte, and acted with a just mixture of simplicity and dignity. Mrs.

Gaston Murray was less satisfactory as Mme. Deschappelles, and the Beauséant of Mr. T. N. Newman was still more indifferent. He contrived to be both too stiff and too noisy in his proposal of love to Pauline.

It would be almost an impertinence to say that Mr. Gilbert's "New and original æsthetic opera" is full of clever rhymes, and has passages of very genuine fun. These things are matters of course in his work. His peculiar ingenuity in contriving unexpected and laughable situations is perhaps as much shown in *Patience* as in any of his other writings, and it needs it all. The spectacle of the zealous satirist energetically killing the giant he has made is liable to grow a little ridiculous. Æsthetic young men and maidens bid fair to become good stock figures for laughter on our stage, and, like other popular types, will survive the original. Already no chorus is complete in any new farce without a pale-faced, long-haired young man, with his hat on the back of his head and a flower as big as a frying-pan in his hand. The author is apparently not without an uneasy sense that his satire is being spent on the empty air. A note on the programme informs us that the "Management considers it advisable to state that the libretto of this opera was completed in November last." Perhaps this is meant to explain certain references to the invincible British uniform; but it may also show that Mr. Gilbert has an uneasy consciousness that the work he has set himself to do has been a little overdone since that date. The æsthetic young man of satire with three theatres and a weekly paper all to himself is threatening to become a nuisance. The remarkable creature has never been seen out of the pages of *Punch* by the audience who laugh at Mr. Grossmith's very funny acting. The "very delectable, highly respectable threepenny-bus young man," who delights in new slang, has every reason to be obliged to Mr. Du Maurier and his dramatic rivals for enlarging his copious vocabulary. They have seriously affected the supremacy of the music-hall.

The artificial satire of *Patience* is, in fact, the weakest side of the piece. The "twenty love-sick maidens" who transfer their affections from Bunthorne to Grosvenor threaten more than once to become tedious, in spite of Mr. Sullivan's pretty music and Mr. Gilbert's clever verse. The audience laughed, as they would at any breakdown, at the excellent fooling of the Duke, Colonel, and Major in their æsthetic dress and "early-English" attitudes. They laughed, too, at Mr. Grossmith when he sang how if "you are anxious for to shine in the high æsthetic line," you must, among other follies, "walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily," with the confidence of people who had a good safe opportunity. They knew all about that lily. But we heard the heartiest laughter at passages which had nothing to do with the "high æsthetic line." The Major's cramp was most effective. The Duke, who suddenly took us all back to the good old beaten road of satire on snobbery, was immensely enjoyed by a house keenly alive to the value of dukes. Messrs. Grossmith and Barrington were most effective when they were burlesquing not Maudie, but the well-worn follies of melodrama. Mr. Grossmith was very funny as Bunthorne, when he threatens to launch a "nephew's curse" on the head of Grosvenor, and was deservedly applauded; but both the author and the audience had lost all sight of the æsthetic craze at that moment. In one passage, where the intention of ridicule was more obvious, it wholly failed of its effect. Reginald Grosvenor, the All-Right, having renounced his artistic affectations, becomes an "every-day young man," and persuades the maidens who adore him to become "every day" in manner and appearance. Their happy change to "prettily pattering, cheerily chattering every-day young girls" is signalized by their entry in dresses of the loudest colours, dancing in a manner which is certainly in marked contrast to their former languor. As a matter of taste they were in a better state while still "love-sick maidens." The heartiest laughter of the evening was not of a kind which can have been pleasing to the friendly critics who are so fond of dwelling on the purity of Mr. Gilbert's work. Nothing delighted the audience more than the scene between Patience and Grosvenor in the second act, with its very perceptible under-current of disagreeable suggestiveness. Lady Jane, too, pleased hugely by her recitative and song at the beginning of the same act. The humour of this passage consists entirely in its smart rhymes on the trumpery scandals of the toilette-table. Throughout the whole piece there are timid approaches, not always of a very skilful character, to the tone of those naughty foreign opéra-bouffes at which Mr. Gilbert's admirers are so shocked. As regards the literary workmanship of the piece, it has undoubted cleverness in many passages; but the trick of saying very ordinary things backwards to produce a start or suggest what the writer does not care to say is becoming an affectation quite as silly and not nearly so pretty as Bunthorne's lily.

The undoubted success of *Patience* is largely due to Mr. Sullivan's music. He must share the credit with the prevailing popular craze that all sensible people are bound to laugh at æstheticism; but even so, enough remains to make a very real success for him. His songs will, it is probable, be sung when the professed motive of the opera has become unintelligible. In the duet between Patience and Grosvenor the beauty of the music is very far above the trivial intention of the verse. There is a genuine melancholy charm in Lady Jane's song, "Silvered is the ra'en hair," of which, as we have already hinted, the words are offensive. The music, though occasionally suggesting repetitions of the composer's own work, and at times imitations of other masters, is always lively. Of the actors we have left ourselves little room to speak. The most strikingly original

performance of the whole was Miss Alice Barnett's "Lady Jane," which was in the best style of farce, very comic, and controlled by fairly good taste. Mr. Grossmith was amply funny, and passed from lackadaisical affectation to most exaggerated melodrama with humorous effect. The attitude and voice he assumed to inflict Patience that he was a "cursed thing" were admirable, so were his tones when assuring her that he was not so bilious as he looked, and had a great deal of "innocent fun in him." Mr. Barrington was less varied as Grosvenor, but he sang the song of the "Silver Churn" with good effect. We may point out that the dance of Grosvenor and Bunthorne in the second act was much too like a certain dance on the deck of *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Miss Braham made a very pretty Patience, and sang with good expression and a fresh voice. The scenery in both acts was charming, and so was the grouping of the chorus. Perhaps the first tableau was also the best.

The 'Arry element is again asserting itself in comic criticism. A contemporary, for whose antecedents we have a deserved respect, devotes much space to Mr. Irving's Doricourt in *The Belle's Stratagem*, and this is what is said of it:—"The business is as stupid as that of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*," which, because it is the Bard's, must be an excellent comedy." The space devoted to illustration is not sufficient, "it being as much as we can do to get in his legs comfortably." A deserving recognition of artistic merit by a great University is amusingly alluded to, and the suggestion is made that L.L. stands for "Long Lanky," and D for Doricourt. Miss Terry is the "Toost too-too"; and the critic, with a remarkable sense at once of humour and fitness, proceeds to burlesque the dying words of the greatest of England's naval heroes. Yet this is not a journal of the gutter species. But, after all, 'Arry is not the arbiter of public taste, and it is possible that before long there may be a demand for a comic journal.

REVIEWS.

FORNERON'S HISTORY OF PHILIP II.*

EVEN had it been possible for an author of so very marked an idiosyncrasy as that displayed by M. Forneron to take up the broken threads of a narrative begun by another hand, a new history of the reign of Philip II. could hardly have incorporated in itself the late Mr. Prescott's half-accomplished work. Twenty years, or thereabouts, have passed since, with a soul above circumstance, the high-minded American historian produced his unfinished account of a reign which he could still describe as open ground for writers in the English tongue, while neither at home in Spain nor elsewhere had the subject been comprehensively treated in any book of European reputation. In a valuable bibliographical appendix to one of the volumes now before us, M. Forneron speaks of Watson's history, of which Robertson's masterpiece was of course the parent, as sharing with the much earlier Life of Philip by Gregorio Leti the claim to having "contributed most to substitute legends for facts" in connexion with its theme; perhaps a word might have been put in, as regards at least one episode, on behalf of the ingenious Abbé St. Réal. Meanwhile, since Prescott's death, much new material has been discovered or digested in Spain and in other countries, more especially in Belgium; and though it is not to be anticipated that the general verdict of mankind upon Philip II. and his statecraft will undergo any very material alteration, yet history is far from having said its last word concerning many events and characters of his extraordinary reign.

If, however, M. Forneron is right (which we certainly suspect him to be), there is in at least one European country no very general desire to hear the truth told about *Don Felipe el prudente*, however abundantly it may of late have been told there. The Spanish nation

qui s'est incarnée un moment dans Philippe II., ne se plaît pas à entendre juger son prince: avec une admiration ombrageuse, elle pardonne en lui ses propres travers, piété cérémonieuse, fierté silencieuse, patience indolente; elle excuse ce vice de temporisation maniaque que les moralistes contemporains reprochent encore à l'administration espagnole, et ne peut parvenir à regretter que les "choses d'Espagne" soient organisées dans un ordre quelquefois peu logique.

Most undoubtedly Philip might have been characterized in the same words in which one of our later Elizabethans characterizes the Spanish nation, as "proud, and in his pride unsociable": no calamity, no opposition, whether from a Pope or from a people, could affect his belief in the infallibility of his own judgment, or disturb a self-consciousness which the servility of contemporary sovereigns had flattered to the top of its bent. Procrastination, on the other hand, was the bane of his government. The revolt of the Netherlands was due to the continued presence there of the Spanish troops; Philip had undeniably meant to take them away, but his slowness in carrying out his own intentions caused the delay which in the end led to his greatest political loss. The fruits of the most glorious success of his reign, the victory of Lepanto, were forfeited for the same reason. On this occasion jealousy of Don John may have co-operated, but it was quite in the nature of things that Philip and his secretaries should do nothing, while the Turks had a new armada at sea six months

* *Histoire de Philippe II.* Par H. F. Forneron. Tomes i and ii. Paris, 1881.

after their defeat. There are other features in the character and disposition of Philip peculiarly sympathetic to his countrymen—among them one on which we should not have greatly cared to dwell, did it not make itself extremely prominent in M. Forneron's pages. Silent and sombre from his youth up, incapable of friendship or of conjugal devotion, Philip was in wanton amorosness no unfitting ruler of a people which about his time was to see clothed in a literary form the national type of Don Juan Tenorio. A revengeful spirit may have dictated the charge of bigamy brought against him by William of Orange; and the story of the bastards born to him in England while Queen Mary was besieging heaven for the fulfilment of her hopes may be mere scandal. His supposed personal intrigue with the Princess of Eboli has been shown by recent researches (noted at the time in these columns) to be a fiction; and we cannot suppose M. Forneron serious when he all but insinuates that there was something wrong between King Philip and (*horresco referens*) his sister-in-law, our English Elizabeth. But enough remains of well-authenticated infidelities to show that Philip in this respect as greatly resembled his father Charles V. as he differed from him in many others. It is perhaps more of a novelty to find that the servant whose unrelenting cruelty struck even his master as impolitic—the Duke of Alva—was likewise a true Spaniard of his times in his amours. When, nearly sixty years of age, he was starting on his terrible errand for the Netherlands, he was “so much in love with Doña Maria Manrique that he has no hour of repose but when he has seen her, which is as often as possible.”

Our readers will have already perceived that M. Forneron is not one of those historians who scorn the “intimacies” of their study; and, indeed, among the authorities cited by him we are not surprised more than once to come across one often more trustworthy than discreet—the *Sieur de Brantôme*. On this head we must confine ourselves to observing that the genius and learning of Michelet palliate in him indulgence in a tendency which in a lesser writer is apt to offend and finally to disgust. Physiology may be occasionally called in as an aid to historical inquiry; but no reader is bound to submit to a perusal—in a modern tongue too—of the *ordonnances de Monsieur Purgon*. One of the greatest of English scholars said of the greatest of English historians that “a rage for indecency pervades his whole work”; and M. Forneron is welcome to the advantage of a comparison which, from one point of view at least, cannot be said to be out of place.

Though in the rather magniloquent exordium of his proface M. Forneron couples France and Spain as joint apostles and champions of “Latin civilization,” he finds opportunities enough for exhibiting in the course of his narrative a more robust species of sentiment than ethnological affinities usually prove capable of sustaining. A French historian of a period in which the rulers of France cringed before a neighbour whom they could neither wheedle nor thwart may be allowed a few passing reflections on the chances missed by his country in the evil days when all the elements of internal strife combined to weaken and distract it. What a fine opportunity, exclaims M. Forneron, was offered by the jealousies between Lutherans and Calvinists in the Netherlands about the year 1562 for France, “de se rattacher l'Artois et le Hainaut”! And how blind we were, at a still more critical date ten years later (on the eve of the St. Bartholomew), not to understand our complex task, which was briefly this—to “make sure of the goodwill of England, of the alliance of the Lutheran princes of Germany, of the confidence of the French Calvinists, and then to seize the French provinces of the Netherlands, and to partition the others between England and the House of Nassau.” Such patriotic speculations are legitimate, if useless; but we feel bound to protest very strongly against the tone, nothing short of insulting, in which M. Forneron, as if he were composing *chants d'un soldat*, instead of a sober history-book, thinks fit to express his hatred of anything and everything German. On an early page we learn (with qualified satisfaction at the left-handed compliment included in the passage), how, though it was only when seeing them looting St. Quentin that Philip came completely to judge the Germans “in all their moral inferiority,” he had for some time previously been wont to

témoiner l'impression que lui inspirait le contraste entre les âtres grossiers et les Espagnols, au milieu de-quels il avait été élevé. On ne l'entendait que vanter l'Espagne et les Espagnols: ce n'était point étroitesse de l'orgueil national, mais simple sentiment de la supériorité de race; car lorsque bientôt il va se trouver en présence des Anglais, il saura apprécier leurs qualités, chercher leur estime, comprendre les mérites de cette nation, si différents de ceux des peuples méridionaux. Aussi il devint tout à fait odieux aux Allemands, qui se sentirent méprisés.

It may be a purely historical corroboration of this fine impulse of the Spanish blood that Mary Queen of Scots refused the hand of the unlucky Archduke Charles, inspired by the instinct of delicate and noble descent with disgust (imparted at secondhand) *con hombre nacido en Alemania*. But it is as futile in one sense to depreciate the German ideal of chivalry as it is in another to sneer at the ponderousness of German wit, if the reason for all this causticity appears on the surface. By way of additional insult, M. Forneron, in general so far as we have observed a correct writer, blunders with contemptuous indifference so soon as he crosses the Rhine. It is possibly a *façon de parler* (though a misleading one) to count the prosperity of the “signiory of Emden” among the “riches of the Netherlands.” It is certainly a mere calling of names to designate the mother of Don John of Austria

as a “*créature vulgaire*,” though Motley went a step further, in turning her into a washerwoman. But no fiction can progress the discovery of an Elector of Bavaria more than half a century before the creation of a Bavarian electorate, or explain the description of Maurice of Saxony (the father of “*cette Allemande diabolique*,” William of Orange's second wife) as the “*premier champion de la Réforme*”!

In general, however, as we have said, M. Forneron creates the impression of a writer careful of his facts, and we have no disposition to dwell upon one or two other details which we had noted as questionable. His style is terse and incisive, and the arrangement of his book is at least lucid, though at times as abrupt in its transitions from subject to subject as were the piles of State papers through which King Philip imperturbably plodded in the *Resenal*. No section of the two volumes before us—unless it be the sticking one on the Inquisition in Spain under Philip—sheds any very great amount of new light on the story of the reign; but they are certainly successful in giving additional vividness to many of the strange episodes of which they treat, and of which poetry and fiction themselves seem incapable of heightening the pathos or the horror. Such is notably the case with the story of Philip's English consort, the sole happiness of whose life might almost be said to have consisted in its last illusion. M. Forneron has not, we think, misread her character, in which there was assuredly an element of the heroic, not the less so because in her circumstances gave a fanatical turn to her inborn Tudor self-will. The opposition of the Commons hastened her declaration of readiness to marry Philip; and neither the caution of the Emperor nor the apathy of the Pope could prevent her from carrying out her great task of reconciliation with Rome. As she stood firm against the attempt of Wyatt (surely, by the way, it is an exaggeration to say of him that, had he succeeded, history would count few names as illustrious as his!), so her persistence broke through the nets of the intrigues of Noailles. On the authority of Granvelle these intrigues are stated by M. Forneron to have included a device which savours rather of the court of another Mary—the introduction among the Queen's suite of an irresistible Neapolitan, whom, however, the Spanish ambassador contrived to have clapped in prison before he had obtained an interview; whereupon the Italian, a very determined and objectionable personage, believing himself perfectly sure of victory, refused to quit the country, when he was offered his liberty. The connexion between the sinking of Queen Mary's hopes and the resumption of the persecutions in the summer of 1555, noted by Burnet and insisted on by Mr. Froude, cannot, we suppose, be called into question; but, though Mr. Froude is doubtless right in saying that Bishop Bonner neither was, nor deserved to be, singled out for admonition as to want of energy, M. Forneron has assuredly no warrant for attributing the revival of the persecutions to his influence.

The women, however, whom Philip married from motives of policy, or whom he made the playthings of an hour, were not those who exercised a real influence upon him and his actions. As such, M. Forneron justly recognizes the two Queens, Elizabeth of England and Catharine of France, different from one another in many respects, but alike in the youthful experience of humiliations which had extinguished in them all sense of pity for the humiliations they were to inflict in their turn. The most critical stages in the relations between Philip and Elizabeth it remains for M. Forneron's future volumes to narrate, but of Catharine de' Medici, her character and her policy, his present account is remarkably lucid and instructive. Though her policy had no ideal, it had a purpose; and the tenacity of her self-confidence is not less striking than is her cruel, and at times blind, recklessness in the choice of means. As her affection for her offspring was certainly one of the redeeming features in her character, it is not perhaps wonderful that she should have flattered herself with the assurance that she would rule Philip of Spain by means of the child of fourteen, whom she delivered over into the bonds of that Spanish etiquette to which Elizabeth of Valois was almost literally to fall a victim. So far as the relations between France and Spain were concerned the experiment had no material results; but a few years later Catharine was busy, with the aid of the amiable Spanish Queen her daughter, in scheming for the marriage of the sickly Don Carlos—a boy of sixteen—to her second daughter, Margaret—a child of eight. It was the radically unprincipled nature of Catharine's policy which, after it had closely knit the bonds of friendship between Spain and the chief objects of her jealous fears, the Guises (towards whom, as M. Forneron shows, Philip's attitude had at first been hostile), led her into the greatest blunder as well as crime of her career, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The account which M. Forneron gives of the origin of the massacre agrees with that now usually accepted as correct; but he shows with special force how not even the Papal Nuncio at Paris was deceived as to the real intentions of the authors of the crime—Catharine and Anjou. “The Pope,” he confidentially observed to the Spanish Ambassador, “has had processions held in honour of what has happened to the Admiral and his adherents, which amazes me; for the rest, it is partly my own fault; for at first I imagined, on seeing the killing of these Huguenots, that the object was to serve the interests of religion; but I have since perceived that the purpose simply was to get rid of inconvenient rivals and to recover a firm seat in the saddle without an adversary remaining in the realm. Of this I have sent tardy information.” As for Philip, he thoroughly agreed with his ambassador that the indignation excited in England by the massacre furnished an excellent opportunity for creating an embroglio between that country and France;

but to Quintana's further advice that this quarrel should be further used for a reconciliation between Spain and England he refused to listen. And yet it was only recently that Elizabeth had courteously proposed to accept the voluntary transfer of Flushing into her hands, in order, if this should be to the advantage and the liking of the King of Spain, to restore it to the Duke of Alva!

Those who like to compare other accounts with the exciting narrative of Mr. Motley, will find it worth their while to read M. Forneron's account of those passages in the great insurrection which connect themselves more immediately with his theme. The primary responsibility for the most sustained excesses of which fanatic obstinacy has ever been guilty is clearly brought home to Alva, the curious story of whose disgrace follows the recital of his misdeeds as a peculiar epilogue. But most readers are so likely to prefer ampler previous relations of the Dutch wars, as indeed of most of the conflicts in arms narrated in those volumes, that they will probably turn with special interest to the chapter—both a long and a full one—in which M. Forneron describes the internal condition of Spain, the manners of its inhabitants, and the religious ideas prevalent among them in the reign of Philip II. The picture here given is evidently no hasty copy, but the result of careful and thoughtful study. Of special interest is the sketch of the relations between that thoroughly popular institution, the Inquisition, and the King. It will doubtless be news to some readers that one of the persecutions conducted by the former, and permitted by the latter, was that of the Order of Jesus. Though there are reasons which make it unlikely that the whole truth concerning this strange struggle will ever be laid bare, M. Forneron has made its origin and significance sufficiently clear. The Spanish Inquisition was and is justly regarded as the typical institution of Philip's reign—the *Spanish* Inquisition, we say, which (as M. Forneron elsewhere points out) was something very different from what had existed of the institution in the Netherlands for more than a generation before Philip. And his most recent historian scarcely says too much when he observes that "Philip's predilection for this instalment of dominion cost him the Netherlands and his chances of France, and dragged him into wars which exhausted the strength of Spain."

HARRY JOSCELYN.*

THE historical or mythical personage who pronounced himself *supra grammaticam* had achieved or attained a position beyond the reach of examiners, if examiners had then existed; and the author of *The Chronicles of Carlingford* can afford in like manner, if it so please her, to dispense with the customary rules of the novelist's craft in perfect indifference to reviewers and their estimate of "marks." Mrs. Oliphant's readers know what is in store for them when they open her volumes, and *Harry Joscelyn* will not disappoint them. They expect domestic interiors, scenes of middle-class life, and personal portraiture drawn with an artist's eye, but not with an artist's tenderness; they know that they will be amused if they can shield themselves behind the *as triplex* of an unsympathizing cynicism, and somewhat pained by a sense of the littleness of life if they cannot. Occasionally they will be allowed a little relief in the exhibition of some character marked by harmless good-nature or simple humour; but no relaxation of this kind has been conceded to them in *Harry Joscelyn*, or, if allowed for a time, it has been suddenly and coldly withdrawn. Mrs. Oliphant presents in these volumes a succession of studies, worked out with great care and evidencing her own peculiar skill; while, having so done her part, she has left them to come together anyhow, and to frame themselves into some sort of combination or consequence which we are sure that she will not expect us to describe as a plot. In our own interest as critics, and in that of other readers, we are bound to warn the increasing multitude of candidates for the novelist's fame that, until they have reached Mrs. Oliphant's excellences, they must not shelter themselves behind her example as an excuse for their defects.

Harry Joscelyn is a younger son who, in the first volume, runs away from home, in consequence of his treatment by an overbearing father; in the second, finds work abroad, and marries the daughter of his employer; and, in the third, is discovered and brought back, after ten years' absence, by his youngest sister, to inherit a fortune bequeathed to him by a deceased great-uncle; after which everybody is reconciled and lives happy always after, chiefly in Westmoreland among the "Fells." This is the whole story, its course and close being obvious from its commencement; and, in itself, is about as simple a drama as could well be imagined. With little more care than would be required to correct the numerous and strange printer's errors with which the book abounds, a reasonable construction might easily have been devised for the materials of the story.

"Uncle Henry," or Mr. Henry Joscelyn, is, as we have said, the great-uncle of the hero, and "had died," as was to be expected, "not very long before" the opening of the third volume, "leaving behind him only an old will, in which everything was left to Harry." There were "executors" of course; and mysteriously, having regard to the nature of the bequest, "trustees" also, which may perhaps be accounted for by the "custom of the

province of York"; but, as Uncle Henry had neither wife nor child, the question whether his death occurred before or after the 31st of December, 1856, does not arise, and the York custom can help us no further. Whether Harry was dead or not was uncertain; the executors advertised for him, and he did not answer; "the family generally had accepted this as a proof that Harry was dead"; but, although "the family generally" were keen on Uncle Henry's money, the executors were cautious, "so that the division and distribution of Uncle Henry's funds had been postponed." The account expressly given of the will, in which no mention is made of Harry's brothers and sisters, is entirely consistent with the earlier circumstances of the story; and the bequest to Harry had thus become, in the event of his having predeceased the testator, a lapsed legacy, with an intestacy as the consequent result. What the executors and "the family generally"—i.e. Harry's brothers and sisters—can have had to do with each other under these conditions, in the very vigorous and demonstrative presence of Ralph Joscelyn, Harry's father, and the sole heir to his uncle's real and personal estate, Mrs. Oliphant has not thought proper to explain, while she has found in the family eagerness for "the division and distribution of the funds" material for some very good work in her own especial line.

When Harry Joscelyn ran away from his father's house, he had at first tried his fortune with Uncle Henry; but, finding that a couple of ten-pound notes represented all that was to be obtained in that quarter, he had determined to seek his fortune abroad, and had turned up by a mere accident at Leghorn. Immediately on landing he had shouted, in a deep English voice, "Let go that girl," and had knocked down a sailor for not "letting go." It proved next morning that the girl was the English Vice-Consul's daughter, and he was thus naturally invited to lunch at the Consulate, and appointed confidential clerk to the Vice-Consul, in whose house he is found living with a wife and four children at the end of the second volume. He had taken his passage in a false name, borrowed from a "hind" of his uncle, one Isaac Oliver, and as Mr. Bonamy, the Vice-Consul, did not know who he was, or where he came from, no difficulty worth mentioning arose when his signature in the marriage register appeared as "Harry Joscelyn Isaac Oliver," although in the third volume certain complications result from the circumstance. Meanwhile, he is safely housed and provided for while the ten years elapse which are necessary to allow the little sister, who as a child at school had scarcely seen Harry, to grow up and so to fulfil her destiny of finding him and bringing him home. "But Mrs. Joscelyn shook her head. She saw the practical difficulties here. Lydia, indeed, had as little prospect of going abroad as any girl could have." For the solution of these difficulties, and generally for the purpose of hooking on the third volume to the second, Mrs. Oliphant has introduced a contrivance consisting of three wooden figures, of which the first comes on the stage as "a new cousin," followed in due time by the other two, a decrepit and drivelling old baronet with his sentimental wife, "Cousin Lionel's" father and mother, in whose society Lydia goes to Italy, to Leghorn, to the Consulate there, and, we are sorry to add, not to bed for two whole nights in succession. The earlier of these vigils she passed in making sure that she had "found Harry"; the later in making sure of a more personal capture in "Cousin Lionel." When at length the "little Liddy" has conveyed the prodigal in safety to the small Westmoreland station, the consistency of probabilities makes it perfectly natural that Rita, otherwise Mrs. Harry, with Benedetta, the nurse, and Paolo, the interpreter, whom the travellers had left on the quay at Leghorn, should alight from the same train. They may easily be supposed to have come over in a balloon; "my father will not find out till Sunday, that is to-morrow, and he will have my telegram first. I said I was going to the villa to the children. There is no harm done." Mr. Bonamy, it should be mentioned, had been possessed throughout Rita's whole life with one fixed idea, that under no circumstances whatever must his daughter go to England, where her delicate Italian mother had died shortly after her birth. But "Rita turned out to be right, as she so often was"; so, at least, Mrs. Oliphant says. Mrs. Harry had deceived and disobeyed both her father and her husband; but, as "no harm was done," we can only infer that here, as in the course of the story generally, the relations between causes and effects had become a little mixed. As long, however, as Mrs. Oliphant continues to draw pictures of life such as that of the family at the White House, she may perhaps venture to frame them in plots modelled from the *Family Herald*, to borrow her minor characters from a Punch and Judy box, or to place her hero for temporary hiding in the moon.

The motive of *Harry Joscelyn* is the exhibition of opposite types of character as combined or separately reproduced in members of the same family. The son of the "Northern Farmer, new style," has "married a bad un" in the "parson's lass," and the old poetic sentiment of strength and tenderness in union, with all its imagery of the oak and the ivy, the elm and the vine, and what not, stands translated into the farmhouse prose of five-and-thirty years afterwards. Ralph Joscelyn, the yeoman farmer, represents an ancient family of fallen fortunes still holding their ruined "Tower" with its immediately adjoining land. Lydia Brotherton, the almost portionless daughter of a curate of whose family an unknown baronet is the head, brings to the "White House" with her girlish beauty and grace the element which in the early years of the present century was described by the epithet "genteel," and which, by its aptitude in middle

* *Harry Joscelyn*. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1881.

life to degenerate into feebleness and "fuss," has tempted to bring the complimentary adjective of Hanoverian society into its present contempt. For the convenience and consistency of the story a similar marriage had been introduced two generations earlier; and the neat, precise, self-indulging old bachelor, Uncle Henry, is meant to stand in contrast with his coarse and overbearing nephew, and in somewhat of sympathy with the milder, and anything but independent, nature of Harry, who can work well and faithfully when he is well cared for, but who has no notion of standing alone. The coarser grain of Ralph Joscelyn reappears in two married sons, hard, vulgar, money-loving and money-making, who stand rather in the background, but are not without effect in the picture. They have nothing "of mother in them"; and the timid nervous woman regards them with a silent and bewildered wonder that they can really be her own "boys" at all. But the central figure in the group is that of Joan, the eldest daughter; and upon her Mrs. Oliphant has bestowed great pains with singular success. She has nothing of the heroine about her, either in her physical or mental characteristics; she is simply a notable housewife, plain, homely, and thirty, consigned by the general consent of the household to the limbo of old maidhood, and so honestly accepting the condition that she does not know what to think of it, and is more amused than elated, when the thriving and business-like Philip Selby, half engineer and half farmer, makes his straightforward offer of a home. Joan is as graphically described as the well-to-do childless mistress in her own house as when she is doing more and better work than any servant in her father's; and the strength of Ralph's nature, even to the outbreaks of his domineering temper, which appear from time to time in Joan's household management, and half frighten Philip Selby from his quest, is thoroughly tempered by the pervading gentleness which she has inherited from her mother, like whom, too, she discovers with some perplexity that she is capable, when her feelings are moved, of herself "making a fuss." In Lydia, the younger daughter, who is apparently meant to exhibit the complementary character of the mother's grace and sweetness, strengthened by the father's energy, we doubt whether the author has been as entirely successful. Liddy's performance does not come up to the level of her rather boastful promise, and she loses her head for a time in what should have been the crisis of her effort, after a fashion for which we can find no excuse in any agitation or conflict of feeling arising from another source. The embryo baronet is too evidently wooden, and Liddy's management of her affairs with him too calmly practical, for any allowances which might otherwise be made for such a disturbing influence. Mr. Bonamy and Rita, though they occupy a good deal of space, in the second volume especially, are characters subordinate to the main current of the story, and of them it need only be said that they are sketched gracefully and, except only in the instances already mentioned, without much exaggeration. Of the amiable little Italian, Paolo, we had fully intended to say a good word, but as we read steadily onward we found him a bore, and reluctantly abandoned the design.

In the domestic utterances of an uneducated and angry farmer a good deal may necessarily be left to the reader's imagination; and the Scotchman who gave the brief report of such a manner of discourse by saying that the gentleman "stood in the middle of the road and swore at lairge," should have provided our lady novelists with a very convenient formula. The perpetual reiteration of the words "dashed" and "blanked," which Mrs. Oliphant has substituted for it, is not convenient, and is more than a little wearisome. A more careful attention to the minor details of style and construction would have made *Harry Joscelyn* altogether pleasant reading; and we trust that the author will not grudge the needful labour when she writes her next story.

BUDGE'S HISTORY OF ESARHADDON.

ALL genuine historical records have their value, and no history, be it ever so wearisome, is wholly lacking in interest. Still it is useless to speak of all history as if it had an equal value, or to represent that of the Eastern world generally as repaying the toil of the student not less liberally than the history of the West. The attempt to claim the same importance for the one as for the other has led the students of European history to regard with undue suspicion the readings which are from time to time laid before them from the annals of the great empires of the Eastern world. For the injustice which may thus have been done to them Assyriologists and Egyptologists have partly to blame themselves. It can scarcely be said that they have in all cases observed the laws of proportion in their work, that they have drawn with sufficient clearness the line which separates legitimate inference from vague conjecture, or even that they have realized for themselves and conscientiously discharged the duties of the historian. Students who were reaping the rich harvest presented in the historical literature of Greece or Rome or England were not much impressed by the researches which revealed to Baron Bunsen the era of the polarization of religious consciousness in the primary deposit of Sinian; nor were they much attracted by a chronology which might be taken to pieces at the will of the manipulator and which assigned different dates

and different sequences, not only to individual kings, but to whole dynasties. The extremely hard blows dealt out against Orientalists by Sir Cornwall Lewis are perhaps not likely to be dealt out again, for the simple reason that even in Assyrian and Egyptian history there is a certain amount of contemporary narrative, and that the restorers of that history have for the most part reached this later and surer ground.

But the need of caution has not yet passed away; and without going further the title-page of Mr. Budge's volume seems to justify the remark. Of the objections brought against Canon Rawlinson's Assyrian and Babylonian histories, one of the strongest was that they were in great part the result of assumptions or ingenious conjectures or inferences from perilously slender premises. The date of a monarch who had been dead for perhaps a thousand years was determined by the words of a later sovereign, although the proof of contemporary registration for the vast interval between them was seemingly altogether lacking; and even of the best known kings our knowledge came apparently rather from their successors than from themselves. When, therefore, Mr. Budge describes his book as "The history of Esarhaddon, son of Sennacherib, King of Assyria, translated from the cuneiform inscriptions upon cylinders and tablets in the British Museum collection," we are led to expect that the narrative is drawn chiefly from the words of Esarhaddon himself. We cannot say that the expectation is fully realized.

It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the chief occupation of Assyrian despots was that of putting down rebellions and of attacking their neighbours. The results which follow these enterprises are often monotonously alike; and in some cases the greatest of them seem to have made but little impression on those who should have had the best cause to remember them. Assyrian tradition ascribes to Semiramis the conquest of Egypt; and Egyptian tradition carries Sesostris in an unbroken career of success to the shores of the Caspian. But the traditions of Egypt and Persia know nothing of these victories of Sesostris or Semiramis, and Sir Cornwall Lewis laid stress on this silence as a strong proof that the supposed facts are really fictions. In so saying he may have carried his doubts too far; but his words must be well weighed if we wish to determine the precise value of the utterances of Assyrian kings when they speak in their own persons and of their own achievements, and not less when they speak of sovereigns as near to them even as their own fathers. Sennacherib, it seems, tells us nothing of the great catastrophe of the Assyrian army recorded in the Books of Kings and of Isaiah; but there is not the least reason for questioning the reality of a great disaster of which he was probably not anxious to perpetuate the memory. The enterprise which thus miscarried was attempted with greater success by his son; but it is strange that of this, the most important event of his reign, our knowledge comes, not from his monuments, but from those of his son and successor Assur-bani-pal. The large and nearly complete cylinder of Esarhaddon, of which Mr. Budge gives a copy transliterated into Roman letters, with a literal English translation, contains no notice of it. The tablet fragments referring to the Egyptian conquests of Esarhaddon, which were assigned by Mr. George Smith to the reign of that sovereign, Mr. Budge attributes to Assur-bani-pal, from whom we have a list of the vassal princes said to have been appointed by Esarhaddon to rule over districts in Egypt. The list may probably be accepted as authentic, and the appearance of several Egyptian names may show the political wisdom of the conqueror. Thus, while Esarhaddon has left us nothing on the subject, we have from his son the definite assertion:—

Esarhaddon, King of the land of Assyria, the father, my begotter, had descended and had marched into the midst of it. The defeat of Tirhakah, King of the land of Ethiopia, he had established and scattered his forces. The country of Egypt and the country of Ethiopia he had captured, and to a countless (extent) spoiled (carried off) its spoil.

But, even without this testimony, the records left by Esarhaddon himself furnish abundant proof that his short reign of only thirteen or fourteen years was rich in incidents, if inroads into neighbouring countries and the suppression of constant rebellions, all leading to nothing or to very little, make up a history much worth preserving. That he was admitted to share the sovereignty during the lifetime of his father is proved by the short document which is called the will of Sennacherib; that, as a king, he was more humane, or at least less cruel, than his predecessor, we may fairly gather from the sentences in which he speaks of himself as sparing the lives of conquered chiefs, and in some instances as restoring them to their territories. With this the narrative of the restoration of Manasseh by his order to the throne of Jerusalem, in the Books of Chronicles, is in complete harmony. From the large cylinder we have also a fully detailed narrative of the incidents following the death of Sennacherib, which in the Jewish records are dismissed in a single sentence. The sons who are there said to have escaped into Armenia did not resign their claims to the throne without a struggle; and the account which Esarhaddon gives of the battle of Khamirabbat, which decided the controversy, may, like Assur-bani-pal's narrative of the overthrow of Tirhakah, be regarded as "full and interesting." In other words, we have a few local and personal details. Esarhaddon tells us that his army marched to the field in spite of snow and storm; and Assur-bani-pal tells us that he was walking in Nineveh when the tidings of Tirhakah's invasion and conquest of Egypt made his

* *The History of Esarhaddon.* By Ernest A. Budge, M.R.A.S. London: Tribner & Co. 1880.

heart grown and smote down his liver. In each case the issue is the rule of the enemy. We rarely, perhaps never, get beyond such pictures; and from Asiatic despots we cannot well expect more. Still, it is something to have an accurate catalogue of their several military enterprises; and from Eashaddon we have such a catalogue of his wars with Nabu-sir-napisti-esir, a son of Merodach-Baladan, and of his expeditions against the Kings of Sidon, Oundi, and Siza, in which his success may have equalled his heart's desire. In the same way, we are told that he ran through with the sword the whole army of the king of the Gimirrai (Kimmerians or Cimmericians), and trampled upon the necks of the Khilaci (Kilikians, Cilicians). With the troublesome mountaineers of Daba he dealt even more trenchantly. He besieged, captured, and spoiled them, threw them down, dug them up, and burned them with fire. In other records Eashaddon tells us of his operations against the revolted vassal king of the Arabian Edom, and against two Median chiefs whom he reduced to complete submission. But while he thus put down his enemies abroad, he was not less active at home, and his prisoners were made useful in the great architectural works which he added to the glories of Nineveh. Among these was his palace of alabaster and cedar wood, adorned with bronze statues of colossal size, ranged in avenues, the doors being covered with white silver and shining copper; and to it he added "a great plantation like that of the land of Amanus, which contained all spices and trees."

Mr. Budge's volume thus completes the history of the three consecutive kings, Sennacherib, Eashaddon, and Assur-bani-pal, the histories of the first and the last of these having been given to the world by Mr. George Smith. That of Eashaddon unquestionably brings before us a ruler of no small energy, and, so far as we can judge, of discretion equal to his energy; and we may fairly say of all of them, that we take the account which they give us of their own achievements as substantially correct. We may also give each king credit for ordinary veracity when he speaks of the exploits of his father. But there still remains the difficulty that the real historians of the world knew little of them or of their doings. Thus the most important event in the career of Eashaddon was, by Canon Rawlinson's admission, "concealed from Herodotus, and not known even by Diodorus"; but with the strange method which seems to characterize Assyriology and Egyptology, the Camden Professor adds that "it was no secret to the more learned Greeks, who probably found an account of the expedition in the great work of Herodotus." It is to such assertions as these that we may ascribe the suspicions which still remain in the minds of those who do not profess to be Assyriologists and Egyptologists, but whose historical work makes them utterly disinclined to admit conclusions reached in this way. We have now, it is true, the cylinders or tablets of Eashaddon and his son; but we may be very sure that these were not seen except in the rarest instances either by learned or unlearned Greeks; and we have the fact that, for all that was known to Herodotus, the memory of Eashaddon's Egyptian conquest had entirely died out in Egypt before his time, and that no mention was made of it in the Persian archives which furnished the materials, we will not say for the history, but for the narrative of Otesias. It is absurd to suppose that that narrative, however worthless it may be in itself, was the creation of his own brain; on the contrary, it is conclusive proof that the Royal parchments of the Persian kings contained a story very different from that which is told by Assyrian or Egyptian sovereigns. The legitimate conclusion is that we should not be too eager to give credit to either the one or the other. Herodotus lived within two centuries of the date of Eashaddon's conquest, and he knows nothing of it; Herodotus lived some centuries later, and Abydenus, who quotes Herodotus, is later still. But, in spite of all drawbacks, researches like those of Mr. Budge and of the late Mr. George Smith are substantial additions to our historical knowledge, and are bringing together a mass of materials which must be subjected to a systematic scrutiny and sifting, when there is reasonable warrant for assuming that the field of Assyrian records has been fully gleaned. When that task is done, it will be found that students whose work has lain in the more fertile region of European history will be ready to weigh the results impartially; but assuredly they will not allow that the credit which may be given to the words of Sennacherib and his successors, when they speak of themselves, can be extended to their opinions about matters which even in their day related to distant ages. They will allow that Eashaddon may have conquered, or re-conquered, Egypt, although Herodotus knows nothing about it; but they will not allow that the date of Ismidagon can be fixed by citing first the words of Sennacherib, who tells us that he brought back from Babylon some images of gods which had been taken from Tiglathpileser more than four centuries earlier, and secondly the words of Tiglathpileser, who speaks of the rebuilding of a temple which, when taken down sixty years before his own reign, had "lasted 641 years from its foundation by Shamasul, son of Ismidagon."

We may add that not the least valuable portion of Mr. Budge's volume is the vocabulary, which gives a grammatical analysis of every word in the text, with explanations of the geographical and mythological names occurring in it.

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.*

IN these days of circulating libraries people with most slender purses can secure the perusal of the latest published and most fashionable works. All that is required to obtain access to even the glories of *Endymion* is a little forethought, some patience, and an outlay of twopence. Under these circumstances an apologetic preface to a book should count for a good deal. If a disappointed reader have not disbursed a guinea or a half in buying the work, but has compassed its perusal for twopence, he will charitably allow himself to be disarmed by a very modest apology. The gallant and distinguished gentleman who gives to the world in two imposing volumes the *Story of a Soldier's Life* prefaces his gift with not only a modest apology, but with an assurance that the public is not likely to appreciate it. This is an odd sort of introduction to a work of such magnitude, to the compilation of which much time and labour have been given; but it effectually discounts any disappointment which the purchaser with his guinea, or the hirer with his twopence, may subsequently experience. In our opinion, formed after diligent reading, the author possessed excellent material for the making of one entertaining and instructive volume. As the work now stands it is a difficult point for us, not being behind the scenes, to determine whether he is indebted most to the *Court Circular*, to the *Army and Navy Gazette*, or to some wonderful diary of his own, for the abundance of incongruous detail which goes to make the two volumes.

Our author was born in India on 11th June, 1821. He is silent as to the events of his career up to the age of fifteen months, when the future soldier made his first march. It was about that time apparently that the idea, destined to bear such fruitful consequences long after, of keeping a diary first suggested itself to his mind. When eighteen months old he determined on coming home, and "embarked for England, the other passengers being, &c. It would not have been in keeping with the plan of the work had a correct list been omitted of those passengers who accompanied the writer on his first voyage sixty years ago. On arriving in England our author selected Clifton as his place of residence. Indeed "the next year of my life was passed principally at Clifton." When four years and eleven months old he removed to Coventry, where he was duly initiated into the mysteries of the triennial procession of Lady Godiva. This was "the chief attraction" of the place. The general to be repudiated for the honour of the army the notion that that pruriently inquisitive person known as "Peeping Tom" was a soldier, and finds satisfaction in the tradition that he was in all probability a tailor. But we must take at a jump succeeding years, during which preparatory schools were attended, and concerning which many pious minutiae are recorded, and follow the writer to Sandhurst Military College. There is a spirited and amusing account of the establishment as it was in those days. Times have altered, and the bullying and fagging then in vogue are, we are glad to say, now unknown. The rough boy material remains of course what it was, and the boys who smoked while others watched, and watched while others smuggled spirits into college, who broke out of bounds, and got "chevied" by highly moral, but rather stout and short-winded, sergeants, are many of them fathers of boys who are being "chevied" with equal ill success to-day. We get, as we had a right to expect, a long list of officers, professors, and others whom the author was privileged to see, know, or hear of. One professor of that day, M. Cambier, who had taught French for fifty years, having begun his duties just before or after Waterloo, died not long ago. It must be a great trial to any man to hear his own tongue knocked into a thousand formless shapes by successive scholastic tides for a consecutive half-century.

Cadet Ewart passed well out of Sandhurst, and was specially commended for skill in surveying, an accomplishment which he perfected later on when in the senior department, and which was destined to bring him under very favourable notice in the Crimea. He then joined a regiment. Where else but in this book may we hope to find a "correct card" of regimental sports, some of which took place thirty years ago? Not only this, but the names of the winners, their rank, their corps, are religiously set forth with all circumstance. We know who won the long jumps and the high jumps, who tossed the caber best; and beyond this, we are given the names of those athletes who might have won but did not. Private Kiddie is handed down to the admiration of posterity in that he "gained a large cheese placed at the top of a greased pole." Our author himself was less successful on this occasion. "A most irritating and obstinate donkey entered by myself under the name of 'Lucy Long' for a race where "officers rode as jockeys, with ladies' bonnets on," preferred to go exactly in the opposite direction to the goal; and the consequence was that donkey "Neddy Bray" and donkey "Jack Slowboy" came in before "Lucy Long"—thirty years ago. It is, however, when we arrive at reminiscences of war and dinners, that we perceive the full advantages of keeping a compendious diary. After a battle we get a gazette, with roll of killed and wounded; and, that there may be no mistake, a double, and sometimes a treble, list is provided—not, as we perceive, in all cases quite correctly. But, at home as he thoroughly is in a good fight, the general becomes enthusiastic over a good dinner. The handmen who played

* *The Story of a Soldier's Life; or, Peace, War, and Mating.* By Lieut.-General John Alexander Ewart, C.B., Aide-de-Camp to the Queen from 1859 to 1872. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

melodious accompaniments to the popping of champagne corks have mostly laid by their instruments long ago, but the tunes they played are handed down to this generation, and were doubtless sounding in the general's ears, awaking many memories, as he wrote. After the music and champagne the guests are in a mood for mutual admiration, and experience a desire to talk; and some pages of one volume are devoted to their after-dinner orations, the "hear, hear" and "cheers" being duly entered.

There is interesting and amusing matter in the chapters treating of the Crimea and of the struggle which has long been called *per excellence*, as distinct from all other British experiences, "the Mutiny." It seems strange that in the former campaign Captain Ewart (as he then was) should have been taken from his regiment to occupy so prominent a position in the Quartermaster-General's department as the sole officer charged with surveying. No pretence is made of giving a consecutive narrative of the war, in which from first to last, as a staff and then as a regimental field officer, the author was usefully engaged in various capacities and in all most honourably distinguished. He describes well and clearly the operations in which he had a personal share. What is especially pleasing—and eminently worthy of respectful commendation—is the manifest desire, shown throughout the book, to do full justice to the merits of others, even when it is clear that the author's own efforts had been by no means too well rewarded. General Ewart's Crimean notes read more like the summary of an intelligent and disinterested spectator than the version of one who took a side in the events treated of. This is, of course, the way to write history, and history is only valuable, because only true, when it is so written; and we have, therefore, to regret that, instead of loading his pages with matter having as little interest for the people of this planet as for the public of the moon, the General has not written at greater length on those affairs of war about which he is so well qualified to pass judgment. The author has a happy knack of showing up, without a tinge of malice or sarcasm, the characteristic qualities of some of the more prominent Crimean leaders. A few touches here and there give us considerable insight into the character of Sir Colin Campbell, who was evidently a person not to be trifled with; Sir George Brown—as fine a soldier in some ways as ever fought—was nevertheless a man of marvellously cramped and narrow views. Nothing aroused the old General's ire so much as when an officer did not keep his hair and whiskers rigidly within prescribed limits. In Turkey, says the author, "we were constantly exposed to all sorts of weather when working at the fortifications, and a beard would have been a great comfort. Sir George Brown would not, however, even hear of a moustache, and ordered some of the officers to clip their whiskers." Later still, when it was manifestly absurd to insist on men shaving, "we were still ordered to keep close shaved, and it was understood that Sir George Brown was furious at the suggestion to allow the infantry a moustache!" It is difficult to have patience with such paltry whims. Many years later than the Crimean time the Commander-in-Chief of one of our Indian Presidencies suddenly ordered his whole army, native and British, to remove their beards, and, in spite of remonstrances from all quarters, insisted on his point. He then referred the matter home, and was informed that the paragraph in the Queen's Regulations relative to shaving did not apply to India; on which every one grew his beard again as fast as he could. As beards had been long worn in India, it would have been only sensible and considerate on the part of the Chief to have referred home in the first instance.

A graceful anecdote is related of General Canrobert. On their way to the Crimea several French generals with a detachment of troops landed at Malta, and during the manoeuvres of some British regiments undertaken at French request, a desire was expressed to see the British formation for resisting cavalry. Squares were at once formed, and General Canrobert rode into one, the men making way for him to pass. As he did so he took off his cocked hat, saying, with a bow, "It is only by permission that a French officer ever enters a British square." At the first meeting of French and English in Turkey, and when there was immense fraternisation—especially among Highlanders and Zouaves—the bottle was a never-failing rallying point for both parties; and over the bottle the allies would repeat and repeat the one phrase which conveyed the same meaning to each—*Russes no bon*. Through various mishaps, not reflecting much credit on the intelligence of the home authorities, the author did not obtain all the promotion he merited. He was shortly afterwards, however, called to India, where he took a prominent part in the fighting at Cawnpore and Lucknow, and was severely wounded. The story of the awful *melée* in the Secunder-Bagh is vividly narrated. No officer contributed more by valour and conduct to the successful results, or more richly merited the Victoria Cross.

As regards the General's opinions on military matters, he enters a strong and sensible plea for retention of the power to inflict corporal punishment when an army is in the field before the enemy. He considers, and every captain and subaltern is of his way of thinking, that the pay of regimental officers is altogether insufficient under the *régime*, not only of present prices, but of those which prevailed years ago. The General is satisfied of the wisdom, if not necessity, of permitting officers to effect exchanges. The establishment of six-company depôts is advocated. The short service system is considered to be a "grievous mistake." "Men will not at the age of eighteen give up their trades simply for the purpose of serving a few years in the army, with the knowledge that little is to be gained by their so doing, but, on the contrary, much to be lost. How, too, are regiments ever to be kept up to

their proper strength, or to be really efficient, if just when, after great labour and expense, the recruits have been turned into good soldiers, they are to be discharged?" It will startle short-service advocates not a little to learn that General Ewart proposes as the "best plan" that soldiers should be enlisted for a period of twenty-five years—eighteen to be passed in the regular army, seven in the reserve. It would take too much space to follow his argument. The theory that a good pension will stop much desertion has been often debated. A great majority of those who desert are young soldiers, to whom the distant prospect of pension across a long period of service offers but scant attraction. The advantage of having training schools for boys, as in the navy, is insisted on.

Two hundred pages of vol. ii., which tell at what country seats the gallant veteran is a welcome guest, where he has dined, and whom he met at dinner, what was said or sung after dinner, and what very pretty women he has been fortunate enough to come across at every stage of his varied career, might perhaps have been compressed with advantage. We expected a detailed description of Paris, through which the author passed; but he excuses himself from giving it on the ground that "the French capital is now probably the best-known place in the world."

LIFE OF LORD CLYDE.*

FROM Vimiero, a battle fought in 1808, to a peaceful review of twenty thousand Volunteers on the Brighton Downs in 1862, is no small portion of one Life. It is no exaggeration to say that, with the exception of a few brief intervals, those fifty-four years were passed by Colin Campbell in stirring and eventful service. He was present at the battle of Barrosa, and was wounded at San Sebastian; he had a touch of Walcheren fever; he joined his regiment at the close of the war with America in 1814; he was stationed for seven dull years in the West Indies; he served under Sir Hugh Gough in the expedition to China in 1842 and commanded at Ohusan; he was present at the bloody but indecisive battle of Chilianwalla and at the crowning victory of Goojerat in the Sikh war of 1849; how he commanded the Highland Brigade in the Crimea, and how, when chosen as the general equal to the task of putting down the Indian Mutiny, he relieved Lucknow and restored order in Oudh and the Doab of Hindustan, can scarcely be forgotten by a generation which has learnt to look on the Peninsular war as hardly belonging to modern history. It was essentially right that the biography of such a soldier should be written, and few objections can be brought against the manner in which General Shadwell has discharged his task. Himself a soldier of considerable experience, he has been on Sir Colin Campbell's staff in China, the Punjab, and the Crimea; he has been furnished with ample materials in the shape of letters, memoranda, and the recollections of many personal friends and subordinates of the late Commander-in-Chief; and the result is a biography which, if it has too much in Vol. II. of the character of a history of the Sepoy Mutiny, yet brings out without pompous eulogy or unfair detractor all those peculiar characteristics to which Campbell owed his professional success and his well-earned honours. We may add that the style is simple and transparent; we have hardly detected a positive error in any statement of facts or in dates; every engagement of importance is illustrated by a plan, enabling non-military readers to grasp the leading points of attack and defence; the names, rank, honours, and highest positions attained by several of Colin Campbell's trusted comrades and lieutenants are given, with praiseworthy brevity and clearness, in foot-notes; and if General Shadwell does not invite us to discuss involved questions of Anglo-Indian administration, it is simply because the subject of these two volumes was a genuine soldier and little else. Discipline and duty were the watchwords of his whole life. Indirectly the biographer has done a public service by showing to a generation not disinclined to resent wholesome control and authority, that obedience in the lower ranks of the army is an indispensable qualification for ulterior high command. General Shadwell effectively disposes of all idle stories as to Campbell's birth and parentage. His grandfather possessed a small estate in the island of Islay and lost it in the '45. His son, John Mac-liver, married Agnes Campbell, and Colin was one of four children born of this marriage. He received a fair education at the High School at Glasgow and elsewhere, and was introduced to the Duke of York by his maternal uncle, Colonel John Campbell. That young Colin Mac-liver, on obtaining his commission before he was sixteen, was entered in the army list by his mother's name is due to a mere chance remark of the Duke, and to the "cannyness" of the uncle aforesaid, who saw that Campbell would sound better at mess than Mac-liver. There is not the least reason to suppose that the straightforward, manly, young lieutenant was at all abashed of his father's name and trade. We shall leave the various expeditions, sieges, and battles of which these two volumes are mainly made up without any attempt at analysis or abbreviation. We may remark, however, that nearly the whole of the second volume has a much higher claim to be termed a genuine history of the Indian Mutiny than a recent publication of the sort intended to complete Sir John Kaye's unfinished work. We have here no sham heroes and no

* *The Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde; Illustrated by Extracts from his Diary and Correspondence.* By Lieut.-General Shadwell, C.B. 2 vols. With Portrait and Maps. Blackwood & Sons. 1881.

attempt to enhance Campbell's reputation at the expense of others. On the other hand, there is an unaccountable deficiency of personal anecdotes. Campbell had not the fervid pen of Charles Napier, or the racy brogue of Sir Hugh Gough; but there was a great deal of individuality in the man, whether at the head of a regiment, a brigade, or an army in the field; he was known to have a hot temper and a rough tongue that never spared incapacity. He had no sympathy with carpet knights, or with men who did not devote themselves heart and soul to the drudgery of barrack life. When roused to anger his remonstrances partook more of the forcible expletives of one of Goring's troopers than of the pious ejaculations of one of Havelock's saints. Some of his best friends on such occasions thought it desirable to keep at a respectful distance, or were glad to shift on others the imperative duty of bearding the old General in his den; and yet this iron will and this rugged demeanour were compatible with the strictest sense of obedience to high civil authority, and with that tenderness and chivalrous deference to the female sex which it is the fashion to characterize as belonging exclusively to the old school. Like most successful commanders, Campbell had attentively studied the feelings and wishes of the private soldier, and was familiar with the humblest regimental duties. It is impossible to doubt that he was devoted to his profession, and yet we are startled to find in his journal and letters repeated evidence of a desire for a quiet life. Once he applied for a civil appointment at Sierra Leone. Again and again his spirit "is broken by disappointment." To him "success or miscarriage in the struggle of professional life have become empty sounds"; he is getting too old for "the amusements and conversation of youths" at mess; he wants to get home from India, "away from the details of military command, of which I have become very tired, and with which, when neglected by those under me, I find I have no longer the temper or patience to bear as I ought"; and much more to the same effect showing that mere ambition had no place in his creed. There was, we fully believe, no humbug in these jottings of his diary. Well-regulated and frugal, he managed to live on his pay and allowances; he never but once in his life put his name to a bill; extravagance at mess he always discouraged by example and precept; and, when higher emoluments and a pension of 2,000*l.* a year might have tempted him to enjoyment and display, his greatest pleasure was to provide for his surviving sister and to make substantial presents to relatives and friends.

It is tolerably clear from his experiences in the Crimea that, at one time, he was for some reason not very favourably viewed in high quarters. It is still a subject for discussion in military circles whether he was not unjustly superseded by the nomination of Sir William Codrington to the chief command. But, in any case, an offer to a general of his capacity and services in the height of the campaign, that he should leave the post of power and danger and take the command of Malta, can only be characterized as a studied insult. No wonder that, after this offer and his supersession, he was only persuaded to return to his post by a few gracious words from the Queen and the Prince Consort. We wish General Shadwell had given us one or two more sayings like the reply to her Majesty "that he would serve under a corporal, if she wished it." It is evident, as Friar Tuck said to the Black Knight after their carouse, that all men have their enemies; for no one not wishing to injure Campbell could have misrepresented his acquirements to Lord Palmerston, who broke out at a dinner-party, on hearing him address a foreigner correctly, "Why, Sir Colin, they told me you could not speak French." It may be remembered that, in the beginning of the war, much stress had been laid by Lord Raglan's friends on his high-bred manners and his ability to converse with St. Arnaud and Canrobert in their own tongue. Possibly it may have been thought unlikely that a raw Highland lad, sent into the army at sixteen, could know anything of any tongue but broad Scotch, or Lord Palmerston may have been purposely deceived. But the very reverse was the truth. Campbell spoke French fluently and with a good accent. General Vinoy became one of his fast friends. He saw much of General Della Marmora, and made some progress in Italian. Spanish, from early opportunity in the Peninsula, he could both read and talk, and he had acquired some knowledge of German besides. It is interesting, too, to find that a soldier, bred almost entirely in the mess-room and the barrack, could find time after the second Sikh war to write to a clerical friend about the Hydaspes and Alexander the Great, his passage of the river and the defeat of Porus. It must be satisfactory to antiquarians to know that Sir Colin thought he had positively identified a large island which deceived the Macedonian into thinking he had reached the left bank of the Indus, and that English soldiers crossed the river on *musrucks* or inflated skins, crossed it as Greeks had two thousand years before. A biographer might be pardoned for making some capital out of this incident; and, like Macaulay on Warren Hastings, who after Nunkoomar's trial, calmly wrote to Dr. Johnson about Jones's Persian grammar and the history and traditions of India, we might wonder how a tough old general of division should think of Porus and Alexander, when he had recently been pursuing Dost Mahomed and the Afghans in headlong rout to the entrance of the Khyber Pass.

It is not altogether surprising that, in spite of his ingrained habits of obedience and discipline, a determined soldier should find himself now and then in opposition to the civil authority. This actually happened to Campbell, first with Lord Dalhousie and

then with Lord Canning. In 1851, after the general pacification of the Panjab, trouble was repeatedly caused by combinations for aggressive purposes amongst the hill tribes. In a correspondence with the local authority at Peshawar and with the Board of Administration at Lahore, Campbell, who commanded at Peshawar, unfortunately allowed his pen to criticise the propriety of these expeditions from a political point of view. Had he confined himself to the amount of supplies or number of forces requisite to storm passes and reach rebellious villages, or to questions of pure strategy, neither the Board nor the Governor-General would have said a word. But he ought to have remembered that the policy or impolicy of a particular expedition is a question entirely for the Governor-General in Council, in communication with his civil and political functionaries. If the Commander-in-Chief has anything to urge for or against this part of the subject, he must urge it as a member of the Supreme Council and not as Head of the army. General Shadwell does not quote the full text of Lord Dalhousie's celebrated letter, pointing out the vital distinction between a political necessity and a strategic movement. But there is no doubt of the soundness of the rule under which the civil department decides on the necessity for an expedition and the military department states the number of troops essential for its success. That Colin Campbell overstepped the limit of his authority, those who have read the whole correspondence can have no doubt. Indeed, his own letter to Sir Charles Napier, who under the strained relations between himself and the Governor-General was not the most judicious of referees, concedes virtually the whole point at issue. It is not for the Horse Guards, or for any commander of division anywhere, to write about the "cruel injustice" of a punitive expedition against marauders which has been determined on by a Minister of State or a Viceroy. It is satisfactory to note that Lord Dalhousie, in a subsequent despatch, recorded his high sense of Campbell's "ability and sterling soldierly qualities"; and doubtless this warning had not lost its effect when, six years afterwards, the highest civil and military authorities advocated diametrically opposite views. The garrison of Lucknow, it will be remembered, was succoured by Outram and Havelock in September 1857, and finally was brought off in safety by Campbell in the November following. The recovery of the city, before which Outram stood at bay for four months, was reserved for operations on a gigantic scale in March 1858. Campbell, after driving out the rebels from Dilkooahar and the Kuiser Bagh, wanted to reorganize the whole province of Oudh and to let Rohilcund alone for the next four or five months. Lord Canning, with sound political instinct, saw clearly that in Oudh, which had only been annexed some fifteen months before the Mutiny, a little more or less of anarchy was comparatively unimportant, while to leave Rohilcund unassailed would be fatal to our name and supremacy in all Upper India. Rohilcund had been under our peaceful sway for more than fifty years. It contained a large portion of well-affected Hindus who looked to us for early countenance and support. In Oudh, Talookdars and soldiers had been all along against us. Then, too, Bareilly, the capital of Rohilcund, had been the scene of shameful outrages, and Englishmen had been put to death on a mock trial before a native ex-judge, who at that very time was drawing his pension from the local treasury. For ten months after this tragedy the rebels had held undisturbed possession of this garden of Upper India. We are quite positive that Lord Canning's opinion of the ill effects of delay in the Rohilla quarter was shared by every administrator of experience and by the whole Anglo-Indian community. It is creditable to Campbell that he carried out a policy not his own in a loyal spirit, and though his biographer makes a faint attempt to prove him right, from the trouble experienced in dispersing rebels in the Doab, in Goruckpore, in Behar, and in Oudh itself, Lord Canning here acted just as Wellesley or Dalhousie would have done in his place. Success is the true test, and the result of Lord Canning's views, as carried out by Campbell and his able lieutenants over a very wide field, was the complete pacification of the Bengal Presidency by the beginning of 1859, or in ten months after the recapture of Lucknow.

To a subsequent and a more serious emergency Campbell was fully equal. The English soldiers, who had just quelled one mutiny, were very nearly getting up another of their own. When the Government of India was transferred from the East India Company to the Crown, the soldiers of the former conceived themselves entitled to claim a free discharge or a bounty on re-enlistment. Here was a plain question not confused with politics, and Campbell, who thought the claim just, recommended concession. His opinion was overruled, but ultimately, and in a great measure owing to his tact, judicious management, and the publication of a General Order to the troops, the incipient rebellion was quickly put down. But seven thousand men chose to take their discharge, and we well remember how the mere prospect of a "white mutiny" sent a chill to the hearts of administrators whose calm trust in our political supremacy had not been shaken by the loss of Delhi or by the Massacre of Cawnpore. "One false step," remarks General Shadwell, might have produced fearful consequences; but here Campbell, with his strict notions of obedience and justice, was the very man for the crisis. Any want of firmness or any failure of sympathy on the part of the Head of the army might have dissolved that fabric which revolted Sepoys had only been able to shake.

The biographer does not attempt to fix the exact place which Campbell will eventually occupy in the roll of successful generals, but we may just indicate a few traits to guide others to a

conclusion. He has, obviously, no claim to be compared with men who are strategists by nature and whose earliest campaigns are text-books in the art of war. But he had mastered every professional detail; his regiments and his brigades were drilled to the highest point of efficiency; he managed all his combinations with consummate skill, and when he had to move large bodies of troops from different quarters to converge on a given point, nothing was left to uncertainty or chance. Divisions were not allowed to remain inactive, to wait on each other helplessly, or to arrive just a day too late. Though he was nicknamed "Old *Khabardér*" (take care), from his reluctance to move until everything was matured, there was no want of dash or spirit when once the moment for decisive action arrived. His victories over a foe flushed with successes and plunder were attended with very moderate loss on our side, and it is wholly impossible to conceive Colin Campbell ever getting himself, or allowing his subordinates to get, into such humiliating and awkward positions as Maiwand or Majuba. In generalship we should, of course, place him far above Lord Lake or Lord Gough, who, like the Ajax of Homer, were mere fighting captains. For politics Colin Campbell, as we have said, had no turn whatever. In all his despatches and private letters to Lord Canning and others there is little to show that anything but the army and its welfare ever occupied his thoughts. Improved administration, the merits of European *versus* native agency, schemes for reconstructing our Civil rule, and for appeasing native disloyalty or discontent, were little or nothing to him. His accomplished subordinate, Lord Sandhurst, who afterwards filled the same post, would at such a time have been ready with copious minutes on finance, Settlements, communications, public works, amnesties, the punishment of rank traitors, the forgiveness of misguided Talookdars, and the rewards for unshaken fidelity. But this is said in no disparagement of a brave, straightforward, and conscientious soldier. We should be inclined to tell young lieutenants studying their profession, that they can learn much about discipline in the barrack and fighting in the field from Colin Campbell's writings; from his excellent account of Ohilianwalla, from his recommendation to fire while advancing in line, from his sleepless vigilance in the Crimea, from his management of large masses of soldiers in his last Indian campaign. For such services a peerage and a pension, the thanks of Parliament and the approbation of his Sovereign, were rewards not too great. But there is a more valued lesson to be learned from his character. Rough and rugged in some of its features, it was never sullied by equivocation, self-seeking, or rancour. And if Campbell lacked the eagle glance which took in the Mahratta positions and stormed them at Assaye and Argaum, it is not too much to say that his whole career was ennobled by a simple, fearless, and conscientious discharge of duty to the State and the Sovereign which could hardly have been surpassed by Arthur Wellesley himself.

BENT'S GENOA.*

MR. BENT, already known as the author of a work on the little Republic of San Marino—of which State he has the honour to be a citizen—has now turned to the history of another and a more important Italian Republic—that of Genoa. It is a sufficiently stirring and eventful history, comprising as it does the struggles of the young commonwealth against Northman and Saracen; its fierce strife with and triumph over the sister Republic of Pisa, which was to Genoa what Carthage was to Rome; its equally fierce, but in the long run disastrous, contest with the rising power of Venice; the struggles of Guelfs and Ghibelins, of Adorni and Fregosi, Doria and Fieschi; and, in its declining days, the agony of that terrible Austrian and English siege, the horrors of which have been so powerfully described by Dr. Arnold. At the beginning Mr. Bent gives a list of the authorities whom he has consulted, ranging from the early annalists in Muratori to modern writers such as Sismondi, Vincens, and Ciescia. He has not however relied solely on the labours of others, but has himself consulted manuscripts "in archives not generally open to foreigners"; so that his work claims the position of a history written at first hand. It is no blame to Mr. Bent that he should be more at home with Italian authorities than with English ones; still we are surprised to find him unhesitatingly citing the authority of the forged *Ingulph*. That Vincens, writing in 1842, should believe in "*Ingulph*"—whom, by the way, he seems only to have known at secondhand from an eighteenth-century book on *The Origin of Commerce*—was perfectly excusable; but Mr. Bent might be expected to know that historical scholars are now agreed that the history which bears *Ingulph*'s name is a fabrication of later date. "What *Ingulph* tells us" about the Genoese ship which took him from Joppa to Brindisi is some evidence that Genoese ships might be found at Joppa at the date of the fabrication, whether that be the thirteenth or the fourteenth century, but proves nothing as to the state of things thirty-five years before the First Crusade. Nor does Mr. Bent's knowledge of French history appear to be deep, at least if we may judge from his speaking of "the saintly Louis of France, more fitted for a convent than a throne." Louis IX. was a pious man—which some people seem to think is the same thing as being a fool—but he was also, as all who have

studied the history of the thirteenth century know, an able prince, who greatly strengthened both the internal and external power of the French monarchy. These however are by-points which do not much affect Mr. Bent's general treatment of the subject. His style is generally pleasant and easy, though it will not bear minute criticism. "That mass of barbarism which was incident on the fall of the Roman Empire" is awkward. "The Crusades played the part of Mount Ararat, from which all the contents of this ark poured forth its treasures to resuscitate the crushed but purified minds of men," is barely intelligible. "The Genoese were content to be tossed to and fro as an apple of discord between the contending armies of Europe, by way of by-play to their more extended field of action," is not much better; and "a tidy little force" is slangy. As Giovanni Battista Verrina presumably addressed his fellow-conspirators in Italian, we shall not hold him responsible for the language Mr. Bent has put into his mouth:—"If we make ourselves the vile instrument of France, we shall act like the D'Oria are doing now with Spain." "Shakespeare's merchant of Genoa, the unfortunate Antonio," is of course a mere slip; but it is odd that the writer should go on to speak of Antonio's losing "his ship, the *Argosy*," as if *Argosy* was the name of an individual vessel. He must have forgotten Shylock's enumeration of Antonio's ventures:—"He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the *Kialto*, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England." We do not wish to pick out more instances for verbal criticism; but we cannot forbear to protest against giving in to the odious practice, the offspring of affectation and laziness, of using French words where English ones would do as well. We admit that there are passages in Mr. Bent's work where the use of a French word can be justified or excused—where it expresses an idea which could not be so well conveyed in English; but *beaux arts*, *sobriquet*, and *cortège* could all have found English equivalents; nor can we see any excuse for the employment of *amour propre* and *par parenthèse* within a single paragraph. "*Recherché* viands" is only permissible to a reporter at a municipal banquet; and *employé* should be left to the assistants in a drapery establishment. Mr. Bent's own pages will supply us with an appropriate rebuke, out of the mouth of a British admiral. As the story is characteristic, we quote it entire, premising that the date is 1814, after the Genoese had risen against the French garrison, and had admitted Lord William Bentinck:—

On the 20th of April, the British fleet, under Vice-Admiral Fellow, entered the port, and a commissary of marines, Giustiniani by name, presented himself to him, and thinking he was Admiral Bentinck, addressed him in courteous French. Forthwith Fellow indignantly responded in Italian, "Who are you? Are you another of those French devils?" "No," replied Giustiniani; "I am a Genoese noble." "Then," answered the British lion, "if you are Italian, why the devil don't you speak your own language?"

From this specimen it may be supposed that Mr. Bent's book is not dull. His method of opening his history errs indeed on the side of the sensational. It is about time that beginnings such as this should be left to the historical novelists, who have the copy-right of them:—

Early in the fourteenth century a ship sailed past the city of Genoa on her way to France; on board was an elderly merchant accompanied by two young boys.

One of these boys being Petrarch, this serves as the introduction to a description of Genoa written by Petrarch "full fifty years after this event." From "Genoa in the Olden Time" Mr. Bent passes to "Genoa at the Crusades"—that is to say, from 1096 to 1291—after which he opens the third chapter by asking "Are we to dive into heathen mythology for the origin of the town of Genoa?" and from Petrarch, Doria, and the Crusaders we find ourselves required to take a leap back to "Janus, the great-grandson of Noah," and Janus the heathen god, whose double-headed semblance at this day adorns the gas-lamps of the city; to the Viking Hasting, and his raid upon Liguria; and to "the Saracenic scourge" of the tenth century, "similar in devastation, and eating up all that the Normans had left." We prefer that historians should stick to the old plan of beginning at the beginning, or at any rate in cases where, as in that of Genoa, the beginning is lost in the haze of tradition, at some definite point chosen on intelligible principles. Altogether, the fault of Mr. Bent's book is that of most histories in the "picturesque" style—it fails to give the reader a clear and distinct idea of the course of events. On the other hand, if it has the faults, it has also the merits, of the class to which it belongs, and it gives a good general idea of the part played by Genoa in the history of Italy and of the world.

In the Crusades, with which Mr. Bent opens his narrative, the part taken by the Genoese was especially that of carriers, whether of troops or provisions. Not but that they fought a good deal too, and in the First Crusade they even produced one hero of romance, Guglielmo Embriaco, the *duce ligure* who is immortalised by his appearance in Tasso's poem. True, however, to the practical character of the Genoese, even in poetry Embriaco is a scientific soldier:—

Infra i più industri ingegni
Ne' meccanic ordigni, uom senza pari.

In Tasso, too, may be read of the chief triumph of Embriaco's engineering skill, as described by early Genoese historians—his wooden tower on wheels, with its battering-ram and movable bridge, made for the assault of Jerusalem. Appropriately enough, the fame of the Embriaco family was afterwards recognised by their being allowed to retain their private tower in Genoa when all others were lowered by order of the commune. Besides giving

* *Genoa; How the Republic Rose and Fell.* By J. Theodore Bent, B.A., Drex., Author of "A Freak of Freedom; or, the Republic of S. Marino." With Eighteen Illustrations. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

an account of the part borne by the Genoese in the Crusades, Mr. Bent also mentions that strange episode of medieval history, the Child's Crusade, which is connected with Genoa by the fact that one of the child-armies marched to that city to demand transports, and there gradually dispersed. He goes on to say that some of these children embarked at Marseilles, and remarks that the Christians in Palestine were "not over well pleased to receive so juvenile a succour." There is however a story given by Albert of Trois-Fontaines, but not here mentioned, that the two Marseilles merchants who undertook the transport of the children disposed of them to Saracen slave-merchants—an infamy beyond anything ever laid to the charge of the Genoese, though there is an unpleasant tale of certain Genoese sea-captains who would have abandoned some penniless Christian refugees had not the infidel rulers of Alexandria stepped in to pay the passage-money.

The interest of Genoese history begins with the great struggle between Genoa and Pisa, which was symbolized in the marble image set up in the hall of the Bank of St. George, and in the device stamped once on the seal of the commune, and now upon the cover of Mr. Bent's book—the griffin of Genoa trampling upon the eagle of the Empire and the fox of Pisa. Below was the boastful legend, still to be read in the hall of the Bank, though the marble figures are gone:—

Gryphus ut has angit,
Sic hostes Janua frangit.

The next great rivalry was with Venice, and at one time it seemed as if the griffin was on the point of adding the winged lion of St. Mark to his conquests. Thanks to Byron, all English readers know the famous threat of the victorious Doria that he and his countrymen would bridle the relentless bronze horses on the Piazza of St. Mark—the threat which Byron conceived to be fulfilled by the Austrian domination—

But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not bridled?

As far as he and Genoa were concerned, Doria had better have left his splendid boast unuttered. Not a year later four thousand Genoese soldiers stood, prisoners, naked, and loaded with chains, exposed to the mockery of the Venetians on the Piazza of St. Mark. The account of this struggle between Genoa and Venice is one of the most vivid and interesting bits of the book. The Fieschi Conspiracy of 1547 affords another exciting chapter; and the famous siege of 1800 is told in all its ghastly detail; but Mr. Bent confines himself to description, and does not discuss the moral question raised by Dr. Arnold, who made use of the blockade of Genoa to illustrate his views as to amendments required in the law of nations. Neither does Mr. Bent pass any express condemnation upon the subsequent handing over of Genoa to the King of Sardinia, a point on which Mr. Hunt, in his school history, is as eloquently indignant as his limits will allow. With our present author the humiliation of the Doge of Genoa is compensated by the fact that his homage was paid to the dynasty which was "the hope of the Italian future, to whom Genoa was to become the chief corner-stone."

Before parting company with Mr. Bent, we should observe that he gives the letter recently discovered, addressed by Manuelli Fieschi, notary to the Pope at Avignon, to Edward III. of England, asserting that Edward II. had escaped from Berkely Castle, where he was supposed to have been murdered, and had, after various wanderings, died a hermit in the diocese of Pavia. The details have a suspicious look, more especially the incident of another man's heart having been presented to Queen Isabel as that of her husband, which recalls the ballad of Gayferos and the legend of Geneviève of Brabant, though there a dog's heart or tongue is made to do duty as the substitute. But, whatever we may think of the story, the fact of such a letter having been written at all is highly curious.

For purposes of reference the book would be much improved if it had an index, and if the years were entered in the margin. We must say a word as to the woodcuts, which are much above the average. That of the "Gateway in the Piazza di S. Matteo" is remarkable for the solidity and vigour with which the carvings are represented. Good also is the cut at p. 408 from the "Fresco by Pierino del Vaga in the D'Orta Palace, representing the Triumph of Scipio," which ought, one would think, to have been placed earlier, at p. 376, where Andrea Doria's employment of this painter is spoken of. But the "Façade of the Cathedral," which forms the frontispiece, looks out of perspective, as if it had been taken from a bad photograph. The interest of the monument to William Acton in the Church of the Knights Hospitallers would have been much heightened if Mr. Bent had deciphered the inscription for us. He does give a version in English, but does not help us to make out the abbreviated Latin shown in the drawing. On the whole the cuts are worth looking at, which is by no means always the case in English illustrated books.

TWO BLACK LETTER REPRINTS.*

THESE two books, though alike in reproducing works printed in a Gothic letter, with more or less minuteness of care in detail, are not quite equal in the degree in which they appeal to

* *The Popish Kingdoms, or reigns of Antichrist.* Written in Latin Verse by Thomas Naogeorgus, and Englished by Barnabe Googe. Edited by H. C. Hope. London: Satchell & Co. 1880.

The Boks of St. Alban's. With an Introduction by William Blades. London: Elliot Stock. 1881.

the weakness of mere book-lovers. Mr. Hope's foolscap quarto, with its paper boards, its offset edges, and its black and red title, is sufficiently attractive, but it cannot compare with Mr. Blades's book, with its stamped parchment cover, its royal quarto pages of a kind of sublimely blotting paper, rather too definitely yellow in tone to suit our taste, but admirable in texture and margin, and its facsimile of the quaint types of the schoolmaster-printer, whoever he was, who nabered the *Book of St. Alban's* originally into being. The difference of elaborateness is not improper, for an incunabula deserves greater splendour of apparel than a mere sixteenth-century book, and Mr. Hope's volume has outward graces quite sufficient to make it a desirable possession.

Both books have plenty of interest, independent of their mere bibliographic attractions, which are considerable. The *Popish Kingdoms* exists in but one perfect copy, which the Cambridge Library possesses, and in two imperfect ones, which belong to the Bodleian and to a private collector; but its unicity is by no means its only or its chief charm. It was the work of an industrious poet and man of letters who holds an honourable place among the group of students who took up the tradition of Surrey and Wyatt, and handed it on to their greater successors in the later years of Elizabeth. We cannot agree with Mr. Hope that, "of the minor poets of Queen Elizabeth's reign, there is scarcely one of whom so little is known." On the contrary, Mr. Arber, to whose excellent edition of Googe's minor poems Mr. Hope himself refers, was able to collect a good deal of information about the love affairs and the business affairs of their author. He was a "servant" of Burleigh's, by whom he was charged with missions in Ireland and elsewhere, was supported in his wooing of a fair damsel of Kent, and otherwise countenanced. Burleigh's leaning to the Puritan side may or may not account for Googe having selected the *Popish Kingdoms* of Naogeorgus, or Kirchmeyer, to translate, the work being a bitter attack on Romanism. He chose for the purpose the favourite metre of the time, the long, swinging, fourteen-syllable verse, which, with unpardonable slovenliness, some English writers call Alexandrine. It seems to escape these persons that an Alexandrine is not any line longer than ten syllables, but the definite metre of a definite poem, the twelfth-century *Roman d'Alexandre*, and that it would be just as pardonable to call the metre of *Don Juan* a Spenserian stanza as to call the fourteen-syllable verse Alexandrine. However this may be, the metre was, as we have said, a favourite one with the time. It was sometimes printed both then and since in eights and sixes, instead of the continuous fourteen-syllable stretch, and it has the capacities of being doggerel which this subdivision suggests. But at its best it is a metre of considerable merit, and, as used by Googe here when he is at his best, by Warner in *Albion's England*, and by others, it approved itself even before Chapman raised it to its highest possible terms. There is remarkable vigour and art, for instance, in the verses which describe the power of the Mass in the Third Book. Some thirty or forty lines all begin with the word "Mass":—

Masso doth relieue the burnid minde, and sinnes defaceoth quight.
Masso pleaseth him that guides the skies, and giues the heauens bright.
Masso pluckes the sinfull soules from out the Purgatorie fire,
Masso comforteth th' afflicted sort and makes them to aspiere.

So it goes on, with not a little dignity, for several lines, but gradually the tone lowers:—

Masso gets a man a pleasant wife, and gettes the mayde hir mate,
Masso helpes the Captaine in the fildes and furthereth debate.

And at the last it drops into the regular polemical satire of the Reformers:—

Masso useth many slouthfull knaues and lubbers for to feede,
Masso brings in dayly gaiue, as doth the Sowters arte at neede.

An undignified comparison certainly, but it stops a good deal short of the blasphemous ribaldry too common in similar contexts. Still better is a passage in reference to Our Lady:—

Shee pleaseth God, and with hir childe, in armes continually
Delighteth him, and what she askes, he neuer doth deny.
Shee is the Queene of heauen bright, and with a beck can do
Whatsoeuer shee determinde is, and giues hirselfe unto.
Shee is the happier starre on seas, and port of perfitte rest,
And surest ancour for to stay the ship in seas opprest.
Shee is the light of all the world, and mother here of grace,
That doth of God forgiveness get, and doth our sinnes deface.
Shee keepeth those that worship hir in heart continually,
From handes of euery wicked sprite, and deulle tyrainy,
And with hir gowne shee couers Kings, and Popes, and people all,
From wrath of God, and vengeance due, that on their heads would fall.
The gate of heauen eke is shee, and euermlasting life,
The onely life of all the worlde, and ende of all our strife.
Shee is the hope of euery man, and chiefe defendresse here,
Shee shewes us Jesus Christ, when as before hir we appeere.
Shee also in the dreadfull howre of death doth us defende,
Shee bleaseth all the life of man, and fortune good doth sende.

The Fourth Book, which deals with festivals and holydays, contains some exceedingly curious and interesting details of sports and pastimes; but, as it has already been reprinted by Mr. Furnivall, it is less novel than the rest of the volume.

The *Boks of St. Alban's*, though naturally representing a much ruder condition of literary proficiency, and practically anonymous, is for that reason all the more interesting. In the first place, there is the famous attribution of it to "Dam Julyans Barnes," one of the smallest molehills out of which bibliographical ingenuity and imagination have ever made mountains. The fact is simply this, that one part of the *Boks of St. Alban's*, a string of verses on hunting, ends, after the fashion of such things, "explicit Dam Julyans Barnes." This is absolutely all. And to the identity, period, literary proficiency, and social status of the lady thus commemorated in the queer orthography and crabbed type

of the *Boke of St. Alban's* there is not the slightest "light heart," however, which out of the "mystical" Turbidity of the *Chanson de Roland* have made an abbot of Peterborough and a Trouvère, Theroude by name, of whose existence and performances they are quite as certain as of those of Ruteboef or Adenis le Roi, have been fully equal to the occasion. First of all, Dame Julyans has all the three parts of the *Boke of St. Alban's* attributed to her. Then, with the careless generosity usual in such cases, the treatise of "Fishing with an Angle," which Wynkyn de Worde added to the *Boke* later, simply because of its similarity of subject, is also ascribed to her. It then becomes necessary to identify such an important author. The ingenious bibliographer—or rather generaliser of such, for legends of this kind always grow slowly—discovers that Barnes is a variant of Berners, and imagines that Dame implies nobility. Dame Julyans Barnes becomes Dame Juliana Berners, a lady of a noble house, Prioresse of Sopwell, addicted to country sports and the study of the noble science of heraldry, &c. We have a dim notion that somebody or other has written an historical romance with this literary and ecclesiastical Hippolyta for heroine, a romance which certainly cannot be more gratuitous than most of the ordinary literary-history tales about her. It is needless to say that Mr. Blades is not the sort of person to indulge in idle conjectures of this kind. He brushes away all the cobwebs ruthlessly enough, and reduces Dame Juliana Berners, Prioresse of Sopwell and princess of the chase and the Church, to a possible "Mrs. Barnes" of the early fifteenth century, who perhaps wrote, and perhaps only copied, some couplets on hunting. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum*; though, as Dame Juliana never can be said to have had anything but a fictitious life, her extinction need not grieve us very sorely.

The *Boke* deserves attention for plenty of other reasons besides this spurious interest. In the first place, it is one of our earliest printed books, and is not the work of any famous press or printer. The schoolmaster of St. Albans, whoever he was, was a comparatively humble rival or follower of Oaxton. If, or some one else not discernible from him, printed eight books at St. Albans between 1480 and 1486, six of them being theological or scholastic in subject and Latin in language. The seventh was a chronicle slightly enlarged from Oaxton, the eighth our *Boke of St. Alban's*. This is probably an exact reproduction of a manuscript. It is true that the subjects of three treatises composing it—hunting, hawking, and heraldry—were more closely connected in that day than they are now; but the spaces are curiously filled up with miscellaneous and irrelevant matter, such as lists of the English counties, short moral verses, &c. Almost all the later manuscripts of the middle ages have this *omnium-gatherum* character running on from one thing to another, with no more warning than an *explicit* and *incipit*, and sometimes with not even these. This is no doubt the real explanation of the fact (to which Mr. Blades draws attention) that so many early printed works are without title-pages. The time-honoured instruction to printers, "follow copy even if it flies out of the window," would here apply, and the printer, finding no regular title in the particular division of a miscellany manuscript which he was reproducing, would not think it necessary to make one. The *Book of St. Alban's*, therefore, plunges in *medias res*, with the greatest calmness, "Inso much that gentill men and honest persones haue greete delite in haukyng." It is perhaps worth while as a specimen of the folly of bibliographers to mention that, from the accidental use of "inso much" at the beginning of both the *Boke* and the *Chronicle of St. Alban's*, it has been inferred that the anonymous schoolmaster-printer's name was "Inso much." It would follow that Mr. Whereas is the name of one of the most prolific of printers. The Treatise of Hawking is perhaps the most methodical part of the book, and handles the subject gravely, and with not too much conceit, if we except perhaps a queer list at the end of the hawks proper for different estates of men. A peregrine for an earl, a ger-falcon for a king, and so on, are well enough; but an "emperour" is put off with an "egle," or a "bawtere" (vulture), most unhandy fowl one would think for sporting purposes. The Treatise on Hunting, introduced, like the preceding, by a short preface of the printer's, is not in prose, but in verse of strongly alliterative kind. It is not long; and, after the famous "explicit Dame Julyans Barnes in her Boke of Huntynge," the blank leaves are, as has been said, filled with a queer medley of commonplace book-entries. One of these is the often-quoted list of technical terms for different collections of beasts, another the equally often-quoted list of words for carving differing kinds of meat, both flesh and fowl. But the third part (we agree here with Mr. Blades) is perhaps the most interesting. The demonstrations to show that prophets and great religious persons, as well as heroes of old, were gentlemen of coat-armour are extremely curious. Adam bore a spade, which was the first shield in heraldry. There were ten orders of angels wearing coat-armour before Lucifer's revolt. The notion that coat-armour came in at the siege of Troy is dismissed with great contempt. That it came in at the siege of Thebes might be a better and more arguable position; but Æschylus was not much read at the time, though the *roman de Thebes* had laid Statius under contribution. The profound faith in the antiquity of a practice in reality dating so few centuries earlier than the writer is noteworthy enough.

We may repeat at the end what we have said at the beginning, that these books are both interesting in themselves and a credit to English book-workmanship in their get-up.

THE CAMP OF REFUGE.

THIS story, the editor tells us in the introduction, was so popular with a past generation that he has republished it for the benefit of the present one. It seems hardly worth while to have done so; for the story, though it may have been quite up to, or even beyond, the level of historical knowledge expected in such tales a quarter of a century ago, is now far behind the historical primers that are in the hands of all the young people for whom we suppose it is written. The instruction is conveyed after the manner of a certain class of school books in which the most ridiculous mistakes are made in order that the pupil may find out and correct them. This used to be thought the best way of impressing the rules of grammar and spelling on the memory. Nowadays it is condemned as an old-fashioned practice, tending only to a hopeless confusion between right and wrong in the mind of the learner. In the present instance the editor, who is one of the authors of the *Fenland, Past and Present*, has added foot-notes at the bottom of each page, correcting the mistakes in the text. He has had so much to do that the notes would make quite a little volume if they were published separately. Now the young reader is enlightened as to the very uncertain number of States in the so-called Saxon Heptarchy, and again is told that Ely is simply the isle of eels, and has nothing at all to do with "Helig, or Elig," the British name for a willow which the author tries to make out as the derivation. Here and there the editor enters a protest against the deeds assigned to Hereward, the hero of the tale, pointing out that he was not at all of a nature to make a certain pious pilgrimage he is credited with; that it was not he, but a burgher of Dover, who resisted the aggressions of Eustace of Boulogne; and that Hereward had, in all probability, a wife alive in the Netherlands at the time when his heroic deeds were supposed to be inspired by the love of Alfrude, as the author writes Elfrith. Here and there, too, the editor makes the writer a medium for airing his own opinions on matters social and political, as when, to an exhortation on the blessings of unity in the text, he adds:—

This patriotic and eloquent appeal may be very appropriately reiterated at the present day. The sentiment which it inculcates is as essential now as it was when the Saxons were defending the "Camp of Refuge." Is it not consolidation rather than extension which is needed for the well-being of our country? Will not the future greatness of our nation hinge upon the development of the highest principles of humanity—the unity, loyalty, and virtue of its peoples?

And again, when touching on William the Conqueror's game laws—especially the decree that none "should kill so much as a hare," whereat the "rich men bemoaned and the poor men shuddered"—the author complains that "Old England will never be England until these unSaxon laws be gone from us"; the editor adds, "Will what remains of the unSaxon laws yet be repealed or modified in the interest of declining agriculture?"

The outline of the tale is soon given. Hereward and Alfrude are the hero and heroine, but the love passages of another couple flit across the pages, and are at last brought to a happy ending. They are Mildred, the handmaid of Alfrude, and Elfric, a young Englishman, whose exploits come very near rivalling those of Hereward. With one of these seats the story begins. In the first chapter the youth is introduced hastening across the fen country, to bear a warning to the monks of Spalding of an attack directed against them by the Normans under Ivo Taillebois. His warning was scouted, and in the night the attack was made. The inmates—all that were left of them alive—were turned out, and the house taken possession of by the invaders. Elfric, who manages to escape alive, though in sounding the alarm-horn to call the men of Spalding town to the rescue he had made himself a special object of hatred to the Normans, hurries off over the fens again to Ely, to carry thither the news of the loss of the succursal cell of Spalding. He is greeted there with a warmth that in some sort makes amends for the cold reception which he met with on his former errand; and, in recognition of the valour, common sense, and presence of mind which he has already given proofs of, he is chosen as the messenger who shall go over the sea to bring Hereward home to head the little band of patriots who pride themselves on being the only true Englishmen left in England. Here the romantic element first blends in with the story. In defiance of the legend which makes Hereward out the husband of Torfrida, he is represented as being hopelessly in love with Alfrude, heiress of Eye, whose hand and land Ivo Taillebois is intriguing to secure for his brother. Elfric disguises himself as a gleeman, makes his way into the Norman's hall through the waiting-maid, gains the ear of the lady, and gets from her a ring which is to be the talisman to bring Hereward back as her accepted lover. Elfric had not miscalculated its power. Hereward, lured by the love-token, comes back to the help of his countrymen, and arrives at Ely on the eve of Christmas Day. He takes his own manor-house of Brunn by surprise, driving out of it the Normans who are in possession, marries Alfrude, and is then knighted by his uncle, Abbot Brand of Peterborough, defeats the Normans at Cambridge, repels an attack of Ivo Taillebois upon Brunn, and is finally surrounded by the Normans in great force in the camp at Ely. Here provisions grow scarce, and the monks grow discontented, and begin to grumble

* *The Camp of Refuge: a Tale of the Conquest of the Isle of Ely.* Edited, with Notes and Appendix, by Samuel H. Miller, F.R.S. Wiesbeck: Leese and Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

and plot. Hereward has with him a certain Italian called Girolamo, from Salerno, by whose counsel he is mainly guided. He is, in fact, the mainstay of the whole party, for he is crafty and knowing, and can invent schemes to strike terror to the heart of the enemy, which prove more effectual in discomfiting them than the brute force of the dauntless, but rather thick-witted company with whom he has cast in his lot. More especially has Girolamo shown himself invaluable in counteracting the arts of a powerful witch in the Norman camp by setting fire to the fens, and thus burning her and her supporters to death before they can escape. The Salernitan had also driven the abbot of William's appointment and his monks out of Crowland. Taking with him Etric and a few picked men, he hid with them in the cellars, and then, counterfeiting the devils with which tradition had peopled the fenland, scared the newcomers so thoroughly that they ran away. Girolamo's power of raising unearthly flames and smells being the principal agents in the success of the undertaking. His uncanny knowledge makes the monks eye him askance, and at length openly accuse him of witchcraft, and declare that his presence among them will in the end bring ruin to the cause, and in the meantime has brought short commons to the kitchen. To silence their grumbling, Hereward sets out on a raid to bring food and drink to the abbey by plundering Dereham and the adjacent country. Surprised on their return by a body of Normans, they have a hardfight to keep their booty, and in the fray Girolamo is slain. When the news reaches the abbey the discontented party within its walls raise an alarm that Hereward himself is slain, and they make common cause with the Normans, who, aided by the traitors, enter and finally take possession of the camp. The story ends with Hereward quietly settling down on his own lands, and ending his days there in peace and quietness.

Thus it will be seen that the *Camp of Refuge* does not claim to interest the reader by startling incidents or active action, but by painstaking delineation of the fen country and the manners of the fen men. The descriptions of this country are remarkably good, and show an intimate acquaintance with the district. The only poetical license the author has allowed himself is making his characters pass over vast tracts of country with a speed more consistent with seven-league boots than fen-poles. The *Camp of Refuge* has had the advantage of being edited by Mr. Miller, one of the authors of the *Fenland, Past and Present*, who points out in his notes any difference between the text of the story and the authentic history of the period. Here and there he finds the author tripping in the etymology of a name or the distance from one place to another. The oddest mistake he has fallen into is asserting that the one mark of gold, which was William's certainly rather shabby offering to St. Etheldreda's shrine at Ely, "had been in the hands of the Jews, and clipped." The only ground for this statement is that one mark of the seven hundred that William extorted from the monastery was of light weight. But as this and any other poetical license are pointed out by the editor on the same page, it is almost like reading the book with one eye and the review of it with the other.

It is a little difficult to make out by whom the story is supposed to have been written, and the style varies so frequently that it gives us no clue towards finding out. The first two chapters are in a mere ordinary narrative style, with no attempts at archaisms of style or manners. But by the third chapter the narrator declares himself to be a monk of Ely, living in the time of Henry II. This chapter, however, forms a sort of interlude, and contains nothing but a description of Ely, so that it may be intended that it alone came from the monk's pen. It would hardly have been consistent for one of the regular clergy to represent the members of his order as so greedy, slothful, and treacherous as throughout they are made to appear. The eating and drinking of the monks plays a great part in the story, and the author tells with special relish of the great plenty of fish, flesh, and fowl, and good red wine from across the sea, that loaded the board of the Abbot of Ely when the abbey feasted on St. Edmund's Day. He also dwells at length on the extent and abundance of the fisheries attached to the abbey, which were celebrated, as we see from the passage here quoted, for their eels:—

Were there in the world such eels and eel-pouts as were taken in the Ouse and the Cam close under the walls of the abbey? Three thousand eels, by ancient compact, do the monks of Rumsey pay every Lent unto the monks of Peterborough, for leave to quarry stone in a quarry appertaining to Peterborough Abbey; but the house of Ely might have paid ten times three thousand eels, and not have missed them, so plenty were there, and eke so good! The fame of these eels was known in far countries; be sure they were not wanting on this Saint Edmund's day.

The various sorts of game to be found in the marshes round are described with as much gusto as the fish, so that the account of the good cheer eaten at the abbey on this St. Edmund's Day fills up entirely a rather wearisome chapter. No doubt this minuteness of detail is gone into to give colour to the notion that the book is the work of a monkish chronicler. We think the story would have been better if this idea had never been suggested, for it probably is the cause of the introduction of occasional obsolete words or obsolete expressions, that are not at all in harmony with the rest of the text. Thus a cook is always a "coquinarius," a clever maid is a "festy handmaiden," a given time is indicated as "about the space it takes to say a score of aves." We find "maugre" written for in spite of, "castigate" for chastise, "pecunia" for money, and such like. The pages are sprinkled with "I wiss," "withal," "forsooth," "hight," "wight," "twain," "besbrow you," and some other of those

words and phrases still known to authors of historical tales as part of the properties required for the proper mounting of a mediæval tale. Such forms are most inconsistent with the general style of the book, where we find some of the latest coined English. Surely it is somewhat inconsistent to call a gleeman's movements "gyrations," to talk of "fustigating" an "iracund" abbot, and to make a monk of the time of Henry II. write of "our Saxon hagiology," as though the phrase was one commonly understood in his day. Nor can we understand on any grounds why, when the Ouse, the Mersey, the Cam, and many other rivers are spoken of by their names in the forms still commonly in use, the Thames should be called "Thamesis," and Holland, in Lincoln, "Hollandia." Still, there is no doubt the *Camp of Refuge* is very much better than the general run of historical tales, and there is a good deal to be learnt from it of the domestic life in the great monasteries. The topography is generally correct; any slips that the author has made, such as placing Norwich at the mouth of the Yare, or describing Crowland Abbey as being built on piles, are corrected by the editor in the notes. One very trifling point we notice where the editor himself is at fault; in a certain list of names which the author gives as real places, and the editor pronounces in a note to be fictitious. Garboldeaham, at any rate, if not all the others, is a well-known place to this day, not far from Thetford. While the editor takes pains to correct the text on so many points connected with early English history, we wonder why he passes unnoticed the confusion between serfs and churls which runs through the book, the author evidently taking them for one and the same class of persons. It might also be added in yet another note that the Abbot of Ely in the middle of the eleventh century would not have spoken of himself and his compatriots as "Anglo-Saxons," and that it is inconsistent to write the son of Swegen Canute and another Dane of the same name Knut. For the better understanding of the story two maps of the district have been prefixed to it, whilst the appendix contains notes on the several religious houses in the Fenland.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A HISTORY of GREECE from the Earliest Times to the Present (1) seems to us a mistake upon the face of it. The better and more clearly the work is done the more palpable appears the error; and it is a compliment to Mr. Timayenis to say that his effort only proves that it ought never to have been undertaken. In truth there is no such thing as a continuous history of any existing nation, the Jews and Chinese excepted, from the eighth century before to the nineteenth century after Christ. In so far as the book may be a success and come to be the received school history, from which the rising generation of America may receive their ideas of Greek history, it will make a false impression, will create a sort of idea of continuity where utter discontinuity is the most absolute and the most significant truth. The contrast between different parts of the story, and the disproportionate space necessarily assigned to different periods, is in itself illustrative of their utter unlikeness, an unlikeness that could hardly exist between different epochs in the history of the same people; and it is not desirable that the impertinent pretension of the present inhabitants of Greece to the inheritance of Themistocles, Pericles, and Philopœmen, should be accepted even in the New World. We cannot but wish, then, that Mr. Timayenis had left his book unwritten, though it affords a convenient summary of periods, which busy students have hardly time to study at large, and of which consequently they are apt to remain too absolutely ignorant. It is well to be able to fill up even in outline the gap which, for all who do not read Gibbon through, intervenes between our knowledge of the pre-Augustan and our knowledge of the later Turco-Russian history of the Eastern peninsula of the Mediterranean.

A Century of Dishonour (2) records a portion of modern history which may perhaps be taken to present the most effective possible contrast with that century which sheds its brilliancy on the work of Mr. Timayenis. As the story of the Rise and Rule of Athens is, perhaps, the most brilliant part of human history, so the tale of American dealing with the aboriginal inhabitants of the United States is that which presents the highest of civilized races in the most odious and contemptible light, which is redeemed by no single act of generosity, no single instance of good faith firmly kept; which represents democracy in the blackest, as Athens exhibited it in the brightest, colours; which shows how selfish, how vile, how cruel, how false a great nation can be. No one can know that history and say that we exaggerate in the least. If the crimes perpetrated against the Indians had been dealt with as similar crimes are treated by the humane laws of the most tolerant of modern nations, if the actors—statesmen and generals, soldiers and civil officers—had been tried even before Italian juries, the execution of some thousands of American citizens as the deliberate torturers and murderers of defenceless women and children, the transportation of ten times that number as thieves and swindlers, would have

(1) *A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Present*. By T. Timayenis. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(2) *A Century of Dishonour: a Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the North American Tribes*. By H. H., Author of "Verses," "Bits of Travel," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

been the only possible consequence. We can hardly recommend this volume to the study of English readers who have not our own painfully acquired familiarity with its truth. We are bound to say that the writer has exaggerated nothing that we know, and that we have no reason to think that where our knowledge does not bear out her statements they are in anywise inaccurate. And let it be remembered that, in the midst of their systematic treachery, falsehood, and cruelty throughout their century of unrivalled dishonour, the American nation and the American Government have had before them a bright example of conduct exactly reversing their own. It is impossible for them to plead necessity; for Canada has steadily kept faith with those towards whom America has steadily broken it; and the result is as decisive on the question of policy as it is conclusive on the point of honour.

We commend an American treatise on the Common Law (3), not merely to all the students of the Temple, but to all readers who have leisure and intelligence to devote to one of the most curious and instructive features of modern history, to one of the most remarkable instances of what historical and antiquarian science has lately chosen to call survivals. We recommend it, not because its author's name has an hereditary right to respect, is an hereditary promise of merit, but simply upon its own intrinsic value. Mr. O. W. Holmes, junior, shows at great length, and in many cases, how the strange principles of the Common Law came into being, and traces their gradual modification into accord with the necessities of modern life. They arose, as he points out with great force, and perhaps with still greater ingenuity, in certain universal but distinctly barbaric notions in the circumstances of a civilization very much more primitive and less complicated than that to which we first trace their historical application. The chapter on early forms of liability is in this respect peculiarly interesting, tracing the general notion of liability—which attaches often as distinctly, or even more distinctly, to things than to persons—if not actually to the childish and savage notion of revenge, alike on animate and inanimate instruments of injury, yet to the language which grew out of that feeling. He shows very cleverly and amusingly the application of this metaphorical language on the Bench of modern justice in sentences that somehow seem perfectly correct and reasonable, but, when examined, are hardly more logical than the anger of the child who beats the naughty chair on which it has fallen. The old rule as to the liability of the instruments of homicide—

Whatever moved to kill the dead
Is dead and forfeited—

illustrates very clearly this confusion of Christian and almost civilized ideas with simply savage childishness.

Mr. Chaplin's *Chips from the White House* (4) will do well for the only purpose to which chips are generally applicable. They are fit for nothing but to light the fire with, except one here and there that throws some unintended light, not on the wisdom, but on the folly, of some occupants of the Presidential mansion. John Quincy Adams, for example, passes for one of the wisest and most dignified among them, and is evidently a favourite with the compiler. But his abuse of men, his equals in character and his superiors in intellect and political capacity, reminds us even more of Mr. Ferrand than Mr. Bright. Thus John Randolph's speeches "are a farrago of commonplace declamation, a stream of malignity and inflated egotism, one-third brandy and two-thirds water." From the day that he quitted the walls of Harvard College, a score of the foremost gentlemen in America, all named, and all bearing names at least as honoured as his own, are said to have "used up their faculties in base and dirty tricks to thwart the progress and destroy the character" of John Quincy Adams. A more contemptible exhibition of egotistic petulance and almost insane conceit has never been given to the world even by so injudicious a biographer as Mr. J. A. Froude.

Mr. Thayer's *Tact, Push, and Principle* (5) is a solid volume of good advice to young men, about as likely to profit them as all the other good advice that young men have received since the beginning of the world, and will continue to receive until the day, apparently not far distant, when it shall be the recognized function of the young to give advice to their elders.

Messrs. Hamersley's *Naval Encyclopedia* (6) is a very heavy quarto volume, convenient, no doubt, as a book of reference, but, in so far as a non-professional critic can judge, rendered somewhat incomplete and unsatisfactory in the effort to make it available by bringing it within such moderate space. For example, all we are told of the French navy is confined within the space of a quarter of a page. A much greater space is given to the history of our own navy, but the account of its actual condition again occupies but a quarter of a page. We are afraid that the work will be found inadequate in point of detail and minuteness to the needs of professional students, while others will have but occasional need to refer to it. It contains, of course, an immense quantity of

valuable information condensed into small compass, on such subjects as explosives, cannon, ironclads, and so forth, which are of pretty nearly universal interest. Great pains have unquestionably been taken with it, and if the author's labours are not crowned with all the success he desires and deserves it will be because the task he has undertaken has been clogged with incompatible conditions.

Mr. Calvert's volume (7) on Coleridge, Shelley, and Goethe belongs to a class of books numerous and familiar alike to the present generation in England and America, books in which a moderate amount of information, and that not very novel, is expanded by a vast quantity of reflection and comment, not very profound or original; a kind of work for which literary biography offers of course peculiar and almost unlimited opportunities.

Very different indeed is Professor Stanley Hall's little volume on certain aspects of German culture (8). It deals chiefly with those topics in which German accuracy and profundity of study has contributed largely to the general knowledge of the world on scientific questions and philosophic problems which occupy the especial attention of the present age, and not least with those in which the contributions of German thought to the universal treasure of knowledge have been least obvious and least appreciated. One passage, of no great length, illustrates the tone and value of the work before us as hardly any description of its contents could do:—"I know an old mechanic whose work is about perfect, and who is so conscientious and painstaking that he can trust no assistant or apprentice with any important part, although he has orders in advance for far more than he can do at almost triple the ordinary rates. He has been offered a large sum to allow his business to be extended under his name and supervision, but cannot bring himself to do so because he fears the work would not be as thoroughly done as he wishes. Another, a glass-blower, who, like the late Herr Geiseler of Bonn, has already made science his debtor by the thoroughness and ingenuity with which he has more than filled the orders of a few professional patrons, persistently refuses far more tempting offers to work for the trade. I would by no means assert that such men are the rule; but they are very often found, and have given a programme to the large party of small makers and sellers here. In some respects their position is, perhaps, analogous to that of the best old farming families still found in a few New England communities, but they are far more numerous. According to a recent reviewer, this class puts both art and conscience into business, and is the germ from which the future State will grow, while the Socialists accuse the Government of adopting a policy in the new tax laws which is likely to exterminate this party of business regeneration."

Under the title of *Early Spring in Massachusetts* (9), an admirer of Mr. Thoreau has given us a solid octavo volume full of descriptive extracts from his journal, full of curious and interesting reflections, and as well written as if intended for publication; but, considering the nature of the subject, perhaps somewhat too full. Had Mr. Thoreau prepared such passages for publication he would, of course, have condensed them not a little, and have avoided the repetitions inseparable from the comments of a diary upon the recurrent phenomena of Nature. The character of a Massachusetts spring suggests a vivid interest in the use of the Open Fire-place (10), so generally wanting in America, a subject upon which Mr. Pickering Putnam has put forth a volume whose illustrations are certainly its most valuable and curious portion, a work whose nominal purpose is a little marred by the evident disposition to insist on the merits of certain recent inventions and improvements.

Mrs. Howe's little treatise on Modern Society (11) is marked by all the characteristics of that hardly feminine school to which the author obviously belongs. There is a tendency to denounce faults, or supposed faults, without attempting to trace them to their roots in human nature and the necessary conditions of society, and to discover how far they are or are not avoidable or curable, and that exaggeration, still more that misrepresentation, of the claims and functions of their sex which ever characterizes those who are disposed to desert its true offices for those that men can necessarily fulfil better than women. After all, the work of the world must be done by men, and woman's education, woman's character, woman's place therein must be governed by the one paramount consideration—what will best enable them to fulfil their relations to the other sex. The author is very bitter upon the dollar worship of the age, though not fully disposed to acknowledge how very much more distinctly it characterizes America, France, and perhaps England, than any other country. It would seem as if she wilfully refused to discern the obvious reason that, in America and France, democracy has extinguished almost every other social distinction. One of the great uses of aristocracy is its tendency to maintain at least two other sources and standards of personal eminence—birth and public service.

(3) *The Common Law*. By O. W. Holmes, junior. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1881.

(4) *Chips from the White House; or, Selections from the Speeches, Diaries, Letters, &c., of all the Presidents of the United States*. Compiled by J. Chaplin. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(5) *Tact, Push, and Principle*. By William M. Thayer, Author of "Quentin Jewett," &c. Boston: J. H. Earle. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(6) *A Naval Encyclopedia; containing Special Articles on Naval Art and Science*. 2 vol. Philadelphia: Hamersley & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(7) *Coleridge, Shelley, Goethe: Biographic-Ethiotic Studies*. By G. H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co.

(8) *Aspects of German Culture*. By G. S. Hall, Ph.D. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(9) *Early Spring in Massachusetts*. From the Journal of Henry B. Thoreau, Author of "Walden," &c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(10) *The Open Fire-place in all Ages*. By J. Pickering Putnam. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(11) *Modern Society*. By Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

Mrs. Judd's account of the Hawaiian Islands (12) is worthy the attention of those who are at all interested in the fortunes of a peculiar, amiable, and, we fear, a doomed community. Her sketches have at any rate the merit of comparative brevity, though there is a certain disproportion in the space given to different topics, not according to their intrinsic value or general interest, but to the connection of the writer therewith.

Mr. Emerton's *Life on the Sea-Shore* (13) is a modest, we fear a somewhat too terse and dry, contribution to the diffusion among the young of such a knowledge of natural history as can be acquired by and rendered useful to all.

Miss Bates's *Longfellow Birthday Book* (14) is a compilation from the works of Mr. Longfellow arranged upon, perhaps, the most absurd and arbitrary principle ever adopted by selectors, arbitrary and unreasonable as that class of book-makers ever are.

Somebody's Neighbours (15) is a collection of reprinted stories, and *Flirtation Camp* (16), a story of adventure in Californian wilds, differing from a multitude of recent and very popular publications chiefly in this, that the actors are adults, not schoolboys, and that the presence of ladies adds life, colour, and warmth to the scene.

We welcome a new volume of verse from Mr. Greenleaf Whittier (17), certainly not his best. Nothing of his is ever wanting in vigour and spirit; few of his meditative or narrative pieces approach in force, energy, and effect to those of pure invective, and certainly none of those in this volume equal the best of those invectives that, while slavery existed, made his well-deserved reputation.

(12) *Honolulu: Sketches of Life, Social, Political, and Religious, in the Hawaiian Islands, 1828-1861.* By Laura Fish Judd. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(13) *Life on the Sea-Shore; or, Animals of our Coasts and Bays.* By James H. Emerton. Illustrated. Salem: G. A. Bates. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(14) *The Longfellow Birthday Book.* Arranged by Charlotte Fiske Bates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(15) *Somebody's Neighbours.* By Rose Terry Cooke. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(16) *Flirtation Camp; or, the Rifle, Rod, and Gun in California. A Sporting Romance.* By T. S. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(17) *The King's Messive; and other Poems.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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F. K. J. SHENTON,
Superintendent of the School of Art, Science, and Literature.

OWENS COLLEGE, Manchester.—The COUNCIL, having decided to found a new PROFESSORSHIP of APPLIED MATHEMATICS, invites applications from Gentlemen desirous of becoming Candidates. The fixed stipend is £200 per annum, in addition to two-thirds of the fees paid by Students.

The appointment will date from September 20 next. Further information respecting the duties of the Professor may be obtained from the PRINCIPAL of the College.
Applications and testimonials, addressed to the Council, will be received up to May 28.
J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

SCHOOL for DAUGHTERS of GENTLEMEN, 34 Lad-broke Gardens, Kensington Park, W.—Preparations for the University Examinations. Plan of teaching similar to that of the High Schools. First professors and certificated governesses. Particular attention to diet and hygiene. Terms moderate.—For Prospectus apply to PRINCIPAL. Next Term begins May 3.

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THE Misses A. & R. LEECH'S SCHOOL for LITTLE BOYS will RE-OPEN on Tuesday, May 2, at 35 Kensington Gardens Square, Hyde Park, W. Arrangements are made for Daily Pupils.

THE DORECK LADIES' COLLEGE, 63 Kensington Gardens Square, London, W.—The SUMMER TERM will begin on Tuesday, May 2. Lady Principals—Miss M. E. BAILEY and Fraulein NEUHOFER.

THE DORECK COLLEGE.—CLASSES for the SONS of GENTLEMEN.—The SUMMER TERM will begin on Tuesday, May 2. Lady Principals—Miss M. E. BAILEY and Fraulein NEUHOFER, 63 Kensington Gardens Square, London, W.

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EDUCATION.—GERMANY, BONN—on-the-Rhine, 37 Baum-schuler Allee.—The Fraulein KUNDE receives a limited number of YOUNG LADIES. Home comforts, best masters, unexceptionable references.—For particulars apply to the above.

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THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

ONE of the reporters of the proceedings at Hughenden stated, among other details, that the Duke of Richmond, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Cairns walked together after the funeral to the station at Wycombe. It may accordingly be inferred that the supposed competitors for the political succession of Lord Beaconsfield were then not on unfriendly terms. Any latent scepticism which might survive will have been removed by Sir Stafford Northcote's speech at Kettering. The most important functions of the office of Leader necessarily devolve on Sir Stafford Northcote, for none of his colleagues can pretend to control his conduct of Opposition in the House of Commons. As long as Lord Beaconsfield took part in affairs, it was inevitable that he should on great occasions decide the policy of the party. No other Conservative politician could pretend to compete with the claims of a statesman who had led the House of Commons nearly thirty years ago, and who had been twice Prime Minister. When Mr. Disraeli became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852, Sir Stafford Northcote had held no higher office than that of private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, followed by an appointment at the Board of Trade. His capacity was afterwards recognized by promotion to the offices of Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary for India, and of Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Lord Beaconsfield, when he left the House of Commons in 1876, showed sound judgment in his selection of a successor. Sir Stafford Northcote understood the details of business and the theory and practice of finance better than his brilliant chief; but they had no similarity of temperament, except that both were exempt from partisan bigotry. Sir Stafford Northcote would probably have devoted his attention to practical and useful legislation if the efforts of the Ministry had not, through the force of circumstances, been concentrated on foreign affairs. The urgent pressure of Eastern politics confirmed the ascendancy of Lord Beaconsfield, who had no resistance to apprehend in his own Cabinet after the secession of Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon. Since the change of Government Lord Beaconsfield has probably interfered but seldom with the discretion of the leader of the House of Commons. On the front Opposition bench Sir Stafford Northcote has no rivalry to apprehend, since on his appointment Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who was perhaps a more effective debater, was translated to the House of Lords. Sir Richard Cross and Mr. W. H. Smith are excellent men of business, and efficient debaters, but neither pretends to be an orator. Mr. Stanhope and Lord George Hamilton can afford to wait for their turn as Parliamentary chiefs.

In modern times the leaders of parties have, with few exceptions, sat in the House of Commons. Within the last forty years Lord Melbourne, Lord Derby, Lord Russell, and Lord Beaconsfield have been Prime Ministers; but only the last has really decided the counsels of the party. Lord John Russell surpassed Lord Melbourne in authority and influence, and Mr. Disraeli bore a similar relation to Lord Derby. During their year of joint office, Mr. Gladstone overshadowed Lord Russell, who finally gave way to his indefatigable colleague, when they were driven from office. Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli have been real party leaders both in and out of office. The Duke of Wellington was content to represent the Conservative party in the House of Lords with second-

dary political rank; and on the other side Lord Lansdowne and Lord Granville have held the same position. The Duke of Richmond, from the resignation of Lord Derby to the accession of Mr. Disraeli to the peerage, did the Conservatives valuable service by rendering it possible for Lord Salisbury and the present Lord Derby to maintain an equality of political rank. It is not improbable that the same arrangement may be at least provisionally revived, though circumstances have materially changed. Lord Cairns would perhaps not be disposed to contest the claims of Lord Salisbury, though he has for a time discharged the duties of leader. It is not at present known whether either peer would be disposed to acknowledge the political superiority of Sir Stafford Northcote; in any case prudent politicians must deprecate the ill-timed controversy which has lately arisen as to his claims. The Duke of Richmond might advantageously undertake the duty of answering questions and providing for the conduct of debates, and so reassure the more timid members of the party. The practical selection of a leader will possibly be deferred till the Irish Land Bill is introduced into the House of Lords. In case the Conservative majority should unfortunately be divided on the question of acquiescence in irresistible injustice or of desperate resistance, the fractions of the party must severally select their own representatives in debate. Still that party has often shown a steadiness of discipline which has puzzled and incensed the minds of their opponents.

The choice of a leader of Opposition has sometimes involved the future nomination of a Prime Minister. The most formal appointment to such a post was that of Lord Hartington, when, on the temporary retirement of Mr. Gladstone, he was selected in preference to Mr. Forster. If Mr. Gladstone had not reconsidered his decision, Lord Hartington would now be either First Lord of the Treasury or principal Minister in the House of Commons. No similar patronage is at the disposal of the present Opposition. The informal office which is held by Sir Stafford Northcote confers both honour and political influence, but he will long have to confine himself to the function of criticism and resistance. The Ministers have so large a majority that the leader of Opposition cannot even wish, and much less hope, to displace and succeed them. Mr. Gladstone and his allies, after driving them out of office, are preparing to turn the key upon them by an organic change in the Constitution. The transfer of all electoral power to the working classes, with the readjustment of constituencies, will entirely alter the conditions of political life. The Conservative party has twice within living memory recovered from apparently hopeless prostration, under two leaders of dissimilar character and faculties. Sir Robert Peel was unrivalled in knowledge of business and practical ability; and he surpassed all men in the skill with which he profited by the errors of opponents. Within ten years from the passing of the Reform Bill, which seemed to have annihilated his party, he returned to office without a rival, and almost without an Opposition to face him. When his conscientious repudiation of a great economic mistake had broken up the compact body of Conservatives, Mr. Disraeli once more undertook the task of reconstituting a disorganized party. His success was not less surprising than that of his predecessor, though it was not equally complete. His ultimate triumph might perhaps have been permanent but for the external complications with which he had to

deal. Time will show whether it is possible once more to retrieve a ruinous defeat. The revolutionary changes which are now threatened may perhaps perpetuate the supremacy of the democratic faction.

If the task is feasible, it is more likely to be accomplished by the exercise of prudence and patience than by any stroke of genius or exhibition of daring. There is no doubt that a constant reaction against democratic encroachment is proceeding, for property and refinement are naturally hostile to the supremacy of numbers. The constituencies of 1832, which were once deemed revolutionary, would, if they had survived to the present time, have probably returned large Conservative majorities. The new experiment, to which both Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE contributed, has resulted, with a brief interruption, in the election of the present House of Commons, and in the accession to power of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The Ballot has been even more mischievous than the extension of the suffrage; and the impending change will complete the work which is already far advanced. The rapid progress of democratic innovation has been remarkably illustrated by the recent history of France. All moderate politicians now appear to be permanently excluded from power, though only a few years ago the Republic of M. THIERS appeared only to be threatened by the reactionary or dynastic parties. English Liberals holding the opinions which seemed to prevail in Lord PALMERSTON'S time now almost despair of the possibility of maintaining the traditions and institutions with which they were familiar; but a more hopeful temper is laudable, and may possibly be justified by experience. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has sufficient cheerfulness and courage to persevere in his opposition to the present Government, he will perform a great public service. In course of time he will probably be reinforced by numerous seceders from the Liberal party, if not by the whole body of those who were once called Whigs. He will not be tempted by the example of his predecessor to anticipate or further the democratic measures which he may probably be unable to resist. He must rely on the probably unanimous support of the upper and middle classes of society.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

IT is, perhaps, not wholly disagreeable to the Government that the discussion on the Irish Land Bill drags itself along so slowly and with so many interruptions. They may possibly think that the intervals weaken the effect of what they cannot but acknowledge to be the damaging expositions of the unfair working of the measure as it stands. For some time it has been obvious that, numerous as are the points open to criticism, the heat of the battle will turn upon Clause 7. The arrangements by which tenant-right is to be created somewhere in space, and bestowed upon the tenant without in any way involving landlord wrong, were from the first detected as the weakest point of the whole; and, as the powerful speech of Mr. GIBSON first laid stress on them from the point of view of political advocacy, so did that of the late First Lord of the Admiralty on Monday last expose them from the point of view of the practical man of business. It is very remarkable that the objections urged have never yet been met, and have, indeed, scarcely been attempted to be met. Mr. FORSTER, with the somewhat awkward ingenuousness which characterizes him, took the bull by the horns, and declared that the clauses were not meant to mean what they obviously do mean. But this is cold comfort. The Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, when, after much waiting, he attempted to answer Mr. GIBSON, evaded the point; Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE evaded it again in his answer to Mr. SMITH. As for favourable critics who are not under Government responsibility, it is needless to say that very little satisfaction is to be got from their remarks on the matter. It has been pointed out before, and it must continue to be pointed out until the Government take some notice of it, that what Mr. GIBSON and Mr. SMITH fear, what Mr. FORSTER and Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE disclaim, is exactly what the Irish party in a body and a certain number of English Radicals advocate and hope for. What Mr. FORSTER thinks unfair these persons think the minimum of possible fairness; what he thinks is not in the Bill is in their eyes the very thing which, and which alone, makes the Bill worth having.

The injustice done to the landlord, or alleged to be done,

by those who take the clause in its obvious acceptation is twofold. In the first place, a great slice is cut out of his property by the arrangements for deducting compensation value from competition value in the fixing of a fair rent. In the second place, the enactment of the indestructibility of tenant-right malts him still further. He may buy up one tenant's right, but it revives in the next tenant. Both these things have been denied; but no one on the Government side has attempted to show that they are not true, and still less has anybody on the Government side offered to change the words of the Bill for other and unambiguous words, safeguarding the landlord's interest as well as the tenant's. This is the touchstone of sincerity in such a case. If Mr. FORSTER will add to the Bill a statement in so many words that the value of the tenant-right is not to affect or diminish the value of the landlord's right, and that an owner who has fairly extinguished the tenant-right may then occupy or let as he pleases, without incurring responsibility for anything except future improvements effected with his consent by the tenant for the time being, then critics of the Bill will know where they are. It cannot hurt the Government to do this, if, as they assert, it would be very unfair to the landlord that the construction, barred by such an addition, should be put on the Bill when it becomes an Act. But, at the same time, it is, to say the least, improbable that they will do anything of the kind. Prophecy is dangerous, but it is hardly dangerous to prophecy that such an alteration would make the measure the object of violent opposition from the whole Irish party. At the same time, the injustice of the construction itself is so clear, the language of the Government in reference to it has been so half-hearted, the thing is itself so monstrous when fairly considered, that even so obedient a majority as Mr. GLADSTONE'S can hardly be expected to pass this particular clause if the Opposition keep up their fire upon it in Committee without alteration. The present Parliament is capable of much. But it is difficult to believe that the majority of it is yet capable of affirming such a proposition as the following. There are, let it be supposed, two farms. One of them is conducted on the principles of the Portsmouth Estate, where not a farthing is spent by the landlord, and he is satisfied to take his rent-charge and let the tenants transfer the customary property he concedes them in their holdings as they please. The other is a farm on which the owner, at great cost, has made all improvements, and has bought up at the price fixed by the Court the interests of every kind of an outgoing tenant. Yet, if this owner re-lets his land, no matter at what rent, a fresh tenant-right is to spring up on it and to flourish, just as it flourishes on the other.

This injustice, and other such injustices as this, appear the more the Bill is considered. It does not follow that nothing is to be made of it. Unwise as it may be for the most part to attempt a kind of State patronage of a particular industry, the reclamation of waste lands, the buying up of the lands of those landlords who are willing to sell, and their resale on easy terms to peasant proprietors, are things which conceivably might be attended with fortunate results. The worst of it is that these results are not what are looked for by the Irish, and not that for which the supporters of the Government have encouraged the Irish to look. Mr. GLADSTONE'S short but most instructive speech on the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill throws floods of light on his attitude as to the more important measure which is now making its lame way through the Commons. The majority in any locality, no matter what their wishes, have only to express them, to come to Parliament with the expression, and it is the business of Parliament to carry those wishes out. Now, it is undoubtedly the wish of a majority of the population in certain districts of Ireland to pay no rent. It is probably the wish of the majority of the population in others (let us hope few and far between) to shoot the herds on grass-farms. It may be the wish of the majority in one or two to roast a certain number of bailiffs to encourage the others. Probably, Mr. GLADSTONE is not as yet ready to propose a Permissive Roasting Act, or to bring in a Bill for the better abolition of herds taking care of grass-farms; but his Welsh speech and his Irish measure lead to such things as a perfectly logical consequence. The singular thing is that all this, though it is clear enough, alips, to all appearance, off the mental backs of the majority even of Englishmen. The attitude of the Irishman—doubtless, in the main, and under favourable circumstances—a

good-natured fellow enough, who roasts or mutilates a bailiff at the bidding of the Land League; and the attitude of an Englishman, who regards the spoliation of landlords as a great act of national justice and statesmanlike policy, are curiously close to one another. Agitation, the companionship of leagues and federations, the constant repetition of well-sounding platitudes, deaden intellect and morality in the one case as in the other. It was remarked, not long ago, by a supporter of the Government, in a tone half argumentative and half exultant, that people who address the present electorate as if they were addressing the ten-pounders make a great mistake. That is, indeed, evident enough. The ten-pounder was not a model person; he did not much understand the higher politics, he was gullible if the right side of him could be got at. But he was not wholly indifferent to the national honour, he was not to be taken in by mere phrases, and, above all, the doctrine, men not measures, never wholly seduced him. Of his successor it does not appear that as much can be said. Still, the attitude of the English supporters of the Government is for the most part one of dubious acquiescence more than of sincere agreement. The attitude of the Irish members is becoming more and more complicated. Mr. PARNELL's formal amendment, the divided resolutions of the Home Rulers, and the curious parley between the Government and the Land League leaders as to a recommendation on the part of the latter in favour of the payment of rent, seem likely to introduce a new and possibly an interesting chapter in a history which has hitherto been somewhat dull.

GOVERNMENTS AND THEIR AGENTS ABROAD.

ALMOST any other subject of debate must be a relief to the House of Commons in the rare intervals of the Land Bill, yet only a small audience was found a week ago for a discussion on two not dissimilar subjects. Mr. PEASE's proposal to abolish the China opium trade had the advantage of being in a high degree practical, if only it had been likely to be accepted; but the sacrifice of seven millions of Indian revenue is too serious an enterprise to be undertaken without conclusive reasons. Mr. LAING's speech alone exhausted the subject, and Lord HARTINGTON added the usual official explanation. The money cannot be spared; and, if any other argument is needed, there are doubts whether the importation of Indian opium greatly increases the consumption, and even whether the use of the drug is uniformly noxious. According to Lord HARTINGTON, the practice chiefly prevails in the Western provinces, where no Indian opium has penetrated. The opium debate was preceded by the introduction of a motion of Mr. RICHARD's, which gave occasion for an instructive speech by Mr. GLADSTONE. Only a small majority in a thin House supported the Government in its refusal to adopt a wholly inadmissible resolution. The philanthropists had mustered in comparative strength to protest against war and opium. Mr. RICHARD asked the House to affirm the proposition that the power "claimed" and exercised by the representatives of this country in "various parts of the world to contract engagements, annex territories, &c., without the authority of the central Government, is at variance with recognized rules of international law, and is fraught with danger to the honour and true interests of the country." One objection to the resolution is that no such power is claimed, though it may sometimes be exercised; and, if the practice were inconsistent with recognized international law, it would be unnecessary to condemn it. In truth, the discretion which may be allowed to subordinate agents has nothing to do with international law. If the act of a civil or military officer is recognized and approved, foreign States look for redress exclusively to the Government. It is not the province of international law to distribute responsibility between Ministers and Governors, Commissioners or Generals.

Mr. GLADSTONE differs little from Mr. RICHARD either in his horror of war or in his freedom from that kind of sensitiveness which has generally been associated with a regard for the national honour; but as the representative of the Government he could scarcely sanction an indiscriminate limitation of the powers entrusted to its agents. In barbarous or half-civilized countries it is necessary for officers on the spot to resent insults and to repel, or sometimes to anticipate, attacks; and there is no reason to apprehend that in dealing with

regular Governments any subordinate agent will involve the country in a quarrel. In the only modern instances of such a misadventure the English Government was the offended party, and in both cases satisfaction for unauthorized acts was finally obtained. A French officer in Otaheite, nearly forty years ago, almost provoked a war between France and England by his lawless arrest of Mr. PRITCHARD, an English Consul. M. GUIZOT, notwithstanding the reproaches of the Opposition, at last disavowed the injustice which had been perpetrated, though he afterwards complained that Sir ROBERT PEEL had not been as easily satisfied as Lord ABERDEEN. A much grosser case was the stoppage of the *Trent* and the arrest of Mr. MASON and Mr. SLIDELL by the American Commodore WILKES. There was no doubt that the offending officer had, for the sake of obtaining popularity, deliberately violated international law; and at first it seemed that his calculation had been well founded. He was unanimously applauded in his own State of Massachusetts, and the Federal House of Representatives passed a resolution in approval of the outrage. Fortunately Lord PALMERSTON was then Prime Minister, and his immediate preparations for war had, as in some other instances, the effect of securing peace. The President determined to surrender the prisoners; and the warlike faction had to console itself with a blustering despatch, in which Mr. SEWARD announced that his Government would have set international law at defiance if it had not, for reasons of its own, been indifferent to the detention of the captives. For the only European war in which England has been engaged during more than sixty years the Ministers of the day were responsible. It is highly probable that the rupture with Russia might have been averted if the management of the negotiations had been entrusted to the Ambassador at Constantinople, or even to the Minister at St. Petersburg. The Emperor NICHOLAS, deriving his information from Baron BRUNNOW, who in turn listened to the pacific language of Lord ABERDEEN, repelled the warnings of Sir HAMILTON SEYMOUR with the frequent assurance that the English people were opposed to war.

It is true that Indian annexations have in many instances been effected by the Viceregal Government, or in early times by officers of less exalted rank, with little reference to the wishes of the authorities at home. WARREN HASTINGS and CLIVE, WELLESLEY and DALHOUSIE, prosecuted their Imperial policy with little regard for the timid warnings of the East India Directors and Proprietors. It may be added that, if they had been subject to such restrictions as those which are suggested by Mr. RICHARD, there would now be no Indian Empire to confine within its actual limits. It is said that on the eve of one of his expeditions Lord WELLESLEY detained the homeward-bound fleet for several weeks, that his designs might not be prematurely disclosed to his employers in England. Lord DALHOUSIE was almost as exclusively responsible for the annexation of Oude, and for the second Burmese war, which was not the unjustifiable transaction which Mr. RICHARD has been taught to consider it by his study of a pamphlet of Mr. COWDEN'S. Great statesmen bent on making their successors the first potentates in Asia, while they remained loyal subjects of the English Crown, would not have been effectually restrained by any resolution of the House of Commons. The impeachment of WARREN HASTINGS, which was promoted in vindication of the principles now maintained by Mr. RICHARD, ended, after many years, not only in acquittal, but in a general conviction of the injustice with which his services had been rewarded. Mr. RICHARD mentioned several instances in which functionaries of humbler rank had involved the country in war. The remedy for such excesses of power is to be found, not in Parliamentary resolutions, but in the enforcement of official discipline. As to the particulars of a petty war in the Malay peninsula, Mr. RICHARD seems to have been imperfectly informed. Mr. GLADSTONE's condemnation of the warlike proceedings of Sir JAMES BROOKE is inconsistent with the judgment of many of those who have studied the question, and his position was rather that of a private adventurer than that of a Government officer. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE's precipitate annexation of the Transvaal was afterwards sanctioned by the Secretary of State and the Cabinet, and it was not disapproved by Parliament. The untoward war with the Zulus was condoned both by Lord BEACONSFIELD's Administration and by Mr. GLADSTONE'S.

Mr. RICHARD, whose object is not to enforce discipline, but to diminish the chances of war, may perhaps have been convinced by Mr. GLADSTONE's speech that the House of Commons and the nation are or really were as liable to warlike impulses as any Indian or Colonial functionary. The Crimean war was much more unpalatable to the House of Lords than to the House of Commons, and the House of Commons was impelled by the almost unanimous feeling of the country. In that instance, at least, popular enthusiasm was not capricious; for the terms of a patched-up peace were generally disapproved, notwithstanding the heavy sacrifices which had been sustained. Mr. GLADSTONE effectually destroyed that part of Mr. RICHARD's argument which was founded on Sir JOHN BOWRING's reprisals for the seizure of the *Arrow*. The many bitter enemies of Lord PALMERSTON took the opportunity to form a strange coalition for the purpose of driving the hated Minister from power. As Mr. GLADSTONE says, Lord DERRY was the first to denounce the China war, and he was cordially seconded by Mr. DISRAELI. Mr. CORDEN, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and Mr. GLADSTONE united their forces with the Conservative leaders, and the Government was consequently placed in a minority. The result of the combination was nevertheless a severe disappointment to the confederates. Lord PALMERSTON appealed to the country which understood that the Chinese vote had been really intended as a censure on the prosecution of the Crimean war to a successful issue. The coalition was scattered to the winds; Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGGS were temporarily excluded from Parliament; and Lord PALMERSTON returned with a large majority, pledged to nothing but to the support of the Government. The nation had on this occasion been as warlike as the most ambitious of agents abroad. Mr. GLADSTONE took occasion to correct the error which had been zealously cultivated by his partisans, without protest from himself, that Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy, whatever may have been its merits, was in any respect unconstitutional. Two or three years ago Liberal politicians countenanced the fallacies of a factious pamphlet, written to prove that the Ministers had unduly strained the prerogative of the Crown. It was for the time difficult to convince heated opponents of the Government that the predominance of a Minister with a large majority conformed to the strictest requisitions of constitutional propriety. The pamphleteer almost succeeded in his object of making the QUEEN personally responsible for her conscientious deference to the advice of her responsible Minister. Mr. GLADSTONE now reminds the House that Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues rather checked than stimulated the patriotic zeal of the House of Commons. Of the feeling itself he consistently disapproves, but he rightly distributed the blame or praise which may be due. The only security against a turbulent policy is, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, the cultivation of a moderate, just, and pacific temper, by those who from time to time direct the councils of the nation. No objection can be taken to his doctrine if justice and prudence are combined with a delicate and resolute regard for the rights, the welfare, and the honour of the country. Tame submission to wrong is the worst of all methods of attempting to preserve the peace.

THE OCCUPATION OF BISERTA.

THE French have occupied without resistance the little town of Biserta. Four ironclads appeared off the town on Sunday, demanding that the place should be given up, and it was given up. This is much the most important step taken since the French troops crossed the frontier. Tabarca, it now appears, was not taken without resistance, as the Governor of the place would not go away without doing some damage to those who were bombarding forts belonging to his master with whom the bombardiers were at peace. He had been directed by the Bey to retire without fighting, but the temptation to fire at those who were firing at him was too strong. He may safely calculate that when the war is over his master will not resent his disobedience with any great severity. Kef made no resistance, but it only surrendered on the display of overwhelming force. The French artillery was in position, and was ready to open fire when the Governor complied with a summons to yield. These were distinct acts of war against a ruler with whom France claims to be at peace. But then it might be plan-

sibly extended that the occupation of Tabarca and Kef were measures indispensable for subduing the Kroumirs. The Bey would not co-operate with France in punishing the Kroumirs, and when France announced that it would take on itself the whole task of inflicting punishment, the points necessary for carrying out the process had to be occupied, whether the Bey consented to the occupation or not. But occupying Biserta is quite a different thing. Biserta is far away from the Kroumir country, and there can be no connexion between occupying it and putting down tribes in a totally different part of the territory of Tunis. The French Government must have had motives for ordering the occupation of Biserta which were only very indirectly connected with what it still alleges to be the sole object of its enterprise. Biserta, although far away from the Kroumirs, is not far from the capital of the Bey, and the principal object in seizing on Biserta must have been to overawe the Bey. If he dare, he would undoubtedly do his best to help the Kroumirs, and a large portion of his subjects is burning to take vengeance on the invaders. It may have seemed to the French Government that the surest way to keep the Bey and his subjects quiet was to seize on a point which showed that France could easily operate at the same time against the Kroumirs and against Tunis itself. But this was not the only gain in occupying Biserta. France has had to decide whether it will permit the Porte to intervene as the Suzerain of Tunis, and it has decided that it will not. It does not recognize that the Porte has any more authority over Tunis than over Morocco. In such a controversy words might follow words, and despatch might follow despatch, and nothing be settled. A rapid and effectual mode of giving a practical turn to the discussion suggested itself in the occupation of a town so far away from the scene of the main expedition that the authority of the Porte would be distinctly challenged; and it would have to own that, if it chose to claim the Bey as its vassal, it could do nothing to protect him.

The occupation of Biserta caused great and natural commotion in Italy. Biserta is a poor deserted place, but it possesses a harbour which in old days was famous, which might probably be made as good as it ever was at no great expense, and which is in very unpleasant proximity to Sicily. If the French permanently hold Biserta, it would be to the Italians much the same thing as if they held Tunis itself. Possibly the French Government was not displeased with the reflection that, if it was overawing the Bey and challenging the Porte, it was also frightening Italy. The contest at Tunis between France and Italy has been not only a political but a personal one. The French Consul has done all he can to spite the Italian Consul, and the Italian Consul has worked his hardest to spite the French Consul. One of the complaints most frequently and persistently made by the French Consul has been that his Italian rival has had printed in Sardinia an Arabic journal intended for distribution among the Tunisian Arabs, in which everything was said that could be imagined to incite the common people of Tunis against the French, and to prepare it for a rising against them. The French Consul-General has now, as he says, got hold of the agent employed for the purpose, and is able, as he alleges, to tell the whole story of the concoction and gratuitous distribution of this journal. The French theory is, that the border tribes partly harass and partly incite to disaffection the Algerian Arabs, that the border tribes are pushed on by the country population of Tunis, that this population is pushed on by the Italian Consul and his paper, that the Italian Consul is supported by the PRIME MINISTER, and that the PRIME MINISTER guides the Bey. The occupation of Biserta was therefore probably intended to break this chain of impulse at the point where higher influences began to tell on the country population. The Italian Consul is not likely to acknowledge that he has done all his rival says he has done; but, so far as he could not help acknowledging it, he would naturally defend himself on the ground that France claimed an exclusive interest in Tunis to which it was not in any way entitled, and that he had to counteract the excessive and unjust influence in the best way he could. But this would only make conspicuous the great advantage which France has in all controversies as to Tunis. Other Powers can only point to future political dangers. They can insist on the impolicy of violent action which may lead to disturbance in Europe, or can base their arguments

on the general necessity of maintaining the balance of power in the Mediterranean. France can point to a pressing immediate local danger. She can say that Tunis hinders her in the work of governing and civilizing Algeria. It may not be easy to prove, but it is still harder to disprove, that the real danger to Algeria comes, not from a handful of Kroumirs, but from the stirring up of an Arab population against France, which has a contiguous Arab population of its own. The meaning of the punishment of the Kroumirs thus attains new and large proportions. The Kroumirs are not to be merely punished, but rendered permanently incapable of doing harm. To ensure this, those who push them on must be made to feel that they, too, are under the strong hand of France; and to make them feel this the French have occupied Biserta.

Italy, however, whether she dislikes the occupation of Biserta or not, can do nothing directly and for herself. When Signor CAIROLI resigned because the Chamber pronounced him not to have taken a line towards France sufficiently bold, when it was proved that no one could be found to succeed him, and he had to be reinstated in power, it was made evident that Italy was not really prepared to take a bold line with France, and could find no Power to support her in taking it. Italy has accordingly now put herself, so to speak, under the shelter of England. It is to England that assurances are given of the objects of the Tunis expedition, and it is from England that Italy learns what these assurances are. Sir CHARLES DILKE has been asked in the House of Commons whether he thinks that the permanent annexation of Biserta would be consistent with the assurances given by France, and he had but one reply to give—that it would not be consistent. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that France means to declare that it has annexed Biserta. The French Government has intimated that it hopes, when the Chamber reassembles, to be able to state that the objects of the expedition have been attained. The operations of the French troops have been delayed by deluges of rain, but directly the weather permits the final operations against the Kroumirs can be rapidly despatched. The different divisions are now so posted that they can converge to a central point, to which it is expected that the Kroumirs will be driven. The Kroumirs may not consent to be driven to a central point, and may slip away, but the converging divisions will sweep the country and destroy at once the humble possessions of the tribes and all power of resistance. The fighting power of the Kroumirs was gone when they found that Tabarca and Kef were occupied, in spite of the protests of the Bey. They may choose to die fighting or not, and they may possibly keep up a lingering guerilla warfare after they are nominally subdued, but the main military operation of the French will have been undertaken and performed. But the French Government has not only to deal with the Kroumirs, but with the Bey. It will be sure to demand that he shall give sufficient pledges that there shall be no more danger to Algeria from Tunis. What it will ask for will be limited by the necessity of showing to other Powers, and especially to England, that it can be plausibly connected with danger to Algeria; but within those limits it will be very possible for France to make demands which the Bey will be unwilling to grant. There is no chance of his granting anything before the French Chamber meets, and in this sense it is impossible that the Tunis affair should be by that time at an end. He will refer to the Porte, and the Porte will refer to the Powers, and the Powers will refer to France, and France will say that it has nothing to do with the Porte, and will only deal with the Bey himself. Negotiations will drag on, but meantime the French will hold Biserta; and, if the Bey does not choose to come to terms, they will hold it until he does. The occupation of Biserta may be thus said to have been devised with a view to the meeting of the French Chamber, as well as for other objects. If the weather changes, and the troops can operate in the next few days, the French Government may be able to say to the Chamber that it has virtually accomplished its purpose; for the main military operation will be over, the time for negotiations will have come, and France will hold a substantial guarantee for the satisfactory issue of these negotiations.

THE WELSH SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.

THE venerable objection to admitting the thin end of the wedge turns out to have more force in it than it has lately been the fashion to suppose. It seemed sensible enough to say that each case in which it was proposed to make a change in the law ought to be determined on its own merits. The fact that there were good reasons for making the change in the particular instance would not necessitate making it in any other instance, unless the reasons in favour of it were equally good. Unfortunately, there are a great many people with whom a precedent is of more weight than any number of arguments. If a thing has been done once, they are perfectly satisfied that it should be done again. The House of Commons was under the influence of this sentiment on Wednesday, when it read the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill a second time. What has become of the stout resistance that not long ago was offered to a similar measure for Ireland? It has disappeared before the irresistible consideration that what has been conceded to Scotland and Ireland cannot be refused to Wales. The unhappy FORBES-MACKENZIE Act is at the bottom of the whole business. Parliament consented to pass that ill-omened measure, in the belief that Scotland was so unlike any other country that legislation might safely be settled to its sole and separate use. It now appears that, whatever other differences may exist between Scotland and the rest of the United Kingdom, Scotch, Irish, and English fanaticism are all cut out of the same piece. No two nations could seem more unlike than the Scotch and the Irish; but, so soon as the agitation in favour of closing public-houses got possession of them, they became virtually indistinguishable. Now Dissenting Wales has followed in the footsteps of Presbyterian Scotland and Catholic Ireland. The difference of religion seems to count for absolutely nothing. Irishmen are not inclined to Sabbatarianism; Welshmen are. Irishmen see no harm in crowding the pleasures of a whole week into the Sunday; Welshmen rather regard it as a day on which it specially becomes them to afflict their souls. But neither the creed which teaches men that Sunday is a feast, nor the creed which persuades them that it ought to be a fast, can find any place in its system for the public-house. That is equally condemned by both. When it has been shown that a certain percentage, real or imaginary, of Welshmen have signified their assent to Mr. ROBERTS's Bill, those who voted for the Scotch and Irish measures feel that it would be impossible to explain in a way which will satisfy Welshmen their motives for not voting for the Welsh Bill. The consequence is that it is read a second time by an overwhelming majority, and has every chance of being allowed, as Mr. GLADSTONE puts it, "honourably and kindly to take its place in the Statute Book." What is permitted in the case of Wales will next perhaps be demanded on behalf of some English county. If Wales is different from England, so is the South of England different from the North, and the manufacturing districts from the agricultural. The moment that it seems possible to get a majority of the ratepayers anywhere to say that they wish to see public-houses closed on Sundays, Sir WILFRID LAWSON will not be wanting to the occasion. It was very well for Colonel MAKINS to make it "clearly understood" on Wednesday that, though he did not oppose Mr. ROBERTS's Bill, he "must not be expected" to abstain from offering opposition to a proposal to apply the same measure to England; but, whether it is expected of him or not, it is pretty certain that, when the critical moment comes, he will not offer it. The particular county for which it is proposed to legislate will be found to be marked off in quite a remarkable way from all its neighbours; and after this plea has been listened to in a certain number of instances, the advocates of Sunday closing will once more become impressed with the advantages of uniformity, and the remaining counties will have their public-houses closed, in order that they may not constitute an anomalous exception to the rest.

It is not often that we find ourselves in complete agreement with Mr. PETER TAYLOR. But his speech on Wednesday was characterized by a really refreshing savour of common sense. He would not allow that any conceivable case could under any conceivable circumstances be made out for Mr. ROBERTS's Bill. If all Wales was in favour of it, then there was no need to do by law what the Welsh were prepared to do without law. If there was a considerable minority against it, that minority ought not

to be tyrannized over by the majority. If the minority were a small one, it was all the more necessary to give it legislative protection against the majority. Mr. TAYLOR has not yet come to see the beauty of legislation which makes the State interfere with one set of individuals because another and larger set wish to have their own theories of life invested with the force of law. His Radicalism is evidently behind the time, and he has much to learn from those bolder spirits who take no pleasure in doing, or abstaining from doing, a thing themselves unless they can compel some one else to follow their example. Mr. GLADSTONE and the *Times* are pleased to say that Sunday closing, like closing at a certain hour at night, is simply a question of police. That depends in a great measure upon the motives by which the supporters of the Bill are actuated. The part played by the police in the regulation of the traffic in strong drink is justified by the disastrous effect which that traffic sometimes exercises on public order. If public-houses were open all night, for example, the confusion that would ensue might easily pass beyond police control. If it could be contended that Welshmen are so exceptionally constituted that one glass of liquor, when taken on a Sunday, qualifies them, one and all, for immediate admission to a police-cell, it is possible that Mr. ROBERTS's Bill might be the only remedy of which the case would admit. But the Welsh members who spoke on Wednesday vied with one another in describing Wales as a moral paradise. Mr. RATHBONE could "say unhesitatingly that there "was no part of the United Kingdom in which the "law was more implicitly obeyed or in which there "were fewer offences against it than in Wales." Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN declared that "crime is almost as unknown in Wales as Conservatism." Mr. JAMES pointed with conscious pride to the fact that in Wales the churches and chapels are full, while the gaols are empty. It is surprising that, when Wales is already thus perfect, her representatives are not afraid of meddling with the happy combination of conditions which has made her so. Perhaps it may turn out that the Sunday visit to the public-house is the source not of the rare instances of Welsh vice, but of the customary plethora of Welsh virtue. Mr. ROBERTS may yet discover that he has been wrong in striving to gild refined gold, and to make Welshmen more lovely and of better report than they already are. It might be safer to treat the momentary backsliding of the Sunday, when the open door of a public-house suggests that society and refreshment are to be had within, as a useful check upon spiritual pride. When such a picture as this can be painted of the principality, it is almost a contradiction in terms to speak of Sunday closing as a question of police. The very word suggests disorder and violence, and there can be little room for either in the daily life of Welshmen. Consequently, the motives of Mr. ROBERTS and his friends must be looked for in quite other directions than that indicated by Mr. GLADSTONE. If the hearty supporters of the Bill could be subjected to analysis, it would probably be found that one-half of them were total abstainers and the other half fanatical devotees of Sabbath observance. The former regard Sunday closing as a useful stepping-stone to closing on week-days; the latter are bent upon giving effect to their peculiar convictions in entire disregard of the convenience of the community.

It is needless to say that there is not one of the arguments used in support of Sunday closing which would not be equally applicable to Sir WILFRID LAWSON's pet scheme of closing public-houses altogether wherever the district in which they are situated is in favour of it. Indeed, Sir WILFRID LAWSON may point to Mr. GLADSTONE's speech as showing a very marked advance in the direction in which he wishes him to go. "The question," he said, "when "it comes to be decided for England, will have to be "decided with reference to the public opinion of England." This admission really involves everything that Sir WILFRID LAWSON can care to establish. "Local opinion," Mr. GLADSTONE declares, "ought to have considerable weight"; and Wales is modest in claiming only to have her public-houses closed on Sundays and not on week-days as well. If local opinion is really to have considerable weight in deciding how many public-houses there shall be, and for how many hours in the day they shall remain open, we do not see that it can be got at better than in the way which Sir WILFRID LAWSON suggests. Indeed, a Local Option Bill, whenever it is introduced, will have some recommendations which are wanting to

a Sunday Closing Bill. The one proposes to close public-houses on Sundays over the whole area to which it relates; the other will only propose to give the rate-payers of each district leave to close so many of them as they like, and at such times as they like. It will not be hard to make out that Parliament is less committed by this latter proposal than by the former. If Mr. GLADSTONE lives long enough, he will probably be found maintaining that even a Maine Liquor Law is only a question of police.

GERMANY.

PRINCE BISMARCK, who is never quite himself unless he is quarrelling with some one, has selected as his last victim a body comparatively so humble as the Municipality of Berlin. He has this time been wounded in his pocket, and he screams out, bullies, and threatens with all his wonted vivacity and recklessness. It is a pleasure to him, as it was to the First NAPOLEON, to ascertain, by practical experience, how much every one around him can be made to stand. He has pondered long and deeply on human nature, and he has assured himself that human nature will stand anything if it is once sufficiently frightened. NAPOLEON was simply brutal, not only to the men, but to the women, who composed his singular Court; but he brought home to them every day and every hour that it was only through him that they had any existence at all above that of a day labourer. The indispensable man can charge what he pleases for being indispensable. The offence of the Berlin Municipality was that it had rated Prince BISMARCK's official residence at the value which it would have possessed in private hands. The PRINCE, in reply, hinted broadly that Berlin was a nest of Progressists, and that the Progressists in office used their petty power to put a specially heavy tax on his house because they hated him. But this was so plainly a question of figures, and so capable of easy disproof, that he had to merge his grievance in that of the 250 and odd Government officials at Berlin who all have residences allotted to them, and all have to pay in taxes more than in proportion to their salaries. Little pay and a fine house to spend it on is an inconvenience in many ways, and the disadvantages of useless splendour are brought home to a poor man when he is taxed as if he had money enough to live comfortably in a house far too big for him. It might be supposed that the remedy was in the hands of the Government, which could curtail the magnificence of the residences of its officials, or give them better salaries, or simply pay the taxes which inadequate salaries do not enable them to meet. But Prince BISMARCK did not want to make an equitable arrangement for the officials, but to snub his enemies, the Town-Councillors of Berlin. He therefore brought in a Bill providing that Government officials should not be taxed to an extent exceeding ten per cent. of their salaries. He got a Committee to agree to this, with the substitution of fifteen per cent. for ten, and he got his proposal, thus modified, accepted by a majority of six on a division in the Reichsrath. This was not much of a victory, but he got an opportunity of launching his thunderbolts at his enemies. The Progressists of Berlin had offended him, and must be brought to their senses, and he let them know that there was much more in store for them than an alteration in the law regulating the tax on houses. He foreshadowed the awful doom that was hanging over them and the unruly city which they mismanaged, but only too faithfully represented. He had it in his mind to deprive Berlin of the angust presence of the Reichsrath. It should no longer be the seat of the Imperial Parliament. Germany, and all that is great and wise in Germany, should no longer flock to Berlin, but to some very humble place like Cassel. There is no Progressist ring there to vex the CHANCELLOR's soul; there are no gorgeous houses on which iniquitous taxes could be levied. Peace and simplicity reign at Cassel, and to Cassel the Imperial Parliament would go, leaving impenitent Berlin to mourn its loss, if the CHANCELLOR chose to give the order he threatened.

No one, not even the Germans who treasure up Prince BISMARCK's words as oracles, thought that this time the great man was quite serious. It is not a very easy matter practically to change the seat of a Parliament. Ministers, and the vast tribe of officials under

them, cannot work at all unless they are close to their offices, and, with the Court and the Ministerial offices at Berlin and the Parliament at Cassel, no business could be got through in Parliament. No serious attention could be paid to the threat of Prince BISMARCK; but, what is really remarkable in it is, not the threat to Berlin implied in it—for the PRINCE is equally ready to threaten the highest and the lowest of mankind—but the strange estimate of the worth and dignity of the Imperial Parliament which it revealed. It seems never to have occurred to Prince BISMARCK that the Parliament would have to say whether it wished to leave Berlin and go to Cassel. He might not, after all, do anything so awful as ride away from Berlin; but he took it as a matter of course that, if he did ride away, the Parliament would merely touch its hat, and rifle, like his groom, behind him. He did not appear to have the slightest desire to insult or annoy the Parliament, but his mind was so thoroughly pervaded by a low opinion of the Parliament, that it never occurred to him that it could be insulted or annoyed. The Reichsrath is fast lapsing into a very poor specimen of a Parliament. It is becoming what is called in Russia a jolly-like institution. It is flabby and incoherent. It is supremely bored by the tedium of its existence. Early in the Session there was a proposal which, it might have been thought, would have awakened up any Parliament—that it should only meet every other year. There was no quorum; so the discussion could not go on. Just before Easter there was to be a great investigation into the advisability of making drunkenness more severely punishable; and what could be more interesting in a land of beer? Again there was no quorum and no discussion. The CHANCELLOR'S great Bill for helping the insurance of artisans by State aid has got into a Committee, but nothing seems able to get it out. He himself has announced that he does not see any prospect of the Bill passing this Session; and he only got his majority of six for his Bill to reduce the taxation of his house by the assistance of the Clerical party, who acknowledged in this way that he had not been plaguing them recently so much as usual. On one occasion, and on one only, the Reichsrath has this Session taken the initiative, and acted with the weight of a decisive and united majority. Shortly after the assassination of the CZAR, it resolved to ask the Government to take steps with all other Governments for the detection and punishment of intending or actual assassins. But it was only unanimous and decided because it conceived it to be no part of its business to examine what steps could be taken. If it had stayed till it ascertained what it meant, there would have soon been no quorum. To think or to act is not the sort of business that will take provincial lotus-eaters to Berlin. It happened, however, to fall in with the views of Prince BISMARCK that he should be thus called on to do something. In concert with Russia he wished to make a new European combination against the revolutionary party, and he sounded the other leading Governments on the subject. The scheme, if it ever attained consistency enough to deserve to be called a scheme, has now fallen through. England and France refused to have anything to do with it, and, encouraged by their example, Italy, and even Austria, have joined in the refusal. The reason why the scheme collapsed is obvious. If a foreigner, having murdered, or attempted to murder, a sovereign abroad, comes to England, and sufficient evidence of his guilt is given to satisfy a magistrate, he is handed over. If while in England he contrives himself, or incites others to contrive, the murder of a foreign sovereign, he commits an offence for which, if a jury finds him guilty, he is punishable, and ought to be duly punished, by English law. All beyond this is a matter, not of law, but of police, and independent nations cannot let their police do the work of the police of foreigners.

Apart from Prince BISMARCK and the Reichsrath, German life still flows on, showing, like the life of other nations, sometimes its good and sometimes its bad side. The Anti-Semitic agitation still continues, and Prince BISMARCK is too well aware of its probable influence at the coming elections to quarrel with it openly. He said lately, in the Reichsrath, that he did not himself approve of it, but that he had, he owned, sent a most polite message in answer to a telegram telling him of the success of a meeting of Jew-haters. He had sent this message, not because he hated the Jews, but because he was a most polite man, and was always polite to every one. This seems a wonderful tax

on the credulity of his hearers, but there is no reason to suppose that he meant to say anything but what was to him an obvious truth. He has got an ideal BISMARCK, in whose existence he firmly believes; and, probably, if there is one thing in the world of which he is profoundly convinced, it is that he is a courteous Christian hero. But Germans have other and better things to think of than bullying the Jews. In the first place, there are their forecasts of weather. The PRINCE and the Progressists actually shook hands the other day over meteorology. They stood reconciled on the neutral ground of the North Pole. It appears that the Germans make forecasts of weather, which are only wrong once in every four times, and they do not understand how wonderfully lucky they are to be so often right. Their scientific men have suggested that almost absolute correctness might be attained if only a new series of stations was established going as far towards the North Pole as practicable. Prince BISMARCK was quite touched with the proposal, and promised to do all in his power to carry it out. The Germans are really great travellers, and show much courage and patience in distant and dangerous expeditions. One of their celebrities, Dr. LETZ, has just returned from a very successful, although difficult, wandering from Tangier to Timbuctoo, and not only has he done the things which travellers in that part of the world often fail to do, but he has had the satisfaction, so dear to the scientific mind, of exploding two popular errors. He has knocked all the poetry out of Timbuctoo, and has reduced its ancient or fabled magnificence down to an assemblage of huts with a starving and inconsiderable population. Then he has, so to speak, barred the flooding of the Sahara and the creation of a vast inland sea by ascertaining the simple fact that the Sahara is not a basin at all, but a plateau or succession of hills far above the level of the Mediterranean. Germans pride themselves, and most legitimately, on their men of science, and they will duly appreciate and enjoy these results of the labours of Dr. LETZ. But they pride themselves still more on their princes, and they have just had an opportunity of showing how deep and effusive this pride in their sovereigns can be. The Duke of BRUNSWICK has now reigned for fifty years, and the day of his jubilee has been kept with rapture by Brunswick and by Germany. Nothing, it is said, could have been more touching, more hearty, more German, than the outburst of love and loyalty displayed in the quiet city of Brunswick both by those who lived and by those who came there. The peculiarity of the Duke's life and the secret of his intense popularity in the evening of his life seems to have been that for fifty years he has done nothing. He has hurt no one and helped no one, and the people among whom he lived hardly knew him by sight. When at last, after fifty years of residence, he actually went about the streets of his capital in a close carriage, it was natural that the rapture of the most rapturous of people should overflow, that flowers should be strown in his path, and blessings invoked on his venerable head.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Cape Colonists are in a happier condition than their neighbours in the East; for peace is concluded with the Basutos, while the negotiations for the settlement of the Transvaal are beginning with little prospect of a satisfactory issue. Mr. SMITH has defeated, by a narrow majority, a vote of censure on the policy and conduct of a war which seems to have been unnecessary, but which has been prosecuted with creditable energy. It is thought that the Basutos would have accepted, in the first instance, the nominal compromise which he embodied in the terms of peace. They now agree to disarmament with the understanding that, on the payment of the considerable tax of 1*l.*, any native who is not suspected of illicit designs may retain his rifle. It may be confidently conjectured that the Basutos in general will keep their weapons without incurring the cost of a licence; but, although the peace imposes on them but a nominal sacrifice, there is reason to suppose that they were tired of the war. Their principal chief put an end to hostilities by surrendering himself on the sole condition that the English Governor should arbitrate on his case. The Basutos had perhaps arrived at the conviction that they would be beaten in the long run,

although the colonial troops had not achieved any decisive success. Both parties may perhaps be better friends after a contest which proves that the civilized combatant is on the whole the stronger, and that the Basutos have the means of making themselves formidable or troublesome. The nominal claim of the Home Government to interfere at the close of the war for the protection of the natives may be conveniently waived, since it has been ascertained that oppression cannot be practised with impunity. Mr. SPRIGG and the party which maintains him in office have displayed considerable firmness of purpose in dispensing throughout the contest with Imperial aid. It is evident that, although responsible government may have been prematurely introduced, it could not have been long withheld from colonists who are prepared to fight their own battles.

The debate which ended in the acquittal of the Ministers may perhaps have represented a certain feeling of antagonism between the English and Dutch races in the colony. The Cape Boers have never been earnest in the war; and a contingent which they furnished to the army took occasion to retire from the field in the middle of a battle. The Dutch colonists have not been pre-eminently well disposed to the natives; but they may have wished to drive Mr. SPRIGG and his colleagues from office. As far as the conflict was a result of rivalry of blood and language, it is satisfactory to learn that the English interest has prevailed. Mr. SPRIGG, who is urged by his adversaries to take the opinion of the constituencies on his policy, will probably not follow unfriendly advice. The Dutch are a majority in the western provinces, and, perhaps, in the colony as a whole; and recent events in South Africa may possibly have produced a feeling of uneasiness tending to disaffection. There is no response to the appeal of the Transvaal Boers to the non-English inhabitants of the colony. A South African Republic from which English settlers were to be excluded is still only proposed by agitators in the Transvaal. The section of the community which promoted and managed the Basuto war would not be easily expelled from its property and its native land. Demagogues always exaggerate the dangers and the imminence of the civil conflicts which they foretell and provoke. The colonists of Dutch, French, and German descent may not be enthusiastically devoted to the English Crown, but they have never shown a disposition to rebel. Some of them may, perhaps, have read with surprised amusement the warnings of English alarmists, who are more ethnological in their political theories than the mixed population of the Cape. The warlike native tribes, though they have nothing to say to political controversies, exercise an unconscious pressure on the people of the colony. Europeans, if they were otherwise disposed to quarrel, could not prudently engage in civil war while a third belligerent stood ready to take part with one of the principals or to profit by the weakness of both.

It is possible that the same forces may exercise an influence on the settlement which is, under almost insuperable difficulties, to be attempted in the Transvaal. Before the conclusion of the hurried peace the English generals rightly declined to avail themselves of the offered services of the natives. Uncivilized allies cannot be restrained from acts for which those who accept their services are held responsible. A century ago CHATHAM denounced the English Ministers for employing against the rebels those "horrible hellhounds of war," the Red Indians of North America. In the present day opinion is still more scrupulous; and it is felt that civilized men have a common interest in repressing the efforts of savages. Even if war with the Boers breaks out again, in spite of the exertions and sacrifices of the English Government, it would not be permissible to enlist the natives in the cause; but experience has already shown that they are fully alive to the danger which threatens themselves from the re-establishment of Boer dominion. To them the English Government, which has in all parts of the world treated uncivilized subjects with humanity, is the representative of law and justice. If the evidence of correspondents on the spot may be trusted, the natives, who are far more numerous than the white inhabitants, are preparing for war with the Boers as the alternative of English protection. A chief who is said to be able to bring 3,000 men into the field protected English refugees and loyal Boers during the war, and announced his intention of repelling any attempt to interfere with his guests. When the province is

evacuated by the Government authorities, it is not impossible that English adventurers who will probably have suffered gross injustice may not be too squeamish to direct the unskilled strategy of the natives. The inhabitants of the villages and petty towns will welcome any confederates who may defend them against the violence of the Boers, or who may avenge their wrongs. It is said that in some places both the English and those Boers who had submitted willingly to the annexation are arming for the protection of their lives and property. The Boers are probably more than a match for the dissentients; but they would be grievously embarrassed by a simultaneous native war. The Government, with the rashness which usually accompanies extreme timidity, threw away the opportunity of making reasonable terms of peace, while they could have supported the negotiations by an overwhelming display of force. The only chance of bringing the triumphant insurgents to reason is furnished by the probability of armed resistance on the part of the loyal settlers and of the natives.

Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, who had been detained at Cape Town by the arrangements for peace with the Basutos, has now proceeded to Natal, where the negotiations will commence on his arrival. The difficulty of ascertaining whether the Boers have any representatives with whom a binding settlement can be effected will not be admitted, since the Imperial Government has already made peace with the members of the so-called Triumvirate. It is, perhaps, not surprising that, even if the self-appointed rulers are sincere in their pacific professions, they have not been able to restrain their countrymen from acts of insolent violence. The former Boer Republic had an anarchic organization, and the principal objection of the insurgents to English administration was that it was comparatively regular and energetic. No contradiction is offered to detailed statements of plunder and of forcible expulsion of loyal English subjects. The Ministers at home apparently persuaded themselves that they were negotiating with a homogeneous community, which was nearly unanimous in its wish for independence. They forgot the English; they forgot the well-affected Dutch; and it was perhaps natural that they should overlook the existence of the natives. Every life which is sacrificed in consequence of the precipitate and discreditable peace will be attributable as blood-guiltiness to the Government. If a doubtful report has any foundation, it would seem that the Minister who is primarily, or at least nominally, responsible has repented of the policy which was perhaps forced upon him by superior authority. Lord KIMBERLEY, according to one account, now proposes to substitute responsible government of the modern colonial type for independence. It is scarcely worth while to consider the merits of a policy which will certainly not be accepted by the Boers. Sovereignty over a self-governing colony is an ambiguous title or prerogative, but suzerainty is invented for the express purpose of being absolutely unmeaning. The Boers consider the restoration of the Republic as the promised reward of victory, and they will not be contented with any smaller concession. It is possible that they may calculate too confidently on the patience of the English nation, if not on the indulgence of the English PRIME MINISTER. KRUGER, PRETORIUS, and their associates will be well advised in discouraging outrages on loyal inhabitants, as long as a considerable English force is within reach. They may probably have been inclined to comply with the demand of Sir EVELYN WOOD that the garrison of Potchefstroom shall be reinstated in possession; but Mr. GLADSTONE has since considerably informed them that they must either receive the garrison or make some other reparation. They will not be able to restore to life a certain number of English soldiers who were killed in consequence of the perfidious conduct of the Boer leader; but they may by this time have learned that they cannot overrate the anxiety of the English Government, or of its chief, to terminate the controversy on almost any conditions. Parliament will perhaps be allowed to form and express a judgment on the policy which has been pursued, when its results have become inevitable. The obstinacy of the Boers in the matter of Potchefstroom is rewarded by the indefinite postponement of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's motion of censure.

THE LAW OF DISTRESS.

THE present House of Commons is not of Lord Melbourne's mind, that most things are better let alone. It does not require before it legislates to see clearly that the state of things which it proposes to introduce will be at least better than the state of things which it proposes to disturb. There are many questions upon which the action of Parliament will always be decided by the consideration whether it is wiser to abolish a law against which a fair case can be shown, or to retain it until it is proved that a more satisfactory law can be put in its place. Mr. PELL put the facts about distress for rent very clearly when he said that though such a law would not now be enacted for the first time, this was not in itself a sufficient reason for repealing it. Like most laws which are neither entirely wholly good nor wholly bad, it has had some unforeseen results, and the controversy on Tuesday, so far as it was influenced by argument, turned on the issue whether these unforeseen results had made it worth retaining. Very few, however, of the speakers paid much attention to this side of the question. Some of them were too deeply pledged to the tenant-farmers among their constituents to be willing to listen to any plea for delay. For them the law of distress was doomed beforehand. Even with the more independent county members, the fact that the tenant-farmers are for the most part hostile to the law had necessarily considerable weight. They are too important an element in most counties for their opinions not to be taken into account. The members of the late Government lay under a special disadvantage in being the authors of an Act abolishing the Scotch law of hypothec, which differed indeed from the English law of distress in being more stringent, but closely resembled it in principle. When allowance has been made for these several hindrances to full discussion, it will be seen that the debate was not likely to bring out the arguments on either side to much purpose. Perhaps its most interesting feature was the evidence it afforded that the Government have still a good deal of lee-way to make up before their English policy will stand on the same heroic level as their Irish policy. It is singular to find one of the authors of the Disturbance Bill admitting as a matter of course that the landlord ought to have some effective means of recovering possession of his land if he fails to get his rent. Possession of his land was the last thing which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was willing in 1880 to give an Irish landlord; but, even in 1881, he still holds that in England land belongs to the owner and not to the tenant. How long he may remain in this benighted state is another matter, but we should be inclined to say no longer than the birth of an English land question.

The one thing that seems to be admitted as regards the law of distress is that it has a tendency to lessen the disadvantage at which a tenant without capital is naturally placed by the side of a tenant with capital. The extent to which it had this tendency, and the benefit to be derived from such a tendency so far as it existed, were much disputed. As to the first point, much probably depends on the character, and something on the circumstances, of the landlord. A man who is neither imprudent nor needy will, under no circumstances, be disposed to let his land to a farmer whom he does not believe to be likely to do justice to the land. He knows, indeed, that the law of distress gives him security against the loss of his rent, and so far makes it a matter of indifference to him whether his tenant is steadily growing richer or is on his way to the Bankruptcy Court. But he knows also that the value of the land does not depend only on the certainty with which the rent can be recovered, and that, in the long run, it is most profitable to have only solvent tenants. Now solvency is not entirely a matter of capital; character has to do with it as well, and the prudent landlord who lets a farm to a tenant without capital does so rather from his knowledge of his character than from his ability to levy a distraint upon his goods. But Mr. COURTNEY pushes this argument too far when he maintains that, if the law of distress is abolished, small farmers will be trusted by their landlords in the future as they have been in the past. As the law stands the landlord is guaranteed against immediate loss if he makes a mistake, and it is impossible to say beforehand how much influence the abolition of this guarantee may exert upon a landlord's conduct. He now says to himself, I must remember, if I let my farm to a man without capital, to make careful inquiries as to his

antecedents, so as to ensure myself in every possible way against being saddled with a tenant who will only do harm to the land during the time that he remains on it. Still, if, after taking all this trouble, I find that I have misjudged my man, I shall not be positively out of pocket by him. The land may be something the worse when he leaves the farm than when he enters upon it; but I shall not suffer any actual money loss. It is quite possible that this last reflection may have an appreciable weight with a landlord. Speculation, when the worst that can happen to you is to make no profits, is a more attractive pursuit than speculation which may end in making a considerable loss. Deterioration of land is diminution of capital, but loss of rent is diminution of income; and, provided that the extent of the former injury is slight, it comes home to a man very much less than the latter. At present, when a landlord is hesitating between a promising tenant without capital and a tenant of whom he perhaps knows nothing beyond the fact that he has capital, his choice may be determined by the recollection that, if he chooses the former and then finds that promise is not performance, the rent at all events will be secure. If this security is taken away, a landlord may be more apt than he is now to say that, after all, capital is a certainty, while character is to some extent a matter of chance.

Supposing, however, that the law of distress does help to put the tenant without capital on a level in the eyes of a landlord with the tenant who has capital, is this process one that ought to be encouraged? We may be glad to see small tenants holding their own by the side of their richer neighbours and bidding against them in the farm market; but are the results of their competition so satisfactory that it is desirable to maintain a law for the express reason that it multiplies cases in which such competition is possible? That is a point which will partly be determined by the circumstances of the landlord. There are needy landlords as well as needy tenants, and it is quite possible that the existence of the law of distress may encourage needy landlords to think of nothing but the amount of rent that is offered them. A tenant without capital may often do more in this way than a tenant with capital. For one thing, he has nothing to put into the land, and so has no return on his investments to allow for. For another thing, he is often more ignorant of his business, and consequently more hopeful of doing well in it, than a tenant with capital would be, and his offer to the landlord may square with his hopes rather than with any well-founded calculations. Again, his want of capital makes it more indispensable to him to have a farm. His only property is his labour, and such rule-of-thumb acquaintance with farming as he may have picked up, and these are not possessions that he can transfer to any other trade. To get a farm, therefore, is a matter of life and death to him—at least, it is the only thing that stands between him and the position of a day labourer. All these things taken together will often dispose a tenant without capital to offer a decidedly larger rent than would be offered by a tenant with capital. If the landlord is not needy, he takes all these circumstances into account, and decides that the risk of having a bad tenant is not compensated by the fact that at the worst the rent can be recovered by distraint. But when the landlord is needy, and his paramount object in managing his land is to draw the largest possible income out of it, he may think—from his own special point of view he may even rightly think—that the risk is worth running. In this case the law acts as a direct encouragement to a class of tenants who do not in any way deserve to be encouraged.

This circumstance alone would account for the dislike which large farmers feel to the law of distress. They look upon it as handicapping them in the race. The inducements which they, and but for the law of distress they alone, could offer to a landlord can now be offered by men who have no capital to invest in the land, and consequently no natural security to offer for the payment of the rent. The law of distress creates an artificial security for this payment, and in this way puts large and small farmers on a level. Their dislike to the law is increased by the difficulty it puts in their way whenever they want to borrow money. In proportion as farming becomes an affair of capital, it becomes also an affair of credit. Even a really well-to-do farmer will at times want to spend more money on the land than he may have at the moment to spend. The law

of distress puts him in a worse position as regards a lender, whether of money or goods, than he would occupy if that law were repealed. The banker who makes him an advance, the implement-maker who lets him have costly agricultural machines on credit, would be prepared to deal with him on more favourable terms if the landlord had no more facilities than other creditors of recovering the debt due to him. As it is, if the farmer fails, the landlord helps himself to his goods, and it is only when his claims are fully discharged that the banker and the implement-maker are allowed to share in the distribution. Undoubtedly this operates as a very serious check upon a farmer's power of getting advances, and the more ambitious and energetic a farmer is, the more this check irritates him. That, as is said by well-informed observers, he is really the better for this check, inasmuch as it prevents him from borrowing more than he would be able to pay, is probably true; but this is one of those services for which no man ever was grateful or ever will be.

THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC.

THAT commonplace public which cares little for the susceptibilities of local authorities, and a great deal for the extinction of small-pox, will find itself in unwonted accord with the managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. At their meeting on Saturday it was stated that they were doing all they could to urge upon the Local Government Board the necessity of immediate legislation upon the questions raised by the Hampstead Hospital case. Unfortunately, it is extremely uncertain what amount of success their efforts will meet with. No doubt Mr. DONSON is full to overflowing of good intentions. An epidemic in London is the opportunity of the President of the Local Government Board. From that particular office the road to Fame's proud temple is peculiarly hard to climb. It is only once in the course of many years that its chief has the chance of associating his name with a Bill which will set people talking. Ordinarily, he is confined to the dull routine of departmental labour. When he enters the room in which Cabinet Councils are held he is expected to leave his business outside. His colleagues have to settle questions of war or peace, to pacify or coerce Ireland, to consider how Mr. BRADLAUGH may best be smuggled into Parliament. They have no ears for a Minister whose talk is, or should be, of drains, and whose thoughts are less occupied with the redistribution of land than with the supply of water. But, when London is visited with an outbreak of small-pox, even a Cabinet Minister, if he has not been revaccinated, may feel just alarm. It is true that death when he appears in this form is not perfectly equal in his dealings with the rich and with the poor. The one is pretty often taken, the other is usually left. But even this rule is not unfailing, and not even a Liberal politician can be perfectly certain that he himself may not prove an exception to it. In any ordinary Session, therefore, Mr. DONSON would have a very good chance of carrying his Bill. With the state of public business what it is, however, this chance is immeasurably less. There are limits to a Government's power of carrying out its good intentions, and the attitude of the managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board puts Mr. DONSON in a position of considerable difficulty. If they were prepared to accept the judgment in the Hampstead Hospital case as virtually deciding a question of sanitary policy as well as one of sanitary law, there would be time enough between now and August to carry a Bill through Parliament. But the managers are not in the least prepared to take this view of their duties. They regard themselves as confessors in the cause of Public Health. They are powerless, as one of the managers said last Saturday, "on account of out-door hostility and the abstention of Parliament to do anything to help them." This view of the case entirely ignores the fact that this out-door hostility is directed not against the function of the Asylum Board, but simply against a particular reading of the duties which devolve upon it when discharging this function. From the report of the proceedings at the managers' last meeting it might be supposed that the inhabitants of London were unwilling to admit the existence of small-pox among them, or that they insisted on each case being treated in the patient's own home. It ought not to be necessary to say that this is an entire misrepresentation of the facts. It is only to a particular kind of hospital that objections have

been taken. The contention which underlay the Hampstead case—the contention which, unless the managers take care, may yet underlie a Fulham case—is that no district ought to be burdened with more than its own small-pox patients. If the managers of the Asylums Board had recognized the reasonableness of this view, they might have saved the public some money and some risk. It would have been easy to provide local accommodation for local wants, and the difficulty of isolating patients might have been appreciably less if isolation had involved only a short journey. Unfortunately, the managers refused to believe that there could possibly be two ways of dealing with small-pox patients. They must be brought together in large bodies, in some three or four large hospitals, and the districts in which these hospitals are situated must be made between them to bear the burden of all London. If the legislation which Mr. DONSON is called upon to introduce is to be animated by this spirit, its passage through the House of Commons will be by no means a matter of course. The inhabitants of the districts which it is proposed to convert into receptacles for the small-pox patients of all the districts round will offer as stout an opposition to it as they possibly can; and, weak as they may be by themselves, it is impossible to say how much sympathy their hard case may not evoke. In spite of all that the managers may say, the common-sense view of the matter is that neighbourhood makes all the difference in the world as regards the cure of sufferers from infectious disorders. Those who will readily recognize the duty of caring for disease when it arises at their doors will not be equally well disposed when the disease is intentionally brought to them from a distance.

It is probable, however, that, even if the managers of the Asylums Board had been willing to give effect to this distinction, additional legislation would still have been needed. If the inhabitants of Hampstead would have had an equal right to redress, supposing that the hospital had only contained Hampstead patients, it would have been altogether impossible to deal with such an epidemic as the present; and it is not at all certain that the inhabitants of Hampstead might not have had such a right. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, as regards the successful treatment of the disease, that the Metropolitan Asylums Board should be empowered, in conjunction with the local sanitary authorities, to make proper provision for the reception and isolation of all small-pox cases within the district in which the disease has shown itself. A Bill of this kind, if supported by the managers, might soon become law. A Bill of this kind not supported by the managers, or a Bill of a different kind to which great local opposition would be offered, might meet with very great difficulties. It has been suggested that the controversy between aggregation and multiplication of hospitals might be got over by sending the patients to floating hospitals, made out of old men-of-war, and moored in the lower part of the river. This scheme has the recommendation of combining the advantages of both methods of dealing with the disease. The patients are isolated in a few large hospitals, but no district is made to suffer by having one of these hospitals placed in its midst. Even the objection which is taken to the transport of patients from one part of London to another would be met to a great extent by this plan. In many cases a large part of the journey would be by water, and a very large section of London lies within a short distance of one or other bank of the Thames. Once transferred from the steam-tender to the hospital-ship the small-pox patient would give no further trouble, and in the fresh air of the river his chances of recovery would be as good as possible. If the Admiralty can lay hands on a few disused men-of-war of large size the Government cannot do better than place them at the disposal of the Metropolitan Asylums Board for the purpose of being converted into small-pox hospitals. It is even possible that by this means the need for further legislation may be avoided. Whatever power the managers now possess with regard to the sending of small-pox patients to distant hospitals, they will possess as much when the hospitals are on the water as when they are on the land, while the motives for resisting their use of this power which now exist will then exist no longer.

If vaccination had been properly attended to in the past, there would be no small-pox to attend to in the present, but, judging from the statistics of vaccination in London, the next generation will be no better protected than this one is. The two obstacles which stand in the

way are the fanatical opposition which is excited in some minds by the vaccination of infants, and the absence of any means whatever of compelling the revaccination of adults. For the former obstacle the Local Government Board are to some extent responsible. The objection to vaccination from human lymph is not entirely unfounded; at all events, the paramount authority of Sir THOMAS WATSON can be quoted in support of it. To vaccination from calf lymph there is no such objection, and it is unfortunate that the use of calf lymph should not have received decided and steady encouragement long ago. That vaccination is very unequally enforced, even in different parts of London, is evident from the fact that, of the children born in Shoreditch, 16 per cent. are unvaccinated, while of those born in Whitechapel, only 4 per cent. are unvaccinated. There is no difference in the circumstances of these two parishes that can account for the number of unvaccinated children in the one being four times what it is in the other. It is to be noted that a quarter of the unvaccinated children in Shoreditch were children who had been inmates of the workhouse, if they had not been born there. In other words, they had been actually in the hands of the Guardians, and had been allowed to slip out of them without the law having been enforced. The Shoreditch Guardians have now appointed a second Vaccination Officer, a step which will be useful if a house-to-house visitation is set on foot, as it undoubtedly ought to be. But no amount of additional Vaccination Officers will secure the vaccination of children in the workhouse unless the Guardians are prepared to override the resistance of ignorant mothers who do not wish to have the child made ill for a week at the cost of so much additional trouble to themselves. In cases of this kind nothing but compulsion will have any effect.

YOUNG OXFORD.

AN Oxford Tutor in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine* has undertaken to enlighten the public on "Young Oxford," or in other words on the condition—moral, intellectual, social, and religious—of the present race of Oxford undergraduates. That a good deal of what he tells us is quite true we see no reason to dispute. To readers who happen to have any familiarity with the Oxford of twenty or thirty or forty years ago the first remark naturally suggested by his lucubrations will be that "Cæsar and Pompey are very like each other, more especially Pompey." Certainly, if his account may be accepted, there is a very strong family likeness indeed between the Oxford undergraduates of 1881 and his predecessors of any of the last three or four decades, in spite of all the sweeping changes, academical, religious and other, which during that period have passed over the entire system of the university. It is not for instance any peculiarity of the undergraduate of to-day that he "is likely to err on the side of neglecting religion rather than of positive infidelity," or that he is not invariably distinguished by "a spirit of innate reverence for constituted authority," or that he is "thoroughly Conservative in many points" and particularly in resisting all disciplinary innovations. Nor is it any specialty of modern Oxford that the university itself, and every college in it, is split up into various sets which have little common ground of agreement, and that "Christ-church is the resort of the young aristocracy who seem to consider the getting up of periodical rows an essential part of their education." There would seem to be a remarkable continuity even in the relative position and character of different colleges. We are told for instance that Balliol, New College, and Corpus still retain their scholastic pre-eminence, and our Tutor sees every reason to suppose that they will continue to do so. In one respect there is no doubt a change, and a change for the better, from the Oxford of half a century ago, though it has been in progress now for many years past, and finds an analogy in the altered and more friendly relations of boys and masters at our public schools. It may perhaps be questioned whether "more lasting friendships are often formed in Oxford between College fellows and undergraduates than among undergraduates themselves," but at all events the old tradition of looking on every don as a natural enemy and every college regulation as "simply made to spite me" has long since died out. There are still, according to our informant, a very few "dried up and crusty dons," who seem to resent the very existence of undergraduates, just as the sentiment used some years ago to be attributed to a well-known head that the final cause of undergraduates was to walk about the grass-plot in Quad and make themselves generally objectionable. Another nascent innovation recorded by the Tutor is by no means equally commendable. After telling us that it is entirely against undergraduate etiquette to settle a quarrel by an appeal to force instead of by a temporary or permanent process of cutting, he adds that this etiquette is sometimes set aside, and "quite lately have been fought two sham duels."

It appears that the American whose criticisms have called

forth the Oxford Tutor in vindication of his *Alma Mater* had declared that there is no intellectual life there among undergraduates apart from the schools, while somebody else has brought the opposite charge that the superabundant philosophy they are crammed with is apt to find its vent in Agnosticism. The first charge is manifestly an absurd exaggeration, "based," as the Tutor rather grandiloquently words it, "on very insufficient premises." Unless Oxford has changed remarkably in a very few years, there is a distinct tendency to disregard the schools altogether in the matter of intellectual life. As to the second, there will always no doubt be more or less of scepticism prevalent wherever a number of educated young men are congregated, and Oxford has proved no exception to the rule. The writer reminds us how Aristotle has observed that "young men, having but little experience, and being liable to be led astray by their passions, are not fitting students of moral philosophy;" and he might have cited further the caution addressed by the head of a distinguished College at Cambridge to his fellows in conclave assembled, "We must remember, gentlemen, that we are not infallible, not even the youngest of us." A commentator on recent Oxford history in the *Church Quarterly*, who goes a good deal more deeply into the subject than our gossiping tutor, forms rather a gloomy estimate of the religious prospect, in view of the clean sweep that has been made, or is being made, by modern legislation of almost every vestige of the old ecclesiastical safeguards and restrictions, whether collegiate or academical. But he admits that there are still important practical religious influences at work, and notes some encouraging features in the religious side of Oxford life. A somewhat angry correspondence which has been going on in the *Non-conformist* brings testimony from an unexpected and unsuspecting quarter that as yet the Church has gained more than it lost from coming into close contact there with her rivals on equal terms. Meanwhile, as was observed before, practical irreligion is pretty sure at a place like Oxford to be a more pressing danger than speculative unbelief, and we may hope the Tutor is justified in assuring us that, even in sceptical circles, the presence of a single man reputed to be pious, or of a boy fresh from school, puts a restraint on all sorts of doubtful conversation. In this matter probably the standard of "good form" and "shocking bad form," on which he dwells, would be held to apply, though it is no doubt true that at Oxford as elsewhere, "sundry things, drunkenness for instance, are allowed to pass muster, which a higher moral standard would condemn." Cigarettes and tea, however, rather than alcoholic liquors, are the special temptation of the present generation. Another phrase which he represents as being a potent instrument of social ostracism reminds us in its meaning of a term of hardly less questionable English much in vogue at Oxford some years ago, where it was especially, and often of course most unfairly, applied to new comers from Rugby, who were supposed to be "terribly in earnest" and to cherish by no means defective appreciation of their own capacities. Such men were called "pruff" in those days; now, it appears, they are said to "put on side," but the term is sufficiently vague to be a formidable weapon of offence against any one held to be "unclubbable."

It may be generally described as a combination of outward swagger and inward conceit; but the suspicion of "putting on side"—in Oxford, at all events—attaches itself to various individuals on most contradictory grounds. One man is supposed to "put on side" because he happens to be shy or reserved, and consequently talks less than his neighbours in general society. Another is held to talk too much, and so to "put on side;" and there are men who have laboured under the same imputation simply because they happen to walk in a less crab-like fashion than their fellow-creatures. "Side," where it does exist, is certainly an objectionable feature of character; but at Oxford, in nine presumed cases out of ten, we believe its existence to be purely imaginary.

The Tutor has a good deal to say, but not much which is not generally known, about Clubs at Oxford, beginning, of course, with the Union. But here, while he informs us, with discreet reserve, that "it has a history," he omits to give any intimation of how long its history has lasted, or to say that it kept its Jubilee eight years ago, although he repeats the threadbare story, which was reproduced in one of the speeches made on that occasion, about Mr. Lowe, as President of the Union, fining the present Archbishop of Canterbury a sovereign for disorderly behaviour. We are told again that the oldest of the Oxford convivial Clubs is the Phoenix, and that its records date back to the last century, and that very quaint legends are connected with it. We are not told that it went at that time under the more questionable name of the "Hell-fire Club," and that the "quaint legend" for which it is chiefly famous is the story of the Evil One appearing in person to carry off a drunken and blaspheming undergraduate from a supper party at Brasenose, which a fellow of that College, lately deceased, was popularly supposed to have witnessed as he passed along Brasenose Lane. It is fair to say that the Phoenix for some years has steadily disowned descent from the "Hell-fire Club." We need not follow the Tutor through his detailed report of "the amusements of Young Oxford," which are much the same as may be found *mutatis mutandis* at every English university or public school. Perhaps, however, much as some of the present Clubs would have shocked a Don of the last generation, it is not wholly irrational that a young man who has accidentally missed "Hall" should be able to dine without the certainty, if caught in the fact, of a Proctorial fine. Still less is it necessary to transcribe the author's summary of the existing regulations about the schools, which may always be found recorded in the *Oxford Calendar* for the current year. He evidently supposes that he has made a notable discovery, when he tells us, with much

solemnity, that "it cannot be held that it is in the way of schools alone that Alma Mater educates her foster-sons. Men acquire a species of education by contact with each other," with much more to the same effect, finally enforced by a long quotation from the Funeral Oration of Pericles. We need scarcely say that the idea thus elaborately paraded is one of the veriest commonplace of all educational literature, as regards both our universities and public schools. Its rationale is expounded with his accustomed grace and felicity in Cardinal Newman's University Lectures, but in itself it is familiar to every one who has the slightest practical acquaintance with the subject, and it is difficult to read without a smile the pompous announcement—as though of some grand discovery which it was reserved for an Oxford Tutor to flash upon the world in the pages of *Fraser* in the year of grace 1881—that "man is essentially an imitative being, and this is more especially true of young men." Perhaps we might venture to suggest as a corresponding verity that Tutors are essentially didactic beings, and this is more especially true of young tutors. It is easy enough, when one has once got into the vein, to pass from one truism to another. It is not wonderful therefore that, after filling several pages with a kind of glorified paraphrase of the *Oxford Calendar* and *Undergraduate's Journal*, and then elaborately discussing whether it is true that men at Oxford got some sort of mutual education from contact with each other, the Tutor should finally proceed to inquire—in a somewhat hesitating and tentative fashion, as though doubtful about the reply—whether they enjoy their Oxford residence at the time, and retain a pleasant memory of it afterwards. To most men—at least most Oxford men—the inquiry might perhaps appear rather a work of supererogation; as the Germans would phrase it, "that understands itself." But our Tutor goes to work systematically, and after balancing the pros and cons in due order arrives at last at the modified and not over confident conclusion that on the whole "few men, as they bid farewell to Oxford, as Magdalen Tower, St. Mary's, and Carfax [is there not rather a bathos about Carfax?] one by one fade in the distance [Oxford readers will note the nice topographical accuracy of the catalogue] are entirely devoid of some feeling of lingering regret." The statement is at least unimpeachably cautious and temperate. Byron had remarked long ago that

On leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the stoop.

And that is really the utmost our sage informant thinks he "can safely say" of the feeling of an Oxonian bidding final adieu to his old home after three or four years' residence at the most impressionable period of his life. Our own recollections and experiences might perhaps have inclined us to a somewhat more enthusiastic estimate. But it is well to be on the safe side. Let us hope that when the time shall come for the Oxford Tutor himself to take his last look at "Magdalen, St. Mary, and Carfax, one by one," in sad succession, and bury himself in "the dusky purlieus of the law" or in the obscurity of a rural vicarage, he too will be able to rise for the nonce to "a feeling of lingering regret"; but we may also venture to hope that he will confine that generous sentiment to his own bosom, and not suffer it to expatiate in another article in *Fraser*; *salus una superque*. He has himself assured us, in his grave and sententious manner, that "the lesson of self-control is taught by the etiquette of Oxford society." Let him therefore apply that valuable lesson to his literary aspirations, and pause to consider, before he again comes forward to instruct the general public, whether he has anything to tell them which they did not know before. When Dr. Arnold first took charge of the Sixth Form at Rugby he resolved, according to his biographer, to innovate on the established practice of setting themes on the subject of *Virtus est bona res*. If our Tutor had not implied that he belongs to the younger generation, we might almost have suspected him of being trained at Rugby under the old régime.

THE INNOCENTS IN IRELAND.

THE two most guileless persons among Her Majesty's subjects of whom documentary evidence gives us any cognizance are, almost without a doubt, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., and the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. It is not quite easy to decide whether there is anything to choose between them. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, more in sorrow than in anger, expostulating with Mr. W. H. Smith for even hinting that the Government found their account in encouraging Irish agitation; the *Freeman's Journal* plaintively asking what it is all about, why Dublin is proclaimed, why Mr. Dillon is arrested, are two pleasant sights. With Mr. Shaw-Lefevre we shall not greatly trouble ourselves. It would only be possible to show him why Mr. Smith and other sensible people think the Government to have been interested in the disturbances and outrages in Ireland by the aid of logic. Now logic, like political economy, is for the present taboo to Mr. Gladstone's immediate followers. It is good for Saturn-and-Jupiter-fellows, not for practical politicians. The *Freeman's Journal* offers metal more attractive than the member for Reading. The *Freeman's Journal*, greatly pondering, is disposed to attribute the proclamation and the arrest to the fact that "the outrage-mongers have again been at work." The outrage-mongers certainly have been at work, with a vengeance, and it may be profitable, if not pleasant, to consider their proceedings. It cannot be too constantly borne in mind what sort of folk Mr. Gladstone's clients are, and what kind of

deeds are to be rewarded by the carving of neat competences for their perpetrators out of the property of the landlords.

The achievements of the outrage-mongers during the last week or ten days amount, speaking generally, to one murder, two attempted, and possibly still to be completed ditto, one roasting, one ear-clipping, several firings into houses, and miscellaneous attacks on persons or property, including the ripping-up of a cart-horse or two, too many to mention; besides Mr. Dillon's speeches and the mobbing of the Emergency Committee representatives at Howth and elsewhere. The details of the various exploits are very curious and delightful, calculated to "stir the national conscience"—we believe that is the correct phrase—more than ever to do justice to the finest peasantry on this or any other planet, including Saturn and Jupiter. The roasting has been denied; but the practice has been a favourite one in times past, and Erin is quite likely to remember the days of old in this way. The ear-clipping has been exaggerated, says Mr. Forster, but he does not deny its truth. It is not particularly easy to understand what exaggeration of such a matter means; either the bailiff's ears are on his head or they are not, unless perhaps some stumps may be left. Perhaps in the latter case the Government regards the proceeding as a fair apportionment of the property between Mr. Dennohy and the Land League, not dissimilar to their own intended division of Ireland between landlords and tenants. The wreckings of houses, the firings into them, and so forth, are quite familiar and rather stale. But the murder is a very instructive murder indeed. We are not now referring to the Fenian outrage in Dublin, but to the affair in Connemara. The victim was a cattle-herd, and it is especially noteworthy that the farm on which he served had not been "landgrabbed" by any one, neither had any one been ejected from it. It was land which had for many years been in the occupation of the owner, and which previous to that occupation had been voluntarily surrendered to him by a perfectly responsible and independent tenant. Yet the caretaker and his son were dragged out of bed and shot in the road—the father being killed, the son mortally wounded. This was a testimony on the part of the Land League against herds. The import of this ought to be very carefully studied. Grass farms are, it is well known, the most profitable employment of land in Ireland, and the land is better suited for them than for any other purpose. But as they do not suit penniless peasants, and interfere with the growth of a ragged population always open to the influence of the agitator, they are forbidden *per se*. There is here no question of the crowbar brigade, no insinuation of any hardship inflicted on any living soul. The Land League has decided against any form of cultivation but such as it prefers, and the decision is enforced in a business-like and peremptory manner which, unfortunately, the Executive of the less powerful of the two Irish Governments does not imitate. It is noteworthy that the conscience-of-the-nation party have been very discreetly silent about this particular crime. Here at least is something which not merely no Land Bill such as the present, but nothing short of an agrarian law limiting holdings to, say five acres apiece, and prescribing their culture, can touch. The utter madness of supposing that any Land Bill in the direction of the earlier clauses of the present will cut away the root of the evil is demonstrated by this death of the unhappy man Lyden in a fashion which admits of no explaining away.

The speeches which at last goaded the Government into doing what ought to have been done a year ago, and laying Mr. Dillon by the heels, and the incident which no doubt partly led to the proclamation of Dublin, are almost equally instructive, and fortunately the lesson is not enforced by the death of an innocent man. The riot at the Howth sale is an admirable exposure of the state into which Government mismanagement, and nothing but Government mismanagement, has allowed the second city of the Empire, in point of political importance, to get. A tenant (of ample means, and who is not even pretended to be one of those objects of Mr. Gladstone's compassion, who can do nothing but rent from a brutal landlord the land which that monopolist withholds from them, save at an exorbitant price) refuses to pay his rent out of sheer wantonness. His cattle are distrained upon, and having been bought by fair bidders in the open market, the rent is paid. Thereupon a procession of howling roughs accompanies the beasts and the new owners into the city, hooting and hustling them, pelting them with dirt, and doing all that is possible to prevent the beasts from being shipped. Here, again, there is no possible imputation of personal hardship. The arbitrary dictates of an irresponsible association are enforced by a mob; and comparatively moderate partisans of that association ask with astonishment why precautions should be taken to make such things a little more difficult, or rather more dangerous, in future?

Perhaps the most interesting thing, however, of all is the speech which at last broke the back of Mr. Forster's patience in the matter of "John Dillon." That energetic person had already, in a phrase of his own, "sailed very near the wind" by telling the now famous story of the men with loaded rifles who lay in wait inside a house at which an eviction was threatened. On Sunday last he achieved the nautical manœuvre known as sailing, not merely near the wind, but a point the other side of it. It is noteworthy that Mr. Dillon does not condescend to make the least reference to the Land Bill. That panacea is for him simply *non avensu*. If his hearers would go on as they were going for two or three years, said he, they would and by handing over the soil of Ireland to the men who tilled

It. If they could resist, on the whole successfully, the exactions of the landlords till the autumn, the game was won. And then Mr. Dillon proceeded to explain the proper *modus operandi* for holding out till the autumn. In the first place, the levying of rack-rent was to be obstructed by every means ingenuity could suggest; in the second, every man, whatever his profession, who assisted that levying was to be "punished," to be "attacked," to be "followed at every turn of his life." Of course Mr. Dillon suggests that all this may be done within the law, though how things in themselves illegal are to be done within the law is not so clear. Equally, of course, his hearers took his test without his qualification. The Land League method of "punishment," of "attack," of "following," is murder, as in the case of Lyden; mutilation, as in the case of Dennehy; torture, as in the case of King; damage to property, combined with cruelty to animals, as in the case of the cart-horses ripped up the other day because their owners dared to lend them to the Constabulary. This is the simple plan by which the executive of the Land League obey Mr. Dillon's beautiful exhortation to "carry the conviction of their power into the hearts of their enemies." A charge of shot ought certainly to carry conviction. Knives and fire have at all times been favourite arguments with certain brutal and savage natures, and "Hate me, rip up my horse," is at least as logical as "Love me, love my dog."

To all this we shall of course hear, and indeed have heard, the old stereotyped answer. The Land Bill is to take the heart of stone out of the Irish peasant, and to give him a heart of flesh. The conviction of Mr. Gladstone's goodness, the delightful labours of the litigation of the Land Court, will soften his manners, and not permit him to be fierce. The chance of a fresh haul at his landlord's pocket every fifteen years will keep him quietly expectant in the intervals, when, indeed, he will be digesting haul the last. It is difficult to argue on such a point as this, because (it is unpleasant to have to say it) it is impossible to believe in the *bona fides* of the antagonist, or, accepting his *bona fides*, to admit his competence. Obviously Mr. Gladstone's Bill will do none of the things for the want of which the Irish peasant now murders and mutilates and tortures. It does not even profess to enact that no owner who holds grass land in his own occupation shall go on holding it. It does not even pretend to hand over the soil to the tiller. Its provisions forbid all the most dearly cherished misdoings of the tenant—subdivision, subletting, dilapidation, perhaps, even, though there seems to be a doubt about this, the beloved system of conacre. Mr. Gladstone himself declares that the changes asked for by the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops who, it need hardly be said, are far behind Mr. Dillon and the extreme Land Leaguers, would "give the Bill a new character." It is impossible, therefore, that the cause of these outrages should be removed by the Bill, even if it passed Lords and Commons by acclamation in the present week. Let it be granted to its fervent panegyrists that it is a great act of justice, a noble display of conscience, and all the rest of it. It is still not what Mr. Dillon and his likes are agitating for, and therefore there is nothing to prevent Mr. Dillon and his likes from continuing or renewing their agitation. All this is as clear as the sun at noonday, yet it seems to need repetition. Liberal members of Parliament are being daily begged, exhorted, threatened, that so they may vote for the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. At the bottom of all these prayers, arguments, menaces, lies the contention that the Bill will stop agitation. Now it is perfectly certain, and more certain from the words of Mr. Dillon and the events of the last few days than from anything else, that it will do nothing of the kind. If the Bill had been law a month ago, it would not have forbidden Lyden to herd Mr. Graham's cattle; it would not have saved Butterly's cows from being sold; it would not have prevented, as far as can be seen, one single act by which, according to the sympathizers with outrage, that outrage has been provoked. Unless the recovery of rent by any means whatever is to be made impossible, and the following of any method of cultivation discouraged by the Land League forbidden, things will be just as they were, or worse. For a man who is promised a loose shoe is naturally all the more impatient of a tight one. So the murders, the roastings, the ear-clippings, the horse-stabbings, the mobbings of last week will go on merrily, and the conscience of the nation will be aroused again, and another slice will be taken out of the landlords' pockets, and so, *ad caput*, until there is none left. Obstinate questioners may possibly ask, What then?

ORATORS AND CRITICS.

THE speeches at the dinner of the Royal Academy were, perhaps, more remarkable for number than for merit, or for any light which they threw on the prospects of Art in this country. No one can expect to get many new and stimulating ideas from speakers who are almost obliged to use the language of rosy optimism. It would be absurd to suppose that the majority of distinguished persons who "rallied round" Sir Frederick Leighton cared much more for Art than for Literature, or Consumptive Bellows-makers, or Fishmongers, or any other persons and institutions that are the occasion of big public dinners. Novel utterances are often made at this feast, and Mr. Gladstone, as we shall see, came out with a very novel theory this year; but people are not bound to be startling at a dinner of the

Royal Academy. It is not like a meeting of the British Association, when the President used to be expected to start an entirely unheard-of theory of the beginning of life on our planet. Sir Frederick Leighton did his duty with industry, grace, and perseverance. "There shall never be a forlorn hope without you" is the promise his colonel gives Claude Melnotte in the *Lady of Lyons*. There was no forlorn hope without the President at the Academy dinner. Nine times, if we have correctly counted them, he marched into the breach. His remarks were usually poetical, and he used one especially pretty figure, about "a little realm controlling a vast empire, along the wide skirts of which war, ever smouldering, leaps fitfully and too often into flame." Both the host and the guests paid many sincere compliments of regret to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Gladstone did not indeed seize the occasion to avow that he had always regarded his late rival as his heart's best brother. He confined himself to the perfectly safe remark that Lord Beaconsfield was "an extraordinary man" and his life "an extraordinary life." And he could not but rejoice that the extraordinary man had been painted by Mr. Millais. That was all. But, if Mr. Gladstone was less than effusive about this matter, he made up for it by one of the richest and rarest economical discoveries which is associated with a name distinguished in finance. "The English school," he said, "is comparatively little in the eyes or recollections of the great civilized nations in Europe." And why? Because we are a very wealthy nation, and can afford to keep our pictures at home, despite the frantic bids of the civilized, but indigent, nations of Europe. The Italians, on the other hand, though most wealthy in works of art, have been notoriously poor, even in paper money. Consequently they sell their pictures, and so increase their artistic reputation abroad; while we keep our performances jealously at home—except Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Sappho," which is going to America. Mr. Gladstone actually said, "Had we been a poor country like Italy, and produced all the works of art we have done, the fame of British art would have been more widely extended, and made familiar to the ears of Europe. It is, then, owing to the power of England to keep the works of her artists at home that her artists have not taken that place they would otherwise have taken in the general estimation of the world." This is a beautiful theory, which we could hold with more confidence if there were more signs of the anxiety of the foreigner to bid; if, so to speak, he kept looking wistfully through the shop-windows at the gorgeous treasures which are "not for him, nor the likes of him." In another way, Mr. Gladstone's application of political economy to art is encouraging, not to say exhilarating. People who understand about these matters say that, as a nation, we are rapidly growing no richer. Agricultural depression and the decay of trade are undeniable facts. Never mind. As our financial credit declines, our reputation for art is bound to soar; and, when we cannot pay our artists their prices, France will begin to bid, "Russia will step in with her tallows," Spain will enter the market, and the works of Mr. Frith, and of Mr. Solomon Hart, will hold their proper place, at last, in the estimation of Europe. Such are the uses of adversity, and it is by stepping-stones of national poverty that our artists will climb the pinnacle of fame.

Literature is rather in the shade at present; but even the existence of literature was recognized at the Academy dinner. Out of two hundred and fifty guests, no fewer than eight were men of letters. This is as it should be. Art and Literature are sisters, and have commonly flourished together; therefore Art, on her gaudy day, does not forget her poor unsuccessful relation, but offers her more than the crumbs which fall from her opulent table. No fewer than eight "literary chaps" were bidden, we repeat, to the dinner of the Academy. The messenger of Art reached Mr. Matthew Arnold in that garret above the tripe-shop in Grub Street where he used to smoke with dear old Arminius. Mr. Robert Browning was also there, "among the swells," as George Warrington said. There was also Canon Farrar, the author of a sweetly pictorial *Life of Christ*; and though no other members of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* were there, yet the *Times* reporter was present, and Canon Stubbs, and Mr. Burnand, and Lord Houghton, and Mr. Bret Harte. Mr. Matthew Arnold was called to return thanks for this large and representative selection of men of letters. And yet Mr. Arnold did not seem happy. "Men of culture," says a contemporary tragedian, "are never happy," but the occasion, the novelty and splendour of it, the lusciousness and abundance of the repast, might have been expected to bring a smile even to the lips of the mourner for Arminius. It is true that Mr. Arnold's speech was cut out by the reporter of the *Observer*, who (very naturally) did not think literature deserved much notice when princes and premiers were going about. But Mr. Arnold, though a *sacer vates*, can hardly have foreseen the supercilious conduct of the *Observer*. Perhaps he was crushed by the novelty of the opportunity; for it is usual, on occasions of this sort, to have Literature represented by a prosperous journalist of the Americanized kind. However it happened, the strayed reveller was gloomy. He said that Literature had lost her old place and power. Men of letters were, if anything, ornamental rather than useful, "facultative, not obligatory." "Sir William Grove and Science are obligatory; it is I and Literature who are facultative." No fellow likes being facultative when he comes to think of it—though perhaps Mr. Arnold is the first man of letters who ever did think of it in these peculiar terms. But he consoled himself by fancying that Art "is in the same boat." We only wish Literature were in the same boat, nay, the same gilded barge, as

Art. Then Mr. Arnold scathed "the swells" with his wonder "what could have induced you to import among them such an inutility as a poor man of letters." He seems to have fancied that the six or seven men of letters should have dined, like Dr. Johnson, behind the screen. He appeared as the slave at the Roman triumph, and whispered to the President, that he, too, was mortal, that his "experience and career" were remote from those of Rank's gilded children. He spoke pathetically of "our struggle," the fierce struggle for bread in which poets and painters are ferociously engaged. "What do they know" of all sorts of uncomfortable things, and of "mighty poets in their misery dead"? Mighty poets do not seem so very badly off in this quarter of the nineteenth century. Having thus uttered the thing that was in him, and the message of the proletariat, Mr. Arnold gave place to the Lord Mayor. Did the Academy think what it was doing, when it took the siege perilous, so to speak, and asked Lord Mayors and Premiers together? It was tempting Fenianism and revelling over dynamite. The Lord Mayor was rather amusing about Blackfriars Bridge and Art in the City. But the company could not get rid of the gloomy impression left by Mr. Arnold, and probably many of the great dreamed that night of Mr. Arnold, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the private guillotine which, according to the former playful writer, the latter keeps in his back-garden.

Critics, of course, have by this time had their say about Art, like the orators. They have written exactly what was expected of them. The terrible "Dreum of the Academy," published a fortnight ago in these columns, has been fulfilled. The comic 'Arry critic has made the very puns about "Idyl," and "idle," and about shepherds' pipes and tobacco pipes, which our dreamer heard him utter. Another critic has felt, as usual, that it is really impossible for him to write about the pictures of the year, and has confined himself to some prolonged remarks on the early training of Millet. Perhaps he will reach Mr. Millais and Mr. Alma-Tadema in August, if he struggles very hard. The critic who is so fond of Lemprière and of the history of the last century has had plenty to say about the "Sappho" Mr. Alma-Tadema did not paint, and about Suffolk Punches, Candahar, and kindred topics. The critic who is so fond of strange adjectives has invested freely in a delightful new word, "coloration." The critic who knows all about folk-lore has chiefly confined his remarks about the Academy to a treatise on the story of Cinderella. The critic who is such a great man that nothing pleases him has called everything "flaccid" which is not "fantastic." And the moral critic is writing a tract on what he believes to be the conversion and repentance of Mr. Burne Jones, with an essay on "Backsliding Brethren," suggested by Mr. Allingham's portrait of Mr. Carlyle, with blue china plates fastened on the walls of his room.

WRONG-HEADED REFORM.

THE work of improving our army goes gaily on. To say that it resembles the labours of Sisyphus is to give but an inadequate idea of its magnitude. He, at any rate, had the mournful satisfaction of getting his stone nearly to the top of the hill; but we never seem to get our dead weight of military reform even half way up before it comes down with a run, and leaves us in blank despair. It is not easy to fix the precise period at which this reforming mania commenced, but he would be a bold man who would venture to predict where it will end, for the simple reason that we appear to progress in the well-known Hibernian ratio of two steps backward to one forward. We have been engaged for years past in rewinding pieces of new cloth on to a very ancient garment, and then in wondering that the rents become wider and wider. And the best of it is, that the greater part of all this patching has been unnecessary, or at most the necessity for it has been self-imposed. From the day when, in imitation of a foreign Power, we discovered that we too ought to have a Reserve, we have been engaged in a fruitless struggle to make one man do the work of two; or, to put it more correctly, to make one boy do the work of two men. At the period just mentioned the situation was this—by enlisting men for twelve years, the whole of which was spent with the colours, and by further prolonging this period to twenty-one years with about one-third of the men who had completed the first period, we were just able to satisfy the ordinary military requirements of our Empire. True, we had no reserve for a European war or for any great emergency; but our daily needs in the shape of ever-recurring little wars were pressing, and we had in fact to decide the following question—Should we continue as we were, that is, taking the full value out of our recruit when once caught, by keeping him in any case for twelve and sometimes for twenty-one years; or should we dismiss him at the end of six years into a Reserve which might or might not be wanted, trusting to chance to meet the extra demand which such a step would cause upon our recruiting powers? In an evil hour we chose the latter, and we have never since had a moment's peace or respite from the trouble in which this decision has plunged us. The worst of it is, that nothing will induce us to look the question fairly in the face. That question we maintain is this. Our recruit-producing power is limited and constant; our military requirements are large and constant. We must, therefore, do one of two things—satisfy the present, and leave the future to chance, or make sure of the future in the shape of a Reserve and leave the present to chance in the shape of insufficient numbers of untrained men or rather boys. Having

then decided to take care of the future, we are now grumbling because we cannot satisfy the present as well; in plain English, given a decidedly small piece of cake, we are surprised and indignant because we cannot both eat it and have it. As year by year passes, and we see how little our Reserve has done, we turn our eyes to our active army, and then we see how little it, too, has done. Neither, in fact, has been of much service, and an uneasy feeling is beginning to prevail that we have made a grand mistake, but we have not the courage to own it. When an incident like the Candahar march occurs—an incident which ought to and would open the eyes of any but the wilfully blind—and when that incident is further supported and its moral strengthened by the deplorable failures in the Transvaal, we partially awaken to the real truth, but only for a moment. A few sentences of pretentious dogmatism, a few sneers at old-fashioned notions and ideas, are sufficient to shame us into silence; and once more we go drifting on, sacrificing alike the splendid history of our army in the past and its efficiency in the present for the sake of a future which may never come. On a former occasion we made use of these words when discussing the question of the new organization of our regiments:—"We want a certain number of recruits annually; if we can get them, the present system, or, for that matter, any other system, will do well enough; if we cannot get them, no amount of manipulation, organization, reform, or by whatever other name it may be called, will enable one man to do the work of two, or to be in two places at once." This, we maintain, is the real point, and we refuse to allow ourselves to be diverted from it. But, as we have already observed, nothing will induce the nation at large to face it. We double round it, we evade it, we temporize with it, we procrastinate, we extol our Militia, we glorify our Volunteers—we do anything and everything except recognize the fact that our regular army is neither numerous enough nor seasoned enough for the work it has to do. The ingenuity which we exercise in fencing with the question is simply astounding. There is no limit to the amount of public time and public money which we are willing to devote to what is called Army Reform, provided only the one thing needful is left undone. One makeshift after another is tried, the invariable result being that each so-called improvement leaves us, if anything, further and further from the desired end. For instance, upon one occasion when the state of our army was more than usually unsatisfactory, and the nation at large was ready for some effectual change, we abolished purchase among the officers, and having thus satisfied ourselves that we had thereby provided an ample supply of recruits, we calmly went to sleep again for awhile. On another occasion we established short service and a Reserve, on another we tried linking our battalions in pairs, on another we administered a dose of public money in the shape of twopence per diem extra pay, on another we gave the soldier his ration of bread and meat free of charge, and now we are going to link regulars and Militia and abolish our old numerical titles. We have also reformed the soldier's dress, his barracks, his food, his treatment, and we have reformed his discipline to an extent that will shortly leave none at all. All this and much more have we done; but the one vital question of how to provide a sufficiency of trained and seasoned soldiers for our ever-present needs we carefully ignore. We are far from saying that these reforms were unnecessary or superfluous; on the contrary, many of them, notably those which affected the personal welfare of the soldier, were good and useful measures. Even the larger schemes were at least plausible; for purchase was admitted to be morally indefensible; the local connexion which the brigade depot system aimed at was certainly desirable, if it could be only achieved; while the formation of a strong Reserve, if it weakened the active army, gave the country a certain feeling of security. It is the very plausibility of these measures which has been their most dangerous feature, inasmuch as they have only served to distract public attention from more important issues.

At the present moment we are threatened with a fresh reform, and one which, though somewhat novel in its character, is in the main of a nature precisely similar to those just mentioned. Sundry articles and letters have recently appeared in the *Times* advocating an improvement in the shooting of our infantry. It has been urged that, because our men were defeated on every occasion in the Transvaal, their bad shooting was the cause of the disasters, and accordingly we are recommended to brush up this particular branch of our military instruction. Now, we have already given our approval of any reform that may be attempted in this direction. If the shooting of our men is distinctly deficient, by all means let it be looked to. But what we wish to insist upon is this—namely, that it ought to be clearly demonstrated that our defeats were solely due to bad shooting, and to nothing else. In a word, was our failure in the Transvaal a purely musketry failure, or was it a military failure? The answer, in our opinion, is clear, namely, that while fully admitting the superior individual shooting of the Boers, our defeats were not wholly attributable to the bad shooting of our men. We are not quite prepared to allow that because the Boers have proved themselves to be among the best marksmen in the world, we are among the worst. Let us look at matters a little more in detail. Our first defeat was at Laing's Nek, where we were on the offensive; and it was admitted at the time that, despite the advantage which the Boers enjoyed from their defensive position, our attack would undoubtedly have succeeded had we only provided proper supports at the critical moment. Next we had the affair on the Ingogo, where a number of our men with two guns made targets of themselves on an open plateau for the fire of concealed skirmishers. Last, and worst of all, we have

the affair on the Majuba Hill, where we were on the defensive. Can any unprejudiced, impartial person read the account of that action as given by the Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, and then say that our defeat was solely due to bad shooting? We maintain that our defeats were due mainly to defective tactics, want of discipline, and the absence of that feeling of confidence, that perfect reliance of comrade upon comrade, which was once the prevailing characteristic of our soldiers. The British soldier of the past was not in the habit of being pushed by his officers into action, as described by the authority just quoted, he was not in the habit of turning tail and running back from the comrades he had just come to reinforce. Throughout the whole of that miserable affair the sole redeeming feature was afforded by the old soldiers, who stood and behaved as old soldiers who know and trust each other always do. We are quite aware that a considerable amount of capital has lately been made out of the fact that a large proportion of our men who fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo were young soldiers. Granted that it was so; but it should be remembered that there were many old men in the ranks, and also that the discipline of those days was very different from what it is now. That the Boers are better shots than our men is unquestionable—they are probably as a race the best shots in the world, and no regular soldiers, from whatever country they might be chosen, could hope to compare with them. Our tactics should, therefore, have been directed to neutralizing, as far as possible, this superiority, which was precisely what we did not do. On the contrary, we afforded them every opportunity of utilizing it to the utmost, and, having failed in tactics, in discipline, in steadiness, in almost every good quality for which the British infantry soldier was once conspicuous, we throw the whole blame on our rifle practice, which is in reality only responsible for a certain portion of it. Let us be honest and apportion the blame properly. Let us recognize the fact that the young, half-trained, and almost wholly undisciplined soldier is a mistake, and a very serious one too. If we persist in wilfully shutting our eyes to this patent fact, our next war will simply be a repetition on a larger scale of our recent disasters. By all means, as we have already contended, let us improve the shooting of our men, and do away with the present ludicrous restrictions on its efficiency.

THE HIGHEST CRITICISM.

THERE are few more pleasant sights than the spectacle of important youth laying down the law to an obedient and breathless world, and this spectacle has seldom been presented more pleasantly than in an article signed William H. Hardinge, in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on "French Verse in English." When we took up the number we confess ourselves to have been totally ignorant of Mr. Hardinge's name. But it seems from his paper that he has published some translations, especially from Nadaud, and it is nearly certain that he must possess the blessed quality of youth. He has set himself to show that translators of French verse into English are, as a rule, and backsliders. Their "selfishness" and their "want of care" have, it would seem, marred Mr. Hardinge's youth by giving him occasion for many tears. Their "demerits are of so glaring and detrimental a nature" that they cannot be "lightly passed over." They "deadens the colour" of their originals and "spoil their singing." They are "saint-hearted and metricaly inaccurate." Especially does Mr. Hardinge fall foul of Mr. Andrew Lang's *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*. Mr. Lang is a person quite capable of defending himself, and we have not the least intention of taking up the cudgels for him. It so happens, however, that Mr. Hardinge's strictures on this particular book give a very useful criterion for his own work. He is dreadfully angry with Mr. Lang for not translating *Ballades* and *Rondeaux* into the exact rhymes and metres of the original. Considering that Mr. Lang's book was published in 1872, and that Mr. Hardinge's own acquaintance with these forms (a not over-accurate one, as we shall shortly see) appears to be wholly derived from an essay of Mr. Goosse's, published in 1877, a little more charity might be desirable. However, Mr. Hardinge is doubtless desirous to show what an accurate person he himself is. So, too, such minute strictures as his assurance that "O ciel, je vous revois, Madame," is not properly represented by "Again I see you, ah my Queen," and that "All night I lay awake" is not good for "Je m'éveillais tous les quarts d'heure," must be meant to show the severe standard of literalness which Mr. Hardinge desires to have applied to his own work, plentiful specimens of which are vouchsafed. A short examination of this work on the principles thus indicated by Mr. Hardinge may be recreative.

Mr. Hardinge's general doctrine is that translations must be absolutely faithful in form as well as in matter. His chief claim to a particular discovery of principle is that the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes in French must be represented in English by single and double rhymes. It is perhaps needless to say to any one possessed of an ear and of a knowledge of the two languages that this principle is utterly false. The final *e* of a French line has neither the metrical nor the rhythmical value of a full syllable, and the substitution of a full syllable for it in English, except in a very few instances, entirely alters the balance of the line. Let that pass, however. Mr. Hardinge vouchsafes examples from all ages of French poetry, though it

is rather odd that he mostly takes his examples from school-books. His descriptions of Thibaut of Champagne's poems as "troubadour singing" would seem to infer that he thinks that pleasant singer wrote in Provençal, which is a little unfortunate. However, he shall have the benefit of these doubts; and we will pass on to his version of Charles d'Orléans's famous "*Le temps a laissé son manteau*." Here Mr. Hardinge is very severe on Mr. Lang for giving the poem only twelve lines instead of fourteen. That is to say, he does not know that it is still a very moot point whether the strictest *rondel* form has thirteen lines or fourteen (the manuscript evidence being strongly in favour of thirteen), and that it is at least possible that Charles wrote only twelve. If any reader should ask how this is possible, we may explain in passing that the point is how often certain refrains are repeated. Critics who indulge in dogmatic condemnation on such points should give more evidence of full information than Mr. Hardinge does. However, let us take his version itself, remembering his standard of literal accuracy. "*De vent, de froidure et de pluie*" becomes in Mr. Hardinge's literal version "acold and wet from winter's prison." Mr. Hardinge has cut out the wind and generously put in winter and prison instead. "*Il n'y a beste ne oyseau Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crie*" becomes "No birds or beasts but sing and cry In jargon at this merry season." But the last stanza is the best example of Mr. Hardinge's stern determination to be literal. The French is—

Rivière, fontaine et ruisseau
Portent en livrée jolie,
Gouttes d'argent d'orfeverie,
Chacun s'habille de nouveau.

This becomes—

Rivers and springs and brooklets lie
Newliveried where the ice has wizen,
And on the freshening leas they chruten
Are silver studs for jewellery.

One may certainly say, Bless thee, Prince of Blois, thou art translated. We have not space to comment on other poems with which (notably one of Vauquelin de la Fresnaye's) Mr. Hardinge has taken similar liberties. In discussing the celebrated "*Avril*" of Belleau, he falls foul again of Mr. Lang with equally evil results. He wants to show that the rhythm of the poem is "anapestic, although it may be hammered into spondee." Technical prosody is a subject rather ungrateful to most readers; but we may, perhaps, mention that this unlucky remark shows that Mr. Hardinge knows very little about it. The anapest may, or may not, once have been a possible French foot, but there are no anapests in "*Avril*," and no human being could hammer it into spondee. It is obviously trochaic, and Mr. Lang, who does know something of metres, has treated it as such. If anybody insists that every French poem must be got into iamb, it is needless to remind classical scholars that, with a slight change of base, almost any trochaic rhythm can be made iambic. But anapests are unnecessary and spondee impossible. This, be it observed, is not a question of opinion; it is one of scientific fact. More impressive to the average reader, however, will be a little misfortune of Mr. Hardinge's as to *Passerat's* May Day Ode. A translator of French poetry might at least be expected to know French. Mr. Hardinge, we fear, does not. *Passerat* wrote, "*En ce monde n'a du plaisir, Qui ne s'en donne*." That is to say, as any schoolgirl will tell Mr. Hardinge, "In this world none has pleasure but he who gives himself some"; or, as Mr. Lang fairly enough represents it,

In this world he hath no pleasure
That will none of it.

Mr. Hardinge translates—

There's naught in life that's worth desire
From it removed—

which is nonsense in itself, and has nothing to do with the original. In the same poet's *Vallanelle* this upbraider of selfish, careless translators gives us "Death no more my heart's appaller," for "Mort! que tant de fois j'appelle." Does Mr. Hardinge *par hazard* think that "appeller" means "to appall"?

We have unluckily no space to go through this amazing monument of conceited incompetence. That Mr. Hardinge makes *Gilbert*, in the well-known elegiac ode on himself, remark, "In life's gay feasting hall a luckless reveller bidden, One hour I sit one hour I die," as if the session and the death were alternative and recurrent, is perhaps only a slip of expression, as the remarkable statement that *André Chénier* wrote verses on "*the scream* between Calais and Dover" is perhaps only an example of amiable historic confusion. Two more instances, however, of the sort of work which finds room in one of the chief English reviews must be given. It is *à propos* of the *Juana* of Musset, whom by the way, he always speaks of as *De Musset*, that Mr. Hardinge is so very severe on Mr. Lang's loose renderings. In the same poem, over which he has thrown an air of vulgar burlesque, he has himself mixed "thee" and "you" in the fashion of the clumsiest schoolboy verse, has rendered "*Qu'à l'hiver sans qu'il y paraisse*," "It seems a jest: come next December," and "*Et toi qui ne t'en souviens pas*," "You whose sweet heart no memory trieth," makes "lady" rhyme constantly, more *Scotorum*, to "ready," and converts "*Et la diabolique journée*" into "That day-long frolic of Geheuna." This, however, is as nothing to the havoc he works with *Théophile Gautier's* glorious piece on Art. This is at once the lesson and the model of

absolute formal perfection in poetry, and here is Mr. Hardinge's version of its second stanza:—

No false constraint I crave for;
But, Muse, to walk you need
To have your
Buskin to fit indeed.

"Théo" was the most good-natured of men, but it is perhaps lucky for Mr. Hardinge, after giving such a rhyme as "crave for" and "have your" as an equivalent of Gautier's exquisite work, that his own head is not in the place of that "tête de Turc" on which the athletic poet used to delight "amener deux cents."

We have done with Mr. Hardinge, and perhaps some of our readers may think that we have taken too much trouble with him. Unluckily, when anybody furnished by chance or injudicious friends with a good tall pulpit, speaks with an air of authority from that pulpit on subjects which the general public does not understand, he runs a fair chance of being accepted as an oracle, if he is not duly taken down from his perch. Literary criticism is enormously voluminous nowadays, and it can only justify itself by being based on the most accurate and extensive knowledge. Mr. Hardinge's knowledge is very far from being accurate or extensive. But he has done more than merely criticize. He might very justly have found fault with the looseness of much modern translation, and though we do not think that his own suggestions for drawing the cord tighter are very happy, his opinion might at least have stood for what it is worth. But the copious specimens of professedly improved translation which he has volunteered take him out of the category of mere critics. He has undertaken not merely to break a stone, but to make a stone, and a very pretty stone, indeed, he has made. With considerable wisdom, he has not given the originals of his versions, and as those originals are not in the possession of everybody, the unfaithfulness which is one of his own chief faults is likely to escape notice. If, on the other hand, these specimens had been modestly put forth by themselves, as an attempt asking for judgment, they might have deserved milder treatment. But inaccurate criticism accompanied by feeble performance, bad work accompanied by arrogant censure of much better work—this is a combination which it behoves watchful censors in their turn not to pass without notice. Mr. Hardinge appears to have some metrical faculty, and may possibly, for aught we know, be a successful adapter of words for music. Very few people (unfortunately) attend to the words of a song nowadays, and so Mr. Hardinge's "Day-long frolics of Gehenna" and "have your" rhyming to "crave for," and all the rest of it, may serve their turn well enough. But when rubbish of this sort is put forth with a flourish of trumpets as precious art-work, it is time to bestir oneself. Mr. Hardinge remarks, with profundity, "making verse translations is, after all, very like making jam." He does not (though "have your" and "crave for" might seem to indicate this) mean discords, but pots. We can only say that, if his own translations remind us of any fictile products, it is of those which Robinson Crusoe produced on a memorable occasion. But the good Robinson did not, if we remember rightly, send his masterpieces for exhibition, with a legend commenting on the glaring and detrimental nature of the defects of the work of less-favoured potters.

PARISIAN THEATRES.

THE theatres of Paris, like those of London, are suffering from a dearth of new plays. The old authors, so say the managers, have ceased to write, and no new ones present themselves. The Ambigu is still playing *Nana*, but the literature of the muck-heap, as we feel disposed to describe the later works of M. Zola, is so little to our taste that we did not go to see it. Those who have done so admit that they were disappointed. Impropriety and audacity have been excised, and dullness alone remains. The Chatelet shows no signs of abandoning that curious medley of ballet, circus, farce, and drama (we class the ingredients in the order of their importance) called *Michel Strogoff*; the Porte St.-Martin has filled a gap by reviving our old friend *Trente Ans; ou la vie d'un Joueur*; and the Vaudeville has fallen back on *La Princesse Georges* and *Une Visite de Noce*. The Gymnase has tempted fortune with a new comedy in three acts called *Monte Carlo*, in which the audience has the satisfaction of seeing an exact reproduction of one of M. Blanc's gaming saloons, and some amusing illustrations of the odd superstitions of gamblers; but the intrigue is poor, and the acting not particularly good. There is, however, one novelty sufficiently important to be noticed in detail. It is by M. François Coppée, one of the three most popular of living French poets, the other two being M. Leconte de Lisle and M. Théodore de Banville. M. Coppée's historic drama, *Madame de Maintenon*, in a prologue and five acts, in verse, which has just appeared at the Odéon, is the most ambitious work that he has yet attempted, if we except another five-act drama, also in verse, *La Guerre de Cent Ans*, which appears in his published works, but which no manager has yet been bold enough to mount. The action of the prologue takes place in the house of Scarron, in 1660. Françoise d'Aubigné, before she became his wife, had been beloved by Antoine de Méran, a young Huguenot, who has just returned to France after a ten years' absence. They were only children in those days; but she had never forgotten her boy-lover, and his exile had been cheered by the hope of finding her free on his return.

Antoine departs for America, taking with him his young brother. Before he goes, however, Mme. Scarron gives him a hymn-book as a keepsake, in which she has written her own name and his, with the words "Au revoir" and the date. The play begins fifteen years afterwards, when Mme. Scarron has become Mme. de Maintenon, and a great personage at Court. Her marriage with Louis XIV. is about to take place. She has, however, one determined enemy, the Minister Louvois, who watches her incessantly, and hopes, before it is too late, to find out something sufficiently to her discredit to induce his master to abandon his intention. At this juncture Samuel de Méran, the brother of Antoine, and his living image, returns from America. Antoine is dead, and has charged Samuel to give back the hymn-book to Mme. de Maintenon with his own hands. In it he has written, under the former inscription, the word "Adieu." Louvois observes her confusion when Samuel is announced, and her emotion as she takes the book. We should here mention that a Huguenot conspiracy is going on, the Edict of Nantes having been revoked, chiefly through the influence of La Maintenon, as the Huguenots believe. In the second act we assist at a meeting of the conspirators, of whom the chief is a M. de Croix St.-Paul. Samuel de Méran has been induced to join them, and listens to a proposal made by an envoy of William of Orange to aid them with a considerable force, on the condition of receiving certain French towns in exchange for his assistance. The terms are about to be accepted, when Samuel bursts out with an appeal to their patriotism, which so changes the feeling of the meeting that only two votes are recorded in favour of the proposition. M. de St.-Paul, who sees that all action is now hopeless, suspects treachery on the part of Samuel, whose interview with the hated Maintenon has become known to him. Thereupon, to try his sincerity, he proposes to him to assist in a plot to seize the person of the young Duke of Burgundy as a hostage. Samuel accepts. Louvois, however, is informed of the plot, and of Samuel's share in it. He has also become possessed of the famous hymn-book, and imagines, not unnaturally, that Antoine de Méran had not only been the lover of Mlle. d'Aubigné, but that Samuel is her son. The plot fails; Samuel and the others are arrested, and the proofs of Mme. de Maintenon's supposed infidelity are placed in the King's hands. In the fourth act the King holds a Cabinet Council in Mme. de Maintenon's bed-chamber, after which she begs the life of Samuel. Then comes the most dramatic scene in the play. The King discloses to her his knowledge of the existence of the hymn-book, and his conviction that Samuel is her son. In vain she denies the accusation, the King refuses to believe her; he signs the pardon, however, and hands it to her, but under the terrible condition that if she makes use of it she must at once leave the Court. Placed in such an alternative, she hesitates for a moment; but her eyes fall on Antoine's gift, which the King had left with her, and she determines to sacrifice her ambition to save the life of his brother. She hurries to the prison, and implores Samuel to accept the pardon. He, however, suspected by his Huguenot friends, who, as they pass on their way to the scaffold, cry "Judas" at him, prefers death to a dishonoured life, tears the paper, and joins his comrades as the curtain falls.

In this analysis we have kept ourselves strictly to the main outlines of the play. There are, however, many interesting episodes, and allusions to passing events, cleverly introduced so as to help the accuracy of the historical picture, the fidelity of which is further assisted by a scrupulously exact *mise-en-scène* and correct dresses. We gather, therefore, as the play proceeds, a very clear notion of the atmosphere of plot and counterplot in which the "Grand Monarque" lived; and of the difficulties with which Mme. de Maintenon had to contend in mounting step by step the ladder of her high ambition. After all, however, what was M. Coppée's leading idea in writing *Madame de Maintenon*, viewing the work not as a history, but as a play? We think it is clear that he meant his great scene to be that in which the alternative of Samuel de Méran's life or the crown of France is proposed to Mme. de Maintenon. Such being the case, we submit that under his treatment of the situation curiosity may be excited, but that is all. For, after all, what is the young man to her? He is only the brother of a Huguenot who had never been seriously her lover, and with whom she had had only a single interview (that in the prologue) since she was twelve years old. His life or death could not, therefore, move her greatly; and the scenes in which she recalls the memory of Antoine, and so passionately pleads with the King for Samuel's life, and then entreats him to accept the proffered pardon, sound like "a tale of little meaning, though the words be strong."

The part of Mme. de Maintenon has been taken by Mme. Fargueil. She is, or rather has been, an excellent actress; but years have told upon her, and her voice is hardly strong enough for the size of the Théâtre de l'Odéon. Moreover, she has never had many opportunities of speaking verse. M. Lacroix, who plays Louis XIV., labours under similar disadvantages. The brothers de Méran are acted by M. Chelles, a young actor, who has only lately returned to the Parisian stage from Russia. We saw him a few months ago in *Jack*, a play founded on Daudet's powerful novel; and his present admirable performance does but confirm the favourable opinion we then formed of him. If he goes on as he has begun, he may in a few years be one of the first of French actors. The minor parts are all respectably performed.

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, which was one of the pieces revived at the Comédie Française for the anniversary of last autumn, has been lately given again. Great care has been

taken to present it exactly as it was originally given before Louis XIV. at the Château de Chambord, October 14, 1670; so as to give as accurate an idea as is now possible of one of the Court entertainments of that period. The dresses have been studied from contemporary authorities, and the original music and ballets are all introduced. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than this combination of historical research, graceful movements, agreeable sounds, and admirable acting. The absurdity of the situations into which M. Jourdain is led by his love of great people and their ways is enhanced by the pomp and circumstance with which he is now surrounded. For instance, when the tailor brings home his new suit of clothes, and directs his servants to put them on "in the manner they use with people of quality," the whole business is done solemnly to the sound of music, the tailors gravely dancing round and round him, while some undress him, and others, still dancing, present each new article of dress. The fun, of course, culminates in the *Cérémonie Turque*, when he is initiated into the faith of Mahomet, a scene to which the magnificent architecture of the hall in which it is played, and the rich colours of the oriental dresses, impart the splendour of a picture by Veronese. M. Thiron plays M. Jourdain with infinite humour, and a total absence of vulgarity; and Mlle. Jouassain impersonates his wife with equal ability. The natural high spirits of Mlle. Samary stand her in good stead as Nicole; and, though she may not have all the graces of Mlle. Augustine Brohan, whom we saw in the part some years ago, yet she plays it with much liveliness and spirit. We must not forget either M. Truffier, the "maitre de danse," who dances as gracefully as if he had been a ballet-master all his life; or M. Göt, who glorifies the small part of Le Mufti into a great comic impersonation; or M. Delaunay, who displays a charming humour as the Turkish Prince. The *Cérémonie*, as presided over by him, is alone worth going to see.

The Parisian public, as we expected, has declined to make *La Princesse de Bagdad* the success that was expected by the author and M. Perrin. The Comédie has, therefore, been constrained to produce a new piece—a comedy in three acts—called *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, by M. Pailleron, the only one of the older writers still available. He is known as the successful author of *Les Faux Ménages*, a powerful but disagreeable piece in four acts, played at the Français in 1869; and of several triffles, of which the latest and prettiest, *L'Étincelle*, is so popular in Paris, and was so strangely misunderstood in London. *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie* is a bright and bustling comedy of modern life, dealing with literary and scientific people, their parasites, and their imitators. More than twenty characters take part in the action, in some of which well-known persons may be recognized; and the dialogue, which is full of hits at the follies of the day, is unusually brilliant. It is needless to say that it is admirably acted by the principal artists of the company. Before concluding, we may mention a curious experiment that M. Perrin is about to make. Having been reproached for not giving the younger artists an opportunity of appearing, he has determined to present them "standing staring altogether," in a solemn revival of *Le Mariage de Figaro*. Mlle. Barretta will play Suzanne, M. Coquelin cadet Figaro, and so forth. We shall await the result with interest; but we can hardly look forward to a success. Indeed, we much doubt whether M. Perrin is anxious to achieve one.

We are sorry to see that the veteran actor M. Ravel died last week. He had been on the stage for nearly half a century. In his younger days he acted at the Théâtre du Palais Royal with Arnal, Bouffé, and Lesueur, and his name will be found among the performers in most of the celebrated pieces that made the reputation of the Theatre at that time. Like his greater contemporaries, however, he did not merely excite laughter. He had considerable command of pathos, and was thus enabled, as he grew older, to play parts less directly farcical, as, for instance, that "very foolish fond old man," Brigard, in *Froufrou*.

REFUNDING THE UNITED STATES DEBT.

THE new Secretary of the United States Treasury has put forward a refunding plan, which, in many respects, is not a little remarkable. The portion of the United States Debt bearing 5 and 6 per cent. interest falls due in the present year; and, at the meeting of Congress in December last, Mr. Sherman, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, recommended a plan of refunding which, in principle, was adopted by Congress; but the Bill, as it ultimately passed, departed from the Secretary's recommendations in two material particulars. It reduced the rate of interest from 3½ to 3 per cent.; and, as Congress doubted whether the bonds at that rate of interest would be freely taken in the open market, it made it compulsory on the national banks to hold the new bonds as security for their note issues. The banks objected so strongly to this latter condition that they began to surrender their right of issue, for that purpose calling in the loans made by them for short periods. The public took alarm, fearing that they could not obtain the accommodation they required; and for a while it looked as if there would be a panic in New York. The interest paid on money for a few days reached for a little time the rate of 300 to 400 per cent. per annum; the prices of Stock Exchange securities fell from 10 to 20 per cent.; and, in short, so great was the disturbance, that the President vetoed the Bill. The

incident happened at a most inconvenient moment. The old Congress was about to come to an end in a day or two; and, at the same time, the President himself was about to go out of office, with his whole Cabinet. It is a striking instance of the difference between the governmental systems of England and the United States that the President, just at the very end of his term, had the courage to veto a Bill which had passed both Houses of Congress, and that in doing so he had the support of the public generally. When the new President entered upon his administration, he found himself in this difficult position. A portion of the Debt amounting to about 140 millions sterling was about to fall due, and no provision had been made by Congress with which to meet it. It is true that the Debt was merely payable—that is to say, need not necessarily be paid off. But the credit of the United States was good enough to reduce interest to 3½ per cent., and it would, therefore, be sheer waste to go on paying 5 and 6 per cent. Besides, the money market could hardly be expected to settle down and confidence to be restored while the refunding question remained in suspense. Yet there was a general fear that, if the matter was again referred to Congress, the disturbance might be repeated. The question, then, for the new President and his Cabinet to consider was, What was to be done? Here in England we should answer at once, "Call Congress together, and let it decide." But, as we have said, in the United States there was a very strong popular feeling against calling Congress together. This unwillingness to remit the matter to Congress affords striking evidence of the low estimation in which representative government is held in the United States. *A priori* one would think that a more unsatisfactory way of selecting an administration could not be devised than the American. Candidates for the Presidency are nominated by conventions of delegates, elected outside the law at hole-and-corner party meetings, and without any legal assurance whatsoever that there is a *bona fide* election; and the candidates are selected on the principle of excluding the best known and the ablest man. Yet, as a matter of fact, the President enjoys the confidence of the public in a far higher degree than does Congress, as is proved most strikingly by the case before us. The new Secretary of the Treasury went to New York to consult with the leading bankers from all parts of the country, and unanimously they urged upon him not to call Congress together, but to adopt a plan himself, for the express purpose of settling the matter without reference to the representatives of the people. And this course the Secretary has in fact adopted, with almost universal approval.

The plan is this. Mr. Windom has called in the whole of the 6 per cent. bonds, amounting in round numbers to about 39 millions sterling; but he has added a proviso that any holder of these bonds who wishes may send them into the Treasury with the request that a new agreement shall be stamped upon their face reducing the rate of interest from 6 per cent. to 3½ per cent., and that then they shall be allowed to stand out. It is contended by Mr. Windom and the bankers generally that this is not a new borrowing; and possibly, in strict law, it may not be so. Unquestionably there is not a new bond executed—that is to say, the old bond is not destroyed and a new one substituted for it. Yet, if we put aside special pleading, and look at the matter from a plain common-sense point of view, it appears clear that a new contract is really entered into. The Secretary of the Treasury calls in the 6 per cent. bonds, and by the fact of doing so it would seem clear that they have ceased to be current, and ought to be paid off and cancelled. Instead of doing so, however, at the request of the holders of the bonds or a proportion of them, he substitutes a 3½ per cent. rate of interest for a 6 per cent. Surely this is a new borrowing to all intents and purposes. At any rate, if not a new borrowing, it is a new contract. It is a prolongation of an old loan on new conditions, and, according to all the principles of representative government, it would seem that this cannot and ought not to be done by a Minister without authority from the legislature. Mr. Windom and those who approve his course, however, contend that an authority from Congress is not required; that the holder of the bonds is perfectly competent, if he pleases, to take 3½ per cent. instead of 6 per cent., and that the Secretary merely complies with his request; that the Secretary is not bound to pay off the Debt, and is not bound to pay a higher rate of interest than the holder of the bonds is willing to accept. It will be understood that we are not here examining the legality of the act. Our object rather is to call attention to the wide latitude which American Ministers claim for themselves and which American public opinion allows where here in England we should hold our Chancellor of the Exchequer to the strict letter of the law. It is remarkable, too, that the banks do not appear to entertain a doubt as to the binding character of the reduced bond. Should any one choose to question the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, it possibly might be held that he had exceeded his powers, and that this new contract is not binding. In that case the question would arise whether the old bonds had expired, and whether the new contract could be enforced. Yet public opinion in the United States seems to have decided that it is perfectly safe to accept this arrangement with the Secretary, and it is generally expected that the new plan will be successful. It is announced furthermore that the Secretary of the Treasury has already sent an agent to London to receive the bonds of the European holders who may wish to retain them at the reduced rate of interest, and no doubt is felt that here also the plan will be accepted. If this should prove to be the case, and the great majority of the 6 per cent. bonds are retained by the present holders, the Secretary will pro-

ceed to do the same with the 5 per cents., which amount to about 100 millions sterling or a little over. But if the general expectation should be disappointed, and a large number of holders should prefer to receive their money rather than to enter into a new contract for which there is no Congressional authority, the Secretary of the Treasury has the means of satisfying them, so far at least as the 6 per cent. bonds are concerned. He holds at present a very large amount of cash in the Treasury, by means of which he can pay off a considerable amount of the bonds, and, if this fund should be exhausted without paying off all the bonds presented for payment, he possesses, or believes that he possesses, authority to issue new 4½ per cent. bonds to the amount of 21 millions sterling. By an Act passed some years ago for refunding the debt at a lower rate of interest, the Secretary of the Treasury was empowered to issue a certain amount of 4½ per cent. bonds, which he never exhausted, finding that he could equally well issue 4 per cents., and, of course, preferring the bonds bearing the lower rate of interest. The present Secretary of the Treasury contends that the power which is given under this old Act has not expired; and, we believe, that in this contention he is supported by Mr. Sherman, and by the present and past Attorneys-General. The contention would seem, to English notions at least, open to question. The Act to which we refer was passed for the purpose of refunding a portion of the Debt then about to fall due, and the authority given to the Secretary of the Treasury was to issue bonds bearing various rates of interest, but all in the aggregate not exceeding a certain amount. The Secretary of the Treasury preferred to issue the whole amount of 4 per cents. which he was empowered to do, and it would, therefore, seem that all his powers were exhausted. But Mr. Windom contends that this is not so, and he is prepared, as we have said, to issue 21 millions sterling of 4½ per cents. if the necessity should arise. In all this criticism, we repeat, we are expressing no opinion as to the legality of the steps taken by the Secretary of the Treasury. Our object, as we have already said, is to bring out the difference of practice as regards a money matter, on which generally there is so much jealousy of the Executive, that prevails in the two great English-speaking nations, both equally attached to freedom. Here in England, the most powerful and the most popular Chancellor of the Exchequer would never be allowed to strain to such an extent an Act of Parliament, and, indeed, it may be doubted whether the most autocratic Minister that England has seen for the last hundred years would ever think of assuming so much authority. It is to this point, and to the low esteem into which Congress has fallen in the United States, that we would direct attention. We are content to assume that the Secretary of the Treasury is acting upon the best legal advice, and that he will be sustained in his opinion by the decision of the courts, should the question ever be brought to a judicial issue.

As legal doubts do not seem to be felt, it is highly probable that the holders of the Fives and Sixes will generally consent to retain their bonds at the reduced rate of interest. It is perfectly certain that the credit of the United States is good enough to borrow at 3½ per cent., and perhaps even at a little lower; and, therefore, the holders will feel that they cannot make a better bargain than to receive at par the new 3½ per cents., which probably in the course of a very little while will rise considerably above par, and thus what they lose in interest they will gain in principal. Here in Europe, too, the same considerations will have their effect, though it is possible that in Europe there may be stronger doubts entertained of the legality of what the Secretary is doing. Still, the bargain is a tempting one, and it is probable that the Secretary's plan will be highly successful. Assuming that it is so, the process of reducing the United States Debt will go on at an accelerated rate. Between the close of the Civil War and the end of last June about 160 millions sterling of the United States Debt was paid off, and at the same time the charge of the Debt, partly by these payments and partly by refunding, was reduced to about one-half. During the current financial year, which our readers will remember begins with July, there has been a further very large amount of debt paid off. And it is probable that a still larger amount will be paid off in the course of the next few months. Indeed, at present the rate of reducing the Debt is, at the very lowest, 20 millions sterling a year. When the reduction of interest is effected, all the interest saved will be available for paying off debt, and thus every saving effected goes to amplify the means for wiping off debt. It is extremely probable, therefore, as is generally assumed, that in the course of the next fifteen years the Debt of the United States will have disappeared, provided always, of course, that there is not such another panic, followed by a long depression, as was witnessed in 1873. The Secretary of the Treasury's plan is, as we have said, simply to leave the old bonds outstanding, so that they can be paid off as rapidly as he has the means of doing so. Up to the present the bonds have run for a fixed period certain, at the end of which period only the right of redemption arose; but now these "extended" bonds, as they are called, will be payable at any time the Secretary chooses to call them in, and he will, therefore, have it in his power to use the entire surplus at his disposal in the reduction of debt as rapidly as it accumulates.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

DESPITE the absence of Mr. Burne Jones, whose loss is now deplored with every outward token of sincerity in quarters where his talent was the least admired, the exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery presents a very interesting and varied display of artistic work. Strange to say, it is more than usually strong in the kind of painting that is popularly supposed to have no claim upon its hospitality. The higher forms of imaginative design suffer no neglect, and the examples in this kind contributed by Mr. Watts are among the artist's most successful achievements. Sir Coutts Lindsay also sends a large and powerful composition in illustration of Dante, and Mr. Britten and Mr. Richmond are represented by important canvasses of a decorative character. But it nevertheless remains true that some of the most impressive work in the Gallery belongs distinctly to the realm of realistic art. Portrait and landscape, which offer the noblest employment for the resources of realism, have rarely been so fully or so powerfully represented. In the place of honour in the East Gallery hangs a portrait by Mr. E. J. Gregory, which is truly a masterly performance in its kind. Mr. Gregory interprets character in no spirit of compromise. He is ever on the look out for the beauty and refinement that belong to his own art, and there is, indeed, beauty of a very high order in the work before us; but he does not seek by any means to soften the facts of nature, or to enhance the charm of his subject by substituting a face and form of his own creation. He is, in short, a vigorous realist, armed in an exceptional degree with the technical power needed to reproduce his impressions. And yet, underlying and controlling these technical gifts, we may detect a fine sense of style, by the aid of which the painter is able to give to the most literal and veracious copy of nature a certain dignity of its own. Mr. Gregory, as may be judged from this example of his work, is also a gifted colourist. The painting of the flesh tones in the face, and the execution of the white satin dress, could only have proceeded from an artist whose taste and perception are as highly cultivated as his hand. It is impossible, in looking at this remarkable portrait, not to be reminded, as much, perhaps, by force of contrast as by resemblance, of the portraiture of Mr. Millais. There are two pictures by the popular painter in the present exhibition; and in both of them there is an ample display of power. The first is a version of the same face and form that have served as the model in *Cinderella*; the second—which may almost be considered a sketch on a large scale—is a half-length portrait of Mrs. Perugini. In the skill bestowed upon isolated passages of his work, Mr. Millais can always, when he so chooses, place himself beyond the reach of rivalry, and he may equally be said to stand alone in the extraordinary sympathy which he can command with the most opposite types of character. What he lacks in his art is just that feeling for unity of effect which forms such a marked characteristic of Mr. Gregory's work. With the strength of a giant in all that concerns the rendering of particular realities either of colour, texture, or surface, he nevertheless constantly misses that subtle element of harmony which is needed to bring the separate portions of his work into right relation. This defect, it must be said, is always least prominent in compositions of only a single figure, such as the delightful child portrait here exhibited. The colouring of the face, of the most brilliant quality, is skilfully supported by the masterly rendering of the fair tones of the dress, and both again are powerfully enforced by the dark background which encompasses and defines the figure. In the same panel hangs the work of an artist whose realism is of a wholly different order. Mr. Holman Hunt, whose head of Professor Owen recalls the manner of the early German painters, leaves about his painting the traces of effort. The result, however admirable, is evidently gained by much labour. It represents a complex and minute process of execution applied to effects of light and colour that are sometimes of the most fleeting character, and thus it will sometimes happen that, though each separate touch may be verified by the witness of nature, the work as a whole misses the force and magic of illusion. Allowing, however, for these limitations of style, which belong to the general system of his art, and affect the quality of his invention no less than the technical character of the execution, this portrait of Professor Owen may be regarded as a very remarkable example of the painter's powers. Though the character of the face has been laboriously built up, as it were, by a series of separate and independent touches, it carries at last an impression of force and power. The truth would seem to be that Mr. Hunt's peculiar method is specially adapted to the rendering of features strongly and definitely marked. It succeeds less completely in giving the freshness and beauty of youth where the emphasis of detail is always in danger of overpowering the truth of the general impression. Here, it must be confessed, the realism of Mr. Millais, though less searching and methodical, comes nearer to illusion. Among other examples of vigorous portraiture to be found in the exhibition, the several heads contributed by Mr. Collier occupy a prominent place. The likeness of Lady Lawrence is remarkable for an original and effective treatment of light and shade; but perhaps the work that displays to greatest advantage Mr. Collier's masculine manner of working is the head of Mr. Walter Pollock, where the execution is wonderfully free, certain, and effective. There is here no appearance of labour, and yet the slightness and liberty of method yield a result of strength and solidity. In the portraiture of Mr. Richmond, of which there

are numerous and interesting examples, we come upon work of widely different aim. Mr. Richmond scarcely attempts to imitate texture and surface either in the flesh-painting or in the rendering of costumes. He finds his success upon refinement and completeness of design, and is content for the most part with broad and simple effects of colour. Perhaps the most complete expression of his style is given in the seated figure of the Bishop of Salisbury, which, according to its own standard, deserves to rank among the most remarkable portraits of the year. But this sentiment for beauty of outline and delicacy of modelling which belongs to Mr. Richmond's work is most happily employed upon the faces of women and children, and the portraits of Miss Holland and Mrs. Lyulph Stanley in the large room, to which may be added the graceful head of the Princess Louise, are admirable instances of what may be achieved by a painter who deliberately renounces many of the qualities of realistic colour which are commonly sought for in portraiture. We must not omit from the list of works in this class the contributions of Mr. Frank Holl, executed with an even and sustained vigour of handling, and marked by a firm grasp of individual character; and we may also direct attention to the several portraits by Mr. Hallé, and to a solidly painted head by Mr. Partington, a Manchester artist of ability and promise.

The array of landscapes in the exhibition is scarcely of inferior interest. In the East Gallery hangs a large and impressive study of the mountain scenery of Wales by Mr. Herkomer. For a work executed out of doors and in direct contact with nature, it displays remarkable unity and concentration of effect. There is no excessive elaboration of detail, though the rocky surface of the foreground is carefully and completely rendered; but there is in every part of the picture a fine sense of the quality and value of colour. With a canvas of these dimensions, and with a subject that has no incident to divert or distract attention, it would have been easy to have failed where Mr. Herkomer has succeeded. Anything less than the refinement of sentiment and of observation that he has brought to his task would inevitably have suggested the criticism that such a theme did not deserve to be treated on this extended scale. But Mr. Herkomer has avoided the reproach of emptiness by the delicate beauty of his colouring, and he has justified the choice of a large canvas by the solemn and dignified impression which he has succeeded in producing. In the next room hangs a landscape, of almost equal dimensions, by Mr. Mark Fisher, a painter who loves to depict the pastoral scenery of France, and who betrays in his method the influence of certain masters of the French school. As a representation of the season of spring the picture is possibly open to the objection that the general scheme of colouring is needlessly subdued. It would have been a more complete triumph for the artist if he had succeeded in infusing the same spirit of tranquillity that now animates his work into a composition of stronger and more vivid tone. But, according to the view that he has chosen to take of his subject, the picture deserves little but praise. The colour, though not of great strength, has admirable quality, and the execution is wonderfully broad and simple in character. There is no affectation of mastery, no failure anywhere of the power needed to give effect to his purpose; and in these respects the picture might serve as a model of style to the school of landscape-painters who are disposed to force certain portions of their work into competition with nature and to smudge and smear the remainder. Mr. Lawson's landscapes naturally attract a considerable amount of attention in the Grosvenor Gallery, for it was through these annual exhibitions that his talent was first made widely known to the public. It is gratifying to find upon the testimony of the several works bearing his name that the artist has taken a new departure in the manner of his painting, and that he is able to vary and extend his scheme of colour. Such art as this, with its strong admixture of poetical sentiment, stands in need of constant refreshment from the study of nature. The qualities for which it is most admired may easily be transformed into conventional defects, unless the painter is careful to keep his imagination always supplied with fresh material. Mr. Lawson has found inspiration for his recent work in the picturesque scenery of Yorkshire, and his two principal pictures illustrate the beauties of wild moorland and fruitful vale with a power and completeness of effect that he had not before attained. The "Valley of Desolation," with its sharp contrast of blue sky and lowering cloud, and its wide expanse of barren heath, is marked by a kind of dramatic quality that is especially rare in modern landscape. The colouring, it may be added, has a greater distinctness than has been usual in Mr. Lawson's later works, and there is an equal sense of mystery without the same sacrifice of definition in form. We may add to the list of landscapes the "Forget-me-Nots" of Alfred Parsons, the view of a Berkshire hill by Keeley Halsewelle, and the delicate studies of Algerian scenery by Mr. Barclay. Mr. Howard, Mr. Walter Craze, Mr. Phil. Morris, and Mr. Buxton Knight are also among the contributors in this class.

OTHELLO AT THE LYCEUM.

THE performances given of *Othello* on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at the Lyceum Theatre are remarkable, not only for the appearance of three great performers in the parts of Othello and Iago and Desdemona, but also for a completeness of cast and a well-tempered beauty of mounting which probably have never been surpassed, if, indeed, they have ever been rivalled. We can-

not point even to a suggestion of incompetence in any part, however subordinate; while the more important characters are played with a spirit and success which might atone for other shortcomings if they existed. To this we shall recur after speaking of the performance of the three leading parts. Of Mr. Booth's Othello we have already written at some length. The impression given by his representation at the Princess's of the truth of his conception and the skill and daring of his execution of the part is, as might have been foreseen, deepened by his appearance in circumstances so much more favourable. The chivalry, the poetry, the dignity of the part seem now more marked than they were before. The valiant Othello, as represented by Mr. Booth, has nothing of the savagery which has been imported into the character by actors whose gifts have sometimes blinded their audiences to what strikes us as the radical defect in their idea of the character. It is difficult to reconcile the notion of the not only blind, but absolutely degrading, fury which has on some occasions been attributed to Othello either with his winning such a wife as Brabantio's daughter, with the high repute in which he is held by the magnificoes, or with the account given of his nature by Iago, not to others, but to himself in soliloquy. Mr. Booth's Othello feels it as a bitter degradation to have threatened Iago, under the influence of the strongest passion, with his dagger, and to have asked him to set on his wife to observe. He would be incapable of actually kicking the prostrate body of an uncomplaining person whom he takes to be his friend. The chivalrous and romantic idea of the character which is illustrated by such points as these is, as we have said, more successfully apparent now than it was when Mr. Booth played the part amid surroundings which were not worthy of him; and there are some special points in his representation which gain so much from the changed atmosphere, that it is worth while to dwell upon them once again. Among these are the complete command and dignity of "Keep up your bright swords," the playing of the very difficult scene in which the Moor is employed at one moment in welcoming Lodovico and at the next in letting loose his waked wrath on Desdemona, and the throwing away—already referred to—of the dagger with which he threatens Iago. The speech to the Senate tells now much better than it did before, but we still have to object to the leading up to the point of "and I loved her that she did pity them," which mars the full effect of the line "This only is the witchcraft I have used." It must be noted, however, that this line is given with a complete dignity, which before it seemed to lack. So also in the great scene with Iago, the overpowering effect of Othello's passion, the more terrible because it is restrained by the sense of dignity which should belong to a great general, seems greater. In thus repeating our admiration for Mr. Booth's at once strong and romantic Othello we have only two criticisms to add. The lines

I kiss'd thee ere I killed thee: no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

are so completely in consonance with the actor's conception of the character—which we take to be the true one—that their omission seems markedly unfortunate. The only other fault we have to find is a matter of stage management rather than of acting. There seems to us to be a certain want of dignity in the double action which Mr. Booth employs with his sword in the scene of the brawl. To strike up the swords of the quarrellers would surely be enough without making a second downward stroke at Cassio's blade.

Mr. Irving's Iago had been eagerly expected. It had long been thought that he might play this part with signal success; but perhaps even his most constant, by which we do not mean his blind-est, admirers may not have been prepared for the completeness of the success which he has attained. That the performance would be charged with thought, invention, and the highest skill in some directions could be easily foreseen. That the actor should, to these tolerably certain merits, add an entire throwing off of the mannerisms which have sometimes gone to injure his efforts was less to be expected. In this matter Mr. Irving curiously bore out Mr. Byron's very sensible theory that it is unsafe to judge a play or a player by a first night's performance. The fine qualities just referred to were present in Mr. Irving's Iago when he played it on Monday night, but they were then far less fully discernible than they were on Wednesday. On the first night some of his best effects came, compared with his subsequent performance, tardy off, in consequence no doubt of the nervousness which, as far as one can learn, all fine actors experience in undertaking a new and important part for the first time. With, as it seems to us, one exception, Mr. Irving shows us an ideal Iago; and this exception we take to the seriousness of the revengeful motive which he gives to the Ancient. He seems to take Iago's jealousy of Othello, if not of Cassio, with regard to Emilia as a real thing, and it has always seemed to us to be a kind of myth conjured up by Iago to at once excuse and amuse himself. Jealous he was undoubtedly, but hardly, perhaps, in that direction, and no lesser form of jealousy could be taken as an extenuating circumstance. However, Iago is from any point of view an extraordinarily complex character, and there is no doubt plenty of room for the idea which Mr. Irving seems to us to have adopted. Granted this, and, as it only comes forward in a very few passages, it can readily be granted, the actor's Iago seems to us first-rate all through both in conception and in execution. He is, in a sense different from the original one, all things to all men, the blunt reluctant counsellor of Othello, the pleasant travelled boon companion of Cassio, the complete man of the world who dazzles and honours Roderigo by taking him into his confidence, the rude yet fascinating husband to Emilia, and, in his own company, the

demi-devil who makes, at the risk and cost of his own undoing, the net that shall enmesh them all. It may be noted as a fine stroke of art that, except in soliloquy, he seems, through all the varying shades of character which he assumes a fellow of exceeding honesty. Mr. Irving conveys, by many fine touches, a sense of Iago's constant watchfulness over himself as well as over others. Thus, when he is left alone in the Sagittary, he thinks out his scheme with quick, but not unnaturally quick, astuteness; and, just as he is triumphing in the prospect of his success, footsteps are heard and guards with lighted torches pass along the corridor at the back. In an instant the whole nature of the man seems to change, and, in place of the plotting and exultant villain, we see a light-hearted soldier of fortune, who goes out towards and along the corridor carelessly humming a snatch of melody. In the first Cyprus scene Mr. Irving's delivery of the well-known speech beginning "She that was ever fair and never proud" seems to us as good as possible, as does his "aside" while Cassio is talking to Desdemona. There is another singularly fine touch in the subsequent soliloquy, "That Cassio loves her I do well believe it." In saying this to himself Mr. Irving's Iago has no hesitation; but when it comes to "That she loves him" he pauses, and the following words, "'tis apt, and of great credit," are the invention of a will which, for a moment puzzled, sees its way suddenly to solving a difficulty. We have already alluded to the signal merit of Mr. Irving's acting in the drinking scene, in which he sings capitally, introducing at one point, with good effect, a mandolin accompaniment, as we have to the honest reluctance with which he seems to give his evidence against Cassio. Close upon this, and upon his seemingly friendly cheering of Cassio, comes the soliloquy ending with "and out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all." The diabolical intensity of this was much aided by the impressive stillness of the actor until the last picturesque and meaning gesture of triumph.

The naturalness and seemingly easy strength hitherto displayed came out, as they should do, even more strongly in the scenes wherein the Moor changes with Iago's poison, and a scene admirably played by both actors comes to a fine conclusion with the perfect hypocrisy of Iago's "My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request," and Othello's following expression of trust and friendship. So, again, in the scene with Emilia and Desdemona, the expression of sympathy, interrupted only by the very well given speech to Emilia, "You are a fool; go to," seems as spontaneous and real as possible, as does the astonishment assumed at the supposed first discovery of the brawl in which Cassio is wounded and Rodrigo killed. The stage-management of this scene cannot be too highly praised. In this Mr. Irving, like Mr. Booth in the same part, introduces a very effective and obviously legitimate business by showing Iago on the point of making an end of Cassio with a stab in the back, when he is interrupted by the arrival of others, and changes his attitude with swift dexterity. The stoical endurance shown in the last scene, the extraordinarily significant delivery of the words, "I bleed, sir, but not killed," and the shrug of the shoulders as Iago, passing out with his hands shackled, looks round at Othello, make a worthy ending to what will surely rank as one of Mr. Irving's very finest impersonations. His bearing and his aspect throughout seem to us excellent, in spite of the amusing suggestion made by a critic who seems to have very odd ideas about the play in general, and about Iago in particular, that so honest a man as Iago passed for could not possibly wear so handsome a dress.

Miss Ellen Terry's Desdemona is, as might be expected, instinct with grace and tenderness, which are exhibited with especial beauty in the scene when and after Othello rates her for her supposed unfaithfulness. Of this we may have more to say after the performance of the play next week with Mr. Irving as Othello and Mr. Booth as Iago. Mr. Mead's Brabantio is at once stately and pathetic. Mr. Terries is by very far the best Cassio we have seen. He is soldier-like, is a gentleman even in his cups, and gives more point to the speeches about wine by carefully avoiding any suggestion of making points of them. Mr. Pinero, in Rodrigo, without a touch of exaggeration, gives an exact picture of the "silly gentleman," which Iago calls him, combining with much skill the ideas suggested by both words. Miss Pauncefort plays Emilia with some force and with much discretion; and Mr. Beaumont, as the Duke, displays the same dignity and good elocution which were observed in his Duke in the *Merchant of Venice*. The play is, as we have hinted, beautifully, but not excessively, mounted.

THE SPRING RACING.

THE profits as well as the pleasures of racing men must depend in great measure on the weather, and the proverbial uncertainty of the Turf is aggravated by the provoking eccentricities of our inscrutable climate. Commencing with the Craven Meeting, the spring racing has been carried on under singularly depressing circumstances on the "high places" affected to the national sport. For, with the single exception of Newmarket Heath, there are few bleaker spots in Southern England than Epsom Downs when the wind has been shifting from east to north. If confirmed wet is likely to be productive of surprises, protracted drought is sure to be prolific of the disappointments which leave sanguine backers "out in the cold," often without the satisfaction of a start for

their money. When the going is heavy over a muddy course, some obscure outsider with the power of a dray-horse may show to the front amid the shouts of the Ring, as in Dan O'Rourke's memorable Derby, when the winner started with 30 to 1 against him. But, when the ground has been parched to the consistency of iron, many promising horses may go to pieces in their gallops; and we may believe that it is to the present persistence of the easterly winds that we owe not a few of the recent sensations in the betting. Indeed, some animals that had been made warm favourites have been acknowledged to have broken down, like Mr. Crawford's St. Louis, who was credited with the honour of the Middle Park Plate; while the rumours in circulation about others have been partially confirmed, either by their being withdrawn from their engagements, or by their subsequent performances. And, even when a horse continues sound, the state of the ground may have interfered seriously with his preparation, or he may be withheld from a comparatively insignificant race to save him for some event of more consequence. It is certain that a phenomenal drought like the present must test the stamina of our best blood stock, and search out all the weak points in their constitutions. And, when we see so many of the expected starters come to the post with nothing wrong about their limbs and in high condition, it is not only creditable to the knowledge and care of the trainers, but generally reassuring after all we have heard of the growing degeneracy of the racehorse. But, if a dry season tries the soundness of the horse, it tests to the utmost the qualities of the jockey; and then, especially those who are prudent, will do well to consider before putting on the money who is likely to have the mount. Over deep and holding ground the simple secret with most horses is to sit still, with steady hands, and not to hustle prematurely. It is when the course is hard, when the pace must be regulated, and when the consequences of a cannon may be doubly serious, that the talent and coolness of the rider come into play. So they were wise in their generation who backed the wary and experienced Archer to win the City and Suburban on Bend Or.

Had there been a westerly wind and less chilly sunshine, the Craven Meeting would have been pleasant enough, though on this occasion the Craven Biennial was tame. As a rule, people go to the Craven less for the actual racing than to listen to the gossip of the Heath, and to get lights that may be useful in forthcoming transactions. This year the attendance was small, nor was there nearly so much as usual to be learned. The winners for the most part disposed very easily of indifferent fields; though in some instances, as is too often the case, the public performances woefully disappointed the reputations that had been formed on private trials. On the other hand, it is improbable or impossible that the results of this year's Craven will be sensationally reversed in any of the great summer or autumn races, as has not unfrequently happened before. The Craven Biennial, which was run on the opening day, has been associated with signal victories that have proved strikingly delusive. This year Tunis ran an exceedingly good horse, justifying his promise and character as a two-year-old; but it is certain that neither of the competitors he disposed of with ease can ever show to the front, either in the Derby or Lodger. There was far more interest in the race for the Craven Stakes on the Thursday, as conclusions might be drawn from it for guidance as to the Two Thousand Guineas. Great things had been expected of Monarch, the handsome son of Kingcraft. On the strength of satisfactory trials he was supposed to have been entrusted with the money of his stable, which was very strongly represented by no less than three favourites. But Monarch was in difficulties early in the race; he knocked up a long way from the finish; while Lord Rosebery's Cameliard won by half a length from his stable companion, Golden Plover, who had been kept back specially for these Craven Stakes. The pair met again in the Two Thousand, when the Newmarket running was confirmed; and Golden Plover must be ranked as one of those unlucky animals who are destined to land their friends in difficulties. Hitherto they have found excuses for him after each successive defeat, persistently continuing to take the odds, apparently on the principle of better luck next time.

Matters were better arranged this year at Epsom than last season. The meeting was compressed into a couple of days, and it did not clash with the gathering at Sandown. It may be said, on the whole, to have been favoured by the weather; for, although the first day was simply execrable, the second was exceptionally fine. But the number of spectators on Tuesday was small, and would certainly have been smaller had unfortunate amateurs realized all they were destined to undergo. We have seen the Derby run in a June snowstorm; but even in an English May it is happily somewhat unusual to have snow and sleet, with a violent thunderstorm. The course was white when the horses came out of the paddock for the Great Metropolitan Stakes, and the start was delayed besides by the sudden storm which sent the competitors back to shelter. But, if the customary inspection in the paddock was hurried over or altogether neglected, there was comparatively little cause for regret. There was little to be seen in the way of horseflesh that was much worth looking at; and what had promised at one time to be an unusually large field had dwindled down at the last to eight actual starters. It was a poor field, but it was a good race; and an outsider, with 30 to 1 offered against him, won an extremely exciting finish by something like a head. Brown Bess, a five-year-old, who had been rejected from the Fyfield Stable, and came in carrying a feather weight, must probably be content to rest her racing fame on the surprise of the Great Metropolitan Stakes. Those Londoners who indulge themselves in

a spring meeting at Epsom elect for the City and Suburban day as a matter of course; and on Wednesday, having assembled in their thousands, they had every reason to congratulate themselves on the obsequies. It was a big day in every respect; the stand was well filled and the hill was crowded; there was a big field for the great race, and not a few of the horses had great reputations; while the weather was nearly all that could be desired, and infinitely better than could have been expected. As might be supposed, when such rival cracks were to meet as Peter, winner of the Middle Park Plate; Bend Or, winner of the Derby; Potarch, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas; and Prestonpans, winner of the Liverpool Autumn Cup; there was much curiosity as to the result, and there had been strange fluctuations in the betting. "Strange," perhaps, we should hardly say, for among the horses that were most famous few were to be relied on. Peter had been signally beaten at Lincoln, while the Derby winner had disgraced himself in the Leger. Peter carried the top weight of 9 st. 1 lb., and besides some other reasons, to which we do not care to do more than allude, there was enough to explain the violent movements in the betting about him. He had hurt his foot, and been put on the sick-list for a week, and for some days it was understood that he was not intended to start. He did come to the post, and in fair condition; nevertheless, those of his friends who had hedged in time were happy. For he inclined to repeat his Lincoln performance; although, as he got badly away in the miserable start, the chances were greatly against him from the first. The dangerous Buchanan so far shared Peter's ill-luck that he likewise fell from the beginning into the rear ranks; while Petronel, the fortunate winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, who was rather favourably handicapped, getting well away in the front, was fairly beaten on his merits by Bend Or. The triumph of Bend Or, though with his burden of nine stone he seemed to make a liberal concession to so good a horse as Petronel, confirmed the handicapping. He showed in his Derby rather than his Leger form, and Archer helped him past the winning-post, with something to spare. Yet, had the jockeys been transposed, we can have little doubt that Foxhall would have made it a nearer thing, if he had not proved the actual winner. The looks and creditable antecedents of the magnificent American horse amply justified the confidence of his backers, who, we believe, included a considerable proportion of the knowing ones. We are very far from saying that Foxhall was not well ridden. But such a jockey as Archer can afford to give something considerable to a light lad on a powerful animal, pulling double in the crush and scramble over a course so difficult as the Downs. Foxhall, too, by the way, was a sufferer from the weather; for, though there was never anything wrong with his sinewy legs, the east wind had set him coughing for some time. Since the decision of the Epsom events, attention has been concentrated on the Two Thousand Guineas, which was run on Wednesday. In one way the race, that has often been significant, promised to be more exciting than usual, since speculation had seldom been more in the dark. For, besides that exceptional uncertainty in the public performances of the prominent competitors of the season to which we have alluded, the longer the prolongation of the drought, the greater became the risks to the training-stables. It was possible, moreover, that the horses recently engaged, although they had not actually and conspicuously come to grief, might have suffered in some strain that would develop itself afterwards. Peter run at Epsom, though he had been confidently scratched by some of the talent, which is a proof the more, if proof were needed, that common report is not to be trusted. But rumour had been very busy with the names of the earlier favourites for the Two Thousand, and the barometer of the betting showed conclusively that rumour in this case had been generally believed. Lord Falmouth's Bal Gal, who was said to be touched in the wind last year, was reported to be none the better after the winter. Mr. Stirling Crawford's St. Louis was boldly laid against as being lame, which has turned out to be the case, and Mr. Blanton's Scobell had followed suit for a time, although subsequently he started first in the betting. Cameliard, after his feat at Newmarket, Mr. Chaplin's Wandering Nun, who had run a dead heat with Scobell last year at Lewes, and Peregrine, were, upon the whole, as much in favour as anything. To Peregrine, indeed, a certain degree of mystery attached, as this Two Thousand was his first appearance in public. He had been bought last year of the Duke of Westminster for 700 guineas, but was kept in the stable, and it was said by those who ought to know that he had had a highly satisfactory trial with Bend Or. The result seemed to show that those supposed to be in his secrets had acted on safe information, for he came very easily by three lengths before the American Iroquois, and we may hear a good deal more of him before the Derby Day.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE.—VOL. II.*

ON the death of Bishop Wilberforce, and again upon the appearance of the first volume of Canon Ashwell's *Life of the Prelate*, we so fully discussed his character and career that it would

* *Life of the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, D.D.* By his Son, Reginald G. Wilberforce. 3 vols. Vol. II. London: John Murray. 1881.

be idle to attempt any general examination in noticing the second volume of his biography which has been brought out by his eldest son, Mr. Reginald Wilberforce. Criticism would naturally be lenient to a work undertaken under circumstances of peculiar difficulty by one standing in such relationship to the subject of the memoir, and belonging to a generation which has practically to accept much of what he describes as ancient history. But, in truth, Mr. Wilberforce is in no need of leniency, for he has shown much ability in performing his task—in particular by the modest consistency with which he constantly effaces himself and makes Bishop Wilberforce speak as far as possible in his own person in letter and in journal, or else receive the confidences of distinguished correspondents whose language throws a reflective light on his own opinions.

Canon Ashwell proceeded on the same principle, but we think that the second biographer has been more happy than his predecessor in letting the reader into the secret of the various phases of a most versatile character. The Wilberforce of the second volume is not always discharging duties. He dines and he breakfasts at Grillon's, and he delights society with his coruscating wit, although, as in one touching passage of his diary where he takes himself to task for a particular occasion when he must have been more than usually brilliant, he sometimes confesses to himself that his reputation grew of the false excitement of a deep and recent sorrow. Moreover, he stands revealed as a keen politician, a Peelite of the Peelites, in that old time when to be a Peelite meant to eschew Radicalism, and Mr. Gladstone, as the Bishop is never tired of recording, was constantly inclining to the Conservatives—ever, it would seem, approaching, yet never joining hands. Mr. Wilberforce may, indeed, fear that in printing his father's outspoken soliloquies over men and things he has here and there come out with a startling opinion upon this or that highly-placed personage who is still living. Such passages are, however, sparsely scattered through the book; while it can do no one any harm to learn that the aversion with which Bishop Wilberforce regarded both Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston was impartially intense. Of Sir James Graham he speaks in higher terms than have always been bestowed on that statesman, but his model men are Mr. Gladstone and Lord Aberdeen. On the other hand, the good-natured contempt with which he is wont to treat Archbishop Sumner, and his evident want of respect for the opinions of the Metropolitan's brother of Winchester, different as these are from his earlier deference to those dignitaries, exhumed by Canon Ashwell, effectually contradict that myth of a career of unchanged Church views which Mr. Wilberforce very judiciously lets fall into oblivion.

The present volume embraces the Bishop's life from 1848 to 1860, comprising the Bishop's earlier troubles with Mr. Allies and Dr. Pusey, and his later one—thanks to a meddling Mr. Golightly—with Dr. Liddon; the Gorham judgment, followed by the Papal Aggression, aggravated by Lord John Russell's Durham letter, and leading to that Episcopal Declaration from which the signature of Phillpotts was absent, the Crimean war and the first Derby, the Aberdeen, and the first Palmerston Governments, the revival of Convocation, the secessions of his brother-in-law, Archdeacon Manning, and of his brother, Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce, who soon after died, the death of his son Herbert, the Denison prosecution, the building up of his wonderful diocesan organization, the establishment of Cuddesdon College, and the various abortive Church Discipline Bills. Of these topics the narrative of the difficulty with Dr. Pusey might, we think, have been judiciously retrenched; a *précis* would have told all that was wanting without any painful reprinting of letters. It is, happily, a long-forgotten business; blotted out by the subsequent timely reconciliation of the two distinguished men who had been for only a short time painfully pitted against each other. It turned, after all, on considerations of expediency on both sides. The question on one side was the inquiry whether Dr. Pusey was judicious in adapting foreign books of devotion, from which he was unable wholly to exorcise foreign phrases and modes of thought? In so doing we think he was not judicious. But, on the other side, was Bishop Wilberforce judicious in inhibiting for a mere error of judgment such a preacher as Dr. Pusey, when he let so many fledglings, who had far better have been gagged, preach their shallow or erroneous twaddle? As to this question also we have no hesitation in replying that we regard the counterproceeding as injudicious. But at that period (1850) the Bishop had not fully taken up that new position which transferred the eclectic and at one time more than half Low Church disciple of the Sumners into the episcopal assessor of that staid High Churchmanship, of which from the days of Hooker and Andrewes down to those of Hook and Keble, the Church of England has under much provocation from opposing sides upheld and taught.

Mr. Wilberforce supplies a rather amusing incidental illustration of the mental struggles which the Bishop went through before he had completed his mental change which are afforded by certain retrospective confessions—running, as confessions are apt to do, into criticisms of our neighbour's motives—which at the beginning of 1852 the Bishop confided to some of his most confidential correspondents in reviewing his own conduct as well as that of his colleagues in reference to the precipitate advantage which, in his undignified terror, Bishop Blomfield took of Mr. Bennett's ill-advised conditional resignation of his Knightsbridge living, as well as to some kindred events of that distempered period.

In a letter to the Hon. (afterwards Lord) Richard Cavendish of December 26, 1851, the Bishop says, "With the deepest sense of our undeservings, I do think that Gladstone, in spite of his calm and powerful understanding and honest and true heart, shows signs of the natural effect of such continual defamation of the Bishops as the *Morning Chronicle* habitually indulges itself and its readers with." On the same day he writes to Mr. Gladstone, "I think that even you have been biased by the incessant vituperations of the *Morning Chronicle* to deal unfairly with many of the Bishops." We have no doubt that in this vigorous denunciation the Bishop meant to include the vivacious correspondent who was accustomed, with much frequency, to enlighten the *Morning Chronicle* with his views on Church questions under the signature of "D. C. L." Bishop Wilberforce's defence of his order is peculiarly feeble, amounting as it does to a confession of the shortcomings of the Episcopate which he professes to repudiate. We are sure that the *Morning Chronicle* never said anything more bitter than "the miserable episcopal appointments of Lord John": "Lord John Russell's miserable appointments and the fearful weakness caused by the character of the Primato"—namely, Bishop Wilberforce's cousin and former patron, Sumner, once of Chester—and "the weakening of all our just influence by the introduction of such men as Lord John has put amongst us; then of such a primacy," i.e. of a Sumnerian primacy, a paraphrase the significance of which will not be lost to those who recollect Canon Ashwell's volume. In these sentences Bishop Wilberforce has summed up with a directness only possible in private correspondence all which in more vague and less personal language the *Morning Chronicle* or its contributor intended to imply. It would have been impertinent on the part of that newspaper to have sorted the Episcopate according to the Ministers from whom the prelates respectively had got their mitres. As a fact, there was the bench, and that bench did not, as the *Morning Chronicle* believed, show itself strong enough in a very difficult crisis. If it were possible to conceive Dr. Wilberforce in any way involved in this general censure, it would only have been because the current of episcopal trades-unionism created in so great a degree by these miserable appointments may have carried him away. For instance, he joined in signing the unhappy "Rubrical declaration" of the spring of 1851, so justly denounced by Mr. Gladstone in a memorandum of January 1852, which Mr. Wilberforce prints, from which Bishop Phillips, as we have seen, not only held aloof, but wrote that counter declaration as a pastoral to the clergy of his diocese, which still lives by force of its intrinsic merits. Certainly the Bishop of Exeter incurred no vituperation from the *Morning Chronicle*, neither would Bishop Wilberforce have done so had he joined his veteran colleague, with whom he had really so much more in common than with "such men" as those with whom, as we see, he elected to throw in his lot.

We gladly turn from these trifles to the great public achievement of Bishop Wilberforce's episcopate, the revival of the Church's constitutional deliberative assembly, which the biographer sums up in a telling manner, recurring to it from time to time as fresh incidents present themselves, so as to sustain the thread of the narrative. With all the perplexities which beset Churchmen in this eighth decade of our century, the younger of them can have little idea of the cowardly stupidity which less than thirty years since shrouded the eyes alike of prelate and of politician. It was this darkness which Wilberforce had to disperse, and that stupidity which he had to enlighten; and the way in which he set to work brought out the manifold capacities of his large mind as they had never before been developed in isolated duels with clergymen however eminent or however disreputable. The game was by no means easy, for he had to deal with a bench of colleagues of whom in reality he thought, though he could not afford to say so, pretty much as the *Morning Chronicle* did. These, too, were headed by an Archbishop whom he had once worshipped with a boyish enthusiasm, while he had by this time, after painful struggles, seen through the kindly, vacillating, undignified, timidly obstinate, and withal occasionally sly, John Bird Sumner. He had equally to keep well with the various political parties, having obtained his first advantage at the hands of the Government which was not that of his predilections—namely, from Lord Derby and Mr. Walpole. Soon after, when his own special friend and on whom he particularly leaned, Lord Aberdeen, came into power, he found himself very rudely disillusioned by a letter from the Premier's son, Mr. (now Sir) Arthur Gordon, from which we quote the beginning. The "Lord John"—"who made the mischief is a very open secret:—

On my arrival in town I was concerned to find that the opposition to Mr. Gladstone, the visit to Windsor, and, as I cannot but suppose, a conversation with Lord John —, have combined to diminish the favour with which my father was once disposed to regard the Convocation movement, but which has certainly been on the wane for the last few months. We walked up as usual from the office to Argyll House. I began business by saying that you were to be in town on Thursday, but that you had expressed your willingness to come up for the promised interview on any day he might name. He hurriedly replied, "But can I see him? (ought I?) I can't enter into his views, you know. I can't allow them to act." I observed that he himself had invited the interview, and could not well now refuse to hear your arguments. "Very well, very well; but it can't go on—it must be stopped, I tell you." I remarked that I had no reason to believe you desired a long session, but that any direct attempt on the part of the Crown to "stop" it would be a novel proceeding, and would irritate all parties. "I like your 'novel proceeding'; is it not a novel proceeding on their part to hold any but merely formal meetings? Does not this make it high time for novel proceedings on our side? Do you

think I am going to tolerate them by a side wind because the Archbishop is a poor, vain, weak, silly creature whom they can bully with impunity?"

How the Bishop ultimately convinced that cautious but candid Scot, how statesmen were driven to see that, whether they liked Convocation or not, it was better to let it talk than put the gag on lips at Westminster which would out of Westminster make their opinions of their treatment disagreeably notorious, and how, last of all, the Archbishop himself ran to the Minister for permission to hold longer sittings of Convocation, is all capitally told in the book, and we shall not attempt to recapitulate a story which owes much of its interest to its details.

We have pointed out the biographer's constant care to make his father speak for himself; and when Mr. Wilberforce departs from his accustomed reticence and gives vent to a personal impulse, as in the passages in which he dwells upon his father's agony of mind at the secession of his brother Robert, and upon the deep sorrow of his son Herbert's death, he achieves the success, not always attained, of combining deep feeling and excellent taste.

We must note a misprint which will probably pass unnoticed by the younger generation, but which is very rich to those who are old enough to remember the persons whom it recalls. Lord John Russell, so the book makes the Bishop say, told him on January 29, 1859, "at my Reform Bill four prepared it. I, Lord Durham, Dungannon, and Althorpe" (the final e here being a mistake). Many readers will probably say, we know three of this lordly group, but who is "Dungannon"? The Minister who really took a part in the task was Lord Duncannon, son of Lord Bessborough, a pompous man with a high white neckcloth, who was included in the Governments of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne, and died Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Earl of Bessborough in 1847. The person who would in 1859 have been called "Dungannon," though in 1831 he was only Mr. Trevor, was the most bigoted and unyielding of Irish Orange Tories, author of a forgotten *Life of William III.* It is a strange irony of fate that the misprint of a letter should hand the last Lord Dungannon down as one of the authors of the Reform Bill.

The Bishop and his biographer were both mistaken in supposing that he had received the degree of D.C.L. at Cambridge. When Henry VIII. forbade Oxford to teach Canon Law, he spared Cambridge. Consequently that University makes doctors alike of Canon and Civil Law, briefly termed *legum doctores*, or LL.D. Oxford can only produce Doctors of Civil Law, and calls them by English initials D.C.L.

It is a venial fault that, here and there, the book would have been the better for that fulness of illustration which an editor more contemporary with the subject of his biography could have provided. For example, in introducing the narrative of the Bishop's unlucky rencontre thirty-two years ago with Mr. Allies, as to which forgotten scandal within the last two years the world has, with but little advantage, been compelled to hear both sides, Mr. Wilberforce forgot to explain that the peccant Oxfordshire clergyman whom he abruptly projects on our spectrum had been distinguished as a leader of the neo-Newmanian school of Oxford thinkers, as author of a powerful vindication of the Church of England against that of Rome, and as an ex-chaplain of Bishop Blomfield. We cannot better conclude this article than by quoting the eminently wise letter of Baron Alderson, which led to the ultimate settlement of this ill-omened fracas. Had our rulers, both spiritual and temporal, been rather more fully pervaded than they have been during the last thirty years with the spirit of the shrewd old lawyer, the Church of England might have had a very different history to record.

April 28, 1849.

MY DEAR LORD,—A very great affection which I have long felt, and still feel, for Allies must be my excuse for troubling you about him. I was sorry for his book, with which I individually do not agree. Indeed, if I had been consulted by him, I should have advised a great portion of it to be omitted. I agree with you that there are parts very objectionable, but I think it will be very difficult to lay the law's finger upon them. But this is not the point. Supposing that, after a long, tedious, and acrimonious discussion, in which points of minute heterodoxy are ventilated in the Ecclesiastical Court, a successful issue is obtained, and judgment given against Allies—a problematical result, I conscientiously believe—yet at what expense and danger of schism will it be obtained! These Oxonians whose tendencies go towards Rome, as others who have gone towards Geneva, will die out if judiciously left to themselves. They will in the end do good. Wesley woke up the Church from her lethargy and breathed into her an Evangelical spirit. With this great good he did some great harm also. These are correcting the harm by introducing a more Rubrical and formal spirit into the Church, and reviving her discipline, and drawing attention to the real value of her Sacraments and Order. They, like Wesley, are doing harm by running into the opposite extreme. I will only add one word more. I do really believe, and that from good authority, that this proceeding against Allies will produce probably a schism, and will drive out some whom we all, and you especially, would wish most ardently to retain within our Church. And, as to Allies himself, I admit his errors—which I agree are errors—but I would set against them a self-denying life, a liberal spirit, to which money is really as dross, an unimpeachable morality, a great mass of learning, and the having written one of the best books [*The Church of England Cleared from the Charge of Schism*] against the vital principle of Rome—her supremacy. That was a great help to our English Church in the pending controversy. Is it desirable to drive out of the Church such a man? or is it not desirable, by a wise and kind abstinence, and by showing him kindly his errors, or letting them expend themselves noiselessly and without mischief, to retain within our own Church one of its most learned and holy, even if erring, members? With many apologies for this letter, believe me, in all true affection,

Yours,

E. H. ALDERSON.

COX'S MYTHOLOGY AND FOLK-LORE.*

SIR GEORGE COX has returned, with his wonted industry and ingenuity, to the subjects which he treated of in his *Aryan Mythology*, his *Tales of Ancient Greece*, and his *Manual of Mythology*. On this occasion he offers the student an *Introduction to Mythology and Folk-Lore*. The promise of the title is scarcely kept in performance. It is only of Aryan mythology, with glances at Egyptian and Semitic legends, that Sir George Cox has to speak. Again, his volume scarcely touches on folk-lore at all. He examines and weaves into his system some of the *ndrohen*, "folk-tales," if the expression may be used, which are current among European races. But the great mass of story, practice, and belief which is called folk-lore—and which is practically identical in Africa, America, Asia, Europe, and Australia—is not elucidated by our author. Readers, therefore, must not expect too much; they must look for little more than a repetition of explanations of Greek, German, and, generally, of Indo-European mythology. These explanations rest, for the most part, on Professor Max Müller's system, though it seems possible enough that Mr. Müller does not always agree with Sir George Cox. He has, indeed, warned his disciple that there are, in many myths, grains of history which cannot be dissolved by any philological acids. But we find here little notice of the historical element in the myth.

In reviewing Mr. Max Müller's *Selected Essays* a few weeks ago we examined his system in some detail. We need not repeat a task sufficiently arid. To us the system seems deficient in historical evidence, inadequate as an explanation of facts, and frequently inconsistent with itself. To put it briefly, Mr. Müller and Sir George Cox hold that in the mythopœic ages before the Aryan separation, and also after the settlement of the Greeks in Europe, language suffered from its own embarrassing opulence. Objects, especially such objects as the sun, and sky, wind and dawn and storm, had almost as many names as they had attributes. Statements like the following were commonly made when people "passed the time of day," or discussed the weather—"The wise one is just rolling up his golden ball," meaning, the sun is just beginning his daily course. Then many names lost their meaning, while the sayings in which they were imbedded kept their place in language. It came to be thought that the word for "the wise one" was a proper name, and a story was told about him and his ball which became the myth of Sisyphus. We are always obliged to ask for evidence to prove that these philological processes existed in the common talk, not only of undivided Aryans and of early Greeks in Europe, but of Red Indians, Finns, Zulus, Bushmen, Eskimo, Maingaians, and other races whose myths palpably resemble those of European nations. Almost the only evidence we are offered is that of the Vedas, which (being elaborate poetry) do not illustrate the every-day talk of any race whatever, and, being subsequent to the Aryan separation, throw no light whatever on Greek thought and speech at any period. As to the other races, the Vedas, of course, help us still less to understand their mythology. Again, both in Mr. Müller's works and in Sir George Cox's there is a lurking impression which, we are sure, neither writer is consciously affected by, that the ancestors of the Greeks once spoke Sanskrit. Thus Sir George Cox writes (p. 75), "Another Sanskrit name for the morning was Arjuni, the brilliant, but of this word the Greek in his westward journeyings had forgotten the meaning, and Argynnis became for him a beautiful maiden beloved by Agamemnon." Are we wrong in supposing that, in the separation of the Aryan stock, that branch which came to speak Greek broke away and went westward before it had learned to speak Sanskrit, and so could never have known the Sanskrit word Arjuni? Mr. Müller says "no sound scholar would ever think of deriving a Greek or Latin word from Sanskrit." Yet Sir George Cox holds that the Greeks knew and forgot the sense of Sanskrit words. If we are right, philologists can say no more than that roots of words were common to the various families of the Indo-European stock. Now, if the root of Zeus and of Dyaus is common to Greek and Sanskrit, we get no further than that fact. In what sense the undivided Aryans regarded the sky as a god (for there are various stages in the growth of this conception), it is impossible for mortal man to know. But even Mr. Müller says occasionally that the undivided Aryans, of the age when as yet Greek and Sanskrit were not, used Sanskrit words; thus, "the ancient Aryans, before they separated, spoke of Dyu, the sky, and Dyu, the God" (*Lectures on Language*. Second Series, p. 440). Now Dyu is a Sanskrit word, occurring in the Vedas, and retaining a good deal of the sense of "sky." Thus, though no Greek words are to be derived from Sanskrit, the ancestors of the Greeks knew at least two Sanskrit words, *Dyu* and *Arjuni*. We are compelled to suppose that the fault lies in our own want of apprehension, otherwise the consistency of these philological arguments seems disputable.

Out of Sir George Cox's closely printed pages we may select a few myths and examine his explanations. The story of Sisyphus is familiar; Odysseus saw him in Hades, rolling a great stone up a hill, by way of punishment, and, always as he reached the hillcrest, "back once again to the plain rolled the stone, the pitiless thing." This myth, we are told, was known to the primeval Aryan race before it broke up into Hindoos, Greeks, Romans,

Germans, and Celts. We admit that we are unacquainted with the Hindoo, Roman, German, and Celtic versions of the story. Sir George Cox explains thus:—"The tale of Sisyphus resolves itself, in fact, into one or two short sayings." "The wise being is rolling the ball up the heaven." "The great ball is rolling down the heaven." It cannot escape the most feeble intellect that, while the "wise being" is in heaven, Sisyphus is in hell, and that the sun, in point of fact, does not roll down the side of the heaven which he climbed up. The sun succeeds precisely where poor Sisyphus failed. But how do we know that Sisyphus is the sun? Why, thus; *Sisyphos* is taken by Curtius for a reduplicated form of *σοφός* with æolic *v*. Thus Sisyphus means "the wise man." Now, if Sisyphus, or *σοφός*, were an Aryan word before the lamented divisions in the Aryan camp, and if the undivided Aryans did call the sun "the wise man" = Sisyphus, men might have come to forget, in process of time, what their ancestors had meant. And they might have had a story about a wise man rolling a ball. But Sir George Cox must observe that, even if he could prove (which is impossible) that the undivided Aryans called the sun "the wise one," that is, Sisyphus, it would not follow that any hero whose name means "wise" is the sun. We lay no stress on the fact that the sun and Sisyphus do precisely opposite things. But how many unproved hypotheses, when one looks into it, there are in our author's explanation, which concludes with an undistributed middle. In point of fact, the punishment of Sisyphus is a simple invention, like making ropes of sand, filling a sieve with water, and so forth. We must add that Tantalus (p. 89) shares the solar fate of Sisyphus. "Tantalos, in fact, is Phœbos, for he has the wisdom which Phœbos alone possesses." The ground for this assertion seems to be that "Tantalos was admitted to share the secret counsels of Zeus." We do not know how many examples there are of contemporary savage potentates who are "admitted to share the secret counsels of Zeus," that is, who climb a sacred mountain, converse there with the tribal God, and return to give good advice to their people. Homer says much the same of Minos; but Minos, too, is the sun, at least, he "met his end in the distant evening land where the sun goes down. He is killed in Sicily by King Kokalos, the eyeless gloom of night," whose name Sir G. Cox "can scarcely fail to connect with that of Horatius Cocles." A slipshod fiend here tempts us to whisper an allusion to one whose name Captain Burnaby carried, with his pills, into the lands of morning.

We are very greatly tempted to analyse Sir G. Cox's explanation of the myth of Cephalus and Procris. We have traced the story through Apollodorus, Eratosthenes, Antoninus Liberalis, Hyginus, and Ovid. Why does Sir George shrink the older Greek version, in which Minos, not Artemis, gives Procris the spear that never misses, and the dog that nothing can escape, except the fox that no dog can catch? What would he make of these very amazing and unmentionable services which Procris rendered to Minos and Pasiphaë? But his explanation fails to satisfy, chiefly because we get no proof that Cephalus is the sun. The Vedas may have called the sun the "head of light," and Cephalus may mean "head"; but how do these facts bear on the matter? The Greeks knew no more of the Vedas than of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the Vedic poets, who called the sun "a head of light," produced no myth about a hero named "Head." The arguments lead to no conclusion. The philological theory always shrinks from admitting any explanation based on law, usage, custom. Thus the known facts of the power of medicine-men, who can fly in the air, turn themselves and others into beasts, converse with gods and with the dead, and are, in their turn, deified, scarcely find a passing mention in the explanations of Sir G. W. Cox. Yet at this moment, in Africa, America, Asia, and Australia, there exist men with all the powers and attributes of Zeus. Like him, they shake the heavens; like him, they mount in the air; like him, they cause rain and fine weather; like him they assume animal forms, and in death they are deified, retaining, as gods, the powers they enjoyed as men. Surely these facts do as much to explain Zeus and other gods (whose tombs were known to the priests) as a derivation from an Aryan root meaning "to beam." Even now men are identified with wind and weather, and are named after the sun and sky they control. Why are these facts overlooked by philological mythologists? The result is to obscure the history of institutions. Thus, Homer speaks with horror of poisoned arrows; but Sir G. W. Cox will not believe that "poisoned arrows were used by any Hellenic tribes." The idea that Odysseus sought them from Ilos, Mercurius's son, and others is derived from an equivocation which turned the violet-tinted rays of morning into poisoned arrows. He has another such explanation of the human sacrifices in Homer. "There is no evidence that Achaean chiefs . . . offered human sacrifices . . . it is easy to see that such stories could not fail to spring up when phrases which had at first denoted the varying actions of the sun were regarded as relating to the deeds and actions of human beings." We are inclined to reply, that there is no evidence to prove that phrases about the actions of the sun were ever regarded as relating to the deeds of human beings; while, as for Greek human sacrifices, we refer Sir George Cox to Grote (i. 124, 125). "Such sacrifices," says Grote, quoting Hermann's *Alterthümer*, "had been a portion of primitive Greek religion, but had gradually become obsolete everywhere, except in one or two solitary cases, which were spoken of with horror." The philological school of mythological interpretation

* *Introduction to Mythology and Folk-Lore*. By the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox, Bart. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

seems to us to invent one stage of the history of the human mind, and then to use the invention to sweep away evidence for the existence of another stage, known to have existed wherever civilization has studied barbarism. But to try to make philologists see this is to undertake the task of Sisyphus.

IRELAND'S TRUE DAUGHTER.*

THE heroine of this story, Marion Burke, may indeed be accounted happy among women. She is, when the book opens, thirty years old, and yet she is blessed with three ardent lovers. One of them of course marries her, the second drowns himself because he cannot have her, while the third dies of grief with all the propriety that becomes a baronet who was now somewhat advanced in years. The man who makes away with himself was, as might be expected, the desperate villain of the piece. By his death he proves the innocence of the injured hero, and hastens on his marriage with the heroine by at least a year, while the broken-hearted baronet was the owner of a fine estate which it was most convenient for the young couple to possess. He made an affecting end, and a no less affecting will, and, having no heirs, left all his property to the virtuous lovers. If Marion was a good deal older than the common run of heroines, yet she had much in her favour. Though she was thirty, yet she did not look more than four-and-twenty; moreover, "she was," we read, "neither too tall nor too short; neither too stout nor too thin. Her walk was dignified and stately, yet at the same time perfectly easy and graceful." If there was one of her features on which she might have prided herself more than on all the rest, it was, it should seem, her nose, for it was "in perfect proportion, with an unmistakable air of good breeding about it." "Every man," to quote a famous German writer, "has his own style, like his own nose"; and to this general rule our heroine was no exception. In her character there is not much that has impressed itself upon our memory, for, to tell the truth, our interest lay not so much in herself as in the dreadful villain, the benevolent but elderly baronet, and the virtuous bank clerk, who were all three at the same time her lovers. Yet we must not forget to put on record one at least of her sayings. She had more than once to cross the sea from Ireland to England. "Despite," we are told, "her heroic efforts and determination to overcome sea-sickness, she was invariably a victim whenever she was on board ship, at which times, to use her own words, 'she retired into private life until upon *terra firma* once more.'"

It is sad to reflect that the peace of so well-balanced a mind should have been for many months greatly disturbed. Yet villains have little respect for the unmistakable air of good breeding that may reside in a nose, or for that patient endurance which enables a woman not only to support the misery of sea-sickness, but even to utter a kind of aphorism which may be a guidance and a comfort to other heroines who are exposed to like torments. Most fortunately she was forewarned of the troubles that awaited her, and, therefore, she was able at once to meet them with that admirable propriety of conduct which she had always hitherto exhibited. The clouds and an old fellow of the name of Patrick were always ready to give her a prophetic warning whenever a prophetic warning was needed. But till the villain had actually come upon the scene and opened the plot, no warnings seem to have been required. He is not long, however, in making his appearance, and, in fact, he strides on to the stage before either of the virtuous lovers has made his entrance. His name is George Lionel. Though the son of a most respectable old General, and to outward appearance a charming man, "he was a depraved, low-minded, unscrupulous licentiate, well-known in the lowest society." The definition of a *licentiate*, according to our author, would seem to be a *licentious person*. If she is right in this, it is not to be wondered at that the Bishops and sound Churchmen in general gravely shake their heads over the steady increase of the number of licentiates among the clergy. Lionel pays Marion a call, but she, with a sense of propriety that was in keeping with her nose, at once went to fetch her father, and did not return to the drawing-room till the visitor had left. He went away incensed with anger, but still more inflamed with love, though she had, as he said, only replied to his compliments by a toss of the head and a curl of the lip. He galloped off to the Castle where he was staying, dismounted as in a dream, went up to his own room, threw himself into a chair, his hands clenched, his face working. She meanwhile had whispered to a little bird that her pet name was Harry. Her whisper was not so low but that it was overheard by Harry Staunton, the hero, who chanced at that moment to have come into the room. With a modesty which well befitted a virtuous bank clerk whose salary was only 150*l.* a year, he at once assumed that it was a certain Captain Harry Dickinson whom she loved. He therefore remained a most inactive lover till, towards the close of the story, he found out his mistake. Lionel, however, regarded him with suspicion, which soon passed into hatred. Licentiate though he was, he had not, however, acquired the art of masking his feelings. We are always reading that his face grew dark, and darker still, and that he looked fierce. At a ball, when he saw the hero and heroine walking towards the supper-table, "his face became livid, he

gnashed his teeth, and, losing all mastery of himself, he rushed wildly up the staircase and locked himself in his own room." At another time he first muttered, and then a horrible smile distorted his features. Next he clenched his fist, and then he balled out a suggestion. As his rival passed him in a carriage he shook his bent fist with a menacing gesture. How he managed to bend his fist we are no way told. He laughed, on one occasion, so hoarse a laugh that he even startled the birds upon the trees. In his features malignity and hatred were depicted, till at last the heroine herself sprang away from him as if he were some loathsome reptile. But we are here anticipating matters, and must return to the prophetic warnings that were given her. One evening she had been talking with Harry about the licentiate, and expressing her dislike of him. The good bank clerk, like the very virtuous young man that he was, had ventured to remonstrate with her and to speak up for the villain. They were at the time driving in a carriage, and a sudden turn in the road showed them a remarkable appearance in the sky:—

Although the sun had set, a mass of lurid red still coloured the sky where he had sunk beneath it, and above this, straight in front of them, stood forth a dark angry cloud with white foamy edges, looking almost like a solid rock, frowning down upon the gorgeous tints below.

Marion started suddenly from her seat, and pointing to the cloud with outstretched arm, she said vehemently:—

"That cloud is to the landscape what George Lionel is to me! He threatens me with some great evil, which I cannot fathom! A dreadful foreboding fills my mind when I think of him."

Harry, of course, assures her that these are foolish fancies, but she and the reader know only too well that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy. They, therefore, feel greatly relieved when the frowning cloud loses its solidity, and gradually floats away into the general mass around it. She emphatically says that this, too, may be a foreshadowing, and that the great evil which seems to hang over her may be dispelled as the cloud. Twice again does this cloud show itself. On the first of these two occasions she did little more than shudder; but when, towards the close of the second volume, at which time a heroine is always in despair, it a third time appeared, it was almost too much for her. It was a weird, gray-looking mass, that seemed to toss up foamy edges as it rose. "Oh! no! no!" she cried out in her dread and horror; "no, it cannot be." And yet it was! The gong sounded for dinner, but—though we may feel certain that she was famous for her punctuality—she would not go in. The soup might grow cold, but the end of the cloud she must see. Happily a third time it lost its rock-like solidity of form, and vanished like smoke, whilst a faint gleam struggled forth as if to comfort her. She expressed her gratitude to Heaven, and went in to her dinner. There was, by the way, one celestial phenomenon which does not seem to have astonished her in the least; and yet it is of a very surprising nature. On a certain day in July we read that "the evening was sultry, and the sun poured its rays hotly downwards." Such an extraordinary combination of an evening sun and rays poured downwards ought surely to have introduced us to something very much out of the common. We do certainly make the acquaintance of the virtuous baronet; but virtuous baronets happily are not so rare in real life as our novelists generally would lead us to suppose, and scarcely require to be ushered in by a confusion of the laws of nature.

We have not space at our command to recount the forebodings of old Patrick, though they are scarcely less impressive than those given by the cloud. The villain himself has his warnings, though he will not listen to them. He one day sees the very pool in which, two volumes later on, he is to drown himself. The next night he has a dreadful dream. In his sleep he grasps his rival by the throat, he wakes up, a horrible smile comes upon his features, he looks in a mirror and shudders at his ghastly face, he gets up at dawn, goes along the glen to the pool, sees in it his own weird shadow, says "Not yet, not yet!" hears the hum of awakening insects, asks "Am I mad?" and hurries back to his room, only to dress for breakfast and to go on with the execution of his villainous plans. He artfully contrives that the virtuous hero shall be arrested on the charge of stealing a bank-note, and not only arrested, but even convicted. For this, however, the reader and the heroine had been prepared, as old Patrick had learnt in a dream that Harry would have to go to gaol. This venerable old dreamer soon sees, however, in the coals that leap out of the fire a coffin and a purse. The respectable baronet proposes to the heroine, is refused, and dies of grief. Leaving as he does all his property to the persecuted lovers, he not only greatly aids in getting them out of their difficulties, but also he confirms the faith that is placed in pieces of hot coal. The villain, now that he has his rival locked up in Newgate, hastens over to Ireland, and also proposes. Being refused, he hands the heroine a letter which he had written beforehand, containing a full confession of his guilt, and with the most obliging despatch hurries once more up the glen and drowns himself. The hero is with all speed released, and not only gains the hand of the heroine and the fortune of the broken-hearted baronet, but on the very day that he leaves Newgate is made a partner by the banker who had so lately prosecuted him on a charge of theft. Old Patrick renders one more service. He is consulted by the police officers who were in pursuit of the villain. Guided by his mystical lore, they drag the darksome pool and find the body of the once charming licentiate.

GERVASE OF CANTERBURY.*

IN his preface to the second volume of the works of the monk Gervase, Dr. Stubbs confines himself to questions relating to their authorship, to the order in which they were produced, and to the historical value of each. On the history of the age of Gervase and the literary character of his contemporaries, he reminds his readers that he has already said nearly all that he had to say in the prefaces to previous works prepared by him for publication under the direction of the late and present Masters of the Rolls. Of the personal life of Gervase, and of the circumstances which impelled a man with little of the historical instinct in him to undertake the historian's office, we have as complete an account as it is possible to bring together in Dr. Stubbs's preface to the first volume of the works of Gervase, on which we have made some remarks in this *Review* (May 1, 1880). In that preface Dr. Stubbs had said that but for the great controversy between the monks of Christ Church and the archbishops, Gervase would probably have lived and died as nameless as any others of the unknown members of the community. That he had a profound reverence for St. Thomas of Canterbury, at whose feet he made his monastic profession, is plain from every sentence in which he speaks of him; but he allowed a long series of years to pass away after the Archbishop's murder before he took pen in hand, and when he did so his memory was not so trustworthy as it might have been, and thus probably he was the more ready to adopt the words of others, even in the narrative of events of which he was himself a contemporary witness. But the great quarrel with Archbishop Baldwin stirred his deepest feelings as a monk; and the history which he was thus incited to commit to paper was expanded into a narrative of affairs generally to the death of Richard I. From that point he intended to continue his work into the reign of John in the second book of his Chronicle; but this book either was not written or has been lost, and Dr. Stubbs regards the expression of Gervase respecting the lessons which, "by the Grace of God," may be drawn from the story of that book, as some evidence that it was not written at all.

But although his greater work was not carried on, Gervase betook himself to the composition of some minor chronicles and other writings; and these are published in the present volume. Departing in one instance from the order in which they are found in the manuscript followed in this volume, Dr. Stubbs places at the end instead of at the beginning the *Mappa Mundi*, or tract on the ecclesiastical and political geography of Britain. He thus gives first the smaller chronicle intitled *Gesta Regum*, with the continuation of this chronicle from the reign of John to that of Edward I. Of the manuscript, of which the editor speaks as "one of the precious and unique treasures placed by Archbishop Parker in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge," no portion is from the hand of Gervase himself. The work of transcription was, he thinks, begun about the year 1260; but the handiwork of the first scribe, who wrote out also the *Mappa Mundi* and the *Actus Pontificum*, or Lives of the Archbishops, ceases in the chronicle about the year 1262, the penmanship of the MS. for the next sixteen years being in a very inferior style. From 1278 onwards the writing improves, and this portion is given in single columns, all the previous parts having been written in double columns.

The fashion which almost made it necessary for a chronicler to start from the Creation or from the days of Adam, Noah, or Brutus, filled a certain amount of space in each work with rubbish; and when he came down to times for which there might be some genuine historical evidence, the value of his work depended entirely on the quality of the evidence at his command. The really important part of each work is that in which the writer speaks of events which have either passed under his own knowledge or have been learnt from the testimony of contemporary witnesses. Thus the first part of the lesser chronicle of Gervase reproduces the fictions of Geoffrey of Monmouth, making them less attractive by the omission, here and there, of words necessary to the sense, and, as the editor remarks, thus showing "that the compiler did not bestow on this portion of his work more attention than it deserved." The chronicle thus begun Dr. Stubbs divides into three portions, the first ending with the close of the reign of Richard I., and, in his opinion, unquestionably the work of Gervase; the second continues the history through the first eleven years of the reign of John, and this also he thinks may have been written by Gervase, "although the evidence that such was the case is rather inferential and circumstantial than direct, and the conclusion cannot be preemptorily stated." The narrative in the sequel from 1207 to the end was beyond doubt not the work of Gervase.

For the history of the English invasion and of the times which followed it, Gervase betook himself chiefly to William of Malmesbury; and this narrative seems with the previous history to have had an independent circulation. At the least, in Dr. Stubbs's words, "they were made the basis of an historical work, and continued by another writer or writers to the age of Richard II.;" and a copy of this work, preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, was read by Leland, who ascribed the middle as well as the earlier portion of the work to Gervase, and gave as from

Gervase large extracts, which come really from John of London or some intermediate writer. Owing to this error of Leland, these extracts, which are not the composition of the monk of Canterbury, are better known than the original work. The narrative of events from the Norman Conquest to the accession of Stephen Dr. Stubbs treats as the third section of Gervase's lesser chronicle. With a few words taken from his larger chronicle, it is mainly an abstract from William of Malmesbury, interspersed with passages from Florence of Worcester and his continuator for the reign of Henry I. The next section, which carries the narrative to the death of Richard I., is a more abridgment of the larger chronicle; and of all these sections Dr. Stubbs regards the historical value as very small, "serving merely to illustrate the author's method of working and to establish the identity of Gervase of Canterbury as the writer of the other works known under his name."

An examination of the *Gesta Regum* for the reign of John brings Dr. Stubbs to the conclusion that the pen of Gervase dropped from his hand when he had completed his entry for the year 1206; and his reasons, beyond doubt, close the question. The passage from the reign of Richard to that of his brother is marked by no change of treatment, nor is there any overlapping of the narrative, while one expression (*prefectus Angliæ*, to denote the justiciar) peculiar to Gervase is carried on into the chronicle of John's reign. Having entered fully into the controversies and wrongs of the monks in his larger chronicle, Gervase passes them by here almost in silence. A new hand would certainly have dwelt largely on the quarrel with Langton, "the absorbing topic of the period." But the writer for 1210, as Dr. Stubbs remarks, tells briefly the story of John's Welsh and Irish successes, and brings his tale to an end with the identification of John as the sixth king of Merlin's prophecy. The writer of the next paragraph goes back three years to record events which had been taken for granted by the previous chronicler, and speaks of Geoffrey FitzPeter, who with Gervase would have been *prefectus Angliæ*, as *justitiarius*. We may look upon it, then, as proved that Gervase is the author of the *Gesta Regum* to the year 1210; but there remains still the question whether this smaller chronicle was or was not an abridgment of a larger work, which he expressed his intention of writing as a continuation of his larger chronicle. Dr. Stubbs, as we have seen, had already given reasons for the belief that this continuation on the larger scale was never written. He notices here the further fact that the great French chronicle of Canterbury known as the *Polistorie*, having followed the longer chronicle to the death of Richard, follows the minor chronicle for the reign of John without any indication that the writer had before him any other continuation of the greater chronicle. Nor has he failed to notice that in the *Polistorie*, as in the *Gesta*, there is a change of treatment at the date 1210.

The narrative of the first ten years of John's reign by Gervase fills scarcely fourteen pages of Dr. Stubbs's second volume; but it is, nevertheless, of high historical value, as giving one or two facts not recorded elsewhere, and as furnishing important particulars of others. As an instance of the former, Dr. Stubbs cites the mission of the Abbot of Casamari as mediator between John and Philip in 1203, while, for the latter he refers to the account given of the extraordinary measures for defence and anticipation of invasion taken by John in 1205, with the very valuable document of instructions for the appointment and conduct of constables, and also to Gervase's record of the fact

that the same year in a great Council at Oxford John was compelled to swear to maintain the rights of the kingdom, an anticipation of the submission at Runnymede which seems to have eluded the pertinacious and somewhat malignant curiosity of Matthew Paris.

As there is not the smallest ground for supposing that Gervase wrote any part of the *Gesta* subsequent to the passage in which John is spoken of as the sixth king of Merlin's prophecy, it follows that we are indebted for the sequel to other hands. But who these may have been it seems impossible to say. The narrative is anonymous; it is a compilation mixed with original notes, and it is the production of a succession of compilers; but in these particulars it is, in Dr. Stubbs's words, "no exception to the general rule of the monastic annals." The materials thus brought together vary indefinitely in value. For the three years, 1238-1241, we have the story of the quarrel between Archbishop Edmund and the Christ Church monks spread over more than fifty tedious pages. But, although this lavish fulness of ecclesiastical details has shut out the wider national history of the time altogether, the letters which follow on the election of his successor are in many respects important. With these is given the Bull by which Innocent IV. appoints Boniface of Savoy to the archiepiscopal see. The document takes a noteworthy place in the history of papal assumptions, as in it

the Pope invests his nominee with the temporalities as well as the spiritualities of the see, in a way which was very unusual for several years after this date, and which under the rule of Edward I. gave occasion for some stringent measures of defence on the part of the crown and the national church.

For a period of thirty years, 1240-1270, there is a close correspondence between the continuation of the lesser chronicle of Gervase and the annals of St. Martin's, Dover. The latter, unfortunately, have been so injured by fire that they cannot be read consecutively, or edited with any approach to completeness. But Dr. Stubbs has compared them so far as to determine not only

* *The Historical Works of Gervase of Canterbury*. Vol. II. Edited by William Stubbs, D.D., under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

their close agreement, but also the fact that each contains valuable information which is not to be found in the other.

The Dover annals [Dr. Stubbs tells us] contain copies of the *Mise of Amiens* and of the challenges interchanged before the battle of Lewes: the continuation of Gervase contains the great protest of the bishops in July 1264. The continuator has not given the challenges, the annalist has not preserved the protest. And as the protest is nowhere else to be found, the balance of value inclines to the continuator. But this is not always the case; the superiority of the Dover text is in many passages very great, so great as to show that not even the preservation of the sister volume is at all compensation for the hopeless injury of the Dover Annals. No doubt this common portion of the two works is the most valuable addition to our knowledge of history that this volume contains. It sheds great light both on the barons' war itself, and on the way in which the struggle was regarded in the monasteries, and especially in the county of Kent.

The existence of other histories which possessed a certain amount of matter, more or less, in common with the continuation of Gervase, is proved by passages which Wharton cites from two works, one of which he calls *Annales Insignes*, while he speaks of the other as *Chronicon Ecclesie Christi Cantuariensis*. Both these works, it seems, have disappeared. The latter was, we are told, in the possession of Archbishop Sancroft; but it cannot be found now at Lambeth, nor is it amongst Sancroft's MSS. at the Bodleian. All, it would seem, that can be said further is that Wharton's expressions leave no room for the notion that the *Annales Insignes* and the *Chronicon* may have been the same work, and that the search for both has been thus far fruitless. But although some questions as to priority of composition may thus be left open, there is no ground for supposing that they were more distinctly original than the continuation of Gervase; and, as Dr. Stubbs remarks, "nothing that may be hereafter discovered can detract from the fact that the penmanship of our MS. is contemporary with the events which it records."

It is scarcely necessary to say that Dr. Stubbs's examinations of the *Actus Pontificum* and *Mappa Mundi* of Gervase are as full and searching as his examination of the *Gesta Regum* with the continuation. The chronicles reproduced in this volume are full of interest; and the preface is a monument of marvellously exact learning and the most conscientious care.

THROUGH AMERICA.*

THERE is a certain class of books of travel, of which this is one, for which the reviewer may very safely predict a certain measure of success. They are not, it is true, good books; they answer none of the questions which intelligent readers ask concerning foreign countries; their authors seem ignorant of politics, constitutions, social aspects, the prospects of the countries of which they write, their leanings, tendencies, dangers, and safeguards. They are gifted by nature with minds which inquire into none of these things. They behold the present; they are satisfied with the outward seeming. They travel in a spirit which can hardly be called appreciative, because to appreciate rightly one must compare; and they cannot compare; nor can it be called statistical, though that sounds fine; it is a spirit which is, in fact, the exact opposite of the critical attitude; it is, perhaps, best expressed by a homely word—it is a "gauping" spirit. If one follows a group of visitors, for instance, about a cathedral, and if he looks round him while the vergier tells his flock that the church is 401 feet long and the tower 140 feet high, he will immediately recognize among the listeners specimens of the class for whom Mr. Marshall has written this book. The "gaupers" are those who love the figures; they are overwhelmed with facts, though they do not know the length of any other church in the world, and it would be exactly the same to them if the vergier had said four thousand feet. And they weary not of architectural details, although they understand no more of Early English, Decorated, and Norman than of Hebrew and of Greek. And their happiness is unbounded when they climb up to the top of the tower, and are told that from that great height they can see over seven counties at once. To see seven counties at once induces a kind of rapture. Such travellers, again, may be seen going over great houses, delighted beyond measure at hearing of the number of servants kept, the cost of the building, the rental of the owner, and, if they are happy enough to get the information, the number of gallons of milk taken in daily at the back-door.

It is to such readers and such travellers that Mr. Marshall has addressed himself. He has produced a book which, though it is long, contains a greater number of figures, in proportion to its length, than any other book we ever remember to have seen, except a cash-book. Possibly some volume of the Transactions of the Statistical Society might be found to equal it in this respect, but it would be rash to expect so much. It bristles with figures; it is like an elementary book of arithmetic, or a table of logarithms, or a meteorological return. Opening the book at random, we find, for instance, that at a certain hotel—it matters not where, because another equally big will be described on the next page—there are 65,000 square feet of stone and 7,000,000 bricks; that it has a frontage of 750 feet; the entrance-hall is 100 feet by 60; the grand reception-room is 100 feet by

24; the dining-hall is 130 feet by 30; and the kitchen 140 feet by 60. After glancing at measurements, which convey no real information, because the number of bricks used for a house is a thing known only to the conscience of a builder, the ordinary reader wonders mildly how big the thing is, and goes on to the next page, where he will find the dimensions of something else. But the man for whom Mr. Marshall writes is actually made happier by the knowledge that a building exists upon this world of miserably small houses which has taken 65,000 square feet and seven—actually, seven millions of bricks. This spirit is carried resolutely through the whole work. We are given the exact number of oysters eaten—of course the author, knowing his public, says "consumed"—in New York every year; we get the measurements of Stewart's big shop; the number of people—"as many as three hundred, sir"—who have sat down, all at once, at Delmonico's; the amount of beer brewed annually in New York; the amount of beef daily eaten at a big girls' school; the cost of all the public buildings; the number of tons of water—in millions—which are poured hourly over the Niagara precipice. How many tons of water—say, rather, gallons of water—can the human mind grasp at once? Of course the author does not really rise to his highest and best until he gets to Chicago, which is pre-eminently a place formed by the Americans for the delight of such a traveller. It was once so little and it is now so big; it once had such a big fire—Mr. Marshall gives us all the statistics of that fire, every one; it slaughters such a prodigious quantity of hogs; it furnishes materials for so many rows of figures, almost all in millions; and it enables an author to hurl so many facts at the heads of his readers that the most insatiable must be satisfied. For posterity, indeed, Mr. Marshall promises figures much more stupendous, much longer rows of numbers, much more overpowering facts. "America," he remarks, with surprising originality, "is still in her infancy." In her adolescence she will cover the whole ocean, probably, with bacon-loaded ships. Even in the important matter of dinner the author is not critical; he speaks of a dinner "aboard" a Pullman Car as "the highest pitch of luxury," and he copies the menu, inviting us to marvel with him. We cannot; the bill of fare is pretentious; but there are travellers who have been known to assert that dinner on the Pacific Railway is generally badly cooked and indigestible, and that wines and drinks of all kinds are bad and dear. Out of the windows of that car Mr. Marshall first beheld the prairie, and this gives him the opportunity of lugging in a quotation from Sir Charles Dilke, which will delight his admirers almost as much as the number of bricks in the hotel. It is that "you could put the whole of India twice over" into the plains and plateau of the States. What, we would ask, does this convey to the ordinary reader? Can he "perceive the breadth of the earth"? Has he grasped the size of India? It would be quite as much to the purpose if Mr. Marshall was to measure the length and breadth of his back-garden, and tell us (in millions) how many back-gardens go to the plains of North America.

And so on through four hundred long pages and over miles of ground which have been described again and again by travellers lively and travellers dull, travellers in search of the picturesque and travellers in search of game. Mr. Marshall has been nowhere off the beaten track, has seen nothing which others have not seen before him, and does not seem capable of seeing anything that is not pointed out in a guide-book. Some people, however, cannot even see what they are there told to see, so that Mr. Marshall is superior as a traveller to a certain number of his fellow-creatures. We go to the Yosemite Valley, and we are told, of course, the depth of every waterfall, the height of every rock. As regards the giant trees, the author would be unhappy—and so would his readers—if he were to dock those trees of a single foot of height. But a book which is all measurements and statistics cannot, except to the class we have already named, be interesting. We do not want to know the cost of a town-hall, or the dimensions of an hotel; and, when there is anything worth talking about, our author breaks down from sheer want of descriptive power. Thus, when Mr. Marshall gets to Niagara, which he afterwards with kind condescension speaks of as "justly world-renowned for its immense and powerful cataracts," he begins by frankly "owning up" that he cannot describe the place. Unfortunately he goes on to prove this assertion. That writer can hardly be said to rise to the majesty of the situation who can get no further than to speak of the roar of the waters as "thundering and deadening"; "hollow and deadening"—what does the roar deaden?—and "loud and thundering, yet so soft, so mellow, so permeating." By the last mysterious adjectives we can only suppose that Mr. Marshall means a soft and mellow roar which goes through, or "permeates," one ear and out of the other.

The value of the book, if it has any value, lies in the chapter on Mormonism. We believe that there has been a pretty general opinion of late, and especially since the death of Brigham Young, that the religion was rapidly dying out. The invasion of Gentiles, the spread of education, the ridicule which has been heaped upon the pretended history of their sacred book, the exposure of the miseries endured by the unhappy emigrants who have gone to the land of Alkali under the delusion that it is, in the matter of milk and honey, even superior to Canaan, have led the world to believe that the religion was fast declining. According to Mr. Marshall—and this is about the only deduction he ventures to draw from his figures—Mormonism was never so prosperous,

* *Through America; or, Nine Months in the United States.* By W. G. Marshall, M.A. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

"in a quiet way," as it is at present. Recruits from Great Britain and other countries continue to pour into Utah by hundreds every two or three months; very few converts are obtained from the States and Canada; but it is in England, Scotland, Wales, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway that the Mormons seek and win their converts, and their chief recruiting-ground is Wales. They are said to dwell less upon the doctrines of their Church than upon the chances offered to converts of bettering their condition. Zion is rich, virtuous, and happy; everything is managed for the people; all previous sins are forgiven; poverty, discontent, and vice are unknown. A rude awakening awaits the unfortunate settler. He is planted in a barren desert, the soil of which has to be irrigated and prepared before anything will grow; he is kept poor by his forced contributions to the Church; he is denied the right of opinion or of speech; he is subject to the most miserable of all oppressions—that of a greedy and ignorant priesthood. And yet, strange to say, the religion does not seem to lose its converts; those who join the Mormons seldom have the courage, or even the wish, to leave them; and the strongest supporters of their "peculiar institution" are said to be the women. Probably the hymns in which the wives celebrate the joys of polygamy are written by their husbands, and ordained by the bishops to be sung "in Quires and Places where they sing"; and the speeches in which strong-minded Mormon women defend the practice, and glory in being "one among many," are also, no doubt, inspired by the governing body. One fact, if it is true, is ominous; not only are nine-tenths of the Utah people Mormons, but the faith is spreading over Idaho and Wyoming; while there are Mormon colonies in New Mexico, Tennessee, Georgia, and other Southern States. A wholesale conversion of the negroes to Mormonism, which is considered not impossible, might produce startling results. Meantime, the Mormons are extremely anxious to get Utah admitted into the Union as a State. The reason of this is, of course, that the majority—that is, the Mormons themselves—by means of their leaders, would govern the State as they pleased. The next step would be to divide Utah, which is as big as England and France put together, into two Mormon States. Meanwhile, Idaho, Wyoming, Arizona, and New Mexico would have been chiefly colonized by Mormons, and would be ready to be formed into States in their turn, thus forming six compact Mormon States. It is most earnestly to be hoped that this scheme will not be allowed to be carried out.

As regards the illustrations, they are numerous, and are all taken from photographs. Those of the buildings resemble the drawings in the illustrated books of advertisements which lie about on hotel tables; those of landscapes, big trees, and other things, are tolerable, but not striking; they want softness and colour. The curious may read in the Appendix Brigham Young's will. It appears, unless we have counted wrong, that he left forty-six children to lament his loss. This seems a large-sized family, but perhaps it will be surpassed as America, "which is still in her infancy," goes on, and Mormonism prospers.

THE LUSIADS.*

CAPTAIN BURTON gives his reasons for publishing this new translation of *The Lusads* in his preface, and with that frankness of self-appreciation with which we are all familiar, "after all," he says, "to speak without undue modesty, my most cogent reason for printing this translation of my master is simply because I prefer it to all that have appeared." The work was undertaken in the course of his travels as "a talisman against homesickness and the nervous troubles which learned men call phrenalgia and autophobia." Camoens has been Captain Burton's companion, consoler, and friend—"on board raft and canoe, sailer and steamer, on the camel and the mule, under the tent and the jungle-tree, upon the fire peak and the snow peak, on the Prairie, the Campo, the Steppe, the Desert." We may congratulate Captain Burton very sincerely on having found such a friend, and yet venture to doubt the necessity of publishing this translation. We are already very amply supplied with renderings of Camoens which remain unread. He has been translated almost as often as if he were a Greek classic, and more frequently than either Dante or Tasso, and yet his poem has been judged to be inferior to the *Jerusalem Delivered*, while even Captain Burton would scarcely think of comparing it to the *Divine Comedy*. Neither can its popularity among English translators, for we doubt whether the poem has ever had many readers out of Portugal, be due to its claim to be considered an "Epos of Commerce." The voyage of Gama and the discovery of India are quite subordinate. Captain Burton speaks with enthusiasm of the "exactness"—"the insight we call introversion"—shown by the "arch-poet of Portugal" in his descriptions of places; but, as a matter of fact, Camoens, like all the men of his century when dealing with nature, is very little given to describing in detail. All the places touched on by Gama's fleet do not occupy so much space as the Island of Love in the Epic; and when Captain Burton, after saying that only a "traveller can do justice to a traveller," goes on to say that he is familiar

with the places mentioned in *The Lusads*, we conclude he does not number that "earthly paradise" among them. The stock classical machinery of the Renaissance poets never looked more absurdly out of place than in the work of this Portuguese Catholic. The absurdity is at its height when Gama prays to the "God of Israel" in a storm raised by the sea-gods at the request of Bacchus, and his prayer is answered by the appearance of Venus and her nymphs. All literature cannot show a finer example of the power of tradition and routine. But, although *The Lusads* is not an epic of commerce, nor indeed an epic at all, its reputation is of easy explanation. Its style is exquisite, flowing, and natural; the historical episodes are full of a lofty patriotic spirit; and, above all, it is the work which, to the foreign reader, forms the literature of Portugal.

We were by no means sure that there was any necessity for another translation of *The Lusads* from anybody after the excellent rendering given by Mr. J. J. Aubertin no more than three years ago, and our opinion has not been changed by an examination of Captain Burton's. We approach the work, however, with some awe, for we have the most explicit warning both from the editor, Mrs. Burton, and from Captain Burton himself as to its true value. Speaking, as he promises to do, "without undue modesty," the translator ends up his preface with the following sentence:—"If a concurrence of adverse triles prevent my being appreciated now, the day will come, haply somewhat late, when men will praise what they now pass by." Thus Captain Burton, speaking from Cairo on May 1, 1880. The confirmatory testimony of the editor is emphatic, and promptly given from Trieste on the following July. Mrs. Burton has some doubts about the fate of the translation, but none as to its value:—"To the un-aesthetic, to non-poets, non-linguists, non-musicians, non-artists, Burton's *Lusads* will be an unknown land, an unknown tongue. One might as well expect them to enjoy a dominant seventh or an enharmonic change in harmony." In short, this "great work" will probably prove "too aesthetic for the British public." However, we venture to state a few of the reasons why we do not prefer Captain Burton's version of *The Lusads* to "the commoner translations." But, before doing so we should like to clear up a little mystery which hangs over the book. Both translator and editor speak of a commentary which is to interest "all alike," whether they be capable of appreciating a dominant seventh or not; but on examination of the two volumes published, such a commentary "nowhere discloses itself." Neither is there any promise of a third volume. Are we to have it afterwards? Or has Captain Burton changed his mind? Or are we only to have it if we show ourselves capable of appreciating "his enharmonic changes in harmony"? The few foot-notes scattered up and down the two volumes are intended to save the reader "the mortification of consulting the conclusion," which is fortunate, as it is not there to consult. The quality of these notes may perhaps console the reader for the absence of the commentary. They are few, trivial, and only explain what is already clear as daylight. In one case we have a note, apparently inserted to justify a pedantic interpolation in the text of the original, and in one Captain Burton has availed himself of the "liberty of foot-notes" to make a rather odd historical mistake. He has contrived to confound Ferdinand the Catholic of Arragon with his ancestor Ferdinand the Saint of Castile, the conqueror of Seville and Córdoba.

The translator of Bouterwek's *History of Portuguese Literature* takes care to point out in a note that the English translator who wishes to render *The Lusads* "must avoid all antiquated and uncommon turns of expressions, for the language of Camoens is always eloquent and modern." No one who has the slightest knowledge of Portuguese will doubt that she is perfectly right. Now, it may be said to be the best definition of Captain Burton's work that he has carefully violated this rule wherever it was possible to do so. His style is affected and extravagant; indeed, it would appear from the editor's preface that he has laboured throughout under a mistaken notion of the task which he had before him. In mentioning previous translations, Mrs. Burton tells us that the best is Fanshawe's, because it is the quaintest. Now, apart from the fact that Fanshawe is very inaccurate, and never scrupled to add whole sentences of his own, his very quaintness unfits him to be the translator of a poet who is the standard of purity of language in his country. Camoens is never quaint. Captain Burton sometimes uses curiously antiquated words to find equivalents for the simplest Portuguese words. The poet is made to talk of raising "an assured esperance." We have "peregrine" for strange, "peon" for a foot-soldier, and so on. Captain Burton makes use also of provincial terms, of Irish, of Lowland Scotch, or of scientific words. "Pilled and plundered" is tautological and inaccurate as a translation of *munda e come*; and, though "dour," "gars," "galore," "kinky," and fifty more which may be found in this translation are in use, they are not the proper equivalents for classic Portuguese. Where the difficulty of making his line contain no more than the necessary number of syllables presses very hard on him, Captain Burton has recourse to using different forms of the same word. He uses "sprite" and "spirit" in the same sense in the same line; Sur-rasin and Sar-racene, Portingall, Portugall, Port'gall, and Portuguezes sometimes in the same stanza. In one place we have "sans peur" as the translation of *sem pavor*. One of his most familiar contrivances for making the rhyme which he cannot find is to lop off a syllable which is in his way, and we have 'gins

* On *Lusads* (*The Lusads*). Englished by R. F. Burton. Edited by his Wife, Isabel Burton. 2 vols. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1880.

'venge, 'campment, 'trenchment, and the monstrosity of squad for squadron (of vessels), given as examples of how "the disciple has faithfully followed his master," "Portugal's Maro."

In spite, or rather in consequence, of his misuse of words, Captain Burton is far from being as accurate as Mr. Aubertin, and is altogether inferior to him in the harmony of his verse. Although not without occasional passages of happy melody, his stanzas are, as a rule, somewhat rugged and halting. Among the eleven hundred and odd stanzas of the poem, a large minority are no better than the two we quote here:—

Passeth no tedious time, before the great
Prince a dure Siege in Guimaraens dree'd
by pawing pow'r, for to 'mend his state,
came the fell enemy, full of grief and greed;
but when committed life to direful Fate,
Egas, the faithful guardian he was free'd,
who had in any other way been lost
all unprepared 'gainst such 'whelming host.
But when the loyal vassal well hath known
how weak his monarch's arm to front such sight,
sans order wending to the Spanish fane
his sovran's homage he doth pledge and plight,
Straight from the horrid siege th' invader flown
trusting the word and honour of the Knight,
Egas Moniz: But now the noble breast
of the brave youth disdaineth strange behest.

Perhaps it is because we cannot appreciate the dominant seventh or an enharmonic change in harmony that these stanzas, and the many others like them, appear to us to be indifferent English in a limping metre. Portuguese is so little known in England that we can scarcely ask our readers to compare these stanzas with the original; but if any one wishes to understand how they differ from it, he can gain a very fair idea by comparing them with the corresponding stanzas—the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth of the Third Canto in Mr. Aubertin's translation. We have said, however, that Captain Burton's translation is not without passages of happy melody, and we prefer to part from him by quoting one in which we find some pleasure in thinking the expression of a personal feeling has made him surpass himself and distance his competitors, while he is more than usually faithful to his original:—

The joy one's own dear Land once more to view,
sweet home and kith and kin to sight again,
with whom old voyage-feats we face anew,
and tall of climates strange and stranger men;
to taste the honey'd draught of praises due
by long misadventures, toil, and ill and pain,
each bath of pleasure such a perfect store,
the shallow vessel of man's heart brims o'er.

STEVENS'S MADAME DE STAËL.*

DR. STEVENS has attempted what we fear is a hopeless task; that of not only reawakening public interest in Mme. de Staël, but of reviving and extending the dead *culte* of "the greatest woman in literature." He is an adorer, and his two volumes are an elaborate invitation to the world to come and worship with him. Certainly he has some qualifications not always possessed by devotees; he has worked hard to find out all that is to be known about the object of his pious interest. He has drawn up a goodly list of the biographies, criticisms, and more or less indirect accounts of Mme. de Staël that have appeared in French, German, and English; and all these he seems to have read and to have found wanting. Moreover, writing as he does from Geneva, he has had access to some new materials, traditional in certain Genevese families, and especially to the MS. *souvenirs* of M. Pictet de Sergy, one of a well-known Swiss family, himself an intimate friend, and the son and son-in-law of intimate friends, of Mme. de Staël and her father. We may be allowed to hope that these unpublished papers will some day see the light, for they are sure to be full of interesting gossip, and they will certainly not be more one-sided than Dr. Stevens's own work. We give one of the passages which he quotes from them; a passage interesting both from the manner in which it illustrates the position and character of Necker's daughter, and from the explanation it gives of one of her celebrated heroines:—

She not only commemorated some of her associates in the characters of the book [Delphine], but (writes one of her still surviving friends) "the origin of its title is equally worthy of interest." She was desirous of meeting the First Consul, for some urgent reason, and went to the villa of Madame de Montesson, whither he frequently resorted. "She was alone in one of the *salles* when he arrived, accompanied by the consular court of brilliant young women. The latter knew the growing hostility of their master towards her, and passed, without noticing her, to the other end of the *salle*, leaving her entirely alone. She was thus placed in quarantine, and her position was becoming extremely painful, when a young lady, more courageous and more compassionate than her companions, crossed the *salle* and took a seat by her side. Madame de Staël was touched by this kindness, and, in the course of the conversation, asked for her Christian name. "Delphine," she responded. "Ah, I will try to immortalise it," exclaimed Madame de Staël; and she kept her word. This sensible young lady was the Comtesse de Custine.

The author treats Mme. de Staël as a public character, and

consequently his book is not a "Life," but a "Life and Times." This is inevitable, and the pages which Dr. Stevens has devoted to his heroine's surroundings, to the political and literary people with whom she was brought in contact, are perhaps the most interesting, and are certainly the least debatable, in the volumes. Everybody will be glad to read a page or two about Bonstetten, and the young Sismondi, and Mme. de Krüdner, and the historian Von Müller, and will find such digressions a pleasant relief from the monotonous panegyric of the main narrative. Their fault is that they are introduced in a haphazard way, and that the book in consequence makes a kind of patchy impression upon the mind. Moreover, the enthusiasm of the biographer for his chief subject seems to overflow upon her friends, all of whom appear before the reader in somewhat magnificent intellectual proportions. Of Mme. de Krüdner, when she becomes serious, we hear that "her superior intelligence, her rare faculties, seemed intensified by a new moral force, a spiritual magnetism, which drew around her the highest minds"; of Bonstetten, that he was "prodigious as a thinker"; that he was "a sage"; and that he became "an oracle at Coppet"; of Mme. Necker de Saussure that she was "the pride of Geneva," rich in heart and brain, and so on of all the rest. No doubt all these were remarkable people, but Dr. Stevens has not practised the art of letting the story suggest their superiority. He forces it upon the reader. He will have no society that is not of the very choicest, and that does not carry its credentials on its forehead. With a curious instinctive sympathy with his heroine, he will have it appear that nobody on whom she cares to smile or frown can possibly be commonplace.

The treatment that Mme. de Staël herself receives from her biographer has been indicated already. It is unbounded and unmitigated praise from beginning to end—praise of her face, her heart, her head; of her beauty, her sensibility, her enthusiasm, her intelligence, her knowledge, her conversation; of her principles, of her practice, of her personal charm, and of her literary style. Dr. Stevens excels in picking out apt quotations from earlier biographers and critics; and the passage from the preface in which he collects some of these testimonies is an excellent index to his own views of his heroine's perfections:—

She has been known abroad chiefly as the author of a couple of "fictions," or by French party criticisms and anecdotal disparagements; but critical students of her works and her times know that she was a profound ethical thinker; a political leader whose persistent liberal teachings have again ascendancy in her country; a "Queen of Society"; an oracle of the first minds of her age; the leader, as Lacretelle records, of the spiritualistic reaction against the materialistic philosophy of the Revolution; one of the principal promoters, as Lermier asserts, of the literature and criticism of the Romantic school, in France, as contrasted with its old rigorous Classicism; the first, as Goethe affirms, effectively to break open the way for the outspread of German literature over Western Europe; the most genuine heroine of the Revolution; the most steadfast opponent of the despotism of Bonaparte—"the last of the Romans," as Lamartine says, "under this Caesar, who dared not to destroy her, and could not abase her"; the greatest woman of her times, as Macaulay asserted; the greatest woman in literature, as Byron said; the greatest woman yet produced by Europe, as Galilei believed—a superb intellect, and a woman of loving and most lovable soul.

On this tack Dr. Stevens proceeds throughout. Where he can quote a passage of panegyric, he quotes it; where he cannot, he makes one for the occasion. For a picture of Mme. Necker's youth we are given the well-known rhapsody of De Guibert, in which, according to the worn-out fancy of those days, she is introduced in a travesty of Greek costume as the "priestess of Apollo." "See her! see her!" all exclaim when she appears; and they hold their breath to hear her. "In hearing her one would be disposed to say that many persons, many experiences, were mingled in her one soul," &c. A few years later we have Bonstetten's testimony that "there is more intellect displayed at Coppet in a day than in many whole countries in an entire year." Then comes Frederica Brun, the Dane, with her evidence; "I have never seen anywhere a heart so superabundant in sentiment, a soul of fire, like hers." She travels in the South, and we are told that "genius never looked through clearer eyes on the marvels of Italy than in the person of Mme. de Staël." It is the same with her domestic relations, with her political conduct, with her attitude towards Napoleon, with her effect in England and Germany. Occasionally Dr. Stevens quotes judgments that dwell on Madame's foibles, such as those of Miss Burney and the well-known sayings of Byron; and very rarely he can be got to admit that there is something in them. Byron refers to the death of the young De Staël in a duel, and adds, with more truth than kindness, "Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be; but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could—write an essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance and somebody to see or read how much grief becomes her." The biographer confesses that "there is some truth in this judgment"; and, indeed, it is borne out by all the facts of the case. Sympathy with her woes, praise for her genius, this is what she was always craving for; and no biography that does not bring out this fact can present a true impression of her. Her conduct in her exile is the standing witness of the one craving, the craving for an audience "to see how much grief becomes her"; and of the other there is evidence in the opinions of all the really great men that she came in contact with, and in a hundred stories not quoted by Dr. Stevens. One of these has always struck us as very characteristic. When Mme. de Staël visited Berlin she met the famous Rahel (afterwards Mme. Varnhagen von Ense), talked with her for two hours, and went away delighted. She was eloquent on Rahel's genius and charm; she

* *Madame de Staël; a Study of her Life and Times: the First Revolution and the First Empire.* By A. Stevens, LL.D. 2 vols. With Portraits. London: John Murray. 1881.

was most ungrudging in her praise. "But," she said to her host, to whom she was giving out her impressions, "you will tell me what she thinks of me?" It was these things that made her a terror to many people, that did her grave social harm, and that, as a natural result, gave her grounds for many a cherished grievance. Dr. Stevens is almost blind to this side of his heroine, and his book is consequently of little value as a critical judgment of her character.

Mme. de Staël had a great effect in her day, and her reputation throughout Europe was immense. In revenge, she has been unduly disparaged by this and the last generation, and it is only right that the attempt should be made to set her in her proper place again. From what we have said, it is plain that Dr. Stevens has not made the attempt in the right way, and that his book, which might have persuaded people to regard her as a good-hearted woman of genius, who, in spite of great weaknesses of character, did real services to the cause of literature, will not persuade them to regard her as a being endowed with superhuman virtues and superhuman powers, and suffering with angelic patience intolerable wrongs. With a real love for the highest ideals, she had a wonderfully quick and active intelligence, an extraordinary gift of speech ("an altogether unprecedented glibness of tongue," Schiller called it), and a power of clear statement that marked her out among all the writers of the time. In spite of her abominable self-consciousness, she was so far sympathetic as to be able to influence both men and women and to surround herself with affection—a gift which has been often known to co-exist with a great deal of vanity. She had no originality of ideas, but she was quick in divining what ideas were fruitful and moving; and it is certain that the praise so often bestowed on her *L'Allemagne*—praise bestowed by Goethe and Richter, and repeated by Sainte-Beuve and by Carlyle—is well deserved. She made Germany known to France, as Coleridge about the same date was making it known to England. Mme. de Staël's power of appreciating German idealism was of quite another order from Coleridge's; but her effect was wider, if less deep, than his, and nothing can rob her of the distinction of having helped to set in motion the Romantic tide which rose to its height a few years after her death. With all her undignified self-tormenting under Napoleon's persecution, she cannot be said to be wholly self-centred. She was as sentimental as if she had been a daughter, not of Necker, but of Rousseau; she loved admiration and sympathy, and flung herself at forty-five into the arms of her youthful second husband, Rocca, as if she had been twenty. But, though the social instincts were unduly strong in her, and though she almost pined herself to death when forbidden to gratify them, her delight in the things of the mind was genuine. It was because she felt herself crippled, disabled, unable to use her great gifts for the furthering of her own or others' intelligence, that she suffered so keenly from her exile. "Her dominant characteristic," says Sainte-Beuve, "the point in which all the contrasts of her nature meet, the swift and penetrating spirit that pervaded and sustained that marvellous assemblage, was certainly the spirit of conversation—of sudden, improvised speech, springing in its divine freshness from the perpetual fountain of her soul; there, in very truth, lay what she calls *life*, that magic word which she so often employed and which must be so often employed in reference to herself by all who speak of her." In the presence of this enthusiasm for life, for intellectual movement, how insignificant, after all, do her weaknesses appear! Her books are a great fact in the history of France and of Europe; and she herself, with all her faults, was a greater fact. Modern literature owes her more than it is prepared to own.

SHADOWS IN THE SUNLIGHT.*

WE presume that *Shadows in the Sunlight* is written by a woman, although, as is often the case, so far as the name on the title-page guides us, the book might be written by man, maid, or matron. But the internal evidence points to feminine authorship; the sorrowful disappointment of a childless mother is depicted with an intelligent sympathy of which few men would be capable; while there are certain trivial mistakes in reference to business matters into which a woman would be likely to fall. The book shows some want of knowledge of the world; and, as we are inclined to add, some want of knowledge of human nature, although that, in a measure, may be matter of opinion. The heroine, upon whom the author has concentrated her attention, is a clever and spirited study, but, to our mind, a phenomenon, and an impossible one. We may grant, though we hesitate to make the admission, that the best and most candid of women may be guilty of a strange piece of deceit under sudden and violent temptation. But we cannot admit that that hasty act of madness would as suddenly and absolutely change a frank and warm-hearted wife into a domestic hypocrite, who has to keep from a confiding husband the secret of a cold-blooded deed of cruelty. Though a first guilty step had precipitated her into an ugly dilemma, we believe she must have been impelled irresistibly, alike by her character and conscience, to the alternative of making atonement by full confession. At the same time we admit that, by straining moral probabilities to suit the purposes of the plot, the author has

conceived an ingenious story, in which the excitement is sustained throughout.

Certainly we should never have foretold Kate Bryanton's course of conduct from what we learn of her on first acquaintance. She is a lively Irish girl, with almost a superabundance of health and an overflow of good spirits, that, altogether regardless of the consequences, hurries her into innocent *étourderies*. She is confident, besides, in the power of her piquant beauty, and feels that it authorizes her to take extraordinary liberties. She is impulsive, frank, and outspoken to a fault; and when we first meet her, driving with an elder sister, she does not hesitate, half laughingly, to own that she has fallen in love at first sight with the new dispensary doctor. For once the course of true love seems to run smooth. For the favourable impression proves to be mutual, and Kitty promptly marries Dr. French, with the full approval of her parents. The couple might have lived happily ever afterwards, and the novel might have ended ere it had well begun. But, unhappily for Kitty, she has innocently, though not unconsciously, made a malignant domestic enemy. Why Rose Dogherty, who has been half a confidential servant, half a humble friend, in the family of the Bryantons, should have detested the second daughter so heartily we hardly know. At all events, there is no doubt of the fact; and the young wife, most unfortunately, has to do with one of the most implacable, treacherous, and vindictive natures that we have met with in an extensive experience of novels. Somewhat weakly, Kitty has consented to have Rose forced upon her by her mother as confidential servant. Forthwith Rose lays herself out to sow dissensions between her new master and mistress. A vicious jealousy inspires her natural turn for intrigue and mischief-making, for she takes it into her head to fall in love with her master. To do him justice, Dr. French has no suspicion of Rose's feelings. But he learns to appreciate the treasure his mother-in-law has spared to their household, and finds Rose a most invaluable woman and the most capable of assistants in the dispensary and surgery. Rose, under the mask of her stealthily unobjectionable manners, abuses the influence she has insensibly gained, and stings the injured wife by perpetually making unassuming displays of it. Yet, as Dr. French really loves his wife as sincerely as ever, no great harm might have been done before they had come to an explanation had it not been for that inexplicable impulse of Kitty's which committed her to a cruel course of deceit, and placed her in Rose Dogherty's power. The original cause of the deed which wrecked her life and happiness was an act of kindly charity. The Frenches had undertaken the charge of an orphan child, brought to them under highly romantic circumstances. The little boy has entwined himself round the hearts of both, and so far they have been richly rewarded. But her husband's fondness for it disturbs Kitty. It seems to show that she might have assured his love could she only have given him a child of her own. The watchful Rose neglects no opportunity of stimulating this morbid feeling, while Kitty begins to think that even this little stranger is a tie between her and her husband, and looks forward with nervous apprehension to the time when it may possibly be reclaimed. The dreaded day comes on her unexpectedly. When out for a solitary walk, she meets the father, and learns in the purpose of his visit that her worst fears are to be realized. Then she is beset by the terrible temptation to which she so strangely succumbs. Accident so far has saved her unexpectedly, in arranging for her intercepting him, before he has had the opportunity of communicating with her husband. A wild idea flashes through her brain, and it is quickly moulded into definite shape. Accident serves her still further. Her embarrassment and distraction strike the visitor. Not unnaturally he never attributes them to the actual cause, but believes that this motherly and warm-hearted young wife is hesitating to break the intelligence of a fresh bereavement to him. She lets him go on deceiving himself, slowly mustering resolution and cunning enough to assist the process when necessary. She becomes not only deceitfully cruel, but positively infamous on the spur of the moment. She leads the sorrowing widower to the grave of his young wife, and there she dashes the last drops in the cup of comfort from his lips, by telling him that his baby has been laid beside its mother. The lie appears to be as stupid as it is heartless. It is most improbable that the father who has come a long journey on such an errand could be sent away without expressing his gratitude to the worthy doctor who had consented to accept the care of the child. But Kitty, who hitherto had been honesty itself, shows herself quite equal to the occasion. She does the best for herself in desperate circumstances where immediate detection is almost inevitable. She launches herself recklessly into the regions of romance and forges the most monstrous accusations against the affectionate husband who had adored her. She tells her companion that her husband is jealous of her; she more than insinuates that Dr. French is a brutal tyrant, of whom she goes in hourly terror of her life. She appeals to Mr. Felton's gratitude and his chivalry to avoid a meeting which might have the most painful consequences for the sorrow-stricken benefactress of his lost child; and he is won to consent by her obvious confusion, at once so very natural and engaging. "Well, I go forth into the world again, a lonely man," is his touching farewell as he turns away from his wife's grave. And Kate French lets him go in that belief, although naturally she feels some relenting. So violent a strain on our credulity is doubly an artistic mistake. Hitherto, as the author intended, our sympathies have gone with Kate. Now, of course, they are effectually diverted; and when Rose

* *Shadows in the Sunlight*. By E. Owens Blackburne, Author of "Illustrious Irishwomen." Cecil Brooks & Co. 1881.

Dogherty misrepresents the meeting in the churchyard, making the calumniated husband jealous in good earnest; when the supposed discovery indirectly kills French, and when he dies addressing delirious reproaches to his wife, although the wretched woman endures excruciating torments, we are ready with the verdict—serve her right.

We lose sight of the widowed Mrs. French, and a period of some five-and-twenty years may be supposed to elapse, when we meet an agreeable widow in easy circumstances, travelling abroad under the name of Mrs. Chetwode. We cannot help suspecting from the first that it is our old Irish acquaintance; the suspicion is rather confirmed by her having a grown-up son in her company; and suspicion changes to absolute certainty when Mrs. Chetwode is brought in contact with an elderly Bessie Morris, who reminds us unmistakably of Rose Dogherty. Nor does the author mean to make any great mystery on the subject; we are intended to know who Mrs. Chetwode is; and as "Bessie" has recognized her former victim, we are sure that the *incognita* cannot be long preserved. Indeed, the old persecution is immediately renewed, and Mrs. Chetwode lives in hourly expectation of the disclosure of her very uncomfortable antecedents. She has as much reason as ever to shrink from disclosures, for having once given herself over to deceit, she seems to have cultivated a decided taste for it. Selfishness also would seem to have grown upon her. No doubt she has done her duty as a mother by this "William Chetwode," who repays her maternal cares with the most affectionate devotion. But all the time, as she knows full well, she has been interposing between him and a noble fortune. "William Chetwode" has no claim on anybody but her, and that claim she is ready to honour to the extent of her means. But "Charles Felton," as the young man really is, is heir to his grandfather's ample estates and a family baronetcy to boot. Things are further complicated by a passionate attachment the young man conceives for Aileen Power, a very fascinating Irish girl; and subsequently by the loss of Mrs. Chetwode's money, which has been "deposited" in the Bonus Bank, which breaks. We may observe that the completeness of the pecuniary catastrophe would have seemed more plausible had the lady been represented as a shareholder in place of a depositor. Had Rose Dogherty never turned up again, it would have been all the worse for "Sir Charles Felton," though better for the next heir to the estates. But Rose, who has only grown more relentless with time, who has private designs of her own, in which she desires Mr. Chetwode's co-operation, turns the screw with remorseless energy. And Mrs. Chetwode, tortured into sheer desperation, anticipates the impending disclosures by a full, though very tardy, confession. It will be seen that the plot of the story is exciting enough; it is lightened by a variety of incidents more or less ingeniously devised, and it begins, as it ends, with a lively love affair, Mrs. Chetwode figuring in the former and her son by adoption in the latter. But we dispute the right of an author to base thrilling sensations on moral phenomena which are incredible or impossible; and in his own interests an author should never abuse the privilege of dealing arbitrarily with conduct and its motives.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ADRIEN DELAHANTIE'S two volumes (1) are capital specimens of a kind of work which might with advantage be much commoner than it is. The author, who belongs to a family which for full two centuries has supplied officials to the Civil Service of France, discovered some time ago, at the death of one of his relations, a mass of papers which, though they had suffered severely from time and neglect, and still more severely from the contributions which the village grocer had been allowed to levy on them, still seemed promising. He had them sorted, and studied them, with this book as a result. A great many family portraits, photographically reproduced, and some miscellaneous illustrations, decorate the volumes, the letterpress of which is very fairly full both of amusement and instruction. As an instance of the former may be mentioned the ideally eighteenth-century conduct of one of the ladies introduced, who never quarrelled with her lover except on one ground—that, seeing her as he did every day, he thought himself entitled sometimes to leave unanswered the voluminous epistles which, notwithstanding their constant intercourse, she regularly addressed to him. "Tender sentiments," she said, "could be expressed so much more suitably by letter than by word of mouth," a craze to which posterity owes some very admirable, and much very worthless, literature. As regards historical instruction, the light which the author throws on the much-abused system of farming the revenue deserves especial mention. *Une famille de finance* is hardly a book to be read generally, except with judicious skipping. But the judicious skipper will find his account in it, and any regular student of the French eighteenth century will find attentive perusal still better repaid.

Louise de la Vallière is perhaps one of those persons about whom everybody thinks that he knows everything. It is, however, often in these very cases that there is least of really accurate know-

ledge. M. Lair's book (2) is of the careful and satisfactory, but not specially brilliant, kind which the teaching of the *École des Chartes* and the altered state of literary standards in France has made common. Such a book written even fifty, much more a hundred, years ago, would have been better probably as a work of art; but it would almost certainly have been inferior as a book of reference. M. Lair's citations of his authorities are incessant; and, indeed, the book may be said to be, more than anything else, a patient and ingenious mosaic of passages from contemporary books and documents more or less obscure. That M. Lair has written thus because it was his plan to do so, and not from any inability to write otherwise, is sufficiently evident. His book is a valuable one. It contains, in an appendix, the letters of the Duchess to the Marquis de Bellefonds, written after her "conversion," and good copies of the two well-known portraits, the one in all the glory of ringlets, necklaces, and gorgeous raiment, the other in Carmelite garb—portraits of which, it must be confessed, the latter is by far the most attractive.

M. Emile Rauné has given (3), in the "Bibliothèque Charpentier," a carefully collated edition of the well-known *souvenirs* of Mme. de Caylus. The creatress of the part of Esther, the "last flower of the age of Louis XIV.," deserved to have her text carefully looked to, and M. Rauné claims (it would seem with justice) that his version is the first accurate and the first really complete one.

The third, and last, volume of Colonel Iung's history of Napoleon Bonaparte's youth (4) completes the work; but also disfigures it. Certain recent events seem to have inspired the author, not merely with the unhappy idea of writing a violent preface of a personal kind, but also with the still unhappier idea of adding to his work (which ostensibly terminates in 1799) a chapter of irrelevant and brutal comment on the death of Napoleon at St. Helena and on the subsequent fortunes of the members of his family. The present Republican party in France has given many proofs of rancour and of bad taste, but few more striking than this. As Colonel Iung's book is a really useful contribution to history, we can only hope that he himself, in a moment of resipiscence, or some one else for him, will lop off these offensive excrescences. It is, however, unfortunately true that the actual historical work of this volume is less well done than that of its predecessors, the Egyptian expedition, for instance, being treated with astonishing incompleteness.

The republication of M. Louis Blanc's *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre* has been completed by the issue of the tenth volume (5), dealing with the year 1870 until the fall of the Empire. The volume is padded with a long disquisition on the English land question, the tone of which may be easily divined, though it is only just to say that M. Louis Blanc, with his usual freedom from conscious unfairness, admits the drawbacks of the opposite system of peasant proprietorship and compulsory division.

The second volume (6) of M. Gambetta's speeches, edited by the faithful M. Joseph Reinach, extends from February 19, 1871, to July 24, 1872. That M. Gambetta is not one of those orators whose speeches read like finished literature, nor even one of those whose command of their hearers is reproducible in reports, is notorious. The editorial work, however, in the way of summaries of the situation, *entre-faits* of abstract, &c., is exceedingly well done.

All readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* who take an interest in Russia must have looked forward to the publication of M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's work on the Czarish Empire (7). The book is not by any means a mere republication of review articles, these latter having (as, no doubt, in strictness they should always do) served merely as rough drafts of the treatment of particular points. The book is to be on a sufficiently great scale, the present bulky and closely printed volume being the first of three and perhaps of four. M. Leroy-Beaulieu, it is needless to say, speaks with a great deal of authority. He has worked at the subject for ten years, no small portion of which he has spent on the spot. His competence is admitted on all sides—from M. Dragomanoff, the chief literary representative of Nihilism, to the pillars of political orthodoxy in Russia. His work therefore deserves a fuller examination than can be given to it in this particular place. We shall only observe that on a first reading it appears a little open to the charge of aridity. It is not relieved with notes, citations, and illustrations, in the style of histories from Gibbon's days downwards, nor has it the vivid literary polish of history à la Voltaire or à la Rulhière.

M. Legouvé, ever busy in his old age about matters which concern the family man, has dealt (8) with the *question des femmes* in a little pamphlet. He is an emancipator *mais non tout*, as the Sybil of Panzoust might have said. He would introduce the

(2) *Louise de la Vallière*. Par J. Lair. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Souvenirs de Mme. de Caylus*. Par E. Rauné. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Bonaparte et son temps*. Par Th. Iung. Tome 3. Paris: Charpentier.

(5) *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre*. Par Louis Blanc. Tome X. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *Discours et plaidoyers politiques de M. Gambetta*. Paris: Charpentier.

(7) *L'empire des Tsars et les Russes*. Par A. Leroy-Beaulieu. Tome 1. Paris: Hachette.

(8) *La question des femmes*. Par E. Legouvé. Paris: Hachette.

(1) *Une famille de finance au XVIII^e siècle*. Par A. Delahante. 2 vols. Paris: Hetzel.

English law of breach of promise of marriage, in cases of seduction, and would protect married women's earnings. He speaks of Mlle. Hubertine Auclerc in a highly complimentary manner. It is to be feared, however, that Mlle. Auclerc will think the veteran Academician a sad backslider when she finds that, acknowledging the logical right of women to vote and sit, he denies their practical right, and refers them to hospitals and *bureaux de bienfaisance* as their proper sphere.

M. Molinari's excellent letters on Ireland in the *Débats* are already familiar to most people who have interested themselves in the Irish question, but their republication in book-form (9) adds an important item to the catalogue of the literature of the subject. It is needless to say that M. Molinari, the most practical, unprejudiced, and well informed of judges, is what Mr. Gladstone would call a Saturn-and-Jupiter man—that is to say, he holds that even Mr. Gladstone cannot make water run uphill. The papers which are added on Canada and Jersey are altogether slighter, but are pleasant enough reading.

There are many alarmists in France, but M. Raoul Frary (10) is certainly the most serious and sensible of them. His spectre, of course, wears a pickelhaube, but he talks about it in the most logical and connected manner; manifests a perfect acquaintance with history, past and present; speaks of other nations, even of the Germans themselves, without the least heat or rancour; and if he be, as optimists in his own country and others will say, a madman, is the most methodical madman we have ever met. His argument is mainly this. France is constantly increasing in riches and not increasing in numbers or strength; her neighbour is constantly increasing in numbers and strength, and withal becoming poorer. Given these premisses, what is the conclusion? More marriages and general habituation to carrying and using arms is the remedy suggested, and M. Frary does not disguise his belief that the wars of the future are likely to be far more disastrous than those of the past, precisely for the reason which makes enthusiastic Liberals believe that all war will soon cease. Wars have been dynastic, says M. Frary; they are now popular. It is difficult in a short space to do justice to an argument which is singularly well marshalled and remarkably accurate in its details. But Frenchmen are not the only persons who may read M. Frary with profit.

M. Emile Montégut occupies a position by himself in French critical literature. Since the death of the great masters of that art—Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, and Mérimée—he shares the primacy with MM. Renan, Scherer, and St.-Victor, falling short, it may be, of each in something, but excelling the first in masculine firmness, the second in catholic sympathy and acuteness of insight, the third in simplicity of style. In this volume (11) the greater part of the work rather deals with art than with literature, and M. Montégut emits some very doubtful opinions, as, for instance, in his preference of *Duré* over *Plaxman*. But there is a short paper on *Boccaccio*, which is a critical gem. The analysis of the character of *Alacié*, and of its bearing on Italian character generally, is a wonderful piece of appreciation. An essay on *Tasso* seems to us distinctly inferior, and some papers on *Dante* are really papers on *Dante's* illustrators.

In *La maison d'un artiste* (12) M. de Goncourt has had the not infelicitous idea of giving a kind of *catalogue raisonné* of the contents of his house, which he justly describes as "a nest, than which there is none in Paris fuller of things of the eighteenth century." Two volumes are occupied by this. We shall not say that there are not certain *longueurs*, but the book is a curious and a not inexcusable one. Without impertinence, however, we may perhaps be permitted to say that it has made us more than once ponder what a clever man the late M. Jules de Goncourt must have been.

Splendeurs et misères de la cour de Rome (13) is not inaptly characterized by its catchpenny title. It is, however, fair to say that there is rather more solidity in it than might be expected. The author seems to have a real acquaintance with his subject, which his desire to minister to the anti-clerical prejudice of the day has not altogether obscured or tampered with.

Of two volumes of travel, or something like it, which we have before us, one is a specimen of the almost worthless mixture of geography and fiction to which Frenchmen are so strangely addicted; the other a well-written and not uninteresting book recording a short tour in the Caucasus. Of course, it is possible that M. Gabriel Ferry's experiences (14) may be fact, and that M. Koechlin-Schwartz's (15) may be fiction, but that is not the impression produced by the books.

Three reprints of considerable importance have to be noticed in the poetical way. *L'art d'être grandpère* (16) has been added to

M. Lemerre's edition of Victor Hugo. M. Becq de Fouquières has given in the "Petite Bibliothèque Charpentier" an edition (17) of Chénier which, without entering into the labyrinthine quarrel between the editor, M. Gabriel de Chénier, and their respective publishers, we may pronounce to be very handy, and for all practical purposes complete. Lastly, and perhaps most important of all, comes the first volume of a charming issue (in the ancient series of M. Lemerre's "Petite Bibliothèque," and therefore possessed of every advantage of print and paper) of the entire theatre of Corneille (18). Hitherto the complete works of the greatest of French dramatists have only been accessible in very cumbersome or in very unattractive editions; and the evil habit of publishing a *choix* has contributed to make the less popular plays, in which some of the very finest inspirations of the famous *lutin* appear, all but unknown. The present volume contains *Mélite*, *Citandre*, and *La veuve*. M. Pauly, the editor, has given a notice and brief but sufficient notes. He has, however, wisely determined not to embark on an endless register of variants, considering the poet's finally settled edition of 1682 as sufficient. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's suppressed drama *Alsace!* (19) does not altogether authorize the suppression, though the censors may perhaps have interpreted the precedent of Phrynichus wisely. It does, however, authorize the remarks of a critic with whom we are very much surprised to find ourselves temporarily in accord. The tone and outline of the pieces are emphatically flabby, the best version we can devise for M. Zola's epithet of "molle."

The dreadful series of familiar conversations on political subjects with which the unfortunate youth of France are drenched by the "Bibliothèque du jeune Français" is diversified by a most pleasant and instructive *Petite grammaire de la prononciation* (20). The many anomalies of the subject are dealt with admirably by M. Pontis.

The March number of the *Revue des arts décoratifs* (21) deserves notice for a paper on M. Lechevallier-Chevignard, with some excellent illustrations of that very capable master of decorative art.

The same subject, on a far larger scale, is dealt with in the two beautiful volumes which make up MM. Davillier and Guillemard's *Maîtres ornementistes* (22). One of these volumes consists entirely of plates, the number and variety of which must make the work a precious one for reference. It is only to be regretted that the author (Baron Davillier is only responsible for an Introduction) should have introduced a few scattered English names without having explored English libraries or houses, and with evidently the faintest knowledge of the subject, even at second-hand. He might very well have confined himself to the Continent; but, if the Channel was to be crossed at all, it ought to have been crossed seriously.

The ingenious and respectable critic who discovered in the late M. Flaubert's principal novels an organized attempt to deface and caricature successively the idea of man, the idea of woman, and the idea of God, would doubtless have found in *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (23) an extension of this terrible iconoclastic purpose to the entire domain of art and science. The critic, however, has joined the author in the ranks of the majority, and he can scarcely have left an equally sensitive idealist behind. This unfinished work is a curious one. *Bouvard* and *Pécuchet* are typical specimens of the class which Balzac loved to portray, and to which he devoted a *physiologie*, the class of the *employé*. They meet by accident, and swear eternal friendship. Soon afterwards *Bouvard* inherits a fair fortune, and *Pécuchet* reveals unsuspected savings. They club their means, and seek the Frenchman's elysium, a *propriété*. The entire book (only the last few chapters of which were left unwritten) records their Odyssey of disillusion. At first they try agriculture, as is natural, and, as is natural also, lose a considerable portion of their means. Then they box the compass of the arts, the sciences, and the fads. They manufacture preserved foods, which promptly turn bad; they study anatomy, with the result of having a domiciliary visit from the police; they collect curiosities and fossils; they elaborately explore literature. Then they have a religious fit; and religion turns to philanthropy. They adopt the son and daughter of a convict only to find them turn out revolting specimens of coarse vice. The book is disfigured here and there by a certain crudity of incident and expression, which are not found in the author's earlier books, and which may be due either to the lack of final revision or to bad company in the shape of MM. Zola and de Goncourt, as well as by the same undue obtrusion of the author's medical studies, which increased the power, but impaired the attraction, of *Madame Bovary* and *Salammbo*. But it has the old supremacy of expression, the old humorous contempt of the contemptible side of things, and the old familiarity with human nature; and if it is an immoral book, all literary followers of Ecclesiastes will do well to look to their moral state.

On the other hand, paradoxical as it may seem, *Madame de*

- (9) *L'Irlande; le Canada; Jersey*. Par G. de Molinari. Paris: Dentu.
- (10) *Le péril national*. Par R. Frary. Paris: Didier.
- (11) *Poètes et artistes de l'Italie*. Par E. Montégut. Paris: Hachette.
- (12) *La maison d'un artiste*. Par E. de Goncourt. 2 vols. Paris: Charpentier.
- (13) *Splendeurs et misères de la cour de Rome*. Par A. Dubarry. Paris: Dreyfous.
- (14) *Aventures d'un Français au pays des Caciques*. Par G. Ferry. Paris: Dreyfous.
- (15) *Un touriste au Caucase*. Par A. Koechlin-Schwartz. Paris: Hetzel.
- (16) *L'art d'être grandpère*. Par V. Hugo. Paris: Lemerre.

- (17) *Poésies d'André Chénier*. Par L. Becq de Fouquières. Paris: Charpentier.
- (18) *Théâtre de P. Corneille*. Par A. Pauly. Tome 1. Paris: Lemerre.
- (19) *Alsace!* Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: Hetzel.
- (20) *Petite grammaire de la prononciation*. Par P. C. Pontis. Paris: Hetzel.
- (21) *Revue des arts décoratifs*. Mars 1881. Paris: Quantin.
- (22) *Les maîtres ornementistes*. Par D. Guillemard. 2 vols. Paris: Plon.
- (23) *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. Par G. Flaubert. Paris: Lemerre.

Dreux (24) seems to us to have a distinctly immoral tendency. Mme. Henry Gréville seems to be leaning more and more to that side of her master, M. Feuille, which once provoked a critic, and no prude of a critic either, to say, "M. Feuille, une honnête femme n'a pas de ces tentations." *Madame de Dreux* is the usual story of an extremely superior woman with an unworthy husband and a worthy lover, who is kept at arm's length with all the propriety in the world, but who is clearly represented as the right man, while the other is the wrong. Novelists of Mme. Henry Gréville's type seem to take a pleasure in treating marriage as a kind of "peculiar institution," very much resembling slavery; the virtuous woman, like the virtuous slave, does not run away, but it is hinted that only the finest of feelings prevents her from doing so.

M. Claretie's book (25) was described almost simultaneously with its appearance by a Parisian critic as an instance of "le reportage dans le roman." Having just found ourselves in agreement with M. Zola and naturalism, it is perhaps a natural thing that we should rebound to M. Brunetiere and the Neo-classics. At any rate, we certainly agree with the particular utterance. *Monsieur Adam et Madame Eve* (26) is an imitation, not too unsuccessful, of M. Droz. *Renée* (27) is a sensational novel not destitute of power. In *Tombée du nid* (28) Mlle. Fleuriot has given some sketches of Bruton life which deserve a good deal of praise. But a novelist of any other than the first rank should not refer her readers to previous works of her own. *Pascale Nauriah* (29) is a somewhat corrupt following of Balzac, and *Une belle journée* (30) is one of the not unfrequent and not insignificant attempts to follow in the steps of M. Flaubert with the staff of M. Zola. A real master in the particular style would have made a *nouvelle* of fifty pages of the subject which M. Céard has treated in a novel of three hundred and fifty. Some of these three hundred and fifty had much better not have been written at all, and the rest would have gained by reduction on the scale just suggested. M. Anatole France is a person acquainted with literature, and his book (31) is pleasantly penetrated with evidences of the fact. As for *Le père de Martial* (32), M. Albert Delpit may perhaps have been a little carried off his feet by the success of *Le fils de Coralie* and *Le mariage d'Odette*; but his new book fairly sustains his reputation.

- (24) *Madame de Dreux*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.
 (25) *Les amours d'un Interne*. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Dentu.
 (26) *Monsieur Adam et Madame Eve*. Par Ange-Bénigne. Paris: Plon.
 (27) *Renée*. Par André Gérard. Paris: Plon.
 (28) *Tombée du nid*. Par Zénaïde Fleuriot. Paris: Hachette.
 (29) *Pascale Nauriah*. Par G. Pradel. Paris: Plon.
 (30) *Une belle journée*. Par H. Céard. Paris: Charpentier.
 (31) *Le crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. Par A. France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
 (32) *Le père de Martial*. Par A. Delpit. Paris: Ollendorff.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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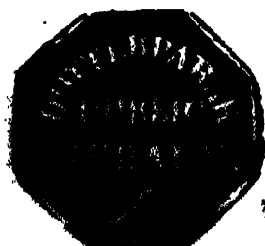
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LORD SALISBURY'S ELECTION.

THE functions of a leader of Opposition in either House of Parliament furnish a curious illustration of the growth of institutions without legal or official sanction. The representative of a great party, though he has neither rank nor salary, is next in importance to a Minister. The Conservative leader of the House of Lords exercises a still more anomalous power, inasmuch as he commands and directs a permanent majority. It is desirable, though not indispensable, that he should be an effective debater; and it is necessary that he should possess the qualities of a statesman. In politics, as in other departments of human activity, it is convenient that deliberate choice should coincide with natural selection. With the possible exception of Lord CAIRNS, Lord SALISBURY has, in the House of Lords and in his own party, no competitor in ability or energy, and few who have equal experience in public affairs. He represents the feelings and instincts of the Conservative aristocracy more fully than the eminent lawyer who for a short time acted as leader in the House of Lords. If his formal nomination had been adjourned, Lord SALISBURY would probably have soon asserted his claim to the position which he will now occupy by general consent. A letter written many years ago by Lord BEACONSFIELD on the mode of designating a Parliamentary leader has been opportunely published. His own ascendancy, which was afterwards officially and universally recognized, was neither caused nor at any time sanctioned by the formal choice of his followers. He truly says that Lord STANLEY, afterwards Lord DERBY, had nothing to do with his appointment. He might have added, that for some time the leader of the party in the House of Lords made strenuous efforts to repress the ambition of an unwelcome colleague. At a Conservative meeting in Liverpool, when Mr. DISRAELI had already proved himself the inevitable successor of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, Lord DERBY affected to hesitate as to the name which he should associate with the toast of the House of Commons, and ultimately selected Mr. DISRAELI to return thanks as one of several candidates. It was by fighting in the front rank, and eventually in advance, that the leader who was destined to retain the post longer than any predecessor first established his title.

The relation between the respective leaders of the two Houses varies with circumstances from perfect equality to the subordination of a secondary colleague. The direction of the policy of the party in the House of Commons is the more important function, except in the limited number of cases in which the second House reverses the decision of the first. Lord SALISBURY will exercise a paramount influence in the choice which must from time to time be made between acquiescence in distasteful measures and resistance which cannot be often repeated or indefinitely prolonged. The every-day conduct of Parliamentary business will be regulated by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, not in virtue of any claim of superiority, but because he sits in the more powerful Assembly. The Duke of RICHMOND must have intended to record the general understanding among the Conservative peers when he stated that the appointment of Lord SALISBURY would not constitute him leader of the party. The absolute or relative influence which he may acquire will depend on causes which are independent of any formal selection. Only two or three years ago the facility of conducting an Opposition by two leaders of equal rank was illustrated by the cordial

co-operation of Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON. If they at any time differed in opinion, they were too prudent to admit the outer world to their confidence; and there is every reason to believe that they acted together in perfect harmony. Their comparative rank in the party was so difficult to define that, when the Opposition succeeded to office, Lord BEACONSFIELD, in advising the QUEEN as to his successor, apparently regarded Lord HARTINGTON as the recognized leader; and Lord HARTINGTON suggested a reference to Lord GRANVILLE. As soon as the real and inevitable chief of the party repudiated his own self-denying ordinance, no hesitation was felt in recognizing his paramount claim. There is no reason why Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE should not concert their policy where a distinct understanding is necessary, and in their independent action recognize the same general principles. Forty years ago the conduct of Opposition in the two Houses was managed under much greater difficulties. Lord LYNTHURST, who disliked PEEL, and sometimes formed schemes for supplanting him, on several occasions defeated Government measures in the House of Lords which the head of the party had allowed to pass the House of Commons; yet the Opposition became every day more formidable till the Government of Lord MELBOURNE was overthrown. If Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE at any time differ, it is certain that neither will condescend to intrigue against his colleague.

Lord SALISBURY has sometimes been accused of pugnacity; but it would be more accurate to say that he is disposed to fight in earnest. The principal risk connected with the gift of sarcasm and invective is that formidable weapons sometimes leave too deep a wound. In debate it is often, though not always, prudent to remember, in accordance with the ancient precept, that an enemy may possibly hereafter become a friend. There is no reason to doubt that Lord SALISBURY will appreciate the responsibility of speaking for a great party as well as for himself. Large and accomplished intellects are not prone to mannerism or to running in uniform grooves. A mastery of language supplies the means of expressing strong arguments in a courteous and inoffensive form. Lord SALISBURY's literary cultivation has given him a style, which, both in speech and writing, is at the same time copious and correct. The greatest orator of the present day becomes confused and awkward as soon as he begins to write, though he is an experienced, and indeed a voluminous, author. Lord SALISBURY has no equal among colleagues or opponents in the difficult art of composing State-papers. The Circular which he published on his accession to the Foreign Office was, if credible report may be trusted, produced at a single sitting; and its only defect was that it was too conclusive. The same quality of vigour and clearness may be discerned in Lord SALISBURY's speeches; but it is, perhaps, superfluous to vindicate ability which is not disputed even by adverse critics.

Some of those who profess to have studied Lord SALISBURY's character and opinions have, perhaps through a love of paradox, maintained that he has a vein of Liberalism in his moral and intellectual constitution. The predilection, if it exists, has not been publicly disclosed; but it is probable that a powerful and original mind may not confine itself to the commonplaces and narrow traditions of a party. With average politicians, though they may share his opinions, Lord SALISBURY, perhaps, feels an imperfect

thoughtful men are liable to a kind of indecision and arguments which are used in support of various conclusions. There is little in the circumstances to encourage any democratic tendency, and they may be associated with a general dislike of change. Revolutionary doctrines are every day more openly proclaimed, and they are for the first time finding their way into legislation. Resistance may not eventually succeed, but the task of attempting to preserve the institutions of the country may well excite a noble ambition. The object is assuredly not to be attained by systematic collision with superior force. Tact and patience, and sympathy with anything which may be good in suggested changes, are as indispensable as courage. Sir ROBERT PEEL, when he first became Prime Minister, caused some amusement by the solemn declaration that he was ready to reform proved abuses; but he afterwards exemplified his meaning, with the result of disarming his most restless adversaries. The conditions of Conservative opposition have since become far more unfavourable; but, on the other hand, the modern leaders of the party have some advantages. The great majority of the upper and middle classes are already united with them in opinion, though not always by avowed political connexion. They may also feel confident of the virtual sympathy of a large section of the Liberal community, and of some of its chief representatives. A coalition may not be imminent, nor is it immediately desirable; but no obstacle ought to be unnecessarily placed in the way of eventual union. All the forces of order and justice may perhaps be insufficient; but they should be organized and prepared.

THE MARRIAGE AT VIENNA.

THE marriage of the Crown Prince of AUSTRIA to the Princess STÉPHANIE of Belgium has been celebrated with brilliant success, in fine weather, among an enthusiastic people, and with all the pomp and dignity for which the Austrian Court has long been celebrated. To the achievement of such a success two things are needed. There must be the persons to excite or feel the appropriate sentiments of loyalty, admiration, and delight, and there must be a most distinct and careful arrangement beforehand of everything that is to take place. The Imperial Family is liked throughout Austria and is adored in Vienna. The bride was young and fair and was already an Austrian through her mother. The CROWN PRINCE has not had many opportunities of making himself known, but he has behaved himself as well as a young man of twenty-three can do when he has in any way come before the public. The grandson of the German EMPEROR is his intimate friend, and the PRINCE OF WALES came to do honour to a marriage which unites a relation of his own to the only Court which can rival that of England. Deputations from Hungary, from the other provinces, and even from Bosnia, came to lay their tribute of good wishes at the feet of the heir of the throne. All, or almost all, the great historic families of Austria were represented. As for the populace of Vienna, it was wild with happiness, and took its holiday as no other populace can—endless illuminations, endless cheering, beer, sausages, and vast crowds, without a policeman or a drunkard among them. Then, every possible effort had been made to give high and low enough to do and enough to see, and yet secure that all should pass off without a hitch and without delay. On Saturday the bridegroom and bride attended a State ball in the Hofburg. On Sunday there was a great popular festival. On Monday was brought in state from Schönbrunn to the Theresianum, an educational establishment from which all Imperial brides since the days of MARIA THERESA have started to make their entry into Vienna. On Tuesday the marriage was performed by the Archbishop of PRAGUE. Every detail of every part of this protracted ceremonial had been provided for. It is, indeed, obvious that every detail of great State ceremonials must be thought over and settled, or something would go wrong. But in Austria there is a more than usual minuteness of regulation, or, at any rate, a more than usual explicitness in announcing what was to be done. The programme of the ceremony filled many columns of a newspaper, and the Viennese were informed days in advance precisely how the Royal couple would comport themselves, when they would stand up, when they would bow, and when they would

kneel. If the people took much trouble to please the Court, the Court also took much trouble to please the people. Royalty in these days is one of the most hardworking of callings. What it has to do may not be distasteful, but it is certainly laborious; and among hardworking Royal personages few are so active as the father and the cousin of the bride. The labours of the King of the BELGIANS are, to a certain extent, self-imposed, for he is always going out of his way to promote some scheme for human welfare. But, at any rate, he carries out his abiding idea that even the King of a small State must exert himself if he is to be worthy of a crown. The PRINCE OF WALES has the incontestable merit of always being where he is wanted. No sooner is he back from St. Petersburg than he is off to Vienna. In her new home the bride will find that hard work is a matter not so much of choice as of necessity. An Emperor of Austria, in modern days, has, no doubt, many pleasant relaxations, but he must work hard or his Empire would go to pieces.

The Archduke RUDOLF, Crown Prince of Austria, was born in 1858, so that his short life dates back to the time when the civil commotions of the Empire had been terminated by measures which certainly did not err on the side of leniency, and when the military misfortunes of the Empire had not begun. When he was in his cradle, his father was looking on the frightful slaughter of Solferino; and when he was just out of the nursery, he heard that all was lost at Sadowa. While he has been growing up the whole character of the Empire has been changed. Austria has been pushed out of Italy by France, and out of Germany by Prussia. Her face is set eastwards by the force of circumstances, and by the will of Prince BISMARCK. She is reconciled to Hungary, and is a constitutional country, not in name, but in reality. What chiefly concerns the CROWN PRINCE is that the result of all these changes has been to increase very largely the personal influence of the Emperor of AUSTRIA. To have been beaten in battle after battle, and to have had a Constitution forced on him, and to have had to accept the strange system of a Dual Government at the hands of subjects who openly threatened to league themselves with his enemies, seem curious methods of strengthening the power of an Emperor. But the very circumstances that shook the cohesion of Austria made some centre of cohesion indispensable; and in Austria no other centre of cohesion was left except the EMPEROR himself. The German, the Magyar, the Slav, and the Pole, all see in the EMPEROR something beyond and above the Empire to which they belong. They all feel that they have a friend whom it is possible to reach; and to have inspired this feeling, to have fostered it, and to have made it stronger to-day than it was ten or five years ago, is not only a great triumph to the EMPEROR, but is an indication of qualities which, within their range, are not only admirable, but approach to greatness. And when his son comes to inquire how this most unsuccessful of Emperors has also been in his way most successful, he will find that there is one special point in the EMPEROR's character which has always called forth the warmest recognition on the part of those who have known him best. He is true to the persons with whom he works. The EMPEROR has often had to change his advisers; for he has had very different circumstances to deal with, he has had very different policies to carry out, and, in the course of a troubled life, he has had very much to learn. But while he works with a man he trusts him, listens to him, and encourages him. He does not sulk or suspect; he does not intrigue or countermine; and it is this that has won him the confidence and the respect he now enjoys.

The Princess STÉPHANIE was born in 1864; and, as her grandfather died towards the end of 1865, she can scarcely recollect the great founder of the Belgian monarchy. The only very sad event of her father's reign, the widowhood and madness of her aunt, the unfortunate Empress CHARLOTTE, occurred when the PRINCESS was too young to understand what was happening. Her childhood has been spent in the unruffled peacefulness of quiet Belgium. Her memory can at the utmost only carry her back to the sad days when there was a great war just beyond the Belgian border, and her great-uncles and cousins of the House of ORLEANS once more made themselves heard of in the world. Politics can hardly trouble her young mind little as yet, and it may be hoped that it will be long before they begin to trouble her.

and the partner of the cares of an Emperor. But, at any rate, if she ever has anything to do with politics, if only to watch them with the interest of a wife, she has the advantage of having come from a good school. Her grandfather made not only the Belgian monarchy, but Belgium itself, and her father has continued the task, and, what is specially important, has continued it in the same way. There are many—perhaps most—monarchies of which it may be said that the King is indispensable to the people in the sense that the nation has monarchical institutions and is not fit for any other. But of some monarchies it may be said that they seem to require for their existence not only a sovereign but a sovereign of a special and characteristic type. The German Empire is bound together, so far as it really is bound together, not only by having the Royal Family of Prussia at its head, but because the Royal Family of Prussia has qualities, traditions, and aptitudes which exactly fit it to lead Germany. It is too much to say this at present of the Imperial Family of Austria, for the Emperor is the first Emperor of the new Austria that has been created in his time, and if he seems now to present the type which suits the Austria of to-day, it remains to be seen whether the type can be perpetuated. But of Belgium it may be certainly said that it is what it is, not only because it is a monarchy, but because its monarchy has been of a peculiar type, which has been manifesting itself and acting on the nation for half a century. It is not only that the King, whether father or son, has been moderate, impartial, and sensible, a good constitutionalist, watching over and moderating the continual storms in his teacup of a Constitution, but he has made Belgium and Europe feel that he was more of a man and a king, of larger views and broader sympathies, than the Belgians could reasonably have expected to get. The Royal Family of Belgium has managed to make itself much thought of in Europe, and the bride, if she is proud of her new home, may also feel entitled to be proud of the home from which she came.

THE MONUMENT TO LORD BEACONSFIELD.

THE fear that Mr. GLADSTONE might be prevented by indisposition from proposing the erection of a monument to Lord BEACONSFIELD was fortunately unfounded. By universal consent he discharged the duty which he had imposed on himself with faultless taste and judgment. Equal praise might justly be awarded to Lord GRANVILLE, except that on personal grounds his task was less difficult. In both Houses the movers and seconders carefully abstained from attempting to justify the motion on political grounds. The earnest regard for English honour and greatness which Lord SALISBURY selected for eulogy is, at least in the House of Lords, not regarded as a crime. As Lord SALISBURY eloquently said, the strength of Lord BEACONSFIELD's patriotic feeling was recognized by many of those who had no connexion with the policy which he pursued. Lord GRANVILLE recounted his singular experience in having heard the first speech and the last of his life-long opponent. In both cases he added to a well-known story interesting details. In Lord GRANVILLE's judgment Mr. DISRAELI's maiden speech possessed sufficient merit to have commanded applause if the speaker had then been known to the House of Commons. In the present Session Lord BEACONSFIELD sent a message to Lord GRANVILLE in the middle of the debate on Afghanistan to the effect that he must speak at once. His determination had the effect of disturbing the customary order of debate, and the Ministerial leader complained of an inconvenience which then seemed to have been unnecessarily caused. It was afterwards known that Lord BEACONSFIELD was only enabled to take part in the debate by the use of drugs which for the time soothed a violent pain. It was only of late years that Lord GRANVILLE had been brought into direct relations of political antagonism with Lord BEACONSFIELD. There was never any bitterness of feeling in their contests; and indeed Lord GRANVILLE, with the effect, though wholly without the purpose, of paying a compliment to himself, acknowledged that he had been treated with uniform fairness and courtesy by successive leaders of the Conservative party, and by none more than by Lord BEACONSFIELD. There are some persons, and Lord GRANVILLE is one of them, whom it would be difficult to treat with conscious unfairness or with deliberate discourtesy. Lord GRAN-

VILLE had few political opinions in common with Lord BEACONSFIELD; but they must have had many points of sympathy; and, if in nothing else, they resembled one another in freedom from prejudice and in equability of temper.

In the House of Lords it was unnecessary to prove by argument the propriety of the proposed honour. The cordiality with which the motion was received was neither increased nor diminished by the circumstance that Lord BEACONSFIELD had not been born in the purple. The smoothness with which, in Lord GRANVILLE's words, the portals of that Assembly roll back before distinguished men is so complete that they enter at once on full equality with their hereditary colleagues. It would have been well if the bitterness of party feeling in the House of Commons could have been suspended, so as to allow of the vote being passed with similar unanimity. Mr. GLADSTONE had to meet or anticipate an opposition which was happily feeble; and he also, not unnaturally, took occasion to vindicate his own consistency. He was perfectly right in attaching importance to strict conformity with precedent and usage. As he justly said, laxity in such matters, and additions to established practice made under the influence of feeling, tend to produce future embarrassment. It was sufficient for his purpose to quote the language in which Lord JOHN RUSSELL moved for the erection of a monument to Sir ROBERT PEEL. In that case, as in the present, the Minister of the day had been for many years the rival and the opponent of the deceased statesman; and, although it happened that at the close of his life Sir ROBERT PEEL had given independent support to the Government, he had never joined the party which it represented. Indeed, PEEL's last speech had been delivered in support of the vote of censure on Lord PALMERSTON in the celebrated PACIFIC debate. Before 1846 Sir ROBERT PEEL and Lord JOHN RUSSELL had during nearly forty years seldom voted on the same side in a division. At a much earlier time a monument was erected to CHATHAM by a Parliament in which his political opponents had large majorities. On the American war, which then engrossed universal attention, he agreed with the Opposition in both Houses. The expediency of the monument was, in fact, questioned in the House of Lords, and it was known to be extremely distasteful to the KING; but Parliament and the country almost unanimously recognized his greatness. The protest of FOX and WINDHAM against the honour conferred on the memory of PITT was not deserving of imitation, and it is possible that they opposed the motion with the less reluctance because they knew that it would be carried by an overwhelming majority. FOX, at least, ought to have distrusted his own judgment when he recalled the bitter personal animosity which he had felt to his successful rival.

If concurrence in political opinion were the test of the claim to posthumous honours, they would lose all their value. On the death of a conspicuous statesman the question whether his memory should be recorded would be decided by the mere process of counting heads. If he belonged to the party which at the time was in a minority in the House of Commons, no personal merits and no public services would avail to secure him due recognition. It is also possible that the House of Lords might refuse a monument to a Liberal statesman in resentment for similar intolerance of Conservative merit on the part of the House of Commons. If no such objection were raised, a Minister who happened to die in office would be entitled almost as a matter of course to the distinction of a monument. It may, of course, be contended that the politician who best serves his country is the proposer or supporter of useful measures; but when the merits of different systems of legislation are compared, the issue once more turns on comparison of numbers. The statesman who raises or maintains at a high level the standard of political ability and performance also deserves well of the country. Mr. GLADSTONE declared that Lord BEACONSFIELD "had sustained a great historic part, and done great deeds written on the page of Parliamentary and national history." It is right that effigies in bronze and marble should record the same qualities which excite general interest and admiration. For the second time since the death of Lord BEACONSFIELD, Mr. GLADSTONE reminded the House that the Minister whom he had himself consistently and vehemently opposed had in his foreign policy acted strictly within constitutional limits. Lord BEACONSFIELD then, as Mr.

GLADSTONE now, was supported by a large majority in Parliament; and he had a technical right to do what the House of Commons thought fit to be done. The expediency, and even the morality, of his measures must be judged by other standards; but the nation cannot repudiate or disavow the exploits to which, through its representative, it has once been a party. Mr. GLADSTONE must have strongly disapproved the factious efforts of pamphleteers to represent Lord BEACONSFIELD's constitutional supremacy as a usurpation of the Crown. Perhaps his condemnation of the fallacy is more severe because he wishes to reserve to himself the right of condemning the last Parliament as well as the Government which it supported.

Of the sour partisanship which inspired the minority little need be said. Mr. LABOUCHÈRE, whose language was not offensive, could only expand the erroneous proposition that a Minister cannot be dissociated from his policy. He admitted that two opposite judgments might be formed on Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy; and that the ultimate judgment must rest with posterity. Even posterity may not necessarily be agreed, for there are still strong differences of opinion as to the policy of PITT and FOX, and even as to HAMPDEN and CROMWELL. It is nearly certain that posterity will not erect statues in honour of Ministers who may be imperfectly remembered. It would have been a cause for regret if there had been any serious difference of opinion on the present proposal. The rejection or grudging acceptance of the motion would have rendered the commemoration of great men hereafter difficult or impossible. As long as Parliamentary government exists in England there will be hostile parties, and neither will be disposed to allow the other a monopoly of monumental honours. Few Englishmen admire the practice which prevails in some foreign countries of obliterating on each successive change in the form of government the monuments and inscriptions which commemorate the former predominance of another political system. The same spirit instigates the factious jealousy which regards as criminal the assertion of unpalatable political opinions. Mr. GLADSTONE, more wisely and more generously, wishes to preserve the landmarks of national history. At some future time controversy on his own claim to the gratitude of his countrymen may perhaps be rendered unnecessary by his clear exposition of the principle which determines the award of national honours.

MR. BRADLAUGH.

THOSE doubtless sincere friends of the Conservative party who, while professing themselves strong Liberals, reiterate their desire for a strong and well-led Opposition, must have been very much gratified by the proceedings in the matter of Mr. BRADLAUGH on Tuesday. This year, as last year, the Government, having got themselves into a difficulty by their half-hearted advocacy of Mr. BRADLAUGH's claims, apparently determined to get themselves out of it by a policy of masterly inaction. Forced out of that, they took refuge in the attempt to smuggle their *protégé* into the House by a measure the discussion of which was to be strictly limited to morning sittings. This intention again was frustrated by the determined opposition of the House of Commons, an opposition which seemed not unlikely to turn Mr. GLADSTONE's favourite description of himself and his friends as the minority from a playful piece of irony into an actual fact. There was but one weapon left by which the Government might hope to avoid the consummation from which they seem to shrink, the necessity of having to make Mr. BRADLAUGH's admission a definite and avowed part of their legislative programme, as much favoured in the way of allotment of Government time and Government advocacy as any other part. Mr. BRADLAUGH might bully the House as he bullied it last year, Mr. GLADSTONE might in the same way refuse assistance, the odium of incarceration might once more be thrown on Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and so the House might be induced to efface and stultify itself, as it effaced and stultified itself last year. If this ingenious device failed, it was not owing to any want of concert or punctuality on the part of the two chief parties to the proceeding. Mr. BRADLAUGH duly delivered his assault, Mr. GLADSTONE duly ignored the SPEAKER's appeal for assistance. But, instead of suggesting the Clock Tower, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE simply suggested a proceeding which was so obvious and necessary a conse-

quence of previous votes that Mr. GLADSTONE could offer no objection to it, and even the malcontents below the gangway saw that resistance was useless. The exclusion of Mr. BRADLAUGH from the precincts of the House during ill behaviour cannot be pretended to be even a stretch of the House's authority. It is as direct and legitimate an exertion of its prerogative as his inclusion in the Clock Tower or in Newgate would be. Instead of including him in either of these two places, the House included him in space—all space, that is to say, outside its own precincts. The person whom Mr. GLADSTONE and the electors of Northampton delight to honour became, in consequence of the resolution, perhaps as pertinent an example of the phrase "a prisoner at large" as has ever been created or imagined.

Mr. BRADLAUGH's letter of protest does not perhaps display the ability with which his friends are wont to credit him, and which his enemies have hitherto been content to allow. The amateur practice of the legal profession seems to have produced a curious twist in Mr. BRADLAUGH's mind—a twist to which, indeed, some reference was made in a recent judgment. He objects to being hindered from performing his duties and exercising his rights, not, apparently, remembering that misconduct of all sorts and kinds is constantly inflicting on many of his fellow-citizens, from the order larcenous to the order murderous, temporary or permanent inability to perform duties and exercise rights quite as indubitable as his. The convict under sentence of death cannot vote for Mr. BRADLAUGH; the father of a family at hard labour cannot perform his undoubted duties to his children. Mr. BRADLAUGH therefore should have directed his protest, not to the effects of his sentence, but to its justice. He has so far shown ingenuity that he has not, like some of his injudicious partisans, used the word "illegal." It is not such a proof of ingenuity that he has in the very words of his protest against his exclusion practically admitted its legality. "The privileges of the House itself," he says, "render it impossible for me to submit the question to a court of law"—that is to say, the House, in its conduct to Mr. BRADLAUGH, has simply been exercising its undoubted privilege, and no exercise of an undoubted privilege can be illegal. The distinction in such cases between "illegal" and some vaguer words dear to orators is usually impressed upon students of constitutional history and law at an early age. A considerable number of persons appear to have been robbed of their education in this particular respect, and among them is Sir WILFRID LAWSON. Sir WILFRID, not taking heed to his friend's judicious choice of language, immediately after that language had been read to the House, gave notice of his intention to move last night that the Resolution was "illegal"—an intention which the SPEAKER's expression of opinion on Thursday may have made him regret.

The House has stultified itself once before in the matter of Mr. BRADLAUGH. It may be worth while to point out, however, that such faint excuses as existed last year do not exist now. Then the House believed, or made as though it believed, that the courts of law might possibly get it out of its difficulty. The alternative between daily hustling on the floor between Mr. BRADLAUGH and the Serjeant-at-Arms and the retention of the elect of Northampton in the Clock Tower as a kind of unholy marabout or dervish, a centre of Radical pilgrimages and a focus of Radical agitation, may have been terrifying to weak nerves. The refusal of the Government to do anything whatever in the matter may have bewildered others. From the moment of the acceptance of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's motion on Tuesday the major part of these dangers vanished; while, on the other hand, the Government had already signified their intention to bring in a BRADLAUGH Relief Bill, and the only question between them and the House was whether they should bring it in at the back or at the front door. Mr. GLADSTONE's announced intentions of making some new arrangement in consequence of the opposition to morning sittings was not speedily carried out, possibly because the PRIME MINISTER was waiting to see the effect of the final rush which Mr. BRADLAUGH manned against the House on Tuesday. It would be a singular disrespect to the assembly and a singular confession of feebleness if Mr. GLADSTONE accepted Sir WILFRID LAWSON's well-meant attempt to help him and Mr. BRADLAUGH. The unauthorized publication of the LORD CHANCELLOR's letter to a country clergyman must have added not a little to the difficulties of the Govern-

ment. Their highest law officer sees, he tells us, no possibility of refusing to extend the option to affirm to all scrupulous infidels. It is thus a case of conscience with Lord SELBORNE, and, as he informs us that he has never had the slightest difference with his colleagues on this point, it is evidently a case of conscience with them too. No explanation of the apparent reluctance of the Cabinet to relieve their consciences in this particular point, in a less roundabout manner than they have hitherto striven to do, suggests itself very readily. Perhaps it may be that the calls—Irish, African, Indian, and so forth—on their consciences are so many and urgent that a roster has had to be established. Such a settlement as Sir WILFRID LAWSON offered would, however, obviously not satisfy even the toughest conscience in the Cabinet. Mr. BRADLAUGH is, indeed, magnanimously indifferent to the means by which he obtains his rights and is enabled to perform his duties. He will swear anything and everything just as anybody pleases. That has apparently been the attitude of the Government also. Let him add a vote to their tale, that is the real question. But Lord SELBORNE's letter throws an entirely new light upon the matter. Not Mr. BRADLAUGH personally, but the possible scrupulous atheist of the future, is the object of their care. They have certainly dissembled that object hitherto with a good deal of skill and success; but it now stands fully revealed. Such proposals as Sir WILFRID LAWSON's, independently of their intrinsic inconvenience, are curious methods of dispensing the even-handed and exalted justice which Lord SELBORNE praises in a manner worthy of his high office, though on an occasion nearly as curious as these methods themselves. Every action, committed or omitted, of the Government up to the present time has had not merely an appearance, but a direct purport, happily described by a phrase slightly altered from one with which Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, in his instructive way, gratified the House in reference to another matter on Wednesday, "The HOBNE 'TOOKE Act was a scandal being dictated by antipathy to a 'single individual.'" The proposed BRADLAUGH Act, and still more the motions and resolutions which at different times Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. LABOUCHÈRE, Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and other friends of Mr. BRADLAUGH's have proposed or supported, are, we presume, in the same way scandals being dictated by sympathy with a single individual. It is not surprising that the House up to yesterday should have pretty constantly declined to connive at this scandal. Any change of conduct on its part cannot be too much deprecated or regretted.

SOUTH AFRICA.

A CHANGE of Ministry in a colony of the second rank is not an interesting occurrence; and in ordinary times the substitution of Mr. MOLTENO for Mr. SPRIGG as Colonial Secretary at the Cape would scarcely receive even passing notice. On the present occasion, it is possible that the success of the Opposition in the Cape Parliament may have some bearing on the more important affairs of the Transvaal. The victory which Mr. SPRIGG obtained in the division on the vote of censure seems to have been accidental; or perhaps the majority was pledged to approval of the Basuto war. The late Ministerial reverse was not caused by caprice, or by a change in the issue submitted to the Assembly, but by the secession of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL from the Government. During his three years' tenure of office Mr. SPRIGG has shown commendable energy and considerable ability. He first owed his appointment to Sir BARTLE FRERE, who, with accurate discernment of the state of Colonial opinion at the time, dismissed Mr. MOLTENO and appealed to the constituencies. Confusion of mind caused by inveterate prejudice can alone account for the allegation that Sir BARTLE FRERE's intervention was unconstitutional. The constituencies exercised their undoubted right in confirming the decision of the High Commissioner. Then and afterwards Sir BARTLE FRERE possessed a popularity and influence which is rarely attained by a governor of an English colony, and a majority was consequently returned to support his policy and the Administration of his choice. Afterwards, Mr. SPRIGG had to depend on his own resources, and he has met with tolerable success. From time to time he thought it necessary to profess that jealous provincial patriotism which gratifies the self-esteem of colonists. He declined

to receive suggestions from the Imperial Government as to the manner of dealing with the natives, and he undertook the disarmament which produced the war in defiance of the advice and the warnings of the Colonial Office. He was probably supported by local feeling in his refusal to ask or accept military assistance from England; but the Dutch part of the population seems to have disapproved the war, and their antagonism may perhaps have become more decided since the outbreak in the Transvaal. The constitution of the new Ministry seems to indicate the share which divisions of race and language have had in the change of Government. The predominance of the English element is only desirable so far as it furnishes a security for the continuance of friendly relations with the Imperial Government. The new Government represents chiefly the Dutch element as it prevails in the Western province. Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, who is now necessarily absent from his post, would, even if he had been on the spot, have exercised no effectual control over the selection of his future advisers. He has had long experience in colonial administration and diplomacy, and he will probably contrive to avoid collisions with the Ministry.

As President of the Transvaal Commission he has a much more difficult task. It is not known whether the Boers in general share the wish for peace which is professed, and perhaps felt, by their ostensible leaders. There is no reason to expect that they will agree to the surrender of any part of the territory which they claim, whether or not it has been reduced to possession. Any promise of protection to loyal English subjects will be merely verbal, and may probably have no effect when the English troops are finally withdrawn from the neighbouring provinces. The natives will practically be left to the mercy of the Boers, unless they are strong enough to defend themselves. It is more than doubtful whether it will be prudent to establish a protectorate over the natives, even if the representatives of the Transvaal assent to such an arrangement. Outrages will certainly occur on one side or on both, with the result of involving the English Government either in a quarrel which it will not have provoked, or in another tame surrender of rights and duties. The Boers would hold the protecting or suzerain Power responsible for every native inroad; and, on the other hand, the natives would appeal to the Government which they still trust for defence against the encroachments of the Transvaal settlers. Some English politicians, including at least one member of the present Government, maintained long before the rebellion that the Imperial Government could not justly or honourably abdicate the function which it had once for all assumed of securing the natives against oppression; but the object could only be attained by maintenance of English rule. Remonstrances addressed by an English Resident to the Government of the Boer Republic would be treated with contempt, unless they were backed by a force of which he will not dispose. The withdrawal of a claim to protect some hundreds of thousands of people, who were lately English subjects, will be only one among many humiliations which have illustrated that quality of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government which their admirers describe as magnificent courage. Radical writers and speakers sneer at the demand for protection or compensation which is preferred by English settlers and traders who relied in vain on Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's authorized declaration that English sovereignty would never be withdrawn. The sufferers are insolently denounced as speculators or selfish adventurers who must take the consequences of their own rashness. It is in the prosecution of precisely similar enterprises that the English race has spread itself over a large part of the surface of the globe; but Lord PALMERSTON's *civis Britannicus*, who, indeed, was at the time indignantly denounced by Mr. GLADSTONE, has lost his franchise, or rather it has become valueless. The rights of coloured races, though perhaps more doubtful, are not so easily sacrificed without infringement of democratic cant or tradition.

The threats of a native war against the Boers on the withdrawal of the English authorities may, perhaps, be exaggerated by the reporters; and such a conflict, if it really impends, is not to be regarded with complacency. Whatever may be the temporary vicissitudes of fortune, the civilized belligerent will ultimately prevail, and the disasters which might diversify success will probably be ascribed to English instigation. It is not improbable

that in the unsettled parts of the country, English adventurers may, in case of war, take the opportunity of avenging the flagrant wrongs of their countrymen; and the presence of a few white leaders among native bands would be represented as a proof of the complicity of the English Government. The opportunity of profiting, to the benefit of all parties concerned, by the hostility between the Boers and the Caffre tribes was sacrificed at the time of the premature annexation. It was as mediators, or, in case of need, as defenders of the white population against barbarism that the English ought to have intervened. No objection could have been taken to a stipulation that future conflicts should be prevented by the establishment of English sovereignty in the country. One more opportunity was offered of attaining a beneficent result; and it is satisfactory to find that Mr. GRANT DUFF, in circuitous official language, confirms the statement which had been made both by correspondents on the spot and in official despatches. On assuming command of the army Sir EVELYN WOOD, in a telegram to Lord KIMBERLEY, assured the Government that the best and wisest course was to defeat the Boer army, and that he had no doubt of his ability to accomplish the object. It would then be in the power of the Imperial Government to impose its own terms on a population which would, as the General believed, at once discontinue armed resistance. No limit need have been imposed to the liberality of the terms which might have been offered, except that the rights of loyal subjects, white or coloured, must have been effectually protected. Lord KIMBERLEY, in obedience perhaps to superior orders, but under a responsibility which he would only have escaped by resignation, replied, without noticing Sir EVELYN WOOD's advice, by a peremptory order to continue the negotiations. A few days afterwards Sir EVELYN WOOD reported that the Boers were not inclined to surrender any territory; and he referred to his former recommendation. Once more Lord KIMBERLEY abstained from giving any answer; and the General had no choice but to submit to the terms which were practically dictated by the victorious belligerent. After such experience of the temper and spirit of the English Government, it is highly improbable that the Boers will acquiesce in any unpalatable decision of the Commission. If the Government has been well advised in its recent policy, all previous statesmen have been mistaken, not only in their estimate of national honour, but in their calculations of expediency, and in their judgment of human nature.

VACCINATION.

THE excellent letter from Dr. CARPENTER which appeared in the *Times* of Thursday deserves to be printed separately, and to be circulated as widely as possible by all who care about the protection of the community from small-pox. It is especially desirable that this should be done if Dr. CARPENTER is right in saying that the public are evidently "much unsettled as to the protective influence of vaccination." We were not aware that the mischievous propaganda of the Anti-Vaccinationists had been successful to this extent, and, in spite of Dr. CARPENTER's assertion, we are still inclined to believe that the greater prominence given to the controversy of late years makes the alleged unsettlement look larger than it is. Still the action of the Government last year may have done more harm than we think. A question of this kind is one on which the authorities should never even seem to waver; and the preposterous proposal to make exemption from vaccination virtually obtainable at the cost of a licence did undoubtedly make it appear that the Government had entered upon the path of repentance. It is to be hoped that Mr. DOBSON will do what he can to atone for the abortive, but not for that reason innocent, Bill by giving unmistakable and stringent instructions to the local authorities to enforce the law. Where there is a real determination to hinder vaccination, these instructions will of course produce but a very small effect; but there are a great number of well-disposed authorities whose languid good intentions might be stimulated with great benefit to the public. After all, the instrument which will in the long run do most to make vaccination universal is the irresistible evidence of statistics. People are told that vaccination is a protection against small-pox,

and if they saw the statement invariably borne out by facts, they would in time accept it. What shakes the popular belief is the fact that districts in which vaccination is supposed to have been universally enforced are not invariably free from small-pox. The explanation of this inconsistency is that the local authorities have meant much and done little. They have succeeded in making people think that vaccination is universally practised within their jurisdiction; whereas all that with truth can be said is that vaccination is universally ordered. Consequently, vaccination itself comes in for the discredit which really ought to fall upon those who profess to enforce it and do not.

Assuming that Dr. CARPENTER is right in thinking that the public do not feel their old confidence in the benefits of vaccination, the change may be traced, he thinks, to three causes. In the first place, the present generation has forgotten what small-pox was before the introduction of vaccination. Medical records show that, down to the beginning of the present century, small-pox was quite as universal as measles is now. It was a wonder for any one to have reached middle age without having had it. In point of fact, the general use of inoculation cannot be accounted for on any other supposition. People would never have deliberately exposed themselves to a possibly fatal disease if they had not been convinced that the chance of their escaping it, if they were not inoculated, was very small indeed. Half the deaths of children under ten years of age were due to small-pox, and of the total mortality of the country, eight deaths in every hundred were set down to it. For a long time after vaccination had been introduced this state of things was vividly remembered. To meet people pitted by small-pox was still a common occurrence, and the records of every family showed how great its ravages had been. Now all this is forgotten except when an occasional epidemic produced by this very forgetfulness faintly reproduces the loathsome past. In the second place, the benefits of vaccination were overrated in the first instance, and as this exaggeration came to be corrected by experience, there was a natural tendency to treat the use of it as less essential than had at first been supposed. "In process of time the advocates of vaccination were startled by the indisputable fact of the not rare occurrence of small-pox in its worst form among persons who had undoubtedly been cow-pocked." It was found, however, on inquiry, that in an immense proportion of these cases the sufferers were adults, and this suggested the now universally accepted correction that the effect of vaccination is only temporary. Small-pox itself recurs occasionally, especially when the first attack has been in infancy, and all observation points to the conclusion that, in the case of cow-pox, the protective action of the disease is sooner exhausted, and the liability to it most likely to be reproduced during the period of growth. Consequently, a person vaccinated in infancy will ordinarily have exhausted the protection thus secured by the time that he is grown up. Re-vaccination effected then will certainly renew the immunity for some years, and probably for the whole remainder of life—the exhaustion of the protective influence being so very much more gradual when the process of tissue change has ceased to be active. These facts, says Dr. CARPENTER, carry conviction that, "if it were possible to enforce not only vaccination in infancy, but re-vaccination at the age of say eighteen, small-pox might be as completely exterminated as it has been from Malta. . . . That small-pox still lingers among ourselves is plainly owing (1) to the persistence of an unvaccinated residuum; and (2) to the existence among the unvaccinated of a certain proportion who have acquired a renewed liability which re-vaccination would destroy." In the third place, the opponents of vaccination have taken the facts that vaccination in infancy does not afford permanent protection against small-pox, and that even re-vaccination does not afford a protection absolutely without qualification, as tantamount to proof that vaccination is no protection at all. They point triumphantly to a child who has been vaccinated, and has had small-pox; or to the far rarer, and, consequently, more talked of, instances in which an adult has been re-vaccinated and has had small-pox, as if they were conclusive against the practice. The ignorance of many of those to whom they address themselves does not allow them to give proper weight to the really overwhelming evidence that vaccination is very nearly a complete safeguard during

childhood, and that re-vaccination is an almost complete protection for the rest of life.

There is, however, one argument which is more calculated to prejudice people against vaccination as commonly practised than Dr. CARPENTER is willing to allow. This is "the admitted, though extremely rare, transmission with the vaccine lymph of some communicable poison which due care would prevent." Dr. CARPENTER thinks this objection is disposed of by the inquiry whether it would be a sufficient reason to refrain from eating a herb which had been ascertained to give protection against small-pox, "that once in fifty thousand cases injury had accrued from some poisonous plant having been gathered with it which due care on the part of the gatherer would have eliminated"? To the great majority of reasonable persons undoubtedly this would not be a sufficient reason. But it is conceivable that a small minority even of reasonable persons might say that, considering the exceedingly poisonous nature of the diseases which can in rare cases be communicated with the vaccine lymph, they would rather let their children run the risk of taking small-pox. This is not a conclusion which can be defended on any proper estimate of probabilities. But, then, the very contention of the objector is that the danger in the two cases is different in kind, and the greater risk of taking small-pox is preferable to the lesser risk of taking a worse disease. This is not a belief which admits of being argued down. When everything has been adduced on the other side, the man who holds it can still say, Well, I feel it, and while I continue to feel it, I must act upon it. It is a very different case from that of the ordinary objector to vaccination, because in this case there is scientific ground for the dislike. These poisons are capable of being communicated with the vaccine lymph, and when thus communicated, they may be as mischievous in their action as though they had been communicated in some other way. If no other answer were to be had than that suggested by Dr. CARPENTER, the use which the opponents of vaccination might make of this fact would be exceedingly mischievous. Fortunately, however, a complete answer to it exists. The poisons in question can only be communicated with the vaccine lymph when that lymph has been taken from the human subject. If, as in Belgium, it is taken direct from the calf, no such risk can possibly arise. Moreover, the protection afforded by vaccination from the calf is, of the two, the more effectual; so that the superiority of the Belgian over the English system is in all respects complete. Hitherto the Local Government Board have shown themselves strangely inactive as regards the introduction of vaccination from the calf. They were warned some years ago, by no less an authority than Sir THOMAS WATSON, that vaccination with human lymph was exposed to this serious objection, and that the substitution of animal lymph would completely remove it; but, notwithstanding this, the substitution of animal lymph is still in its infancy; and Mr. PETER TAYLOR and his allies are still left free to make what use they like of Sir THOMAS WATSON'S admissions.

THE MEANING OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITION.

THE news of the signature of a treaty between the BEY of Tunis and the French, involving the appointment of a French Resident, is scarcely surprising. The details of the treaty will require consideration later; its general tenour has been sufficiently anticipated. The military pressure put on the BEY was in the absence of any valid help too strong to be resisted. By a well-concerted movement the converging divisions of the French were directed on the central stronghold of the Kroumirs only to find it abandoned. The warriors of the tribes had persuaded themselves that resistance was impossible, and melted away. They are not subdued, but nothing is left for them but to maintain, until they are disheartened or exterminated, a warfare hopeless to themselves, but harassing and costly to their enemies, such as starving and desperate mountaineers can carry on in a difficult country. The first object of the French expedition has been thus attained. But the second object had still to be assured, and what this object is had been fully disclosed in the very remarkable circular of M. ST.-HILAIRE and in the tamer, but equally frank, declaration of M. JULES FERRY to the Senate and the Chamber. What the Ministers

said, was adopted with singular unanimity and absence of comment by the French Parliament, and it must, therefore, be recognized that what France says they said. What will at once strike every reader of M. ST.-HILAIRE'S circular is that the Kroumirs faded out of this circular almost as completely and suddenly as they faded off the hill of the Marabout. It is indeed stated that for years the Kroumirs and their fellow-plunderers have been giving trouble to the French Arabs, who, under the civilizing influence of France, have become too gentle and tame to resist their old enemies. One or two ships also have been wrecked and plundered off the coast, and France has borne this state of things too patiently and too long. "We have," as M. ST.-HILAIRE says, "exercised patience to a degree that has sometimes surprised the world." The world, like the individual, is, no doubt, often unconscious of its own emotions. There has again been no definite frontier line drawn between France and Tunis, and that is "a gap that has to be filled." But there can be no doubt that the BEY, had he been asked, would have been very glad to have a frontier line traced, and, in spite of all the ill-doings of the Kroumirs, there was until lately a cordial understanding between the BEY and the French. When the French had to complain of raids, they asked for compensation from the BEY, and got it. They were duly paid for the surprising patience they exercised. What exhausted their patience was finding, not that the Kroumirs made one more raid, but that the BEY was not like his old self. He was getting anti-French. He had allowed himself to be egged on by foreigners to thwart the schemes of French adventurers and favour the schemes of the adventurers of other nations. The instances given by M. ST.-HILAIRE of this hostility on the part of the BEY are neither numerous nor convincing. He only points to one case in which the permission to construct a railway was given to persons other than Frenchmen; to a scheme that broke down for a competing telegraphic cable; to impediments alleged to have been placed in the way of the construction of a French line; and, lastly, to the famous Enfida case, which is described by M. ST.-HILAIRE in the following astonishing language:—"The case of the Enfida domain, which it was sought to snatch, by illegal means, from the honest and laborious 'Marseilles Company.'" What really happened was that an English subject took possession of the domain under a title which he was prepared to maintain before the proper local tribunals, and the honest and laborious Company declined to appear before these tribunals to show their better right. So far as is yet known, the hostility of the BEY seems to consist in not doing whatever a Frenchman wishes whenever a dispute arises between a Frenchman and a foreigner of a different nation.

A large, and a comparatively successful, portion of M. ST.-HILAIRE'S circular is devoted to the demolition of the claims of the Porte to a supreme authority over Tunis. It is incontestable that this authority was, until the time of the present BEY, completely in abeyance. In the present century the Porte has disclaimed all responsibility for the acts of the Barbary States, and the European Powers have constantly negotiated with the BEY of Tunis as an independent sovereign. What is new in the reign of the present BEY is that, whereas his predecessors were as anxious to assert their independence as France could be to assert it for them, the present BEY has voluntarily addressed the SULTAN, and asked him to accept him as his vassal. This was first done in 1864, when the opposition of France at Constantinople sufficed to reduce the answer of the Porte to a mere formal acknowledgment of the application of the BEY. But in 1871, when it was thought France was no longer to be feared, the BEY applied for, and the SULTAN issued, a Firman, by which the BEY was declared to be a mere Vali, or governor of a Turkish province. France protested, but the other Powers took note of what had been done without pronouncing an opinion on it. They had no objection to Tunis making itself a vassal of the Porte, but they in no way guaranteed its new authority to the Porte. Lord SALISBURY discussed the affairs of Tunis with M. WADDINGTON solely on the ground of English interests and without reference to the claims of Turkey, and Lord GRANVILLE considered no other duty as incumbent on the English Government than that of ensuring the safety and protect-

ing the interests of British subjects. There is not a single European Power which at the present moment thinks itself concerned in maintaining the supremacy of the Porte in Tunis. And there can be no doubt that, unless it is bound by some kind of European law to accept the supremacy of the Porte, France has the most cogent reasons to impel her to see, even by the use of extreme means, that this supremacy shall not be established. Nothing could be more prejudicial to France than that an independent Mahomedan sovereign, having territory contiguous to that of France, should suddenly so place himself as to be able to refer every complaint made by France against him, and every application made to him by France or Frenchmen, to Constantinople. There, where every favour and every recognition of right has to be paid for, interminable intrigues engender interminable delays, and France would be perpetually asked what it would concede in a Montenegrin or a Greek question if it got what it wanted in some trumpety question about a railway or a telegraph in Tunis.

For the purposes of criticism of the circular, the Bey may be accepted as an independent prince, and it then becomes interesting to know what this independent prince is to be made to do for France. French troops are now stationed just outside his capital, a French general has sent him an ultimatum and has visited him in his palace to dictate a treaty, and he has been able by this time to realize what his independence is worth. The nature of the ultimatum presented to him might have been guessed from M. ST.-HILAIRE'S circular. France is not going to annex an inch of Tunisian territory; it does not wish to depose the Bey, or in any way to hurt him. All it asks is to improve him and his country. In describing what France has done and is ready to do for Tunis, M. ST.-HILAIRE soars into the true language of a prospectus. He, as it were, gives himself a concession, and then as concessionaire puts the splendours of this acquisition before an admiring public. France has already done wonders for Tunis; it has created a postal and a telegraph service; it has made one railway and is making two more; it has restored an aqueduct and is going to make a port; it has invested vast sums of money in Tunisian bonds. This is the kind of preliminary expenditure with which prospectuses have made us so familiar and for which confiding readers are ready to take founders' shares. It is, as usual, nothing in comparison with the magnificent objects which are to be carried out if the shares offered to the public are taken up. France is ready, we learn, to engage in a "host of beneficial enterprises," lighthouses, internal roads, vast irrigation, the working of abundant mines of every kind of metal, improved cultivation of land, and the "employment of the hot springs which 'the Romans discovered and used.'" There never was anything so grand in the prospectus way before. Merely by the way, and as a makeweight, France undertakes to manage the revenues, and keep the accounts of the Bey in a proper French manner, to raise the taxes as they ought to be raised, and to introduce a first-class judicial system. Sometimes it is stated in prospectuses that the title to the concession will be completed after the shares have been taken up. This is exactly what M. ST.-HILAIRE proposes to do. He has issued his prospectus, and France has taken it up, and he is now going to complete his title. The process is very simple. A loaded pistol has been held at the Bey's head until he has ratified the concession. And if this seems rather a strong proceeding, France has the amplest moral justification. She is the apostle of civilization, and has the inherent right of a civilized nation to force civilization on uncivilized peoples. She has exactly the same title to civilize Tunis now as she had formerly to civilize Algeria, and as England has to civilize India. The process of civilization apparently in all cases includes, if not formal annexation, at any rate something indistinguishable from annexation. This is the case which M. ST.-HILAIRE puts before France and the world; and it must be owned that in one way he shows himself entitled to speak as the prophet of modern civilization, and that he has pushed its cynicism to a point which has rarely been equalled and can scarcely ever be surpassed.

LIMITATION OF ACTIONS FOR DEBT.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had no difficulty in proving the advantages of ready money as opposed to long credit. That the man who pays as he goes is wiser, better, and happier than the man who pays at the end of the year has long been a commonplace with economists. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL did not even consider the case of the man who has not the means of paying as he goes. No amount of conviction that you will have the money six months hence will justify you in the eyes of this stern moralist if you weakly make the purchase at once. We are not at all disposed to question the general soundness of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S view. Even among the working classes, by whom the convenience of being able to go in debt for necessities at a time when they are out of work is most strongly felt, credit and saving tend to be mutually destructive. If a man earns no wages for three months and yet keeps out of the workhouse, it can only be by having put money away in the past or by finding shopkeepers who will trust to his power and readiness to pay his debts in the future. Supposing that shopkeepers could not be found to display this confidence alike in his good intentions and in his ability to give effect to them, working-men would be forced to save much more than they do. This would be no real hardship to them, because the fact that shopkeepers continue to trust them shows that they pay in the long run, and they can only do this by saving after they have had the goods, instead of before. If they could be brought to save first and buy the goods afterwards, both tradesman and customer would in the end be better off. There would be no bad debts, and no compulsory dealing at particular shops at which they happen to have an account. This last consideration has done more than anything else to interfere with the spread of Co-operative Stores among the poor. The goods sold at a Store may be better and cheaper, but against this superiority is to be set the fact that the Stores will not give credit, and that the shops will only give credit in bad times to customers who have dealt with them in good times. This reflection may have something to do with the indifference, if not hostility, which the shopkeepers have shown towards Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Bill. If it is true that the multiplication of Co-operative Stores has been promoted by the high prices which the practice of giving credit compels retail dealers to charge, it is also true that the convenience of getting credit with retail dealers has greatly checked the multiplication of Co-operative Stores. Whether the change in the law which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL proposed would have much effect in abolishing credit among the working classes is open to doubt. He would allow tradesmen and customers to contract themselves out of the Bill, and the result of this permission might easily be that things would remain just as they are. A formula would be devised which would exempt the shopkeeper from the limitation of time provided in the Act, and every bill scored against a workman would have this formula conspicuously printed at the top.

When we pass from the working classes to those other sufferers to whom Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was anxious to extend protection, the case for interference is even weaker. As regards the poor, it might be expedient to alter the law if it were certain that the alteration would be effectual, and if we could be sure that, if effectual, it would be really beneficial. But as regards minors, married women, men who owe 14,000*l.* to their fruiterer, and people who forget to keep their receipts, the case is different. It is hard to see how Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL can have supposed his Bill would make the first three cases any easier, inasmuch as he only proposed to make it apply to debts under 100*l.* Minors who run up enormous bills without the knowledge of their parents and guardians, wives who keep their husbands in the dark as to their dealings with their milliners, and men with an abnormal appetite for fruit are not likely to limit their bills to the comparatively trifling sum of 100*l.* It would become, under Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Bill, the direct interest both of debtor and creditor to run them up above this amount. A tradesman who supplies a minor with those miscellaneous articles which a British jury insists on regarding as necessary when once they have been bought and delivered, or a dressmaker who finds that her bill is never asked for, and that the longer she postpones sending it in the more freely orders for new dresses are given, is for the

most part perfectly aware of the real state of the case. The jeweller who adorns the fingers of an undergraduate with the largest-sized rings, or stamps an image of himself upon his customer's shirt-front in the shape of a set of expensive studs, does not in the least believe that these purchases are made to gratify the eye of a doting father. Each and all of these tradesmen know very well that the transaction is in the nature of a speculative investment, and that though they may lose the bare value of the goods, they are sure, if they are paid for them, to gain a great deal more than their value. If it were made impossible to recover debts of more than twelve months' standing, when they did not exceed 100l., the object of every one of these worthies would be to have no customers who wanted long credit on his books except for sums above 100l. A purchaser who showed any desire to keep his bill below that figure would at once be looked on with suspicion. It would be supposed that he or she nourished a mean desire to play the tradesman false in the thirteenth month. Purchasers such as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has in view would be as well aware of this as the tradesman. They would know that readiness to go beyond 100l. was an elementary proof of respectable intentions, a pledge that if the shopkeeper dealt handsomely by them they would deal handsomely by the shopkeeper. Thus the result of the change might be to increase that extravagance which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is so properly anxious to check. In all these instances it is not the sanctions of the law which the tradesman looks to. Indeed, these have now become so feeble that they have pretty well lost any terrors they may have once possessed. His expectations of eventual payment are based partly on the sense of honesty which, after all, is pretty widely diffused, and partly on the dislike which a large proportion of mankind still feel to being declared defaulters even when the creditor is a shopkeeper. Upon these foundations the credit system would still flourish, even if one year were substituted for six as the period beyond which debts should cease to be recoverable. Even supposing that the effect of the Bill promised to be greater than seems at all likely, there is not much inducement for the Legislature to move in the matter. It is not convenient for the law to do all that it might do, and the victims whom Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL commends to our notice are not particularly interesting. When neither creditor nor debtor can make good any claim on our sympathies, it seems better to leave them to settle their own disputes. When the similar Bill which has passed the Lords comes on for discussion it will not be this or that class only that will benefit by it. The Bill will be one of larger scope, and will ask for support on more general grounds. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's Bill, except in so far as it proposed to confer a doubtful benefit on the working classes, was exclusively a measure for the relief of interesting extravagance. As such, it may safely be left alone.

A Correspondent of the *Standard* has told a tale of misery which, at all events, goes to show that the long credits which shock Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL are very much on the wane. He has been away from London for three years, and now that he has returned he finds himself little better off than an outlaw. The tradesmen that once know him, know him no more. He has to furnish a house, and he cannot get a carpet or a dining-table delivered except on payment at the door. He has to see that his wife is properly shod, and when he naturally objects to paying for boots before they have been tried on, he is met by the difficulty that the messenger refuses to leave them to be tried on unless they are first paid for. Unless this gentleman is exceptionally unlucky, the salutary process of paying ready money seems already to have made abundant progress. The truth probably is that in this respect the rivalry of the Co-operative Stores has done shopkeepers a real service. They do not see it themselves—blessings so very well disguised are seldom recognized until after their work is done; but the fact is beyond dispute. After all, ready money is the feature which really marks off a Co-operative Store from an ordinary shop. The collection of many trades under one roof, and the abolition of free delivery, are much less important elements in the success of the Stores. The former can be, and is being, rivalled by private tradesmen; the latter is not a very great gain in point of cheapness, while it is a decided loss in point of convenience. But the rigid enforcement of ready money does

undoubtedly enable joint-stock shopkeepers—for the Co-operative Stores are now nothing more than this—to undersell tradesmen who give even short credit; and the experience of the *Standard's* Correspondent seems to show that this lesson has at last been learned. Now that the process has begun, there is no obvious reason why it should not go on quite fast enough without Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's aid. All that individual shopkeepers have got to do is to give a discount for cash payments which will bring their charges within a measurable distance of the prices asked at the Stores. Of course, if they ask sums which vary from thirty to fifty per cent. more than the sums for which the same goods can be bought at a Store, and then make a favour to the ready-money customer of taking off five per cent., they must not expect to beat their rivals. But, now that cash payments have gained the footing they have, there is every reason to expect that even the British tradesman will not remain for ever blind to the obvious teachings of self-interest.

FRENCH CONSERVATISM.

THE schism in the ranks of the French Royalists grows more pronounced every day. The Legitimist section of the party has taken a more decided line in view of the elections than it has ventured to do for some years past. The recent aggressions of the State upon the Church had seemed to politicians of the stamp of M. DE FALLoux to suggest a common ground of resistance for French Conservatives of all schools. This coalition was to be altogether different from those which it was sought to bring about under Marshal MACMAHON. The individuals composing it would, to a great extent, be the same; but they would be united by firmer ties. Formerly, though the members of the coalition agreed for the time to divest themselves of their peculiar ideas and desires, with a view to attaining an object which they all had at heart, it was impossible for them to keep their engagement. The cause of this inability lay in the nature of the object they were aiming at. Men who ally themselves together for the overthrow of a particular form of government cannot help asking themselves what is to be done when the overthrow has been accomplished, and it has become a practical question what form of government is to be set up in place of that which has been destroyed. As soon as this question was raised, distrust of one another found its way into the coalition. Its members were pledged to pull down the Republic, and they knew perfectly well that, as soon as it was pulled down, they would be engaged in a furious dispute, whether it should be succeeded by the BOURBON or by the Bonapartist monarchy. The cause which weakened the coalition, viewed from within, made it hateful to those who viewed it from without. The Conservative party were justly regarded by the majority of the nation as bent upon the destruction of institutions with which the nation as a whole was very well content. The result was that the Conservatives were weakened by mutual suspicions when working for an object which, if they had worked for it as one man, would still have been impossible of attainment.

To some at least of the party much meditation on these things has brought wisdom with it. They have recognized the hold which the Republic has taken upon the interests and the imaginations of the French people, and the hopelessness of gaining popular support for a movement avowedly intended to overthrow it. They are now anxious to put the form of government altogether aside, and to make the whole question turn upon the manner in which the government has been carried on. There is nothing, they say, about a Republic as such to prevent Catholics from living peaceably beneath its shadow. Everything depends upon the spirit in which the Republic deals with questions in which Catholics are interested. How the present Government deals with these questions is shown by the dispersion of the religious orders, the suppression of army chaplains, and the secularization of hospitals and schools. The course which policy and principle alike prescribe to French Conservatives is to make the most of the advantage which their adversaries have given them. In the approaching canvass nothing should be said about forms of government. Republican institutions should be formally accepted, and the whole force of the

Conservative attack be directed against the uses to which these institutions have been turned. The policy of the Government is distasteful to many sound Republicans, and if the Conservatives are careful to dissociate themselves from the Monarchical ideas which have hitherto been with too much reason imputed to them, they may hope, under cover of the ballot-box, to attract these Republicans to their side. There was a time when this method would have been rendered impracticable by the attitude of the ecclesiastical authorities. PIUS IX. had latterly become as good a Legitimist as HENRY V. himself, and the French bishops, with scarcely an exception, had taken their cue from the Pope. Now all this is changed. So far as France is concerned, LEO XIII. is not a Republican, but a Republican who has remained under strong temptations to recant. He has never ceased to distinguish between the form of government now established in France and the particular actions of the politicians who for the time administer it. Consequently, in appealing to French Catholics not to mix up these two ideas, men like M. DE FALLOUX can claim the highest ecclesiastical support. They only ask the laity to follow where the Sovereign Pontiff has already led the way.

If this change of tone on the part of the Conservatives had been fairly general, it is possible that it might have had considerable influence. For the first time Republican would have ceased to be a party name, and a general election have turned upon measures rather than upon institutions. It is probable that the number of Republicans who dislike the course upon which the Government have lately entered, and suspect them of intending to pursue it to still greater lengths, is considerable. Hitherto, however, they have had no means of giving effect to their views except by keeping away from the polls. If they voted at all, they must do so either for a Republican who approved of all that the Republic had done, or for a Monarchist who wished to mend matters by sweeping away the Republic. It is never safe to assume that a French Conservative will take an active part in politics, but there was, at least, a chance that he might do so upon seeing the opportunity for the first time offered him. Now the prospect of anything of the kind being brought about is altogether at an end. The Legitimist feeling proves to be as active and as obstinate as ever, and those who are animated by it make no secret of their determination to subordinate every other consideration to the pleasure of gratifying it. No sooner had the appeal of the moderate Conservatives been put forward than there appeared in the *Union* an express mandate from the Count of CHAMBORD directing the Royalists to support no candidate who would not undertake to make the restoration of the Monarchy his first object. From that day forward the wrath of the Legitimist organs has been mainly directed against those Catholics and Conservatives who are anxious, if they can, to live at peace with the Republic. Not M. GAMBETTA himself is more an object of detestation with them than M. DE FALLOUX. Their columns are filled with demonstrations that in France a good Catholic must always, and under all circumstances, be a good Royalist, and that the salvation of the Church and of society depends upon the restoration of HENRY V. The question is one which has been absolutely and definitively decided by the Royal word. The duty of a good subject is to bow his head and obey.

Once more, therefore, the prospects of Conservatism in France seem hopelessly obscured. It is of the very essence of this particular phase of political doctrine that it should accept accomplished facts, and try to make the best of them. The Orleanists have no more cause than the Legitimists to love the Republic, and it is equally their interest that the French nation should recognize the Monarchy as the form of government best suited to the needs of the country. The difference between them and the Legitimists is simply that the Orleanists are willing to give the needs of the country precedence over the restoration of the Monarchy, whereas the Legitimists hold that, if those needs cannot be satisfied by a change in the form of government, they had better not be satisfied at all. The result of this open avowal of incompatible aims must be to reduce the Conservative party to impotence. If the two sections into which the Royalist section has split up had remained united, there might have been some chance that they would have drawn the third section towards them by the mere force of attraction. No such chance exists now. When separated from

the larger body of the Legitimists, the moderate and reasonable Royalists will be too small a party to tempt any body either to join them or to invite their co-operation. Besides, however unjust the suspicion may be, it will certainly be thought that the quarrel between the two sections of the Royalists has reference to methods not to ends, and that the distinction which marks off the Legitimists from the Moderates is simply that the Legitimists have the courage to be sincere. As regards the Legitimists themselves, their present attitude affords additional evidence to a fact which scarcely needed to be thus supported. The Extreme Right are to the full as irreconcilable and as impracticable as the Extreme Left. The interests of the country or of religion go for nothing with them by the side of the interests of their particular theory. If the Extreme Left subordinate the welfare of France to the triumph of the Republican idea, the Extreme Right are equally ready to subordinate the welfare of France to the triumph of the Monarchical idea. The Extreme Left would upset the best possible Government if it were not Republican. The Extreme Right will do nothing to make a Government tolerable unless they can at the same time make it Monarchical. The result of Legitimist persistence must be to prepare a disastrous defeat for all the causes they profess to care for. Every time that the elections are made to turn upon the form of the Government it becomes plainer that France is not in the least shaken in her determination to live under a Republic. Until the Legitimists can bring themselves to see this fact, they must be shut out themselves, and help to shut out all other Conservatives from any useful action in politics.

PREMIERS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

PARLIAMENT, in both Houses, decreed on Monday last that Lord Beaconsfield should have a monument, and that the monument should be placed in Westminster Abbey. Premiers as Premiers have no place or precedence assigned to them in life. It is conceivable, and does, in fact, happen, that a Minister should have no recognized rank in society beyond that of a privy councillor, and should be the inferior, in a sense, of peers whom he had himself recommended for creation or promotion. But death brings many things into their proper perspective, and it cannot be said that we have neglected to commemorate politicians. Nearly a half of the monuments erected to them in the Abbey are merely complimentary, and do not mark the actual place of burial. There are, therefore, many precedents for the intended memorial, though its form is subject for future arrangement. Should we of this generation omit the customary tribute, later ages would certainly supply it, as we have done in the case of Addison, who was a Secretary of State before Premiers were, in fact, invented. He is buried among statesmen, in the vault of General Monk in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel; but his statue is among the poets, and a slab in the north aisle of the Chapel, "near his loved Montagu," further commemorates him. Montagu himself and Savile, a yet more famous possessor of the title of Halifax, have tablets in the same aisle, near the great monument of Queen Elizabeth. In the same vault with Addison is buried the body of another Minister, his contemporary, James Oraggs, who died of small-pox in 1721. The monument is separated from his grave by the whole length of the Abbey. The old Abbot's Chapel, at the extremity of the south aisle of the nave, is now used as a kind of vestry, under the dignified title of the Consistory Court; and here, between busts of the late Mr. Maurice and of Canon Kingsley, and almost facing the bust of Mr. Keble, is the full-length figure of Oraggs, "in an antique habit, leaning gracefully on an urn." Beneath are Pope's well-known lines, beginning with the equivocal compliment, "Statesman, yet friend to truth."

The first Prime Minister actually buried and commemorated in the Abbey is Chatham. Neither Harley nor Walpole, to whom the title of Premier was first applied in an invidious sense, are commemorated, though Horace Walpole placed a statue in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel to the memory of his mother, the first wife of the Minister, paying, as he grudgingly notes, forty pounds for the site to the Dean and Chapter. Walpole's rival, Stanhope, has his statue, though he is buried at Chevening, and his monument at the entrance of the choir, over against that of Sir Isaac Newton, may be taken as the earliest precedent for the intended Beaconsfield memorial. Compton and Carteret, who may be accounted Premiers at one time or another after the fall of Walpole and before the rise of Chatham, are not commemorated, but Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and his family are buried in the Chapel. Pulteney was never Premier in the modern sense of the word. Pelham's secretary, Roberts, has a tablet near the tomb assigned by tradition to Chaucer; but neither Pelham himself, nor his brother and successor, the Duke of Newcastle, has a monument in the church. Bute is unmentioned in the Abbey records; Rockingham and North and Liverpool are equally without notice. But to Chatham was assigned the honour of a contest between Westminster and London for the possession of his body.

The citizens would have buried him in their great cathedral, and, as Horace Walpole observes, would have "robbed Peter to pay Paul." They urged that he had contributed so much by his vigour and counsel to the protection of commerce that they ought to be allowed to offer him this mark of gratitude and veneration. It must be admitted, in the face of subsequent events, that, not only would there have been a certain appropriateness in thus making the tomb of the great commoner in the City, but also that it would there have occupied a more distinguished position than it does among a crowd of similar memorials in the Abbey. The number of lesser politicians whose monuments surround his does something to obscure his greatness. But Parliament ruled it otherwise; his dust must mingle, it was said, with the dust of kings; and the north transept has ever since been made a "statesman's corner."

The monument of Chatham, incongruous as it is in a Gothic building, would have looked better in St. Paul's. It is in many respects to be reckoned the masterpiece of Bacon. The figures of Britannia, supported by the Ocean and the Earth, and of Prudence and Fortitude, which support the central statue, are fine in their way; but Bacon, in making the portrait of Chatham true to life, and using Parliamentary robes instead of classical armour or "an antique habit," set an example to his successors in the art of monumental sculpture. Strange to say, the artist himself wrote the inscription which appears upon the base. Its brevity is not undignified, and when George III. warned the sculptor "Now, Bacon, mind you do not turn author; stick to your chisel," he paid him a well-merited compliment. He received 6,000*l.* for the monument, and had to pay out of that modest sum both the cost of the marble and work, and also the Chapter fees, which amounted to not less than 700*l.* There is another memorial of Chatham in the Abbey. It is seldom seen by visitors, though, in many respects, it is of great interest. This is the waxen effigy, in his robes as a peer, and holding a parchment-roll in his hand, which was made after the funeral, and exhibited for many years. It represents him as a short man, but is full of energy, and by no means to be despised as a work of art. The name of the artist does not appear to have survived.

The monument of Chatham's great son is in a situation even more conspicuous than that of the father, but in every other way falls short. The artist was the elder Westmacott. The statue is nine feet high, and the proportions being those of a very tall man, it appears even higher. To support it, an arch had to be turned over the western door, and the gigantic figure with its outstretched arm seems to dominate the whole nave. As in the case of the monument of Chatham, the expenses were paid by a vote of the House of Commons. Fox's monument, which is close by, was erected by his private friends. It has often been remarked that, as the monuments of these great political rivals are close together, so also are their graves; and it is to the proximity of Fox's resting-place to the vault of the Pitt family that Scott's well-known lines allude. *Marmion*, in the introduction to which they occur, was in fact published several years before either monument was completed. The vault constructed for the burial of Chatham contains the bodies also of his wife, his daughter, his son's wife, and both his sons. So that, even if William Pitt had been as insignificant as his elder brother, the second earl, he would yet have been honoured by burial in the Abbey.

The grave of Lord Londonderry, better known as Lord Castlereagh, is between those of Pitt and Fox. Sheridan is commemorated by a gravestone placed in the north aisle by a private friend, Dr. Moore. Canning and Palmerston lie within a few feet of Pitt and Fox; and the statue of Peel, who is buried at Drayton, is close by. At the back of the screen is a bust of Lord Aberdeen on an incongruous bronze pedestal. He was buried at Great Stanmore; and in the same side aisle are busts also of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Richard Cobden, and Warren Hastings. This fashion of placing busts in the Abbey is increasing, though nothing, not even a classical monument, has a worse effect amid Gothic surroundings. It does not speak well for the invention of modern sculptors that they have been able to devise nothing more suitable. The bust of Keble looks out from a pointed frame of the most strictly Gothic type, but itself is of a Greek model and nude, as are several neighbouring busts of divines. This form of monument has the advantage of occupying very little space; and, under the present régime, space is becoming very scarce in the church, either for burials or for gravestones. Gibson's statue of Peel was the last in which a classical costume was adopted, and the return to the old style in the case of these clergymen and of the miserable little busts of Lord Russell and Lord Lansdowne, both of whom are buried elsewhere, cannot be commended.

Among the Premiers who have no monument in the Abbey the most conspicuous by his absence is Lord Melbourne. At the time of his death the idea that even minor celebrities must be buried, or at least commemorated, in the Abbey had not attained its modern importance. The grave of Dickens in his beloved Rochester would have been the goal of a thousand pilgrimages. Romsey Abbey would not have been unworthy of Palmerston, whose grave is hardly worth noticing in Westminster Abbey. The Melbourne monument in St. Paul's is more remarkable than any monument can now ever hope to be in the Abbey. Baron Marochetti excelled himself in the design and its execution. It would be well for his fame if he had never made anything less expressive than the two angels at the door. The door leads no

whither, but on its panels are inscribed the names of the Premier and his brother. One other Premier is buried in St. Paul's. The Wellington monument bears no allusion to the more peaceful services of the great Duke, who rests near his most eminent political rival, as Pitt rests by Fox. Among other Premiers not commemorated in Westminster Abbey are Shelburne and the late Lord Derby, though Perceval, who is buried at Charlton, has a magnificent cenotaph, voted by Parliament. No inscription has been placed upon it, but a long relief representing the assassination partially makes amends. A sculptor with the literary powers of Bacon might have supplied the omission, of which a parallel may be found in the monument of one of the very first statesmen buried in the Abbey. At the eastern end of the "Chapel of the Lady Margaret," otherwise known as the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, is a large and handsome memorial in marble, including a portrait in relief. Dean Stanley, with commendable care, has labelled it as the tomb of General Monk; but though there is an inscription stating that it was erected by the executors of Christopher Monk, the second Duke of Albemarle, there is nothing else to indicate its significance. There cannot be any doubt as to the correctness of the ascription, for a long list of noble persons, the second Duke's executors, have placed their names on the base. As so often recorded, the wax effigy of the great general of the Restoration in his armour, and especially his coronetted cap, were among the regular sights until a few years ago, though there is no mention on the monument of the Duke himself.

SATURA POLITICA.

THE present week has been a decidedly eventful one in the way of political occurrences. The French invasion of Tunis has drawn from faithful Radical lips a wailing admission that not even the abominable Government of Lord Beaconsfield ever perpetrated an act that can be compared, for sheer immorality, to this. The news from the Transvaal makes it more possible than ever that one of the astounding political comedies of the century may be performed, and that native valour, backed up by a few English free-lances or defrauded proprietors, may revenge the honour of England on the formidable forces which have cowed the master of the English Army List. In Ireland they outrage merrily, and Archbishop Orok aspires to the bygone glories of the Lion of Tuam and Judah. The northern parts of this island are disturbed by dark imaginings of a plot for the introduction of the Irish Land Bill into the Highlands. Mr. Gladstone has made his speech about Lord Beaconsfield's monument, and has made it very well save for a curious omission. Mr. Gladstone told us—what indeed most people knew before—that Lord Beaconsfield did not personally hate Mr. Gladstone, but by some unlucky chance he did not tell us, what everybody would have been glad to know, that Mr. Gladstone did not personally hate Lord Beaconsfield. The omission is remarkable, perhaps also unfortunate. Knaresborough has supplied an occasion for discreet silence to those who maintain that the country still wholly loves the Government. For Mr. Bradlaugh, an important member of the body politic, this is the week which in a manner either makes him or foredoes him quite, and he may be said to have been considerably foredone already by his exclusion on Tuesday from the anticipated glories of the Clock Tower. The Greeks came and brought presents to the Church of England on Wednesday, but the *fatale machina* was on this occasion not manufactured with anything like the skill of the original *Epeus*. Lord Randolph Churchill has secured the approval of Mr. Broadhurst, and Mr. Jesse Collings has voted in the same lobby with most of the colleagues of the Late Man, as, if the modern Radical retained the picturesque traditions of his putative ancestors, the member for Ipswich would probably describe Lord Beaconsfield. Sir Stafford Northcote has won unwilling testimonies from his opponents on a point of generalship, and Sir William Harcourt has delivered his candid sentiments with regard to the priesthood of the Church of England and also of other communions. Sir William Harcourt is so much in the habit of delivering candid sentiments on subjects about which his knowledge is on a par with his knowledge when he addresses troublesome county magistrates at Stroud and elsewhere, that this last incident may not appear especially noteworthy. The rest must be acknowledged to be all considerable incidents in their way, and some of them at least to be likely to prove the forerunners of other considerable incidents.

The events of the week, however, may be said to be the election of Lord Salisbury to the post of leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords and the speech in which Mr. Forster demonstrated the excellences of the Irish Land Bill to a somewhat turbulent audience at Bradford. The election, or selection, or whatever it is to be called, of Lord Salisbury was at least, from the point of view of "the tools to the workman," something of a foregone conclusion. The rather impertinent comments on the various merits and demerits of the supposed competitors which filled certain journals for days before the question was really an actual one, and even for days before it was decent to moot it at all, principally showed, as such comments generally do show, the ignorance of the writers and their desire to appear not ignorant. To all persons, however, whether Whig, Tory, Liberal, Conservative, or Radical, who retained their faculty of comparatively impartial laughter, the attitude of what may be called generally the Liberal press towards the late Foreign Secretary must have

been provocative of much amusement. These candid advisers were particularly anxious that the Conservative party should not make a fatal mistake, and choose the wrong man. The wrong man, as it appeared to the obdurate outsider, was the man who was likely to hit the candid friend's friends hardest. It was, taking it altogether, as if the second in a pugilistic duel, discussing the conduct of the fight, should say:—"I hope you will not be so ill-advised as to hit my principal with your closed fist; for your own sake, I trust that you will tie one hand behind you; and I am sure that the commonest considerations of prudence will prevent you from employing the fatal manoeuvre of getting him into Chancery." In some cases the more refined device was employed of hoping that the Opposition would commit this fatal mistake; but this net also seems to have been spread before the bird in vain. That the meeting at Lord Abergavenny's does not, of itself, designate a leader of the party, but only a leader of the House of Lords, all reasonable persons, whether Liberal, Conservative, or neutral, are, we suppose, aware. That, under ordinary circumstances, it is the prelude to some very uncomfortable times for the Liberal peers is sufficiently evident. "Appelez-vous Voltaire; je vous promets des sensations," said M. Veillot, in the days when he was the terror of the unorthodox. There is certainly no Liberal peer in the House of Lords to whom Lord Salisbury cannot promise sensations in the oratorical sense with a serene consciousness of being able to discharge the promise. The only shadow of discomfort for amateurs of real oratorical battle lies in the extraordinarily unequal nature of the fight. Lord Granville has, indeed, an invaluable characteristic which, in the days of the P. R., might have led to his being nicknamed "the featherbed." But though the passive military qualities of that article of furniture are excellent, its active qualities leave something to desire. For active measures the Ministry are left in the Upper House pretty much to a "broken man," the Duke of Argyll, who seems still disposed, notwithstanding his yearning after Saturn and Jupiter and the other realms where two and two still make four, to lend them gracious help now and then. But the Duke of Argyll is not to be named in the same category of orators with Lord Salisbury. He is not even the equal of Lord Cairns, and as a debater he is at best the equal of Lord Cranbrook, while he has come off second-best in more than one conflict with Lord Lytton and Lord Carnarvon. An impartial critic might, perhaps, find it in his heart to wish that, for the better furtherance of that lively political fighting in which impartial critics and amateurs of sport delight, Lord Salisbury might find it convenient to address himself to the task of popular speechmaking. It may be depended upon that, in the long run, the quality which catches the average audience, whether on the platform or in print, is hard hitting. It is by this that the popular idols of the Government party have obtained their reputation, and in this Lord Salisbury, when at his best, has hardly a superior. He has had comparatively little opportunity of displaying this gift since he was Lord Robert Cecil; he may perhaps see his way to a resumption of the display now. In some respects, no doubt, the position of leader, even of a single House of Parliament, imposes restrictions; in the matter of general schemes of policy, it imposes very considerable restrictions. But there is a great difference between rashness of constructive plan and forwardness in hitting the weak places of the adversary. It is the latter task which now falls on Lord Salisbury, and it would be hard to mention any one who is, or for many a long year has been, better qualified to perform it.

Turning to the other side, it is with performance, not with promise, that we have to deal. No Cabinet Minister has yet spoken to his constituents on the Irish Land Bill, and Mr. Forster's utterances at Bradford were therefore not a little interesting. We said that no Cabinet Minister had yet spoken on the Land Bill to his constituents; it might have been safer to say that no Cabinet Minister has yet spoken on the Land Bill at all, notwithstanding the verbal falsity of the statement. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed, or are told to consume the unsatisfactory pasture of the Irish Attorney-General. The *Times*, with the curious ingenuousness which has come to be its chief political virtue, and which after a long interval makes it once more worth reading, remarks that the Bill is by Liberals "taken on trust." Mr. Gladstone understands it, and that is all which a member of the non-stupid party has a right to demand. What Mr. Gladstone does is well. If anybody supposed that Mr. Forster was going to draw up the curtain at Bradford, he made a great mistake. The only interpretation which suggests itself of the reticence of the Ministry is that Mr. Gladstone was the only man who ever understood the Bill, and that he has forgotten what it meant, just as the other day, until Sir R. Cross gently mentioned to him the name of the Duke of Argyll, he was indignant at the idea of this best of Bills having caused dissension in the Cabinet. It is human to forget, and after all, before the third reading, Mr. Gladstone may perhaps remember what the Land Bill does mean, and may at a specially summoned Cabinet Council communicate the meaning to his colleagues with leave to divulge. Clause Seven, however, and the remarkable arithmetical puzzle whereby, making A. joint partner with B., you are to give valuable property to A. without taking any from B., did not enter into Mr. Forster's speech. What did enter into it was, in the first place, a challenge to Mr. Gibson. Mr. Forster is very sad on the subject of Mr. Gibson's remark that the Government did not sufficiently employ the ordinary law. His sadness does him credit, but the defect of memory

seems to be epidemic in the Cabinet, even among escaped members. Mr. Gladstone cannot, at least by hypothesis, remember the meaning of the Land Bill; the Duke of Argyll cannot remember that he ever heard of any Bill of disaffection before the action at Laing's Nek; Mr. Forster cannot remember any instance of insufficient use of the powers of the ordinary law last autumn and winter. This, however, was not by any means his most remarkable utterance. That the Irish Land Bill, which every skilled witness—hostile, favourable, and neutral—agrees in regarding as a measure certain to lead to endless litigation, is, according to Mr. Forster, the offspring of a desire "to give the lawyers as little work to do as possible," is a statement which, we are sorry to say, made the irreverent population of Bradford laugh. They are very rude in Yorkshire, and rather sharp; so perhaps it is, on the whole, more sad than strange that they should have laughed at Mr. Forster. He was, however, only going up his hill of paradox. Mr. Forster believes in himself as having vigorously used the ordinary law in Ireland six months ago; he believes in the Irish Land Bill as likely to make lawyers starve. But he believes in it still more as "a merely temporary departure" from the laws of political economy. Mr. Forster has not the noble confidence of his chief; he does not believe that laws of nature cease to operate within four hours' steam of Holyhead. But the interference is merely temporary, he urges. For a time, at least, a reluctant Government must interfere with contract. When the tenant has been nourished and heartened with a certain amount of his landlord's property, he is to fend for himself. This is a delightfully novel announcement. It certainly is not in the bond which announces that the new dawn of Irish prosperity is to broaden on from fifteen years to fifteen years without the least hint of a future relapse into the twilight of economy and sense. But even if there were such a hint, will Mr. Forster promise us that he will undertake the arrangement of the later order of things when the time comes? A bear robbed of her whelps is an awkward customer, but an Irish tenant suddenly bidden, after being brought up by the Gladstonian hand on his landlord's goods for years, to live by his own labours and in accordance with the laws of Saturn and Jupiter, is likely to be a customer far more awkward.

LORD DUNSANY ON INVASION.

IN the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* Admiral Lord Dunsany attempts the rather hopeless task of dispelling an idea very generally held by his countrymen, and tries to show that it is altogether erroneous and, indeed, absolutely opposed to facts, that is, to the facts of what he justly calls an iron age. The idea which he wishes to uproot and destroy is embodied in the phrase, a "silver streak," which means a great deal, like the shake of Lord Burleigh's head, and indicates not merely a strip of water, but also the absolute safety from invasion which is supposed to be due to that strip of water. That safety, says Lord Dunsany, is imaginary, and not only is it imaginary, not only does this country possess no special immunity from attacks, but that very Channel, that very "silver streak" which is thought her best defence against her foes, in reality makes it less difficult for a foreign Power to attack England than to attack a neighbour across a land boundary. This seems, at first sight, a startling paradox; but Lord Dunsany is able to say a good deal in support of it, and to bring forward facts very commonly overlooked, which can hardly fail to produce an impression on any one who is willing candidly to consider them; for they show, not perhaps that there is quite such imminent danger as the Admiral thinks, but that skilfully contrived measures on the part of an invader, aided by such good fortune as has marked many a campaign, might make the position of this country perilous in the extreme, and that, in the event of a war with one Great Power, a catastrophe worse than Sedan would certainly not be an impossible contingency.

In considering this question, it is necessary first of all to realize the enormous difference which steam has made, not merely in naval warfare, but in the transport of troops; and to this Lord Dunsany rightly directs his readers' attention. In former days, when troops had to be sent in sailing vessels, nothing like certainty, or approximate certainty, with regard to time was possible, and operations by sea were therefore in one respect much more hazardous and doubtful than operations by land. Now, not only is the position of things changed, but it is absolutely reversed. On this subject we cannot do better than quote the apt words in which Lord Dunsany compares operations by sea in former days with those which are possible now. He says:—

No great combinations such as an invasion would require, were possible in the days when the movements of a fleet depended on wind and weather. Could land forces even carry out any combined movements if they depended on wind or weather? Would the battle of Waterloo have been ever fought if "trusty old Blücher," instead of informing Wellington that he might rely on the support of the Prussian army on the 18th of June, had made that support conditional on there being no change of wind, no storm, no calm?

But with steam, armies escorted by fleets can be carried far more certainly, more rapidly, more conveniently, by sea than by land. In the late highly creditable march of Sir F. Roberts, his army covered seventeen miles per day, and has been very deservedly lauded for that performance. Had they been embarked, twelve times that distance would have been below an average rate, and fifteen times would have been possible. The voyage too, unlike the march, implies neither fatigue to the men or horses, nor any wear and tear of material. Our regiments sent to the Cape of Good Hope this spring traversed the Equator and penetrated far into the Southern

Hemisphere, say a voyage of 6,000 miles in less time and with infinitely less strain in every way than would have attended a march from end to end of this island. The march to the Cape by land would not have been effected (friendly territory) in a twelvemonth! But the strangest idea connected with the "Silver Streak" is that the transport of material by sea is an insurmountable difficulty! The refutation of this fallacy is the *argumentum ad absurdum*. If transport by sea be difficult, transport by land is impossible; therefore there can be no future war! Any one seeing for the first time a ship discharge a cargo, say of 2,000 tons, must have been astonished at the multitude of carts and baggage animals required, and the miles of road covered by that single cargo.

The truth of this is indisputable, and Lord Dunsany is also undoubtedly right when he goes on to argue that an opposing army would have enormous difficulty in preventing the landing of forces from ships, as these would be covered by the tremendous fire of modern naval guns; and in a later part of his article he states in detail the advantages which an invader by sea possesses over an invader by land. The former, says the Admiral, must concentrate, and the concentration must be observed; whereas, concentration by sea is extremely rapid. He must fix a base of operations, thereby revealing his line of attack, and he advances at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles a day, while steam-ships can easily cover 240 miles in the 24 hours. In some respects Lord Dunsany has, we think, underrated the difficulties of an invasion from over the water, and we shall endeavour to point out how considerable those difficulties are; but there can be little doubt that an invader by sea would now possess certain considerable advantages over an invader by land, and that it is absurd to look on the "silver streak" as giving any special immunity to this country. Lord Dunsany might have strengthened his argument by pointing out that an embarkation is a much more safe and easy thing now than it was formerly. In the old days an admiral had to be careful how he anchored his fleet off an open coast in doubtful weather. The ships might have to make sail at any moment, and it was necessary to be at some distance from the shore. Steam-ships, of course, may be lost by a lee-shore if caught by a furious gale; but for powerful war-ships, and great transports, the danger is comparatively very small, at least in summer-time, and it is not very likely that an invasion would be attempted in the winter. One risk, therefore, which formerly accompanied the landing of troops may be considered now to have disappeared.

It seems clear that Lord Dunsany's view is right, and that the favourite expression the "silver streak" represents a most dangerous fallacy, inasmuch as an attack from the sea, which was in other times so difficult as to be well nigh impossible, is now a perfectly feasible operation of war, and is, in some respects, less difficult than an attack by land. It is only fair to say, however, that there is another side to the question, and this Lord Dunsany appears to overlook. Carefully as he has considered the matter, he scarcely seems to see that certain of his arguments cut both ways, and that some of the indisputable facts which he brings forward are as much in favour of the invader as of the invader. Steam has immensely facilitated attack, but it has also greatly facilitated defence. In the old time a foul wind or a calm might neutralize defence, and might make a fleet for a time utterly useless. Now this risk, quite as great for the invader as for the invaders, no longer exists, and the time which will be necessary for a fleet to reach any given spot can be calculated in a few minutes. If the movements of one antagonist are far more rapid and certain, so are those of the other. A port can be much more effectively watched or blockaded by steamers than by sailing ships; and in many ways intelligence of an enemy's movements, which formerly was obtained with great difficulty, would now be rapid and complete. Then we cannot but think that Lord Dunsany somewhat overrates the facilities for naval concentration as compared with the concentration of an army. It is war with France that he principally considers; and we believe that it would be perfectly impossible to concentrate a great fleet of war-ships and transports in French ports with the rapidity and secrecy which he seems to think practicable. He is of opinion that a French army corps, with all its material, could embark in forty-eight hours, and that four or five corps "might very conceivably be embarked in the ports of Toulon, Marseilles, Rochefort, L'Orient, Brest, and Cherbourg." Lord Dunsany has very carefully studied the question, and is no doubt right in these assertions; but it must be remembered that a strong squadron would be required in each of these ports to accompany the transports when they sailed, and it is impossible to suppose that the concentration of war-ships and transports would not be known to our commanders, and that the ports would not be carefully watched by English fleets. Moreover, it must be remembered that a squadron which is conveying transports is at a peculiar disadvantage if attacked at sea by an equal force. The officers in command of ships would have to think, not merely of fighting them in the most effective way, but also of protecting the convoy; and the very slightest error in judgment on the part of any individual captain might mean the annihilation of two or three regiments, as but a few shots from big guns would be required to sink a transport. The same difficulty would be felt by the French commanders in any such great naval action as might be fought if a mighty concentration was successfully effected. Their fleet would consist of a certain number of war-ships and of a certain number of unarmed ships easy to sink and crowded with troops. A comparatively small preponderance in force would give a great practical advantage to the fleet which was encumbered by no convoy.

These facts we cannot but think that Lord Dunsany has over-

looked; but, if his arguments are to some extent assailable on this account, there can be no doubt that, on the whole, they have great weight, and are well worthy of what we venture to predict, they will not receive, the attention of Englishmen. Steam, which has utterly changed naval warfare, has enormously increased the attacking power of an invader by sea. It has also increased the defensive power; but, on the whole, the advantages are on the side of the assailant. The invasion of England by the sea, formerly all but hopeless, is now a perfectly possible operation of war, and though it must of course be attended by great risk, this is not more than the risk of some military operations. The balance of risks, indeed, is against this country. In a great naval action the invader might lose a fleet and an army; but, on the other hand, his success might mean the subjugation of England. Able to anchor where he pleased, while our tiny army toiled after him in vain, the only thing the invader would have to consider would be the likelihood of finding torpedoes in his way, and it is hardly conceivable that every landing-place on the south coast would be efficiently protected by these engines, which, moreover, can be removed or destroyed. On what would happen if an army greatly exceeding our own in strength once landed we have no wish to speculate, and we do not wish to follow Lord Dunsany in his gloomy account of a probable advance from Pevensy Bay. This much, however, is certain. If such an army as one of the Great Continental Powers could dispatch with ease were landed in this country, the occupation of London, and the consequent annihilation of the whole power of England, might follow within a short space of time.

It is not a little curious that in this matter practical views based on carefully ascertained facts and figures, which cannot by any possibility be denied, are treated as dreams, while a feeling of security which is based on nothing is regarded as a proof of strong sense and of just contempt for visionary ideas. In reality, the visionaries are those who place reliance where there are no grounds for reliance, and whose opinions are based on a superstition and a phrase. Because at one time in our history the British navy was stronger than those of all the other European navies put together, it is thought to be comparatively powerful still, and people are content with the idea of safety conveyed by the words "a silver streak." Now it is pointed out by Lord Dunsany, and has been pointed out before, that the French have been twice ahead of us, have twice possessed a navy stronger than ours, and it is doubtful whether at the present moment their navy is not equal in strength to ours. Even if it be inferior, there can be small doubt that France could put more powerful war-ships into the Channel than we could, as so many of ours must necessarily be detached on distant service. Surely, then, Lord Dunsany is right in drawing the conclusion that, in the event of a war with France, there would be danger of a catastrophe worse than Sedan. The fancied superiority of our navy no longer exists, and our fleet might have to encounter in the Channel a fleet of greater strength. Of what might, and very likely would, happen if England found herself at war with two naval Powers, it is scarcely necessary to speak.

Real, however, as are the dangers of which Lord Dunsany speaks, his article will, we fear, attract but little attention. When disagreeable arguments cannot be confuted or disagreeable facts denied, Englishmen frequently console themselves with a phrase or a catchword. The use of the word "alarmist" is thought sufficient to silence those people whose unpleasant statements cannot easily be met in detail. Lord Dunsany has, perhaps, given some excuse to those who love to use this word, which is thought to answer everything. He has, as we have shown, overlooked some facts which tell against his views, and has not perhaps given sufficient weight to others; and, though he is undoubtedly right in the main, he will probably, if he receives any attention at all, be pronounced an alarmist, and therefore unworthy of attention. An alarmist he certainly is; and a Frenchman would have been an alarmist who had said during the great days of the Empire that the military strength of France was far below that of Germany, and that a war would swiftly result in French armies being shattered, France overrun, and her capital beleaguered. Alarmists may sometimes be right.

MR. FROUDE'S IDEAS OF LITERARY TRUSTEESHIP.

THE curiosities of literature in ancient and in modern books enrolled are numerous. But since the famous collection of them we do not know that a more remarkable addition has been made to the list than the correspondence between Mrs. Alexander Carlyle and Mr. Froude, which was laid before the readers of the *Times* at the end of last week and the beginning of the present. We do not purpose saying much about the *Reminiscences* themselves, which were quite sufficiently dealt with in these columns at the time of their appearance. The unfavourable reaction which they seem to have produced in the general judgment of Mr. Carlyle seems to us thoroughly irrational, but at the same time thoroughly of a piece with the general instability of judgment on almost all points which characterize public opinion at the present day. That a man in extreme old age, a notorious sufferer from the complaint which of all complaints sours and warps the judgment most, having lost his principal friend and stay, and looking at the world in general in one of those moods which he has himself described as "sour of stomach and of heart," should write (with hardly more deliberate purpose than if

he were speaking) unadvisedly and sometimes ungenerously is nothing very unintelligible or very horrible. That these writings should be flung unedited on the world within a week or two of his death was, indeed, not a little unintelligible. The matter was made still more difficult of comprehension by the publication of Mr. Carlyle's will, in which, though complete discretion was nominally left to his literary executor, the expectation that considerable time would be allowed to elapse before any of these papers would be published, and that then only a very small portion of them would be found fit for publication, was expressed so clearly that, to any ordinary person, it would have had the force of a command. Mr. Froude's conduct then became doubly curious. He had published what most people would not have published at all except in pursuance of a stringent and explicit mandate for its publication, and he had published it directly in the teeth, as it seemed, of a recommendation not to do so which was almost equivalent to a mandate. This was how the matter stood when Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's first letter appeared in the *Times* of Thursday week. It is scarcely too much to say that this letter must have made wonder give place to indignation in most people's minds. Mr. Carlyle's niece had not, it appears, seen the Jane Welsh Carlyle note-book, though she had constantly heard her uncle speak of it. Her first actual sight of it took place last week, when Mr. Froude sent her back the manuscript. At the end thereof she found a note in her uncle's handwriting which may be thus summarized in the very words of the original:—"I mean to burn this, but cannot make up my mind. It may interest friends who come to it with worthy, not unworthy, curiosity. I solemnly forbid them, one and all, to publish it as it stands here. I warn them that no part of it is fit for printing without editing, and that nine-tenths cannot even be edited by any one save myself." It is, of course, impossible to imagine a more solemn prohibition than this. For flying in the face of it, Mr. Froude, it seems, alleged subsequent oral communications, though how vague those must have been is shown by his own remarks, that Mr. Carlyle "wished it to be published, though he would not order it." Therefore, on the face of this first letter, the matter stood thus. Here was a most definite prohibition acknowledged never to have been reversed by a subsequent order. Mr. Froude is convinced that Mr. Carlyle did not mean his prohibition; Mrs. Carlyle, that he did. So much for document number one. Document number two is Mr. Froude's reply, a reply not calculated to remove the impression created by Mrs. Carlyle's letter. Mr. Froude assumes in it the mysterious "I could an if I would" air which is, perhaps, not very infrequent in such cases. His task is very difficult; he did not seek it; he is very reluctant to give further explanations; he would gladly be spared the necessity of explanation. All which, of course, comes to simply nothing. The only positive facts and tangible statements in the letter are, that ten years ago Mr. Carlyle insisted that nothing should be published for ten years (as he was then a man of seventy-six, the meaning of this ought to be clear enough), and that he never said anything more about it, except in his will, where, as has been said, though the exercise of Mr. Froude's discretion is formally permitted, it is conditioned in a very striking manner. Naturally Mrs. Carlyle did not leave the matter in this state. She wrote again, inviting Mr. Froude to explain his mysterious allusions and innuendoes, giving a quotation from a curiously petulant letter which he had written to her almost immediately after her uncle's death, and finally challenging him to surrender the whole collection of Carlyle papers, to be decided upon by a jury of three friends, in accordance with the terms of the will, if the task of editing was so irksome to him. Mr. Froude's reply is in a very different tone to his first letter. He is not at all mysterious now. The memoir of Jane Welsh Carlyle and Mr. Carlyle's letters are his personal property, and he is going to do with them exactly what he pleases. As for the rest, he is quite willing to restore them; they are a great nuisance to him; he has reason to complain of the position in which he is placed with regard to them; nobody sent him a proper inventory; he was told that the more he burnt of them the better. But Mrs. Carlyle may have them all if she likes, and Mr. Froude will take no further notice of anything said about the troublesome things.

We have no desire to be hard on Mr. Froude. He has done a good deal of service to English literature and English history in his time, and he has sometimes been attacked with perhaps rather more severity than the case required. His worst fault has always appeared to careful critics to be a kind of mental inaccuracy or haziness which has occasionally produced awkward slips. We must say that in this correspondence this particular feature appears very strongly, though in a new form. The questionable character of Mr. Froude's conduct, as shown by his publication of the *Reminiscences* and by his correspondences with Mrs. Carlyle, is twofold. In the first place, he has done a thing which was doubtfully judicious if it was authorized; in the second, he has done a thing which he apparently finds it impossible to prove was ever authorized at all. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle has produced a clear and categorical statement of her uncle's forbidding the publication, and Mr. Froude himself admits that no order reversing that prohibition ever came from Mr. Carlyle even orally. All he can say is that he was to use his own discretion about it. It is clear that, granting his facts, his discretion remains on trial; it is not so clear that we have any right to grant his facts. But whether this be so or no, it is difficult to find words within the limits of courteous expression to describe the general tone of Mr. Froude's two letters

to the *Times*. Even if he is absolutely strong in the consciousness of his own rectitude, he must know that he has given grievous cause to Mr. Carlyle's relatives and friends to complain. They cannot but consider his discretion most indiscreet, his interpretation of their dead friend's wishes most erroneous. Yet he has no kind of apology or friendly excuse to make. He does not even vouchsafe the grounds on which he came to a conclusion in such a remarkably short space of time, and when it would appear a whole mass of documentary evidence, some of which might very conceivably have affected his determination, was yet unarranged, if not unperused. On the contrary, he makes petulant complaints of the inconvenience to which he has been put, and—still worse—indulges in mysterious hints that, if he is pressed, something very terrible will happen. It is not clear whether Mrs. Carlyle's peace of mind or her uncle's reputation, or the happiness of unknown third parties concerned in unpublished documents, is threatened in this mysterious dagger-and-domino fashion. But it is clear that the thing is in execrable taste; while the allusion to the letters and memoir being Mr. Froude's own property is hardly better. Legally, he may be right; morally, documents of this sort cannot possibly pass into the hands of an outsider without a certain lien upon them remaining to those who are interested by blood, by affection, and by long association with the persons originally concerned.

On the whole, it must be said that Mr. Froude has been wrong either in breaking silence at all, or else in shutting his mouth after these very unsatisfactory utterances. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's letter was not only a very natural one, but it was not in the least offensive in tone; it told the readers of the *Reminiscences* what they had a right to know (and what, we may add, if it had been read before the book, might have induced some readers with old-fashioned ideas of honour to leave that book unread); it gives Mr. Froude's excuse fairly enough—indeed, it gives that excuse a good deal more straightforwardly than the person directly concerned has given it over his own signature. It did not even demand a further explanation, though it invites it, as most assuredly the writer had a right to do. How Mr. Froude meets this proceeding we have seen. Insinuation, complaint, roundabout assertion, and but one plain statement of fact—the statement that he has done, and means to do, what he likes with his own. The whole attitude is as little like that which might be supposed to be becoming in a reverent keeper of a precious deposit as any that can well be imagined. The original publication of the *Reminiscences* was, beyond all question, an error in judgment and taste. It could only have been instigated by a willingness to satisfy the kind of curiosity which Mr. Carlyle himself has distinctly stigmatized as unworthy, and not to be gratified. The haste with which it was accomplished deprives the guilty party of any remnant of excuse which he might have had if, observing proportionately the restriction which he acknowledges to have been laid on him, even when the positive prohibition was taken off, and which he broke in the spirit, if he kept it in the letter, he had waited for a certain term of years to elapse. But, having done this, there could be no possible necessity for him to adopt the attitude which he has subsequently adopted. His proper course evidently was to say, "I am very sorry if I have hurt any one's feelings; I have acted to the best of my judgment, and to that judgment I adhere." Instead of this, according to a habit very common with children and women, but supposed by the arrogance of man to be rare in full-grown and tolerably intelligent specimens of the sex which fights and counsels, he raises counter-accusations, tries to create a kind of cuttle-fish screen of dark insinuation, under cover of which he may get off, and finally, while refusing to give up his property, offers to throw up the really important task of co-ordinating the whole mass of Carlyle documents into a regular and complete biography. For this last act, ungracious as it is, there is perhaps some reason for being thankful to him, and it is sincerely to be hoped that Mrs. Alexander Carlyle will accept the offer. In mere literary faculty Mr. Froude is, indeed, an expert; but if this realm does not quite baffle five hundred as good as he, it holds a quite sufficient number. In every other qualification for the work, except the personal intimacy of which he has made such unfortunate use, he would appear to be wholly deficient. Besides, he has already earned Shakespeare's curse quite sufficiently, and perhaps a little of it has come upon him already in the remarkably sorry figure he cuts in this present dispute. "His bishopric let another take" will probably be the cry not merely of every admirer of the great man of letters whom we have lost, but also of every lover of fair play and good taste in matters literary.

THE LAST PUBLIC DECLARATION OF LEO XIII.

THE Pope replied the other day to an address, presented to him with great ceremony in the Consistorial Hall of the Vatican, by a deputation from various Catholic societies in Rome united under the name of *Federazione Fiani della Società Cattoliche di Roma*. His discourse was not indeed an Encyclical or an Allocution, in the technical sense of the terms. But considering that the Papal organs describe the occasion as being one "such as has not been witnessed since the accession of Leo XIII.," and that the deputation alone included more than ten thousand persons, we may fairly attribute to the public and deliberate reply of his Holiness a significance not at all inferior, to say the least, to that of a more formal utterance. We are carefully informed how for

two hours on that Sunday morning all the passages to St. Peter's were occupied by continuous streams of carriages conveying the deputies to the Vatican; how the Bridge of St. Angelo was blocked by three lines of vehicles; and how no single building in the Vatican, except St. Peter's itself, could contain the multitude, who were therefore distributed over various halls and *loggie*, the grand reception being held in the Consistorial Hall, where the Pope appeared surrounded by some twenty Cardinals and a host of minor dignitaries and officials of his Court. It is described as "a demonstration of loyalty and devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff on the part of the Roman citizens" unparalleled since he ascended the throne, and "a convincing proof that the policy of the present occupant of the Chair of St. Peter commends itself to the judgment of rich and poor alike." It becomes therefore a matter of some interest to ascertain what that policy is, as expounded by his Holiness himself on an occasion of exceptional splendour and publicity, when he must of course have been well aware that, in addressing the vast audience before him, he was really, though not officially, speaking *ut et orbi*. The *Tablet*, in commenting on the address, begins by insisting, as for obvious reasons it was bound to insist, that "the Holy Father, once more solemnly maintaining the inalienable and indestructible rights of the Pope-King over his city of Rome, declared anew that Rome belonged to the Roman Pontiff." And it is quite true that a strongly-worded—and no doubt intentionally so worded—passage to this effect does occur in the discourse. But even the *Tablet* is obliged to admit, what cannot fail at once to strike any intelligent reader, that "it was to the duties of Catholics, in face of the unceasing activity of the enemies of religion, that the Pope mainly directed his advice," and that while he was primarily addressing Roman citizens, "his words were calculated to address an identical lesson to the Catholics of Europe at large, and indeed to all classes of men separated from the Church who still cling to the natural foundations of social order." In other words, he addressed himself chiefly to questions of interest to all Christians and good citizens, quite irrespectively of their views about the Temporal Power of the Pope. Now this is certainly the fact, and it remarkably bears out the view which, as our readers may recollect, we have ourselves repeatedly, and from the time of his accession, expressed of the aims and policy of the present pontiff. It has however been again and again objected, from more than one quarter, but especially of course by ultramontanes, and not least in the columns of the *Tablet*, that this view is an entirely mistaken one, and that there is no real difference whatever between the spirit and policy of Leo XIII. and Pius IX. When indeed within a twelvemonth of the new Pope's election Dr. Newman, who—to speak plainly—had been for years the *bête noire* of the Roman Curia, was raised to the purple, men's eyes were opened for the moment to the true state of the case, but it was soon found most convenient to argue that after all this proved nothing at all; that Dr. Newman's sentiments had been quite misrepresented and were really in full accord with those of the "insolent and aggressive faction," as he once called them, dominant under the last pontificate; and that Pius IX., had he lived a little longer, would no doubt have done what during a reign of thirty-two years had oddly enough never occurred to him, and would himself have decorated his most distinguished subject with the purple. "There is nothing so delusive as facts, except figures," and though all the facts pointed one way, that was no reason for assuming that the truth was not to be looked for in a precisely opposite direction.

Those who so argue will make the most of one clause in this last pontifical pronouncement, already referred to, where the Pope declares in somewhat rhetorical phrase that "by many titles, all of them glorious, Rome appertains to the Roman Pontiff . . . and therefore the rights which the Pontiff possesses over Rome are so sacred and imprescriptible that no human forces, no political reasons, no lapse of time, can destroy them, nor in the least diminish or weaken them." Now on this passage, the language of which is no doubt emphatic enough, especially the words we have italicized for reasons that will appear presently, there are one or two remarks to be made. In the first place it is sewed in, so to speak, like a *purpureus pannus*, into an address dealing with other and more practical subjects which would lose nothing of consistency and sequence by its omission. In the next place the very strength of the wording, and notably the statement that "no lapse of time can destroy" the claims of the temporal power, looks much more like the formal and somewhat perfunctory discharge of an official duty than the assertion of a principle to which the speaker attaches any practical interest or significance. Nothing could well be more unlike what we hope it is not disrespectful to the memory of Pius IX. to call the *femine ululatus* wherewith he never missed an opportunity of bedewing his fallen crown during the last seven years of his reign, as for some ten years before he had never ceased to denounce in the liveliest terms the robbers and rebels who were conspiring to snatch it from him. And there are obvious and very intelligible reasons why Leo XIII. should have taken advantage of such an occasion as "the great demonstration of loyalty and devotion" the other day for putting on record an official protest against the loss of his civil sovereignty. The party of high prerogative, sedulously nursed into power and fanaticism during a papacy of unprecedented length, could not be snuffed out by the mere breath even of an infallible potentate, had he desired it, and it was too influential to be safely ignored. There were ominous rumours a year or two ago of a falling off of Peter's Pence from the bare suspicion of the new Pope being unsound on this cardinal point of Papal ethics, and as the party

who held the purse-strings were the same who pertinaciously forbade the Pope to accept the liberal subsidy offered by the Italian Government, the difficulty threatened to be a serious one. It will perhaps be replied that no such considerations can justify or explain the Pope's solemn affirmation of principles he does not believe to be true, and therefore personal respect for Leo XIII. constrains us to admit his identification of sentiment with Pius IX. But here the magical formula of the schoolmen, "*distinguendum*," comes in with all its force. There is no reason to suppose that Leo XIII., trained from boyhood in the inexorable traditions of the Roman Curia—incomparably the oldest, subtlest, narrowest, and most tenacious school of traditional juristic lore existing anywhere in the present age—does not conscientiously believe in the "imprescriptible rights" of the Papal Sovereignty, and is therefore not able with a good conscience to proclaim that belief, when there is adequate ground for doing so. But it may be equally true that he is not anxious to dwell upon the claim, and would shrink from any public assertion of it without some special ground. We may find a parallel in what Dr. Newman says about himself in the *Apologia*. He tells us how he was charged with insincerity for his denunciations of Rome and Romish teaching in his earlier Oxford works, and all the more so because he had declared such denunciations to be "necessary for our [Anglican] position." But his reply is a very simple one. He had not said a word against Rome which he did not at the time believe to be perfectly just, but yet it appeared to him so grave a matter for an individual writer to stand up and assail a vast religious Communion, comprising above half the Christian world, that he might have shrunk from openly avowing his belief, had he not known that he was but following a whole *catena* of Anglican divines of former ages, and that the principles he sincerely desired to see acknowledged in the Church of England had no chance of success unless it could be shown that they were free from all taint of Romanism. And thus it was "necessary for our position" to say openly what he might not otherwise have expressed, but would equally have held to be true. Leo XIII. may plead in the same way that he finds it necessary for his position to make a public assertion of claims which he fully believes to be just in the abstract but which, apart from this special and circumstantial necessity, he would have preferred to pass over in silence. As a Pope and Roman prelate he naturally believes in the imprescriptible rights of the temporal Papacy, and he recognizes strong reasons of expediency for giving formal expression to this belief at the present moment. But being not only a Roman prelate, but a man of intellectual and historical culture and a statesmanlike mind, he is well aware that the altered relations of the spiritual and civil power in Italy, however deplorable, represent part only of a general change which is passing over the face of European society, and he probably more than half suspects that, for any period calculable by human foresight, the change is likely to be a permanent one. And therefore while recording, for sufficient reasons, his solemn protest against any lapse of time being held to bar the claim, should an opportunity for reviving it ever occur in the future, he wisely sets himself to provide for present emergencies without further reference to abstract ideals which may or may not enter into the practical politics of his remote successors.

It is at least entirely in this spirit that the remainder of the Address is conceived. "I don't want to know," a Bishop is reported to have said to a candidate for orders reputed to hold extreme opinions, "what you think about abstruse questions of theology, but what sort of doctrine you mean to preach to your people, and how you will treat the children who come to you to be prepared for Confirmation." If we judge the last Papal discourse by the common-sense test, not of what it formally lays down about imprescriptible rights, but of what kind of practical instruction it conveys to the faithful, it will be found to bear out entirely the character for statesmanlike moderation and sagacity which so markedly distinguishes the present Pope from his predecessor. After asserting his resolve to defend and protect inviolate all the rights of his See, and the duty of his beloved children to "cooperate in this most noble endeavour," he goes on to draw the practical lesson, not that they ought to scheme for the overthrow of the Italian Government, but that they should strenuously resist in their own persons and their families the elements of corruption rife in modern society, and this especially by securing the Christian education of the young, and "by means of a respectable press." The only advice that can be in any sense termed political is based not on a repudiation but an acceptance of the established order of things in Italy. "Inasmuch as, together with Catholic interests, those of the family and of society are now menaced, it is necessary that you should defend them also, by carrying your action into the field of the municipal and provincial administrations, the only one at present open to the Catholics of Italy." There is an exhortation to meet the socialistic and irreligious organizations of the day by multiplying Clubs, Committees, and Societies of an opposite kind, and an earnest recommendation of the supreme importance of working together in Christian unity and concord. On this suggestion the *Tablet* takes occasion to observe—rather unkindly to its Irish friends—that Mr. A. M. Sullivan and M. Victor Hugo, the chosen associate of Mr. Parnell, as well as Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, are members of the Executive Committee of the Democratic League, an agency of Atheism and Revolution, which necessarily falls under the pontifical censure. The Pope however refrains from naming any particular societies,

and contents himself with a general warning against tendencies which no thoughtful man, Roman Catholic or Protestant, will deny to be at this moment operative in many countries of Europe and fraught with serious peril to the State and the family no less than to the Church. There is nothing in all this which might not be said, and has not been said over and over again in substance, by prelates, preachers, and religious writers of various kinds among ourselves. But it comes of course with a fresh force from the lips of the pontiff in the Consistorial Hall of the Vatican, and contrasts, both in its positive and negative aspects, strikingly enough with the endless torrent of denunciations, reclamations, lamentations, and more than Carlylese anathemas of things in general, which used to "go on for ever" in the Vatican of Pius IX. It is a little unreasonable perhaps to blame Leo XIII. for not making formal overtures of reconciliation to the Italian Government, even supposing no difficulty need be apprehended—and the difficulty would most likely prove very considerable on both sides—in arranging the terms of a Concordat. To this day, if we are not mistaken, every episcopal Consecration at Westminster Abbey commences with a formal protest of the Dean's, handed down from mediæval usage, against the intrusion of the Bishops into his own privileged domain, after which preliminary ceremony he quietly proceeds to take the part assigned him in the service. The formal protest of the Pope against the forcible occupation of his States can appeal to the same sort of venerable antiquity, and is similarly "a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong." It meant a good deal in the mouth of Pius IX., as far as his own will and intention were concerned; it means in the mouth of Leo XIII. that, while he is a pastor, politician, and philanthropist, he does not forget that he is also a Pope, and that his high office has picturesque precedents to respect, as well as practical duties to discharge. The more thoroughly the duties are carried out, the sooner will it become possible to consign the precedents to oblivion.

TRAINED ELEPHANTS.

ONE of the late Canon Kingsley's favourite stories was of a certain Devonshire farmer, who, narrating to the clergyman of his parish the wonders of a "menagerie" which he had visited, declared himself chiefly delighted with the "Great Zugazaius." The clergyman asked for an explanation, when the farmer exhibited the "playbill," on which appeared in large letters the words, "The Great Sagacious," followed by a picture of an elephant. If half the stories which are told of them be true, elephants certainly have a pre-eminent claim to this epithet, for they not only at times display an amount of intelligence which is almost human, but they appear to have a keen sense of the humorous as well. Who does not remember the elephant of juvenile story, which drenched the Oriental tailor with water in return for a malicious prick with a needle, which the latter had given him instead of his usual eleemosynary bun? Or that other one, celebrated by Wilhelm Busch, of Münchener Bilderbogen fame, which followed and caught the mischievous negro who had shot at it, and, after frightening him in various ways, dropped him into a prickly-pear bush? The latest account of elephantine 'cuteness' comes from Philadelphia, where P. T. Barnum has a show with twenty of these animals. Half of them are already trained and hail from England, while the others are described as American—by domicile, we presume, for we have never heard them included amongst the indigenous fauna of the New World. Be that as it may, the American elephants were envious of their companions' accomplishments, and set to work with such goodwill to emulate them, that they were frequently detected practising in private, and standing upon their heads and performing other feats during their leisure moments or when alone. These same performers, we are also told, having been exposed to a snowstorm, were seized with severe shivering fits, to remedy which four gallons of Bourbon or Old Rye were administered to each, with excellent results—though it certainly does seem rather "a stiff glass of grog." At the end of the next day's journey the "troupe" again displayed alarming symptoms of a chill, and shivered and groaned with marked emphasis, although the weather was exceptionally mild. This time the keeper sternly exclaimed, "Not another drop!" and the shiverings ceased. From all which we gather that the veteran showman is keeping up his reputation, and that American institutions sharpen the wits of elephants as well as men.

The sagacity of these animals was noticed by very early writers. Strabo says:—"Few of them are difficult to tame, for they are naturally so mild and gentle in their disposition that they approximate to rational creatures. Some take up their drivers when fallen in battle, and carry them off in safety from the field. Others, when their masters have sought refuge between their forelegs, have fought in their defence and saved their lives. If, in a fit of anger, they kill either the man who feeds them or the man who trains them, they pine so much for his loss that they refuse to take food, and sometimes die of hunger." A curious proof of the accuracy of this assertion is afforded by the fact that the old Indian elephant at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park some years ago did actually pine to death at the loss of the keeper who had long attended to her, and to whom she had become greatly attached. Alian gives the following account of elephant-taming in India in his own time:—"An elephant, if caught when full grown,

is difficult to tame, and, longing for freedom, thirsts for blood. Should it be bound in chains, this enervates it still more, and it will not submit to a master. The Indians, however, coax it with food, and seek to pacify it with various things for which it has a liking, their aim being to satisfy its appetite and soothe its temper. But it is still angry, and takes no notice of them. To what device do they then resort? They sing to it their native melodies, and soothe it with the music of an instrument in common use, which has four strings, and is called a *skindapeos*. The creature now pricks up its ears and yields to the soothing strain. It is then freed from its bonds, but does not seek to escape, being enthralled by the music. It even takes food eagerly, and, like a luxurious guest rivetted to the festive board, has no wish to go from its love of music."

The present method of hunting wild elephants with trained females as decoys is almost identical with the ancient method as described by Arrian in his *Indika*, and he, too, mentions the use of music as an infallible means of soothing their savage breasts. One of P. T. Barnum's elephants amuses the audience by entering the arena, fanning itself with its trunk, and subsequently stealing the keeper's pocket-handkerchief to wipe its face withal. The first-mentioned trick is, to a certain extent, natural to the animal, since it is a well-ascertained fact that it will in a state of nature break off the branch of a tree and use it as a fly-flapper to rid itself of troublesome insects. This is one of the rare instances known of an animal actually employing a tool to supplement or assist the members which nature has given it. The sly and somewhat unprincipled conduct with regard to the whisky, for which Mr. Barnum vouches, is also not without parallel; for it is well known that elephants employed, as they frequently are, in dockyards and elsewhere in India, will work hard if promised extra rations, but will shirk work and deliberately idle away their time if left for a short time without being overlooked. Innumerable stories are on record of their powers of reflection and minute observation. One large female elephant, who had for a number of nights taken part in a certain dramatic pageant, steadily refused on one occasion to re-enter her "dressing-room," which had been built just outside the theatre, nor could threats or blows induce her to move; when it was discovered that one of the planks leading up to the building had given way, and that the approach was insecure.

The following incident, related by M. Louis Rousselet in his magnificent volume *India and its Native Princes*, is another proof of this extraordinary faculty. "We found ourselves," says the author, "facing a precipice the sides of which descend almost perpendicularly for about fifty feet. A path, scarcely practicable for pedestrians, over the different windings of the rock, presented itself to us. It seemed utterly impossible that an elephant should venture on this mere goat-walk; the mahout, however, assured us that his animal would accomplish it. After a thousand admonitions shouted at him by his driver, the elephant commenced his perilous descent. To see with what care he balanced his body! to observe the dexterity with which he put his four feet together on blocks scarcely large enough to hold them! The only sign of agitation he exhibited was a slight tremor which shook his whole body. The rock of reddish sandstone projected in huge masses suspended over the abyss, on which we were compelled to step, and before venturing on these blocks the elephant convinced himself whether they were capable of bearing him by weighing on them with his forelegs repeatedly, without, however, risking the equilibrium of the rest of his body, which was thrown backwards. We were only a few feet above the bottom, when the mahout, impatient at these delays, raised his pike to strike the elephant, and at the same time the enormous stone over which he was urging him, yielding to the repeated efforts of the intelligent beast, got detached, and rolled down with a crash. A moment more and we should have all perished in a frightful fall; the sagacity of the elephant had saved our lives."

But the course of training elephants does not always run smooth, and when the animal is really refractory the keepers have "a heavy hand" with their charge. The most usual method of persuasion employed, when coaxing and feeding have failed, is, we believe, to "job them with a pitchfork till blood is freely drawn"; at least, this was the explanation given by a trainer of repute of his own practice in his gentle art, and it accords with Strabo's assertion, that "to prevent them shaking themselves in order to throw off those who attempt to mount them, they [the ancient Indians] make cuts all round their neck and then put thongs of leather into the incisions, so that the pain obliges them to submit to their fetters and to remain quiet." Under this or similar treatment an elephant can be made to exhibit the greatest docility in the arena, and will show a touching devotion to his keeper which cannot fail to render the circus at which he is employed as moral an exhibition as Artemus Ward's own celebrated "Snail." We have seen an elephant trainer put his head in the mouth of one of his *protégés* during a performance, when the brute obstinately kept its mouth closed, and was only induced to change its mind by a violent kick upon the trunk from a pair of heavy boots. No doubt, this "little eccentricity" was followed by summary and severe punishment; but, we must confess, that to so intelligent a creature as an elephant, the insertion of a human head into its mouth must have seemed such an idiotic proceeding that a little hesitation as to what to do with it is quite allowable. In Baroda, under the late Gaikwar's rule, a huge elephant was kept as the public executioner, and used to despatch poor wretches, at the word of command, by crushing their skulls with his enormous foot. Perhaps this elephant may have imagined that some

such duty was expected of him, and was merely turning the matter over in his mind.

When an elephant is callous, even to the gentle persuasion of the pitchfork, and goes "must"—that is to say, hopelessly depraved and rampant—there is only one kind of influence which can be advantageously exercised, and that is to "influence his head off," or, at least, to adopt the handiest available form of euthanasia. The poor old historical elephant of the Royal Exchange, maddened by toothache, had to be treated by a firing party of soldiers; and another submitted to about a quart of prussic acid, entailing fatal consequences to a butcher who had been called in to assist in its subsequent dissection. As a rule, they are very patient under pain, and easily recognize the fact that any proposed operation is "for their good." There are two elephants at this moment in the Zoological Gardens who have submitted to surgical treatment, the one for an accident which tore off a portion of its trunk, the other for an abscess in the face. The ancients also knew how to treat sick or wounded elephants; and Ælian, in the passage already quoted, gives an elaborate description of the therapeutics employed, dwelling at the same time upon the *gratitude* which the creatures evinced when cured. On the whole, we need not wonder that Ganesha, the Hindu God of Wisdom, is represented with an elephant's head to symbolize the possession of extraordinary sagacity.

THE DECLINE OF THE SWORD.

A KIND of funeral panegyric on the sword is pronounced this month by an enthusiastic and partly fantastic writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, wanting neither in eloquence of the exuberant kind nor in ingenious conceits. To some of his fancies we may presently return. But his main argument is that in respect of honour and esteem the sword has become a thing out of date; or rather this is the theme assumed by him as the subject of his variations. It is not difficult to show that the assumption is in more than one way paradoxical. For, if we look simply to fact, we shall find that the sword continues a weapon of war, and is like to do so, the latest inventions in tactics having rather magnified than diminished the office of cavalry. We have heard of military reformers who would like to make the pistol the trooper's principal weapon; but the sabre holds its own for the present without much fear of disturbance, and in our own times has done feats of no small renown at Gravelotte and elsewhere. If we take it from the side of sentiment, the sword has lost nothing of its poetic and symbolic dignity. Now as much as heretofore it is an emblem of state and power, of protection to the right and terror to evil-doers. For us no less than for the Hebrew poet or annalist its name gathers up all the qualities and powers of armed force as the name of no other weapon can. It is remarkable that, while we habitually speak of appealing to the sword in a just cause, we do not in this way dignify cannon or bayonets. If we use them as symbols, it is mostly with a suggestion of wrongful violence or tyranny. A dominion maintained by the sword and a dominion supported by bayonets are, for what the terms signify in themselves, much the same thing; but they do not convey exactly the same meaning. Again, if we look to swordsmanship as an art, we see that it has gone on steadily improving for three centuries, and has room left for improvement yet. The use of the point alone, which we pre-eminently call fencing, may have been brought pretty near its greatest attainable perfection; what remains to be done, at any rate, is more in the way of simplifying than of inventing. But the combined use of the point and edge, which is precisely the function of the military sabre, has been so much left in the background that the study of it must be said to be still young. We think it may safely be affirmed that military swords are now far better made and better handled than they were a century ago; but the common instructions are still ridiculously meagre and faulty. The historical aspect now briefly indicated is glossed over, if not perverted, by the ingenious essayist in question, who speaks of fencing as if it had been born full-blown—"instantly great, suddenly magnificent," are his words. No one who had to rely for information on his article would form any notion of the progress that has been made since the second quarter of the sixteenth century, to which time belong the works of the earliest masters of sword-play of whom anything certain is known. There is a tradition given by one or two modern French authors, and repeated by the writer in *Blackwood*, that the art was brought into Italy by the Spanish armies; and there is mention in an author of the late seventeenth century of Spanish treatises as early as 1470. But these Spanish books, if they exist or have existed, are so rare as to have escaped the nets of the bibliographers. Be that as it may, for three centuries and a half at least the science of arms has been a steadily advancing one. In this matter the writer does not deal quite fairly with us. It is still stranger to call the modern French duelling-sword, as he does, the "pallid, sickly inheritor of a fallen crown." It would be almost as reasonable to describe a Martini-Henry rifle as a pallid, sickly descendant of the hand-guns of the fifteenth century. The weapon is not less pleasing to the eye than its forerunners, nor in any way inferior in metal or workmanship, and it is more nicely adapted to its purpose and capable of more scientific handling. Certainly it is less in request for serious encounters; for, on the one hand, it is not a military weapon, and on the other hand, duelling is in decadence. Not only is it fairly

extinct in this country, but it tends to become ridiculous in those where public opinion still tolerates or encourages it. And here, indeed, there is some show of derogation to the sword, far more, at least, than in its other supposed grievances. The reason that the small-sword is not a weapon of war is simply that it is too delicate an instrument for the chance medley of all arms. It can show its perfection only in a single combat on foot. But it furnishes an ideal which must be studied by those who would make the best use of other arms. It is impossible to execute any but the simplest movements of fencing with a musket and bayonet; yet a man who has learnt fencing will do much more with the bayonet than one who has not. So the greater weight of the sabre, and the necessity of parrying with the edge, limit the movements that can be effectively performed with it. Still, a knowledge of the small-sword is the best key to knowledge of what the sabre can do. Sabre-players who are not also familiar with the foil are generally too wide in their action, and hardly ever use the point. Thus it is not the proper business of the small-sword to be called in for common occasions; it is to the sabre as the match-rifle, with its elaborate sights and adjustable scales, to the coarser military weapon. Neither can the disuse of the sword in private quarrels be rightly thought any disparagement to it. For, even admitting (as we do not admit) that we have anything to regret in the practice of duelling, it is certain that the occasions which made duels are, on the whole, less frequent than they were accustomed to be; and it was never heard that a maiden assize was discreditable to the judge or his jurisdiction.

But judges may and do find it irksome, and in a manner hurtful to their dignity, though the fault be none of theirs, to be called on to try ludicrous and trifling causes. The sword may indeed be brought into contempt if it is drawn for idle and frivolous occasions and to make a holiday for gossip-mongers; and this may be seen both in public and in private affairs. Lately there has been a duel between two professors of arms in Paris, which, being spread abroad in newspapers and reported by special correspondents, goes far towards reducing to an absurdity the art and mystery of honourable quarrels that so greatly flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The heroes were M. Pons and Signor San Malato; the former bearing a name honoured in Parisian schools of arms through two or more generations, the latter claiming to represent to Paris the Neapolitan school of fencing, but not, as we understand, authorized or approved in that behalf by the most expert of his countrymen at Naples. The preparations were Homeric; no common blades would serve. The swords "were expressly manufactured for the fray"—a French one, of the usual fashion, for Pons; an Italian one, "after a model furnished by an Italian nobleman," for San Malato. When the forges of some unnamed Ælephasistos (the Gods of Gaul and Italy doubtless watching over his labours with rival blessings), had produced the weapons, the combatants met at a time and place of convenient publicity, and waited three-quarters of an hour before all beholders while a forgotten "regulation glove" (presumably a common fencing glove) was being sent for. We are not left ignorant of the regimen they had adopted to fortify themselves for the great event. "Signor San Malato took only a cup of coffee in the morning, eating nothing. M. Pons breakfasted as usual, and his friends say that during the combat he suffered from imperfect digestion and cramps in the stomach." Nevertheless, the tall man had the better of the fasting one, or the advantages of fasting were more than balanced by the superior excellence of the French method; for after a combat of more than an hour (the particulars of which are unhappily not recorded in the report before us), Signor San Malato got a thrust in the arm sufficient to bring the matter to an end. The champions of Italy and France embraced with mutual admiration and apologies, and the whole party, including M. Paul de Cassagnac, who had been the chief director of the proceedings, went back to Paris in much content and good fellowship. The reporter goes on to say that duels are more in vogue in Paris than ever they were. We have no reason to doubt his statement, but certainly this is not the sort of duel for which any serious or even plausible apology can be made. The one point in which it approaches to having any serious interest is that it confirms by a fresh instance what has been said by several of the best French writers on fencing, that the sword is a far more humane weapon for duellists than the pistol, at all events in competent hands. But these same writers by no means make this an excuse for the sword being lightly drawn. They all agree in treating duelling as an evil, even those who think its continuance inevitable (for some are for a system of courts of honour by which it might in their opinion be almost, or altogether, abated); they all consider a duel to be justified only by extreme and irreparable injury. The more they speak with authority on the subject, the less are they disposed to suffer any admixture of levity or vainglory in it. Indeed, they do not much differ (strange as it may seem) from the fundamental position of English opinion herein, which is that duelling is at best private war, and its continuance is a mark of imperfect civilization in the State, just as the existence of public war shows that there is not in any proper sense a commonwealth of sovereign States. Wherever violent self-help prevails, even in the comparatively mild form of the duel regulated by custom, the subjects are to that extent barbarous, or the laws grossly defective. In particular states of society the duel may conceivably be the less of present evils, as on the larger scale war may be in the affairs of nations. But such a state of things, if it exists, is not one to be acquiesced in, much less ought it to be a

matter of sentimental regret in a society where it has ceased to exist.

Our writer in *Blackwood* does not exactly commit himself to the opinion that our manners are worse for the abolition of duelling, but he seems to hold that there is something in it, and to think more than he says. All the evidence appears to us to show that when arms were habitually worn and used on slight provocation manners were not only more violent than they now are, but coarser, meaner, and worse in every way. Very moderate acquaintance with seventeenth or eighteenth century literature will show any one who doubts this that things to us incredible were thought venial, if not innocent, in a gentleman. The best that can be said for the so-called law of honour is that, as supplementing is not unimportant particulars a low standard of morality, it was better than nothing. At the same time it was in some respects positively immoral; and it is questionable whether all conventional standards of conduct limited to special cliques and classes do not by the mere fact of throwing common morality into the background produce more harm than good. In this sense, both as regards the duel, and as regards the code of honour associated with it, we take it for the better opinion that the decline of the sword has been an unmixed benefit to society. The panegyrist or mourner in *Blackwood*, we hardly know which to call him, makes one remark which is quite true, and worked out by him with just insight into human nature. It is that the relative insignificance of hand-to-hand fighting in modern warfare has wrought a revolution in military valour. The soldier of to-day does not want the muscular courage of the actively fighting animal, or rather he wants that and much more. He must endure waiting and being shot at by an enemy he cannot see; he must possess the cool nervous fortitude not to be disturbed by this—"gun-courage," as the essayist calls it. And our essayist, to do him justice, frankly admits that this kind of courage is the higher. But when he complains that in the discipline of modern armies individuality is lost, we think he is at his paradoxes again; for it is certain that the effect of long-range fire and breechloaders, and the tactical methods thereby made necessary, has been not to diminish but to increase the demand on the enterprise and individual intelligence of all ranks down to the private. The regret is another form of the old illusion about the age of chivalry. We think of the pomp and prowess of the leaders, and forget the undistinguished wretchedness of the common sort. What is highest in modern affairs does not look so lofty, because what is below is no longer so mean. The most fantastic of all our author's laments is that which he puts first. "Steel has ceased to be a gentleman," he says, because there are steel rails and steel-built ships. Perhaps the millennium, if it came upon us, would be felt as a degradation by a strictly orthodox swordsman; otherwise we do not see why steamships and girders are a more unworthy form for the noble metal to take than ploughshares or pruning-hooks.

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

THE proceedings of the International Monetary Conference I have already brought out very clearly the difficulties of the task undertaken by France and the United States. As these two Powers called the Conference together, it was to be expected that they should have a programme ready prepared to submit to the delegates; and it would seem, in fact, that they had; for, with the invitation sent out to the several Powers was a statement of reasons for the adoption of bimetallicism which wanted nothing in clearness and definiteness. But the statement was instantly objected to by our own Government, and, it is understood, by Germany also; so that at the very outset it seemed as if the mere proposal of bimetallicism would prevent the meeting of the Conference. The obstacle was removed. But, when at last the delegates came together, a Committee was formed to draw up a programme; and the representatives of France, the United States, and Holland each brought forward a plan. Those of the two former were again set aside, and that of the Dutch delegate was accepted. So far this does not seem very favourable to the object for which the Conference was called together. Still it must be admitted that M. Vrolik, the Dutch delegate, is a bimetallicist, and that his programme sufficiently accords with the intentions of France and the United States. It has this superiority also over the paper submitted by M. Cernuschi, that it is practical and to the point, whereas M. Cernuschi's was better adapted for a mere academic discussion. M. Vrolik proposes to discuss the causes of the oscillations in the value of silver which have occurred of late years; how far the oscillations have been injurious to commerce and the general prosperity, and how far it is desirable to establish a fixed ratio of value between the two metals. Assuming it to be desirable to establish such fixed ratio, he then proposes to discuss whether a large group of States by common agreement can give the fixity desired; and, if they can, what measures should be taken to attain to it; and, lastly, if bimetallicism is adopted, what should be the ratio between gold and silver. This, as we have said, is at least a definite and businesslike programme, which admits, too, of the full discussion of all the questions that it is necessary to raise in the Conference.

But the most important and the most significant event since the Conference met is the declaration by Baron Thielmann, the senior delegate from Germany, of the intentions of the German Government in this matter. Baron Thielmann stated that Germany,

having undergone the cost, labour, and disturbance to be involved in the reform of its monetary system, is not disposed to make any change now in that system. Besides, the commercial relations between Germany and England are so close, that the German Government thinks it desirable to maintain the same standard of value as prevails in England. But the German Government is very anxious to rehabilitate silver. Naturally it is so, for the German Government has still a large amount of silver to dispose of, and all prudent vendors desire to nurse their own market. There are various estimates of the amount of silver still in circulation in Germany, ranging from 17 millions sterling to about 25 millions sterling; and, if the existing system is to be carried out in its entirety, the greater part of this mass of metal must be sold. Naturally, therefore, the German Government, thrifty as it is, desires to rehabilitate silver, or, in other words, to get as good a price as possible for its wares. It is anxious, consequently, to encourage France and the United States, and the smaller nations represented at the Conference, to adopt bimetallicism, though by no means disposed to do so itself; and by way of inducement it makes certain offers to France and the United States. The first and the most important of these is an engagement not to sell any more silver for a number of years, to be afterwards determined between the parties. At first sight this seems a considerable point gained, but in reality it amounts to nothing. For the past two years the German Government has been compelled to suspend the sales of silver, because it found that it was losing too much by breaking down the market. If it were to begin to sell again, the price would instantly drop, and it would have once more to discontinue. It may be objected that, if the United States, France, and the other nations of the Latin Union were to resume the unlimited coinage of silver, the price would not drop again, and Germany might be able to sell her silver without material loss. But that is very doubtful, and, at any rate, it is not to be supposed that France and the other nations of the Latin Union would allow the unlimited coinage of the metal now any more than in 1875, if Germany were to begin to sell. On the contrary, the offer is vouchsafed as an inducement to them to allow unlimited coinage. Germany, moreover, does not undertake that she will never again sell silver. She will only continue the suspension of the sales for a time to be agreed upon, and after that time she will further covenant to sell barely so much as will not break down the market. In other words, with a careful eye to its own interest, the German Government will only sell as much as it will find profitable to sell, which is not a very great concession to the proposed bimetallic Union. But, furthermore, the German Government offers, if France and the United States will adopt bimetallicism, that it will call in and cancel all the 5-mark gold pieces and Treasury notes, and will issue in their stead silver coins. Baron Thielmann stated that the amount of these gold pieces and Treasury notes is about 3½ millions sterling, so that in reality this is the only concession which Germany proposes to make to France and the United States. If they will open their mints to the unlimited coinage of silver, she will increase her own coinage of it by 3½ millions sterling, which will still leave from 14 to 21 millions sterling of the metal to be sold, assuming that the usual estimates are correct. According to the Census just taken, it seems that about 1½ million sterling of silver in the form of additional subsidiary coins will have to be issued, and this will bring down the amount to be sold, supposing the offer made at the Conference to be accepted, to from 12 to 19 millions sterling. Of this latter amount, as we have said, Germany undertakes to sell none for a definite number of years, and to sell only so much as will be found not to flood the market in subsequent years. But still the proposed bimetallic Union will have to reckon with the resumption of sales. In other words, the German silver will continue to hang over the markets.

Furthermore, Germany will agree to the prohibition by the proposed Union of the acceptance by their mints of thalers for re-coinage. That is to say, if German silver is to be sent to France, the United States, or their monetary allies for coinage, that silver must first be melted down, which will no doubt add a little to the cost—or, to put it in another way, subtract a little from the profits of the holders of the silver—but certainly will not prevent the exportation of silver which is not needed in Germany to the bimetallic countries. We cannot wonder, then, that this proposal of Germany should be regarded in the Conference as unsatisfactory, and it would seem to be fatal to the objects for which the Conference was called together. France, the United States, and their monetary allies might have adopted bimetallicism without the calling together of a conference, if they had chosen. As they were unwilling to do so, we must suppose that they thought it necessary to get the adhesion of England and Germany. But England, from the first, stated that she would not change her monetary system, and Germany has now said as much. With regard to England, indeed, the representative of India declared that the Indian Government would be most willing to rehabilitate silver, which, we believe, means that the Indian Government would give any pledge required that no change should be made in the Indian monetary system. But, as it was certain beforehand that no change is intended, or can be afforded, by India, that too, is of as little value as the offer made by Germany. In short, France and the United States have to face the fact, which they ought to have understood beforehand, that neither England nor Germany will adopt bimetallicism. It remains to be seen whether France and the United States, having fully realised this, will now adopt bimetallicism themselves. So far as the United States are con-

owned we see no sufficient reason for doing so. As a great producer of silver, no doubt, the United States have an interest in keeping up the price of the metal. But, after all, the silver produced is small compared with many other articles exported. And it may be doubted, therefore, whether the American people will consent to the free coinage of silver, since the restricted amount now coined cannot be got into circulation. France, on the other hand, has an interest in returning to the free coinage of silver. She has allowed so much of her gold to be drained away, that it will cost her much to recover it, while such a mass of silver hoards in the vaults of the Bank of France, that it would be very costly indeed to demonetize that metal. Still, France will not like to give up gold, and as the Bank of France is preparing to issue 50- and 20-franc notes, it is clear that every effort will be made to maintain the existing state of things.

The most dubious incident of the Conference, and the least encouraging for the bimetallicists, is the proposal made by M. Cernuschi that the countries which have profited by buying silver cheap should reimburse Germany for her losses in the sale of the metal, on the condition that Germany adopts bimetallicism. The proposal is so utterly impracticable, that one can only wonder how it could be put forward by a person occupying the position of representative of France at an international Conference. M. Cernuschi must have little hope that his pet panacea will be adopted when he makes such a suggestion, and he must have little knowledge of men or affairs to suppose that the suggestion would for a moment be listened to. He actually moved, however, for statistics of the purchases and sales of gold and silver since 1874, for the purpose of showing the profit made and the loss suffered by each country in the interval, these statistics to serve as the basis for the assessment of the contributions to be made by the several countries in relief of Germany. The proposal was referred to the several Governments, and we may assume that no more will be heard of it. It has, however, very seriously discouraged the bimetallicists in this country, who feel their cause compromised and made ridiculous by a proposal so injudicious and so impracticable.

Probably the incident will do more to open the eyes of those who have been led away by the bimetallicist agitation than any amount of calm reasoning. M. Cernuschi has been the soul of the agitation; and, when he convicts himself of such egregious want of judgment, he gives cause to his followers to reconsider their opinions. The incident, too, serves to show how far an enthusiast can be carried away by his hobby. He actually appears to have persuaded himself that it is worth the while, not alone of rich countries like England, France, and the United States, but also of a country like India, with a vast population always on the verge of famine, to buy the consent of Germany to bimetallicism.

THE OPERAS.

THIS year the opera season has begun much later than usual, and, to judge by the prospectuses of the two houses, most interest will be felt in the doings at Covent Garden. Not only is Mr. Mapleson much later in opening his theatre than Mr. Gye, but his programme is almost timid in its modesty. He does not propose to produce any new work, being apparently content with the success of Boito's *Mefistophelo* produced last season. He also has had the great misfortune to lose the services of Mme. Trebelli, who has gone to the other house. Mr. Mapleson's loss may turn out to be the public's gain, for already there are indications of a friendly artistic rivalry between this great artist and Mme. Scatchi, both singers having already surpassed themselves in familiar parts. Mr. Gye is more ambitious. In addition to a fair number of new singers, many of whom already have considerable reputation in other countries, he proposes to perform a few works new in England, amongst them Rubinstein's *Demonio*. Signor Vianesi is no longer conductor; but the valuable services of Signor Bevnigani have been retained; and, as the management of Covent Garden find some advantage in the system of two conductors to overbalance its well-known disadvantages, he divides the work with M. Dupont, the celebrated conductor of the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels. The earlier performances at Her Majesty's we propose to notice later in the season.

Mr. Gye, as usual, has made all haste in bringing his new singers before the public. The first night of the season Mlle. de Reszkó, a "dramatic soprano," and M. Vergnet, a tenor, appeared as *Aida* and *Rhadames* in Verdi's last opera. Mlle. de Reszkó, though undoubtedly a good singer, we fear will not satisfy the English public in the position which she seeks to hold. She has a powerful voice; but gives the impression of a low mezzo-soprano who has imprudently forced her voice up so as to become a soprano, instead of cultivating the lower register, and so fitting her for contralto music. Of her acting it is difficult to judge; for *Aida* is a part in which a very fine actress might make a great effect, but if it be played by any one not possessing the highest powers, it sinks to insignificance. Illness has prevented Mlle. de Reszkó from appearing since, so that we should reserve our judgment as to her dramatic powers until we have seen her in some part not so entirely beyond the grasp of even an ordinarily good actress.

M. Vergnet has a pleasant voice, and sings well, though his vocalism is spoiled by the usual tremolo; he is not without dramatic musical feeling, but generally mistakes sentimentality for tenderness. He is obviously accustomed to being on the stage; but we cannot give him any higher praise as an actor. The rest

of the cast calls for no special notice. Musically, the whole performance was excellent, both band and chorus showing traces of rehearsal, whilst Signor Bevnigani's great power of command filled up all details. We regretted to notice, however, that he has not had the courage to abandon the traditional violent *accelerando* at the end of the march, which to our mind is as inartistic as Signor Tagliafico's magical scenic effect in the first act of *Faust*.

A few nights later *Guglielmo Tell* was revived for the debut of Signor Mierswinsky in the part of Arnaldo. He has a voice of extraordinary power and volume, with far more of the true tenor quality than is usually to be found in robust tenors. Unfortunately—perhaps misled by the great size of Covent Garden Theatre—he persistently forced his voice, and thus spoilt its quality. He is a very good vocalist, and can sing entirely without the terrible tremolo, his sustained notes being as steady as those of a wind instrument. He has but one serious defect as a singer; in almost all impassioned passages each breath is marked by an audible sob; he has obviously devoted much careful study to the art of acting, but as the dramatic feeling which he shows in his singing does not come to his help in his acting, the effect of his well-executed, graceful, but utterly meaningless gestures is more grotesque than impressive; however, such a voice and such good singing are likely to make him a favourite with the public.

M. Dupont conducted, and showed at once that we had gained a conductor, and not a mere time-beater. He is very undemonstrative, but on this occasion had a perfect command of his band and chorus, while his reading of the music was intelligent and artistic. Above all, he understands the art of accompanying the voices, for which this first and only specimen of Rossini's latest operatic style is a very good test; for here the composer has broken away from the traditions of the contemporary Italian school, and has entirely discarded the "big guitar." M. Dupont hit the happy mean, and gave due importance to the orchestral parts, but always allowed the voices to dominate. The general cast of the opera hardly calls for notice, but we may mention that Mlle. Velmi, who sang Jenny, though evidently nearly paralysed by nervousness, showed such great signs of promise that we shall watch her career with much interest. The band of men dancers and pantomimists who have been introduced in this theatre did their best to save the crowded scenes from the effects of the so-called stage management, and two of them showed real genius in the way in which they "loaded Tell with chains," and afterwards induced the audience to believe that Tell was struggling violently with them, in spite of the fact that Signor Cotogni, who played the part, never moved or did anything.

The next new singer whom we have to mention is Signor Sante Athos, who made his first appearance as Rigoletto. He had the advantage of playing with Mme. Albani, whose Gilda was, if possible, more excellent than in former seasons; whilst her voice, which was in excellent order, seems to have gained in roundness and sympathy of quality. Signor Sante Athos has a fine voice, sings well, and is an actor; but his performance was one very trying to a critic. We should be inclined to say that the part has seldom been so well acted, and that probably no singer ever so completely failed to make any effect in the stronger situations. Why this should have been so almost defies analysis and explanation. *Faust* was given for Mme. Trebelli's first appearance at Covent Garden this season; and of course there was a full house to hear the wonderful music of this great and poetic work, which we in England have so taken to our hearts that, were an English writer to venture to treat it in the spirit of a recent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* who speaks of the score as a *partition telle quelle*, he would raise a storm of indignation from the whole music-loving world. To begin with, we may say that M. Vergnet sang *Faust*, and, as the music gave him more opportunities for showing his tendency to weak sentimentality, his performance was even less pleasing than his former one. Mme. Albani was Marguerite. The interest of the evening, however, was in Mme. Trebelli's performance, and never, perhaps, has the music been sung as she then sang it, even by herself. M. Dupont tried hard to make a good general performance; but both band and chorus were coarse and deficient in sharpness of attack. The third act was performed as written—the chamber scene being restored, the cathedral scene following played outside the cathedral; the act ending with the death of Valentine, in which Signor Sante Athos made a great effect, after having played the whole part thoroughly well. This sacrificing of a mechanical effect to the dramatic interest of the opera is a good sign, and may perhaps be the first step towards abolishing the effect in the first act, which always makes us think that we are in a country town hall, seeing the performance of some travelling troupe of "Ghost Illusionists."

Les Huguenots, after having been announced and withdrawn in consequence of Mlle. de Reszkó's illness, was given on Monday night, Mme. Fursch-Madier singing Valentine instead of Mlle. de Reszkó, who was still unable to appear. Mme. Fursch-Madier showed herself to be a dramatic soprano of far higher abilities than most of the artists who have come to England to try to fill up the place left vacant by the loss of Mme. Tietjens. Mme. Sembrich made a great success as Margherita di Valois, not only showing her great vocal skill, but playing the part well. Signor Mierswinsky sang Raoul, and though he did not force his voice as much as he did in Arnaldo, the sobbing breathing was as strongly marked as before. M. Gresse, a newcomer, sang Marcello, but, in our opinion, did not differ much from others whom we have heard in the part before. The performance under Signor Bevnigani was extremely good.

Mr. Sims Reeves's farewell concert in oratorio began on the 4th inst. with a performance of *Judas Maccabæus*. It must be as great a source of gratification to the gifted artist to see the crowded audiences which always greet him when he is announced to sing, as it is a proof of the just appreciation that the English public have of the merits of so distinguished a singer. It was with no little regret, although the circumstance might well have been looked for after the east winds which prevailed during the end of last month and the beginning of this, that the audience learned that Mr. Sims Reeves was suffering from a sore throat. In spite of this, however, he appeared, and was greeted with such applause as he alone can command. The cast was exceptionally strong, including, as it did, not only the great tenor, but such artists as Mme. Christine Nilsson, Mme. Trebelli, and Mr. Santley, with the co-operation of Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Hoare, and Mr. T. Hanson. Written in 1746, it is said in commemoration of the Duke of Cumberland's victory at Culloden, *Judas Maccabæus* in its entirety is not so often heard as some of Handel's other masterpieces, although the work contains some of the master's most vigorous writing. Mme. Nilsson's rendering of "Pious orgies," "O Liberty," and "From mighty kings" was superb; and Mr. Santley's "Arm, arm, ye brave!" and "The Lord worketh wonders," were given with the full resources of Mr. Santley's art; whilst "Call forth Thy powers," which, with the accompanied recitative, "So will'd my father," and the short "Haste we, brethren," were the only numbers he took part in. Mr. Sims Reeves showed that he still retained all the artistic power that has made him so famous, and that the great disadvantage of indisposition under which he laboured, notwithstanding, he was still *facile princeps* among English tenors.

At the second concert at the Albert Hall, which included the first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, Mr. Sims Reeves was unfortunately unable to attend, owing to his being confined to his room with neuralgia. It is unnecessary to say that the disappointment to the public was great; and we venture to suggest that, should Mr. Sims Reeves be indisposed by the time of the next concert, the managers might give notice of the fact a little sooner, and thereby give those whose desire it was to hear the great artist some chance of postponing their visit. To take your seat at the concert, and find a civil notice that the principal artist is not going to sing, is not at any time calculated to put you in a good humour, whilst a notice in the papers twelve hours before would at least have prepared you for disappointment. With such artists, however, as Mme. Albani, Miss Anna Williams, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, the concert could not but be a success, and this was further assured by the admirable singing of the choir and playing of the orchestra under Mr. Barnby.

The first Richter Concert took place on Monday last. We have before pointed out the extraordinary excellence of Herr Richter's powers as a conductor, and can only reiterate our opinion that as yet we have never seen one who has so complete a mastery over his orchestra, and so remarkable a faculty of interpreting the works of the composers with whom he deals as he has. The programme included Wagner's "Huldigungs Marsch," which, although we have heard it several times before, never struck us as much as on this occasion; a Concerto by Bach in E Minor; the overture to *Oberon*, by Weber; and, as the second part, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The Bach Concerto has a history, according to the author of the analytical programme. The autograph copy of an unknown Sonata, by Bach, was discovered in Dresden and was sent to Herr Joseph Hellmesberger, of Vienna, who added a five-part accompaniment for strings, in which form it was played on Monday. After a very characteristic Allegro in *moto perpetuo*, which is played *fortissimo* throughout, follows a most lovely Adagio in Bach's happiest style; and the Concerto, if it may so be called, ends with a Gigue full of the most stately vivacity, if one may coin a term. The excellence of the training of the orchestra was especially noticeable in the performance of this work from the admirable expressions of light and shade with which it overflowed. The Ninth Symphony—the performance of which last year created such an impression—it is sufficient to say was rendered, if possible, in a finer manner than at that time.

OTHELLO AT THE LYCEUM.

A DOUBLE, or more than a double, interest attached to the representations given at the Lyceum this week with Mr. Irving as the Moor and Mr. Edwin Booth as the Ancient. Besides the natural curiosity to see the two great actors exchanging parts, and to see Mr. Booth's Iago in more favourable circumstances than had before been possible, there was as a matter of course much eagerness to see what change five years had worked in Mr. Irving's treatment of the part of Othello. It is needless to recall in detail certain faults which were apparent in the actor's first undertaking of the character, but it is well to say that the difference between the two performances may have fairly astonished even those who were best aware of the amount of study given to the second attempt. Indeed, the present performance of *Othello* marks more clearly than anything else could well do the amount of thought and pains which Mr. Irving must constantly devote to his art. Among the many commentators on the much-discussed character

of Othello, not the least instructed or qualified was the great Dumas, the father, not the son; and as Mr. Irving's idea of the character answers somewhat closely to a good deal of what Dumas wrote, it may be worth while to quote it:—"Pour moi, ce qui domine dans la splendide création du More, c'est le calme et la force répandus sur tout le personnage. Quand il est calme et se repose c'est à la manière du lion: *A guisa di leon, quando si posa, comme dit Dante.*" Then he goes on to dwell upon the dignity and self-restraint of "Keep up your bright swords," and of the following speech to Brabantio, and says, "Vous le voyez: il est difficile d'être plus doux et plus fort en même temps." Again, of the following passage:—"What if I do obey?" &c., he remarks, with equal truth, "Vous le voyez, toujours la même sérénité, à part cette légère ironie qui crispe la lèvre du More." Thus far Mr. Irving's interpretation coincides as nearly as possible with Dumas's observations. What Dumas, while dwelling upon the *calme*, the *douceur*, the *sérénité* of the speech to the Senate did not take into account was the fine effect which Mr. Irving introduces into the end of this well-known address when he gradually departs from the somewhat formal dignity and reticence of the opening, not into loudness or violence, but into a poetical exaltation caused by the memories of his courtship which he is recounting. There is nothing in it the least unbecoming either his own dignity or that of the august personages he addresses; it is a natural and noble forgetfulness of the moment which seems to fit the noble, loving nature of the Moorish general. The delivery of the last lines of the speech by Mr. Irving threw a light upon the expectations and attitude of his audience in front, which led us to think that we might have done a slight injustice to Mr. Booth's rendering of the same passage. So far as it was possible to judge, Mr. Irving did not seem anxious to make a "point" at "I loved her that she did pity them," but the applause which instantly followed the words obliged him to pause between this and the line "This only is the witchcraft I have used," which he gave with just the "légère ironie" which it seems to us to demand.

Thus far Mr. Irving's Othello is strongly marked by the restraint, the sense of respect for himself and for others, and the "gustos sobres et sévères" of which Dumas speaks later. He employs a stillness of pose which is perhaps more remarkable in him than it might be in some other actors; but the emotions which he feels are shown by the varying, but never exaggerated, expressions which flit across his face. His gestures are significant, but few and quiet. His entry in the Cyprus scene is dignified and impressive; and here, as in former scenes, his tenderness to Desdemona is exquisite, but entirely free from the over-accusation, to give it the mildest name, of passion which has before now been introduced into the part. Here, again, he is in consonance with Dumas's idea, which has always been, in this regard, our own. After his tempest-tossed voyage, "voyons si sa lutte contre les flots l'a plus ému que sa lutte contre les hommes. . . . Aussi, quelle est la première parole de colère que laisse échapper Othello?" It is when he is aroused from his sleep by the night-brawl, "et encore cette colère, en parle-t-il plus qu'il ne la montre." Here Mr. Irving made, as we think, his first mistake. It seems to us that he would gain much effect by preserving the same stillness of command which has hitherto belonged to him, instead of striding about the stage in an agitation which no doubt may be natural, but which might equally naturally be suppressed. The rebuke to Cassio is, however, delivered with much dignity, and with just the suggestion of grief which befits the occasion and the man. Before this the actor has introduced a fine touch in his quiet gesture of surprise and sorrow at Cassio's "I cannot speak," when he seems for the first time to suspect and realize what is the real cause of the disturbance. He might perhaps restore with advantage the entrance of Desdemona, and the words from Othello which follow it. It is naturally, however, Mr. Irving's performance in the following act that is most impatiently watched for. In the beginning of this his conception of the Moor as one "not easily jealous" is strongly and finely marked. "Was not that Cassio?" is asked as a question casually uttered by a man who is at the moment absorbed in affairs of State; and "I do believe 'twas he" is merely a half-playful and half-absent contradiction of Iago's answer, the sting of which has left him completely untouched. At "He echoes me, as if there were some monster in his thought," the Moor seems waked to a vague suspicion of something being wrong, not with his own affairs so much as with Iago's state of mind. His attention is aroused sufficiently to divert itself from the papers which he has been studying, but as yet he is far from the apprehension of that which Iago desires him to apprehend. As the speech goes on, and he runs over the previous replies of the Ancient, the words seem gradually to assume to him, as he repeats them, something, but by no means all, of the meaning with which Iago has charged them. He has a dim sense of disquietude, which craves full explanation; his serene abstraction is disturbed somehow, he knows not, or will not reflect, how. He is like a man beset by phantom forms, behind which there lurks some grim reality which he must, and will, master. In this sense of growing and half-defined unrest the scene is played until at "By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts," the noble nature and trust of the Moor is, not indeed yet shaken, but aroused to a sense of some special ill known or suspected by the Ancient. Still in the magnificent speech ending with "Away at once with love, or jealousy," there is no absolute outward sign that the Moor is as yet applying general principles to

his particular case. There is enough indication, however, of the blow having told to embolden Iago to make his next speech—one of the most diabolical which occur in the character, and after the reference to Desdemona's deceiving her father, and the lines "And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks, she loved them most," it becomes evident from the actor's face and voice, rather than from any movement, that the poison has actually begun to work. The "Not a jot, not a jot," and "No, not much mov'd," were given with the same sense of restraint, and the same suggestion of the first unhooking of a noble nature. The following soliloquy and scene with Desdemona are charged with thought and growing passion, and the great scene with Iago afterwards is played with a combined force and restraint which are excellent. The phrasing is sometimes unfortunate, as when Mr. Irving, at "nothing canst thou to damnation add," takes breath after the first syllable of "damnation," but the passion is finely conceived and finely executed. We greatly prefer the dagger business employed by some other actors—among them Mr. Booth—to Mr. Irving's method of actually throwing Iago down; but to go into all the reasons for and against this would involve the writing of an elaborate treatise on various views which have been or may be taken of the two characters. The "Farewell" speech before this was given with a fine sense of repose and great-hearted sorrow, and the actor's voice seems now capable of taking tones of depth and impressiveness which before he could not compass. In what follows there is one specially fine touch. The difficult and dreadful stillness which Othello preserves, while listening to Iago's account of Cassio's dream, is broken at one point only by a convulsive shudder which runs through the general's frame. In the scene of the following act with Desdemona there is a deeply pathetic contest between the Moor's tender love for Desdemona and his conviction that she has injured him beyond repair in his tenderest point—his honour; and in the scene with Ludovico the passion which has reached a point where it cannot be completely hid from bystanders is yet evidently restrained from finding full vent by the half-obscured chivalry of the general's nature. It may be noted that the words "Cassio shall have my place" are spoken not to Ludovico, but to Desdemona as she goes out weeping and terrified. The last scene is conceived in the spirit to which, to our thinking, every line points, of the killing of Desdemona being a just and necessary execution, not a murder inspired by revenge alone. There is something appalling in the actor's aspect as he stands immovable, and himself appalled at the deed, by the bed on which the seemingly lifeless Desdemona lies. At one point only, just before the deed is done, is there any touch of violence, and this might, we think, be omitted with very great advantage. Mr. Irving's acting as he gradually learns how he has been practised upon was completely in consonance with the fine conception which had gone before, and his death had a combined grandeur and tenderness. It is interesting to note from Dumas how, in the infliction of the suicidal wound, "Talma se frappait de haut en bas; Joanny suivait la tradition de Talma; Kean et Kemble s'enfonçaient horizontalement et à deux mains le poignard dans le cœur. Macready se l'enfonçait au-dessous des côtes, et de bas en haut."

The brilliancy of Mr. Booth's performance in Iago, of which we have on a former occasion expressed our admiration, seems, as might be expected, increased by the great improvement in its setting. In some respects his interpretation of the part corresponds with that of the elder Kean as described by Hazlitt. "The ease, familiarity, and tone of nature with which the text was delivered were quite equal to anything we have seen in the best comic acting. . . . The odiousness of the character was, in fact, in some measure glossed over by the extreme grace, alacrity, and rapidity of the execution." Mr. Booth's Iago is not, however, open to the objection which Hazlitt made to Kean's, that of wanting devilishness at times which might be thought appropriate. We do not by any means agree altogether with Hazlitt in his estimate of the part; but he was, perhaps, right in thinking that the diabolical side of Iago's character should be shown on occasion. In this respect Mr. Booth's Iago could hardly have disappointed him. He is, when left alone, more than a devil, and his double, or more than double, character is at once indicated by the sudden change of manner in the Senate scene after Roderigo has left him. No sooner is the silly gentleman out of sight than the accomplished soldier of fortune becomes the dark schemer who beats about his brain to compass the overthrow of those he envies even more than to seek his own advancement. The complete command and skill of attitude and gesture, which sometimes remind one of M. Faure, were even more observable than before. It is, however, needless to repeat in detail our admiration of a performance of which we have already written at length, and which gains, as we have said, by its new associations. For the rest, the dash and knightliness of Mr. Terriss's Cassio, the tender grace of Miss Terry's Desdemona, and, to omit other praiseworthy performances, the gawky but well-bred Roderigo presented by Mr. Pinero, have all improved by iteration. With both casts the representation of *Othello* at the Lyceum is a perhaps unprecedented presentation of a play which the critic of *Punch* considers intolerable to a "nineteenth-century audience," thereby meaning obviously enough himself.

REVIEWS.

HELMHOLTZ'S POPULAR SCIENCE LECTURES.*

THE second series of popular lectures upon scientific subjects, by Professor Helmholtz, lately made accessible to English readers in their own language, will be found not less worthy of public favour than the selection which preceded them. The mastery of nature possessed by the great German physicist enables him to give to the theories or discoveries of science that distinctness and clearness of expression which forms the first requisite for a popular instructor. In his exposition of the facts or mysteries of nature he is careful to use the simplest language, avoiding as far as may be technical or unfamiliar words, in which wholesome habit he has been faithfully seconded in the course of the translation before us, which has the directness and the easy flow of original writing. The half-dozen lectures here brought together from the Professor's academic courses at Cologne, Berlin, Bonn, and elsewhere, range over a wide field of matter, and open up vistas of thought which the more earnest class of students will feel impelled, by the example and the enthusiasm of the lecturer, to follow up for themselves.

The series opens with an address in memory of the distinguished physicist Gustav Magnus, who for thirty years occupied the chair at the University of Berlin now held by his pupil Professor Helmholtz. Originally trained to business, Professor Magnus brought to the pursuit of natural science the love and habit of order, the faculty of organization, and the tendency towards what is real, tangible, and practical, acquired in a well-regulated commercial house. A master of faithful, patient, modest work, he won the admiration of his pupils by the unflinching success and ease of his experiments, with which the flow of his discourse ran on in a harmony that had no break. The instruments and other apparatus constructed or collected by him and left as a legacy to the University were models of accuracy and elegance, kept in the most absolute order, a glass tube, a silk thread, a cork, or what not, ever at hand for the experiment. To realize what he effected in science a glance needs to be thrown back to the early years of the current century. In Germany, if not elsewhere, ideas akin to the alchemy of the middle ages still prevailed. Of the revolutionizing discoveries of Lavoisier and Davy not much had got into the school-books. Although oxygen was already known, yet phlogiston, the fire element, played also its part. Chlorine was still oxygenated hydrochloric acid, potash and lime were still elements. Invertebrate animals were divided into insects and reptiles; and in botany, as Professor Helmholtz rounds off his rapid sketch, "we still counted stamens." Absorbed after the reformation by theology, next in turn by metaphysical and ethical speculation, and later by the romantic and poetic revival, the German mind at length turned back to the study of natural science, which had its earlier development under the auspices of Copernicus, Kepler, Leibnitz, and Stahl. At Berlin, the stronghold of speculation, Magnus was foremost in preaching to his pupils the belief in observation and experiment as the foundations of the knowledge of nature. Though some have complained of his having been carried too far in this reaction, unduly diverting the flood of mathematical physics which had taken a new and valuable direction under the hands of Gauss, F. E. Neumann, and their pupils, Professor Helmholtz establishes for his master a thorough balance of method between mathematical and experimental physics. It was especially, he urges, on problems adapted to analytical treatment that Magnus worked with success, and whilst he followed Faraday's lead in the field of experimentation, he was eager to recognize the utmost advances made by Kirchhoff, Stokes, Thomson, and Clerk Maxwell from the standpoint of mathematical theory. The task of science was with him to find the laws of facts, avoiding on the one hand the theorist who holds it unnecessary to prove experimentally the hypothetical results which to him seem axioms, and, on the other, the empiricist who sets out to discover facts which fit no rule, careless of their connexion with other facts or physical laws in general. Beginning as a chemist, Magnus became ultimately a physicist in the widest sense. His researches are not only numerous, but extend over wider regions than could now be traversed by any single inquirer. In his life of nearly seventy years, closing in 1870, he beheld, and was foremost in effecting, the entire renovation of the edifice of science. In his researches into the gases of the blood he dealt a blow at the heart of vitalistic theories. Laying a scientific foundation for a correct theory of respiration, he led physics to the centre of organic change, from which has been developed one of the most important chapters of physiology. Where next to nothing was known of atoms, or of the extraordinary influence which heat has upon molecules, and heat itself was regarded as imponderable matter, he succeeded by his investigations of the thermo-electric pile in arriving at a solution prophetic of Sir W. Thomson's later discoveries of the laws of the conductivity of heat. Other admirable examples of this true method of physical investigation and reasoning are instanced by his biographer, in his researches on the efflux of jets of water, and the deviation of rifled shot due to the resistance of the air.

In his lecture to the *Dozenten Verein* at Heidelberg, ten years ago, Professor Helmholtz speaks of the origin and significance of

* *Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By H. Helmholtz, Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated by E. Atkinson, Ph.D., F.C.S., &c. Second Series. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

geometrical axioms in terms suitable to those whose mathematical studies had for the most part been limited to the ordinary instruction given in schools. He seeks to compress into ordinary terms the main results arrived at in the course of development of recent geometrical analysis, and their relation to experience. The researches in question being more immediately designed for the satisfaction of experts in a region which more almost than any other calls for higher power of abstraction, being virtually inaccessible to the non-mathematician, the lecturer does what he can for such a hearer. It will be allowed that no one could have made the exposition clearer. Any one who has entered the gates of geometrical science—that is, the elements of the mathematical doctrine of space—finds certain principles laid down which geometry confesses herself unable to prove, but of which it must be said that every one who grasps their meaning at once grants their correctness. If intuitively true, inherited from the divine source of our reason, as idealistic philosophers think, they are not the less verified by such actual standards as are supplied by experience or by geometrical construction. Drawn out as reasoned conclusions from these primary propositions, the general body of geometrical science identified with the scheme of Euclid was felt to satisfy the requirements of practice, and to be suited to the condition in which we find ourselves in space. It was when the linear method in geometrical calculation and measurement was by degrees supplanted by the algebraical, that conditions were introduced to which the received understanding of space supplied no parallel or attached no meaning. To meet the requirements of formulas rising above three degrees, conceptions must be called up of space beyond the three dimensions which exhausted the powers of experience and bounded the constructions of Euclid. To the axioms which to Kant seemed to express *a priori* or of necessity the conditions of intuition by the senses—for instance, that space has three dimensions—was superadded under the extensions of Lobatchewsky, Riemann, Beltrami, and others of the new school, the sphere of hyperspatial geometry. In spherical or pseudo-spherical space was opened up a realm of boundless advance for the speculative intellect. Had we but organs of sense and perception fitted to these new conditions, we might give shape and reality to such visions, to which our present experience offers no analogy. “As all our means of sense-perception extend only to space of three dimensions, and a fourth is not merely a modification of what we have, but something entirely new, we find ourselves by reason of our bodily organization quite unable to represent a fourth dimension.”

A travesty of hyperspatial or transcendental geometry has been lately seen in the attempt to account for certain so-called spiritist phenomena, such as tying a knot in a closed or endless string, by the assumption that the spirits act in space of four dimensions, in which such an operation is possible. The notion of physical action of this or any kind passing from the one sphere to the other is simply ridiculous. If in the sphere of higher dimensions there are to be seen perpendiculars “more than plumb,” we must not expect to see them realized in the buildings of our matter-of-fact world. The sphere in which we live and to which our organs are adjusted is an aggregate of three dimensions, requiring and admitting measurement in as many directions and no more; in the case of the earth, for example, longitude, latitude, and height above the sea, or, as is usual in analytical geometry, the distances from three co-ordinate planes. Within or beyond this sphere such space relations as the line (single space), the plane (twofold space), or the hypothetical fourfold or plural space, the mind deals with what may be called either abstractions of its own or conceptions for which our sense organs supply no real equivalent. For more ample particulars of the relation of the axioms of geometry to real things, the reader had better consult at length Professor Helmholtz's lucid pages.

In treating the relation of optics to painting, our author begins with an apology for approaching a subject on which his hearers may have had more frequent opportunities of artistic as well as historical study; lacking, moreover, as he does, all experience in the actual practice of art. It is, he pleads, by a path which is but little trodden that he has come to his artistic studies—namely, by the physiology of the senses. The manner in which the perceptions of our senses originate, how impressions from without pass into our nerves, and how the condition of the latter is thereby altered, presents many points of contact with the theory of the fine arts. In an earlier series of lectures he had sought to establish such a relation between the physiology of the sense of hearing and the theory of music. With no intention of furnishing instructions according to which the artist is to work, æsthetic lectures of this kind seeming to him an utter mistake in practice, he addresses himself more directly to the laws of the perceptions, and of the observations of sense in relation to what the artist seeks to portray, together with the elementary means with which he works towards his object. His inquiry naturally falls under a few primary heads. The first of these is form. The painter who aims at producing an image of external objects must first determine what degree or what kind of similarity he can expect to attain, and what limits are assigned him by the nature of his method. The uneducated observer usually requires little more than illusive resemblance to nature. One whose taste has been more finely educated will consciously or unconsciously require something more than a mere crude copy of nature. He must have artistic selection, grouping, sentiment, with some degree of idealization of the object represented. In the calculation of depth and distance, which he has to project upon a plane surface, he must first study the laws of perspective, linear and aerial, together with the optical effects due to local or

incidental disturbance or refraction in the atmospheric medium. Secondly, he has to consider the effects of shade; of the requisite truth to nature of a picture how much depends upon the disposition between brightness and darkness, the quantitative relations between luminous intensities. Some curious experiments enable our author to assign limits to the power that artists may wield over the representation of brightness. A coating of lamp-black or a black velvet surface was found to have about one-hundredth part of the brightness of white paper. A painter's brightest colours are thus only some hundred times as bright as his darkest shades. Another important element to be considered is the varying extent to which our senses are deadened by light, an effect comparable to that of fatigue in muscle. The degree of illumination to be given to the whole or part of a picture will be determined, not only by the strength given to the brighter or darker pigments, but by the force of light, direct or refracted, thrown upon the picture in the studio or the exhibition room. For artistic effectiveness the chief emphasis is to be laid on imitating differences of brightness, and not absolute brightness; expression lying in the due gradation of shade. On colour, as the next element in the problem, Helmholtz brings to bear his exceptional command of the phenomena of light, proceeding to harmony of colour, with special reference to the conditions under which the painter has to work and his labour has to be seen, be his medium canvas or fresco, his pigments oil or water, his picture to meet direct sunlight, as on an external wall, or the softened light of a gallery, church, or room. The study of the spectrum is brought in to determine the combinations and contrasts of colour which are permissible or pleasing, and within the short space at command there is given an admirable epitome of the rules which the painter will find best calculated to secure the equilibrium and harmony of his scheme of colour.

Want of space forbids, to our great regret, our doing more than indicate the subjects of the remaining lectures, in one of which the author discusses, by the light of the most recent investigations, the hypotheses of Kant and Laplace as to the origin of the planetary system, and in the second, delivered as an address on the anniversary of the foundation of the Institute for the Education of Army Surgeons, he gives some admirable suggestions upon the functions and value of thought in medicine, the principles of scientific method being inculcated in combination with the teachings of experience, the work of his master, Johannes Müller, being held up as the most typical exemplification at once of the philosophical and the practical spirit. In his rectorial address on Academic Freedom in German Universities, with which the series closes, he institutes a highly instructive comparison between the University systems of his native land and those of other European countries, the value of which has been much enhanced by the author's permission to modify in the translation certain passages in the original discourse, which had reference to a state of things in the Universities of England greatly altered by subsequent reforms. If for liberty of thought and expression the pre-eminence is to be claimed for the Fatherland, he does ample justice to the freedom and width of training which keep the intellect of Great Britain from overpressure of the academic yoke.

AN UNLESSONED GIRL.*

IN no way can a novelist more easily show his wisdom than by putting his reader to as little trouble as possible in making the acquaintance both of him and of his heroes. If we are to go through any labour in reading a story, at all events no kind of effort should be required of us till our interest has been aroused. When once our curiosity is excited, and we are really anxious to trace the fortunes of some unfortunate hero or some heart-broken heroine, then, perhaps, we can with patience bear the details of a complicated genealogy, an ill-drawn will, or a mysterious lawsuit. But to expect that we shall burden our memory with an account of the various branches of a family which as yet interests us no more than the ancient dynasties of Egypt, is surely not a little unreasonable. We can assure our novelists that, so far as their critics are concerned, they act most foolishly in making their opening chapters a burden and a toil. Some of them are aware of this, and try to give a few pages of lively description, to be followed however, long before any interest has been awakened, by the usual tedious family history. These, perhaps, excite our anger even more than those who at once overwhelm us with all their tediousness. They have, we feel, tricked us, and a trick we cannot readily forgive. Had they waited till we were well on in the second volume, and till the hero and heroine were equally well on in the road to despair, then they might, with some confidence, have broken the thread of their narrative and invited the attention of their readers to the study of a complicated problem, by which alone a chance of deliverance was offered. Even then the reader who has been jaded by a long course of novel-reading may refuse to make the necessary effort, and may either throw down the book never to take it up again, or may skip the explanatory chapter, and make out the rest of the story as best he can. For this latter method there is a good deal to be said; for, if in no other respect, yet in this one does a

* *An Unlessoned Girl*. By Mrs Herbert Martin. 2 vols. London and Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co. 1881.

novel resemble a sermon, that for its full enjoyment there is no need that it should be understood.

Into such a course of reflection have we been led by the story before us. It is not a book that has any great merits, while, on the contrary, it has one or two serious faults. Nevertheless, as we laid it down we found, somewhat to our surprise, that, on the whole, we had read it without any serious discomfort. The evening had passed by easily enough, and yet we had not had more than one nap. When we came to consider the explanation of this, we found that it lay in the fact that the author had not once given us any trouble. The story was plain sailing from first to last. The number of characters was happily small, and they were brought on to the stage at proper intervals. The plot, moreover, was of that kind which, common though it is, nevertheless is always interesting, where two lovers are step by step taken further and further from each other, till it seems hopeless to expect that they can ever meet, when on a sudden a return journey is arranged at express speed, and the ground is cleared in a day which had before been travelled over in a year. The story opens in a country house in the south-west of Ireland. We have noticed, by the way, that ever since the Irish disturbances began to grow to so great a height, that unhappy land has been much more frequently chosen by our novelists as the scene of their stories. Yet no advantage has been taken, so far as we know, of the eviction of tenants and the murder of caretakers, bailiffs, and landlords to heighten the interest of the tale. It is assumed, we must suppose, that while so much is talked about Ireland, people will like to read of it also in their stories, while perhaps it is suggested by prudence that a regard to one's skin will justify the writer in not taking a part in the land question. However this may be, the assumption nevertheless is curious that in our lighter reading we want to hear of Ireland. For ourselves, we would give our novelists the choice of any portion of the world; they might place their hero at the North Pole and their heroine at the South; they might even make them dwellers in Afghanistan, the Transvaal, Turkistan, or Greece, provided they would keep them clear of the Emerald Isle. That country henceforth must ever be associated in our minds with a depressing feeling of dulness. From humour and liveliness it has sued, and successfully sued, for a divorce.

In the story before us, however, the scene soon passes over into England, where it remains till the concluding chapter. We first make the acquaintance of the heroine, Gladys Byrne, and her father, the Colonel. This elderly gentleman, though agreeable enough in himself, is greatly in the way; and so he is speedily summoned to India. His return we never expected, for it is quite clear that he is marched in simply with a view of being marched out. India, moreover, is a most convenient country for getting rid of superfluous characters, what with its fevers, its tigers, its fanatics, and its snakes. Then, too, there is the chance of a wreck, either on the way out or the way home, and of a death from apoplexy in the Red Sea. However, of none of these chances does the author choose to avail herself; but she brings back the old gentleman to Ireland, to kill him off at a crisis in the story by heart disease, to the great sorrow of the heroine and to the equally great convenience of the hero. Gladys herself is of the usual type of Irish girl. All the young ladies in that island have, as is well known, lost their mothers in their childhood, and been spoilt by too fond fathers. They all have features that, though not quite regular, are yet bewitching, while their eyes are as lovely as their beloved island is green. Their education has not been carried very far, and, like our heroine, they are all "unlessoned girls." Nevertheless, even in these days of competitive examinations, all the young Englishmen who come across them persist in falling in love with them, utterly regardless of the fact that on this side of St. George's Channel there is such a vast stock of feminine learning all duly appraised and marked. Gladys is no exception to this rule, for she is greatly admired by Lancelot Chester. To this young gentleman, and to the slang that he uses, we have a very strong objection. We wish that we could convince every woman who takes to writing that it is possible for her to draw the picture of a thoroughly vulgar man, and yet not to fall into vulgarity herself. If a proof is needed of this let her turn to *Northanger Abbey*, and see how Miss Austen has drawn John Thorpe. It seems impossible to make some authors understand that slang is the dunce's humour—the only humour of which he is capable. What, for instance, can be more stupid than such talk as the following, which fills nearly a page of the story before us:—

"Are you thinking of 'ranging' yourself, as Florence said? I thought you did not intend marrying for ten years at least."

"No more I do—generally—but one can never answer for what one will do. I get sick of the old round now and then. I've been in no end of scrapes lately. Fortunately for me, The Mum is the best old lady going, and she has any amount of pocket money. I should be sorry if the governor knew a few things about me. He's down on a fellow like a hundred of bricks at times, I can tell you. When are you coming to Notting Hill? Send me a line, and I'll be home to dinner any night. We have nothing to offer anyone—it's awfully slow at home now; all the girls are married except Kitty, and she's always out."

We find this same young gentleman owing to the heroine that he had been "screwed," and telling her, as they were driving along in a cab, that they were "in a slummy part of London." He has, at length, an attack of *delirium tremens*, and tells her that he had been down to the infernal regions. His position in life, by the way, was a somewhat unusual one. He was the only son of a wealthy London banker, and yet, through the Colonel's interest, he had been glad to get a berth in one of the public offices.

A Government clerkship is not of that great value that a London banker, in his desire to procure one for his only son, has to employ the interest of a gentleman living in the south-west of Ireland. The reader soon sees that Gladys is not to be won by this young hopeful. He may repent, and become a respectable member of society—as, indeed, he does—but his wife is to be found elsewhere. He is, however, of the greatest service in drawing out the story to its proper length; and, insignificant as he is in himself, he is of no small service both to the author and the reader. For when, in one Russel Laurence, the real hero at length appears, and there seems no reason why like a hero he should not propose to the heroine in a week and marry her in a month, he is made to believe by a cunning schemer, who wished to get him for herself, that Gladys, in spite of the encouragement she had clearly given him, was already engaged to Chester. Having thereby thrown Russel into despair, the schemer takes a step which is, we believe, still unusual even in these days of women's rights, and, without waiting to see whether he will propose to her, she proposes to him. In the good old days he would of course have hanged himself, or have blown out such brains as he had left, on discovering that he had been deceived by the woman to whom he was so strongly attached; but no doubt he acted strictly in accordance with the customs of these more civilized times in at once accepting the hand that was offered him, and preparing for matrimony. A day or two after he has taken this fatal step he goes to a ball, sees the heroine in a white silk dress, set off with white roses and shamrock-leaves, and learns that he had been tricked. He nearly chokes, then talks in a broken, hoarse, terrible voice, while she looks white, has a shivering fit, looks up with an almost ghastly smile, and then passes into a dry, feverish heat. Why he could not at once go to the cunning rival, tell her that she was a liar, and break off the engagement into which he had only been induced to enter through an act of deception, the reader cannot see. Such a course never seems even to enter his mind, and he prepares to fulfil his unhappy fate. We can only regret that the author does not make the miserable Gladys at once accept the hand of Lancelot Chester. He had, indeed, intended to propose to her at the dance, and really "in his evening costume, with his fair moustache and well-cut features relieved by the snowy expanse of magnificent shirt-front, and his good figure set off by a Bond Street coat," he might have been a wooer who was not easy to resist. However, he is not accepted—perhaps because this is a story not in three, but only in two, volumes. With the little space that was left her the author must have had as much on her hands as she could get through. The heroine returns to Ireland; the day draws nearer and nearer for the marriage of the miserable, but most honourable, Russel; and, turn to whatever quarter the reader may, not a chance of deliverance seems to await him. Not a break in the clouds can be seen. We really began to be most anxious, for the heroine was getting paler and paler every day, and we remembered, moreover, that in a haunted room in her father's house a ghost had been heard not long before trailing its dress. This unearthly sound had been at once interpreted by Gladys as meaning "dreadful calamity—death." No one, so far, however, had died, and no one, except herself, seemed likely to die. We are glad to say that the ghost's credit was saved without the sacrifice of the heroine's life. The old Colonel, as we have said, was carried off by heart disease. About the same time an old lover of the artful schemer turned up from Australia, and persuaded her to take him, in spite of the strong smell of tobacco and brandy that hung about him, in preference to keeping to the virtuous and respectable Russel. There was, therefore, nothing left for the heroine but to dry her eyes as fast as she could, and, when a proper time had gone by after her father's funeral, to marry the hero. A wife was also found for the reformed Lancelot, so that even the most exacting reader must own that, whatever may be the faults of the story, there is no want in it of marrying and giving in marriage.

ENGLISH ODES.*

WHAT is an English ode? It is probable that almost everybody thinks he knows, and that very few people could succeed in giving a definition of it. A study of the very pretty little book which Mr. E. W. Gosse has edited, may, therefore, have two good results. The reader will certainly make acquaintance or renew acquaintance with some of the very best poetical work to be found in the English language. He may probably also correct his own impressions on a point of poetical science, on which those impressions are but too likely to be rather vague. The volume calls itself "English Odes selected by E. W. Gosse," and it consists of three main parts—a frontispiece by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, a short essay by Mr. Gosse, and the odes themselves, forty-seven in number, and selected from the works of almost all the greater English poets between Spenser and Mr. Swinburne. The poems are prefaced by but a few words of introduction, but both in these and in the essay the maximum of information is given in the minimum of space. The printers have indeed been rather unkind to Mr. Gosse, for in a dozen pages they have made him speak of "Ætolian poets" and "Ætolian measures," things which would have deeply astonished and puzzled a Greek; they have made him accuse the ear of the sixteenth century of being too

* *English Odes*. Selected by E. W. Gosse. Parchment Library. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

dull to appreciate Milton—surely a most unkind charge; and, worst of all, they have made him give to Cowley the title of a “perspicuous,” instead of a “perspicacious,” observer. In such daintily got-up books as these the correction of the press should certainly be attended to with more, not with less, than usual rigour. But the essay itself is an excellent piece of sober and self-restrained criticism. It is really appalling to think of the spilling and splashing of words which some writers of the present day would have indulged in about such subjects as Mr. Gosse's. The fulness of fact is, moreover, usually as evident as the absence of verbiage. Although we do not exactly agree with Mr. Gosse in his view of the English ode, we find nothing to take exception to, except some rather sweeping assertions about odes not English, but French. Ronsard's first or Pindaric odes are, says Mr. Gosse, “singularly correct, although monotonous in form.” This phrase does not clearly convey the fact that, though Ronsard attended duly to strophe, antistrophe, and epode, he did not attend to what is almost as important—the variation of the length of different lines in each stanza. His lines are mostly octosyllabic, with an occasional shorter line or couplet; and thus the varied and harmonious stateliness of the ode is wanting. Again, Mr. Gosse says that Boileau's “Nemur” ode “by its turgid folly relieved French literature of a very useless tradition.” This is by no means the case, for, to name no others, J. B. Rousseau and Racine—Lebrun, the best serious poets of the eighteenth century in France, wrote odes not distinguishable in form from Boileau's, though they contained much better poetry. These, however, are matters of no great importance.

Turning to the body of the book, it may be perhaps surprising to some readers to find how many masterpieces are comprised in this selection. Spenser's *Epithalamion* worthily opens the series. It is followed by Ben Jonson's indignant but not undignified consolation to himself on the failure of “The New Inn,” and by Randolph's pleasant ode in praise of the country. Milton is represented not merely by the great “Nativity” ode, but by those “On Time” and “At a Solemn Music.” Cowley has two, as he deserves, and then Mr. Gosse quotes, what, in our judgment, is his proper sphere, and gives Marvell's merely Horatian ode on Cromwell's return from Ireland. Dryden restores the genuine tone with the Anne Killigrew elegy and the two St. Cecilia odes, and Mulgrave on music is at least admissible in form. Rochester's triplets on Nothing, admirable in themselves, seem again out of place, and Prior's burlesque of Boileau is only not out of place because it is in place almost anywhere. Congreve's beautiful piece to Mrs. Arabella Hunt returns to the orthodox form, which is more or less preserved in at least five out of the six pieces by which Mr. Gosse has illustrated the great “odists” of the eighteenth century, Gray and Collins. Akenside, of course, claims admission, but we, sterner than Mr. Gosse, should have shut the door to Warton's “First of April” and to Cowper's “Boadicea.” Sir W. Jones's “What Constitutes a State” is perhaps admissible, and Wordsworth's masterpiece introduces us to the full flower of English odes. He himself, besides that just mentioned, is represented by “Duty” and “Lycoris,” Coleridge by “France,” Landor by the address to “Joseph Ablett” (we are not sure that we should not have preferred the 1833 ode to Southey), Campbell by “Winter,” Byron by “Venice”—a rather spurious piece of rhetoric—Shelley by four, of which one at least, that to Naples, is genuine, and Keats by five, not one of which could be spared. Among these Leyden's “Gold Coin” looks a little strange. Contemporary poetry is represented by Mr. Tennyson's two splendid odes to Memory and on the Duke of Wellington, by one of Mr. Patmore's “Unknown Eros” pieces, and by Mr. Swinburne's “To Victor Hugo,” which, by the way, the author does not call an ode, at least in the original edition of the *Poems and Ballads*. All lovers of English poetry will, we think, agree that a more admirable collection would be difficult to get together in the space.

We must now justify ourselves in being “plus royalistes que le roi,” and in objecting to Mr. Gosse's admissions. The principle is only an extension of his own, which is the separation of the Pindaric ode (in which he would of course include the choric odes of the tragedians) and the Horatian. It seems to us that it is not sufficient to say that any ode which does not follow the rule of strophe, antistrophe, and epode is “irregular,” and that the precise amount of irregularity does not matter. Mr. Gosse, of course, does not say this, but his admission of Marvell's, Rochester's, and Leyden's odes, to name no others, infers it. We believe that, from the practice of English poets from Spenser to Mr. Swinburne a very definite system of ode-prosody can be evolved, and that the observation of this system constitutes and produces the special beauty of the English ode. It is not necessary to keep twist and counter-twist parallel, and to tag them duly with epode, though anybody who chooses may do this. What is necessary is to eschew mere ordinary lyrical stanzas of moderate length which follow one another monotonously. The ode is not a melody, it is a harmony; and the method by which its special harmony is produced is by arranging stanzas of more or less considerable length, not exactly corresponding with each other, and internally composed of lines also of different length, in which the longer and graver at least hold their own with the shorter and lighter measures. This apparently irregular alternation of longer and shorter lines “jumps to the eye” directly any one looks at a Pindar or an Æschylus, and it was at this and at the concerted harmony which it gives to the stanza that those who invented and those who practised the English ode, no doubt, aimed.

The same effect had been in less perfect degree attained by various Italian measures and by the Provençal *canço*, as Mr. Gosse remarks, while the French *chant royal* also feels after it, though the equality of the length of the lines keeps it below true ode-musica. It is curious that almost from the first the Elizabethan poets recognized the thing, though they often used the name loosely. Thus the “Canzons” of Barnabe Barnes are very tolerable rudimentary odes, while his “Odes” are mere minor lyrics. Jonson with his classical knowledge came nearer to the accomplishment, and Milton and Cowley in their several ways achieved it. After these two there was little to be done, and the attention to “strophe, antistrophe, and epode,” which various persons, from Congreve to Mr. Swinburne, have revived, is a detail of no importance, and perhaps hardly consonant to the genius of the English language. The important things, then, about an English ode are, first, that it shall be written in stanzas of considerable but varying length, made up of lines likewise of varying length, the sound of the rhymes and the cadence of the verses being so arranged as to make each stanza a distinct musical and metrical unit. The first part of this is fatal not merely to the so-called Horatian odes, to which there is no need to assign a separate name in English, but even to such pieces as that which Mr. Gosse has selected from Mr. Swinburne, and which is simply a long lyric composed of so many exactly corresponding stanzas. The second part brands as irregular most of Mr. Coventry Patmore's attempts which are written without division of stanzas, and are, therefore, somewhat inorganic. The two most perfect examples of the English ode are almost without a doubt Dryden's Anne Killigrew elegy, and Wordsworth's “Intimations of Immortality.” The first stanza of the first, “Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies,” and the fifth of the second, “Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,” are absolute models of the ode-stanza with its complicated and independent music.

It follows from this view of the ode (which is rather supplementary than opposed to anything which Mr. Gosse has said), that there is no more difficult form of poetry, none to be less often approached or reserved for more worthy occasions. The terrible results of the once-general aspiration to be a “Pindarique poet” are but too notorious, and it must have been a temptation to Mr. Gosse to give some examples of the extravagances to which fashion can lead persons of education, and even of considerable talent. Perhaps there are few things in English poetry odder than the odes of Dr. Watts. That on the death of the Rev. Thomas Gouge, of which some specimens may be found in Southey's *Doctor*, but which well deserves reading in full, is a perfect triumph of bombastic exaggeration. These follies, however, did good in their way, by showing the inapplicability of the style to base uses. It is very unlikely that we shall have many poets who can write good odes, or that many good odes will be written by the same poet, though both Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne have in our own day shown a remarkable mastery of the ode-stanza. But, as in times past so in times to come, when a good ode is written it has been and will be one of the very best things in poetry. For collecting these examples in so pleasant a pocket-book Mr. Gosse deserves much thanks.

MODERN WILDFOWLING.

“WILDFOWLER'S” volume on wildfowling could hardly have appeared more seasonably, for the harder the winter the better the sport. As he observes in his introduction, it becomes a passion with those who devote themselves to it; and, indeed, nobody but an ardent enthusiast can hope to follow it successfully. “Wildfowler's” treatise, which is both scientific and eminently practical, should serve at once as a guide and a warning. It is full of valuable hints and instructions; nor does it merely express the personal ideas of the writer, for he impartially quotes the opinions of other experts on open questions that have been ventilated in the columns of the *Field*. But, on the other hand, he gives some appalling details of the education to which the aspiring novice must submit; nor does he by any means make light of the hardships that attend the pursuit at the best of times. In fact, the wildfowler should be gifted with the qualities that nerved our gallant amphibious adventurers of Elizabeth's reign when they went in search of an El Dorado on the Spanish main. This is what “Wildfowler” has to say of his ideal sportsman; and we may add that, should the reality fall far short of his sketch in any case, a man had far better stay quietly in his comfortable bed, in place of tempting Providence in a punt and in darkness among mud-banks. Wildfowling “is generally accompanied by a degree of peril which renders the pursuit perfectly fascinating. The all-round shooter, to be a successful man, must therefore be of a buoyant nature, and not easily put out; he must be doggedly determined at all costs to carry out his plans; he must also be hardy in his constitution; he must be a good oarsman, an excellent sailor, a good shot, and a ‘knowing’ sportsman, full of wrinkles and expedients; and he must enjoy that average amount of pluck which is a *sine quâ non* in his pursuit.” We need hardly say that it is not every man who, to an iron constitution, courage, hardihood, perseverance, promptitude of resource, and presence of mind, unites that practical skill in the use of his weapons without which his labours must end in disappointment. As for the greater and lesser perils to which “Wildfowler” makes allusion, they are

* *Modern Wildfowling*. By “Wildfowler,” of “The Field.” Horace Cox, “The Field” Office. 1880.

many and various. The punt is small, and heedlessness may upset it; not to speak of the chances of shipwreck in stormy weather. Swivel guns, with their heavy charges, have an ugly trick of occasionally bursting; and as the fowler is in the closest contact to his mounted piece of ordnance, the consequences will probably be disastrous. Even short of a thoroughgoing explosion and catastrophe, he may still come to sufficiently serious grief; for punt guns are inclined to hang fire, and the recoil is often tremendous. In the former case, "Wildfowler" warns you to wait and give the tardy ignition time to develop itself, before approaching your face in an examination of the hammer, lest you should have occasion for a complete set of artificial teeth. In connexion with this violent recoil he relates a little personal anecdote of how, in pulling a stiff trigger directly with his fingers, he smashed all the nails on his trigger hand, which must have gone near maiming him, at all events for the cruise. Still more essential is it to see to the security of the punt, should circumstances have induced you to go ashore and part company from it. If it is not properly attached, the tide may wash it away; or, unless provided with the bump of locality and a good compass, you may go wandering about the saline swamps in search of it. We can conceive no more horrible adventure in the romance of everyday sport than the being cast away on "a sad sea bank" in a mounting tide, and with the knowledge that the minutes are numbered in which the boat must be recovered. Indeed, "Wildfowler's" "first single-handed punting trip" is so striking an illustration of such perils that we cannot resist condensing it. He had started towards dusk, making pleasant progress down mid-channel on an ebb-tide. Birds were to be heard in abundance on the wing overhead and on the shores on either side of the narrow estuary; but still the novice could distinguish no floating group which he might stealthily approach for a "family shot." At last his sinking spirits were revived by the sight of some of the longed-for objects dropping down on the tide. He stalked them with such admirable caution and skill that there was not a sign of agitation among his unconscious victims; when, as he had adjusted his gun for the deadly shot, he discovered that he was covering some floating hampers which had been tossed overboard, no doubt, from a passing barge. Rallying from the disappointment, he paddled on, till he was half-broken by fatigue, and reeking besides with perspiration in spite of the intense cold. Hitherto he had come upon nothing in the way of wildfowl. At length he did hear and see a flock of birds in a shallow, and approaching them in the shadow of the flats, he hazarded a long shot. Punting up to the spot, he was delighted to find that one bird had been left in the mud, and, in his excitement, he jumped lightly to land to retrieve it. The land proved to be treacherous mud, of yielding substance, but great tenacity. "Wildfowler" was waist deep in the ooze. As he struggled to extricate himself, he only sank the deeper; and—we could hardly conceive such a thing did he not assure us of the fact—the ruling passion was still so pronounced in him that, as he saw his victim fluttering away, he stopped it with a double discharge from his cripple gun. Having effectually disposed of the duck, he could turn his thoughts to his own end. And that seemed inevitable and fast approaching, by a doom somewhat similar to that of Edgar at Ravenswood. By that time he had disappeared in the mud, up to the armpits; and so it was of the less consequence to him that the punt was working loose from its moorings, seeing that he was exceedingly unlikely to have any further use for it. In his extremity, he lifted up his voice and shouted, scarcely dreaming that help could come to him in those solitudes. Human voices answered him out of the darkness; and, to bring his adventure to an end, he was rescued by a veteran punter, who, suspecting that the youth might be landed in difficulties of some kind, had followed him in his probable course, in the hope of coming in for a salvage job.

After so thrilling an experience of danger as that, there is something like bathos in descending to the mere hardships of the fowler's pursuit. But while men who observe reasonable precaution need never jump so recklessly into the jaws of death as did "Wildfowler," yet every shooter has to face the cold habitually. The dress, then, is a matter of the last importance; and "Wildfowler's" suggestions as to the most suitable night toilet will give an idea of the normal temperature of promising weather for the birds. There should be sundry underlayers of flannel shirts and jerseys, over which a jacket of chamouis leather will be found useful; while the coats are covered with the white smock frock or overfall. The legs are got up in swathings of flannels and woollens, and it is recommended that their outer casing should be of oil-skin. Long woollen stockings may be multiplied, à discrétion, with sea boots coming up on the limbs to the mid thigh. "In short, when rigged out for winter punting, a man should look double, or pretty nearly, his usual size, and he should not feel cold even when inactive for hours." Great attention must of course be paid to the gloves. "Wildfowler" prefers woollens, worn as thick as possible. They should be made like mittens, with the fingers together and the thumb separate; but in the glove for the right hand there ought to be a hole through which the forefinger may be thrust, when the shooter, going after his cripples, betakes himself to a shoulder gun. The objection to woollen material is that it gives the hand a less firm grip on the gun. But the risk of "muffing" an occasional shot is preferable to that of frost-bitten fingers. Talking of missing shots, "Wildfowler" has some very sensible observations on the quantity of shot and powder that is almost inevitably wasted by the most skilful sportsmen on their seafowling expedi-

tions. Men are much inclined in all honesty to minimize the number of their misses in the retrospect; but "Wildfowler" speaks confidently from his own experience, and he ought to be an excellent judge. Moreover, his assertions are confirmed by common sense. As he says, there is no place like the sea for bad aiming, as there are no objects more difficult to hit than crippled wildfowl. The boat is dancing beneath you, while the bird is bobbing on the waves; the shooter is chilled, the tackle of the craft may get in his way, and his best-directed shot may be stopped or turned aside by the water. And "Wildfowler" recalls one special incident, when he and a friend expended upwards of twenty charges on a winged mallard before they succeeded in putting it out of its misery.

In the brief limits of an article intended for general reading we have not even attempted to go into those technical chapters of the book which must be invaluable to the sportsmen for whom they are meant. "Wildfowler's" minute descriptions of punts, punt-guns, and punting appliances are profusely illustrated by engravings and exact diagrams, which supply ample means of comparison between the most recent inventions and improvements. We may merely mention in passing that he is all in favour of breechloading punt-guns; pointing out how independent they make the man who must recharge in the dark when he is provided with a half-dozen of loaded steel cartridge cases. Nor can we do more than allude to his notes on the habits of the various wildfowl, although an intimate acquaintance with those habits is absolutely indispensable to the shooter who, in the words of the Baron of Bradwardine, aspires to become a "deacon of his craft." But, before concluding, we shall select, by way of specimen of the lighter portions of the volume, "Wildfowler's" reminiscences of a day's coot-shooting near Montpellier, which we feel assured will be full of novelties for most people. For ourselves, we confess we had no idea that coots congregated anywhere in such numbers as he describes; nor did we know there was such a resource as coot-shooting on "the broads" to be had in the neighbourhood of one of the dullest and most wearisome of health resorts. Lounging one day through the streets of Montpellier, "Wildfowler" came to a dead point at a placard headed "*Grande chasse*," in great capitals. It advertised a day's coot-shooting over an adjacent lake, intimating that "millions of coots" were on the water—cost of admission, five francs. "Wildfowler" and a friend, after "taking informations" from their landlord, resolved to be present. On the morning in question they found themselves on the shore of the broad in a crowd of at least five hundred shooters. They had arranged beforehand for a boat with the services of a couple of boatmen. After passing through a narrow entrance, and duly paying the gate-money at a wicket, they launched out in a great flotilla, amid unspeakable turmoil and confusion. For some time the "sport" was tame enough, and the strangers began to repent having joined in it. There was no wind; the lake was like a looking-glass; yet the only visible birds were some sea-gulls and plovers; when one of the boatmen suddenly exclaimed, "*Voilà les macreuses!*" "and sure enough a large black crowd of coots was visible some 300 yards in front of us; and on narrow inspection, further on, another immense flock of them seemed to cover the surface of the pond." The flying squadrons of coots actually charged the boats, as if determined to force the line; the fire-firing was incessant and tremendous; and "the birds fell like hail" all around the punts. After tremendous slaughter, notwithstanding wretchedly poor shooting, the guns landed to break the day with an exceedingly jovial luncheon-party on the shore. When the bag was counted for division in the evening, it was found to contain about twelve hundred coots, of which the two Englishmen calculated that they had killed about an eighth, although only eight of the birds were allotted them in the general distribution.

SOME RECENT SCHOOL CLASSICS.*

A FITTER leader of our large group could scarce be found than Professor Mayor's elaborated edition of the Third Book of Pliny's Epistles. Regarding his author's beauties as far out-

* *Pliny's Letters.* Book III. By John E. B. Mayor, M.A., Professor of Latin, Cambridge. With Life of Pliny. By G. H. Rendall, M.A., Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Cato Major sive De Senectute. By the late George Long, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: Whittaker & Co.; Bell & Sons. 1881.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Latius sive De Amicitia Dialogus. By the late George Long, M.A. Same publishers. 1880.

Livy.—The Hannibalian War. Being part of 21st and 22nd Books of Livy. Adapted for Beginners by G. C. Macaulay, M.A., Assistant-Master of Rugby. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

First Readings in Latin; with Vocabularies and a Short Accidence. by G. F. H. Sykes, B.A., Author of "Grammar through Analysis." London: W. Isbister, Limited. 1880.

Homer.—Iliad. Book XXI. With Introduction and Notes by Herbert Hallstone, M.A., late Scholar of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

Homer.—Iliad. Book XXI. By Arthur Sidgwick, M.A., Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Kivingtons. 1880.

Aristophanes.—The Acharnians. With Notes, Introduction, and Diacritical Glossary. By W. W. Merry, Fellow and Lecturer of Lincoln College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

The First Four Books of Xenophon's Anabasis. With Notes adapted to Goodwin's Greek Grammar. Edited by W. W. Goodwin, Ph.D., Elliot Professor of Greek Literature; and John Williams White, Assistant Professor in Harvard College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

weighing his defects, he has sifted the commentaries of the greatest foreign scholars, and engrained his own annotations "without thinking it worth while to claim every little piece of his own property by enclosing it in crotchets." His text is mainly H. Keil's (Leipzig: Trübner, 1870). He cites Mr. J. D. Lewis's translation of Pliny's Letters as the best and cheapest in the language, and he shows both by precept and example how greatly the debt of lexicography might be lessened would patient labourers but digest one neglected "testis linguae." His own life-labours of exact annotation point a moral, even in his reading through and noting Silius and his Latinity as a *πράξις*, to say nothing of the accumulations around Juvenal, Quintilian, and this Book of Pliny, of which he has enhanced the attraction by a short Life written by Mr. Rendall. Pliny owed to his uncle and adoptive father not only name and estate, but also his addiction to study, and "indefatigable industry at note-making." On his relative's death at the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, the younger Pliny mapped out for himself an official career, and with this view shortly became an advocate and a "Decemvir talibus judicandis," varying this routine of probation with an equally prescriptive term of military service, which was however no doubt perfunctory. After this he was busied till his twenty-fifth year and entrance into official life in the Centumviral Court—the Chancery of Rome. In 89 A.D. his official life began under Domitian, and he seems to have set his foot on each round of the ladder, signaling his tenure of each office, save the Tribunate, with some famous public prosecution. Rescued, it is probable (Epist. III. ii. 3), from the imminence of death at the instance of delators by the Emperor Domitian's assassination, he threw and was promoted to higher office under Nerva, and attained the consulship in January 100 A.D. under Trajan, his chief patron. His First Book of the Letters appears to have dated in 97 A.D., the rest following rapidly, and the last in 109 A.D. "They present," says Mr. Rendall, "in the utmost fullness and diversity one side, but one side only, of Roman life, in all the phases of outward self-expression and relation, of the official, cultured, genteel society of the period." Eminently tender of the susceptibilities of contemporaries, Pliny's correspondence very rarely violates good taste. As a family man, to his wives, his slaves, and dependents he was blameless in advance of his age. In society an optimist, in private life a pedant, he revised and elaborated his letters and speeches, which are often marred by tricks of rhetoric. To the editing of Professor Mayor's Third Book of these Letters we can devote but a hasty glance, but must be understood to regard it as fully deserving of ampler treatment. The twelfth letter is to Oatilius Rufus, and sportively accepts an invitation to dinner, provided it be light and frugal, abounding only in Socratic discourse. "If we sit too late," he writes, "we shall fall in with *officia antelucana* (*clients bound before dawn to their patrons' levees*), where *officia* is explained by the editor as the abstract for the concrete, as in Juv. x. 64 we have "Præcedentia longi Agminis officia," a long suite"; and in Apul. iv. 31, "Marinum obsequium," an escort of sea-gods." "Even Oato," goes on the epistolist, "could not escape them, though Cæsar where he blames him is fain to praise him. For they blushed to detect Oato in his cups ('cum caput ebrii retexissent'); you would think he had detected them." As we are no Oatos (is the inference) let our dinner be sparing of time as of cost. The letters to Cornelius Priscus on the death of the poet Martial (21), and to Caninius Rufus on that of Silius Italicus (7), may be pointed out as specimens of almost exhaustive annotation; and, what with the summaries at the opening of each letter, and the headings at the top of each page of notes, we cannot conceive a more thoroughly elaborated *vade-mecum*.

The specialty of the reprint of *Cicero de Senectute* and *De Amicitia* is the reprint of Mr. Long's Notes and Introduction from the "Grammar School Classics," which are models of concise and independent annotating. The veteran scholar was averse to copious noting, and seems to have searched his MSS. and authorities more in elucidation of the right reading than for lateral illustration. Yet his longer notes, such as at *De Senect.* § 71, on the sense of "*Secundum Naturam*," are always instructive; and that on "*Apud Xenophontem*," § 79, which counsels a comparison of the *Cyropædia*, viii. 7, with Cicero's text, and a student's endeavour to make his own Latin transcript of the Greek, in comparison with Cicero's version is eminently practical. Grammatical notes, such as that on "*Quoad*," which he compares with "*adeo*" in p. 24, § 72, are always sound and trustworthy. The *De Amicitia*, says the editor in his preface, represents Cicero's exposition of friendship as founded on the Roman notions of virtue. Mr. Long regards it rightly as a much more puzzling argument to apprehend than the plain, blunt discourse of Cato, and advises its being read later in order. The dialogue between Fannius, Lælius, and Scævola is enriched by frequent quotations from Terence, Plautus, and the earlier Latin poets.

The *Hamidian War*, as Mr. G. O. Macaulay sets it before beginners in a volume of "Elementary Classics," though not the work of a veteran, is that of a shrewd and practical scholar and teacher, grappling manfully the problem of finding interest for beginners in the text of Livy, largely rewritten and simplified, with occasional details from Polybius. To this task he has been impelled by finding Cæsar and Nepos, and any medley of extracts, ill adapted for embryo scholars. In the account of the Second Punic War there is enough of sustained interest to make Mr. Macaulay's narrative attractive; and we observe that his notes very largely consist of references to the pages and sections of the *Latin Primer* and Roby's *Latin Grammar for Schools*, knowledge

of the contents of which references he would have a good master rigorously exact. But he does not overlook any needed information amidst his zeal for grammar notes, illustrating alike distinctions of warlike engines, such as the "*vimæ*" or "*roofs on wheels*" of c. x. and "*Turres mobiles*" or platforms to put the attackers on a level with, or above, the defenders, of c. xli., and differences betwixt Latin and English land measures, as in c. ix. The volume has a good index, map, and introduction.

Mr. G. H. Sykes, B.A., claims for the idea of his *First Readings in Latin* the suggestions of the late George Long, and, more than this, the method of as old a "schoolmaster" as Ascham. This was to turn all extracts from Latin into English, and reconvert them into Latin at a little interval; and Mr. Sykes has thrown his extracts into six graduated sections for this purpose, appending a very simple array of syntax rules, a condensed Latin accidence, and some eighty vocabularies. As far as our observation serves us, the passages are well chosen, and the helps regulated with an eye to the translator's progress.

Turning to the Greek books on our present list, we find that Mr. Hailstone and Mr. Sidgwick vie with each other in treating a book of the Iliad. This is, in some respects, a special book, for the slaughter beside the river Scamander in which Achilles exacts quit-money for his comrade Patroclus, is only secondary to the 22nd Book, which inflicts adequate toll in the death of Hector. In the *μάχη παραποτάμους*, or fight near the river, as this book was originally called, there is no lack of incident, of pathetic appeal or of stirring conflict, the central hero of the Greeks revolving single-handed in his might, and crushing all opposition with his relentless steel. Lycaon's premature death, though he pleads that he is not Hector's own brother, under peculiarly bitter circumstances, does not prevent the vengeance of Achilles extending itself to the chief of the Pæonians, Asteropæus of the race of the river god, himself spurred on by Xanthus to oppose the destroyer. But even his gallantry fails to make head against the goddess-born hero. Asteropæus is pierced through the belly, and his body left weltering on the sands, whilst Achilles pursues the Pæonians without their leader. At this point the river-god interposes to put a stop to such wholesale slaughter, and hurls all his torrents against Achilles, who plunges into the crowded stream, and speedily avails to fill the battle-field with such allies as the gods, Poseidon and Athene, Hephæstus, and others. Altogether, the book has been well chosen, and it seems to us that both editors have discharged their task with care. Mr. Sidgwick, whom we have met before in the earlier books, repeats his introductory matter and his notes on epic forms, &c., in this book; but it will be found that he has given due attention to matters of syntax and construction which crop up. At v. 10, for instance, he draws attention "to the tendency of prepositions in their adverbial stage to accumulate" (*ἄρχει δ' ἀμφὶ περὶ ἄλλων*), whilst Mr. Hailstone supplements this illustration by the parallel phrases, *διὰ τὸ, παρὰ, ὑπὲρ*, the Latin "*circumcirca*," and, from Thucyd., *ἀπὸ βοτῆς ἐνεκα*. At v. 40 we are told of Achilles's capture of Lycaon, and that he *ἐνέπρασεν*, "carried him off for sale to Lemnos," or, as Mr. Sidgwick notes, "took him over with a view to selling." The young Homeric student will find much matter for inquiry and a fertile field in this book of Homer, which is possibly designed for a book to be examined in. Perhaps we should single out Mr. Hailstone's notes as the more various of the two, the specialty of Mr. Sidgwick's being epic forms and derivations.

Mr. Merry's instalment of the *Acharnians* of Aristophanes is a very creditable earnest of a handy edition of Attic comedy from the Clarendon Press. The *Acharnians* has always been a popular, amusing, harmless play, designed to depict the charms of country life for the peace-loving Athenians, and sparkling with wit and humour in its various situations from first to last. It would be hard to find a livelier introduction to Aristophanic comedy than this sprightly play, so well and thoroughly edited as it is. Perhaps it is characteristic of Mr. Merry that he gives comparatively little play to the punstering spirit which possessed Mitchell, Walsh, Green, and other Aristophanic scholars; though at times it will have its way, as when, in 234, Aristophanes introduces the words *βλέπειν βαλλήναδ*, "to keep a sharp look out towards Pallene" (a well-known field of action), and by a punning play on words the implication is "to wear a look that threatens pelting." Here Mr. Merry suggests that it might serve our purpose to translate "to look like 'Hur-lingham'"; just as, in 406, he would make *Χαλλεῖδης*, possibly only a fanciful name, invented to enlist the sympathies of Euripides with a member of the hamlet of lame beggars, *χαλῶλ*, "a wardman of Cripple-gate or Crutched Friars." But it will be found on examination that the pains bestowed on a thorough perception of the point of the play is equable and minute. But it is impossible to do justice to such careful work in a general article. The reader will find Mr. Merry's work especially accurate as touching historical and dramatic allusions, and the salient points of the play, which is one to be recommended as a taste of the Attic comedy.

The last book on our list is a new idea from our American cousins, an idea from two Professors of Greek Literature in the University of Harvard, from which we may with advantage take a hint. Professing to edit the first four books of the *Anabasis* on the principle of equal division of work, Mr. White prepares the notes to Books I. and II., Mr. Goodwin to Books III. and IV.; but the labour of Book I. has been obviously the heaviest, because, that surmounted, a great deal of the rest is reiteration and reference. In truth, these notes give the impres-

sion of elaborated method, and, while profuse in disowning pretensions to great learning and research, rely entirely on systematic grammatical aid thoroughly and frequently indoctrinated. The history is warranted by its being based on the teaching of Mr. Grote; the geography assured by a handy map copied chiefly from Kiepert's map in Rehdantz's German edition of the *Anabasis* (1873); and whilst we have rarely seen a classical edition of an author in which fewer words were wasted, we have a strong belief that a sturdy growth of scholars would be likely to follow from the practice and instruction of Messrs. Goodwin and White's teaching.

AN OCEAN FREE-LANCE.*

THE late Emile Gaboriau chose a spy as the central figure of his most remarkable novels, and Mr. Clark Russell, inspired doubtless by the same desire for originality which prompted this eccentric choice, has in his latest work endeavoured to make a hero of a privateersman. He certainly deserves some credit for his audacity, as it would be difficult to conceive a less promising subject; for even those who have the least sympathy with the humanitarian sentiment of our time are little likely to feel anything but contempt for the men who went forth, not to fight for their country, but to prey on unarmed ships for the sake merely of gain. In some cases, no doubt, the privateersmen of the old war were men of courage and enterprise; but the record of their achievements is not large, and, as a rule, their sole object was booty. In one respect, indeed, they were below pirates, for the pirate sailed with a rope round his neck, while the privateer seaman had nothing more than gaol to fear. Very hard, indeed, is it to feel any sympathy with those mercenary sailors, but nevertheless a writer of true literary skill, thoroughly acquainted with the naval history of the great war, and with the character of the seamen of that day, might possibly turn the really despicable privateersman into something like an heroic figure, just as the French author above mentioned has made a spy seem noble. Mr. Clark Russell, as we shall presently show, possesses none of these qualifications, but he has notwithstanding boldly striven to make privateersmen attractive, and in doing so has certainly given proof of possessing as a writer that virtue which his favourites occasionally lacked—unhesitating, not to say unthinking, courage.

The story of *An Ocean Free-Lance*, in some respects one of the funniest that even the eccentric novel-writers of our day have produced, is told in the first person, and is supposed to be the narrative of Mr. Madison, first mate of the privateer schooner *Tigress*, which worried the French in 1812. Mr. Clark Russell is one of those edifying writers who, not content with exercising their own imaginations, make some demand on the imagination of their readers; and certainly any reader who is so far carried away by this romance as to believe for an instant that Mr. Madison's language bears the smallest resemblance to that of a sailor of George III.'s time will give proof of imaginative power of a very high order. This rough child of the ocean shows a most remarkable command of the jargon, which for want of a better name we will call late Ruskinian, and is a complete master of the colourman's catalogue style of writing, known as word-painting, which became fashionable some fifty years or so after the time when he is supposed to have flourished. The following are fair specimens of his descriptions:—

The clouds were now tumbling up out of the sea, and slanting athwart the stars pretty thickly, and the water was full of shadows, amid which the moonshine fell down in lines like slender cascades of molten silver, touching the black troubled surface here and there with points of brilliance as sparkling as the flash of diamonds, while the breaking waves glittered like the star-dust in the sky, as their foam crossed the path of these beams.

Her [the *Endymion*'] double lines of guns grinned along the white streaks, and the green and foamy surges topping against her huge side looked, by contrast with her bulk, no more than the ripples of an inland lake. Her long pennant flashed like a line of fire against the deep azure, and, starting from that great altitude, the eye ran down a succession of widening sails and spars of black rope, and the exquisite lacework of the thin, running gear. . . . And a small bed of foam hung like a heap of snow at her stem, and twinkled frostily along the gold-bronze metal armour that sheathed her bottom.

These be brave words truly, very fine English indeed, and singularly like the utterances of the mate of a privateer in the year 1812. No doubt a writer cannot help using the language of his own time, but no writer is justified in going out of his way to use a strongly-marked style which belongs as essentially to his own time as euphuism did to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Clark Russell would scarcely have been guilty of a greater anachronism if he had made his first mate look out for steamers in the Channel and speculate on the news by the Atlantic cable. Anachronisms may, however, be pardoned for the sake of a stirring story, and a stirring story the author has certainly endeavoured to produce by making his hero perform feats as remarkable as those of Amadis of Gaul or Jack the Giant-Killer. The real hero of the tale is not, we should observe, the word-painting Mr. Madison, but one Shelvocke, who, it seems, was an actual, living sea captain, who commanded a privateer in the latter years of the war. At the time when the story opens this person has just been appointed to the command of the schooner

Tigress, which is described as of 323 tons. This, by the way, would have been a most astounding size for a schooner in the year 1812; but we do not quarrel with it, as a vessel which had to carry so singular a commander as Captain Shelvocke appears to have been and so peculiar a first mate as Mr. Madison must needs have been an exceptional one. With these two skilful officers on board, and two others under them, the schooner hauls out of dock, drops down to Erith to take her powder on board, and then sails down the Thames. According to the narrator of her exploits, she excited great attention as she glided along the river, and here, doubtless, is a touch of truth, for assuredly, had such a vessel as the *Tigress* been seen on the Thames at the time he speaks of, she would have occasioned no small excitement. Possibly, however, any one who had gone on board her might have felt some doubt as to her being formidable to the French. Although everything about her first sail is described with the minutest detail, we never learn that either in the Thames or out of it the valorous Captain Shelvocke ever told the men off to quarters, i.e. to their stations at the guns, ever named captains of guns, ever made the most elementary preparation for fighting his ship. The author is apparently of opinion that naval gunnery comes naturally to seamen, and that no kind of stationing or practice is necessary for those who may be called on at any moment to fight the guns. Most devoutly must many a weary first lieutenant and gunnery officer have wished that it were so. However, Mr. Clark Russell is a merchant seaman, and it would not be fair to be hard on a merchant seaman for being totally ignorant on this point; but with regard to seamanship he ought to be exact, and it must be said that the seamanship of his hero is of a peculiar kind. We learn that when the vessel was abreast of Sheerness the wind had got to the north. She was sailing along the coast to the eastwards, and therefore had the wind abeam or a little abaft the beam, yet we are told that Captain Shelvocke furled his square canvas; and from a passage at p. 59 it appears that his mainsheet was well in. Seemingly, this eccentric privateersman was under the impression that a schooner could only carry her square foretopsail when the wind was on the quarter, or dead aft, and that the mainsheet ought to be in with the wind abeam. To do Captain Shelvocke justice, however, although he could neither station men at guns nor handle his ship, he could, as became a hero of romance, make a speech. At sunset he calls the hands, not to tell his men to look to breechings and tackles, or to teach them to train, elevate, depress, and aim, but to talk some feeble stuff to them wherewith they are greatly contented—their intuitive knowledge of gunnery being doubtless made perfect by the captain's words. Very shortly they have an opportunity of availing themselves of their heaven-granted gift, for adventures come thick and fast to the *Tigress*. During the night a voice is heard from the waters, and two sails are sighted. The man who hailed from the deep is picked up, and turns out to be one of the crew of a smuggling cutter which has been taken by a French lugger. The cutter is burnt by the crew of this vessel, which, of course, tries to escape; but the swift *Tigress* follows, and marvellous is the skill shown by the intuitive gunners. Although the light is so deceptive that Captain Shelvocke cannot tell whether the chase is two miles off or five, his men hull her with such precision that she sinks in an attempt to reach a shallow channel in the Goodwins; at which the gallant Shelvocke is aghast, as well he might be. Before very long, however, adventure comes to sweep away all feeling for the drowned men. Having fought in the dark, the *Tigress* proceeds to fight in a fog, and we certainly think that a fog must have been more congenial than anything else to such a very dazed person as Captain Shelvocke. A thick mist comes on; but the crowing of that obtrusive bird a cock reveals the fact that there is a vessel near the schooner, and a momentary lifting of the fog shows her to be a large ship, and speedily an action begins. The stranger, of course, is captured, and turns out to be an English vessel which has been taken by a French privateer, and has a prize crew on board. Very remarkable, indeed, must have been the courage of the French privateersmen, as they succeeded in cutting out the merchantman when an English brig of war was close by. Truly Mr. Clark Russell is daring in his incidents; and he is—unconsciously, perhaps—true to nature when he makes the idiotic merchant captain who has been caught napping complain of the cowardice of French privateersmen.

At the time when the dull fellow makes this singular accusation the *Tigress* has been, so far as we can make out, rather less than twenty-four hours at sea, and during this period has sunk one vessel and recaptured another. She is not to be allowed any rest, however, for scarcely have the foolish merchant skipper and Captain Shelvocke gone below when a sail is sighted on the port quarter. She is speedily made out to be an armed vessel, as fifteen "gunports"—to use the author's word—are counted on her side, and Mr. Madison pronounces her "as stout a twelve-hundred-ton ship as ever was launched." She is afterwards described as "a 38-gun corvette," carrying—Heaven save the mark—twenty-six 64-pounder carronades and some long 18's. It is scarcely necessary to point out the absurdity of this description. In those days a vessel of twelve hundred tons carrying thirty-eight guns would have been a frigate, and would have been thought a large frigate. The three famous ships set afloat by the Americans, which were regarded as perfect Titans amongst frigates, were of fifteen hundred tons only. However, we must not be angry with Mr. Clark Russell. Having put his maudlin captain on board a nearly impossible schooner, it is only natural that he should make him

* *An Ocean Free-Lance: from a Privateersman's Log*, 1812. By W. Clark Russell, Author of the "Wreck of the Grosvenor," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.

fight an utterly impossible corvette. To criticize the long account of the conflict between the two vessels would be a waste of time; but one point may be noticed. The only conceivable chance for a vessel like the *Tigress* in such an action would be to keep at a great distance from her antagonist. She is, however, brought within easy range. The proceeding, no doubt, seems eminently characteristic of such an unmitigated booby as Captain Shelvocke appears to be in the pages of *An Ocean Free-Lance*; but it would have inevitably resulted in his schooner being blown out of the water. Unfortunately, Mr. Clark Russell is not content even with a novelist's privilege of making his imaginary vessel do wonderful things and escape when she ought to have been destroyed. He must needs deal with a real vessel, with an actual man-of-war which once floated the salt seas. Towards the end of the action an English war ship appears, and we are informed that her name was the *Endymion*, and more than once that she was a two-decker. As a matter of fact, the *Endymion* was a frigate, and a very famous frigate. She was afloat in the summer of 1812, and then carried twenty-six long 24's on main-deck and eighteen 32-pounder carronades and two long 9's on quarter-deck and fore-castle. Afterwards her battery was increased. She is, as we need hardly say, celebrated as having been the ship which virtually captured the *President*, though that vessel actually surrendered to the *Pomone*. Very strange is it, then, that Mr. Clark should speak of the *Endymion* as a line-of-battle ship; but stranger still is it that he should not be content with this blunder, but should go on to make the French lieutenant of the captured vessel inform Mr. Madison that the *Endymion* was once the *Renommée*, and carried the flag of Admiral Villebert. Who Admiral Villebert may have been we are not aware, history being silent as to his exploits. Can Mr. Clark Russell mean Admiral Villeneuve, and is it possible that he does not know the name of the famous and unfortunate French officer who commanded at Trafalgar? The *Renommée* never carried the flag of Admiral Villeneuve, and indeed was not a line-of-battle ship, but a frigate. She did carry the flag of Commodore Roquebert, who, when in command of her, achieved the very rare distinction of taking an English frigate. Aided by several consorts, the *Renommée* captured, on December 13, 1809, the British ship *Junon*. The disaster was subsequently avenged by Captain Charles Schomberg, who, in the action off Tamatave, fought on May 20, 1811, made a prize of the *Renommée*, the gallant Commodore Roquebert being killed in the engagement.

Most unlucky, then, has Mr. Clark Russell been in his choice of names, and after these proofs of his want of knowledge of the naval history of the period to which he has chosen to assign his story, and the sample we have given of his narrative, our readers will scarcely wish us to pursue further his account of the cruise of the *Tigress*. A variety of remarkable adventures befall the feeble captain and sentimental first mate of that vessel; and on one occasion the author goes out of his way to show that he knows as little of American as he does of French or English men-of-war. When a vessel which is sighted proves to be an American, Captain Shelvocke exclaims, "Do you know that she may prove the *Constitution*, or the *Hornet*, or worse still, the *President*? one of those vessels I'll swear she is; in which case she will be carrying over fifty guns and four hundred men." Every one who has glanced at the history of the war between Great Britain and the United States must know that the *Constitution* and *President* were huge frigates, and the *Hornet* a 20-gun sloop. The *Tigress*, as need scarcely be said, escapes from the American; but the description of the escape is faulty. An American frigate in the position described—namely, on the schooner's weather quarter, and a league to windward—would have quickly caught her without the smallest difficulty. Mr. Clark Russell overlooks the difference which size makes in the relative speed of vessels. After this escape the *Tigress* recaptures an English merchantman which had been taken by a Yankee privateer. On board her Mr. Madison discovers Miss Madeline Palmer, with whom he had previously fallen in love, and to his great delight he finds himself in charge of the recaptured ship with this young lady under his care. After a time the ship takes fire, and the privateersman and the damsel are left adrift in a boat, but of course no harm can come even to a subordinate hero of romance. Having found his lady-love in one ship, Mr. Madison finds his future father-in-law in another, for on board an English man-of-war which picks the two up is Colonel Palmer, the parent of Miss Madeline. The Colonel benignantly approves of a union between his daughter and the privateersman; and, with a picture of the happiness of the lovers, the marvellous tale comes to an end.

So far as it is possible to criticize seriously *An Ocean Free-Lance*, it must be severely condemned. The author has chosen an unpleasant subject; and, in an attempt to redeem its unpleasant character, has only succeeded in making his narrative ridiculous. On the strength of some acquaintance with the modern merchant service he has tried to tell a story of the old war. That he should have attempted a task for which he is unfitted is to be regretted, as, despite his passion for word-painting, he has considerable ability. He has shown in his previous works that he can describe life on board a merchantman extremely well, and his love-scenes are sometimes pretty. To the adventures of cargo-carrying ships and the flirtations of sentimental first mates with very nice and well-behaved young ladies he had better confine himself in future, for the ships and sailors of the great war are beyond his power of limning.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. W. D. HAY'S *Three Hundred Years Hence* (1) is better than some other works of the Utopian or (to borrow M. Renouvier's coinage) Uahronian kind that we have seen, but not up to the level of the best. The book consists of a popular course of lectures supposed to be delivered A.D. 2180 by the Professor of History in a mid-Atlantic city built (as all inhabited cities by that time are) in the manner of a gigantic lake-dwelling. The surface of the earth has been found too valuable for agriculture, in view of the enormous increase of population, to be any longer encumbered with buildings, and there has been a general exodus of mankind to new cities out at sea. Venice may perhaps have been allowed to go on existing, though it is not mentioned. The ancient buildings and monuments deemed worthy of preservation have been moved bodily to the new sites, a feat which presents no difficulty to the engineering of the twenty-first or twenty-second century. Wars between civilized nations have come to an end in the twentieth century, the means of destruction supplied to the European Powers by American inventors having made fighting impossible. Monarchy has become extinct along with war, and the peaceful progress of mankind, now allied in a single and indivisible oecumenical commonwealth, and using English (it would be a sad kind of pigeon-English, we fear) as their universal language, has been interrupted only by the painful necessity of exterminating the Chinese and Negro races, which have shown themselves hopelessly irreclaimable by attempting to levy war on the white man. The other inferior varieties of man have been painlessly extinguished by absorption in the growing and spreading white population. Even the domestic animals have disappeared as superfluous, and mammalia in general exist only by the special preservation of a limited number as curiosities. No particulars are given of the doubtless excellent substitutes for butter and milk which are to appear at the breakfast-table of the future, nor are we told of what stuff the man of the future will make his coats and shoes. But the chemistry of the future will of course provide for all this. In addition to the ocean cities there are a good many submarine and subterranean establishments for various purposes, where with electric lighting and artificial atmospheres people find life not only practicable but pleasant. Air-ships are the common mode of conveyance, and railways have become obsolete except in the underground workings, where they are still used in an improved form for travelling and commerce. All smoke is abolished, and the weather is regulated by a body of meritorious and hard-working specialists officially set apart for that purpose. The fashions and tone of society are set by an elective Empress, for whom a splendid Court is kept up in the South Sea Islands, and who has no political function whatever. A judicious silence is observed on the state of literature and the fine arts. Mr. Hay's Wagnerian readers, if he has any, may dream of gorgeous performances of the Nibelung trilogy (by that time venerable, and pleasing by its archaic simplicity) in the new cities of the sea, or his Philistine ones may suppose all music above the compass of an improved barrel-organ to have been abandoned by those more enlightened ages.

There is a good deal about the progress of science and invention; and, as one might expect by the nature of the case, this is the weakest point of Mr. Hay's work. To do it well would require a thoroughly sound foundation of general physics and a considerable detailed acquaintance with one or two special sciences, besides a powerful constructive imagination. In short, the writer would have to be himself a man of science, an inventor, and something of a poet. The late Mr. Babbage could probably have done the thing, if the fancy had taken him, as well as any one. The difficulty of the task may be estimated by looking back and considering how very few successful prophecies of the kind there have been. Erasmus Darwin's well-known address to "unconquered steam" is probably the best example, and it really deserves much credit, for we must remember that when he wrote the application of steam to locomotion was not yet seriously thought of. We cannot say that we think Mr. Hay's imaginary discoveries good of their kind. For the most part they are neither entertaining nor plausible. It shows a certain poverty of scientific imagination to think of nothing but new forces, nor are those introduced in this book, as a rule, even admissible. Before calling in a new force to keep the planets in their orbits, Mr. Hay should have consulted some one who had mastered the elementary parts of Newton's *Principia*. Probably Mr. Hay has heard of Newton, and likely enough he knows as much about him as most people who are not mathematicians are expected to know. But writers who indulge in prophetic visions on the progress of physical astronomy should contrive to know a little more. In like manner it is evident that Mr. Hay's notions of heat, electricity, and the doctrine of energy are of a very loose and confused kind. If it should seem pedantic to criticize want of scientific probability in such a work, we reply that the author is not bound to go into details at all; but, if he does, the whole merit consists in their being plausible. We must add that another quality rather important in fanciful writing is almost altogether absent from Mr. Hay's—we mean humour. The only trace of it we can find is that the professors of the twenty-second century go on, after all these tremendous revolutions in politics and science, quoting familiar tags of the Latin poets just like their nineteenth-century ancestors. This is hardly said.

(2) *Three Hundred Years Hence; or, a Voice from Posterity*. By William Dalziel Hay. London: Newman & Co. 1881.

enough to season a whole Utopia. We forgot to mention that England is extinguished as a political power at a very early stage in the story. This is in accordance with what we have observed to be the usual practice of fantastical writers in this kind, whether they pretend to be seriously interpreting prophecies or only diverting themselves with an exercise of speculation. Almost always they begin with ruining their own country, thinking this, we suppose, the best way to attract a lively attention.

Mrs. Magnus's *About the Jews since Bible Times* (2) is an entertaining and instructive work. It is curious how little is known of the large Jewish community who live amongst us. Their post-Biblical history, their literature, doctrines, and ceremonials are almost as much a mystery to the general public as the Mesopotamian mysteries themselves. Mrs. Magnus has raised the veil from these arcana, and given a very readable and popular account of most things that ought to be known about the chosen people in their later development.

The fanciful title of Mr. Grant Allen's little book (3) may give a hint to the discerning of its real character, but is hardly free from ambiguity. These collected papers are really a series of popular studies in natural history, for the purpose of showing, in a form intelligible by the unlearned, the new light and interest which have been thrown into biology by the ideas of evolution and natural selection. The style is bright and pleasant, and great skill has been exercised in avoiding technicalities. Mr. Grant Allen takes his text in the first object that may come to hand in a country ramble—an insect, a wild flower, a nut, or a snail-shell—and he leads us on, as if in familiar talk, to consider its place in the vast fabric of nature, the history of past changes embodied in its structure, and the countless relations with external things and circumstances that have made it what it is. This is done always with felicity of expression, and generally with a certain sympathy for the creatures described which is even better for the purpose in hand. Mr. Grant Allen is evidently a loving observer of animals and plants from the dog downwards. The bustle of an ant's nest sets him thinking of the ant's brains, and how the world must appear to them as made up of smells rather than of sights, "mainly a world of olfactible things." In the habits of modern sheep the instincts of their mountain-haunting ancestors are traced, and it is pointed out that the exact following of the leader, which in a flock driven through a lane or street seems ludicrous, was an absolutely necessary point of discipline for the wild troop threading a mountain track. Fruits, berries, and nuts give occasion for lively picturings of the struggle of plants against the birds which eat their seeds. The edible kernel surrounds itself with a hard shell, with prickles, with bitter or poisonous matters, with tough fibres, or with various combinations of these. Hence the tribe of nuts, proof, some of them, even against the stone-wielding monkey. Other fruit-bearing plants have found their account in the very opposite plan; they produce a hard indigestible seed, and lay themselves out, so to speak, for inviting birds to swallow it, and ultimately ensure its wider distribution. Hence the soft fruits and berries, in which generally similar results are produced by means which to the botanist's eye are of the most diverse character; thus the structure of the raspberry and the strawberry are botanically quite different. Again, the tadpoles ridding themselves of tails in a pond furnish the theme for a discourse on the earliest vertebrate type. We are almost tempted to call it a moral tale of the idle ascidian and the industrious tadpole; for the ascidian, who in the larva state is little worse than a tadpole, develops the wrong way as he grows up, and illustrates the sad truth that evolution is not necessarily progress by becoming "a mere sedentary swallower of passing morsels," "a sack fixed to a stone." The relation between the colours of flowers and their fertilization by insects is naturally not omitted by a writer who has already chosen the colour-sense in animals as the subject of a more methodical and serious work; and Mr. Grant Allen's readers will here find such an amount of ingenious illustration and suggestion as will tempt them to exclaim that here, if anywhere, are the poetry and romance of natural history. We need hardly say that Mr. Grant Allen's point of view is thoroughly Darwinian—perhaps more than Darwinian, for there is a buoyant confidence in his manner, and a fertility of conjecture in his illustrations, which are not altogether after the pattern of Mr. Darwin's own work. But the anxious accuracy of the inquirer working for permanent results is hardly to be expected in the meditations or soliloquies begotten of walks over country fields and downs. If Mr. Grant Allen's statements are open to criticism now and then, he still gives in the main an example of the right method and spirit, and will stimulate the reader's desire for knowledge of the right kind. Some of his remarks point to observations of solid value, as where he says that the reason why people used not to find so-called "missing links" was that they looked and cared for nothing but "typical specimens" of the genera and species described in books, and when they found aberrant individuals among snail-shells, for instance, threw them away. If these aberrant types are preserved it is quite possible, Mr. Grant Allen testifies from his own experience, to bridge over the gaps between distinct species. On the whole, any one who knows natural selection in the general as a theory, but has not realized its varied applications in the most familiar facts of animal and vegetable life, can hardly find a better aid to his imagination than

Mr. Grant Allen's volume; and to those who already have any taste for natural history in the concrete it may safely be recommended as a welcome holiday companion.

The second edition of Mr. Eastwick's *Handbook to Bombay* (4) has been not only revised, but to a great extent rewritten, by its author on the spot. "All the most important places in the Bombay Presidency have been recently visited by the author, and in particular the province of Káthiawár, which is very difficult of access at present to the ordinary traveller, has been thoroughly examined." The first few pages of the book contain some most valuable hints as to dress, outfit, &c. Certainly no one could guess, by the light of nature, that "at the Marble Rocks, Eldra, Ajanta, and the Nigiris," the attacks of bees are likely to be so dangerous that it is prudent to wear long Titianesque gauntlets and a veil, if not a wire mask; or that those who wish to shoot on the west coast should have gaiters steeped in tobacco juice to keep off leeches.

It is difficult, and it is perhaps unnecessary, to determine which is the better and more amusing of Mr. Burnand's two lately-republished parodies on novelists (5). *Chickin Hazard* is the older friend, and contains wilder fun; but *Gone Wrong* is equally admirable as a parody, especially in the quieter passages, and has a more serious vein of certainly not undeserved satire, which is not found in the other volumes. We cannot resist quoting one favourite passage from *Chickin Hazard*, in which Nutt looks about on the desert island for a substitute for wine:—

After a few minutes' search he came back, radiant with smiles, and bearing in his hand a flowering shrub of a most peculiar description. Its roots grew out above ground, deriving apparently its life from the various suckers which shot themselves out into the air, while its leaves and branches had spread and flourished underneath the earth, affording shelter to a variety of insects of a genus between ants and scorpions. "This will serve us, Miss Marchmont," Nutt said, "for, at all events, one sort of beverage for this evening. From it I shall distil a sweet and potent spirit, dear to sailors on board ship. It is at once invigorating, supporting, and refreshing." "Do sailors grow it in Benicia or England?" inquired Grace. "I am not aware," he answered, "that the plant itself has been much cultivated in either place, though the taste for the liquor obtains in most of our northern civilized countries. The beverage so decocted is entitled rum." "How strange!" exclaimed Miss Marchmont, as she examined the stem and leaves of Nutt's prize; "how little do we know of nature's provisions! What an extraordinary sample of vegetation!" "Yes," answered Nutt, "you have now seen the—'RUM SHRUB.'"

Just before this is Nutt's answer to Grace, which is the exact image of Mr. Reade's quasi-scientific method. "'Then,' said Grace, 'it is not impossible to set a river on fire?' 'By no means,' answered Nutt, 'provided the water will burn. But there are many contingencies which might prevent an inexperienced hand from attaining its object.'"

Lovers, and it is to be hoped they are many, of *The Original*, will welcome Mr. "Felix Summerly's" daintily got up and printed edition of *The Art of Dining* (6). There is a judicious preface, and in an appendix a reprinted letter by the editor, which contains the soundest advice as to the reformation of public dinners. It must, we fear, be wished rather than hoped that the advice will be speedily taken.

Fin-Bec is already well known as an authority on gastronomic matters, and the object of his present brightly-written volume (7) is a capital one, as may be judged from the "explanatory" statement prefixed to the book:—

He who has seen humble and sagacious people living comfortably on materials that represent something very close upon starvation to an English poor family; and who has made the dismal contrast his study, in the hope that he might presently observe upon it with profit to many thousands in these dear times; now submits some of the lighter parts of his labours to all who have a desire to know the Thrift that secures Plenty in the end, and, knowing it, to impart it to their neighbours who hunger through ignorance rather than through poverty.

Mr. Lukin (8) has undertaken an excellent piece of work in giving clear instructions for "the home construction of simple wooden toys, and of others that are moved or driven by weights, clock-work, steam, electricity, &c." It is only to be hoped that his younger pupils will not hurt themselves much in their lessons. The little book has an object beyond its immediately apparent one. "It is not," Mr. Lukin says, "for the sake of the toys themselves, but to promote the practice of carpentry, that I determined to write this book. I want the manufacture of the toy to lead up to that of the real article, be it barrow, cart, roller, or the articles of furniture of a doll's house." We shall look with interest for the completion of the work.

Lady Lamb's *Christmas Days at Maythorpe* (9) is a capital little story, the nature and calibre of which are perhaps sufficiently indicated by its title. Young readers who become acquainted with "Grannie and her bairns" will certainly hope that the hint of the author, contained in the last words of the volume, as to the reappearance of her personages may be acted upon.

(4) *Handbook of the Bombay Presidency*. Second Edition. London: John Murray.

(5) *Our Novel Shilling Series*.—*Gone Wrong*. By Miss Rhody Dendron. *Chickin Hazard*. By Charles Readit and Dion Bounceycore. By F. C. Burnand.

(6) *Aristology; or, the Art of Dining*. By Thomas Walker, M.A. With Preface and Notes by Felix Summerly. London: Bell & Sons.

(7) *The Cupboard Papers*. By Fin-Bec. London: Chatto & Windus.

(8) *Toys and Toy-making*. By James Lukin, B.A., Author of "Turning for Amateurs," &c. Part I. Simple Wooden Toys. London: "Bazaar" Office.

(9) *Christmas Days at Maythorpe*. By Lady Lamb. London: Newnan & Co.

(2) *About the Jews since Bible Times*. By Mrs. Magnus. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

(3) *The Evolutionist at Large*. By Grant Allen. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

Mr. Snape's Reminiscences (10) are more amusing than might be thought from their title. His recollections of De Bush are both curious and instructive, and his chapter on the management of nervous patients and children seems very sensible.

Mr. Woodburne has produced an interesting little volume (11), dealing with the growth, from 1803, of the Volunteer movement in England down to the present date. He ends his work with the appropriate quotation from Pitt:—

I was formerly, and still am, of opinion that to a regular army alone, however superior, however excellent—that to the regular army alone, even aided by the Militia, we ought not solely to trust . . . we ought to superadd to the regular army some permanent system of national defence either to a certain degree compulsory, or formed upon the voluntary zeal and patriotism of the country itself.

Two volumes of pleasant gossiping reminiscences of people and things theatrical, by the late Lord William Lennox (12), have been published. The author's early recollections reach back to George Frederick Cooke, with whom he describes a meeting at Chichester when the actor was playing Shylock. In the trial scene the knife slipped and cut his hand severely (how a sharp knife came to be used we are not told), and while the wound was being dressed Lord William made his way into the actor's dressing-room. "The most prominent features of his countenance were a broad, long, hooked nose; dark eyes, full of fire and expression; a strongly-marked and flexible brow; a high forehead; a mouth capable of delineating the worst passions of our nature." His manner "was polished and refined until maddened with the invincible spirit of wine"; and the conversation which followed the introduction is a very amusing instance of some of his prominent characteristics. Later on we have a very enthusiastic description of the talents of the famous Master Betty, whose face, "when roused and livid with passion, was wonderfully expressive," while his smile was "irresistible," and "every action graceful and appropriate." His discrimination of various and contending passions was of the nicest kind, and "of the business of the stage he was a perfect master." The book is one which may be safely taken up at random, with a fair prospect of lighting upon something amusing.

We cannot, for the present at least, do more than note the appearance in *The Great Musicians* series (13) of Sir Julius Benedict's *Weber* and Mr. Frost's *Schubert*.

A fourth edition, the first volume of which has appeared, of *Conington's Virgil* (14) has been undertaken by Mr. Nettleship.

(10) *Reminiscences of a Dental Surgeon*. By Joseph Snape, L.D.S., late Dental Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, &c. London: Simpkin & Marshall. Liverpool: Howell.

(11) *The Story of Our Volunteers*. By G. B. L. Woodburne, B.A. London: Newman & Co.

(12) *Plays, Players, and Playhouses, at Home and Abroad*. By Lord William Pitt Lennox. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

(13) *The Great Musicians—Schubert*. By H. F. Frost. *Weber*. By Sir Julius Benedict. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(14) *Bibliotheca Classica—Conington's Virgil*.—Fourth Edition. Revised, &c., by Henry Nettleship, M.A. Vol. I. London: Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane; Bell, York Street.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

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April 30, 1881.

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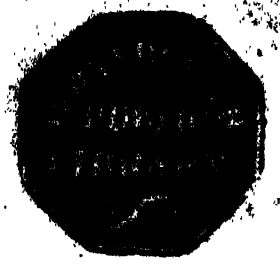
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THE SECOND READING OF THE LAND BILL.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech on Monday—which, rather than the foregone conclusion of the second reading, was, in connexion with the Land Bill, the event of the week—was in many ways a remarkable performance. In the first place, the intervention of the PRIME MINISTER at that particular stage of the debate was an unmistakable confession that matters were not going smoothly. There could have been no reason, in the ordinary course of things, why at that particular juncture the Government should come to the conclusion *ventum est ad triarios*. Several members of the Treasury bench had not, and have not yet, spoken on the subject; and, for the special purpose of resolving the doubts and settling the hesitations of the inquiring, the Solicitor-General for IRELAND might have seemed to be in a better position than the head of the Government. The substitution of the persons can only be accounted for either by the supposition that a sense of discouragement, necessitating the exhibition of a cordial, had been noticed on the Government side of the House, or else that Ministers had made up their minds not to give any definite answer to the doubts which Mr. GIBSON and Mr. SMITH and other Opposition speakers had formulated, but to carry the matter off with a display of oratorical fireworks. It was, of course, possible when Mr. GLADSTONE rose that he was going to give an example of that masterly elucidation of a complicated and difficult subject, in which, by the consent of friends and foes, he has, and for many years has had, no rival. But such a display would have been so much more in place at the close of the debate, and its effect would have been so much greater, that it could hardly be doubted that it would have been reserved for that occasion.

The result justified the anticipations formed when Mr. GLADSTONE rose. His speech was a brilliant one and full of power, but its power was rhetorical and hortatory, not argumentative or dealing with exposition. The regret expressed for Lord BEACONFIELD'S death, and its results, as shown in the attitude of the Opposition, the suggestion that the rejection of the Bill would only lead to the production of a more sweeping measure of the same kind, and the other strong parts of the speaker's deliverance, left explanation entirely out of the question. The contention that the Bill can at best be but a palliative, and a palliative the expiry of whose effects will almost certainly be followed by a severe relapse in the patient, was ignored. Even the specified points on which speaker after speaker had asked for information were for the most part passed over. In particular Mr. GLADSTONE did not so much as attempt to defend the monstrous proposition that tenant-right, after being bought up, should revive again as against the landlord in a tenant who had paid nothing for it. His old grasp of details seemed to have deserted him, or to be deliberately discarded. The only disputed point to which he really devoted himself was, it is true, the most important point of all. It has been pointed out from the beginning that the maximum of injustice and unwisdom where many things are unjust and unwise lies in the provisions for the settlement of fair rent by the valuation of tenant-right. Again and again it has been asked where this value was to come from except out of the landlord's pocket, and whether it could be called fair that it should so come. Mr. FORSTER, with not uncustomary indignation, stated

plumply that it would not be fair, and referred the question of origin to the Attorney-General for IRELAND. The Attorney-General for IRELAND, after much reflection, delivered a speech which left friends and foes as much in the dark as to this question of origin as they were before. It was therefore left for Mr. GLADSTONE to solve the mystery. That he solved it would be too much to say, but he certainly lifted a corner of the veil, and, in so doing, he indicated to the opponents of the Bill the place on which they must in Committee make their assault. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, the elements of that tenant's property in his holding which he denied in 1870 and asserts in 1881 are two. There is first the value of his own improvements. On this point there is not much controversy, and whatever abstract objections there may be may be passed over. But the second element, when it is considered, exhibits in the clearest possible light the weakness of the Bill, and the certain source of future evil which it opens up. The second element of the value of tenant-right is, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S words, "the excess of open biddings for holdings in Ireland, in consequence of the scarcity of the supply of land as compared with the demand." This excess, according to the PRIME MINISTER, no more belongs to the landlord than the tenant's improvements do. It is to this statement, and to the consequences drawn from it, that attention may be most profitably devoted. In the first place, it must be evident that competition value being thus exploded, no power on earth can determine what fair value is. If the value of a thing is not what it will fetch, what in the name of arithmetic and common sense is it? How is Mr. GLADSTONE going to define the proper adjustment of demand to supply so that he may gauge the excess of the one and the scarcity of the other? To those questions not one fraction of an answer, not so much as a hint at one, is to be found in the whole speech. Obviously if the population of Ireland were half what it is now, the demand for land would be less; if it were double, it would be more. How is any Commissioner or any accountant to put his finger on the normal value, independent of these fluctuations, and to establish it *in secula seculorum* as a land maximum? But the impossibility of arriving at the end aimed at, and the injustice done to those whose property is thus arbitrarily apportioned, are perhaps, from a political point of view, hardly equal to the intense folly and unwisdom of the proceeding. The competition value of land is, says Mr. GLADSTONE, excessive, because of the unequal relation of supply and demand. How is he going to prevent the future operation of the same law? If the present tenant unduly outbids his competitors in rent for the benefit of his landlord, because of the stress of this competition, is it not inevitable that the future tenant should in the same way outbid his competitors in the purchase of tenant-right for the benefit of the lucky occupier? It is said, though not explicitly, or in the words of the Bill, that this payment is to be limited. Anything more pitiable than the expectation of being able to do this in statesmen who doubtless consider usury laws childish folly, who believe in Free-trade, who look back on sumptuary regulations and legal maxima of price as the freaks of barbarism, can hardly be imagined. That in the case of any such attempt being made a regulation price and an over-regulation price for tenant-right would become the rule, and that the over-regulation price would be ruled only by the

attained, is as certain as that night follows day. Even Mr. GLADSTONE cannot doubt the acres of waste land into cultivation and induce the people to migrate, and, though there may be dispute as to the best means of effecting these objects, no one in England disputes their excellence. But to meet the irresistible laws of nature by an Act of Parliament and a court of three Heaven-born Commissioners is certainly as bold an enterprise of the Mrs. PARTINGTON order as has been entered upon for some time.

All this, of course, has been said over and over again before; it will be said over and over again; and it is not surprising that, as far as the second reading went, it had very little effect on a dutiful majority and a Parliament confronted with the absolute necessity of reaping and garnering somehow the corn which the Government have sowed. What is important is that no attempt has been made to meet these objections in what must be considered the last word of the Government in general defence of their Bill. The Government speakers could only busy themselves with details when Mr. GLADSTONE had made his final effort on the principles and general scope of the Bill. In the same way, it was almost useless for Opposition speakers to repeat general objections which were steadily ignored. The duty of an Opposition in cases where absolute rejection of a measure is impossible and, what is more, dangerous if possible, is a matter very hard to define within narrow limits. Probably, when argumentative concessions are made and full explanation vouchsafed, it is their duty to abstain from a direct negative or from the support of an amendment. That case is not the case of the present Bill; and although the formal wording of the amendment which the Opposition supported might doubtless have been improved, the very moderate speech which Colonel STANLEY made some days ago sufficiently vindicated a certain right of protest which could not be upheld in any other way than by resorting to the division lobby. This contention, which had already been thus sufficiently made good, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOLE stated and finally established in the little duel between himself and Lord HARBINGTON which concluded, or virtually concluded, the debate. This duel, as well as the speeches of Mr. CHAPLIN against, and of Mr. STANSFELD in favour of, the Bill, relieved the monotony of the closing night, but it did little more. The battle, as far as it can be fought at all, remains to be fought, and the weary discussions on the second reading have, for the most part, only succeeded in indicating with more or less precision the locality and conditions of the fight. The minute explanations which the Government have hitherto avoided must be explicitly given or explicitly refused sooner or later; and each separate proposition of their enormous scheme will have to be considered separately.

RUSSIA.

IT is difficult to obtain trustworthy information as to either the domestic or the foreign policy of Russia; but there is no inconsistency between the reported project of a Land Bill and the remarkable document which justifies and exalts the autocratic power of the EMPEROR. One of the numerous objections to absolute government is founded on its tendency to prefer the wishes of the mass of the population to the interests and rights of less formidable classes. Successive Emperors of Russia have always sought to depress the nobility and to cultivate the affections of the peasantry. ALEXANDER II. may probably have been influenced by patriotic and benevolent motives in his agrarian reform; but he also hoped to attach the mass of the people to the Crown by his gifts of personal freedom and of proprietary interest in the land. If the present EMPEROR has resolved to extend the privileges of the peasantry, and to relieve them from some of their pecuniary liabilities, he probably hopes for the gratitude of those who will profit by the change; and he may perhaps regard with indifference worthy of an English Radical the corresponding sacrifices which will be entailed on the landlords. It would be rash to form a confident judgment of the necessity or expediency of the proposed agrarian reforms. If they have any political purpose, they are probably designed to strengthen the Crown rather than the classes which aspire to political privileges. The late or present advisers of the EMPEROR may perhaps be

divided in opinion as to the merits of the supposed scheme; but there is no reason to believe that any of them have met with direct opposition. The maintenance of the prerogative might probably be regarded as indispensable to the success of such a measure. There is great convenience in total exemption from clauses, from Committees, and from possibly hostile amendments.

The proclamation in which the EMPEROR affirms the divine right of autocracy is apparently intended to put an end to all discussion of constitutional innovations. If the EMPEROR has really formed an irrevocable decision, it may perhaps have been politic to announce it without delay. Prolonged and repeated disappointment is more irritating than compulsory acquiescence in a refusal expressed once for all. Agitation for any kind of representative organisation will henceforth involve a defiance of the will of the EMPEROR. The proclamation may perhaps be intended as an answer to a recent challenge issued by the Nihilists. Their governing body published a kind of ultimatum, to the effect that, if their efforts were to be suspended, the EMPEROR must convocate an Assembly elected by universal suffrage, and abide by its resolutions. Concession of the demand would have been impossible, but perhaps some compromise might have been devised. A consultative Council might have satisfied some malcontents, though it would assuredly not have disarmed the murderous fanatics. The only ostensible approach to a constitutional system was the establishment of a Ministry, which was to enjoy, to a limited extent, corporate existence; but it is now certain that no real change has been effected. According to a late report, the EMPEROR has formed an interior Cabinet of those Ministers who specially enjoy his favour; and he will scarcely allow the members of the confidential body to assume collective independence. In Germany the several Ministers depend directly on the EMPEROR, and they exercise little influence on the policy of the imperious chief of the Government. Even in England the establishment of a united Ministry under an official head was only effected after many checks and interruptions in the course of the last century. The modern practice has diminished the personal power of the sovereign more effectually than any other constitutional process. In a political crisis the Crown is confined to the choice between two sets of advisors, or rather to the leaders of the majority. It is now known that Count MEUKOW and his colleagues resigned because the autocratic proclamation, composed by Mr. KATKOFF, had been issued by a subordinate member of the Government. It was clear that the supposed unity of the Cabinet had not been seriously accepted by the EMPEROR.

The creation of any more popular Council or Assembly is indefinitely postponed. The EMPEROR has been rudely reminded of the danger which he incurs by representing himself as personally and exclusively responsible for all results of misgovernment. He has apparently convinced himself that he would risk the security of his power by dividing it; and perhaps he may be right in thinking that no reasonable concession would disarm the assassins. The attendant circumstances were striking, for the proclamation was published at the same time at which there was a grand review of 40,000 men forming the garrison of St. Petersburg. It seemed that the display was intended to convince friends and enemies of the irresistible force of the Government which boldly claimed absolute power. One newspaper Correspondent had, almost on the eve of the review, attributed to the EMPEROR a feeling of panic which induced him to remain in solitude at his palace of Gatschina. His nerves were supposed to be shaken not only in consequence of the late events, and of the dangers which remain, but through sympathy with the PRESS, who is exorbitantly oppressed with terror. The appearance of the EMPEROR in public at the head of a formidable army seems inconsistent with the charge of timidity. He appears to have been well received by the crowd, nor is there any reason to doubt that the mass of the people is loyal. The peasants want no Constitution, though they may have grievances and imagined remedies of their own. The great bulk of the upper classes is averse to disorder, and it is supposed that the disaffected part of the community is scanty in number and insignificant in social position. Students from the Universities, with a smattering of knowledge and with scanty means of subsistence, probably furnish the Nihilists with the majority of their recruits. From the same quarters proceed the demands for a Constitution, which would probably become

practically imperative if it were formally established. In differences between the Sovereign and an independent Legislature, moral and physical force would be on the side of the Emperor. The peasants have no traditional reverence for a Parliament, and opposition would in their judgment be indistinguishable from rebellion. It is less surprising that the Emperor should retain his absolute power than that he should publicly announce his resolution to maintain it.

In such a Government as that of Russia, the selection of persons is more significant than any declaration of principles. The dismissal or retirement of Count MURKOFF, of General MILUTIN, and of M. DE GIENS will be thought to indicate a policy of repression at home, if not of foreign adventure. General IGNATIEFF is reported to be a supporter of despotic modes of administration, and his name is more definitely connected with a turbulent and insidious foreign policy. It was supposed that he forfeited the favour of ALEXANDER II. by the part which he took in precipitating the war with Turkey, and alarmists will, perhaps, suspect that he may now be inclined to the desperate experiment of diverting attention from domestic troubles to external schemes of aggression. It is probably by an accident that his promotion coincides in time with the doubtful reports of an intended mission from Tashkend to Cabul, and of a commercial alliance between Russia and Afghanistan. It would nevertheless be injudicious to assume that the appointment of General IGNATIEFF implies a disposition on the part of the Emperor to disturb the general peace. If the Ministerial changes are accurately reported, they would seem to involve a reaction against German influence, which was supposed during the life of ALEXANDER II. to be highly distasteful to his son. It is nevertheless surmised that the relations of the Russian Court with Berlin are more cordial than at any former time; and the policy of the new Emperor is confidently attributed to the instigation of Prince BISMARCK. German opinion, as far as it can be collected from the newspapers, is almost unanimously adverse to Russian reaction; but it is of course possible that Prince BISMARCK may have reasons for discouraging Liberal concessions. His own attachment to Parliamentary institutions has never been cordial; and he may perhaps apprehend that they would be more difficult to manage at St. Petersburg than at Berlin. It must be remembered that the supposed interference of the German Government in Russian affairs is entirely conjectural. It is also possible that ALEXANDER III. may still be hesitating between two opposite systems; but, on the whole, a resolute adherence to the absolute government which he calls autocracy may plausibly seem to be the more prudent course. But for the Nihilists, there would perhaps be no audible demand for change; and it is hopeless to conciliate implacable enemies. Although the extreme revolutionary faction has sometimes been thought to favour schemes of Slavonic aggrandizement, its leaders are not likely to have had any connexion with General IGNATIEFF. The former Ambassador at Constantinople was an efficient promoter of the war, for which he had long prepared; but he is not generally regarded as an enthusiast. The Emperor, who supported the same policy before and during the war, may perhaps have been impressed by General IGNATIEFF's ability, and may have believed that the same energy and sagacity would be useful in the solution of domestic difficulties. It was not known whether the War Minister suggested or improved the autocratic proclamation.

A MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

PRIVATE members who in the present Session succeed in getting a hearing for their Bills or Resolutions are fortunate in the opportunity of diverting the attention of the House from wearisome debates on Ireland. As in private society dull discourse on commonplace topics sometimes affords a relief from the more painful discussion of personal disputes or domestic difficulties, the hackneyed demand for a new Ministerial department was perhaps welcomed because it had nothing to do with freedom of sale or fixity of tenure. Sir MASSEY LOPES is one of the few independent members who has on one occasion defeated a hostile Government commanding a large majority. Seven or eight years ago he carried a motion, which has since produced perceptible results, for the reduction of land burdens. His proposal that there should be a Min-

ister of Agriculture and Commerce was least interesting to any special class; but it was well calculated to attract votes; and it was, in the end, carried without a division. A similar, but not identical, motion introduced by Mr. SAMPSON LLOYD was rejected by the last Parliament. There have at different times been several attempts to elevate the importance of particular branches of administration by giving them representatives in the Cabinet. It may be plausibly argued that a Minister would have fuller employment in representing either education or commerce than in disposing of the patronage of the Duchy of Lancaster or in taking care of the Privy Seal; but experience shows that it is scarcely practicable to increase the number of great departments of State, and that there is no inconvenience in readjusting from time to time the distribution of their functions. At one time the President of the Poor Law Board became a Cabinet Minister; and another great functionary was charged with the superintendence of railways. The execution of the Public Health Acts, which has sometimes been entrusted to the Home Office, now belongs to the Local Government Board, which also administers the Poor-laws. Factories, fisheries, and several other subject-matters have, after full deliberation, been retained by the Home Secretary; while the prevention of contagious disease among animals is included, together with the superintendence of elementary education, among the duties of the President and Vice-President of the Privy Council.

Agriculture, notwithstanding the depression which has after a long interval resulted from the repeal of the Corn-laws, is still the most important interest in the country; but Sir MASSEY LOPES's inference that it needs official aid and supervision is not obviously sound. The proper business of a Minister is to conduct the business of his department; and in recent times the secondary duty of introducing suitable legislation has acquired undue importance in popular estimation. It is not easy to understand what a Minister of Agriculture could do to help farmers in the conduct of their business; and in the ordinary course of affairs they want no new Acts of Parliament. Ambitious projects of alterations in land tenure, or Irish Land Acts imported, as Mr. ILLINGWORTH threatens, into Great Britain, will be undertaken, if at all, not by a single Minister, but by a Cabinet executing the mandate of a political party. It may be assumed that Sir MASSEY LOPES is not anxious to facilitate measures for breaking up landed estates, or for transferring to tenants a share in the property of their landlords. Neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Mr. FORSTER is Minister for Agriculture in Ireland. Some landowners look with more favour on imaginary schemes for restoring Protection under cover of retributive duties on imports. Any measure of the kind will be impossible until the ownership of land has been largely subdivided; and, even if anti-economic legislation were contemplated, reciprocity must have been approved by the Cabinet and the Parliamentary majority of the day. The only executive function which Sir MASSEY LOPES and his supporters could devise for the new Minister was the collection and publication of agricultural statistics. The compilation of tables of figures, if it is required, must be the work of clerks and accountants. One of the speakers in the debate asserted that the Agricultural Bureau in the United States is likely to be suppressed as costly and useless. In any case, it is not the business of a Minister of State to collect statistics, though he may sometimes quote or otherwise use them.

To the Ministry of Agriculture was to be annexed the larger function of assisting or regulating commerce. The obvious answer to the proposal is that there is already a President of the Board of Trade, with a Parliamentary Secretary and a full permanent staff. The confusion which is produced in some minds by the most transparent fictions was curiously illustrated in the complaint that the Board never met; and that its meetings, if they were held, would be highly anomalous, inasmuch as one of its members is the Lord Chancellor, and another is the Speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE added the information, which probably no other member could have supplied, that the Archbishop of Canterbury is also one of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's colleagues or subordinates. The Liberation Society will do well to inquire whether the recent depression of trade may not be explained by the malignant influence of an Erastian prelate. It seems not to have occurred to the administrative reformers that, if the Speaker, the Archbishop, and the rest do no good, the

publication of their names in the Red-Book also does no harm. The President of the Board of Trade would derive no advantage from a change in his title, or from the abolition of his titular colleagues. He engrosses all the powers of the theoretical Board; and yet his office is not overburdened with work. Mr. BRIGHT contrived to make the Presidency almost a sinecure; and it is not known that any serious inconvenience resulted from his distaste for administrative labour. In the great majority of Government offices the business, though it may be important, is necessarily conducted by routine. Among the duties of the Board of Trade is the investigation of the causes and circumstances of railway accidents; but the Minister at the head of the department can in such matters exercise no direct action. One of the proper officers is deputed to conduct the inquiry; and his report is necessarily accepted as the expression of the judgment of the Board. Numerous Acts of Parliament require the approval of the Board before public works of various kinds are set in operation; but in all such cases, it is an official engineer, and not a Minister, who forms the decision. The Secretaries of State also depend in ordinary matters of permanent Under-Secretaries and clerks; but they are often required to exercise a judgment of their own. No change of title would make the functions of the Board of Trade equally responsible and arduous.

In answering Sir MASSEY LOPES, Mr. GLADSTONE displayed his unequalled familiarity with all branches of administration. Although he allowed the motion to pass, he clearly proved that it was wholly unnecessary. It was right that he should call attention to Sir MASSEY LOPES's prudent omission of the proposal that the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce should have a seat in the Cabinet. As Mr. GLADSTONE remarked, it is not proper that Parliament should interfere with the constitution of a body which, though it exercises paramount power, is not even recognized by law. The provision would have been superfluous as well as irregular, for a Minister invested with higher functions than those of the President of the Board of Trade would certainly occupy a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. GLADSTONE's analysis of the complicated relations of the Government with trade showed that the existing arrangements have been carefully considered, and that the actual distribution of duties approximately coincides with the public convenience. The negotiation of treaties of commerce, which may possibly become obsolete, is conducted by the Foreign Office, which is as accessible as the Board of Trade to manufacturers and merchants. The superintendence of the foreign cattle trade and the enforcement of the factory laws could at any time be transferred, if the change were deemed advisable, to the Board of Trade, as easily as if the President had been decorated with a higher title. The delay and probable failure of the French commercial treaty cannot be attributed to any want of power on the part of the Board. One of the latest changes in Ministerial titles was the elevation of the President of the Board of Control to the rank of Secretary of State; but after the transfer of the Government of India to the Crown there was no Company to control; and it was convenient to dispense with the services of the inferior members of the Board. It may be conjectured that Mr. GLADSTONE will be in no hurry to make a useless change; but, if the President should be exalted to a higher rank, and relieved from the possible presence of the Archbishop and the Speaker, there is no reason to suppose that there could be any change in the conduct of business. The principal use of the motion was to divert the thoughts of the House for a time from Ireland.

THE FRENCH IN TUNIS.

THE operative clauses of the treaty forced at the sword's point by a French General on the Bey of Tunis are preceded by an exposition of the reasons which have prompted the action of France. There are two objects which the Government of the Republic has in view. It wishes to prevent the continuation of disorders on the frontiers, and it wishes to draw closer its relations with the Government of the Regency. The former object is attained by articles which provide that every facility shall be given for assuring the security of the shores and frontiers of Tunis by an occupation, the extent and conditions of which are left for future settlement, but which is to cease when the authorities of the Bey have shown that

they can ensure the security of the frontiers. A war contribution is to be levied on the frontier tribes, and the Bey undertakes to prohibit the importation of powder and arms in his dominions. The relations of France with the Bey are drawn closer by articles which provide that France guarantees the Bey against all external aggression; that France will see to the execution of all existing treaties; that the Bey shall not make any further treaties except with the permission of France; that France shall be represented by a Minister Resident, who is charged with the duty of seeing that the provisions of the treaty are carried out; that the two Governments will jointly arrange the terms of the settlement of the public debt, and of the claims of creditors; and that the diplomatic agents of France shall represent Tunisian subjects abroad. It is obvious that under this treaty a singularly wide interpretation is put upon the statements previously made as to the intentions of France. The expedition was said to be made with the object of punishing the Kroumirs, and obtaining from the Bey guarantees for the equitable treatment of French interests. The punishment of the Kroumirs suddenly becomes the occupation of any portions of Tunis which France may please to select. And this occupation is to be as permanent as France pleases. It is to last until the authorities of the Bey have shown that they suffice to protect the French frontier. They can never show this unless France wishes it to be shown, for they can do nothing except what they are ordered to do, and France will never be sure that they would do without orders what they do with orders. The guarantees to be given by the Bey have attained still more unexpected proportions. The Bey does not give guarantees, but effaces himself so that France may stand in his stead. France is to carry out his existing treaties, and to make his future treaties for him. France is to arrange his finance, and to keep a Minister Resident to watch over him; and, above all, France is to represent Tunisians abroad. For all external purposes Tunis is merged in France. There is no pretence of leaving the Bey as an independent sovereign. Outside Tunis he has ceased to exist. Inside Tunis he is a dependent, with a permanent director, whose directions he is exclusively to obey. The step now taken by France may or may not be justifiable on its own merits; but it cannot possibly be made to square with the declarations of the French Government at the beginning of the expedition.

This is the treaty which the Bey has been made to sign. He had previously received positive orders from the Porte not to sign anything; but when a French General came, and gave him four hours in which to make up his mind, he signed the document put before him without, as he says, even reading it. If he had not signed, the French troops would have entered Tunis, and a collision between the invaders and the population was inevitable. It was entirely to avoid the calamities to his people which must have ensued that he signed, and it was almost immaterial to him what he signed, so long as his people were spared the misery of an unavailing conflict. He then telegraphed to the Porte that he had signed under duress, and he left it to the Porte to get the treaty rescinded if it could. As the Porte had no means of openly opposing France, it could only make a diplomatic appeal to the Powers, asking them to intervene between it and France in defence of its just claims on Tunis. This appeal has met with no response. The Powers do not consider the relations of Tunis and the Porte to concern them. France has always denied the right of the Porte to treat Tunis as a part of the Turkish Empire, and the other Powers have no reason to extend the range of the difficulties which Turkey is perpetually creating. The Circular of the Porte sets out only the facts that make for Turkey, and omits all notice of the facts that point the other way. It can convince no one who is not convinced already. And, if France could honestly deny the claims of the Porte, she had very urgent motives for terminating, once for all, the intrusion of the Porte into the affairs of Tunis. The Yellow-Book published by the French Government, although it by no means substantiates all the assertions of M. ST-HILAIRE, shows that the danger to Algeria from the Tunisian Arabs was not at all an imaginary one; that the connexion between the Bey and the Porte increased this danger; and that the Bey grew less complaisant to the French in proportion as he thought

that, whatever he might do, he would be protected by the Porte, and that the Porte would be protected by Europe. It is perhaps too much to say that it was a political necessity for France to terminate the connexion of Tunis with the Porte, but there were very strong considerations of expediency to urge France to assert definitely her long-standing contention that the Porte had no claim on Tunis.

The annexation or protectorate or perpetual occupation of Tunis, whichever it is to be called, concerns, however, other Powers besides the Porte, and would concern them equally if the Porte had no pretensions to consider the BEY as a vassal. It concerns England slightly, and Italy very much. The English Government appears to have inquired whether it was the intention of France to turn Biserta into a great naval arsenal, and the reply given was, not that France was not going to occupy Biserta permanently, or that she was under any obligation not to make any use of Biserta it might think proper, but that the conversion of Biserta into a great naval arsenal would cost an enormous sum of money, which France was not at present prepared to lay out. The result is that France will make Biserta a naval stronghold if she pleases, but not until she pleases. Whether the possession of a naval stronghold at Biserta would be a source of strength or weakness to France in a war with England is extremely doubtful. To have a naval stronghold from which its possessor would be entirely cut off if the command of the open sea was lost seems a very uncertain gain. At any rate, the danger to England is so problematical that we could not possibly make it a ground of present quarrel. Lord SALISBURY long ago intimated to the French Government that he saw no English interests in the way of a French protectorate of Tunis, if ever the time should come for one; and Lord GRANVILLE merely said that England could not pretend to deal in any way with a country that did not belong to her. The bearing of the treaty on Italy is very different; and both Lord SALISBURY and Lord GRANVILLE plainly intimated to France that Italy must be taken into account, and that it did not in any way follow because England had no special interest in Tunis that Italy had none. The occupation of Biserta in force is a direct and permanent menace to Sicily, and the treaty has avowedly been made almost as much in opposition to Italy as in opposition to the Porte. When the French allege that their security in Algeria is menaced by the existence of a hostile Government at Tunis, they mean that the danger consists in this hostile Government acting partly under the directions of the Porte and partly under the directions of Italy. There is no attempt made in the French Yellow-Book to show that Italy has intrigued with the Arab population of Tunis; but there is a very elaborate attempt made to show that the BEY has resorted to subterfuges in order to favour Italians as against Frenchmen, and has broken promises made to the French CONSUL when he asked that justice should be done to those whom he represented. It is impossible to say whether the charges made are ill or well founded, as the French CONSUL naturally tells the story entirely in his own way. But, whether the French have any solid justification or not, they have incontestably forced on the BEY a treaty which is specially directed against Italy, and they have done this in the face of assurances given through England to Italy that what they were going to do was something very different. The Italians see this, and resent it, but have to put up with it, and content themselves with the feeble solace of once more changing their Prime Minister. All Frenchmen of all parties seem highly pleased with what has been done, unless the idle demonstration of the Right in the Senate is to be taken as an indication of disapproval, and it might be supposed that Frenchmen knew their own business best. But even outsiders, who are as willing to take as indulgent a view of the conduct of France as possible, cannot shake off a doubt whether France has been really wise in taking proceedings of the most high-handed and arbitrary character against a feeble sovereign like the BEY, under the humiliating cover of Prince BISMARCK's sanction, and at the cost of alienating Italy.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

THE prospects of South-Eastern Europe are once more clouding over. The Turkish Government, relying on the favourable impression which it has produced by diplomatic moderation, has of late more than once roused

suspicion by its hesitation in evacuating the territory which is nominally surrendered to Greece. From time to time fresh conditions, some of them apparently reasonable, are tendered for the approval of the mediating Powers, and it is doubtful whether simultaneous and inadmissible stipulations are seriously proposed. It is just that the property of the Mahometan inhabitants of Thessaly should be protected; but the demand that they should be exempt from military service as long as the Christian subjects of the SULTAN are not enrolled in the Turkish army can only have been preferred either for the purpose of being withdrawn or in the certainty that it would be rejected. It is in accordance with Turkish policy, and not for the benefit of the Christian population, that the dominant race has hitherto been exclusively subject to conscription. The inhabitants of Thessaly must for all purposes become Greek subjects, and, on the other hand, the Greeks will not be deprived of the benefit of the capitulations. These conditions have been withdrawn as suddenly as they were proposed; and it may, therefore, be inferred that they were intended only to serve the purpose of delay. The Vakouf lands, or ecclesiastical properties, are likely to furnish materials for endless dispute, if there is no genuine intention of arriving at a peaceable settlement. The difficulties which have been raised as to the mode of accomplishing the transfer are still more urgent. It is said that the Turkish Government contends for a limitation of the number of troops which are to occupy the ceded province. A body of ten thousand men would, it is urged, be a sufficient garrison in the first instance, while the neighbourhood of an insignificant force would cause no anxiety for the security of Epirus. If it is true that the Turks are constructing earthworks and other defences on the line of the present frontier, the Greeks have abundant ground for suspicion and distrust. A small army of occupation might perhaps find itself confronted with bands of local malcontents, for whose repugnance to the cession the Turkish Government would disclaim responsibility. Protests against annexation on the part of the Wallachian inhabitants of Thessaly are, with much plausibility, attributed to instigations proceeding from Constantinople. One probable explanation of the present uncertainty is that the SULTAN and his advisers are wavering between two opposite systems of policy. They may wish to render the negotiations abortive, and at the same time they may desire to throw upon their adversaries the responsibility of a rupture.

It is not unlikely that similar calculations may prevail at Athens. The advocates of war have perhaps by this time satisfied themselves that Mr. COUMOUNDOUROU judged wisely when he declined to place himself in direct opposition to the counsels of the European Powers. Having now established a claim to favourable consideration, the Greek Government may hope for countenance, if not for support, in meeting the unfriendly demonstrations of Turkey more than half way. It will certainly listen to no proposal for interference with its own discretion as to the strength of the army which will be sent to occupy Thessaly. Even if the Greeks were disposed to submit to the dictation of their adversaries, they would obviously commit a mistake in not employing a force large enough to repress any attempt at resistance. It is at the same time possible that the fears expressed by the Turks may not be unfounded, and that, after taking possession of Thessaly, the Greek Government will, on some pretence of a quarrel, proceed to invade Epirus. The confidence which was lately felt at Athens of the ability of the Greek army to drive the Turks out of both provinces would be greatly strengthened by the unopposed accomplishment of half the task. It may have been observed that Mr. COUMOUNDOUROU has consistently abstained from undertaking, on the cession of Thessaly, to give the Porte a receipt in full. The claim to an interest in Epirus was intentionally kept open, by the assertion of a questionable right to protect Turkish subjects of Greek language and religion even beyond the frontier. No such pretension can be founded on reasons derived from international law, which indeed has not yet embodied in its code the newfangled doctrine of ethnological sympathy. A protectorate over subjects of a neighbouring Power leads to incessant disputes, and it may have been for the express purpose of facilitating a rupture that the Greek demand was propounded. Nothing would be easier than to complain that injustice had been done to Greeks in Epirus, if

an army of 50,000 or 60,000 men were stationed in Thessaly, ready to cross the frontier. On the whole, either party is probably justified in distrusting the good faith and the peaceful intentions of the other. It may be inferred that there is a strong probability, either of a deliberate declaration of war or of a collision which would produce the same result.

Some extraneous circumstances may tend to revive the warlike disposition of the Greeks, if it had subsided. The unexpected denunciation of the Bulgarian Constitution by the PRINCE may perhaps be sufficiently explained by his experience of the impracticable nature of the democratic organization; but in Eastern States a simple explanation of political events is, perhaps with some reason, distrusted. As PRINCE ALEXANDER has recently visited the capitals of the sovereigns on whose patronage he depends, it is naturally assumed that his appeal to his subjects has been suggested at St. Petersburg or at Berlin. If his measures should tend to reopen the Eastern question, the Greeks will desire to be, as it were, on the spot, that they may take part in the next readjustment of territory. A Bulgarian revolution, even if it had no external cause or consequence, could not fail to add to the embarrassments of the Porte. The war party at Athens will derive further encouragement from the triumph of the turbulent and reactionary party in the Ministerial intrigues of St. Petersburg. General IGNATIEFF was the principal instrument in the long-sustained plot which ultimately produced the Russian invasion of Turkey. He may now probably have enough to do at home; but sanguine Greeks will rely on the hostility to Turkey which may be reasonably attributed to the confidential adviser of the unfortunate ABDUL AZIZ. A still stronger impulse to warlike policy will have been furnished by the French invasion and unresisted conquest of Tunis. The same Government which first stimulated Greek aspirations, and then, in the alleged interests of peace, harshly repressed them, has now approached the verge of an unprovoked rupture with Turkey, and it has at the same time given warning to Europe that its eleven years' quarantine of peace has come to an end. The French Ambassador at Constantinople is said to have given notice to the Porte that the despatch of a Turkish squadron to Tunis would be treated as an act of war. It is not ascertained that any sudden change has taken place in the language of the French Minister at Athens; but the enemy of their enemy will be regarded as the friend of the Greeks. The concert of the Powers, to which the Greek Government prudently yielded, will have been disturbed, if not destroyed, by the Tunis expedition.

While foreign embarrassments were sufficiently urgent, the attention of the SULTAN and his Court has suddenly been directed to a strange domestic episode. Information, spontaneous or other, had been given of the murder of the Sultan ABDUL AZIZ, who had been supposed to have committed suicide immediately after his compelled abdication. The whole melodramatic machinery of Oriental regicide seemed to have been employed in the comparatively easy enterprise of assassinating a solitary and unarmed man. The SULTAN himself presided at the inquiry, and it was reported that in his just indignation he was with difficulty prevented from treating the perpetrators of the crime as MACBETH dealt with DUNCAN's grooms. The highest personages in the State were, if the evidence was true, implicated in the murder, one of the chief criminals being the notorious MAHMOUD DAMAD, brother-in-law of the present SULTAN. None of many dishonest courtiers did more through incapacity or treachery to accelerate the ruin of his country during the Russian war; but his intrigues at Constantinople, and his suspected complicity with the invader, never at that time alienated the good will of the SULTAN, though he has since dismissed his former favourite. The conspirators had, according to the witnesses, suborned a confidential officer of ABDUL AZIZ's household, who had introduced these murderers into the room of the dethroned Sultan. One of them, a professional wrestler, pinioned the victim, who struggled violently; and, after inflicting severe bruises and wounds, they ultimately finished their task by opening his veins with the scissors which he had been supposed to use in killing himself. The ramifications of the plot were carefully traced, with the result of implicating several considerable personages, including MIDHAT PASHA. By degrees it began to be discovered that the witnesses had displayed an excess of zeal. They had reported the murder as

having been perpetrated with extreme violence, though a commission of European physicians, after examining the body, reported that there was no trace of any injury, except the opening of the veins. It was also observed that the accused persons were those whom the SULTAN was known to regard with dislike or suspicion. It was at least a singular accident that all his enemies should have been engaged in a conspiracy which would enable him to take full revenge. The selection of supposed accomplices may perhaps have been too indiscriminate; and the SULTAN may have apprehended dangerous results from the fears of others who might expect to be accused.

One probable object of the inquiry has been attained by the deposition of MIDHAT, who has taken refuge in the French Consulate at Smyrna. A Constantinople writer characteristically observes that the conduct of MIDHAT is a sufficient proof of his guilt. His attempt to secure his personal safety may be as plausibly explained by a belief that his accusers are powerful enough to take his life. The whole story may be true, as it is told of Turkish Ministers and courtiers; but the witnesses for the most part belong to the same class, and it is not improbable that the prosecution is a deliberate plot.

RAILWAY SERVANTS AND THEIR WORK.

THE attitude of the reasonable public towards the nine-hours question is easily described. They let it alone. Like the wages question, it is a matter to be settled between masters and men. In point of fact, it is really the wages question in another form. When men can make their own terms about the money they shall receive for a day's work, they can, within similar limits, make their own terms about the length of the working day. No doubt it is to the interest of the master to make the working day as long as is consistent with getting work of a fair quality done. Many of the expenses he has to meet will be equally large whether his mill or his workshop is open for a longer or shorter time. But the amount of goods he will be able to sell, and consequently the profits he will be able to make on them, will vary with the time his machinery is running. The workman, on the other hand, has simply to consider whether he likes money or leisure best. In the long run he will not be paid as much for a nine-hours day as he would for one of ten hours, and supposing that he is able to decide the question for himself, and not leave it to be decided by the master, it must rest with him to say whether he likes short hours and less pay better than long hours and more pay. He is not bound to consider which his employer would wish him to choose any more than an employer, having the power to settle the question, is bound to consider which his workmen would wish him to choose. Whether the workman who chooses nine hours instead of ten is wise or foolish depends upon the use to which he puts the hour gained. If he spends it in any way which gives him harmless pleasure, he is wise. If he spends it in getting drunk a little earlier in the evening than he would have done if he had been working ten hours, he is foolish. So long, however, as he does not inflict positive annoyance upon others by reason of his additional leisure, no one has any more right to inquire how he spends his time than how he spends his money. He is his own master, with full right to work just so many hours as he thinks fit and no more. In a country where speech is free, the public will criticize his decision upon this point just as they criticize everything else. But he is no way bound to attend to what the public say; nor does it come within the province of the public to control in any way the action either of masters or of men.

Does the case of the railway servants who are now agitating for a nine-hours day present any difference to that of any other body of workmen? That there is a general disposition to draw a distinction between the two cases is evident from the proceedings at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening. Members of Parliament do not ordinarily attend meetings called together to further a trade movement. The law cannot usefully interfere between master and man, and those who help to make the law are well advised in giving no encouragement to deceptive hopes of aid to be given by the Legislature. The difference between this and other seemingly similar cases which plainly existed in the minds of those present at the meeting has, however, its counterpart in fact.

The public has a right to take part in this particular controversy because its own safety is directly concerned in the result. The railway servants do not only plead that, under the existing conditions of their service, they work more hours than they find pleasant or wholesome. If this were all, they would be precisely in the position of any other workmen. What they plead is that they now work more hours than is compatible with the safety of the public, and upon this, as a matter directly touching itself, the public has a right to speak. If the Railway Companies were in the habit of employing defective materials in the construction of their lines, or if they went on using their rolling-stock after it had ceased to be fitted for the safe conveyance of passengers, Parliament would be quite justified in interfering, provided that it were satisfied that it could interfere to good purpose. If, instead of employing defective materials or worn-out rolling-stock, the Railway Companies choose to employ defective human material, in the shape of men who have already been working so long that they cannot do what they are set to do efficiently, the same reasoning applies. The public dislikes having the lives of travellers endangered by those who enjoy a virtual monopoly of passenger carriage, and it is justified in showing that dislike by any effectual means that present themselves.

The meeting at Exeter Hall on Wednesday does not seem to have had the case properly presented to it. The keynote of the speeches was an inaccurate parallel between railways and mines and factories. The Legislature has interfered for the protection of the workman in these latter cases; why should it not equally interfere for the protection of the workman in the former? The answer is that neither in mines nor factories is there any interference of the kind now asked for. There as elsewhere, if a man can find a master willing to employ him, he may work the whole twenty-four hours. The Legislature has forbidden the employment of women and children for more than a certain number of hours in a day, but it has considered that men can only get adequate protection by learning to protect themselves, and consequently that any attempt at giving them statutory protection will do them more harm than good. The difference between this case and that of the railway servants lies in the fact that the safety of the public largely depends on the quality of the work done by railway servants, and that this quality is directly and dangerously affected by the number of hours they work. The pointsman, the signalman, the guard, the engine-driver, need to have all their wits about them. At any moment while they are at work the safety of a train and the lives and limbs of the passengers may depend upon their knowing exactly what to do and when to do it. The least mistake or delay in the interpretation of a signal or in the application of a complex system of machinery may be fruitful in disaster. A man who is tired out with the work he has already done cannot be expected to be proof against the liability to make such mistakes. Fatigue and want of sleep have made him stupid and irresolute. He does not read as by instinct the meaning of the facts he has to interpret, and when he has read it there is an interval—not a long interval, perhaps, but still an interval—between reading it and acting upon it. In each of these shortcomings there is the material for a railway accident. A man's brain and will are only able to answer to a certain amount of demand on them. After that they must have rest, in order to fit them to answer more demands. If the complaints of the railway servants are true, their employers do not take this circumstance into account. So long as a man is at his post, they assume that it is all right, and that he will do the work of it equally well whether he be fresh or exhausted. If railway servants are not strong enough of themselves to put an end to this system, the public must look after its own interests, and take measures to prevent the Railway Companies from exacting more work from their men than can be given consistently with the work being as good as it ought to be.

There is, however, one precaution which it will be very necessary to take if ever anything is done to check railway overwork by statute. When an ordinary workman determines to agitate for a working day of nine hours, he may have one of two objects in view. He may wish either to work that number of hours and no more, or he may wish to work more than that number of hours, but to be paid at a higher rate for the additional time given. As to which of these objects he most desires, he must himself be

the judge. If he puts an extraordinary strain upon his strength and endurance, he has a right to ask his own price for so doing. But where the public are concerned the case is different. What it desires is to secure its own safety, and this will be equally imperilled whether railway servants work for too long a time at a stretch for extra pay or for their ordinary pay. If a man is half asleep, he will not be made wakeful by the circumstance that he is being paid sixpence an hour instead of fourpence. It may be a consolation to him at the end of the week to think that he has something to show for the discomfort he has endured, but it will be no consolation to the sufferers by the accident which his sleepiness has caused. If Parliament attempts to prescribe the length of a railway working-day, its interference must take the form of absolute prohibition. The working day must consist of so many hours, and no more; and the Companies must be forbidden to employ men for more than that number of hours, no matter how willing a Company may be to give extra pay or how anxious the men may be to earn it.

CO-OPERATIVE FARMING.

ALTHOUGH no practical proposal has as yet been submitted on the subject to the public, yet some attempts have recently been made to show that the co-operative or joint-stock principle of carrying on business might be advantageously applied to farming. It may be conceded that, if the application is possible, and that if farming is a business which can be profitably carried on by a Company, the present is a favourable time for trying the experiment. If it is supposed that the Company is to own the land it cultivates, the market price of land is now lower than it has been for many years. If the Company is to rent its land, it would now be in an excellent position to make terms with landlords, who are looking in vain for solvent tenants. It might get farms at rents much below the old rents, not only because there is no competition for farms, but also because landlords would make an extra sacrifice in order to have the certainty of punctual payment which a Company possessed of large resources and with an uncalled capital to be paid up, if rents had to be met in a bad season, could unquestionably give. Then the things a Company could offer are precisely the things that English land wants at the present moment. These things are capital, skill, and the readiness to make experiments. The farmers of England never had enough capital to do justice to the land, and they have lately lost a large portion of the capital they possessed. Landlords, many of whom are encumbered, and many of whom are without a large portion of their rents, are equally unable and unwilling to sink capital in the soil; and the contest with American importations can only be carried on successfully by the expenditure of very much capital. Skill, too, is greatly needed. It is needed to prevent the waste of manure, to drain judiciously, and still more to keep drainage when done in good order, to feed cattle so that the land may carry its full complement of stock, to make decent butter and marketable cheese. Lastly, it is not as yet known what are the crops which England can most advantageously grow. There are persons, for example, who think that beetroot and chicory might be grown to a profit on a large scale. They may be right or wrong, but experience is the only test of such suggestions, and a rich Company could afford to make many experiments, and to set success in one against failure in others. There is also just now a plethora of money seeking investment, and a very large number of investors prefer home investments to any other. If the promoters of an Agricultural Company could show a reasonable prospect of a steady return on the capital asked for, they would get their capital, and would get it from persons who would neither expect nor wish for a very high interest on their outlay. There must be good years and bad years in farming, however conducted. But, if the surplus of good years was put by to supply the deficiency of bad years, and if investors could be sure of an equalized dividend of 5 per cent., they would subscribe. The real question, therefore, to decide is whether there would be a reasonable prospect of a solid, well-managed Company earning an equalized dividend of 5 per cent.

Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN has rushed into print with an

enthusiastic answer to this question. He speaks of joint-stock farming as JOHNSON spoke of the vats and tubs of *THRALE*. He sees before his joint-stock Company possibilities beyond the dreams of avarice. But when we look into his figures we are all at sea. There is nothing on which we can rest our feet. He has collected many valuable facts as to the present state and the present needs of agriculture; but he seems to have no power of approaching his subject from the other side, and considering how the prospect would show itself, not to a lover of agriculture, but to an investor. He takes an imaginary case, and works out very strange results. That he should take an imaginary case is no reproach to him. Some case, necessarily imaginary, must be taken, in order that discussion may be possible. It is by the mode in which the imaginary case is handled when it is taken that the reader judges the writer. In Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN's imaginary case there is supposed to be a landlord with twenty thousand acres of such a quality that each acre gives 1*l.* rent and 1*l.* gross profit to the farmer. The landlord sells his land to a Company at twenty years' purchase, at 400,000*l.*, and takes the whole purchase-money in shares. The Company has a working capital of 10*l.* per acre, or 200,000*l.*, and a reserve of uncalled capital to the amount of a further 100,000*l.* The Company has 600,000*l.* of subscribed capital and an income of 2*l.* per acre, or 40,000*l.* a year. This, says Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, with triumphant innocence, is 6½ per cent., and the landlord and the other shareholders would be the happiest of men. No doubt they would, and the extraordinary conduct of a landlord who accepted twenty years' purchase and took his purchase-money in shares would have been justified by the result. But the calculation leaves entirely out of sight that the supposed profit of the farmer is only gross profit, and leaves superintendence to be paid for. A farmer paying a fair rent, with skill and luck, and with 60*l.* an acre to start with, may perhaps, even in these times, get 10 per cent. on his capital. But he gives up his life to getting it. A Company would have to pay for superintendence, and would have to pay enormously high. There would be the head office, with its directors, secretary, and clerks; and the directors, to attract confidence and to fulfil their duties properly, must be men of high standing, great experience, and willing to devote a large portion of their time to the business of the Company. It is not a small thing to know how twenty thousand acres of land ought to be managed, and to be responsible for their being managed in the best possible manner. We may put down 3,000*l.* a year as a moderate estimate for head-office expenses; and that this is a moderate estimate will be apparent to any one who reflects on the very elaborate system of account-keeping which the management of twenty thousand acres would involve. Then there must be a local manager, a man of a very high class, learned, skilful, indefatigable, and so well paid as to be above temptation. Under him must be two or three assistants constantly visiting every part of the property, and seeing that his directions and those of the Board were carried out. The salaries of the manager and his assistants would perhaps come to 2,000*l.* a year. Lastly, there must be men to do the daily and hourly work the farmers do now—to see that the labourers work with zeal and efficiency, to look after the animals, to show how implements are to be used, to inspect every operation of the dairy. Such men could scarcely look after more than two hundred acres, and would scarcely take less than 100*l.* a year. That is, there would be a hundred men getting 100*l.* a year—or, in all, 10,000*l.* The total expenses of superintendence would thus reach 15,000*l.* a year; and the nett income of the Company would dwindle down from 40,000*l.* to 25,000*l.* a year; and it would pay, not 6½, but 4 per cent. on its capital.

To this an enthusiast like Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN might possibly reply that when he speaks of 1*l.* per acre being the gross profit, he means that this has been the profit under the present unscientific system. It may be doubted whether this does not give much too favourable a picture of the farmer's recent history. If he has really, on an average of the last ten years, been getting 1*l.* an acre with a capital of 10*l.* per acre, he has been getting 10 per cent. for his money; and, if he has had less capital and has still got his 1*l.* per acre, he has been still more fortunate. Most farmers would have a very different tale to tell, and would say that, if they now started with 10*l.* per acre of capital, they must show quite a new kind

of skill and have good luck in order to get their 10 per cent. in the future. But it may be allowed that, if 1*l.* gross profit has been the yield hitherto, more might be earned with more skill and more capital. But then how much more capital would be wanted? Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN leaves this a perfectly unknown quantity. He describes, indeed, what would take place on his ideal farm under his ideal system. Fences would be levelled, and fields enlarged; every part of the estate would be properly drained, and the drains kept in order. Farmyards would be covered; the young stock would be doubled; none but the best breeds would be admitted; the best and newest machines would be constantly introduced, and factories for making cheese, and even sugar, would be established. This is a charming picture of agricultural opulence, but no one can seriously think that it could be realized with a capital of 10*l.* per acre. Double the amount would scarcely suffice. That there would be an extra yield with the application of double capital may be admitted, but the investor would want to know what the extra yield would be likely to be. It would need very confident statements on the part of very experienced and competent judges to make him believe that, with double the capital, there would be double the gross profit per acre. Let us, however, assume that this could be shown, and revert to the imaginary case of Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN. The shareholders would now have a capital of 800,000*l.* and a revenue of 60,000*l.* After the wages of superintendence had been deducted, they would have 45,000*l.* to divide, or about 5½ per cent. This might suffice to tempt them; and, although they would never find the landlord who was willing to take twenty years' purchase all in shares, they would be able to put themselves in an equally good position by buying the land and raising two-thirds of the purchase-money on mortgage, at a low rate of interest. The notion of joint-stock farming is not, therefore, to be rejected at the outset, as something altogether impracticable. But when we have got thus far, we are still very far from seeing how a joint-stock Company that is not a mere sham is to be started. What evidence is there that double capital would earn double returns? And even if the difficulty of showing this could be overcome, there remains a still greater difficulty. Where are the men to be found who would be willing and competent to direct such a business? Their duties would be laborious, anxious, and continuous. They would be blamed for every mistake, and very little thanked for any success; and yet they must be men of very exceptional ability and knowledge. Possibly such men are to be found. It is never safe to give too positive a denial to anything. But it may safely be said that any one who wished to find them might turn over very many pages of the Directory of Directors without coming on anything that could satisfy him.

THE SCRUTIN DE LISTE.

THE report of the preliminary Committee upon M. BARDOUX's Bill was extremely unfavourable to the abolition of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. It was not a very convincing document; but of this the subject rather than the author must bear the blame. The truth is that the arguments on each side are pretty fairly balanced. Large constituencies have their advantages equally with small ones, and the consideration which would naturally have most weight with the deputies points to different conclusions in different parts of France. If the majority were everywhere Republican, and the minority everywhere reactionary, both parties would know how to vote. The Republicans would all be in favour of the *Scrutin de liste*; the Conservatives would all be in favour of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. But, unless the warnings addressed to the Republican supporters of the Bill are wholly without foundation, there are several departments—M. BORSSER, the author of the Report, says from fifteen to twenty—which will be lost to the Republican party if the *Scrutin de liste* is adopted. M. GAMBETTA may be supposed to have satisfied himself that, on the balance, the gain will be greater than the loss; but this is but poor comfort to the Republican deputies who look to see their own districts lost to the Republic. If the minority could emigrate into some more favoured department, and there enjoy all the influence and consideration to which it has been accustomed, they might not mind the change. For them, how-

ever, it means nothing short of political extinction; and it is expecting too much of human nature to ask it to accept such a fate in order that the party majority in the Chamber may be swelled by a few additional votes. M. BORSSET is altogether incredulous as to the improvement in the character of the Chamber which the defenders of the Bill maintain must follow from the enlargement of the constituencies. He maintains that all the best Assemblies that France has seen have been elected by constituencies returning one member each, and that the only reasonable guarantee of excellence in the deputies chosen is the intimate association of electors and candidates. Under the *Scrutin de liste* this association will be impossible, and the choice of the candidates will necessarily be made over to committees. The first of these arguments is not very conclusive, for opinions will differ as to which have been the best Assemblies; and upon almost any theory of Parliamentary merit the present Chamber must be excluded from the list. The intimate association of electors and candidates has certainly given exaggerated importance to agreement upon local questions. The elections themselves may not turn upon the opinion of the candidates as to a road or a bridge, because to electors of all views these matters are for the present of less interest than the political issues involved. But when the question is not whether the constituency is to be represented by a Republican or by a Monarchist, but who the Republican or Monarchist candidate shall be, agreement upon roads and bridges becomes very essential. As regards purity of election, English experience up to this time bears out M. BORSSET's opinion that a change in the grouping of the constituencies will have but little effect. Alike under the *Scrutin de liste* and under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, the voters will be the same, and their weaknesses will be the same. Public morality is not created by statute. Perhaps the most telling argument against the *Scrutin de liste* is the objection that it really introduces indirect election; since the elector, not having the knowledge necessary for the selection of a candidate, really does no more than help to choose a committee, which in its turn chooses a candidate. But this, again, has its answer in the plea that when the electors are not able to choose good candidates, the sooner they make over the function to better qualified persons, the more likely they are to be properly represented.

The strong array either of arguments or of interests on each side of the controversy was shown by the extreme narrowness of the division. In a country in which the existing Constitution was carried by a single vote, this circumstance may be of less importance than in countries where public opinion is given to declare itself more decisively. Still, eight votes is but a small majority for a measure which excites so much feeling and affects so many interests. It is a victory, of course, for M. GAMBETTA, but it may be doubted whether it is such a victory as will materially increase his strength in the country. It must be borne in mind that M. GAMBETTA has made unusual efforts to get the *Scrutin de liste* adopted. The journal which usually sympathizes with his views, if it no longer avowedly represents them, has taken the leading part in the discussion for months past. M. GAMBETTA himself has given an interminable series of missionary breakfasts, to which every Republican deputy has in turn been invited and made to listen, or appear to listen, to all the reasons which the host's ingenuity could devise to prove that the salvation of the Republic, and consequently the success in life of every Republican, depended upon the acceptance of M. BARDOUX's Bill. At one time it seemed as though the decision, whichever way it went, must involve the overthrow either of the President of the Chamber or of the President of the Republic. This suspicion was, it is true, upset by M. GAMBETTA's ostentatious attendance at M. GRÉVY's ball, and since that time these august names have not been dragged before the public with quite so much persistency. Still, the fact that M. GAMBETTA has himself undertaken the defence of the measure, and for the second time during his tenure of his present office exchanged the chair for the tribune, is in itself calculated to strike the imaginations of his supporters, and to associate him in the most marked manner possible with the fortunes of the Bill. Now it will appear that all these powerful forces have been called into play with no more conclusive result than to give M. GAMBETTA 243 votes as against 235. The majority is sufficient to carry the Bill—it would have been that if seven votes had been subtracted from it—but is it suffi-

cient to sustain M. GAMBETTA's reputation? Until now his power has gained in public estimation by the mystery in which it has been enveloped. It has always been assumed that he had only to make his wishes known to engage the great mass of the Republican party in the pleasing task of giving effect to them. Now it turns out that in a Chamber in which the Republican party commands a very large majority M. GAMBETTA can only secure eight votes in favour of a Bill which he proclaims himself to have greatly at heart. How will this circumstance affect his position out of doors? Will the division of Thursday be hereafter held to mark the beginning of his formal rule or the close of his informal ascendancy?

Those are not questions to which it is possible to give a perfectly confident answer. On the whole, however, it seems probable that before many days are over, the circumstances of M. GAMBETTA's victory will be forgotten in the fact that a victory has been won. The figures of the division may from time to time be brought up against him by his opponents, but they will be of little importance by the side of the fact that the *Scrutin de liste* has taken the place of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. From this point of view the secrecy with which the division was invested may prove of considerable importance. The ballot was demanded, no doubt, in the hope that some Republican deputies would thereby be encouraged to vote against M. GAMBETTA. But men who could only retain the courage of their convictions by keeping it dark what those convictions were will not be likely to make a boast of having voted in the minority. The number of Republican deputies who will continue to preach against the *Scrutin de liste*, when once it has become the legal method of voting, will be small. The candidates in England who, if they are to be returned at all, must owe their return to household suffrage, do not now abuse household suffrage. A man who now declares his preference for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* will naturally be set down as a man who knows that the substitution of the *Scrutin de liste* has made an end of his chances of re-election. Consequently, to continue the warfare now that the change has been voted will be to identify himself with a lost cause, and to forego any lingering possibility there may be of his retaining in the department the position he has held in the *arrondissement*. This disposition to retreat while retreat is still practicable was plainly shown in the treatment given to the Bill on Thursday. So close a division might very well have been the prelude to an obstinate fight in Committee. When what answers to our second reading had been carried by only eight votes, it might have been thought that the further progress of the Bill would have been resisted at every stage, in the hope, before all was over, of converting the majority into a minority. Instead of this, the several clauses of the Bill were at once put to the vote, and upon only one of them was any division taken. The figures of that division show that a reaction had already begun. The votes in favour of the clause were 299; the votes against it were 222. That is a very considerable change from the previous division; and it proves how much more importance the Chamber attached to M. GAMBETTA's victory, narrow as it was, than to M. GAMBETTA's arguments. It will not be surprising if, by the time that the General Election is held, it has become impossible to identify any of those who voted in the minority of Thursday. They can only be identified on their own confession; and they will take very good care not to confess anything that may criminate themselves.

FREE SCHOOLS.

DR. CAMERON has had a Wednesday all to himself, and has enjoyed the advantage, so valuable to a legislator, of ascertaining the amount of opposition he will have to overcome before he can hope to see free education established in Scotland. It is not often that a Bill is so generally abused as Dr. CAMERON'S, and indeed it is not often that a Bill so well deserves it. Free education stands now in a very different position from that in which it stood when the Education Act of 1870 was under consideration, and many who were not then prepared to reject the idea entirely must now have seen reason to change their minds. In 1870 a great experiment was going to be tried, and it was impossible to foresee with any certainty what the results of the changes about to be introduced would be. Attend-

ance at school was to be made compulsory in many parts of the country, and there were some who predicted that, so long as school fees continued to be exacted, the resistance offered to the new law would be insurmountable. It was quite uncertain, again, whether the competition of Board schools would not in the end drive voluntary schools out of the field, and in that case one of the great obstacles to the abolition of school fees would be removed. The intention of those who framed the Act of 1870 was to give voluntary schools the chance of holding their own against Board schools, provided that they could do so in a fair field and with no favour shown them. The establishment of free schools would have been plainly inconsistent with this intention; but it was conceivable that, if voluntary schools ceased to exist and Board schools became universal, the comparative merits of payment by rates alone and payment partly by rates and partly by fees might deserve to be further investigated. We are now in the eleventh year of the new educational system, and both these theories have been proved false. Compulsory attendance has been extended to the whole country; and, except in a case here and there, where the law has been applied with injudicious rigour, it cannot be said to be unpopular. There are parents who do not like being forced to send their children to school, just as there are parents who do not like being forced to take their children to be vaccinated, but they form only a small minority of the population; and, as a rule, the law making attendance at school compulsory has met with as little resistance as any other law that can be named. The necessity for making education gratuitous, which was expected to spring from making it compulsory, has consequently not arisen. The great majority of parents pay the school fees without murmuring, and for those who are genuinely unable to pay them, it has not been found difficult to make another provision. As to voluntary schools, instead of becoming less numerous and less prosperous, they have positively grown in both ways. There are more of them than there were ten years ago, and the education given in them is of a better quality.

Now, to set up free schools by the side of voluntary schools would be to risk their complete extinction. Under very favourable conditions they might stand even this rivalry, and it is also possible that the liberality of those who maintain voluntary schools might rise with the demand, and that they might be enabled by additional subscriptions to remit the fees now charged as completely as the School Boards themselves. We have no right, however, to assume that these consequences would follow. The more natural supposition points to the direct contrary as the thing that would probably happen. If so, the introduction of free schools would be the introduction of religious dissension in its most acute form. Let us suppose, for instance, that in a certain town there are enough Roman Catholics to support a school of their own. So long as the children must pay so much a week to whatever school they go, there is no inducement even to the most thrifty parent to send his child to the Board school rather than to the Roman Catholic school. He has to pay his twopence or threepence a week in either case, and there is nothing therefore to prevent him from giving full play to his religious convictions. If education at the Board schools were given gratuitously, the parent would be under a very direct, and if he were a poor man a very strong, inducement to take his children away from the Roman Catholic school, to which, other things being equal, he would rather send them, and to place them at the Board school. If he had three children of school age, the change would involve a saving of sixpence or ninepence a week, and that is something to a man whose weekly income is reckoned in shillings. The effect of this would be to withdraw the children from Roman Catholic influence during the week, and to leave the priest only the Sunday in which to get at them. No doubt this is in itself a result which, especially in Scotland, would send a thrill of satisfaction through many Protestant minds. Indeed, it may even seem that the prospect of bringing about such a blessed state of things is in itself the strongest possible recommendation of Dr. CAMERON'S Bill. But those who remember what a fertile source of national discord religious differences can become, and what additional intensity is imparted to religious differences when they find expression in anything connected with the bringing up of children, would be slow, even if they wished for free education on other grounds, to advise its adoption.

But for the "ignorant patience" of ratepayers the finan-

cial argument would be conclusive against Dr. CAMERON'S and all similar proposals. In the first place, free schools would dry up the great stream of voluntary contributions which now tends to grow larger instead of smaller. As it is, a very large sum of money is every year presented to the community by benevolent persons, who in return only ask that they shall be allowed to open schools, to which such parents as like may send their children. With free education this sum of money must either be enormously increased or the permission to open schools must become a dead letter. It is not to be expected that parents will go on paying in a voluntary school for the same education which a Board school offers them for nothing. Consequently, unless the subscribers to voluntary schools are prepared to increase their contributions to an amount which will enable the managers to charge, no fees, and thus to place their schools once more on the same level as that occupied by the Board schools, voluntary schools must be closed. In other words, all the money which is now presented to the ratepayers will then have to be found by the ratepayers. In the next place, the incidence of the educational outlay will be entirely changed. Already a very large proportion of it is lifted off the parent's shoulders, but under a system of free education the whole would be lifted off. The parent would pay nothing, the community would pay everything. The notion of its being a parent's duty to give his child the instruction proper to his place in the world would disappear. The only persons who would have any duty in the matter would be the ratepayers. It would be essential to repudiate the theory that a parent is under any obligation to supply his children with intellectual food, as otherwise the natural inference would be that, if the community bears the cost of a father's performance of his duty as regards the mind, it is equally bound to bear the cost of his performance of his duty as regards the body. If a father is as much bound to give his children rudimentary instruction as he is to give them bread, why should the community, which relieves him of one duty, hesitate to relieve him of the other? There is no argument that can be alleged in this country at the present time for the gratuitous education of children which would not equally make for their gratuitous feeding. Mr. MUNDELLA entirely disposed of the argument which is sometimes drawn from the example of the United States. Free education in America is a totally different thing from free education in England or Scotland. In the United States the elementary schools are really common to the whole community. People of all classes send their children to them. It follows from this that the question how the cost shall be borne becomes simply one of convenience. Everybody has his share of the benefit—bachelors, spinsters, and childless parents being too few to affect the general conclusion—and it is a matter of no moment whether everybody pays his quota in the shape of school fees or of a school rate. In England the case is different. Elementary schools are, in truth, schools intended for a particular class in the community, and if the entire cost of educating children at them is transferred from the parents to the ratepayers, the community will pay for the education of a single section of its members. Free education has far more in common with Socialism than a Poor-law, because it is a distinct recognition of an obligation on the part of the rich to pay for giving the poor what is good for them. We may be sure that if once the principle is admitted to this extent, it will not be long before it is pushed very much farther.

THE NEW NEW TESTAMENT.

THE eighth rule under which, eleven years ago, the revisers of the New Version were appointed, suggests a triple court of referees, composed of divines, scholars, and literary men. The admission of the last section acknowledges the undoubted fact that the putting forth of a new Bible concerns criticism in other aspects than those of mere theology or mere scholarship. The case is, indeed, a somewhat peculiar one; and a certain tincture, both of theological and philological culture, must be demanded even from a literary critic who passes his opinion on such a work. The rather quaint dehortation of the Bishop of London to "young clergymen who cannot construe the original" need not have been confined to the clergy. Indeed, we should have thought it part of the office of a Bishop to take care that, at any rate in his own diocese, there were no young clergymen who cannot construe the original. But when the original court has been purged of those who have no business to criticize at all, the remnant will have a

tendency to split up into the three bodies mentioned in the rule. Some will look at the new book mainly as a part of the canon, others as a version from the Greek, others, again, as an attempt to repair or restore one of the masterpieces of English literature, a masterpiece which has the rare peculiarity of being equally possessed of merit and of popularity. In the present article the last point of view, and that only, is the point which we shall take; though, as has been already mentioned, it is impossible to take it without taking also due account of the limitations imposed by the others.

The revisers, to do them justice, have not shown themselves, at any rate in plan and intention, otherwise than highly sensible of the literary merits of the Authorized Version. They are lavish of praise (almost unnecessarily lavish, it may be thought, for the case is one of *quis vituperavit*?) of its rhythm, its cadence, its language. They boast themselves to have observed these to the utmost of their power; and, in innovating, they have, say they, been loth to take any word which had not the sanction, if not of the Authorized Version itself, at any rate of contemporary literature. They have, moreover, shown excellent taste in rejecting many suggestions of the American Committee, which would have tended to modernize, and therefore to deform, the book almost irrecoverably. The proposed striking out of the "Saint" from the titles and headings of the Gospels is of course merely sectarian. But the suggestion that "Holy Spirit" should be substituted for "Holy Ghost" throughout shows that the American revisers entirely failed to appreciate the attitude in which, in England at least, the work was approached. The logical result of such a change would have been the rewriting of the whole in leading-article English. The same may be said of the suggestion to substitute "bathe" for "wash," "drag" for "hale," "they are" for "they be," &c., and, worst of all, "demoniac" for "possessed with a devil." The revisers, with not less logic than taste, rejected these, though in some cases, with neither logic nor taste, they admitted them to the margin. But, on the whole, it must be confessed by any fair reader that in general intention, at any rate, they have kept before them the standard to be observed—that is to say, the alteration of nothing which did not seem to require alteration from the point of view of theology or scholarship. The question then remains, how far in making these alterations they have observed the same standard from the point of view of literature?

The literary principles on which they have gone are embodied in a rather voluminous preface, which we do not regard as one of the happiest features of the work. It has somewhat the air of a very workmanlike and interesting magazine article, informing the curious reader of many facts which he would like to know. Such a thing, however, seems to us, we must confess, somewhat out of place in the forefront of a book such as this. It is doubtless very interesting to know that the revisers "entered into an agreement with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge for the conveyance of copyright," and that this arrangement "provided for the necessary expense of the undertaking." To turn the page, however, and read that the book about which this business-like gossip is recorded, and of which the record is part and parcel, is "The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," causes a rather odd revulsion of feeling. This, however, may seem a nice question of taste, and one to be mentioned rather than discussed. Perhaps less reticence need be observed about some of the purely literary rules which the translators have laid down for themselves. They find fault with their predecessors for the variety of terms used in rendering identical words of the original; they think that this variety of expression "would now be deemed hardly consistent with the requirements of faithful translation." Now, on this point we hold that King James's men were quite right and Queen Victoria's men quite wrong. No one who translates "with the head," as Mr. Carlyle used to say, and not with the dictionary, can be ignorant that variety of this kind is required, not merely to express actual shades of meaning, but to produce the proper literary colour in the version. Another point (also purely literary) on which we are not altogether satisfied with the revision is its structural arrangement. Verses, of course (and, for the matter of that, chapters), have no absolute authority. But it surely can escape no one that such masters of rhetorical prose as the translators of the Authorized Version must, in preparing a translation to appear in verses, have shaped their clauses and cadences otherwise than they would have shaped them if they had intended the version to appear in paragraphs. This is so simple a point of the criticism of style that it seems astonishing that it should have escaped the revisers. By their new arrangement much—very much—of that rhythm and cadence which they so enthusiastically admire must be obscured or lost unless the reader guides himself by the very division which they have discarded and relegated to the margin. This argument applies still more strongly to the useless pedantry, as we cannot but think it, of inserting poetical quotations from the Old Testament in "parallelisms." This results in an unnecessary and fantastic dislocation of the text, which does not appear to be compensated by any solid advantage. The advantage sought is said to be that "the reader's attention is directed to the poetical character of the quotation." The fact is incorrect; for the quotation is not poetry, but a prose translation of poetry. Moreover, the information sought to be conveyed, like much else which the Revised Version contains, especially in its margin, seems to be rather matter for a commentary than for a standard translation. However this may be, we shall only ask any reader with an ear to compare the old and the

new versions of the fine quotation from the 42nd chapter of Isaiah:—

Old.—The people which sat in darkness saw great light: and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.

New.—The people which sat in darkness

Saw a great light,

And to them which sat in the region and shadow of death

To them did light spring up.

Here the contrast between the suave completeness of the old verse, where the poetical character of the original is surely indicated enough in all conscience, and the jerky rawness of the new parallelism can hardly escape any one. The sole gain seems to be the fuller representation of *avrois*; and, if any one thinks this of consequence, we shall not argue the point with him.

In an examination of the present kind it is not necessary to mention a multitude of minute details. We shall only say that the evil influence represented by the suggestions of the American Committee seems often to have worked unaccountably on the revisers. The indifference to the continuity of literature which characterizes many literary reformers is strikingly, and we must say painfully, obvious in such gratuitous alterations as "robbers" for "thieves" in the crucifixion, "the last farthing" for "the uttermost farthing," and the like. These things have, in some cases, enshrined themselves in the most sacred associations, in others in the most familiar and constantly read literature of the profane kind. In neither of the two cases can the most pedantic philologist, who retains his senses, contend that there was any pressing necessity for change, while there are the strongest reasons against it. But the climax is reached in the Lord's Prayer and in the famous and splendid passage from St. Paul about charity. The Lord's Prayer is more difficult to criticize from the purely literary point of view, because considerations of theology and scholarship come in with greater weight than usual. The charity passage—one of the triumphs of the original—is infinitely worse treated. Here "love" is substituted for "charity." Now it may be granted, if any one pleases, that at the time of the original translation it was bold to use "charity." But the translators knew what they were doing. They wanted a word free from equivocal associations, and they chose one. Their choice has been justified. The full meaning of charity, in the sense of the passage, has passed into classical English, and will remain. If it be said that there is a baser sense of the word, it must be remembered that even that baser sense is but a minor form of the better; whereas "love," in the ordinary acceptance of the word in English, is quite out of place. That the substitution of a monosyllable for a trisyllable utterly ruins the concerted music of the piece is undeniable. But that the revisers were deaf to this is seen from their pedantic substitution of "done away" for "vanish away," where the original translators had employed the latter phrase to avoid an ugly homocoteleuton. A still more wanton aggression is the phrase "in a mirror darkly" for "through a glass darkly." If the "through" troubled the revisers, they might have substituted "in," and it would not much have mattered. But "mirror" for "glass" is absolutely unnecessary, the two being synonymous, and "glass" the more usual word in English literary as well as colloquial; it spoils the rhythm, and it injures a famous and often-quoted phrase. The only justification for this is, of course, the fact that St. Paul's *εἰς σκῆπτρον* was not made of the same materials as a modern looking-glass. This, however, is a singularly instructive example of the sorrowful chances that wait on mere pedantry. The material of the mirror is absolutely irrelevant to the understanding of the passage. On the other hand, all uninstructed persons will still think the revisers' "mirror" to be of glass; while no instructed person was ever ignorant that the Authorized Version's "glass" was of metal. The thing is an odd instance of a very common failing—the lack of literary perspective.

We have spoken strongly on these points, because we feel strongly on the impolicy, and so to speak the sacrilege, of tampering with the text in such matters, without excuse of divinity or scholarship. Let us now turn to the pleasanter and necessarily briefer task of acknowledging that the revisers have, on the whole, despite these unfortunate instances, restrained their hands from doing mischief, and that they have done much good in the way of redressing obvious slips of translation, and clearing up a few doubtful places. Only those who have had the liberty of literary cutting and carving themselves know the temptation which the process exercises even upon the most temperate and well-balanced minds. The revisers have, on the whole, resisted this temptation excellently. Whole pages of their work may be read without any jar, even to a reader whose familiarity with the Authorized Version is considerable, and who is on the watch for interference with his pet phrases. To give absolute satisfaction in such a case is not so much difficult as impossible. And, if the slips which we have pointed out are irritating—as they certainly are—it must be remembered that the Version is not final; that it is not, and cannot for years be, "appointed to be read in churches"; and that its compilers, before that time, may possibly be guided in a better way by some of those literary men whom they were bidden to consult, but whose advice seems to have been hitherto hardly what might have been expected, if it was indeed sought.

GOVERNMENT BY POST-OBIT.

THERE is one very curious feature of the general policy of Mr. Gladstone's Government which does not seem as yet to have attracted much public attention. It may be defined as a combination of the spirit of Lord Melbourne's too hackneyed maxim with that of the extreme advocates of a forward Radical policy. The conduct of the late Ministry was severely enough canvassed; but nobody denied that it was a policy which, whether wisely or unwisely, took thought for the morrow. The policy of the present Government seems, on the other hand, to be based on a rigid observance of that possibly misapprehended precept of Scripture. During this present year they have busied themselves so little with internal matters not relating to Ireland, that there has been no great opportunity of estimating their conduct in this respect. They have given no post-obits, because as yet no claims have been presented to them. But elsewhere the course of conduct has been nearly uniform, and in one particular instance it has extended to home affairs. The sudden dropping of the Bradlaugh business is a most curious political study. It admits, indeed, of two interpretations. It is not at all improbable that Mr. Gladstone thinks the Bradlaugh pear is not yet quite ripe, and that more of sweetness is to be sucked from it by a little judicious keeping. Mr. Bradlaugh is a skilled agitator, and he may possibly get up a kind of afterglow of the now fading Radical enthusiasm which shone on Mr. Gladstone twelve months ago. If this seems too Machiavelian a policy for a Ministry of all the virtues, the conduct of the Government cannot be set down to anything but a culpable desire to postpone the payment of their obligations. They have in the person of their chief avowed their belief in Mr. Bradlaugh's right to be furnished with a picklock to the door of the House of Commons. They proposed the fabrication of such a picklock, and yet because things did not go quite smoothly, they have left their *protégé* to lament his woes in the Hall of Science, and to have his wounds anointed only with the precious balsam of Mr. Osborne Morgan. It is difficult to conceive a more left-handed compliment to any one than that Mr. Osborne Morgan should be detailed to express sympathy with him. The Judge Advocate-General's name and reputation are so intimately connected with interment, that it would be nearly as complimentary to send a friend an undertaker and beg him to make use of his services. If the Bradlaugh question is to be buried, no one can superintend the operation more successfully than the Judge Advocate-General; but the wishes of the electors of Northampton and its singular constituency are not understood to tend in that direction. Meanwhile the Government escapes present responsibility, and they have the comfort of thinking, like all dealers in post-obits, that the day of payment will very likely be a long one.

Take the Transvaal, again. Here not merely the settlement, but the very discussion, of the preliminary terms are postponed in a manner still more curious. To all suggestions on the part of persons who are not satisfied with the peace of Mount Prospect, Mr. Gladstone replies that he really cannot think of arguing the matter until the Potchefstroom question is settled. Meanwhile his representatives are, according to all accounts, taking the very oddest means to settle the Potchefstroom question. The Commission, we are told, though not indeed officially, will not enter the Transvaal until the guns are given up. It would be difficult to imagine anything which the Boers would like better than that the Commission should not enter the Transvaal. This leaves them pretty well masters of the situation. They can harry Englishmen and loyal Dutchmen, "commandeer" against natives who are not too strong for them, and do everything else that is right in the sight of their own eyes, while the dreaded delimitation of territory cannot possibly take place. Meanwhile also the chances of a native outbreak, backed up by the loose adventurers of whom South Africa is full, and by aggrieved members of what used to be called the English party, is every day more probable, and the outbreak of such a thing would bring huge difficulty on the head of the Government. What does it matter? the longer the question is undiscussed, the more likely the constituencies and the average newspaper reader are to have forgotten all about it, and the more confirmed will the habit of trekking on the part of troublesome English settlers become. In the Afghan debate, on the other hand, there was a distinct reason against postponement. The missing reports might have turned up, and it might have been discovered what Sir Charles Dilke's information about Russian intentions on Central Asia was worth. Here, therefore, the Government acted with promptitude and paid money down; but in the Transvaal matter there is apparently something to be gained by a precipitate settlement and a delayed reckoning as to that settlement; and so the peace of Mount Prospect was huddled up, and the discussion of that peace is studiously postponed.

The Tunis matter is, in its way, a minor one from this point of view; but it exhibits the same curious preference for running any danger at a future time rather than undergoing the trouble and unpleasantness of a clear settlement at once. It is no wonder that Mr. Gladstone's noble, calm, just view of the Tunisian question delights the Chauvinist press of France. It is no wonder either that the French should be pleased with Sir Charles Dilke's invincible resolve to know nothing about the capacities of Biserta, the expense of making the port, or anything else whatever. Time to the invader is everything in such a transaction as that in which France has just been engaged. He can very reasonably object

when protests are (if ever they are) delivered that they should have been delivered before, and he has time to lengthen the cord and strengthen the stakes of his occupation. Besides, it is clear that, if the English Government was going to do anything, there was no need for it to wait. The fact that England has recognised the supremacy of the Sultan in Tunis is not affected by French explanations, nor the fact that the representations of French diplomacy on the subject have been notoriously falsified by the event. All Mr. Gladstone says is that the matter concerned the late Government more than the present, and that it is better to take time. The excuse from a person who entered on office pledged to undo everything that his predecessors had done is scarcely adroit; the postponement is quite of a piece with all the other proceedings just mentioned. It may be or it may not that a French occupation of the coast and the frontier of Tunis may be prejudicial to English interests. But that will not be for a long time. We are not at war with France; on the contrary, we want to make a commercial treaty with her. "It is on the ground of a commercial treaty," says a Parisian contemporary, quoted with much approval by a Radical evening journal, "that misunderstandings can be dissipated." In other words, "Let me steal Tunis, and I'll make it up to you on woollens and iron." Mr. Gladstone's words being enigmatic, it is not possible to say whether this high-minded bargain presented itself to his mind or not. It would, however, be an admirable example of post-obit policy. The advantage is present, the disadvantage distant and dubious. A wise Government, therefore (at least on this hypothesis), postpones the question, and holds out its hand for what good things gods and Republics may provide.

But, as usual, the most remarkable instance of this spendthrift tendency is to be found in connexion with Ireland. Mr. Plunket's excellent speech at Bristol last Wednesday summed up the charges against the present Ministry in a way which would be difficult for the most adroit Ministerialist to answer. When these charges are examined almost every false step which the Government have taken will be seen to have been prompted by the same curious desire to obtain immediate advantage, or, it may be, mere relief from troublesome duty at the cost of enormous and all but certain future loss and danger. The blandishments lavished on the Irish before the General Election, the neglect to continue the Peace Preservation Act, the neglect of the early incendiary campaigns of Mr. Parnell and others last summer—all these things were of the post-obit character. But it was when the autumn came, and the Land League began to show itself in its true colours, that the policy gave most deplorable results. Mr. Plunket very ingeniously showed how Mr. Forster's unfortunate admission, that, if he had called Parliament together to grant him extraordinary powers in the autumn, it would not have supported him, simply meant that the Radicals would have been out of temper. So, to secure their support (which, after all, he did not gain), the Irish Secretary let the dogs of anarchy loose on Ireland for some three months. Even when Parliament assembled the same plan was pursued. Coercion was threatened, but concession promised, despite the certainty that, with a very doubtful present gain of submission to coercion, a vast future appetite for concession would be created. Now, as is obvious to every one except the Government, Ireland has got out of hand altogether. They arrest; nobody cares a jot for their arrests. They proclaim; and the Leaguers, emboldened by months of impunity and by the doctrines of Prime Ministers and Cabinet Ministers, outrage away all the more. They bring forward, and will probably pass, their Land Bill. That Bill itself is one great attempt to secure a little present peace by rendering future trouble certain. The best inclined of the popular favourites in Ireland regard it only as an instalment; the less well inclined do not regard it even as that. It does not touch, as has been again and again shown, the cases of the men in whose nominal behalf the Land Leaguers are murdering and mutilating, robbing and mobbing. But it does openly, and without any attempt at disguise, attack property and ignore political economy. That is to say, a permanent precedent for similar attacks and similar ignorings is set up. The incredible recklessness of the arguments by which it was supported show the temper of the gambler who will put his name to anything if he thinks that "a noble he shall have and present pay." Thus, for instance, when Mr. Gladstone wished the other night to prove that Parliament had in former times infringed the security of tenure of the Irish tenant, what was his argument? That in 1816 an Act was passed the preamble of which recited that "such were the expense and details of ejectment that it was impracticable as a remedy." So, says the Prime Minister, the tenant had security of tenure, and you took it from him. That any sane man should consider a measure facilitating the exertion by one party of his acknowledged rights as a disabling one against the rights of another seems as strange a topsyturification of reasoning as can well be imagined. But it is all one to Mr. Gladstone. No matter how such an argument may be warped and misused in future, if it will serve his turn to procure his present purpose, that is all that he cares about. And so it has always been with the Government; and so, probably, it always must be with a Government resting for support on a heterogeneous party, the sections of which require each its sop in turn. The sop must be given, no matter at what expense; the post-obit signed, no matter on what ruinous terms. And, indeed, if must be admitted that, in respect of this means of raising the wind, Governments have great advantages. For it is not at all improbable that the

bond will never fall due in their own time, and that some one else unconnected with them and for whom they have no love, will come in for their liabilities. The post-obit only becomes payable after their own death, not after that of some one else. The country, indeed, pays in any case; but who cares for the country?

BEACONSFIELD.

IT is a strange caprice of fortune which has linked an obscure little town in Buckinghamshire with three such names as Waller, Burke, and Disraeli. If we add that of Sir Gore Ouseley, the association with literary and political eminence is one that few localities in England can rival. Utterly insignificant in itself, a mere village of the larger sort, listless and depressed, without trade or manufacture, with nothing but the beauty of its situation and the picturesqueness of its buildings to recommend it, the name of Beaconsfield has long been famous, both in political and literary history, and in connexion with the distinguished statesman and author whose recent death has left such a sensible blank on the stage not of England only but of Europe, has of late years attained a world-wide celebrity denied to hundreds of other towns greatly its superior, both in size and importance. And it is, as we have said, by a kind of caprice of fortune that this celebrity has been thrust upon Beaconsfield. For, with the exception of Waller, all those who have contributed to make Beaconsfield famous have had only an adventitious connexion with the place, such as might have been formed with any other town or village in the kingdom. The tie with the Waller family was a substantial one. The manor of Beaconsfield, which had at one time belonged to the neighbouring abbey of Burnham, passed to the Wallers at or soon after the Dissolution, and remained in their hands till within living memory. The association of Burke with the little town is simply due to the fact of his being member for the adjacent borough of Wendover; and, finding a portion of the Waller estate, with a good house upon it, for sale, he became its purchaser, and made it his chief residence until his death in 1797. In the same way, Sir Gore Ouseley, at the close of his brilliant career of Oriental service—in which, as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Persian Court, he had successfully negotiated a treaty between England and the Shah while Russia was in alliance with France, and afterwards, in the same capacity at the Court of St. Petersburg, effected a pacification between Persia and Russia, securing at the same time, not the confidence only, but the friendship, of the Emperor Alexander and the Shah—when seeking a place of well-earned repose, Hall Barn, the Wallers' mansion, being in the market, bought it with the estate and made it the home of his latter years. The late Premier's connexion with Beaconsfield was more shadowy still. Indeed it was merely nominal, based on sentiment, not on fact. Hughenden is nearly ten miles distant; and we believe we are correct in stating that Lord Beaconsfield never possessed a single square yard of ground in the place which gave a title to his wife and himself. The motive for its selection, as is well known, was that the peerage designed by George III. for Burke, before the premature death of his only son rendered such hereditary honours a ghastly mockery, was to have taken its designation from Beaconsfield, and Mr. Disraeli, with that romance with which he loved to throw a brilliant mirage over the commonplace and the actual, chose, when he had to select a title for his wife, to emphasize his connexion with the county associated with his chief Parliamentary triumphs, and at the same time indicate his admiration for the character of the great statesman whose footsteps he not altogether unsuccessfully endeavoured to follow. The Viscountess Beaconsfield of course settled the style of the earldom.

The etymology of Beaconsfield seems obvious enough, and its elevated position supports the ordinary derivation. But such instances as "Bridgwater" (*Burgh Walter*), and "Beachy Head" (*Beauchef*), which might be multiplied indefinitely, prove that the obvious is not always the true in local etymology. It is more probable that "Beaconsfield" has no connexion with the site of a beacon, but, going much further back, like Oakfield, Ashfield, &c., indicates a clearing in the dense beech woods (*bēcenfeld*) which once covered the whole Chiltern range. The ordinary pronunciation of the name, as well as its old spelling, corresponds with this. No native ever speaks of *Beākonsfield*; in their mouths it is always *Beekonsfield*. This, too, is the earlier form of the name. The *a* is a modern introduction. The title of the original edition of Waller's poems, published during his exile in 1645, is "Poems, &c., by Mr. Edmund Waller, of *Beekonsfield*, Esq." Still earlier it appears as *Beekonsfield*.

Apart from its associations with the great departed and its own natural beauty, Beaconsfield, as we have said, has few claims to notice. Perched on the flat top of one of the Chiltern ridges, surrounded by sinuous chalk valleys watered with crystal streamlets hurrying to the Thames, their steep sides clothed with the woods of beeches—*beechen*, in Anglo-Saxon—with their tall glistening boles and spreading branches, from which, according to Camden, the county of Buckingham, like Buckhurst and Buckland, and not improbably the town itself, derives its name, and furrowed with deep lanes, their high chalk banks fringed with clematis and eglantine and every kind of gracious plantage, spangled with primroses and violets and lady'slocks, and every flower that our old poets loved and sung of, commanding a wide view in all direc-

tions, towards Wycombe, and Penn, and Amersham, and Bulstrode—famous in Mrs. Montagu's letters—round to Wooburn and Marlow and the valley of the Thames, the natural attractiveness of Beaconsfield is such that we cannot be surprised that those who had the means of choice should select it for their home. The town itself is a very pretty one. The single main street of which, like most Buckinghamshire towns, it chiefly consists, is singularly broad, with a row of trees on either side, and the houses are many of them ancient, of varied outline, and remarkably picturesque. Left on one side by the stream of railways, modern improvement has scarcely touched it, and the lover of England as it was in old days will find much to delight him at every step. The former Rectory, if not, as is sometimes said, the oldest parsonage in England, can have very few to antedate it. Begun about 1500, when Richard Capul, the then Rector, bequeathed 40*l.* towards its building, and finished by Richard Rawson, who died Canon of Windsor and Archdeacon of Essex, in 1543, the house can boast of an antiquity of between three and four hundred years, and is one of the most perfect and unaltered examples of its date. It encloses three sides of a quadrangle, having a high wall and gateway on the fourth side. The basement is of chequered brick; the upper story with its steep roofs broken by lofty gables and dormers, is of huge timbers plastered between. The principal staircase attached to the north side, enclosed in a semi-cylindrical turret of timber, presents a most picturesque feature. One cannot enter the house without being struck with the immense waste of timber, according to modern ideas, in its construction. Solid trunks are framed in dark passages, and built up in partitions where thin planking would be deemed sufficient by modern builders. The floors are of enormous thickness, and the steps of the staircases are of huge blocks roughly squared with the axe. The whole building is so characteristic of its age that it could hardly have failed to impress itself on Disraeli's mind if he had ever visited it, and to appear in one of his romances. Though described by the veteran architect Mr. J. C. Buckler more than forty years ago in his *History of Eltham Palace*, it seems to be almost unknown. Strange to say, it finds no place in Mr. J. H. Parker's *Domestic Architecture*. We are happy to say that though untenanted, save by the Rector's groom, it is still well cared for, and we hope that so precious a relic may be long preserved. The "Saracen's Head Inn," with its long gabled fronts, before which the turbaned Saracen glares down the now empty street from his tall signpost, as it used to glare at the numberless Oxford and Cheltenham four-horse coaches and the dusty postchaises that once filled the town with life and bustle, is another excellent specimen of architecture. There are other houses with stone-mullioned bow windows, and hooded scallop-shell porches, and other charming details enough to employ the pencil of an architectural sketcher for a long sunnier day.

The church, which stands in a little square in the centre of the town to the south of the main street, is a very pleasing edifice, partly Early English in character, with a noble flint and stone square tower of late Perpendicular crowned with a taper wooden spire, at the west end. We can remember it neatly whitewashed, its arches blocked with flying pews, and its area crowded with clumsy deal boxes of various shapes and sizes. Now it has been subjected to a well-directed restoration under Mr. Woodyer, whose name will reassure the most sensitive anti-restorationist. The tower has lost its battlement, which at one time it was hoped might be rebuilt, and the bells rehung, as a memorial to Edmund Burke, who used to worship regularly in the church. But "a living dog is better than a dead lion," and not even the name of Edmund Burke, one of the noblest in our history, who, in Mr. Morley's words, possessed "the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things and in making their lives at once rich and austere," and who adorned our literature with, in Macaulay's estimate, the grandest prose writings since Milton, could awaken sufficient enthusiasm, and the tower remains incomplete. Burke is only commemorated by a brass plate over his grave in the nave and a mural tablet on the outside wall of the south aisle, which bears also the memorial of his brother Richard, the Recorder of Bristol, and of his dearly loved son, "the adored centre of all his father's hopes and affection," whose death in his thirty-fifth year, August 1794—Cromwell House, Brompton, not Beaconsfield, was the place of his decease—made the small remnant of the old man's days desolate and void, leaving him, in his own touching words, "like one of those old oaks the late hurricane has scattered, torn up by the roots and prostrate on the earth." The broken old man survived his son less than three years. Shortly before his death, he visited Bath for the waters, but to no purpose, and he returned to his house at Beaconsfield to die, but to no purpose, he wrote to Mrs. Leadbetter, "to a habitation more permanent, humbly and fearfully hoping that my better part may find a better mansion." He died July 9, 1798, in his sixty-eighth year. With magnanimous forgetfulness of past differences, Fox proposed that Burke should receive a public funeral in Westminster Abbey. But, to complete the closeness of the parallel, he had left the strictest injunctions that he should be buried in the same grave with those whom he had loved best—Mrs. Burke survived him some years—and that his funeral should be private. This latter part of his directions it was found as impossible to carry out as in the case of Lord Beaconsfield. The funeral was a walking one, the body having been removed from his mansion at Gregories to the house of Mrs. Salisbury Haviland, in the town of Beaconsfield, and was characterized by the greatest simplicity. But the crowd that assembled to testify their veneration for the departed

statesman was immense. All the leading members of both Houses, together with the gentry of the neighbourhood, attended in person, or sent their carriages, the pall being borne, among others, by Lord Chancellor Loughborough, the Speaker Addington (afterwards Lord Sidmouth), the Duke of Portland, Lord Minto, and Mr. Windham. Among the most real mourners were the boys of the school established by him under Abbé Maraine in 1794, by a subsidy from the Government, for the orphans of Quiberon and children of destitute French *émigrés*, at the neighbouring village of Penn. This charitable effort somewhat brightened the deep gloom caused by his son's death. Burke, like Diarlei, always loved children, and was at home with them. Mackintosh, who gives us the last glimpse of his daily life, when on a visit the Christmas before his death, speaks with amazement not only of the exuberant fertility of his host's conversation, but also of the *abandon* with which he entered into the sports of these boys, sharing with cordial glee in their games, and rolling with them on the carpet, pouring out in his gambols the sublimest images mixed with the most wretched puns. He watched over these orphans, we are told, like a father, and vexed his housekeeper's heart by surreptitiously sending them haunches of venison and other delicacies intended for titled guests. But with all his kindness, Burke was a staunch advocate for corporal chastisement, when needed. This he told the tender-hearted Abbé, who shrank from the use of the birch, was "our chief receipt for turning out great men." After the restoration of the French monarchy the school was supported by Louis XVIII., and was not finally dissolved till 1820.

The house occupied by Burke, known as Gregories, from a City magnate of that name who built it, but more properly called Butler's Court, stood a little to the north-west of the town of Beaconsfield. It was purchased by Burke for above 22,000*l.* in 1768, and he spent a considerable sum in enlarging and improving it, taking as his model old Buckingham Palace. Like that, it was a stately house of red brick, with white stone dressings, consisting of a centre connected with wings by curved Corinthian colonnades. When he bought it, the house was "hung from top to bottom with pictures," and he commissioned Barry, the artist, to whom, with unthinking Irish generosity, he was allowing a yearly sum for travel and study, at the very time that he himself was forced to apply to Garrick for a loan of 1,000*l.* to purchase fresh pictures, statues, and objects of *virtu*, to make the collection more perfect. A year after Mrs. Burke's death it became a school, and was burnt down April 23, 1813. Nothing remains to speak of its former greatness but the piers of the gateways, the stables, and other out-buildings. The forlorn and neglected shrubberies still bear the name of Burke's Grove. The identical dagger which—with execrable taste, it must be confessed—was thrown down by Burke on the floor of the House of Commons when denouncing a "Regicide Peace," is still preserved in the house once occupied by Mr. Rolfe, Burke's bailiff and factotum, whose son, the late Mr. John Rolfe, when a sturdy infant, was the original of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Infant Hercules strangling the Snake," purchased after Burke's death by the Empress Catherine, and now at the Hermitage Palace. In the lawns and fields around he used to feed the poultry, fluttering and cackling around him as soon as he made his appearance, with the corn with which his pockets were stuffed, and lavished tokens of affection on the cattle, especially on the old horse, which had been his son's favourite, "throwing his arms round its neck," writes Prior, "he was seen to weep long and loudly." Unlike the ex-Premier, Burke had an aversion to peacocks, on account of their vanity and affectation. Here he received Dr. Johnson, exclaiming, as he traversed the grounds, "Non equidem invidio, miror magis," and took the poverty-stricken poet Crabbe into his family circle, "raising him from destitution to independence." There is an engraving of this historical mansion appropriately prefixed to one of the volumes of Crabbe's collected works. The purchase of Gregories was not dictated by the same prudent forethought as that of Hughenden by the ex-Premier. Burke had neither funds to pay for it nor to maintain it. The scandalous stories propagated by his political enemies as to the way in which the purchase money was raised have been proved to be gross calumnies. But it was a rash venture for a man with only a legacy of 2,000*l.* from his brother at his command to purchase for above 20,000*l.* a house and estate, requiring at least 2,500*l.* a year to maintain it. Of the purchase money 14,000*l.* was left on mortgage, and 6,000*l.* was advanced by Lord Rockingham on Burke's bond. But we cannot be surprised that the great man was ever afterwards in pecuniary difficulties, and that, while his debt to Lord Rockingham swelled gradually to 30,000*l.*, all generously cancelled on his demise, beggary stared him in the face at the time of his son's death, and he was only saved from absolute penury by a royal pension of 2,500*l.* It was among sombre shadows, both private and political, that, in Mr. Morley's words, "a life went out which, notwithstanding some grave aberrations, had made great tides in human destiny very luminous."

The most conspicuous object in the churchyard of Beaconsfield is the huge mausoleum, crowned with obelisk and vases, of another Edmund—Waller the poet. He, like Burke and Diarlei, united the political and literary life, and obtained no little celebrity in both, though in the former walk it was a distinction of a far from an enviable character. As a poet, though some of his compositions are still remembered with pleasure—his "Go, lovely Rose" especially is a poem that will not soon die—he belongs to the same class as Sidney and Cowley, who, as Mr. T. H. Ward has remarked, "once famous in their day, and playing a great part in

English literature, have faded from public notice, and are no longer generally read." The greatest blot upon his character as a writer is the facility with which he prostituted his muse to flatter all whom the vicissitudes of the world happened to exalt, whether Cromwell or Charles II. On the latter tanning him with the inferiority of his verses on his restoration to those written in laudation of the Lord Protector, he is said to have adroitly replied, "Poets, you know, Sire, always succeed better in fiction than in truth." As a politician, his career was rendered contemptible by the pliancy with which he adapted himself to the changing sides of revolution, and secured for himself, not only a seat, but a ready hearing, in nearly every Parliament, from the day that he entered the House of Commons as member for Amersham—"non dum octodecennarius," his epitaph tells us; some authorities say he was hardly more than sixteen—through the reigns of James I., Charles I., and Charles II., until, in his eightieth year, he was returned to James II.'s Parliament in 1685, still charming the House by the sweetness of his eloquence, his conciliatory address, and exquisite composition of his sentences. He once grossly miscalculated his opportunities, when, in June 1643, he concocted the feeble plot, which still goes by his name as "Waller's Plot," for seizing the Tower, letting the King's forces into London, overpowering the Militia, and dispossessing the Parliament. But while his companions Chalmor and Tomkins (his brother-in-law) were executed as traitors before their own doors in Cheapside and Cornhill, Waller saved his life by turning informer, involving even ladies in complicity with his wretched conspiracy; and after having earned universal contempt by his cowardly bearing and the hypocritical penitence exhibited before the Bar of the House of Commons, compounded for his treason by a fine of 10,000*l.* and a sentence of exile. This last part of his punishment he afterwards wheedled Cromwell into remitting, and returning to England he lived in high repute at Hall Barn safe through all political storms, almost within sight of the Revolution of 1688, dying full of wealth, honours, and days, on October 21, 1687, leaving thirteen children behind him, and having a panegyric epitaph composed for his tomb by Dryden of the *Fædora*, in which, among other conceits, we read that he made his tongue so dear to the Muses that, if they gave up Latin and Greek, they would speak no other language but English.

THE FEUD OF REGULAR AND SECULAR CLERGY.

THE *Times* reported a few days ago that a Bull regulating the relations between the Roman Catholic Bishops and the Religious Orders in England had already received the Papal signature, and was shortly to be published. Meanwhile the telegram recounts under nine heads the principal provisions of this final settlement of a question which is known for some years to have been greatly exercising both the Vatican and the English prelates who had appealed to its judgment against the encroachments of their unruly subjects—if indeed they could be called subjects—at home. With the particular details already communicated of this Papal ordinance, which will be chiefly interesting to those immediately concerned, we need not trouble our readers. It may be enough to say that the general principle underlying them is one consonant, we presume, with traditional precedents, and which certainly appears to be agreeable to common sense. So far as can be discerned, the regular clergy or monks are left pretty much to themselves—that is to the control of their own superiors, under appeal to Rome—in all that concerns their own internal discipline and life, but if they undertake parochial work, they are to be subject "in what concerns the cure of souls and administration of the Sacraments" to the bishop of the diocese, nor can they assume or retain any such charge except by his appointment. All this seems reasonable enough. And there have, we believe, been many difficulties and heartburnings for the want of an observance of some such simple rule. But what naturally strikes an outsider, in regard to the elaborate code or revision of code found necessary in the latter half of this nineteenth century for preserving peace between the two sections of the not very enormous body of Roman Catholic clergy in England, is the obvious reflection that, in ecclesiastical as in other matters, history repeats itself. The standing feud between secular and regular clergy is as old as the foundation of religious orders, and therefore almost as old as the Church itself. Hallam, in speaking of the literature of the fifteenth century, says that the secular clergy, divided among themselves, were agreed in detesting the regulars, while "the regular monks satirized the mendicant friars, who, in their turn, after exposing both to the ill will of the people, incurred a double portion of it themselves." And he adds that the literature which embodied these enmities, by loosening the bonds of ancient association, paved the way for changes of speculative opinion, and thus indirectly served the cause of the Reformation. And this is perfectly true. When indeed the disputes of seculars and regulars are alleged by too eager controversialists in proof that there is no real unity of belief in the Church of Rome, the inference is sufficiently absurd, for their differences have no bearing on any question remotely concerning doctrine; but the differences themselves are not the less real and lasting, and they did of course contribute something to the general break up of medieval religion. Nor is the old feud, however carefully disguised now that there are Protestants to be scandalized as well as Catholics, by any means extinct; perhaps it is hardly less bitter than in former

ages. About twenty years ago a distinguished Jewish convert, who had become not only a Christian but a Carmelite monk, opened a public church in a large town parish, where the secular clergy were already established. The Roman Catholic population was considerable, and there was presumably quite room for two places of worship for them; indeed they were at the time preparing to build a new one; but it was of course inevitable that the establishment of a monastic church should act more or less as a drain on the resources of its secular rival. "Father A."—was reported to be the indignant exclamation of the outraged and invaded *parochus*—"Is no doubt a priest and a monk, but for all that he is a Jew still, in all but his baptism." So it almost looks as if, to use Hallam's words, "the secular clergy detested the regular" as heartily as ever still. The old Aristotelian proverb *ὁ κρημνὸς ἀνέπαυτος* would perhaps go some way to explain this, but a very cursory glance only at Church history suffices to reveal other and more special reasons for the chronic jealousy between them.

The differences of Latin and Eastern monasticism, based on the characteristic differences, ethical and historical, of the two Communion, are at once deep-seated and conspicuous. It would be difficult to find two forms of life bearing a common name, and distinguished by the same universal vows of "poverty, chastity, and obedience," more widely diverse in character and practical result than the manifold activities, say, of a Benedictine or Franciscan community of the middle ages on the one hand and the passive abstraction of the old Egyptian Laura or the dull illiterate routine of the monasteries of Mount Athos on the other. During a period of some fifteen centuries scarcely a variation of external rule or internal life has passed over the cloistral solitude of "the changeless East." Empires, dynasties, civilizations, religions—such as Islam, itself an Eastern product—have risen or passed away; the very existence of Christendom has been menaced from without, and its unity once and again has been broken from within; but the slow lapse of ages has brought to those living sepulchres no revival of dormant energies or dawning of a clearer light. Eastern monachism has lasted at least from the days of St. Antony to our own, but it reckons no Benedict, or Francis, or Ignatius among its legislators, no Abelard or Aquinas among its theologians, no Anselm or Bernard among its saints. It has been left to the casual enterprise of Western scholars to exhume from time to time by some lucky accident the buried treasures consigned to moths and worms in the deserted libraries of Mount Athos or Mount Sinai, while Western monks alone have carried out into a hundred various ramifications of active and intellectual energy the monastic idea originally borrowed from the East. If there has been no feud between regulars and seculars in the East, that is chiefly because, except at one point, there has been next to no contact between them; their isolation has saved them from hostility. There is one exception however; Eastern bishops being bound by the rule of celibacy, while the parish priests are bound to be married, are taken exclusively from the monasteries, and they are said in consequence to be usually very much out of sympathy with their diocesan clergy, as is natural in the circumstances. But the very activity of the Latin monks, which has brought them into the thick of the fray, and mixed them up with the general course of ecclesiastical and civil history, has also brought them into active and jealous competition with their rivals of the secular priesthood. The two orders are sometimes designated by theologians "the two eyes of the Church," but their range of vision is certainly not always identical. This arises partly, as was observed just now, from the nature of things, partly from a cause by no means discreditable to the religious orders. Benedictines, Franciscans, Jesuits, and other "reforms," as they were often called, of the monastic institute, came forward, each in its turn, as a protest against existing corruptions and the consecration of a renewed energy in the field of spiritual labour. Their appearance was at once a rebuke and a challenge to the lazy or corrupt pastorate of the age, and in proportion as a rebuke is deserved, it is likely to be resented. It is true that too often in course of time the reformers themselves came to stand pre-eminently in need of reformation, and the gurgyles and misereere seats of our old churches and cathedrals bear abiding and amusing witness to the uncompromising sharpness of the hints administered to them by their rivals. But there was one peculiarity of the monastic institute, neither creditable nor discreditable in itself, which grew indeed out of that rivalry, but also served, and serves to this day, enormously to accentuate and augment it.

The new Bull about to be issued on the relations of secular and regular clergy in England deals entirely with the conditions and limitations of the exemption of the regulars from episcopal control. And this exemption has all along lain at the root of the contention between them. The earliest example of such a papal exemption is said to have occurred in 455, under Leo the Great, first of the chief founders of the Papal Monarchy, but it did not become frequent till some centuries later. Pope Zachary, in the middle of the eighth century, revived the practice, which thenceforward was very generally followed. Muratori however thinks exemptions of monasteries from episcopal visitation were not common in Italy before the eleventh century, and that many of the earlier Charters are forgeries. Some English antiquaries similarly contend that no Anglo-Saxon monastery was exempt, and that the first instance of a genuine charter of Exemption in this country is that of Battle Abbey in the reign of William the Conqueror. Certainly such exemptions were very common in England afterwards. And it must in fairness be admitted, as Hallam points out, that the bishops had often

assumed an arbitrary even tyrannical power over the clergy, both regular and secular, of which constant complaints were made, as may be learnt from the Acts of contemporary Councils. Guizot calls attention to the fact in his *History of French Civilization*. But the regular clergy, who had the countenance of Rome, and very often of the public opinion of the day also, at their back, were able to make a more successful resistance than the secular, and it suited the purpose of the Papal Court to include those exemptions of an order of men on whose devoted service it could always securely reckon in the general scheme of steady and gradual encroachment on episcopal authority it was engaged in carrying out. And in the eighth and ninth centuries a ready excuse for this policy might be found in the comparative superiority of monastic over episcopal morality. At that period, according to Guizot, the Church had sunk into a state of disorder hardly less marked than that of civil society, and the bishops, with little control to fear from any quarter, set free (through the new discipline of the false decretals) from the surveillance of their metropolitans and of provincial Councils, were apt to indulge in scandalous excesses. The monasteries, on the other hand, were usually at least respectable, and thus could urge a strong moral claim to exemption from an interference more likely to prejudice than to promote their efficiency.

We need not trace out the further course of the history in detail. When the principle was once established motives good and bad would alike conspire to foster its maintenance and extension. In her long struggle for supremacy Rome could not lightly reject the services of auxiliaries all of whom were in their measure fairly entitled to the designation, afterwards arrogated to themselves by the Jesuits, of the prætorian guard of the Papacy. On the other hand, in view of the ugly and reiterated indictment against the secular clergy, chiefly of simony and incontinence, prominent in the annals of nearly every mediæval Council, it might fairly seem incumbent on the Pope not to turn a deaf ear to men like Dominic, or Francis, or Ignatius, who offered him "the promise and potency" of a great spiritual development and renewal. The Council of Trent, which reformed many things, though it did not reform the doctrines abhorrent to Luther and his adherents, made a tolerably clean sweep of clerical scandals at least in Europe, but the long standing feud of seculars and regulars was not therefore destined to be healed. No previous order indeed or combination of orders ever attracted to itself one-half the jealousy and antagonism provoked by the "Company of Jesus," whose very name was interpreted into an arrogant and intolerable assumption of superior excellence. Moreover the Tridentine decrees had just strictly forbidden the creation of any new orders, and the prohibition has never been infringed. But there are ways of driving a coach and six through inconvenient enactments without directly infringing them, and under the varied alias of "Society," "Congregation," "Institute," and the like, new Communities preserving all the distinctive characters and privileges of the old Orders have multiplied more rapidly during the last three centuries than at any previous period of Church history. And as all these new organizations are rather of the "active" than the "contemplative" type, they all come inevitably into contact, and therefore sooner or later into collision, with the secular priesthood. One of the latest of them, founded in Italy some forty years ago and soon afterwards introduced into England, was expressly designed to share, and thereby elevate and improve, the work of the parochial clergy. And in a country like this, where the supply of priests "for the mission" is sure to fall short of the exigencies of the case, the Roman Catholic Bishops can least of all afford to dispense with the proffered aid of volunteers, whose education has cost them nothing, who have resources of their own to fall back upon, and whose culture is usually of a higher type than the diocesan seminary can bestow. But the aid is accepted not without reserve and misgiving. Over the secular clergy the Bishop exacts an absolute, not to say arbitrary, control; but he knows that the regulars own at best a divided allegiance, and regard him rather, as a recalcitrant Ritualist is supposed to look on his ecclesiastical rulers, as a power to be reckoned with than as a superior to be obeyed. And hence arose the need for this elaborate concordat between the rival jurisdictions which adds one fresh chapter to the long and not uniformly edifying record of the conflict of seculars and regulars in the Latin Church.

DIE MEININGER.

THE company of the Court Theatre at Saxe-Meiningen has no- quired a remarkable and peculiar reputation in Germany. This is due not merely to the excellence of the performances in their own theatre, but to those which they have given in Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, and other cities. It is a common custom in Germany for single actors to be invited to join other companies for a few weeks, when they are called "guests," in order that they may play the parts in which they have acquired the greatest distinction at home. In the case of the Meiningen Theatre, however, it is not single actors who make these friendly expeditions to other places, but the entire company, so that "Die Meiningen" have come to be spoken of collectively, as a body of persons governed by a particular system, and animated by a common purpose. In fact, so far as we are able to judge, their visits to German towns are regarded, both by themselves and others, as missionary enterprises, the object of which is the improvement of

the stage. Reformers, especially those who wear their badges openly on their sleeves, are usually regarded with suspicion, if not with dislike. The Meiningers, on the contrary, have become extraordinarily popular. Wherever they go, the theatre is crowded, not once merely, but night after night, so long as they can be prevailed upon to stay; and they are usually pressed to repeat their visit at the earliest opportunity possible. Up to this time they have never played out of Germany. Now, however, they are about to give a series of performances at Drury Lane Theatre. It will therefore be interesting to examine the objects which they have in view, and the peculiarities which distinguish them.

When the present Grand Duke succeeded his father in 1866 he found a company at the Hof-Theater neither better nor worse than in other German towns of the same importance. It was, as is customary, a double company, giving operas and plays on alternate evenings. The Duke, however, actuated by a laudable desire of doing one thing well, soon made up his mind to abandon opera, and to devote his energies to the representation of plays as completely as the resources and limits of the stage will allow. The condition of the German theatre, so he thought, was not satisfactory. Modern pieces, such as translations of popular French novelties, light comedies and farces, might be put on the boards as well as they deserved to be; but the higher forms of the modern drama, the classical masterpieces of Germany, and the plays of Shakespeare, whom, as is well known, the Germans have adopted and made their own, were performed in a very slovenly fashion. It needed a very critical eye to perceive this. Englishmen who have had the good fortune to see *Faust* or *Hamlet* at one of the great German theatres have rejoiced that there was still a stage on which poetical plays could be represented with respect to the author's own intention, without curtailment from deference to the habits of the audience or some stupid tradition of the stage, and, as it appeared to them, with far greater attention to details and to the adequate presentation of the minor characters than is possible in England. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, however, thought otherwise. It appeared to him that, while one or two parts were entrusted to actors of talent, the rest were neglected; that the scenery was too often inappropriate; and that the costumes and accessories lacked historical accuracy. He, therefore, set to work to correct these defects in his own theatre. In every play produced there the same pains was to be bestowed on the small parts as on the great ones. Self-assertion on the part of any member of the company was not to be thought of. It is one of his principles that there should be no "supers" in his theatre, only actors and actresses, any of whom must expect, if need be, to be called upon to take the smallest parts. When a piece has been selected for performance, the principal parts are first studied under his own direction, and often in his own presence, until he is satisfied; after which the different scenes are gradually put together and rehearsed over and over again, always with the scenery and all the persons, whether speaking or silent, who are to appear in them, so that complete harmony may be produced, and everybody, small as well as great, may feel their responsibility in the perfect realization of the picture. By this means carelessness and listlessness on the part of the lookers-on is avoided. They are made to understand that gestures may be as eloquent as words, and that each member of a crowd ought to possess a distinct and definite individuality while taking part in a common action. In consequence, the throngs that fill the stage in such plays as *Julius Caesar*, *Fiesco*, and *Wallenstein's Camp* (all of which are to be given in London), are said to be quite wonderful in their reality, and in the way in which varieties of nationality and motive are indicated. We hear on all hands that the result justifies the labour that has been bestowed upon it. "Work," says the Duke, "is the secret of the Meiningers' success"; and the verdict of German audiences is wholly in his favour. Wherever the Meiningers perform they leave their mark behind them by stimulating audiences to demand, and managers to attempt, increased efficiency in these really important matters, which are too often regarded as accessories, upon which neither time nor thought need be expended. It must not, however, be supposed that the abolition of the detestable star-system has rendered the performance of any great work inadequate. If no performer be pre-eminent, on the other hand, no one is admitted who is inadequate. The average is remarkably high.

Again, it is held at Saxe-Meiningen that the closest union ought to subsist between the actors and the decorations. No detail can be so inconsiderable as not to have some influence on the tone of the whole picture; and the effect of the actions of the principal personages will be heightened when the scenery is brought into harmony with it. In this department, therefore, the utmost attention is paid to accuracy of detail and to local colouring, so as to present to the audience an exact realization of the place in which the action may be supposed to pass. At the same time, care is taken that the scenery should not in any way override the actors, but form, as it ought to do, a rich and suitable background to them. Similar care is taken that the costumes and the furniture shall be of the exact period indicated in the play. In many cases real articles are made use of, as in Kleist's drama, *Das Kütchen von Heilbronn*, where the knights appear in suits of armour that have been handed down from the middle ages. The elaboration of the scenery has, no doubt, one drawback, and that a considerable one. It necessitates an employment of the drop-curtain so frequent that even the warmest admirers of the Meiningers admit that it is wearisome. *Julius Caesar*, for instance, which ought to be played in five acts, is really played in

eight, and *William Tell* in fourteen. However, not even this defect, which German audiences, who like to get their play over early, must find particularly irksome, has diminished the success of the Meiningers in their own country. Even in Vienna, where a strong taste for dramatic entertainments is co-existent with an equally strong predilection for early hours, the Meiningers won golden opinions. One of their critics, a Viennese, and a warm admirer of his own Burg-Theater, which he regards as second only to the Comédie Française, even if it be not in some ways superior to it, cordially admits their great excellence; and especially proclaims to his countrymen that their attention to details and their power of realizing the whole scope and object of a play enabled them to succeed even where the Burg-Theater had failed. He dwells especially on their performance of Grillparzer's drama, *The Ancestress* ("Die Ahnfrau"), which we shall have an opportunity of seeing in London. The very scenery seemed haunted by the weird mysteriousness of the poet's conception.

We have already mentioned that the Duke's primary object in thus devoting his time, energy, and resources to the improvement of the stage was to represent German masterpieces more completely than had hitherto been done. This idea explains the somewhat limited character of his repertoire. If a play be adequately performed at other German theatres, he does not think it worth while to produce it at Saxe-Meiningen. For this reason *Faust* is rarely given there. Again, his peculiar system induces him to perform elaborate plays, with numerous characters and many supernumeraries, rather than those where a single personage dominates the action. Hence the exclusion of *Wallenstein* and *Hamlet* from the London programme—omissions which, we confess, we particularly regret. We wish, too, that some modern comedies could have been given here. Such are given occasionally at Saxe-Meiningen, and would not only have relieved the somewhat sombre tone of the rest of the pieces selected, but would have enabled us to judge of a branch of German literature but little known in England. We are glad to hear that the two comedies by Molière set down in the programme will probably be replaced by the *Taming of the Shrew* and Goethe's one-act play *Die Gezeichneten*. The former will be given from the text of Shakespeare, and will, no doubt, be one of the most interesting features of the visit. The plays chosen, however, though it is easy to find fault with the selection, will all be very interesting, especially as the result of the system the outlines of which we have attempted to sketch. We wish the company all success. The labour of moving so large a body of persons, with all the supernumeraries, the scenery, the furniture, and the accessories (without which the Meiningers never travel), must be so great and so costly that we almost wonder the Duke ventured to undertake it. Fortune is said to favour the brave. Let us hope that she will do so on this occasion.

THOUGHT-READING.

WE are tempted sometimes to doubt whether our civilization is not after all an elaborate sham, and whether it would not be more honest to return to the primitive coat of blue paint and practise our fetishism in an open and straightforward manner. At any rate, it is very difficult to detect any great difference in principle between the pretensions of savage "medicine men" and the various crazes, such as mesmerism, spiritualism, transcendental physics, and the like, which have been in vogue during the present generation. With us, as with our humbler brethren of Africa and elsewhere, the motives which lead to these practices are as various as the methods employed. They are supplied sometimes by a genuine but hopeless desire to attain the impossible, to induce the natural order of things to accommodate themselves to our own convenience, or by a vague yearning to see into futurity. Another, and by far the most frequent, cause is the desire to profit, through deliberate imposture, by the weakness of one's fellow-creatures. But yet another motive exists, and that is vanity, which induces the would-be seer to mistake his own fidgety excitement for supernatural inspiration, and compels him to delude himself as well as others. This is the most dangerous of all the forms of modern miracle-working, for the "seer" or "healer" may be perfectly honest in the belief in his own powers, and his claims may be, and indeed always are, more or less borne out by the effect of his own excitable temperament upon that of others. This is the secret of "electro-biology" and other now exploded quackeries; for you have only to persuade an emotional person that he either cannot or must do a certain thing, and his nerves and muscles unconsciously obey the impulse of his will, although the suggestion that has set that will to work comes from another. Scientific men whose lives are spent in investigating the intricate mechanism of nature, especially that delicate arrangement of matter which makes up a living and thinking human being, are naturally attracted to these phenomena; and when a really honest person comes before them, claiming to do something extraordinary, and really doing something which they cannot understand or account for, a very nice "nine days' wonder" indeed is the result. But, as we have had occasion to remark in these columns when speaking of "modern magic," whether of the spiritism or prestidigitation type, scientific men do not make at all good observers at such exhibitions. This is certainly not as it should be; for, knowing as well as they do

the limits of the natural, they should begin by assuming that what they see, or think they see, cannot be done, and should next look for the fallacy—the unnoticed break in the chain of evidence—which apparently separates the occurrence from the ordinary operations of nature. What scientists, however, as a rule, do in such cases is to try to account for the “supernatural” appearance by natural laws, instead of endeavouring to ascertain what it was that has wrung from them their testimony to its occurrence. In nine instances out of ten it would be found that the miracle-monger has—perhaps quite involuntarily—made a *temps*, and thrown out all their calculations. A *temps* is a technical term in conjuring, and signifies any act by which the attention of the audience is drawn off the performer while he is doing something which he does not wish them to see, and by which they are made to believe that the act takes place at a time when he is, in fact, quite passive. It may be aptly illustrated by the old melodramatic trick when the first murderer requests the virtuous hero to “observe the flight of yonder solitary crow,” and sticks him in the back when he turns his head for the purpose.*

We are led to make these remarks because the daily papers have been lately full of an affair which, if not dispassionately discussed from a common-sense standpoint, is likely to add one more to the already too-long list of popular crazes about the “supernatural.” The other day a select party, consisting of some of the men most distinguished in physical and mental science, met to witness an exhibition by Mr. Bishop of his “remarkable power of thought-reading.” Dr. W. B. Carpenter and Professor Huxley appeared as his sponsors, and testified to their own experience of Mr. Bishop’s wonderful faculty, “which he derives from the careful study of the indications unconsciously given by the subjects experimented upon, and his peculiar aptness in interpreting those indications.” Now it is only fair to say that this is a reasonable and plausible account of what Mr. Bishop, or any one else with keen powers of observation, may do; but what we object to is the folly of bringing a dozen scientific men together to investigate what is, after all, a very common conjuring trick. No doubt Mr. Bishop, as we are assured, has no intention of making any pecuniary or other gain out of his powers, which he simply exhibits as “an interesting contribution to the study of psychology”; but he must forgive us if we do suspect him of taking a very undue estimate of the rarity or value of his talent. The first “experiment” consisted in Mr. Moncure Conway’s hiding a bundle of tickets, when the performer, who was led blindfold into the room, seized Mr. Conway’s hand, “and pressing it against his forehead with much excitement of manner,” raced about the room with him until the hiding-place was discovered. Then Professor Ray Lankester complained of a pain, and the “medium” correctly indicated that it was a tooth-ache by laying his hand upon the sufferer’s cheek. Dr. Lyon Playfair next took part in this somewhat undignified game of blindman’s-buff. Some cards with the letters of the alphabet printed upon them were hung upon a string, and Dr. Playfair having thought of the word “Speaker”—which, by the by, he probably thinks a great deal about—Mr. Bishop spelt it out on the tickets. These were the most successful of the “experiments,” and a very poor business it seems to have been. The private séance was followed by a more public one given last Wednesday, and, not wishing to do a possible injustice to one who has the cause of “the study of psychology” so much at heart, we made a point of being present.

A large and distinguished audience had been invited; and Mr. Bishop, by way of prelude, skilfully referred to a journey which he had undertaken to India “for the purpose of investigating the practices of the Indian necromancers,” and then read out a testimonial from Dr. Carpenter, couched in the terms we have already quoted; after which he proceeded to business. A “committee” of twelve men of note was chosen, and sat in a crescent of chairs upon the raised platform, suggesting an entertainment of quite another character at St. James’s Hall. The first experiment was that of hiding an object which Mr. Bishop was to find; but, although he indulged in the most frantic “hypnotic” gymnastics, and his assistant kept thinking as hard as he could upon the place of hiding, the thing was a dead failure. The next attempt was rather more successful, a concealed pencil-case being brought to light, to the great joy of all concerned, though not without much fuss and rushing about. A mysterious arrangement of passing a small doll from hand to hand and hiding it, to be subsequently hunted for by Mr. Bishop, whiled away another tedious half-hour, and ended also in failure. Some numbers written on a black-board were, however, guessed blindfold, and slightly raised the obviously flagging interest of the audience; but this seemed a more ingenious, and less ingenuous, device. The pain, also—this time an imaginary one—as in Professor Lankester’s case, was placed to the general satisfaction. The great “experiment” of the evening, however, that with the alphabet, was also a fiasco, although Mr. Labouchère, who thought of a word, was very long-suffering. This trick, in which the letters are printed on cards, connected by a string, and laid upon the platform, where the blindfolded performer hovers over them and pounces from time to time on one or another, bears so ludicrous a resemblance to that of the “learned pig” at a fair that we would suggest some variation at least of the *mise en scène*. Having twice guessed the wrong word, Mr. Bishop gave it up, and the “experiments” shortly came to an end. The whole affair appeared to us excessively dull; and, though there was nothing that indicated, or indeed required, collusion, there was certainly nothing which could further the cause of science. Nor need sensitive

people be alarmed lest their thoughts should be inopportunately revealed; for it would seem that, if they have any objection to their being read by another person they need only neglect to concentrate their mind upon one thought at a time, and decline to be dragged wildly up and down the room. As a means of communication, we prefer the ordinary methods of expressing thought by speech, writing, or signs.

The practice of thought-reading in one phase or another is part and parcel of the conjuror’s art, and is no more “an interesting contribution to psychology” than is a successful performance of the three-card trick. Mr. Bishop’s performances differ only in degree from the directions given in every “Boy’s Own Book” for telling the card thought of; while they fall immeasurably short of that feat when performed by such men as the late Robert Houdin, to say nothing of that eminent conjuror’s mysterious, but anything but supernatural, second-sight. Yet we have never heard of a number of persons engaged in “almost every branch of scientific research—gentlemen whose names were more than a sufficient guarantee that the tests would be severe and searching in their character and conditions,” being asked to witness Professor Bosco-Frikell von Döbler’s remarkable experiments with a pack of common playing-cards, or his curious illusion with three domestic thimbles and a pen. We shall expect to see next announced a similar gathering of scientific men to investigate the curious problems in the equilibrium of the human body, illustrated by a Japanese acrobat upon a pole.

We are grieved to be obliged to speak in so disparaging a manner of a young gentleman who has no object in view but to make “an interesting contribution to the study of psychology,” but we would remind both him and his scientific admirers that the “thought-reading” form of inspiration is “rather played out” by this time. Continental newspapers are crammed with advertisements of *soi-disant* “somnambulists,” who profess to do the same sort of thing in a more thorough style; but abroad it is the police, and not the scientists, who keep an eye upon the affair. The discoveries of the early “phrenologists and physiognomists” as to the conformation and functions of the brain led to many mad theories, and it was but a slight step from judging of certain indications of character by the shape of a skull to declaring what was passing in the subject’s mind at a given moment. Time and common sense, however, soon reduced these pretensions to within reasonable limits, although they made great stir at the time when they were first advanced. The practice of “thought-reading,” too, is well known in the East; and the annals of Buddhist sages who have qualified themselves as “seers” by contemplating their own waist-bands for lengthened periods, and of Sufi mystics in Persia and Turkey, who have attained the same powers by fasting and other ascetic practices, are full of authentic instances of the exercise of this faculty. The reader of such anecdotes, however, merely pities the “poor heathen” who can be so superstitious as to believe such nonsense, while the vagaries of a young man who thinks himself the prophet of a new scientific religion because he is sharp in detecting “indications unconsciously given by the subjects experimented upon” are regarded as worthy of the serious attention of eminent men. Such exhibitions are in every way unwholesome; they encourage a misguided hankering after notoriety in the performer, they suggest a fresh means of imposture to professional charlatans, and, worst of all, they bring science and scientific evidence into ridicule and disrepute.

THE PARIS SALON.

THIS year’s Salon has been looked forward to in Paris as promising to be of exceptional interest, on account of the fact that the artists have at length decided to set aside all offers of Government assistance and to conduct their own exhibition in their own way. The public have reason to be grateful to them for two important reforms—the number of pictures admitted for exhibition has been limited, and comfortable seats have been placed in every room. Of the promised improvement in the quality of the works exposed there is little to be said. After much debate, and a good deal of unseemly quarrelling, a jury was formed which has produced the same result as that which has been attained by its predecessors—an exhibition containing pictures of great merit, swamped by the intolerable deal of trash surrounding them. The most ambitious work exhibited this year is M. Paul Baudry’s “Glorification de la Loi,” to which the place of honour has been assigned. It is a truly noble example of the highest order of decorative art; and it is difficult to find any shortcoming either in its design or in its admirably harmonious colour. Before the figure of Justice seated on a throne stands the figure symbolic of executive power ready to do her behests; to the left, on a mass of drapery, lies the foreshortened figure of a child most powerfully drawn, with a seated woman by her side; above the figure of Justice an angel flies, whose drapery expresses vigorous movement in every fold. The architectural background is faultlessly rendered, and but for a certain lack of nobility in the heads of his figures and a slight tendency to heaviness in the outstretched arm of the figure of Justice, we could dismiss M. Baudry’s magnificent picture without any word of criticism. His portrait of Louis de Montebello (107) is our ideal of what a boy’s portrait should be. It is full of life, and very strong in colour, as fine in its way as his larger canvas. On M. Carolus Duran we have also little but praise to bestow. He is this year seen at his

best. His "Futur Doge" represents a little child whose head, surmounting a bib and full of the gravity of babyhood, is in exquisite contrast with the richly-embroidered costume he wears. His Portrait of a Lady (378) is also admirable. The head seems to us to be faultless, and the black dress is very powerfully dealt with. The blue curtain which forms the background is finely treated; but to the hands we must take exception—they are feeble in drawing to the last degree. M. Bonnat's portraits of Léon Cogniet and Madame la Comtesse Potocka are likely to raise much discussion. It is impossible not to render homage to M. Bonnat's extraordinary technical skill; but his painting this year is painfully hard and unsympathetic. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that his pictures are so placed that it is very difficult to see them from a favourable point of view. Among the other portraits exhibited, those which seem to us most worthy of remark are M. Gabriel Ferrier's portrait of M. Claudius Popelin (871), M. Jenoudet's portrait of M. M. D. (1217), and M. Mathey's portrait of M. Saint-Saëns (1555). There are, of course, the usual number of what in French studio slang are known as "grandes tartines" to be seen this year—immense canvases covered with huge sprawling figures, representing historical subjects. Years ago Charles Baudelaire complained bitterly of the crass ignorance of French painters in regard to the subjects they undertook to represent. The same defect is patent this year in all the purely historical works exhibited. In M. Comerre's "Samson et Dalila" the costumes might be of any period, and pillow-cases of the latest Parisian fashion are seen in great profusion on Dalila's enormous couch. In M. Brehan's picture (285), which represents the Median King Kyaxares seeing the Scythian officers whom he has invited to a banquet slaughtered before his eyes, the King and his attendants drink out of Venetian glasses. Among the numerous works exposed in which size takes the place of merit, the worst is incontestably M. Perret's "Semeur," in which the action of Jean François Millet's figure of the sower is most vulgarly travestied. M. Protais exhibits a miserably feeble composition, entitled "Le Drapeau et l'Armée"; and, besides these two canvases, there are many other bad pictures, executed on a formidable scale, of which it is not our intention to speak. M. Detaille has had a most ungrateful subject to deal with in his "Distribution des Drapeaux," which represents an incident of the great review on the 14th of July last year. Official pictures are proverbially failures, and we are sorry to say that this one is no exception to the rule.

Of military subjects there are as usual enough and to spare. M. de Neuville has one very fine picture, "Un Porteur de Dépêches" (1724), a French despatch-bearer being searched by two German soldiers while a group of officers at table outside an inn look on. His picture of the attack upon the cemetery of Saint-Privat (1723) cannot be ranked among his higher achievements. It is decidedly muddy in colour and very confused in grouping. M. Bertrand has a powerful picture of a wounded standard-bearer supported by his comrades, hung in the Salle d'honneur. We are glad to be able to note a decided diminution in the number of morbid and disgusting subjects treated in this exhibition, in comparison with those of the last few years; but M. Lauprède's picture, "La Question," calls for comment of the severest kind. We are at a loss to understand what perversion of artistic feeling can possibly prompt a man to seek for his subjects in the torture chambers of the Inquisition. This abominable picture, which is only the more offensive on account of its cleverness, is a disgrace to the artist who painted it and to the jury which suffered it to be exhibited. Very different in treatment is M. J. P. Laurens's "Interrogatoire," in which the face of the unfortunate old monk, who is about to be stretched by means of a rope running over a pulley attached to the ceiling, while his feet are secured by an iron ring to the pavement, is full of humour. The heads of his *confesseurs* in the background are also excellent in character, and the execution of the picture is good throughout. His portrait of "Mme. la Comtesse R." is, however, astonishingly poor for the work of an artist of his capacity. M. Benjamin Constant has never before been seen to such advantage as he is this year. His two pictures (516, 517), the first "Passetemps d'un Kalife" and the second "Hérodiade," are alike admirable. The first shows us the interior of a Moorish palace at Seville in the thirteenth century, where, in the midst of a gorgeously decorated courtyard, a couple of lion cubs are being presented to a sackful of snakes which has just been opened by an attendant. The quaint mixture of anger and hesitation in the figures of the lions is wonderfully indicated, and the painting of their keeper, who walks behind them, is very masterly. The treatment of the accessories is excellent throughout, and we find in them a degree of warmth and solidity of colouring to which M. Benjamin Constant had not hitherto attained. Herodias (517) crouches, her chin supported on her hand, upon the sofa, facing the spectator. Her face is of a somewhat animal type, but is full of sensual beauty; the upper part of her figure is partially naked, and is most admirable both in colour and modelling. The feet are also naked, one of the toes being encircled by a magnificent ring, and they are most striking in their execution. The prevailing colour of the picture is deep crimson, and its every tone reveals the power of a colourist of no common order. Very powerful also is M. A. Morot's "Temptation of St. Anthony," in which the flesh painting of the undraped figure of the temptress calls for especial commendation. The "St. Gerome" of M. Henner is among the most important works exhibited, but he can hardly be congratulated upon

it. The Saint lies stiffly across the picture on an inclined plane, the right leg and left arm being stretched out in such a position as to form a straight line of considerable length, while his beard stands up perpendicularly. By an unfortunate error of composition, the left leg is so placed as to make an equilateral triangle in the centre of the canvas. His picture of "La Source" shows us a naked figure of a girl sitting by a pool. In this work there is considerable charm of colour, but M. Henner's practice of painting backgrounds, intended to represent trees and grass, in pure bitumen, cannot be commended. M. Bougereau, whose painting becomes more distractingly waxy year by year, has sent two pictures, "La Vierge aux Anges" (265) and "L'Aurore" (266), which cannot fail to delight those persons who find their pleasure in the contemplation of feeble sentimentality. "Le pauvre Pêcheur" (1944), by M. Puvis de Chavannes, goes far towards compensating us for the dismal lack of imaginative power which is to be observed at the Salon. His treatment of the subject is purely symbolic, and the execution, though it betrays no lack of power, is simple to the last degree. But as his picture is conceived in a tenderly poetic spirit, it is not likely to prove attractive to the French public.

Among the purely realistic pictures exposed, the best seem to us to be M. l'Hermite's "Quatuor" (1443), a group of four peasants round the table of a cabaret, which is excellent in composition and colour, though it is somewhat flat in effect; and M. Dantan's "Déjeuner du Modèle" (590), in which we see a model at breakfast in a painter's studio. It is, however, decidedly inferior to his interior of a sculptor's studio, exhibited last year, and which is now in the Luxembourg Gallery. It is not easy to conceive the frame of mind which the members of the jury were in when they accepted M. Manet's "Portrait de M. Perteuisset, le chasseur de lions," a title which is at once suggestive of Tartarin de Tarascon. In the "Impressioniste" gallery, of which we have recently had occasion to speak, there are few worse pictures than this to be found. A violet man with a violet gun in his hand sits in the midst of a wood of the same colour, the head of an impossible yellow monster appearing on one side of him. M. Maignan's picture of Dante meeting Mathilda is an excellent work, showing real poetic feeling, although he might have made his Virgil a little less leaden in hue. Of M. Falguière's "Abattage d'un Taureau; souvenir d'Espagne," we cannot say too much good. He has treated his subject in a truly imaginative spirit. The action of the two men, one pulling down the bull's head with a rope, while the other swings a club with which he is about to strike, is truly grand. The background is formed by a steep bank of grass, surmounted by the deep blue of a cloudless sky. The colour is fine throughout, and M. Falguière's great knowledge as a sculptor has stood him in good stead in the broad powerful modelling of his figures. It is greatly to be regretted that he has not contributed any important work to the sculpture gallery this year. Mr. Hawkins's picture of "Les Orphelins" (1112), two little children standing in the long grass of a country graveyard, bids fair to be one of the successes of the year. It is a most charming picture, beautifully harmonious in colour, and tender in feeling.

M. Skredsvig shows great promise as an animal painter in his "Fermé à Venoix" (2187). Among the landscapes there is much rubbish to be met with, but some of the pictures exhibited are of rare merit. Among these we may cite M. Denduyt's "Dégel" (679) and M. Loir's "Giboulées" (1463). This picture is of rare merit in its solidity and atmosphere; and in looking at it one instinctively glances at one's feet to see if they are wet. M. Montenard's "Sur la Falaise," which hangs in the same room, is also a very powerful picture. Of the other works of merit among the landscapes our space does not permit us to speak; but we cannot pass over M. Saintin's picture (2085) in silence; it is certainly among the very best of the landscapes exhibited.

THE RISE IN FOREIGN STOCKS.

AS was to be expected, the extreme discredit into which Foreign Government securities fell in consequence of repudiations some years ago, and of the inquiries of the Foreign Loans Committee, has been followed by a general and equally extreme rise. We have had this week a very striking instance. Only four years ago the Hungarian Government was obliged to pay 6 per cent. in gold upon bonds which it sold at 83½ per cent. This week it has brought out a loan to pay off the former bonds, the interest on which is only 4 per cent., and the price asked is 75½ per cent. In other words, whereas four years ago a lender to the Hungarian Government got about 7½ per cent. for his money, he now gets very little more than 5½ per cent. Nothing in the meantime has occurred to account for this extraordinary improvement in the credit of the country, except, indeed, that the Eastern Question is not quite so threatening as it was. Hungarian finance is nearly as unsatisfactory as ever. Year after year there are deficits, and, consequently, of course, the debt grows. Not less striking is the steadiness of Russian securities in the face of the assassination of the late Czar, of the boldness and influence of the Nihilists, and of the apparently imminent danger of insurrection or revolution. The bonds of 1873, for instance, which in the middle of May, two years ago, were selling at 84½ 10s., at the end of last week were selling for 94½ 10s.—a rise of about 10 per cent. And in Austrian securities

again the rise is nearly 25 per cent. There are good reasons for the advance in United States bonds. The cessation of internal disputes; the vast growth of population and wealth; the rapid reduction of debt; and the present extraordinary prosperity—all justify and account for the great rise that has taken place. So, again, in the case of France. Although a war between France and Germany is still expected some day or other, the political condition of the country has vastly improved; the present military system is believed to be incomparably better than the old; and the increase of wealth is unquestioned and unquestionable. Likewise in the case of Italy there has been such progress as fully accounts for the improvement in her credit. The deficits with which her budgets so long closed have now disappeared, and her finances are in a satisfactory condition. In these three instances, then, there is no room for wonder at the rise that has taken place. But these are exceptions. If we turn to the Argentine Confederation, we find there a rise in the last two years of about 38 per cent. In Brazilian stock the rise is over 14 per cent., and in Chilean about 66 per cent. Nor is the rise confined to the securities of States which are solvent, and have always been careful of their credit. In Spanish the rise is about 54 per cent.; and in Mexican, which for a long series of years have never paid a single farthing of interest, there is a rise of 173 per cent.; while in Turks the value of the bonds has fully doubled. No doubt there are special reasons in each of these three cases, and in others that might be mentioned, which seem to justify in the eyes of speculators the prices they are now giving for the bonds; but the upward movement is so universal as to prove that it is independent of special causes and is, in fact, part of a general movement springing out of general causes.

The first of these general causes is the reaction referred to above from the exaggerated discredit of a few years ago. After the Foreign Loans Committee prices fell far lower than the facts justified, and an extravagant reaction was consequently inevitable. This reaction set in when speculation revived in the autumn of 1879. The long depression that had previously prevailed passed away, and people rushed to invest their money with as little reflection as they had previously used in refusing to engage in even the most promising operations. And they were aided in doing so by the willingness on the part of the banks to make advances to them on the stocks thus purchased. Had trade improved as much as was expected, and at one time last year seemed probable, the demands of merchants and manufacturers would have created a competition for money, and would have prevented this rapid rise in the prices of stocks. But the long series of bad harvests has prevented trade from improving as quickly as had been hoped, and in consequence the banks find themselves with large funds that they are unable to employ otherwise than by lending upon stocks. As it happens, too, the changed circumstances of trade increase the amounts which bankers are able to lend. In the old time trade was chiefly carried on by means of bills. The manufacturer drew bills upon the wholesale dealers, and the wholesale dealers in turn drew upon the retailers. In the same way exporting houses drew upon the houses to which they consigned their goods abroad. But of late the manufacture of bills has become very much less, partly because people engaged in trade are richer, and consequently have more capital of their own to employ, and partly because they do not now keep as large stocks as they formerly did. The railways and telegraphs have rendered it unnecessary to keep these large stocks, and, in the case of foreign trade, enable payments to be made by means of telegraphic transfers which formerly were done entirely by bills. Thus the demands upon bankers for legitimate trade are less than they used to be, just at the time that the deposit system has received its greatest development by the extension of banks all over the country. Another cause forcing up prices is the accumulation of savings. Year after year, in what are called bad times as well as in good, the thrifty lay by a portion of their incomes. A part, greater or less, of those savings is invested in business, in reclaiming and improving land, in building houses, erecting factories and workshops, and generally in extending the concerns of those who have saved. But another part is available for investment in stocks, and, when trade is slack, this part is larger than when it is very brisk. During the long depression, the investments in business proper were probably smaller than usual, and money consequently continued to accumulate in the banks in the form of deposits. When credit revived, investments once more were resumed. The owners of the surplus money had no option but to invest it in such stocks as existed, and the better class of Foreign Government securities naturally attracted a large portion of it. When the prices of first-class securities were driven up, people who were unwilling to accept of small rates of interest rushed to the less secure stocks, and in turn they took up stocks upon which no interest is paid, in the hope that something would be done to induce the bankrupt Governments to resume payment, or at the worst that they would be able to sell to other speculators coming in after themselves, and would thus realize in the shape of additions to their capital the interest which they had failed to receive. Had there been any mania, such as the company mania of some years ago, or the railway mania of an earlier date, no doubt these surplus savings would have largely been used up thereby; but in the present revival of speculation there has been no such mania, as yet at least, and consequently existing stocks have received all the benefit of the new investments.

The great reductions that have been made in the debts of so

many of the principal countries have still further aided in raising the prices of the remaining stocks. For instance, including the operations of the present year, the reduction in the debt of the United States since the close of the war has been about 180 millions sterling; and, at the same time, the interest upon that debt has been reduced from 6 per cent. to 4½, 4, and 3½ per cent. There is thus little more than half as much debt as there was fifteen years ago; and the interest received upon the money actually invested in this debt is very much less than half what it was then. Here at home, though we have not done as much as the Americans, yet we have paid off a very large amount of debt; and the appearances are that the reductions of the next few years will be still larger. Indeed, the actual amount of the English funds now in the hands of the public very little exceeds 500 millions sterling; and the great operation which Mr. Gladstone is about to introduce will at once take away another 60 millions of this sum. In France, instead of reductions, there have been additions to the debt, it is true; but these additions have not been large since the great indemnity loans were raised, and in the meantime the savings of the country have been enormous, and have been largely directed to the securities of the country itself. Italy, again, a few years ago was a constant borrower; but now she has a small surplus every year; she is about to resume specie payments; and she will probably, after this year, begin steadily to pay off a portion of her debt. In any case, instead of being a borrower, she has been gradually buying back her bonds from foreign countries, and thus the Italian securities which were available for investment in England and France at low prices are now held in Italy. In short, since the great French indemnity loans were raised there has been no considerable increase of the debts of the first-class States of the world, whereas there has been an enormous reduction both in the United States and in England. This diminution in the amount of stocks available for investment at the same time that the funds seeking investment have been enormously increasing, necessarily brings about the extraordinary rise that we have seen. A great improvement in trade creating a demand for money for trade purposes would check this rise, as it would induce people engaged in trade to sell their securities and invest the proceeds in their business; and it would also induce bankers to lend less upon stocks and more upon goods. A great European war would still more decisively check the rise. If it were to last for any length of time, it would necessitate the issue of great loans, and—for the time being, at any rate—would absorb all the spare capital of the world. It would also lead to the destruction of a considerable amount of capital. In both ways it would probably cause a considerable fall in securities. But, in the meantime, the rise in the stocks of all great Governments must go on, while trade remains as slack as it is and the peace of the world is maintained.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

III.

IN returning to the more detailed examination of the exhibition at Burlington House, we shall take the liberty of avoiding the crowd which blocks up the first room, and of beginning with the pictures in the last gallery. This brings us immediately to Mr. Watts's admirable study of "Mr. Cockerell" (1391), a harmonious but somewhat unfinished work which contrasts with its neighbour, "Mr. David Dale" (1392), a full-length figure, one of Mr. Onless's most sober and most complete compositions. The head of this portrait could hardly be carried further, or treated with more intelligence. Mr. Horsley's "An Alexandrian School" (1399) and Mr. Arthur Stocks's "On the Sick List" (1400) are examples of two rising figure-painters who show to more advantage in works to which we shall refer later on. Mr. Robert W. Macbeth has given too little time to the completion of his large and luminous picture "The Ferry" (1407), which indeed displays in parts, as particularly in the group beyond the river, and in some of the heads in the boat, all his remarkable originality and power, but which shows no less a carelessness and crudity in the treatment of what is not directly sympathetic to him. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Viola" (1414), a dark-haired girl's head in profile on a gold ground, is certainly among his most exquisite contributions, and is a work on which the eye rests with entire satisfaction. By an instinct extremely little developed in this year's Hanging Committee, Mr. Davis's harmonious and serene night-landscape, called the "Evening Star" (1416), hangs between this delicately finished head and its companion "Bianca" (1417). Deservedly on the line in a place of honour we find Mr. Wigram's very remarkable portrait of "Colonel Henry Yule," a half-length figure seated at a table, busily writing. The force and intelligence of the head and the powerful rendering of the velvet coat make this not only the best of Mr. Wigram's portraits which we remember to have seen, but one of the remarkable portraits of the year.

It is difficult to deal with a crowded figure-piece like Mr. Topham's "Renouncing the Vanities by Order of Savonarola" (1423). It is a picture full of vigour, carefully considered, painfully composed, but belonging too much to the studio. These figures are the portraits of posed models; there is no real interpretation of history, no appeal to the fancy or to the historic memory. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that there is merit in the ordering of the procession and the clustering of spirited figures around the bonfire. Mr. Edward Hughes presents us

with a noticeable "Portrait of a Lady" (1351). As far as we can see by craning our heads up towards the ceiling, Mr. Harper's "Dead Sea from Engedi" (1360) is a very accomplished and poetical landscape, sacrificed by the vagaries of the Hanging Committee. Mr. Peter Graham has done better things than his "Sunny Day" (1361), in which all nature seems to swim in an atmosphere of melted butter. One of the most notable figure-pieces in Gallery X. is Mr. Blair Leighton's "Un Gage d'Amour" (1365), in which a medieval maiden, seated in her bower, fastens a red scarf round the casque of a melancholy and amorous young warrior who waits for it outside. This picture is clearly painted, and with considerable success; but it is hardly so interesting as its pendant, the "Sir Galahad" of Mr. Herbert Schmalz (1371). The purest of knights stands underneath an ancient yew-tree, hastening to be gone; while "the wan sweet maiden" of the Laureate's poem, drowned in waves of her own silken hair, clasps around his waist a belt that she has woven for him. This picture is in some respects quaint and hard; but it seems to us to present a more poetical aspect of mediæval legend than Mr. Blair Leighton's somewhat conventional design. Between these works hangs one of Mr. Millais's superb full-length portraits, that of the "Bishop of Manchester" (1366). The visitor should spare a moment to Mr. C. K. Warren's creditable "An Egyptian Musician" (1367), which is hung rather high, and might escape his notice. Mr. Calthorpe paints some monks in white robes, walking, reading, or feeding their doves, in a very dreamy and sequestered succession of "Cloisters" (1376); this is a very pleasing example of this artist's work. Mr. J. D. Watson expends humour and vigorous brush-power on his "Unpromising Pupil" (1383), and Mr. Oules is as admirable as usual in his "Portrait of a Gentleman" (1384). We believe that we have now exhausted all that is of special interest in Gallery X.

We pass rapidly through the galleries dedicated to architecture, engraving, and water-colour painting, and find ourselves in the lecture-room. With Mr. Thornycroft's "Teucer," which holds the place of honour here, we shall deal when we arrive at the rest of the sculpture; for the present we confine ourselves to the oil-paintings on the walls. At the very outset we meet with an instance of scandalous mismanagement on the part of the Hanging Committee—which, indeed, has played at topsy-turvy throughout this gallery with extraordinary success. On our left hand, as we enter, there hangs on the line a daub called "In Sight" (877), which unites almost all the qualities which a picture should not possess; and in the same perpendicular, but at the extreme height possible, is skied one of M. Fantin's delicate studies of flowers. In a better position we find Mr. Woodville's "Candahar" (887), a spirited battle-piece, representing the storm of Gundi Mullah Sahibdad by the 92nd Highlanders and the 2nd Goorkhas. This is the best large work hitherto exhibited by a rising draughtsman, who won his spurs by his spirited sketches of scenes in European Turkey. The composition of this picture is exceedingly effective; all that it seems to want is a more solid "palette," a more learned and decisive treatment of colour. It is unfortunate for Mrs. Butler that this very careful battle-piece hangs so near her confused and ill-painted "Defence of Rorke's Drift" (899), by far the least satisfactory work she has exhibited since her first success. This picture has a dull look, as though it had been "pulled about," to speak technically, until all its freshness and vitality had gone out of it. But there are glaring errors in perspective and false quantities in drawing that cannot be so excused; and, on the whole, it is to be feared that extravagant popularity has had an evil influence on an artist who once promised very sound and excellent work. Mr. Napier Hemy, too, is not himself this year, in his one picture "The Lobster Boat" (893), in which the sea is faulty. Miss Hilda Montalbo's "Venetian Fisher Boy" (897) seems to possess all the merit of draughtsmanship and colour which her similar picture last year displayed; but whereas that was hung on the line in the first room, this is skied so close under the ceiling that it is almost impossible to see it. Mr. Bright Morris is a very careful and refined landscape-painter in the school of Frederick Walker. Perhaps in his study of cabbages in an "Old Scotch Garden" (900) he follows the actual practice of his master too closely; but he has certainly painted one of the most harmonious and delicate of the small landscapes of the year. Mr. Legros's "St. Jerome" (903), a large figure which hangs beside Mr. Morris's landscape, is Academic in character, and leaves the spectator indifferent. Mr. Bridgman has been inspired by Mr. Long's successes in painting his "Funeral Rites of a Mummy on the Nile" (906), and has produced a pleasing work full of antiquarian ingenuity. But the spectator may feel that this is not the way in which Mr. Alma Tadema would have treated so congenial a theme. Mr. Val Davis, not to be confounded with the eminent cattle-painter, has achieved a success with his "Evening in the Meadows" (908); Mr. T. M. Rooke, the painter of "The Vineyard of Naboth" in 1876, is hardly recognizable in the conventionality of "The Lych-gate"; but he has had the misfortune to come under the patronage of Mr. Ruskin—an influence hitherto far from advantageous to any young artist. Mr. Carl Gussone paints a delightful little study in buff and cardinal red, and calls it "The Little Serving-Maid" (916). Mr. Wilfrid Herbert's portrait of his father, the Academician (920), is a very sound and admirable work, and one, as it seems to us, of great promise. High up under the ceiling we find, by searching, Mr. John Collier's full-length portrait of Mr. Booth as Richelieu pronouncing the curse of Rome (923). The treatment of red and white robes, and

the general dignity of attitude in this picture, are worthy of all praise; but we are not sure whether we altogether agree to the interpretation of the features of the great tragedian. But it really is so difficult to see them, that we reserve our judgment on this point. One of the many excellent portraits of this year is that of "Mr. Horace Cox" (957), by Mr. Grenville Manton. Mr. Maw Egley's anecdote from *Clarissa Harlowe* (959) is painted with some skill. We are introduced to the most tear-compelling of all heroines of romance in the depths of her despair, seated in extreme dejection on her broken and tattered bed, "her dress white damask, her tangled hair shading one side of her neck." A Tunisian study of flamingoes, doves, and gazelles, called "The Pets of an Eastern Palace" (961), by Mr. H. H. Johnston, is brightly touched. But a much superior painting, technically, is Mr. Theodore Ralli's "Marianettes in the Harem" (967), which depicts the evolutions of two ingenious dolls, one of which very characteristically beheads the other, before two indolent odalisques, who can scarcely summon up energy enough to lift their heads to watch the pastime. Mr. Henry Moore's "Mid-Channel" (968) and Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Fenland" (974) form pendants on each side of Mr. Millais's incomparably skillful portrait of Lord Wimborne (972). But the two landscapes are not of equal value. Mr. Henry Moore's vast expanse of sea is harsh and glaring in colour; this painter seems never safe unless he keeps to the silvery tones of mist and sunless sky. Mr. Halswelle, on the contrary, has achieved a success which is almost unalloyed; the painting of the sedge and of the glittering perspective broken by endless water-lily leaves. Mr. Tissot's "Good-bye on the Mersey" (981) seems to us very bad indeed, and might well pass as the work of one of his inferior imitators. In "Waiting for a Lull" (983) Mr. Edwin Hayes selects an agreeable scene from the fisher-life of Scheveningen. The visitor should glance in passing at Mr. Charles's clever "Village Ooquettes" (990), and at Mr. Brodie's "Cry for Help" (989), which is not at all clever, but of some interest as an incident of river-life. Another excellent portrait, hung almost out of sight, is Mr. Wigram's "W. Hollins, Esq." (992). Mr. Edward Fahey calls his pleasant group in a kitchen-garden "Poetry and Prose" (994). Prose gathers apples into her apron between the rows of cabbages, and Poetry stalks by her up the path, carrying "a book of verse beneath the shade." It is difficult to be altogether pleased with the "Sailing Signal-Gun" (1005) of Mr. Arthur Hughes, who, in throwing off the stiffness of his early pre-Raffaellite manner, has lost something also of his freshness and poetic individuality. The picture is too smooth and clean to look like a transcript from life; yet there is good draughtsmanship, and a great deal of grace about the figures of the courtly young officer and his handsome sweetheart.

We take this opportunity of noticing Mr. Henry Blackburn's useful *Academy Notes* and *Grosvenor Notes*, which seem even more complete and serviceable than ever. We note that the first of these has reached its seventh and the second its fourth year of issue.

THE THEATRES.—HERR STRAKOSCH'S RECITALS.

AS far as a piece obviously intended to consist of a series of scenes meant to give a popular actress a good opportunity to display her peculiar merits can be said to have a plot, this is the plot of Mr. Wills's new play. Juana Esteban, a Spanish lady, who "about 1496" lives, with a degree of independence not commonly allowed to ladies in that country, in a castle near Toledo, has taken under her care a wounded knight, Don Carlos de Narciso. While nursing him to recovery, she has very naturally fallen in love with him. Don Carlos, as he is bound to do in common gratitude, has also fallen in love with her, and proposes marriage. Juana, in spite of her passion, is in some doubt whether she shall accept. Her doubt is not caused by any distrust of Don Carlos, but because she fears that she may fall a victim to an hereditary family madness. We learn from a conversation between Friar John, the new confessor, and his predecessor, Friar Philip, that Juana's mother has died mad after giving birth to the heroine. She constantly saw before her a spot of blood, which reappears with due dramatic fatality in the course of the play, and acts as a portent, a warning of disaster, to mother and daughter. To the former it has been a sign that her husband, who is away with the King at Granada, has been murdered. Juana to quiet her doubts appeals to the new confessor, Friar John de Toledo. Now the Friar, who had been her tutor, has loved her in secret and become a monk from despair. He has been sent as confessor by his Prior, which, to come back to matter of fact details, is at least curious. Young monks—Friar John must be somewhere about five-and-twenty—were not commonly chosen as the spiritual guides of unmarried ladies living without a guardian, particularly when they were in love with the lady, of which state of feeling the Prior must have been perfectly aware from the new brother's general confession. But, putting such considerations aside, the dramatic situation is good, and Mr. Wills has used it with skill. The confessor advises his penitent to marry her lover and be happy in spite of the past, and of the warning she has already had that madness hangs over her.

Unfortunately a marriage with Don Carlos is not the way to help Juana to escape her fate. He is an impudent and heartless Don Juan. In the house of the lady he is about to marry he meets an old love, one Clara Perez, who occupies a position in Juana's

castle which it is not easy to understand. In the first act, while his new passion is fresh, he renews his flirtation with her, and is found by Juana kissing her hand. He escapes the consequences by a rather obvious lie, and his marriage follows the fall of the curtain. With these *dramatis personæ* and this position the rest of the story almost tells itself. Don Carlos is very soon unfaithful to his wife, and intrigues so openly with Clara Perez that "all Toledo" soon knows it. Juana is jealous, and before long mad. This growing madness is really the dramatic motive of the whole piece. Throughout the second act people come in and go out in an otherwise aimless way simply to show its various phases. Poor Juana tries to affect ignorance of the real state of things. She attempts to be friendly with Clara, who apparently still lives in the house; she tries to persuade her husband not to leave her for that day, as he is proposing to do, for the obvious purpose of meeting Clara. When her aunt, the Dame Garcia, accuses Don Carlos, Juana defends him; but she knows that he is false, and frantically tries to win him back. Don Carlos and Clara behave in a manner which is an outrage to all decency and probability. The woman defies her openly, and taunts her with the loss of her husband's love. Doña Juana drives her from the house. Then Don Carlos comes and treats her with brutal rudeness. He is treading on dangerous ground, for the spot of blood has been before Juana's eyes all day; and at last, when prayers have proved useless, she stabs him. With this her reason gives way altogether, and without understanding that Friar John has taken the crime upon himself, she rushes off the scene with a maniac laugh. In the two following acts, which might, with advantage, be reduced to one, there are two good and effective scenes. The first is by the bier of Don Carlos, when Friar John wounds himself in order that the ordeal by touch may seem to fix the guilt upon him. The second, when the supposed guilty monk is about to be walled up alive, and is saved by Juana, who has snuggled herself in an improbable way into the crypt, and confesses just before dying in a most sudden and unexpected way.

It will be seen that, if *Juana* is defective as a play, it is not for want of the elements out of which a most dramatic piece could be made. But the piece has been to some extent sacrificed to the actress, and it has faults of quite another kind. Characters and scenes are introduced for the convenience of Mme. Modjeska—not of Doña Juana Estoban. There is a great deal of tedious "comic business," of which, as it has no necessary connexion with the plot, we have taken no notice, and shall take none, except to express regret that the acting of Mr. Anson, which was really clever, though somewhat exaggerated, should be so utterly thrown away. In the second act the movements of Don Carlos and Clara Perez are clumsily managed; Don Carlos is for ever starting off to hunt, and never going. As a dramatic influence, too, the madness of Doña Juana is destructive of the probability of the last two acts. It accounts very well for her killing her husband, but makes the self-sacrifice of Friar John unnecessary. Doña Juana would have been in no danger. We have already said that her entry into the crypt is not sufficiently accounted for, neither is her death. It is hard to judge of the literary merits of a piece from only hearing it played; but, as far as that experience entitles us to judge, we cannot give Mr. Wills's play any high praise. The comedy, of which there is very much too much, is stilted, forced, and tedious. Throughout there are too many archaic phrases, and the imitation of the Elizabethan drama rather suggests Sheridan Knowles than Ford or Massinger. As Mr. Wills has laid his scene in Spain, we must suppose he had some reason for doing so, but it is nowhere apparent. There is nothing essentially Spanish in the story, and any one who knows that country can see that Mr. Wills has fallen into a round score of absurdities.

The acting of the company was throughout good. Even Mr. Norman Forbes and Miss Grahame contrived to be supportable, or even amusing, in spite of their parts. Mr. Barrett played the part of Friar John with force, and Mr. Forbes Robertson made a picturesque Don Carlos. He was not, perhaps, quite brute enough for his part, and in the last scene he scarcely looked as if he meant all he was saying. But, of course, the most interesting figure on the stage was Mme. Modjeska herself. In a piece written professedly to display her acting she necessarily appears sometimes at her best. In *Juana* her finest piece of acting was in the second act, where she gave the gradual growth of jealousy into madness in a way which showed natural power, aided by careful study. Her passage from surprise to doubt, and then to uncontrollable terror, when she becomes conscious of the haunting blood-spot was the best moment of the performance. Later on the acting, like the piece, becomes a trifle monotonous, with one moment of some power, when she throws herself on the dead body of her husband. In the fourth act the actress was perhaps hampered by the want of dramatic force in the words of her part, but she certainly seemed beneath the situation. The foreign accent was scarcely heard from first to last.

Some of Mr. McCullough's critics at Drury Lane have decided that his Othello is only one Othello the more. It is not the Moor, it is true; but it is as good as anybody else's. In view of this, we can only suppose that it is now generally accepted as a canon of theatrical criticism that power of expressing passion is a matter of no importance in acting tragedy. In our opinion, Mr. McCullough has absolutely no power to do so. His appearance in *Othello* is that of a handsome Lascar, with a pair of too-prominent earrings, and a wig which is on the border line between wool and hair, dressed in a bad Eastern imitation of the classic dress of Athens. His expression varies from a good-

humoured smile to an air of peevish impatience. When Iago leaves him in the third act, he sits tapping the ground with his foot, and playing the devil's tattoo on a table with his fingers. His speech before the Senate is jocular, and he ends it by exulting like a schoolboy over Brabantio. His entry in the second act is signalized by a remarkable piece of byplay. He throws a scimitar across the stage at Cassio, apparently with the intention of hitting him. His air in delivering the words "If it were now to die, 'Twere now to be most happy," was that of a man who is propounding a puzzle. There were, it is true, signs of tenderness in his earlier scenes with Desdemona, and his appearance is handsome and, at times, almost dignified; but what was absolutely wanting in his acting was tragedy. Of the other actors it is needless to speak; of Mr. Herman Vezin, because his Iago has taken its place as a thoroughly sound and scholarly impersonation; of the other actors because their acting was not of a kind to require detailed criticism. The one exception is Mr. Harris's Rodrigo, which was a masterpiece of bad taste.

Herr Strakosch's recitals at Steinway Hall, as we gather from the advertisements of the Committee, were primarily intended for the German colony in London, and to judge from the reception given them by the numerous Germans in the Hall, they were enthusiastically approved. And the approval was well deserved. Herr Strakosch has a naturally noble voice, which has been admirably trained. There was never any sign of fatigue or of failure to produce the tone intended to be given. The reciter's voice answered the calls made on it with unfading regularity. The faults observable were in taste and intention, not in execution. In the two recitals which Herr Strakosch has already given, on Friday the 13th and on Wednesday last, he has chosen as his subjects a selection from the first three acts of *Hamlet*, the first monologue of *Faust*, and a selection from *Demetrius*. As far as we can judge, the choice of the first two was not fortunate. Herr Strakosch's naturally powerful voice expresses wrath and denunciation with striking force, but seems deficient in the more delicate tones. In pathetic passages he is lachrymose, and where he should be ironical he is only jovial. The laugh of Hamlet or of Faust seems to indicate mere good humour where we are predisposed to look for melancholy or sarcasm. Nor was there much sign of refined artistic intention. In the *Hamlet*, which is the weakest of his recitals, Herr Strakosch is more than once distinctly coarse. He leaves the impression on us that Hamlet is slapping Rosencrantz and Guildenstern on the back, and finding a boyish enjoyment in throwing dust in people's eyes. There is more vulgar terror than awe in his address to the Ghost, and the line "What an ass am I!—ay, sure, this is most brave," was given almost in a tone of exultation. The same fault of coarseness is equally apparent in his *Faust*. There is none of the melancholy of the philosopher, and there is the same lachrymose intonation too frequently heard in *Hamlet*. He thundered out the lines "Ihr schwebt, ihr Geister, neben mir," &c., as if he was quelling a riot. "Welch Schauspiel! aber ach! ein Schauspiel nur," was uttered in a tone that sounded spiteful. He reached his lowest point at the words "Die Botschaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der Glaube," which he gave as if Faust was making a triumphant point. The bad taste of the elocution was heightened by an undignified wagging of the finger. Herr Strakosch's want of refinement, though occasionally visible, was less in his way in the selection from *Demetrius*. Schiller's work deals with simpler passions and characters, and here the reciter was master of his subject. His perfect mechanical command of his voice showed to the best advantage. In the scene in the Polish Diet he rendered the efforts of Leo Sapieha to compel a hearing in the midst of clamour, and gave the noise of an angry shouting crowd in a manner which fully deserved the warm applause it gained.

REVIEWS.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

IT is too late to discuss the expediency of tampering with the venerable Authorized Version of the Scriptures. Much has been said, and much might still be said, on both sides of the question. But the revision is now a *fait accompli*. The New Testament, as corrected by the revisers of 1881, has made its appearance this week, not without a sufficient flourish of trumpets to herald its approach. Copies were formally laid before the two Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury, by whose authority the revision has been carried out, and also presented to the Queen, on Tuesday last, and the work is now *publici juris*. It remains only to examine how the task has been fulfilled, and to speculate on the probabilities of this new version being able to supersede the old version for private reading or in liturgical use.

The zeal and critical skill of the "Company" of the New Testament Revisers deserve, in the first place, the most frank and hearty commendation. We may fully trust the scholarship and the good faith of the eminent men who have been associated for eleven long years in this important work. Of the 407 meetings held by the

* *The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Translated out of the Greek; being the Version set forth A.D. 1611, compared with Ancient Authorities, and Revised A.D. 1881.* Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Cambridge: 1881.

revisers, it is said that the Chairman, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, was present at no less than 405. And many other members attended with almost equal regularity. Of course a great deal of the value of this work depends on the fact that it is the product not of a varying minority, but of a permanent majority, of the revisers. Doubtless the fascination of the task, as well as a profound conviction of the importance of the undertaking, ensured the regular attendance, at much personal self-sacrifice, of the bulk of the members.

Who, it may be asked, could be insensible of the importance of an attempt to revise the English Version of the Sacred Scriptures? That version is the most precious treasure of the English-speaking peoples. Not to speak now, in this place, of the purely theological value of our Authorized Version, accepted—with all its faults and shortcomings—by all religionists among us, with the single exception of those who are obliged to adopt in its place the bald and jejune Douay Translation of the Vulgate, could it be forgotten that its stately diction, its wonderful rhythmic melody, its inimitable simplicity and pathos, are as dear as they are familiar to every educated, or even uneducated, Englishman? For the supreme advantage of an "open Bible" in the vulgar tongue is that from childhood to old age the poor as well as the rich find its utterances to be "household words." No one can imagine how much our language owes to the Authorized Version who has not taken some pains to inquire how many words and phrases and idioms and forms of speech in daily use are derived directly from the Bible of 1611. We owe further to this invaluable possession the fact that modern English is so little altered from that of the purest age of the language. Englishmen can still read without difficulty Shakspeare and Spenser, and such deterioration of speech as is inevitable in the course of years is indefinitely postponed and retarded among us by our universal familiarity with the Authorized Text. It is not a little significant to see in the appendix to the volume before us that the American Committees, who worked in harmony with the English revisers, contended—unsuccessfully, we are glad to say—for the rejection of what they call the archaic use of certain pronouns, and even for the universal substitution of the word "spirit" for "ghost."

The introduction prefixed to this volume ought to be carefully considered by every one who would understand the extreme, if not the insuperable, difficulty of the task undertaken by the revisers. Upon the whole, we commend heartily the sound judgment of the rules of action which they laid down for themselves. But we shall have to complain further on that they have, in many cases, needlessly, in our opinion, violated their own principles. The first question to be settled was, of necessity, the Greek text to be adopted. The revisers, with some ingenuity, evaded the difficulty by confining their attention to those passages only in which the variety of readings affects the English translation. Scholars would have had great trouble in testing this part of their work if the two Universities had not, with great liberality, published simultaneously editions of the full Greek text embodying all the readings adopted by the revisers. The method followed in the Cambridge book, edited by Dr. Scrivener, seems to us to show these variations more distinctly than that adopted by Archdeacon Palmer in the Oxford book, and the type of the former is larger. But the Clarendon Press volume is beautifully printed. Though this again is eclipsed by the exquisite edition of Dr. Westcott's and Dr. Hort's Greek text, issued by the Pitt Press on the same 17th of May, a day to be much remembered by Biblical critics. This last work, formed exclusively on documentary evidence without reference to any printed text, has been long expected by scholars. It is probably the most important contribution to Biblical learning in our generation. The revisers, it is understood, had the advantage of consulting it during the progress of their work.

The general principle pursued by the revisers has been, we are told, "to introduce as few alterations as possible consistently with faithfulness." But, unfortunately, opinions will differ widely as to what this "faithfulness" requires. No doubt, if the text itself is altered, a corresponding change must follow in the translation. And obvious errors must be corrected; such, for example, as (in St. Luke xxiii. 15) "Nothing worthy of death has been done *unto* Him," instead of "done *by* Him." And, if any change at all is to be made, no objection can possibly be raised against altering the ambiguous "I know nothing *by* myself," of 1 Cor. iv. 4, into "against myself." So, again, "baptizing *into* the Name" is manifestly better than "in the Name." And the "one flock, one shepherd," in St. John x. 16, is not only more accurate than the "one fold, one shepherd," to which we have been accustomed, but the change has a polemical value. On the other hand, many alterations are distinctly for the worse. Why, for example, is "love" a better word than "charity," in St. Paul's magnificent description of that Christian grace in 1 Cor. xiii. ? If the translators, or rather revisers, of 1611 erred in their avowed principle of admitting as many synonyms as possible in order to widen and enrich the language, certainly the revisers of 1881 err still more perniciously in restricting that copiousness of speech which is a distinctive glory of our language, and especially of our theological vocabulary.

In justice to the revisers, we must admit the cogency of their defence of certain changes as made "by consequence"—that is, by reason of some foregoing alteration. And we were quite disposed to think that our improved knowledge of the Greek tenses and *u.* the definite article would make many minor changes acceptable and useful. On the whole, however, when we see the numerous alterations that have crept in, which are wholly insignificant, we are very much disposed to regret that things have

not been left as they were. We do not deny that some variations of tenses in the Epistle to the Romans, in particular, have a definite theological value in bringing out more clearly the Apostle's teaching as to the change effected by the baptismal sacrament in the relation of the soul to God; and the fact that the Nonconformist members of the Company did not oppose these changes speaks highly for their candour, and may disarm some of the not unnatural prejudices which many Churchmen entertained against the mixed composition of the revising body. "Such as should be saved," in Acts ii. 47, loses its Calvinistic *nuance* in the "those that were being saved" of the Revision. But the latter phrase is almost meaningless as it stands in English; and we should have preferred a periphrasis, such as "those who were thereby placed in a state of salvation." It is a great mistake to suppose that a strictly literal translation always conveys the full sense of the original in another language. In like manner the order of words may be altered in translation without in the slightest degree affecting the truthfulness of the rendering. This seems to have escaped our revisers. They do not scruple, for instance, to change the "Lord, is it I?" of St. Matt. xxvi. 22 into "Is it I, Lord?" because the latter is the verbal order of the Greek. In fact, the minor changes of this kind are in the highest degree irritating to the reader. We are told in the preface that multitudes of changes which had been made in the first revision were altered back again in the second review. What must have been the state of the text before this respiscence! As it is, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol admits, in his speech in Convocation, that there are, in the Gospels, "eight or nine changes in every five verses," and, in the Epistles, three changes in every verse.

Proper names, we observe, are invariably given in the Hebrew form. Is this advisable? Would it not be better to retain the historical evidence that the New Testament has a Greek origin? Something may be said for altering "Jesus" into "Joshua" in Acts vii. 45; but "Simon, son of John," in St. John xxi. is singularly distasteful, and destroys somewhat the beautiful cadence of one of the most pathetic passages in the Gospels. Besides which it is inconsistent with the "Simon Bar-Jonah" of St. Matthew xvi. 17, which is retained by the revisers. "Elias" in like manner gives way to "Elijah," even in the Word from the Cross (St. Matt. xxvii. 46). Against this we must strongly protest.

But those who have ventured to alter the words of the Lord's Prayer—words which have been consecrated by the use of so many generations of Englishmen—cannot be expected to have shrunk from any other less audacious changes. Can it be pretended that "as in heaven, so in earth" differs in any respect in sense from "in earth as it is in heaven"? And nothing is gained in our judgment by substituting "as we have forgiven" for "as we forgive them that trespass against us." So, again, why is "bring" better than "lead" in the next clause? And we deliberately prefer the more comprehensive "from evil" to the equally, but not more, correct "from the evil one." These changes seem to us the mere conceits of childish pedantry. Happily there is no chance whatever of their being adopted. The unreformed Latin Church retains to this day in its *Breviary* the *Vetus Italica* version of the Psalter instead of the Vulgate of St. Jerome. And our own Prayer-Book Version of the Psalms has never been displaced by the more accurate, but more frigid, translation of 1611. We fully believe that our grandchildren's grandchildren will say their Lord's Prayer as we do, in spite of the improved revision of 1881.

We may add that, while the famous passage about the three witnesses in 1 St. John v. disappears bodily from the text, the account of the woman taken in adultery in St. John viii. is retained, though bracketed as doubtful, and the end of St. Mark's Gospel is preserved, with a caution in the margin. The intercalated epithet "wise" goes out from 1 Tim. i. 17. But in such critical points the revisers are not likely to be caught tripping.

It is too early to speak with more precision than we have done as to the general merits of the revision. There can be little doubt, however, that, while in many respects this translation is a great improvement in the details of accurate scholarship upon the Authorized Version, it is sadly inferior to it in general vigour and beauty of language. We are not of those who think that a very exact rendering of the original Greek is of high importance to ordinary readers so long as the general sense is accurately conveyed. There have been many recent attempts, as in the "Variorum Bible" of the Queen's Printers, and in the "Englishman's Bible" of Mr. Newberry, to make a royal road for uneducated persons into the inmost niceties of Hebrew and Greek. All such endeavours must fail. We do not, of course, compare this Revised Version with the latter monument of misplaced ingenuity. This version will be read by many with curiosity and by some with profit. But it will scarcely win its way, we think, into general authorized use. It is not safe to prophesy; but, for our own part, we venture to think that the existing Bible will hold its own. We should not be sorry to see some dozen corrections of undoubted errors admitted into the Authorized Version, and a very considerable addition made to its alternative marginal readings. But we desire and hope that the text of 1611 as it stands will be handed down untouched as a whole to our remote descendants.

CLARK'S CAMBRIDGE.*

MR. J. W. CLARK is eminently competent to speak about the University of Cambridge in all its aspects—archæological, historical, academic, architectural, and pictorial—alike from his intimate official connexion with the University and because he is in charge, for publication, of his uncle Professor Willis's exhaustive collections on the history of the colleges. As that treatise will, without doubt, be an antiquarian work of the most solid value, so the present volume has been written in order to interest readers who want to carry away some idea of Cambridge in its various aspects without the toil of too much scientific research.

The writer loses no time in claiming a personal acquaintance with his reader, while he is fortunate enough to find a "specular mount" in the well-known Castle Hill across the Cam, near Magdalene College. This mound, once connected with the Roman station of *Camboritum*, and afterwards incorporated with the Conqueror's Castle, which rose around it, was in itself probably a legacy from British times. Planted on its summit, Mr. Clark invites the reader to realize the town of Cambridge such as it existed at the end of the thirteenth century—that is, not long after Hugh of Balsham had founded Peterhouse, but yet before the town had been moulded into a cluster of colleges:—

By the end of the thirteenth century the town of Cambridge had outgrown the narrow limits that were sufficient for it when the Castle was built, and had extended itself over the level ground on the opposite side of the river, to the right and left of the Roman road, the course of which is marked by the long, straight street that runs through Cambridge from north to south, and is called Bridge Street, Sidney Street, and St. Andrew's Street, in different parts of its course. Nearest to the Castle, on the right of the street, stood the Hospital of St. John, founded in all probability by John Frost, a burgher of Cambridge.

[The river was spanned by the] Bridge, a wooden structure of many arches. The west side was bounded by the river; the east by the King's Ditch, constructed by Henry III. for the defence of the town. It left the river just above Queen's College, and returned to it below the Great Bridge. The Roman Way ran close to the eastern limit of the town, at no great distance from the Ditch. About two hundred yards from the Bridge a second street branched off to the right, dividing the town into two nearly equal divisions. This, the present Trumpington Street, was then called High Street, or High Ward. At the point where it branched off, on the left of Bridge Street, stood one of the four circular churches in England, probably even then of considerable antiquity, called St. Sepulchre's. Round it clustered the Jewry, a quarter of considerable extent, for it stretched along the eastern side of High Street, far enough to include All Saints' Church. Opposite to this Church stood the Hospital of St. John, with extensive gardens and fishponds behind it. Beyond the Hospital, to the south, there was a dense network of narrow lanes, with here and there a garden, or a vineyard, or a wharf along the river bank, separating the compact masses of dwelling-houses which extended as far as the Carmelite Friary at the south-west angle of the town. Close to this the High Street crossed the King's Ditch by a bridge, to the north of which was Trumpington Gate, perhaps a fortified structure, as the other gates of the town may also have been. Outside the gate, at the commencement of a straggling suburb, stood the Church of St. Peter, in the midst of an extensive graveyard. Beyond it was the House of the Brethren of the Penance, or Penitence, of Jesus Christ, otherwise called "Friars of the Sack"; opposite to which, on the other side of the street, was that of the White Canons of Sempringham. Had the eyes of our imaginary spectator followed the line of the boundary ditch, which must have been well marked by the broad band of unoccupied ground—a sort of boulevard—that extended along it, he would have seen the then newly-built House of the Augustinian Friars, with the extensive garden ground behind it, which became the Botanic Garden in the last century. Further to the east again, on the right of the Roman Way, was the House of the Dominicans, or Black Friars, after whom that portion of the street was afterwards called "Preachers' Street." At that time the House was probably unfinished; but in later days it became an extensive pile of buildings, with a lofty church, the outline of whose nave may still be traced within Emmanuel College, whose founder, Sir Walter Mildmay, in sublime contempt of the old religion, boasted that he had turned the Friars' church into a dining-hall, and their refectory into a chapel. Between this and the Round Church was the Franciscan House, which even then was probably extensive, but which afterwards possessed a spacious church, which Ascham described as an ornament to the University, and of which the foundations in Fuller's time could still be traced within the precincts of Sidney Sussex College. At the Reformation the University tried to obtain a grant of it, but without success. The solid walls were gradually destroyed to build other structures, as the items "stone from the Grey Friars," in the accounts of more than one college, conclusively show. These monastic buildings stood close to the outskirts of the little town, but still within the precincts. Beyond them were spacious commons—Cow Fen or Coo Fen, on the west; then Saint Thomas' Leas; and lastly, the Green-croft, which extended almost from the Great Bridge to the neighbouring village of Barnwell. In the midst of it, walled about, and overshadowed by trees, stood the Benedictine nunnery of St. Rhadegund, afterwards Jesus College, while Barnwell would be rendered conspicuous by the great Priory Church of St. Giles.

This is no picture of a University town as we now understand the term, but it calls up one which is full of institutions devoted to religion and learning. So, in perusing the list of old religious houses at Cambridge, we are inclined to look at the phenomenon from a point of view rather different from that which Mr. Clark takes up. His leading idea represents a rather sharp antagonism between the college and the house of friars or of some other order. We should rather dwell upon the points in which the institutions resemble each other. Accordingly, while giving all glory to Merton and Balsham for the beneficent and successful revolution which has made their names immortal, still, we must acknowledge that, after all, they varied rather than reconstructed that great idea of religion and learning, working together through corporate bodies, which was the prominent characteristic of the middle ages, and which has graven a mark which is probably indelible upon the outward

aspect of universal Christendom. We have only to recall what we are told of the cathedral schools in Carolingian days, and of the literary position of the great old Benedictine houses, to appreciate that these and the colleges were, after all, varying developments of the same idea. The common life, the common worship, the common studies, were the foundation stones of either. The colleges were more lightly equipped, more nimble, more elastic, more capable of submitting to the common general control of a pre-existing popular body which absorbed their collective members, such as that which did not scruple to assert its far-reaching superiority in the proud designation of "Universitas." But, if we could conceive Benedictines and Franciscans, Dominicans and White Canons, forgetting personal rivalries and accepting the common superintendence of a mixed body made up of all the adult members of the conventual houses, then we should have possessed an institution not very different from our own mediæval and renaissance Universities, although the contributory corporations might have been called convents, priories, cells, and so forth. In fact, in one aspect of the matter the early colleges went on rather in a course of gradual approximation to, than in a divergence from, the older religious communities. The modest house in which the knot of early students began by living hard lives under that "master" whom we should now call a private tutor, and for their worship seeking the neighbouring parish church, were far more unlike the convent next door than their successors showed themselves after the lapse of a century or so which had enriched their community with that chapel which did not fear rivalry with the conventual church of the smaller type, and with that hall which closely recalled the monastic refectory. At last a Nunnery Church like that of St. Rhadegund at Cambridge found itself with little difficulty transformed into Jesus College Chapel.

Rapidly traversing the centuries, Mr. Clark passes from the thirteenth to the nineteenth, and, as he leads his readers on a promenade through the existing Cambridge, he naturally begins alike for local and for chronological reasons with Peterhouse. It is probably to this choice of starting point that one must attribute the omission, which must be accidental, of that next neighbour of Peterhouse, the Fitzwilliam Museum. The author is not one whit too severe upon the melancholy and we apprehend far from necessary razzias which have been perpetrated at Pembroke College. In reference to this we may notice that, out of the twelve dainty etchings and nineteen equally picturesque woodcuts with which the work is illustrated, one of the only two examples of archæological interest represents a very picturesque oriel which was in existence until the Master's lodge of Pembroke fell before Mr. Waterhouse's improving touch. We are sorry at the rule which must have governed the selection of these illustrations. Perhaps the general reader may be more easily attracted by the presentment of actual Cambridge, but the more to be respected particular reader would have been more contented if Mr. Clark's archæological researches had not disdained pictorial help. But we should have put in a plea of extenuating circumstances for another architect who is no favourite with the author. Mr. Clark is very hard upon Wilkins, the architect of the new buildings of King's College, for the shortcomings of that work. No doubt his Gothic works at King's, Corpus, and Trinity do not stand the test of modern criticism; but such things should be looked at relatively not less than positively. Wilkins, sixth wrangler in 1800, and author of valuable works on the antiquities of Magna Græcia and Athens, was called upon to design in a style unfamiliar to himself and not yet made easy even by Richman's rudimentary discoveries in old English styles. At all events, he soared above the lath and plaster, the wild denial of mouldings, the grotesque unmillioned windows of Betty Langley and the Strawberry Hill school, and strove laboriously to reproduce the mullions, the window forms, the mouldings, and other component elements of that Perpendicular which was in those days held to be the perfection of Gothic. There can be no doubt that Wilkins's works at Cambridge stand in very favourable contrast to the factory which the pioneer Richman inflicted on St. John's in its new court.

The author has, on the other hand, our cordial sympathy in his lamentations over an action of the Camden Society, in one of those fits of artistic purism which sometimes diverted it from its path of practical reform. Till about forty years ago the battlements at the top of the tower of St. Mary's were crowned with balls, ugly no doubt, but proclaiming the date of that specimen of seventeenth-century post-Gothic. But to Camdenian eyes they were an abomination, and with their destruction disappeared a landmark of architectural history.

We wish that we had space to epitomize Mr. Clark's very interesting recapitulation of the nest of colleges and hostels which occupied the ground now appropriated to Trinity College. He brings out vividly how much the college owed to the architectural genius of that great master, Neville, not only for building his own Court, but for developing the Great Court out of chaos. In speaking of the Market Place, Mr. Clark refers to a curious episode of the middle ages which helps to explain that lack in the University of ancient monuments, taking advantage of which calamity the imaginative antiquaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries wove so fantastic a web of fiction:—

Inconvenient as the old Market Place was, it had witnessed several curious scenes. In 1382, just a hundred years after the foundation of Peterhouse, the first great explosion of feeling against college encroachments culminated in a serious riot.

The ring-leader, one James de Grantchester—with the connivance, it is said, of the Mayor, who ought to have known better—got together an armed mob. They first sacked and burnt the houses of the University officials;

* *Cambridge: Brief Historical and Descriptive Notes.* By J. W. Clark, M.A. With Etchings and Vignettes by A. Brunet-Debaines, H. Toussaint, and G. Groux. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1861.

then they burst open the gates of Corpus Christi College, which they pillaged; and, lastly, proceeding to St. Mary's Church, they possessed themselves of the common chest of the University. From this repository they extracted the charters, bulls, and other muniments, which they carried off in triumph into the Market Place. There they broke the seals of the charters with clubs; after which they piled up a huge bonfire, and burnt them all, amid the rejoicings of the populace. An old woman, named Margaret Sterr, gathering up the ashes, scattered them to the winds, exclaiming, "Away with the learning of the clerks! away with it!"

The last chapter, entitled "Cambridge Sixty Years Ago," will probably be the most popularly interesting. How much the outward aspect of Cambridge has changed we can appreciate when we read that

To begin with, it must be borne in mind that the town of Cambridge was very different then from what it is now; indeed, with the exception of the destruction of the great religious houses, it had not been much altered during the four centuries since the period at which we attempted to sketch its aspect in our first chapter. The country round about it was quite unenclosed, and to the south and south-east a man on horseback might gallop for miles uninterrupted by a single fence. The ground where the now populous "New Town" stands was then a swamp, where sportsmen were sure of snipe, and the road that now leads to the railway-station was an elevated causeway, with this marshy ground to the right of it. The velvety turf of the Gogmagog Hills had not then been ploughed up, and a bayard was still occasionally to be seen there. The streets could hardly have been worse paved than they are at present, but some of them were much narrower. A row of ancient houses stood where the lawn in front of King's College now is, at a distance varying from ten to twenty feet in advance of the present iron fence. Trumpington Street, in this part of its course, was nowhere more than twenty-five feet wide, and as the upper stories of the houses projected beyond those beneath them, it used to be maintained, graphically rather than delicately, that a man could spit across it. The only light used at night in the streets was oil. Only one post came in, and one went out, in the twenty-four hours. There were no public conveyances.

But the social change was as great. Public lecturers are fond of dwelling upon the progress of the age, and these words usually run through their hearers' heads from ear to ear without leaving any definite idea behind. But that man can form some notion of the greatness of the revolution who apprehends that at a date when still living and busy lords, spiritual and temporal, and members of Parliament were smart young men, the undergraduate who stepped forward in breeches and white stockings was a law-abiding, meritorious personage, while the abandoned youth who dared to encase his legs in trousers or even gaiters was a law-breaking reprobate. Perhaps a similar astonishment may be provoked sixty years from the day of this review by the historian who shall remind his incredulous readers that in this more enlightened epoch the goal was the doom of the vicar who dared wear a red dress when the Courts told him that his duty was to put on a white one. The desponding veteran to whom the end of the world has come in dinner-time in Hall having advanced from four o'clock to seven, will be cheered when he learns that Bishop Watson gave way to like feelings himself when it was fixed at three o'clock, and he may also draw comfort from the consideration that the Vice-Chancellor would be a rash man who should propose to revive his predecessors' honoured custom of giving his state dinners on Sundays before the University sermon. He might make himself equally sure that modern decorum would frown upon any queen, regnant or consort, even if she were to be our present gracious sovereign, who should propose to diversify her visit to Cambridge by following the great example of Elizabeth, and enjoying a play of Plautus, performed on Sunday evening in King's College Chapel.

But perhaps the most striking picture of social revolution is given in the account of that famous Sturbridge Fair by which, within the living century, each recurring September was marked at Cambridge. Literary travellers never tire of taxing to their uttermost their powers of picturesque writing when their good luck leads them to Nijni-Novgorod at fair-time. They little think that perhaps within their own lifetime, certainly within that of their parents, an institution similar in its character, although of smaller dimensions, flourished within about fifty miles of London.

The casual reader may perhaps not resent being reminded that the thing most wonderful to modern ideas in these monster fairs was not so much the activity of the abnormal mart as the evidence which it offered of the impotence of the existing system of retail traffic. The growth of retailing in its higher aspects, while it killed fairs, created the compensating craving after "international" exhibitions, but there are not wanting signs that these monster collections of articles are destined to exist in history only as a passing phase of civilization. But to come back to Sturbridge Fair. In the days when it was at its glory, the shops at Cambridge were many of them open like stalls, closed at night, with a single wide shutter that let down and served in the daytime as the shopboard. But the fair of half a mile square had regular streets of stalls with quaint names, in one of which, the "Duddery," 100,000l. worth of woollen stuffs was said to have been sold in a single week, and elsewhere wool to the value of 50,000l. or 60,000l., and hops of a like amount. The University authorities opened proceedings with a dinner, at which the delicacies were herrings, a roast neck of pork, an enormous plum pudding, a boiled leg of pork, a pease pudding, a goose, a huge apple pie, and a round of beef. There was a sort of "Pie Powder" Court at which the Mayor presided, and on Sunday divine service was performed in the open space. The hall at which the wives of the heads of houses danced was a distinctive feature of the week, and plays were acted by the then famous Norwich company. The date of all this activity was September, which is a fair gauge of how far in those days the Long Vacation emptied Cambridge.

UNDER THE PUNKAH.*

IT would have required a deal of ingenuity to hit on a more misleading title for this series of stories or one more calculated to beguile the reader. A punkah, we need hardly say, is suggestive of that drowsiness which steals over Anglo-Indian domestic and official life. In one chapter only does the author deal with India at all, and it is entirely occupied with sight-seeing—Benares, Agra, Delhi, the Hills, and excursions on horseback, in postal carriages, or by rail. In Scott's preface to *Quentin Durward* there is an account of a French nobleman, the Marquis de Hautlieu, who persists in talking of the *Bride of Lammermore*, although reminded that there is no allusion to any such article from one end of that novel to the other. In the same way we here find nothing about untasted breakfasts, heavy dinners, and long hours in office only made endurable by the dull measured swing of the punkah, pulled by a coolly who constantly drops asleep or, lying flat on his back, just manages to keep the machine in motion, not by his hands but by his toes. At most of the scenes visited by Mr. Phil. Robinson a punkah was not needed and would have been quite out of place. About twenty years ago a very clever artist, Mr. O. Grant, did write about punkahs, and sketched them, to boot, with photographic fidelity. In his two works, *Anglo-Indian Domestic Life* and *Rural Life in Bengal*, this accomplished draughtsman went through the whole panorama of outdoor and indoor life. The bungalow, the Ryot's hut, and the Calcutta mansion; the bullock-carts, the coolies, and the earthen pots; servants of every degree, clothed, half clothed, or naked and in every conceivable attitude; trees, shrubs, and fruits; a date-palm, a blade of rice in full ear, and a stalk of indigo; were all drawn with a neatness, an accuracy, and a delicacy of touch which fully atoned for any blunders in the letterpress about such perplexing topics as land tenures or the cultivation of indigo. The hand of a practised workman was predominant in every page; and it is a pardonable exaggeration to say that in Mr. Grant's sketches the naked Aryan brother can be realized, and the hot weather and the glaring sunshine can be almost felt. In the volume before us we may well ask what possible connexion there can be between the punkah, and Hindu bathers at Benares or Dawk bungalows halfway up the hills?

We are sorry to add that some of the chapters are positively childish, others slightly vulgar, and two wholly sensational. We will take the latter first. In the wilds of Central Africa there is, we are told, a tree that lives on human flesh. We are not surprised to hear that there was something odd in the appearance of this tree; in fact, that it struck the narrator at once that he had never seen a tree exactly like it before. Neither is it to be wondered at that a herd of deer, with the keen sense of danger possessed by these animals, should swerve in their career and should sweep respectfully round the tree at some yards' distance. Ordinary human beings, of course, have not this insight into vegetable characters of a supra-natural kind, and we may remember that the attendants in the *Odyssey* were unconscious of the presence of Minerva, who was clearly seen by Ulysses the hero, and the dogs or mere brutes. Accordingly, an unlucky native lad who was trying to catch a wounded fawn, is caught by the thick foliage of the man-enter, and disappears from sight with "one stifled strangling scream." The author, however, is not so easily disposed of. Although the tree becomes aware of the presence of a second victim, quivers in every branch, mutters for blood, curls its fleshy palms, becomes hysterical with excitement, aways about its golden fruit, rocks, shivers and heaves, spurts out a vile dew (why not "ghastly," as in Mr. Tennyson's poem?), makes the ground to glisten with animal juices, and, in short, becomes a live beast in every sense of the word, the adventurous sportsman is fully equal to the emergency. He resorts to an expedient adopted by seamen when a waterspout comes unpleasantly near the ship in a tropical calm—he shoots it. He sends shot after shot into the soft body of the "mountainous monster with myriad lips" that was "mumbling" for his life. The trunk, we are happy to say, shudders; fruits fall down; large arms drop; fragments struggle, rise, and sink and gasp; and when the foolish leaves are audacious enough to continue the unequal contest, the gun is exchanged for the hunting-knife, which is buried in the soft bole, and this naturally settles the business. Like FitzJames in the celebrated encounter, the victor is left exhausted and breathless, unable to speak in the contest's close, but quite unwounded. The corpse of the little negro boy, Otona, is found after a long search amongst dead leaves, decaying fruit, and ghastly relics of former meals. Africa is selected as the scene of another adventure, intended, as the fat boy in *Pickwick* said to Mrs. Wardle, to make the flesh creep. There is a mysterious being in the primeval forest known as "the Soko," a man-beast, intelligent, cruel, and an eater of grain. The party, led by the author, journeys through forests that shut out the sun, enjoy excellent sport, see pale panthers and gigantic pythons, and experience considerable annoyance from puff-adders, centipedes, poisonous spiders, and ants. After a time the adventurers become aware that they are dodged by this mysterious being, which has the character of catching men and sometimes letting them go unharmed, varying this act of grace by now and then biting off the fingers, noses, ears,

* *Under the Punkah.* By Phil Robinson, Author of "In My Indian Garden," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

and torn off its skin, and then either strangling or hanging them up on trees. The upshot of the tale is that the sportsman who had set out to hunt the Soko is hunted by it instead. The animal, after following the author and hooting him for miles, presents itself in his path, like a true obstructionist; and at the very moment when Bhumari, the native attendant, had carried off the guns and left the writer with nothing but a short hunting-knife. This incident, we must admit, has an air of probability. Dozens of instances can be given by Anglo-Indians where the native bolts from his master at the exact moment when a wounded tiger or a she-bear robbed of her cubs requires one more bullet for the *coup de grâce*. However, the camp-fires are close at hand; the faithful followers come to the rescue at the most critical moment; and afterwards a grand hunt is organized in which the Soko is "ringed" as bears are in Norway when the snow lies thick on the ground, and the demon is shot, behaving in its last moments very much like an ordinary human being.

We cannot deny that the author in these two stories evinces considerable powers of word-painting and description. But there is too much of Edgar Poe in these details of blood-dripping trees, and of what Hindus would speak of as a gigantic Hanuman, with the stealthiness of the fox and the cunning of the man-eating tiger. Some of the other stories and essays are hardly worth detailed notice. They have, too, the merit or demerit of entire want of sequence and connexion. "My Wife's Birds" is nearly fit for the nursery. There is a manifest unsavouriness in an essay about noses and smells. "Death, the Daughter of Mercy," lacks point, for we are happy to say that a patient who has been racked with jungle fever is restored to health. And "Isto Puer" is apparently intended to parade all the effeminate objections to the sensible Bill proposed by the Home Secretary for the proper treatment and discipline of juvenile offenders. We shall now see what can be fairly extracted from the trips in various parts of India which took the author, not under the Punkah but very far away from it. It is not likely that a person of any attainments can go through India and have nothing new to tell. There is decided point in the observation that a passenger in an Indian railway train is a very good illustration of the British Power in India. We do not refer to an exploded sarcasm about the evidences of our supremacy being confined to empty beer and soda-water bottles. But there is something startling to native feelings in the standard of progress which every vigorous administrator is determined to keep up, if not to improve. We try to rush through Hindu stagnation as the train rushes through the plains. In little more than one generation we have replaced the track-boat by the steamer, and the palanquin first by the dawk carriage and next by the locomotive.

We sometimes move so fast, physically and metaphorically, that we have no time to speak to natives at the crossings, to penetrate below the surface, or to discover what they really want. Of course, the author while at Benares went to the Buddhist tope at Sarnath, saw the whole Hindu population taking its morning bath and muttering its prayers in the Ganges, and threaded the mazes of a town that contains more than three hundred thousand inhabitants. He also refers pointedly to the activity of Mr. Bird, who in 1809 put down what might then have been a total massacre of Mohammedans. This class provoked the Hindus to defile a mosque, and then retaliated on a temple in a manner which brought the whole population of Rajputs and others about their ears. The story, we are told in a note, is probably known in its authentic entirety to the author, who discovered it when editing the Benares Records for the Government of the North-Western Provinces. We do not doubt the author's accurate knowledge of the facts for a moment; but we might have been told by him that this same Mr. Bird rose to be Member of Council and Deputy-Governor of Bengal before that province was formed into a separate administration. Mr. Bird was more than forty years in the service, passed measures to abolish slavery and lotteries, was much trusted by Lord Ellenborough, staved off war with Burmah in 1841, and held the office of Governor-General for six weeks in 1844, between the recall of the above statesman and the arrival of Lord Hardinge. The story of the Benares Riot was one of Mr. Bird's favourite topics, and there are men living who can remember how the excellent President in Council and Deputy-Governor was accustomed to preface a long account of his praiseworthy activity as a magistrate by the ominous words "when I was a young man, at Benares, in the year 1809." Personal testimony is borne by the author to the frightful incidents of the famine which devastated some sixteen districts of the Madras Presidency in 1877, when the earth gaped in fissures, birds died or left the country, and nothing grew but except vultures and village dogs. But, when we are told that Indian peasants are not curious about birds or flowers and insects, and that fathers never familiarize their children with the works of nature, or explain to them the wonders of animal life in air, grass, or running stream, we are tempted to ask whether the same might not be fairly said of English rustics. Hodge and his fellows are not in sheer intelligence very much, if at all, above Ram Dhan and Gopal Sing; and in knowledge of the capabilities of the land he tills, and of crops and cattle, the Hindu peasant, in spite of unscientific ploughs and ill-made hoes and mattocks, is quite the equal of the labourer to whom we are going to hand over the representation of our counties. There is an error in the remark that a male child is essential to the happiness of a Hindu, as, falling male

being, he has "no one to lead his soul by the hand to the land of the dead." Rather, we should say, he has no one to deliver him from that land. *Putra*, a son, say the Hindu law-givers, is so called because he delivers (*tra*) his father from the Hell called *Put*. The derivation may be fanciful, but the idea is rooted in the Hindu mind, and hence the insatiable desire for a son of the body, or, failing him, for that adopted son who has been such a source of perplexity to legislators and statesmen. The contrast between Lucknow and Futtahpore Sikri is well drawn. At Lucknow everything is tawdry and second rate. The *Martiniere* is an odd building, and the palaces on which incorrigible Nawabs, turned by us into kings, long squandered their revenues are ill designed and ill kept up. Futtahpore Sikri is worthy of the genius of Akbar, incomparably the greatest of the Mogul sovereigns. Professor Palmer has just reminded us of the grim and ferocious humour of the real Harun-al-Rashid as distinguished from that imaginary sovereign of the *Arabian Nights*. Few outbursts of caprice or savage retribution disgrace the fame of Akbar; and the solid red stone, the noble architecture, the delicate tracery of the white marble, and the vastness of this abandoned city, some twenty-two miles west of Agra, leave an impression of power and lend credit to the traditions about its founder still lingering in the Doab of Hindustan. On the whole we prefer the sketches of Indian scenery and Indian life to tales about animals that hunt men and trees that resemble the octopus. Cawnpore, we may state in conclusion, is not renowned in India "as the metropolis of the hunters of the mighty boar." There is no great preserve of these animals in the Doab, and no boar bred between the Jumna and the Ganges can be compared for size, strength, and audacity with the boars of the Deccan or of Eastern Bengal.

QUEENIE'S WHIM.*

THERE was once a clever schoolgirl with a lively imagination. It was her pleasure to amuse her schoolfellows in bed at night when the candles were put out, or in the garden on a warm and sunny half-holiday, by telling them stories. These she invented and made up all out of her own head, having as yet a very small experience of mankind, and holding what may be, not unkindly, called narrow views of man and his more common attitudes of thought as regards women. The stories mightily pleased her listeners; once or twice they came to be quite long ones, taking a great many nights in the telling, flying off into unexpected episodes and introducing such a crowd of characters, that it was difficult to remember who they all were, and some of the girls had to be continually reminded of the cousinships which ticked them off like a long list of *dramatis personæ* in an old play. But it did not greatly matter how many characters were introduced, because it was only necessary to think of one or two at a time; the sufferings of one group could be taken by themselves; the important thing, which the narrator never forgot, was to have plenty of weeping, crying, sighing, sobbing helplessly, wringing of hands, turning pale with despair, wasting away with sorrow, refusing to eat, even pushing away the teacup with loathing, all for disappointments most unexpected and disasters most cruel. Schoolgirls, as is well known to all who have read their favourite novels, reverse the maxim of one who certainly did not write for them; they would rather read of tears than of laughter; they do not greatly care for things humorous or comic, or even gently funny; they are never so happy as when people in the story are thoroughly miserable. Now, in one of these long narratives made up "all out of her own head" by this girl with the lively imagination, the crying hardly ever stopped at all; now and then there was a pause during which every girl had time to dry her eyes, repress the latent wave of sympathy, and prepare herself for something much more dreadful, which duly came in the next chapter; the story-teller's voice was frequently choked with sobs; everybody's pillow was wet through with tears, and next day's lessons were clean forgotten in thinking over the woes of the poor, much-tried heroine. Great glory and praises many were lavished upon the story-teller by her schoolfellows. Unfortunately she was not content with the honours of a small circle, but yearned for that of the outer world, and wrote down her novel, and persuaded a publisher to print it.

Such is the history of this novel, derived from internal evidence. On no other hypothesis can we understand its production. It must be, it cannot but be, a story told without previous meditation, without thought, without plan—a story metaphorically, if not literally, told altogether in the dark. It is in every point exactly the kind of story which a schoolgirl would tell; it betrays, with an artlessness which is juvenile, yet not remarkably attractive, the views which a schoolgirl would naturally entertain on life, love, duty, happiness. The heroine's name is in itself an indication of the kind of book. It is not a pet name, or an abbreviation of anything; it is her actual name, her only name. What can be expected from a "Queenie," of reality, common sense, or fidelity to life? We know her beforehand; how self-conscious she is, how exaggerated in her virtues, how she revels and rolls in her little affectations, how she loves to be talked about, with what resignation she endures persecution, how gently she turns the other cheek for the unkind buffets of fortune. The Queenie of this book—she with the whim—does not disappoint us; she is all

* *Queenie's Whim*. By Rosa Nouchette Carey, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

that we expected, and more; she is, indeed, so familiar as to seem almost old-fashioned. That is, perhaps, her greatest fault. She is a thing of the past; under various names, she has been done so often, and done so much, that she is done to rage.

The story is not of so exciting a character that we are breaking confidence in revealing it. It opens at a boarding-school for young ladies, where Queenie is a teacher. It is one of those schools common enough in ladies' novels twenty years ago, but gone out, we had thought, in these days of girls' high schools and examinations, in which the mistress and most of the teachers are represented as contemptible and odious. Queenie gives her services, and pays a little money besides, in return for board and the education of her little half-sister, who is, of course, treated with insufficient food and general harshness. They are orphans—every one knows how difficult parents are to manage in a novel. Their father was "Frank Marriott"; every man in the story has his full name given him, after an unreal fashion, which we hoped was quite gone out. When will ladies understand that men are only spoken of by their Christian names to distinguish them from brothers, or from other persons of the same name, or because their surname is Brown or Smith, which *must* have a *prænomén*? The father's second wife had a brother, "Andrew Calcott," who had a confidential clerk, "Caleb Runciman," both being habitually known and addressed by their Christian as well as their surnames. This brother disliked his brother-in-law—it is not stated why, but it was, no doubt, because he had called his first child "Queenie"—and after the manner of such brothers, permitted himself the luxuries of "bitter passion" and a "terrible oath" that none of his money should go to his sister. When the sister, with her husband, was dead, this unnatural uncle of the good old kind used to scowl at his niece, the younger child, if he met her with her sister. They were "Frank Marriott's" children. When Emmie, who has been punished for inattention, cries and gets thin, Queenie calls upon this interesting old person, and, with great dignity, upbraids him for his cruelty. He naturally gets into a rage. She informs him, further, that his alienation was the cause of his sister's death, which really seems a most groundless charge. When he orders her to leave him, she deals the last and heaviest blow. She tells him that his niece, her half-sister Emmie, always prays for him. This is too much. "The veins of his forehead were swollen and purple, the twitching of the mouth increased, a strange numbness seemed creeping over him. That night Mr. Calcott was alarmingly ill."

And now begin the first tears; Emmie is locked up alone for some misconduct, and of course is taken ill and nearly dies; Queenie has an excellent chance of showing a victim's contempt for her tormentor when she leaves Miss Titheridge; she is sent for by Mr. Calcott, now ill, but still persuading himself that he hates his niece; she reads to him; she is desperately forgiving in her manner and he is naturally rude—any man of spirit would resent being forgiven with so much ostentation. Then the girls go on a visit to a certain village where the rest of the story takes place. This place is peopled by a very remarkable collection of folk. They have all had some love disappointment. Imagine a little country district in which everybody's love affairs have gone wrong. The idea is so good that in the hands of some novelists it would have proved a gold mine of amusement; needless to say that such is not the schoolgirl treatment. The most beautiful opportunity is quite wasted and thrown away. There is first Langley, the young lady of thirty or so whose smile is a "flicker" and whose face is weary under the "pressure of some carking care;" Garth, her brother, a king of men who thought himself, but was not, in love with Dora Cunningham; the Vicar, of forty-five or thereabouts, who is hopelessly in love with Cathy, of eighteen; Miles, the schoolmaster, who "has got a history," which, so far as we remember, remains unveiled; Mrs. Morris, who has lost her husband; Faith Palmer, of thirty-five, whose love affair was nipped in the very first budding and promise of it; Captain Raweett, who has been otherwise wounded, and laments, with too long tears, his little daughter; Mr. Chester, who has married the wrong woman; Charity Faith, who had been obliged to give up her lover, and afterwards had the pain of seeing him take to drink; and Dora Cunningham, with whom Garth fancies himself in love. Perhaps there are others, but the list is exhaustive enough, and it will be seen that here are materials for very comfortable and substantial misery all round. The first thing Queenie does is to accept the post of village schoolmistress; here, again, an excellent opportunity is lost, because there would seem, to one who considers the thing seriously, no situation more ludicrously irksome than that of a young lady managing village children all day long; and in the end child murder would probably happen. But the authoress does not so consider things, and wastes another good chance. In this position Queenie makes the acquaintance of Dora Cunningham, who wants to patronize her and fails; here, too, occurs the first death—that of Mr. Chester's daughter, little Nan. In this painful episode Queenie comes out really strong. Then she learns that her sister's uncle, Andrew Calcott, has died—the good old man—and left her five thousand a year. She resolves, after consideration, to say nothing about this windfall, and goes about her duties buoyed up even against the patronage of Dora Cunningham by the consciousness of her wealth. This is, in fact, her "Whim." Faith Palmer's old love turns up as the new doctor of the village, and presently renews the old love. This is an agreeable episode, told with some spirit. The death of little Nan—the narrative, about this point, becomes

a good deal better, owing to a population of the author's last character with just a touch of a real distinction between Mr. Chester and his wife, so that when the latter shortly afterwards dies we are let down more really; but, it makes the way plain for Langley's happiness. Then Garth gets into money difficulties, and wants the loan of £500. Queenie goes to the Vicar, confesses, with enormous enjoyment, the situation, and gives him the money to lend Garth. Then she goes back to her school, and the Vicar's sister presently lets out the secret. Garth, discovering that he has been befriended by the girl he loves, instead of being grateful, and pleased to think she has got so much money, grows bitter towards her, unconsciously illustrating the maxim that gratitude is the most uncomfortable of all the virtues for daily wear. Then Emmie dies, quite needlessly, taking two or three chapters all to herself and Queenie's sufferings. After more tears than we remember to have encountered in any other three volumes, Garth marries Queenie. They have, so far as we get by the end of the book, two children, a boy and a girl; and the concluding paragraph shows more wisdom than all the rest of the book put together, for in it the proud father resolves not to call his daughter Queenie. Dora Cunningham arranges good marriages for her younger sisters, and then marries a wealthy widower. The Doctor has already married Faith. The Vicar marries Cathy. And, in fact, everybody is married. It is impossible to find fault with a book which, in the end, makes so many worthy people happy. We hope we have set forth faithfully such characteristics of the story as may explain whatever popularity awaits it.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE IV.*

IT is not easy to conceive what good purpose can be answered by these two bulky volumes. In nearly nine hundred closely-printed pages we have told us the life of one of the most worthless of men. Could any man of real power have condescended to write the Life of George IV., no doubt he might have given us at the same time a valuable sketch of the history of the times. But what man of power would have chosen such a poor peg on which to hang his narrative? The part that George IV. played in the history of our country was most unfortunately by no means unimportant. He was often in a position to do a great deal of mischief, and he scarcely ever missed his chance. Nevertheless, his public deeds are better described in the general history of England, or in the biographies of the eminent statesmen whom he so often played false. His private life is none the less contemptible because it exhibited every form of profligacy on a big scale. The time has surely come when it may with advantage be consigned as quickly as possible to forgetfulness. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is not, however, of this opinion. No paragraph in any book that in any way concerns his hero can be too trifling to escape his pair of scissors. He has searched far and wide, and has gathered into one vast pile a heap of the most foolish and impertinent details. Our readers may remember the admirable scene in Mansfield Park where Mrs. Rushworth shows her visitors over her house. She takes them into the private chapel, and thus, in accordance with her custom, began:—"This chapel was fitted up as you see it in James the Second's time. Before that period, as I understand, the pews were only wainscot; and there is some reason to think that the linings and cushions of the pulpit and family seat were only purple; but this is not quite certain. It is a handsome chapel, and was formerly in constant use both morning and evening." Much, very much, that Mr. Fitzgerald tells us is of about the same importance, though, we regret to say, it is not always expressed in equally correct English. He begins his book a few hours before "the birth of the royal child." His style at once rises up to the full importance of the great event. "The office of assisting her Majesty through the crisis was," we read, "delegated to a simple midwife." In a footnote we are told that this simple midwife was Mrs. Stephens. Let not the reader who has studied "the publications"—whatever they may be—imagine that it was Mrs. Draper. In them Mrs. Draper is indeed mentioned; but she was, not the Queen's midwife, but the Prince of Wales's nurse. Should the reader still prove incredulous, let him turn to p. 8 of Vol. I. of Huish's Memoirs of George IV., and there he will find full authority for Mr. Fitzgerald's statement. Having got clearly into our heads the difference between Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Draper, we were not a little puzzled by a long footnote that Mr. Fitzgerald gives us only two pages later. There we read that the royal child, the future prince, the smiling infant, the heir to the Crown, the future "first gentleman of Europe," the royal infant, the new hope of the kingdom, the royal nursing, as we find him indifferently called in a couple or so of pages, had "two selected nurses, wet and dry." They were Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Chapman. What, then, has become of Mrs. Draper? We must leave this difficulty to be cleared up either in some future edition or by some second biographer. We pass on, or rather we return, from the litter of these footnotes to the christening, merely to remind those of our readers who may be a little rusty in their history that one of the godfathers, the Duke of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, was not present in person, but was represented at the ceremony by the Duke of Devonshire.

* *The Life of George the Fourth: including his Letters and Opinions, with a View of the Man, Manners, and Politics of his Reign.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.R.S., Author of the "Life of Garibaldi." 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1891.

It is true, we travel at the slow rate at which we have hitherto gone, and longer even each anecdote of the royal child's private life, we shall scarcely arrive even at the time when the life of the kingdom was breeched. We accordingly skip a few years and come to what was, if we may trust our author, "perhaps the most interesting event of his childhood—the meeting with Dr. Johnson." From Dr. Johnson Mr. Fitzgerald, who, by the way, is known as having published an edition of Boswell, by an easy transition takes us back to Queen Anne. "The Doctor," he writes, "who spoke to him some grave words of encouragement, had thus been in some sort of communication with five sovereigns. He had been touched for the evil by Queen Anne; he must often have seen the First and Second Georges in the streets of London; with the Third and Fourth he had spoken." Why Johnson, who, so far as is known, never visited London from the day he was touched by Queen Anne till almost ten years after the death of George I., must have often seen that King in the streets, Mr. Fitzgerald forgets to tell us. It is certainly a curious blunder for a man to make who has edited Boswell. Some sixty pages or so later on we come to the stanzas that Johnson, "the sage," as he is here called, wrote on a Spendthrift. What, the reader may well ask, have these verses to do with a Life of George IV? The answer is an easy one. They were written about a certain Sir John Lade, who "was, we are told, the Prince's tutor in the art of driving." It is certainly somewhat more to the point when, in giving the list of the Prince's tutors in polite learning, Mr. Fitzgerald gives us also the names of some of those who instructed his father. Among others we learn that George III. was taught grammar by Mrs. Trimmer. This may be the case; if so, it is only another proof of the affability of that amiable monarch, that he submitted to study grammar from a lady who was two or three years his junior. Perhaps it was after he discovered, when he came to write his first Royal Speech, that he could not spell "Briton" that he engaged a governess. But to return to our Prince, from whom, following our author's footsteps, we are constantly wandering. We are sorry to find, if Mr. Fitzgerald's words are to be taken as common English, that the Duke of Wellington had a very bad influence on his Royal Highness. The Prince on one occasion owned that he did not speak the truth, and that he had been taught to equivocate by his mother. "No one," adds our author, "corroborated this candid confession and defect so heartily as the Duke of Wellington." There was no harm in corroborating the confession, if, that is to say, a confession can be corroborated; but to go beyond this, and to corroborate the defect, and to corroborate it heartily, shows an indifference to truthfulness in the Duke which is as surprising as it is shocking.

We cannot follow our hero through his youth and his early manhood. Those who are fond of reading the lists of people of title will find in these two volumes not a few quite as long and quite as interesting as the one we will now quote. Mr. Fitzgerald is describing, we may say by way of preface, a ball at St. James's Palace:—

The list of couples was sometimes after this fashion: The Prince of Wales standing up with the Princess Royal; the Duke of Cumberland with Lady A. Campbell; the Duke of Dorset with Lady Salisbury; Lord Rochford with Lady Stormont; Lord Graham with Lady Francis Smith; Mr. Greville with Lady Aylesford; Mr. North with Miss Bradwith; Colonel St. Leger with Miss Nottis; Mr. West with Lady Talbot; and Mr. Lumley with Miss Woodley.

This arrangement, it will be noticed, was highly select, and only allowed of but a few dancing out of a large crowd.

It would have been well had our author been content to give the name, and nothing more, of nine-tenths of the Prince's associates. But there are few who are so worthless, so utterly contemptible in every way, as not to be deemed by him to deserve a paragraph, if not indeed a whole page, provided that they and the hero of the biography had any dealings with each other. Thus, Chapter XXII. opens with these words:—"It can scarcely be understood how passionate and successful a follower of racing was the Prince of Wales." To bring this great matter down to the reader's feeble understanding, Mr. Fitzgerald quotes a passage, that fills four of his full pages, from "*Genius Genuin*," by Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket. "What kind of rubbish it is that has been swept together to help to form these volumes will be seen by the following passage from the writings of this jockey:—

"As I came from scale," says Chifney, "I was told that Mr. W. Lake (brother to Lord Viscount Lake, and the gentleman who had the management of the Prince of Wales's running horses) had been saying something improper to his royal highness concerning Escape's winning; I made it, therefore, my business to go immediately to his royal highness, who was riding with a gentleman near to the Grand Stand House, and he immediately accosted me in the following words: 'Sam Chifney, as soon as Escape's race was over, Mr. Lake came up to me and said, 'I give your Royal Highness joy; but I am sorry the horse has won, I would sooner have given a hundred guineas.' I told Mr. Lake that I did not understand him—that he must explain himself.' I then answered his royal highness, saying, 'Yes, your Royal Highness; it is very necessary that he should explain himself.' This is all that passed on the subject to-day."

It is a loss of time and patience to follow our author through what he calls his "View of the Men and Manners of George's Reign." Let us turn to examine his view of politics. As we read on we were amazed to find what little notice he took of the French Revolution and the great war with France. He reminded us of the man of even mind who had been in Paris through the whole of the Reign of Terror, and who declared at the end of it, when he was asked how he had felt, that he had not noticed that anything unusual had gone on. We turned to the Index that Mr. Fitz-

gerald provides to see whether we had completely passed over some notices of these great events. We found in it no heading of France, French Revolution, Lewis XVI., Napoleon, or Bonaparte. To William Pitt just twelve references are given and no more. Meagre though the view is of politics, yet we could have wished that it had been more meagre still. He would have done well, indeed, had he left them altogether on one side, and had stuck to men and manners. On page 30 of his first volume we find the following amazing statement:—

In the following year, 1728, the King had been compelled to dismiss the North ministry, and in a sort of agony of reluctance to accept Lord Rockingham and the Whigs. A year later the death of this nobleman had brought Fox into power as foreign secretary.

The carelessness in the date is bad enough, but the error is so grossly absurd that we will allow the author to shift it on to the printer. But what are we to say to an author who writes two huge volumes on the times of George IV. and maintains that it was the death of the Marquess of Rockingham which brought Fox into power? What was it, we may ask, which brought Fox out of power? We pass over the minor blunder by which Rockingham's life and administration are extended by a whole year. In another passage Mr. Fitzgerald says, "It is a remarkable fact that four most conspicuous men, who all filled the office of Prime Minister, should, during a short period of about thirty years, have condescended to expose their lives in this fashion" (in duelling, that is to say). The first on his list of Prime Ministers is Mr. Fox! As a heading to each chapter our author gives the date. It is a good practice if the entry happens to be correct. But, unfortunately, Chapters XIV. and XV. of the first volume are assigned to 1789, while they really belong to 1788. There may possibly have been some temptation to throw as late as possible the affairs described in the latter of these two chapters; for we read in it that a debate in the Lords "was remarkable for Lord Shelburne's (now Lord Lansdowne) brief but admirable summary of the question." But, after all, what does a year more or less signify in the almost antediluvian age of this venerable nobleman? It is all but a hundred years since he thus so admirably summed up, and, though he has changed his title, we have him still among us. To pass from dates to geography, we find Mexico and Columbia described as South American colonies. For Columbia, our author, no doubt, means Colombia; but for Mexico, no explanation, we fear, can be found. Even her Majesty's name is not given correctly by him. He tells of her christening, which, in accordance with the plan of his work, he was certainly bound to do, as the Prince Regent was present, and says that she was named Alexandra (*sic*) Victoria. The passage in which he describes her birth we will quote as an instance of the strange English that he too often writes. How strange it is must be known to all who have tried to read his Life of Garrick. He, it is clear from internal evidence, never had the benefit of Mrs. Timmer's instruction in grammar.

This event—the birth of the future Queen of England—seems to have been considered but of slight importance, probably on account of the poor estimation in which the Duke was held, or being perhaps considered certain that the Duke of York would inherit, and that the recently married Dukes would have children, the Duke of Kent being only the King's fourth son.

(One or two more specimens will sufficiently illustrate our author's style:—"Almost as soon as he arrived he wrote to Loughborough, begging him to come to him to arrange some plan of action; but that he had not seen or heard from the Prince, and had no authority." "It was when he was at Weymouth that the military taste of the kingdom was enlisted by the behaviour of the First Consul." "It was the last, and probably will be the last, that was carried out on such a scale and with due attention to the old and chivalric theatrical elements of the ceremony." "It was in his relations with certain remarkable men of mark and judgment that he really shone, and such he always impressed in the most favourable manner." "Reports of his conversations with these performers show a rational spirit, with a wish for gathering such information and entertainment as they could furnish, and without any sacrifice of dignity." The Art of Sinking has certainly not been alighted in the account that Mr. Fitzgerald gives of Regent Street. "Stucco and paint may indeed be the chief 'notes,' but there is a dignity and effect that is not unworthy of a great city, or of a leading and busy quarter full of glittering shops." With this quotation we will take leave of him, his hero, and his book. But let us not part company from all three without one word of praise. In one respect, our author on almost every page reminds us of the man whose life he writes. There is "padding" enough in these two volumes to have satisfied the taste, not only of the King himself, but even of his valet and his tailor.

OXFORD UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH.*

THE book before us is a very creditable piece of work. It concerns a most important and interesting section of University history, hitherto very little known, except to those few happy persons who are familiar with the Oxford treasures of the Bodleian, and Professor Burrows has succeeded in treating it with the proper mixture of readableness and thoroughness. The Register of the Visitation of Oxford under the Commonwealth does not indeed

* Register of the Visitors of the University of Oxford, 1647-1658. Edited by Montagu Burrows, Chichele Professor of Modern History. Printed for the Camden Society. 1881.

appeal to a popular audience, nor did those concerned in its publication address themselves to such. Professor Burrows's work has been done, not for the general public, but for the Camden Society, and his book is a model of what such a publication for an Historical Society should be. The text of the Register is printed from the unique MS. volume in the Bodleian, Professor Burrows allowing himself the chronological re-arrangement of some of the entries, but otherwise printing scrupulously after the original. The Register itself is provided with useful footnotes, explaining the context and connexion of the more important entries; it is followed by elaborate tables of the individuals whose names occur in it, and it is preceded by an introduction which, if here and there a little diffuse or irrelevant, is in the main clear and interesting account of an extremely puzzling time. It is very much to be wished that others of the numerous documents of Oxford history, which survive still unpublished in Oxford archives, should find as painstaking an editor as has now fallen to the lot of the Register of the 1648 Visitation. As Professor Burrows points out in his preface, nothing of any importance in Oxford history has been attempted since Wood died in 1695. We have had notes upon Wood, isolated collections of letters and numerous biographies. In the Bodleian the long row of MS. volumes of Hearn's diary have been recently indexed, and stand now waiting for the specialist who will make intelligent use of the confused and unequal material they contain. Of other documents of all kinds, both MS. and printed, the same library shelters an abundant store. Some years ago it seemed likely that admirable use of these materials would be made by an antiquarian Fellow of Queen's College, whose early death in 1870 annihilated an accumulation of learning on Oxford history, especially on the history of the seventeenth century, hardly to be matched again. He had published little when death overtook him; but an article on the ceremonial of old commemorations in *Macmillan's Magazine* was long remembered by Oxford men, for its mixture of curious learning and quiet humour; and he wrote besides a number of essays on old Oxford in the *Undergraduate's Journal*, which gave promise of more important work to follow. His peculiar gifts seem as yet to have found no successor. What Mr. Robinson might have accomplished alone may yet, however, be achieved, if not by one worker, by a body of workers. What is wanted is an Oxford Historical Society, which should take as a starting-point the publication, in part or as a whole, of Hearn's diary. Such a Society would certainly find workers and supporters, and in the present reviving condition of historical study at Oxford might fairly be expected to rouse the enthusiasm of those to whom that "home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs" is dear and familiar.

Professor Burrows divides his introduction into five chapters, dealing with "Antecedent Oxford History," "The General Character of the Visitation," "The University on its Defence," "The Visitors at Work," and "The State of Oxford Colleges." In his sketch of Oxford history during the latter half of the sixteenth century and the early years of the seventeenth, we are led rapidly through the Calvinistic days of the University, when, under the influence of Leicester's chancellorship, Puritan principles took a strong hold upon the place, to the decay in discipline and energy which marked the opening portion of James I.'s reign, followed by the growth of Arminianism, and the tyranny of Church and King under which Oxford was held during the decade of Laud's chancellorship from 1630 to 1640. The question which such a survey naturally provokes, and which is to a certain extent answered by the Register of the Cromwellian Visitation, is, What became under Laud of those Puritan and Calvinistic elements which before 1630 are found so strongly represented? About 1610, Wood speaks of Magdalen College as "a nest of Puritans." About 1622 we find Arminianism widespread indeed, but still "disrelished by the majority of Academians." But from 1630 to 1640, under the resolute government and "weeding out" practised by King and Chancellor, Puritanism practically disappeared from Oxford. Frideaux, indeed, the eminent Calvinistic Regius Professor of Divinity, and Head of Exeter, remained to be rated and persecuted by Laud, and the halls seem to have sheltered a certain number of malcontents; but in the colleges generally Arminianism reigned supreme. It is evident, however, from the records of the Visitation that the moderate Puritan party, represented after Laud had done his work of persecution and exclusion by the Presbyterians, had been only temporarily silenced, that many of them were biding their time at Oxford, and others outside Oxford, and that during the Visitorial government of the University this middle party, as distinguished from Arminians on the one side and Root-and-Branch men on the other, gradually emerged into much more than their old influence and activity. The Parliamentary Visitation, therefore, instead of appearing as an abnormal interruption in Oxford history, assumes to some extent the aspect of a return to an earlier state of things. Oxford, indeed, was Laudian and Cavalier when the Visitation came down upon it, as befitted the city which had been so lately the King's Court and stronghold; and the conscientiousness of the Laudian members, as well perhaps as the strength of their still surviving hopes for the Royal cause, were attested by the staunchness with which some four hundred Heads, Prebendaries, Fellows, and Scholars suffered expulsion at the hands of the Parliamentary authorities rather than sign the required declaration of submission. But the important point to notice is that the Visitors seem to have had no lack of good men of their own ready to import into the places thus vacated. As Professor Burrows points out, the Heads imposed by the Visitors were at least equal in character and attainments to those they ejected; and in general their ap-

pointments to University posts suffered from no want of eligible persons to appoint. Such men as Reynolds and Comant would have done honour to any system or party; and professorships and lectureships were never better filled up in old Oxford than they were under the Visitation. So it came about, to Lord Clarendon's astonishment, that, in spite of the "wild and barbarous depopulation" effected by the Visitors, in spite of their reign of "stupidity, negligence, malice, and perverseness," the University, under their government, "yielded a harvest of extraordinary good and sound knowledge in all parts of learning." The true explanation of the whole phenomenon seems to be that the Visitation by no means represented such a break with the University past as is suited later University fanatics to imagine. The Laudian extreme was followed by the Root-and-Branch extreme; but, when both were passed, a body of men rose into power representing the broad middle stream of English cultivated opinion emerging from temporary rapids, as it had emerged before, and as it has often emerged since. The passage to this comparatively successful and peaceful period was not achieved, however, without a severe struggle, of which an entertaining outline is given in Professor Burrows's second chapter. The surrender of Oxford to Sir Thomas Fairfax took place in June 1646, the treaty of surrender stipulating for the freedom and privileges of the University, but at the same time containing a distinct intimation on the side of the Parliament of their intention to "reform" the important corporation thus placed at their mercy. It was, indeed, as the new rulers of England saw, all important to secure the Universities, then far more powerful politically than they can be now in the days of great manufacturing towns. But they set about the business with feebleness and hesitation, the inevitable consequence of the uncertain political situation. The autumn of 1646 was spent in endeavouring to preach the University into a proper frame of mind to receive a Commission. Oxford men may at least note with satisfaction the disappearance of this particular weapon from the reforming armoury. The terrors of a University Commission are still great; but among them are not now included two-hour sermons at St. Mary's. Nor did the sermons accomplish much. The Cavalier University scoffed and went its way. At last, on May 1st, 1647, an ordinance was passed by Parliament "for the Visitation and Reformation of the University of Oxford," and "the due correction of offences, abuses, and disorders, especially of late times, committed there," the task being entrusted to a Board of twenty-four Visitors, of whom fourteen were laymen and ten clergy. The Visitors chosen were mostly University men, some were lawyers, and some country gentlemen from the neighbouring Midlands. Only a minority of them, as Professor Burrows points out, "were persons of any importance." Among these latter we may mention Prynne; Reynolds, afterwards Vice-Chancellor; Francis Obeynell, a controversialist and preacher of some mark; and Sir Nathaniel Brent, who had been ousted by Charles I. from the Wardenship of Merton in 1645, to make way for no less a person than William Harvey. On May 15 the newly-appointed Commission began its work by citing the whole University to appear before them in Convocation on June 4th. But the University, marshalled under the guidance of the stout Dr. Samuel Fell, father of the equally stout Dr. John Fell, who made Locke's life so uncomfortable to him, was not to be caught so easily, and this first move ended in a fiasco. One of the long sermons in which the Puritan mind delighted detained the unsuspecting Visitors a few minutes beyond the appointed hour of eleven o'clock. The University authorities, who had, of course, declined the sermon, had calculated adroitly upon the copiousness of Presbyterian eloquence, and were not disappointed. Punctually to the moment the University procession left the Convocation House, only to meet the Visitors in the Proscholium hurrying to their appointment. "Room for Mr. Vice-Chancellor," cried the Bedel, and the Visitors falling back, the triumphant Vice-Chancellor swept past them with a civil but crushing remark on the position of the clock. This first scene belongs to comedy, but the situation was in reality serious enough. The University had had nearly a year to organize itself, and proved now an extremely tough morsel to deal with. Its delegates, drawn from the ablest men of the defeated party—Fell, Sheldon, Hammond, Morley, Sanderson—drew up the reasons of the University against the proposed Visitation, with a dignity and force extremely difficult to meet with weapons of argument only. And to resistance within were soon added political complications without, by which the action of the Visitors was paralysed for at least another three months. At last, in September, they procure additional powers and begin again. The Register of their proceedings reopens on September 30 with an order to the Heads of houses to appear before them, bringing the official books of the various colleges. But this second attempt fared no better than the first. The Heads proved altogether impracticable, and early in October the University delivered a formal reply to the summons of the Visitors which amounted to an absolute *non possumus*. Dr. Fell was especially vehement in his opposition to a body which, with characteristic Christchurch hauteur, he denounced as composed of junior and inferior men. "Am I to stand, cap in hand, to my own Student?" he is reported to have asked with reference to Mille, a Student of Christchurch, who was a member of the Board; and this feeling was no doubt shared by many others among the recalcitrant Heads. At last nothing remained but to refer the matter to the London Committee which had been appointed as a Parliamentary Court of Appeal for the Visitation. The result of their intervention was seen in the summons of Fell to London, followed by his

summary arrest and imprisonment. But for a time the Visitors fared no better, even after Fell's withdrawal from the scene. His deputy, Dr. Potter, carried on the war vigorously, and the Visitors were gradually reduced to impotence. They forbade the meeting of Convocation, but Convocation met in spite of them. They prohibited professors from lecturing; but the professors, instead of obeying, became seized with a lecturing zeal altogether foreign to the professorial character. The truth was that quarrels were raging at headquarters between Presbyterians and Independents, and that in the autumn of 1647 the King was still a power, still to be reckoned with in any calculation of the future. The lesser struggle at Oxford hung upon the larger, and the issue had not yet declared itself decisively enough to enable the Parliamentary party, either in the country or at Oxford, to act with unity and effect.

But with the spring of 1647-48 the situation changes. In spite of the troubles of what has been called the "second civil war" of that year, the vigorous and successful measures at last adopted at Oxford in the three spring months of February, March, and April are a measure of the growing Parliamentary strength. Reynolds was appointed Vice-Chancellor, the old proctors were superseded by nominees of the Visitors, and the authority of the Chancellor was at last invoked to carry out the decrees of the Visitors in regard to these and numerous other appointments. On April 11th the Chancellor, Lord Pembroke, a man of rough and unamiable character, arrived upon the scene, and the three days which followed marked the turning point of the drama. Soldiers were called in, who, finding that Mrs. Fell held the Deanery at Christchurch for her husband, were perforce obliged to carry that valiant lady in a chair to the quadrangle, and whose business it was in general to eject the ousted Heads and prebendaries by force, if necessary, and to instal the new officers. Great progress was made in this disagreeable but inevitable process during the three days of Pembroke's stay at Oxford; and when he left, the Visitors, backed by the strong arm of the town garrison, and surrounded by new men of their own party, were at last able to make themselves felt. The register of their proceedings begins again on March 17th, 1647-8, and becomes continuous for some years. In May a citation to all members of colleges to submit to the new authorities was issued, and upon the basis of the answers received to this citation the reorganization of the individual colleges proceeded. The register, as published by Professor Burrows, largely consists of the answers given by Fellows, lecturers, scholars, and servants to the set question, "Do you submit to the authority of Parliament in this Visitation?" The most varied ingenuity is displayed in these replies, and their tone ranges from the jaunty Cavalier defiance of Jesus College to the staunch Puritanical fervour with which the Halls for the most part hailed their new governors. Nicholas Pitt, of Queen's College, answers as follows:—

To the pretended Visitors of this University my Answer is negative, that I will not, neither can without abusing the King and therein my own conscience, submit to you as Visitors, whom his Majesty doth profess his enemies: Thus stands the conscience of Nicholas Pitt.

Nicholas Pitt was evidently a person who knew his own mind. The next specimen we shall choose is a delightful example of the wordy evasions with which the Visitors found it extremely difficult to deal. William Dureton, Olericus, of Magdalen College, replies:—

By non-submission to this method of visitation I shall, I feare, nawfragate the present substance I now enjoy, which is all I have in the world: But if I doe submit, it being both repugnant to my practical judgement and contradictory to the many oathes I have taken in the Universities, I shall, I feare, being not yet abolved, incurre that damnable sin of perjury, a sad dilemma, but yet I resolve to observe that Aphoristicall Edict *Ex duobus malis minimum eligendum*.

Many of the answers were, however, much more ambiguous than this of William Dureton, and the Visitors saw themselves at last obliged to send a classified list to the London committee, that they might decide what were submissions and what were not.

In all it appears that about four hundred members of the University, Heads, Prebendaries of Christchurch, Fellows, Professors, and Scholars were expelled, the greater part of them probably within 1648 and 1649. When this process was once over, the Visitors proceeded to the work of reconstruction and discipline. The discipline they enforced was of a stern and Spartan type, of which the mere outline would be enough to terrify the weaker vessels of the present generation. But they were not mere theological martinets. Learning flourished under them, students flocked to Oxford, the moral tone of the place was admittedly excellent. While the irreconcilable John Fell, son of the dispossessed Vice-Chancellor, complains bitterly of Cromwellian Oxford as housing an "illiterate rabble, swept up from the plough-tails, from shops and grammar-schools and the dregs of the neighbour University," a far better witness, the commentator Matthew Henry, himself of Royalist stock and son of a non-submitting student of Christchurch, speaks in very different fashion of men whom, in spite of political differences, he regarded with cordial respect. But the good work it did, and the comparative moderation towards opponents with which it did it, availed nothing, when the Restoration came, to save the credit of the Cromwellian Visitation. The Visitors' Register, instead of being lodged in the University Archives, like all other records of University Commissions, found its way, through private hands, to the safe obscurity of the Bodleian, where, once stripped of all official character, it might be tolerated, side by side with Guy Fawkes's lantern, as a hateful

curiosity. Its sister volume, the Register of Convocation under the Visitors, was submitted to a solemn excommunication before it could be allowed a place among the University records. Without distinction of doers or of deeds ("singulis enim personarum piget"), "ista omnia prædicta censura subijcimus et damnamus." With such good round mouth-filling words did the King recover his own again in Oxford.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.*

MODERN France is a small volume treating of the history of France from the year 1814 to the year 1879. It passes in review all the numerous changes of government which the country has passed through since the restoration of the Bourbons on the abdication of Napoleon I. It is divided into five books, each book being again subdivided into chapters—a good arrangement, especially where so much matter has to be crowded into so small a space. Of these five books, two are devoted to "the Empire," that is to say, the administration of Napoleon III., which occupies a fourth part of the whole book. Mr. Browning's sympathies are wholly Republican, though he treats both Bourbons and Bonapartes with uniform fairness and toleration. Of the two Bourbons of the elder branch, he considers Louis XVIII. better than his brother, giving him credit for striving to do his best in steering between the different factions into which his kingdom was divided; in short, for having some sense of duty and the wish to do it, though his education and the prejudices of his race made his ideas as to the nature of that duty confused and false. Charles X., on the other hand, Mr. Browning considers as wholly given over to bigotry and pageantry; he "had no seriousness in himself and hated it in others." But, as Mr. Browning points out, the personal merits of the King had nothing to do with the duration of the restored monarchy. It had merely come in for a time during the lull that followed the storm. It was the reaction from the fierce excitement of the Revolution. Its fall was inevitable "as soon as the forces of progress were able once more to assert themselves." Of Louis Philippe Mr. Browning says in one page that he had good abilities, was affable and free from pride, and "admirably suited for the part of citizen-king," and on another that "he possessed some of the highest qualities of a sovereign. But he had no prestige among the people; he was unwise in the choice of Ministers; his throne was shaken by unforeseen disasters; and he was equally ill-timed in firmness and concessions." These two opinions strangely contradict one another. The faculty of choosing wise counsellors is certainly the first and most needful qualification for the kingly office, and the gift of knowing when to yield and when to maintain is only second to it; and it is difficult to conceive how any one could be in any degree fitted to wear a crown who was deficient in both these qualities. Mr. Browning's estimate of Napoleon III. is more happily expressed. Of him he writes:—

He attempted to use with prudence and wisdom the power which he had gained by a crime. He developed the material resources of France; but the necessity of preserving his dynasty forced him to invent excitement after excitement, by which the mind of the nation was diverted from the thought of its own condition. The war of 1870 proved that the currents of national strength had been dried up at their source.

Yet surely the wonderful rapidity with which France revived after that disastrous war proved that the sources of her strength still spring as freely as they have ever done. Would it not be more correct to ascribe her disasters to the currents having been fouled and choked by corruption and cowardice? Those who have heard residents in Paris describe the terrors of the Commune, and seen the destruction wrought on private and public property during its sway, will be astonished at the gentleness with which Mr. Browning speaks of its leaders—men who were so dead to all sense of patriotism, that they had no scruple in plunging their country, still held in the grasp of the invader, into all the horrors of civil war. Mr. Browning's little book contains a great deal of information, well arranged and clearly and concisely expressed. It is especially useful because a great deal of it is history which is still unwritten, a record of events which have happened so recently that most people have but a hazy impression of the sequence in which they followed one another, of the causes which led to them, or of the results which have come from them. In conclusion, Mr. Browning, reasoning from precedent, predicts a life of from fifteen to eighteen years for the Republic under which he considers that "the dream of the best spirits of the first Revolution seems to be fulfilled; after ninety years the best of the principles of 1789 seem to be realized." Let us hope that this was written before the recent attacks on the Jesuits and the religious orders showed so strange a departure on the part of the Republic from the true principles of freedom.

The volume of Collins's Historical Series treating of Holland and Belgium is a praiseworthy attempt to interest the buyers and

* *Modern France*. By Oscar Browning, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

History of Holland and Belgium. By William C. Pearce. "Collins's Historical Series." London and Glasgow: Collins, Sons, & Co. 1879.

Introductory History of England. By W. M. Lupton. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

The Teacher's English Grammar Assistant. By Commander F. N. Norman, R.N. London and Derby: Benrose & Sons.

Benrose's Standard Grammar. By Thomas Newton. London and Derby: Benrose & Sons.

readers of such little histories in a country whose inhabitants are more akin to the English than any other European nation. Its author makes no pretence to original research or scientific treatment of his subject. His information has been drawn chiefly from Motley's several works. Out of these he has compiled a readable little book, embellished with woodcuts of the principal towns in the Netherlands. We note with pleasure the absence of those words printed in italics and capital letters with which it is the custom now to sprinkle such small histories—a practice supposed to be an assistance to the learner, but which certainly gives to the pages a most forbidding aspect.

The *Introductory History of England* is described on the title-page as a *précis* of Mr. Lupton's larger history. It is much more like an index, or rather table of contents, for an index has at least the advantage that it refers the reader to pages where fuller information may be found on subjects which it only names, while here the student is left to wander through a maze of names, and dates unguided, save where Mr. Lupton refers to his other book in an occasional foot-note. So entirely, indeed, is this the character of this little manual that it hardly deserves to be noticed as a separate book. As an introductory history, it is worse than useless; for, although the names of persons, places, battles, and such-like, jumbled up with disjointed notices of laws and statutes passed and repealed, of new customs coming in and old ones going out, may be an aid in refreshing a memory already stuffed with such incoherent knowledge, to a mind not yet introduced to English history they must be perfectly unintelligible. It is simply a cram book of the very worst sort, having no more resemblance to history than a handful of dust has to a human being. From its pages we get some notion of what Mr. Lupton's larger history is like. Its author boasts that he has therein embodied all that is required to pass with credit the most searching examination. Either the examiners must be very ignorant or very lenient to pass at all candidates primed with such knowledge as is to be found in Mr. Lupton's "Introductory History." It is, we are told, in the first place, "adapted for those who merely require to get up *Principal Facts*." Some of these principal facts are no facts at all—as, for instance, the statement that the renowned King Arthur is supposed to have reigned from 503–542 A.D., or that the first Prince of Wales was born at Carnarvon in 1284, or that William the Conqueror annexed the Channel Islands in 1066. We are surprised to find in Mr. Lupton's pages many of the old errors cropping up again that used to be rife in all the little manuals of English history some half-dozen years ago, but which have latterly disappeared before the influence of extended knowledge. Many of these errors no doubt arise from the obligation which the author has laid himself under of connecting a fixed date with everything that he mentions at all. Thus we have a given year assigned for the establishment of usages or the rise of states of society which were really the growth of centuries. What can be more untrue than the statement that in the year 457 A.D. "the invaders (of England) divided the country into seven parts, called the Heptarchy," or that the Witanagemot was instituted by Edmund in the year 940, or more awkward than to enter among the events of 1176 the amalgamation of the Saxon and Norman races? But everything in Mr. Lupton's world took place in this sudden and startling way. Not only did races abruptly amalgamate, they sprang into being with the same abruptness; for we find the year 1153 given as that of the "origin of the families Guelphs and Ghibelins." Among other new things Mr. Lupton tells us that a "regular succession of Prime Ministers commenced" in the reign of Henry VIII. It is a pity he has not added a complete list of them down to the present Premier. We should like to have seen with whom the list would begin. Unfortunately, too, Mr. Lupton may be found tripping in the most familiar historical facts. Thus he writes that Mary Stuart "married Sir James Bothwell." Who could suppose that the last of the Hepburns, the proud Earl of Bothwell, is the person thus introduced? But we have brought forward examples enough to show that Mr. Lupton is often confused and incorrect—two unpardonable faults in the author of a patent grammar, and his little book aspires to be nothing better. Our opinion of it is best given by slightly changing a well-known saying—for if its brevity be not a merit, it hath no other.

The greatest novelty about the *Teacher's English Grammar Assistant* is that it is written by a commander in the navy. He was inspired to undertake a work so far removed from the range of his profession by the difficulties he encountered when trying to teach grammar to a class in a pariah school. Forgetful of the old saying about the unskilful workman finding fault with his tools, he at once laid the blame of his want of success on the books in use; and finding all grammars, large and small, defective in some point or other, he set to work to write another. The *Teacher's English Grammar Assistant* is intended to supply the deficiencies and correct the errors of the legion of English grammars already in use. Commander Norman comments, with much justice and truth, on the looseness of the definitions to be found in these little manuals, such as the confounding nouns with things, verbs with ideas, and so on. His aim has been to write an elementary grammar "free from prevailing errors," and avoiding "loose, incorrect, and unsatisfying definitions and rules." To show that he has not always succeeded in coming up to this laudable aim we need only quote his own definition of verbs:—

"Every verb has a name, which always begins with the little word 'to.' 'Loved,' 'will love,' 'loving,' &c., are all parts of the verb 'to love.'"

Did Commander Norman, we should like to know, follow up this rule by requiring his pupils to write "to love," "to must," "to shall," &c. Again, his adherence to the old-fashioned division of verbs into regular and irregular instead of into weak and strong; and the treatment of the pronominal adjectives as pronouns instead of as adjectives, will prevent his book from being used by modern schoolmasters. Nor can we find in the pages of the *English Grammar Assistant* any striking merits sufficient to counterbalance these defects or to distinguish it from the crowd of contemporaries that it has been written avowedly to supersede.

Newton's Standard Grammar lays no claim to novelty of design. It is merely a reprint by a schoolmaster of the oral lessons by which he tried to awaken his pupils to a knowledge of elementary grammar, at all times a very difficult undertaking; but one in which Mr. Newton from his own account has found his efforts crowned with success. It is to assist workers in the same field that he has now published the lessons (there are sixty-six of them) which he has found so suitable to his purpose. They are simple and clear, and are accompanied by one hundred and sixty exercises for parsing and analysis which are, after all, the best means of teaching grammar thoroughly. Those lessons are intended to save other teachers the many weary hours of thought which they have cost their author—a charitable intention truly, but one the wisdom of which we are inclined to question; for a lesson is something like a sermon—unless it has been thought out by the speaker who utters it, it does not carry conviction with it. Grammar especially, of all subjects of study, can never be taught intelligently save by oral lessons, and these lessons cannot be of any value unless the teacher has thought out for himself the best means of expressing what he has to say.

AMONG THE HEATHER.*

THE sensation inspired by *Among the Heather* is something analogous to that once produced by a young lady who repeated to us all the compliments she had received during a ball, ending up each time with, "Now, what did he mean by that?" It was impossible to feel provoked or disgusted, or anything but intensely amused; and, in like manner, the excessive *naïveté* of Miss Hertford's novel and her confidence in the sympathy of the reader have something almost amusing about them, and prevent him from becoming as bored as might have been expected from the story.

The heroine of *Among the Heather*, Norah Grant, is an attractive young person enough; she is also one of those fortunate people who is able "to give a satisfied little nod" at her reflection in the looking-glass. We have always greatly desired to meet some of these ladies who are struck dumb with their own beauty when they encounter themselves in a pier-glass at a shop or in a ball-room. As far as we have been able to learn, most women experience an unpleasant shock at their full-length appearance, and feel towards their own images much as future generations may be supposed to do towards the life-sized portraits of their ancestors now living. Miss Grant, however, is not one of these; and perhaps she is justified in her confidence in her charms, as the two bachelors staying in this Highland lodge become victims to them. The younger of the gentlemen is Mr. Leicester, a perfectly impossible mixture of silliness, conceit, and devotion, who has fallen in love with Miss Grant the previous summer, and is only kept at bay by endless and rather broad snubbing. The other, Mr. Lindsey, is an artist, of the type with which fiction has rendered us familiar, who addresses his female parent as "Mother mine," and is apostrophized by her in turn as "My boy." It is he who is, of course, the favoured lover; and who, equally of course, refuses to understand the plainest signs, and persists in believing to the contrary. Such is the slender plot of the novel, and the method of its development is anything but impressive.

First, much space is taken up by the description of the ladies' costumes and the enumeration of the occasions when they looked suitably dressed, and when they did not. It is needless to say that the heroine, in spite of her poverty and modest amount of luggage, has always exactly the right thing to put on, while the harmless young woman who is pleasantly surprised at the civilization of the Highlands, suffers from the vanity of thin shoes and cambric gowns. Then Miss Hertford evidently thinks that Scotch manners and customs are as strange to the English of to-day as they were in the time of Dr. Johnson, and she describes them with equal minuteness, though not perhaps with equal vigour.

Presently he (the minister) entered, carrying his hat in his hand; gave out the psalm to be sung; and the precentor, stooping down, produced a large placard, whereon was inscribed the name of the tune. This he displayed in a conspicuous position to the congregation, and after a minute removed. Then touching his tuning-fork, he hummed the note, and stood up. Miss Tennant stood up too! Norah touched her, finding it difficult to command her gravity; for the Lodge pew was exactly opposite the pulpit, and consequently to the precentor also, and the concerned look on that gentleman's face as he discovered his rival in the gallery was truly comical to behold. Miss Tennant saw her mistake in a moment, and resumed her seat, covered with confusion. The precentor had now started the tune in an incredibly high key, and the congregation at the third or fourth word joined in, all at their own sweet will and individual taste. He led them safely up to a truly astonishing pitch; then, with a placid smile, meanly left them to make the downward journey by themselves; and so on through the psalm, varying the performance now and then with impromptu turns and shakes, wonderful to hear, but totally impossible to join in, they came at such unexpected moments.

* *Among the Heather: a Highland Story.* By A. C. Hertford. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

As soon as the text was given out, the presenter found the place in his large Bible, evidently wishing to call attention to the close way in which he meant to follow the discourse; but at the same time he carefully placed the Bible to one side of him. He then produced from his pocket a clean folded handkerchief, a box of snuff, and a paper parcel. The handkerchief he opened and laid on the desk before him; from the box of snuff he profusely helped himself with a small bone spoon; from the paper parcel he took a large peppermint-drop, which he conveyed to his mouth under cover of the palm of his hand. Then, placing his head on the pocket-handkerchief, he remained in that position, immovable, during the rather lengthy sermon, to all appearance asleep, save for the cheerful crunching of peppermint he kept up all the time. Perhaps it was good for his soul; for he sang the final hymn with redoubled fervour, and, if possible, at a greater height than before. Then came the collection, when the whole congregation seemed to contribute the same sum of one penny. Miss Tennant had unfortunately forgotten her purse, and was going to let the box pass without contributing. She attempted this; but no, that patient little box at the end of the long stick remained stationary in front of her, seeming to say, "No, my friend, you have had your discourse, and must pay your penny!" Till Norah, taking pity on her, came to her rescue with a coin from her own purse; then, and not till then, did that importunate elder depart satisfied.

The events of this Sunday occupy many pages; every hour is accounted for, and the affection of Mr. Lindsay makes a distinct stride, for "coming in to enjoy a *dolce far niente* by the fire"—it sounds like a lozenge—he sees the sweet domestic picture of Norah in a low chair with a child asleep in her arms, and burns with desire to transplant her to his own hearth. In a few days, however, the harmony of the party is broken up by the arrival of an aunt and a lap-dog, and this furnishes the text for a dissertation on aunts in general, and the distinction between "unmarried ladies" and "old maids." We are far from denying that the distinction exists, only we could have dispensed with this lengthy exposition of it. But one of the most curious things about Miss Hertford is the air with which she announces the most ordinary facts to the world, as if they were the experiences of the discoverer of the North-West Passage. This old aunt, Miss Duff, is supposed to concentrate in herself the humour of the book by perpetually calling people "out of their names." Surely Lindsay is a much easier and more commonplace name to remember than "Lyndam" or "Linseed" or "Lindy," or any of the laborious appellations that she finds for this gentleman, and, being a Scotchwoman herself, she must have been accustomed to hear it from her birth. Miss Hertford, however, has her own views in the matter of names, and among them is her way of speaking of the gentlemen as "Geoffrey" and "Percival" and "Peter," though, as a rule, no one else calls them so. This the reader will find becomes irritating to the nerves; but it is part of a singular hallucination that we have before met with—that the employment of Christian names indicates a state of pastoral innocence, and promotes intimacy and affection.

Fifty-seven pages out of the two hundred and sixty-five in the first volume are devoted to the description of a picnic in which all the country side takes part. Who rode, who walked, who went in the waggone, who stayed at home, their reasons for doing all these things, and their reflections on them when done, are dwelt on relentlessly. Of course everything went wrong, and people got badly sorted. Everything always does go wrong at a picnic, which makes it the more wonderful how a person who has been to one can ever be sufficiently deluded to go to another. Still the patient reader does not despair, but places his hopes of an *éclatissement* on a dance which he finds is to take place a little further on. But even now the hero and heroine are not allowed to dance in peace. Minute as she always is, the prospect of a ball makes the authoress perfectly microscopic. Some pages are filled with disjointed reflections as to preparations for balls, the heartburnings that ensue, and the demoralization of the household the day after; but, when these reflections are disposed of, she comes carefully and conscientiously to the matter in hand. The reader will learn with astonishment that, for the first time within human knowledge, "the large old-fashioned fireplace was one mass of growing plants, flowers, ferns, and palms"; and that "a bed of soft green moss had been made on the mantelpiece, and into it was stuck the most beautiful of the out conservatory flowers." The ball-dresses of the ladies were on an equally novel and elegant scale; and Miss Grant, with an effrontery and originality that Madge Wildfire might have envied, wore on her head a wreath of bracken. Can Miss Hertford really be aware of the large and uncompromising nature of the fern in question? The ball shares the fate of the picnic, and we hail with delight a change of scene produced by a sudden summons of Norah home to London, though it is at the expense of accompanying her in every hour of her journey as religiously as if we were her familiar spirit. We also have the privilege of penetrating into the home of Mr. Geoffrey Lindsay and of his admirable mother; and high-bred collie. The bare mention of this last is sufficient to send off Miss Hertford into a long and confidential shapeless babble:—

"But I think any one who has ever possessed a loving faithful dog can understand the pleasure there is in talking to it. If you feel depressed, out of sorts, or worried about something, no need to explain particulars to the intelligent creature: the tone of your voice is enough; he feels for you at once and sympathizes to the best of his doggy abilities; or if you are in a particularly gay state of mind, how quickly the dear animal finds it out and enters into your joy, bounding round you, barking cheerfully to show that your happiness makes his! If all our clever fellow-creatures were as ready with their sympathy as are these dumb friends, how doubly our joys would be increased, and how lightened would our troubles be! If any one chances to read these lines who is not a dog-lover, I am sorry; but he could have missed the passage, had he so chosen, and I am only too thankful to be able to pay my small tribute of affection to many dear doggies, some of

whom have passed quietly away, and some of whom still live, adding much to the happiness of the homes of which they form some of the most respected members.

We might have expected from the amount of space allotted to his first appearance that this quadruped was to play an important part in the story, save the heroine's life, or unearth a lost will, or something useful of that sort, but he has no *raison d'être* at all, and shortly afterwards vanishes completely.

By this time our task is nearly done. Norah conveys her mother and sick sister to a farmhouse for change of air, and here the ornaments of the room are described with the elaboration of a Dutch picture, and we are made acquainted with two oil-paintings "representing a stiff, wooden lady, in a constrained position of a polished countenance, as if she had been cruelly exposed to the elements when a child, and a ditto ditto gentleman. Do not imagine," says the author, anxious to defend herself from a charge of satire, "that I wish to laugh unkindly at these pictures; I am only attempting to act art-critic, and point out the relative beauties of each," which follow at much length.

In this bower of beauty the long-deferred troth is at last plighted, to the immense relief of everybody concerned. For our part, even in real life, we have seldom been so weary of two lovers. Miss Hertford's tale, as shown by the extracts we have given, really needs little comment. It is gentle and refined, and the heroine herself is pleasant and natural; but this is all the praise that it is possible to give. There is an utter want of proportion and concentration about the whole thing, and only its amazing simplicity preserves it from becoming inconceivably tiresome. If, as we suspect, it is the work of a very young lady, she has much to learn before she can write a readable novel.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE interval between the overthrow of Prussia (1) by Napoleon and her resurrection after the Russian campaign is one of the most interesting, and not one of the least glorious, epochs of her history. Few countries have drained the bitter cup of national humiliation more nearly to the dregs, and it must be said that few have more thoroughly deserved the fate which they have brought upon themselves. But with the signature of the Treaty of Tilsit a new era opens, and the feebleness, duplicity, and incapacity which have characterized Prussian policy ever since the death of the great Frederick are exchanged, as if by magic, for a resolution of purpose and an administrative ability worthy of Frederick himself. The internal reorganization of Prussia has been fully described by the German and English biographers of Stein. Herr Paul Hassel's business is principally with her diplomatic endeavours to rehabilitate herself as a first-class European Power. His main purpose is to prove, what may easily be believed, that the rulers of Prussia never accepted the situation created for her by the then unprecedented overthrow of Jena. She would have aimed at her deliverance more openly, and effected it much sooner, but for the craft, rather than the absolute bad faith, with which Napoleon retained possession of the principal Prussian fortresses professedly as security for the contributions imposed upon the country. Notwithstanding this, Herr Hassel endeavours to show Prussian diplomacy was speedily on the alert, negotiating at St. Petersburg, London, Vienna, wherever there seemed a possibility of finding allies for a renewal of the contest. The Congress of Erfurt, however, by temporarily subjugating the Czar to French influence, compelled Prussia to adopt an attitude of extreme reserve. Stein was dismissed, Austria was left to fight her battle single-handed, and the attention of Prussian statesmen was mainly concentrated on those military and financial reforms which eventually aided them to resume the struggle for independence. Such is the general argument of Herr Hassel's history, which is not free from a marked political tendency. It rests, however, upon a mass of hitherto unused material, principally derived from the archives of Berlin, but supplemented by Austrian State papers and several important private collections, especially the correspondence of Count Götze, who was despatched on a secret mission to Vienna in 1808. The work is exceedingly well written, full of interest, and has no other drawback than the air of advocacy inevitable in a writer arguing in support of a preconceived conclusion.

Major Emil Knorr (2) appears to have had a special connexion with the Russian authorities at Warsaw, by whom he was entrusted with a mass of official material for the purpose of writing the history of the Polish insurrection of 1863-64. The German and French campaigns led to the interruption of his work, which would not, he says, have been resumed but for the recent regicidal attempts on the Continent. The plan of the book must have undergone some alteration, for it is no longer a history of the insurrection of 1863, but a survey of Polish revolutionary agitation in general from 1830 to 1865. Major Knorr seems to have a theory that the Poles are at the bottom of all the mischief that is done upon the Continent, and he has certainly produced sufficient evidence of the existence of a party among them antagonistic to other thrones beside the Czar's. It did not enter into his plan, and would indeed have been inconvenient, to inquire whose fault

(1) *Geschichte der Preussischen Politik, 1807 bis 1815*: Von Paul Has. el. Th. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Die Polnischen Aufstände seit 1830, in ihrem Zusammenhang mit dem internationalen Umsturzbestrebungen*. Von Emil Knorr. Berlin: Mittler's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

this is, and who has turned an aristocratic, an unprogressive, and a somewhat bigotedly Catholic people into the horde of incendiaries he depicts it. The book is indifferently written, and by no means easy reading; but it is valuable from the numerous specimens it contains of Polish political literature, otherwise inaccessible, and significant of the attitude of the Poles, or a considerable fraction of them, towards Pan Slavism, Nihilism, and Western civilization. There is also an important appendix of documents relating to the last Polish insurrection, consisting both of the proclamations of the insurgents and of the counter-manifestoes and edicts of General Mouravieff. There are also memoirs on political and military subjects, proceeding from, or attributed to, Wielopolski, Herzen, Bem, Mieroslawski, and other remarkable personages. On the whole, the moral of Major Knorr's book would seem to be the assuredly undesigned one that, even from the point of view of its authors, the partition of Poland has not been found to pay.

An impartial parallel between Russia and England might be instructive. Under pretence of instituting such a parallel, Herr von Ugény (3) has raked together all the strictures upon weak points in English affairs, public and private, from the opium traffic to tipling ladies, with which English freedom of speech and love of grumbling liberally provide him. The Continental reader will naturally conclude that a voluntary confession must be true; and Herr von Ugény will not improbably convince him that English civilization is much on a par with Russian, unless he happens to know something about it for himself. While, however, Herr von Ugény's compilation is worthless, his remarks, from personal observation, on the frequent rudeness abroad of Englishmen who appear perfectly well bred at home are worthy of our countrymen's serious attention.

The International Monetary Congress in Paris has called forth, among others, two rather remarkable essays (4), advocating a double standard of metallic value, mainly on the ground that silver will otherwise be further depreciated and forced out of circulation, and that the stock of gold will be insufficient for the needs of the world. This view is advocated with great clearness and conciseness in Herr Jacobi's pamphlet. Professor Lexia's essay is more elaborate, and considers the question with especial reference to the diverse exigencies and probable action of the nations represented at the Conference.

Dr. Trumpp (5) possesses what is undoubtedly the first qualification for an historian of the religion of the Sikhs, a thorough knowledge of the subject. His disqualification is a curious lack of moral sympathy with the phenomenon which has nevertheless so powerfully excited his intellectual interest. This was conspicuous in the preface to his laborious translation of the *Adi Granth*, or sacred book of the Sikhs. No one, it might have been deemed, would address himself seriously to the translation of an enormous work in a difficult language, unless he were conscious of some kind of sympathy with its sentiment and spirit. Yet Dr. Trumpp's preface betrayed that the *Adi Granth* was to him mere foolishness. The circumstance is by no means complimentary to his critical faculty, implying a total incapacity to enter into the mystic and Pantheistic circle of ideas which has always proved most congenial to minds of the rarest quality. For the same reason, Dr. Trumpp's criticism on the Sikh religion is worthless, except in so far as it deals with matters of fact. His statement, for example, of the liability of Sikh monotheism to relapse into Hindu idolatry is, without doubt, perfectly trustworthy, and his generally sober and prosaic cast of mind renders him a dispassionate chronicler of the vicissitudes of Nanak's simple creed. In its origin it was but an offshoot from the monotheistic Pantheism of Kabir, and aimed, like the latter, at the comprehension of Hindu and Musulman in a wider religious unity. It owed its perpetuation and its diffusion to the military and administrative abilities of a line of warlike Gurus, whose developments would have amazed the man of peace from whom they derived their apostolic succession. The last Guru created the Khalsa, ultimately a Sikh Praetorian Guard, but originally as pure a specimen of a Church militant as the Knights Templars. After his death the Sikhs became a military republic, whose anarchy was rapidly hurrying it to dissolution when it fell under the sway of Runjeet Singh, after whom it again relapsed into the condition that rendered inevitable its destruction at the hands of the British. During this long period of turbulence and conquest, the pure precepts of the original Sikh creed had ceased to be regarded, and Dr. Trumpp is probably correct in ascribing very little influence to them at present. The *Adi Granth*, however, is still nominally held in the highest honour, and should a religious genius ever again arise among the Sikhs, may yet serve as the basis of a new crusade against Hindu idolatry and Hindu caste.

Herr Leopold Katscher has performed a useful work for German readers by abridging Mr. Huth's biography of Buckle (6). We did not, for our own part, find this work too long, and cannot agree with Herr Katscher that it is improved by the process of curtailment; but at the same time it is quite true that its length

is an impediment to its circulation among foreigners, and that the life of so perfect a type of the student and thinker as Buckle has a value for mankind wholly independent of the soundness of his theories. Herr Katscher has, therefore, done wisely in omitting Mr. Huth's exposition of Buckle's principles, and in confining himself principally to those anecdotes and letters which contribute most to convey a living portrait of the man. He has had the good taste to adhere, as nearly as possible, to the diction of the original, and by the help of a little rearrangement has produced a sketch of Buckle which will go far to make him a real man to the numerous German readers who have hitherto only known him as a book.

The revival of interest in Molière (7), of late years, is very remarkable. While his dramatic rivals, the tragic poets, who at one time passed as geniuses obviously more exalted in virtue of the more elevated class of composition essayed by them, have sunk to the position of representatives of a local and transitory form of the drama, Molière has taken definitive rank among the six or seven authors who have written for humanity at large, and whose art is, within its own department, consummate and absolutely infallible. Even so acute a critic as Lessing was far from regarding Molière justice, and indeed German criticism, as a whole, has to make him considerable amends. Herr Lotheissen has assuredly performed his part; the uniformity of his encomium might even be censured as monotonous, but there is no denying its justice. Molière did actually present a perfect model of dramatic art, uniting the elegance of Menander to the *vis comica* of Aristophanes, and Herr Lotheissen cannot be blamed for insisting on the very point which he has set himself to prove. At the same time, his panegyric would be in danger of becoming tedious were it not relieved by sketches of his author's times and circumstances, and of the personages with whom he was brought into contact, as well as investigations of the many obscure passages of his history. Perhaps the most valuable part of the work, however, is his examination of the changes introduced by Molière into comedy and his relation to his rivals and predecessors.

The most recent of Georg Ebers's reproductions of antique life (8) has been suggested by a little pictorial gem of Mr. Alma Tadema's, whose beauty, undoubtedly, may well afford inspiration to poet or novelist. Many visitors to the exhibition at the German Athenæum will remember the truly idyllic scene—the maiden's irresolute attitude and downcast gaze as she ponders the suit of her urgent wooer, a youth extended at her side on the marble bench upon which she is seated, with her back to the sunlit bay and the faintly flushed range of hills beyond the waters. This lovely background does not lend itself readily to the engraver's art, and the inadequacy of the rendering rather mars Herr Ebers's frontispiece. His own defect as a literary artist is of the contrary kind, not imperfection, but over-precision of detail. His personages seem actuated by his own laudable anxiety that his readers should be as well acquainted as himself with the minutiae of antique life. They are consequently continually insisting upon minor details which certainly assist the realization of the general picture by nineteenth-century readers, but which a Syracusan to whom they were perfectly familiar would have thought perfectly superfluous. The result is a want of keeping, occasionally aggravated by a direct oversight, as when the old woman, deaf while her hand-maids are talking about trifles, promptly recovers her hearing when the progress of the action requires her to understand what is said. Nor is even Herr Ebers's archaeology unimpeachable; his Syracusans of the third or fourth century B.C. keep cats and grow citrons. His story is, nevertheless, very pleasing in the main; simple, natural, and, if less severely Hellenic than Landor would have made it, an excellent specimen of that more romantic phase of classicism exemplified by such acknowledged masterpieces as Longue's "Daphnis and Chloë" and Goethe's "Alexis and Dora."

"Pencilings" (9) is a title happily chosen to express the slight yet graphic execution of Ferdinand Gross's miscellaneous tales and sketches. The writer has all the characteristics of a good *feuilletoniste*, and nothing but the comparative stiffness of the German language impedes his attainment of the French standard in this department of literature. Two short stories, each turning on unhappiness in marriage, are told with careless ease, yet with striking effect, and a remarkable insight into certain phases of feminine character. The writer evidently does not rate the fair sex very highly, and in an ingenious, though paradoxical, essay strives to prove that Shakespeare was of his opinion. Another minor sketch gives a very amusing account of an Italian drama supposed to be founded upon the life of Shakespeare; and papers on the stumbling-blocks of translators, Daudet, lyrical poems, and similar themes, display real critical ability, as well as a felicitous ease of handling.

The *Rundschau* (10) is less interesting than usual, the only contributions of any especial mark being the continuation of Gottfried Keller's "Sinnegedicht," and a series of letters from a Prussian officer at Berlin during the revolution of 1848. They indicate several points worthy of notice—such as the sympathy, even of liberal-minded Germans, for Austria against Italy; and the singular want of foresight with which, on the first receipt of the

(3) *Russland und England. Aeusserer und innere Gegensätze.* Von E. von Ugény. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Gold und Silber im Landes- und im Weltverkehr.* Von F. W. Jacobi. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Erörterungen über die Währungsfrage.* Von Dr. W. Lexia. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Die Religion der Sikhs.* Nach den Quellen dargestellt von Ernst Trumpp. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(7) *Henry Thomas Buckle's Leben und Wirken.* Von Alfred H. Huth. Herausgegeben und eingeleitet von L. Katscher. Leipzig & Heidelberg: Wappler. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Molière: sein Leben und seine Werke.* Von F. Lotheissen. Frankfurt: Rütler & Loening. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Eine Frage.* Idyll zu einem Gemälde seines Freundes Alma Tadema erzählt von Georg Ebers. Stuttgart: Hallberger. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Mit dem Bleistift. Geschichten und Skizzen.* Von Ferdinand Gross. Leipzig: Reclam. London: Nutt.

(10) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Berlin: Poeschl. London: Trübner & Co.

news of the revolution in Paris, the probability of a sympathetic movement in Germany was overlooked in the apprehension of an immediate attack on the Rhine frontier. Herr Rodenberg gives an entertaining account of the manner in which the Flemish national spirit has asserted itself in politics, literature, and art; and the poetical myth of the submerged Atlantis and the scientific myth of the hypothetical Lemuria are exposed by a writer whose obligations to Mr. Wallace are probably greater than he has thought proper to acknowledge.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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May 3, 1881.

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The appointment will date from September 30 next. Further information respecting the duties of the Professor may be obtained from the PRINCIPAL of the College.
Applications and testimonials, addressed to the Council, will be received up to May 30.

J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE.—The office of PRINCIPAL will become VACANT at the end of the present Term. The Council are prepared to receive applications from Gentlemen desirous of the appointment.

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F. W. MADDEN, M.R.S., Secretary.

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The Line was started by Messrs. MARK WHITWILL & SON, in the year 1871, and it now consists of Six Steamships—namely, the *Arragon*, *Cornwall*, *Somerset*, *Devon*, *Bristol*, and *Gloucester*, engaged in the foreign trade, and one, the *Redland*, engaged in the coasting trade, for the purpose of collecting and distributing cargo in connexion with the foreign-going vessels.

These vessels have hitherto been owned by various persons, but entirely managed by Messrs. MARK WHITWILL & SON, who have been largely interested in them. Other steamships have from time to time been chartered for the purpose of developing trade with Montreal, Baltimore, and Boston. Complete arrangements have been made with the Railway Companies for through traffic between the chief centres in America and Bristol, via New York and the above-named ports. The trade is believed to be capable of great extension, especially as the Docks at the mouth of the River Avon provide accommodation accessible at all tides for large Ocean Steamers, and are in direct communication with the Midland Counties, West of England, South Wales, and London.

The Passenger traffic also, of which Messrs. WHITWILL have for thirty years had some share, should largely increase with increased facilities, as Bristol is the most central port in England, and while easy of access from all parts of the country, is within less than three hours' distance from London.

The development of trade between Bristol and ports in the United States and Canada during the last few years may be illustrated by the following statement of the tonnage of vessels entering Bristol from some of these ports with grain and provisions; namely:—

	1870.	1878.	1880.
New York ..	Steam .. 3,314 .. 57,597 .. 91,697	Sail .. 28,320 .. 45,156 .. 88,645	
Montreal ..	Steam .. 3,083 .. 2,842 .. 21,617	Sail .. 305 .. 8,282 .. 11,584	
Baltimore ..	Steam .. 305 .. 8,282 .. 11,584	Sail	
	85,052	116,774	188,978

Arrangements have been made for acquiring the seven vessels before mentioned, and the business connected therewith, upon terms which are believed to be fair and reasonable. The price to be paid is £200,000, which (except fractional parts) is to be accepted in shares of the Company, credited as fully paid, and the Company will adopt all agreements and engagements entered into by Messrs. WHITWILL & SON, in respect of each of the vessels as from the completion of the last voyage commenced by her before March 31, 1881.

The price of each vessel has been fixed with reference to her original cost, the result of her past trading, and her present age and condition. The aggregate amount, £200,000, although beyond the price which would be realized by a forced sale, is believed to represent the fair value of the vessels, and the business is a going concern. It is far less than the original cost, and includes considerable reserve funds, which are available for repairs. No promotion money will be paid.

The amount of Dividend distributed amongst the Owners (after payment of insurance and provision for the reserve fund above alluded to) during the period for which the steamers have been running has, upon an average, exceeded 10 per centum per annum upon the purchase-money now payable. It is anticipated that at least as good a result will be obtained in the future.

It is proposed, by means of the new capital, to acquire other suitable boats, so that the Company may eventually meet the requirements of the trade without chartering the vessels of other owners.

The Preference Shares will be ultimately fully called up. It is not anticipated that more than £30 per Share will be called upon the Ordinary Shares, but to meet the wishes of investors the Directors will receive full payment (which will rank for Dividend) upon a limited number of such Shares. Any parties desiring to avail themselves of this option must intimate such desire when making their application for Shares.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Company's Secretary, Solicitors, or Bankers.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and of the Contract above mentioned, may be inspected at the Office of the Company's Solicitors.

Bristol, May 12, 1881.



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THE PORTE AND THE POWERS.

THE signature of the Convention by which Turkey undertakes to hand over the greater portion of Thessaly to Greece in a period of six months, on terms approved by the Powers, will, it may be hoped, have settled for some time a question very embarrassing to all who had to deal with it. The Greek Government has hitherto successfully resisted the cry of indignation which the terms of the new arrangement naturally excited in a people who are new to political life, have an exaggerated opinion of their own power, and who were carried away by the false hopes held out to them by the Berlin Conference. Fortunately the Greeks are not destitute of common sense, and they have the advantage of being governed by a KING who is in close communication with the heads of other Courts, and knows what it is possible and what it is not possible for his friends to do for him. If the Berlin Conference had not promised more, Greece would now have seemed to have got very much. She is no longer told that she is a young nation and can wait. She has got all of Thessaly that is worth having, she has got a strong position given her in Volo, and she has got the Gulf of Arta neutralized. What she has not got is the privilege of fighting with the Albanians for a corner of Epirus. On the whole, she may be said to have got as much as it is in her real interest to get; and she has got it by the strenuous exertions of the Powers, and especially of England, on her behalf. The European Concert has proved to be a curious piece of machinery. Sometimes it has played its tune loudly, sometimes very faintly. Sometimes it has seemed to cease playing altogether. But in the end it has produced definite and valuable results. It has settled, at least for the moment, the very troublesome Duloigno and Greek questions. But, although the European Concert has ostensibly done this, it is evident that it has only done this because there has been a concert within a concert. Germany and England have really settled the Greek question. They came to an agreement, and the other Powers looked on with mild complacency while the agreement of Germany and England was forced on the Porte. France was frightened by Germany into standing out of the way. It dropped the Greek question as far too burning when Prince BISMARCK pointed out how very hot it was. With England Prince BISMARCK readily consented to deal. He talked over with Mr. GOSCHEN what amount of pressure should be put on the Porte, and the Porte found that it had no one to support it when it attempted to resist what England and Germany agreed in supporting. That the two Powers which worked towards a result on which they had previously agreed should have also worked in the name and with the concurrence of the other Powers was no doubt advantageous. It prevented jealousy, and cut away the ground from any future remonstrance. It was perhaps comforting to the SULTAN and imposing to the Greeks that when they bowed they were told they were bowing to the will of Europe. But it is no use to try to disguise what has really happened. The European Concert is a scheme of management by which the Powers settle which of them in turn shall do something to the Porte, and what it shall be.

The creation of the Tunis Protectorate is the last something that has been done to the Porte, and it has been done by France with the sanction of the European Con-

cert. All the Powers, except France, allowed that Tunis was part of the Turkish Empire, and the Porte appealed to those who recognized its rights not to allow these rights to be swept away by military force. The answer given by Lord GRANVILLE was the answer given by the representatives of all those to whom the appeal was made. The European Concert was not to be broken up for such a trifle as Tunis. France denied the claims of the Porte, and the best advice Lord GRANVILLE could give the SULTAN was to recommend the BEY to co-operate with the French against the Kroumirs, and thus to localize the dispute and avoid any question as to the sovereignty of the Porte arising. But Mr. GOSCHEN, in acting on the instructions of Lord GRANVILLE, was exceedingly cautious. The SULTAN tried to get him to say that England advised the Porte to order the BEY to co-operate. But Mr. GOSCHEN would say nothing of the kind. To allow that the SULTAN could order the BEY was to allow that he was the BEY's superior, which is precisely what England did allow throughout the discussion. But this would have been to formally contest the assertion of France that the SULTAN had nothing to do with Tunis except as a religious chief. To escape from taking up any position that could be considered as in any way hostile to France was the aim of all the parties to the European Concert. As Lord GRANVILLE frankly told the Porte, the Powers were not going to range themselves on different sides in regard to Tunis. They all shrank from a new Eastern question, and listened in silence, if not with approval, to the declaration of France that, if the Porte sent men or ships to Tunis, France would drive them back. The PRIME MINISTER of the SULTAN subsequently made an appeal to Mr. GOSCHEN in the name of the old friendship of England and Turkey. Mr. GOSCHEN replied that Turkey had long systematically rejected the advice of England and thwarted her in every possible way. SAID PASHA admitted this, but promised that in future Turkey would behave very differently. Mr. GOSCHEN has been long enough at Constantinople to place proper value on promises of this kind. But, even if he had believed what was said to him, he could have done nothing to earn the gratitude of the Turks. The Powers no longer ask themselves how the Turks ought to be treated, but how they themselves will be affected if the Turks are treated in any particular way. England has satisfied herself that, so long as British subjects are adequately protected in Tunis, it is a matter of indifference to her whether the BEY is a puppet in the hands of France or a puppet in the hands of the SULTAN. For the sake of the European Concert it was clearly desirable that he should accept the former character, and so he now dances to the tune of Paris and not to that of Constantinople, and Europe is happy and at peace.

But it must not be supposed that the machinery of the European Concert is worked in the easy and simple way of one diplomatist telling his colleagues what he thinks of doing, asking whether any one has any objection, and then going and doing it after he has received a kindly smile of assent. What would be the good of diplomatists if no more diplomacy than this were needed? A diplomatist who wants to gain his end must exercise a certain amount of judicious cunning; must shift his ground, give assurances, meet objections, invent delicacies of language, and, if he is a diplomatist of the good old school, use freely the great art

of deception. M. ST.-HILAIRE is a thorough diplomatist of the old school. There was no art of his craft to which he did not have resort. He tried modesty; he tried bluster; he tried, and freely tried, what, to be polite, may be termed departing from accuracy of statement. His modesty and his inaccuracy did, to a certain extent, succeed with Lord GRANVILLE. For a time Lord GRANVILLE could not help accepting M. ST.-HILAIRE's positive assurances that nothing more was meant than the punishment of the Kroumirs. But when M. ST.-HILAIRE said that he had no notion how many French ships were in Tunisian waters, Lord GRANVILLE allowed it to be seen that he thought this very odd; and when M. ST.-HILAIRE stated that a large force of French troops had been landed at Biserta merely to take the Kroumirs in the rear, Lord GRANVILLE could not help wondering why any one should think it worth while to tell such a barefaced departure from strict accuracy. Of one of his diplomatic achievements M. ST.-HILAIRE was extremely proud. He pointed out with triumph to Lord GRANVILLE that he had announced to the Porte that, if Turkish ships were sent to Tunis, France would treat it, not as a *casus belli*—that would have been a rude and gross term for such an accomplished diplomatist—but a “cause of conflict.” Such is the honeyed language of diplomacy, and only great artists like M. ST.-HILAIRE know how to use it. Diplomacy must be of great use if a threat to blow up the ships of another nation can be made pleasant by calling a *casus belli* a cause of conflict. When, instead of modesty and departures from accuracy, M. ST.-HILAIRE tried bluster with Lord GRANVILLE, he did not succeed at all. During the discussion of the Enfida affair M. ST.-HILAIRE suddenly said that he had ordered a French man-of-war to go at once to Tunis and uphold the interests of the French claimant. Lord GRANVILLE at once ordered an English man-of-war to go to Tunis and prevent injustice being done to the English claimant. When M. ST.-HILAIRE learnt that an English ship had really been sent without any notice having been given him, he at once said that a dreadful mistake had been made; that the French ship had been sent, not at all in connexion with the Enfida affair, but to baffle some mysterious project of Turkey, and he was quite ready to agree that both the French and the English ships should go away, and the dispute be left to the tribunals. So, too, when the mask was at last thrown off, and the treaty creating a protectorate had been signed, Lord GRANVILLE was firm, and successfully firm, in insisting on having it recorded that all privileges given to British subjects in Tunis by the BEY should remain in force, and that France had no power to abridge them, except by a new treaty to which England should be a consenting party. The despatches of Lord GRANVILLE are in every way satisfactory when once it is admitted that he was right in avoiding a quarrel and in leaving Turkey unsupported. He was always firm and always courteous; and through his firmness and his courtesy there pierces a delicate and polished contempt for the tricks and subterfuges of the diplomatist of the old school, who was plotting and evading in the style recognized as masterly in the days of Louis PHILIPPE.

THE PRESTON ELECTION.

THE result of the Preston election is sufficiently remarkable to justify inquiry into its probable causes. The divergence of political opinion among constituencies which seem to be socially and economically similar is not a little puzzling. In Lancashire, Preston, Wigan, and Liverpool have for some time past inclined to Conservatism, while other large towns in the same county elect Liberal members by decisive majorities. The triumphant return of Mr. ECKROYD requires further explanation. At the general election Sir JOHN HOLKER defeated one of the Liberal candidates by less than 300 votes. The Conservative majority on the present occasion exceeds 1,600. The Irish voters in the borough probably followed the advice of their leaders by supporting Mr. YATES THOMPSON, and perhaps, as on some other occasions, their alliance may have deprived the Liberal party of more votes than it added. Mr. THOMPSON, a candidate of estimable character and of considerable ability, has some official experience, and in his earlier days he received the compliment of being invited to contest one of the county divisions as

colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. ECKROYD, a manufacturer, now or formerly belonging to the Society of Friends, was also a creditable representative of his party; but he was only the subject of a second choice; and there is no reason to suppose that his personal claims excited any extraordinary feeling of enthusiasm. It is possible that his success indicates a current of Conservative reaction; but there have been hitherto no certain signs of such a tendency in the country at large. There is probably some special reason for the decision of the Preston electors; and the only peculiarity in Mr. ECKROYD's political creed is that he is an advocate of that form of protectionism which is known as Reciprocity. The depression of industrial enterprise is probably felt at Preston as well as in other manufacturing districts; and it is not surprising that the suggestion of any kind of remedy should be accepted with favour. The imposition of high duties on foreign produce would in any case be capricious and partial, because it would be obviously impossible to exclude or discourage the importation of food or of the raw material of industry. The competition in the home market of imported manufactures is only in a few cases felt as a practical evil. The real grievance to English producers is that they are, through a vicious commercial policy, either excluded from European and American markets or hampered in their dealings with excessive duties. The temptation to retaliate is perfectly intelligible, for experience shows that consumers are often ready to sacrifice their own interests by consenting to an artificial dearth. The system of commercial treaties has necessarily tended to confirm the delusion that the duties are more profitable to the foreign producer than to the domestic consumer. Mr. ECKROYD was not himself misled by the fallacies which he nevertheless encouraged during the negotiation of the French Treaty. The supporters of reciprocity generally profess to approve the principles of Free-trade, under the impossible condition that it should be equal and universal. In the meantime, they propose to wage a war of tariffs which would, amongst other inconveniences, confirm the prejudices of their foreign competitors. It is not improbable that Mr. ECKROYD owes a part of his local popularity to his concurrence in the fallacious theory of reciprocity. It may be hoped that the Conservative party will not identify itself with a document which is fundamentally erroneous. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has on more than one occasion forcibly exposed this fallacy, to which some of his political allies are too much inclined. Lord BEACONSFIELD, in one of his latest speeches, though he had, perhaps, not thoroughly emancipated himself from the influence of a false economic theory, warned his party against the blunder of pledging itself to a policy which he recognized as impracticable. The caution may, perhaps, have been rendered more necessary by the Preston election.

The heresies of reactionary politicians are partially excused, though they cannot be justified, by the intolerant dogmatism of complacent Liberals. Mr. BRIGHT and many orators of inferior rank have for a generation or two incessantly taunted their adversaries with the assumed failure of predictions which have nevertheless been tardily but indisputably fulfilled. In the days of the Corn-Law League landowners and farmers loudly proclaimed their apprehension that the withdrawal of Protection would result in the ruin of English agriculture. In many instances their fears pointed in the wrong direction, as when the fabulous fertility of the Russian province of Tamboff was supposed to render domestic competition hopeless. On the other hand, it seemed evident that Free-trade in corn would be useless if it produced no reduction of price. Mr. CORBEN's persuasive ingenuity failed to satisfy producers that they would profit by the increased cheapness of the commodity in which they dealt. When an agitation for the establishment of sound principles prevailed by preponderance of numbers rather than by strength of argument, the most sanguine anticipations seemed to be justified by the result. The years which followed were, even for farmers, among the most prosperous on record. The price of corn was not extraordinarily low; the consumption of butchers' meat was enormously increased; and the monopoly of live stock was but imperceptibly disturbed by importations from neighbouring Continental ports. In those days the Chicago corn elevators existed only on a comparatively small scale; and the possibility of conveying live cattle across the Atlantic by steam had only been imagined by a

few speculative professors. The revolution in agriculture which seemed to have been unaccountably averted has, after five-and-forty years, suddenly, and perhaps irrevocably, occurred. The process of ruin has been accelerated by two or three cold and rainy summers; but in former times the rise of prices after a bad harvest in some degree compensated farmers for the deficiency of their crops. The failure of the harvest at home is now abundantly supplied from abroad, to the great advantage of the general community, but with the result of rendering the condition of the domestic producer hopeless. Many hundreds of farms are consequently thrown on the hands of the owners, while the former occupiers seek other modes of subsistence; and the Liberal economists and politicians who chuckle over the misfortunes of the landlords can scarcely regard with satisfaction the relapse of large tracts of land into the condition of a desert. The popular clamour for increased application of capital to the land becomes absurd when neither landlord nor tenant can cultivate at a profit. The widespread distress which has fallen on the land is the result of natural laws. The cost of retaining the Corn-laws would have been still greater; but, if the land were at this moment divided among two or three millions of freeholders, a demand for Protection would be raised which it might be difficult to resist. Monopoly, however unjust, is comparatively secure when it rests on a broad basis of interested support.

The political prophets of evil who denounced the dangers of the earliest democratic innovation may, if any of them survive, boast with equal truth of the fulfilment of their predictions. One of their errors consisted in their imperfect comprehension of the necessity and of the utility of the changes which they deprecated; and, like many other oracular alarmists, they miscalculated the date at which their terrors were to be realized. The Reform Bill of 1832 was, on the whole, just and expedient; and its advantages were illustrated by a long period of beneficent legislation. The opponents of the measure had, perhaps, become convinced of the mistake which they had committed, when, through the vanity and ambition of rival party leaders, the agitation for further extension of the franchise was prematurely revived. Household suffrage in boroughs was followed by the introduction of the practice of secret voting which had been with difficulty staved off at the time of the first Reform Bill. The present Parliament will complete the transfer of all electoral power into the hands of the class which lives on weekly wages; and almost every kind of property is simultaneously menaced with attack. Demagogues loudly threaten the application to Great Britain of a legislation which is professedly required by the exceptional circumstances of Ireland; and it is universally felt that revolutionary doctrines have made a greater advance within one or two years than in the long interval which separated the Reform Bill from the last general election. Day by day more and more supporters of the party of movement drop off, and decline to share any further in the downward progress; but the natural protectors of property, of order, and of liberty, have lost the greater part of their former influence. They will destroy any chance which may remain of recovering a portion of political power if they ally themselves with the professors of false economical doctrines. The Opposition will have been injured by the Preston majority if it is misled into complicity with Protection or fiscal retaliation.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

THE salutary custom which interposes—at least in the earlier days of the Session—some little interval between the second reading of an important measure and the time of going into Committee can seldom have been more salutary than in the case of the Irish Land Bill. That, under the circumstances, it would be a grave responsibility for any party to throw out that Bill, unless they are prepared to govern Ireland by the strong hand and to meet its demands in a different but equally sweeping fashion, has been sufficiently contended already. That, under the same circumstances, the grave objections which serious politicians not prepared to sacrifice economical and social principles must feel to the Bill were justly vindicated by the taking of a division on the second reading has been also sufficiently made clear. It is important,

however, to distinguish between the real and the factitious significance of a division, however one-sided, on the second reading. There are persons who, when it suits them, assume that such a division settles the matter. The House has spoken; the cause is finished. Those who happen to be somewhat less lightly equipped with historical and constitutional knowledge than is the wont of some public instructors nowadays know that nothing can be further from the truth. The significance of a majority, large or small, on the second reading of a great Government Bill is simply this; first, that the House of Commons does not immediately desire a change of Ministry; secondly, that it thinks that the measure before it may, with more or less alteration, be possibly made a good Bill. No House of Commons is further plodged than this by the most overwhelming division at this particular juncture; and the arguments by which Mr. GLADSTONE and other Government speakers strove to make it appear that the Opposition were doing something unheard of in supporting an amendment will bear the test of history as little as the test of common sense.

The field therefore remains open for criticism, but it remains open in a somewhat different direction. Events may still occur which might make it the duty of the Opposition to propose the rejection of the Bill on the third reading, or which might throw on the House of Lords the graver responsibility of appealing to the constituencies, but that is not yet. For weeks, probably for many weeks, it will be the duty of hostile critics of the measure to do their utmost to reduce it to such form as may possibly do good while not certainly doing counterbalancing harm. In so huge a Bill, it may seem difficult to single out those parts which may be characterized as dubiously just and wise experiments, and those which must be described as absolutely unjust or certain of failure. Yet, with a certain latitude of discrimination, the thing can be done. The schemes, vague and ill-defined it is true, for the creation of a peasant proprietary, for the improvement of waste lands, for the encouragement of emigration, and the like, may be assented to, if properly guarded, without much misgiving. They will probably fail, because they are what is commonly, if absurdly, called an attempt to play Providence. But they might succeed by accident; it would be a good thing if they did succeed; and if their success is in any way possible, it could be obtained without any necessary injustice or confiscation. So also it is possible, though the means would have to be very carefully considered, that a scheme for arranging with landlords for the giving up of their lands at a fair price, should they dislike the servitudes which the Bill imposes on them, might be framed. In the case especially of purchasers under the Encumbered Estates Acts, and those who have expended money in buying up rights conferred by the Act of 1870, something of the sort seems absolutely necessary. But when we come to the three F's, it is manifest that the battle begins. It is imperative that the Opposition should use every means in its power to prevent the gross injustice of valuing the competition value on the tenants' instead of on the landlords' side, and the still grosser injustice of the resurrection of bought-up tenant-right. Mr. KAVANAGH, an excellent authority but not a professional lawyer, doubts whether this last is definitely contemplated by the Bill. It is significant that the ablest lawyers to be found in Ireland think it is, and that the specially retained champions of the Government do not assert definitely that it is not. That a tenant should be established in his holding at a fair competition rent for an arbitrary term of years at his landlord's peril if he, paying duly and breaking no covenant, is turned out, is an unnecessary and intrinsically absurd violation of certain very obvious principles, but it is not in itself a thing to make a revolution about. It amounts in effect to a clumsy legislative enactment of the Scotch system of long leases; and if the Government see the salvation of Ireland in it, they must, after the expression of the opinion of the present House of Commons, be left to their probably foolish dreams. But as the presentation to a fortuitous tenant who happens to be in occupation in this year of grace of a tenant-right not merely growing out of, but forming part of, his landlord's property, is demonstrably unjust, destructive of confidence, and fatal to the prosperity of Ireland, that will most assuredly have to be opposed. The other points on which the Government will, if they are wise, accept correction of their form-

less bantling are numerous, but of minor importance, and require a certain digestion of the amendments moved, or to be moved, before they can be properly appreciated. The number of these amendments is already vast, and although its vastness is to a certain extent delusive, the utmost sifting will still leave a formidable array. On all important Bills notice is given of numerous amendments which overlap or include each other, or which are afterwards abandoned by their proposers without division or debate. But in this case it need not be doubted that the residue will be formidable enough. The proportion of these to be moved by supporters of the Government is considerable, and may account for the conciliatory tone which Mr. GLADSTONE adopted. This tone contrasted remarkably with that of the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who has indeed been uniformly unfortunate in his speeches on this subject. The doctrine that the assumed iniquity of a possession bars the possessor's right to compensation will hardly be accepted.

The digression which the Irish members have made during the present week in reference to the working of the Coercion measures has, practically, not much to do with the Land Bill. Mr. FORSTER is in reality face to face with a problem quite different from that with which Mr. GLADSTONE imagines himself to be dealing. The rejection of the Land Bill might—indeed, it undoubtedly would—serve as the pretext for an aggravation of the hardly masked rebellion which exists in some parts of Ireland; its acceptance would assuredly not put an end to that rebellion. The defence which Mr. FORSTER made on Tuesday against his Irish assailants was conclusive enough; the defence which he did not make against another and a very different class of assailants would have been but feeble. His fault is that he has nibbled at the evil weeds which have choked Irish politics instead of sweeping them down with a single blow of the scythe with which he was furnished by the Coercion Acts. Leader after leader has been arrested, but the arrests have been piecemeal, dilatory, hesitating, giving time for recruits to step into the vacant place, and encouraging a belief in the minds of the disaffected that the Government is afraid to hit out boldly and decisively for fear of its Radical allies. It is hardly too much to say that every man now in gaol under the Act might have been in gaol within twenty-four hours after it came into effect. Such a sweep of the net would have struck terror into the evil-meaning and have refreshed and heartened the good. The Government have chosen to pursue a wholly different plan. They have, as has just been said, nibbled at the conspiracy; they have struck at it and then run away, after the fashion of small children who, though animated by a certain pugnacity, are afraid to close with their antagonists. Therefore it flourishes. The doctrine of a general strike against rent has been promulgated by Land League fire-eaters, received with no great disapproval by their clerical allies, heard with demonstrative shakings of the head by Radical players on the strings of popular gullibility in England. First the cry was "No evictions," then "No rack rents," then "Griffith's Valuation," then what the tenant could afford to give, then a strike against rent as rent. The fact of this last development must be before the House of Commons as it studies the Land Bill in Committee; and it ought to influence their conclusions, not necessarily in the way of an absolute rejection or vital mutilation of the measure, but certainly so as to prevent them from entertaining the idle and absurd notion that a slice of the landlord's property, hastily awarded, will stay the stomach of Irish hunger for that which is not the hangover's.

JEWS IN RUSSIA.

IT is strange that a persecution of the Jews at the present day should recall mediæval precedents which had long been deemed obsolete. In France, or in Paris, for there are still prejudices in remote districts, the Jews have enjoyed freedom and equality since the Revolution, and in later times they have had their fair share of office and distinction. One of their number was a member of the Republican Governments of 1848 and 1870, and another was one of the most considerable Ministers of the Second Empire. The removal of the disabilities to which they were subject in England was effected at a later period; and it is even now not theoretically complete. The possible creation of a Jewish peer would, for the first time, raise

the question whether he would be allowed to sit in the House of Lords. In the meantime many Jews have been elected to the House of Commons, though it is almost impossible for a Roman Catholic to find a seat for any constituency in Great Britain. The religious prejudice against an unpopular Christian sect has oddly survived the distaste with which the admission of non-Christians to Parliament was once regarded by almost all classes. The profession of the Jewish faith is no disqualification for success in liberal professions; and one of the ablest and highest in rank among the judges belongs to the Jewish community. The sudden agitation against the Jews in Germany and Russia has caused natural surprise. The most active promoter of the German movement is one of the EMPEROR's chaplains; and it is suspected that the CHANCELLOR himself regards the persecution with a certain favour. As orthodox enthusiasm is rare among German Protestants, it may be assumed that dislike to the Jews is founded on social or commercial grounds rather than on religious fanaticism. One of the pretexts for popular clamour is the large share which Jewish writers are supposed to take in the conduct of newspapers, some of which represent ultra-Liberal opinions. The prosperity of the Jews as dealers in money, both on a large and on a small scale, is probably a mere operative cause of popular dislike. If it were necessary to speculate on the tendencies of a separate national descent and a peculiar religion, it might seem probable that an isolated minority would be wanting in patriotic feeling; but in practice it has been found that Jews, when they are treated as equals by their neighbours, share all their sympathies, and even their prejudices. No German seriously believes that his countrymen of Jewish extraction are especially prone to the cosmopolitan form of disloyalty.

The genius of the Jews for finance has in many countries exposed them to popular antipathy. COBBETT, who impersonated all the rustic prejudices which flourished in his time, classed them with Quakers as burdens on the community, because they were seldom known to engage in manual labour. His dislike went so far that he complained of a shock to his religious sentiments through the profane utterances in the synagogues which he professed to have heard as he walked about the streets on Saturdays. A simple-minded deputy to the Constituent Assembly of 1848 had received from his electors the solitary mandate that he should relieve them from the whole or part of their debts to Jew money-lenders. Some of the Jacobin members, discovering their colleague's foible, persuaded him to join in a revolutionary plot of which he understood nothing by promising that they would forward his schemes against the Jews. In parts of the Continent the Jews have a monopoly of more than one lucrative trade; and those who would gladly become their competitors feel towards them as Irish labourers in California regard the Chinese. The aristocracy cultivate a milder jealousy of the great financiers who are idealized in Lord BEACONSFIELD's romances. In the less civilized parts of Europe the contrast between Jewish traders and the peasantry becomes more strongly marked. The Roumanians have long set an example of persecution, which has been recently followed at a distance by enlightened Germans. At the Congress of Berlin the Roumanian Jews were thought to require and to deserve the protection of Europe; and perhaps the intervention of more than one Government in their favour may have produced a beneficial result. The Jew baiters, as they are called, use less rude methods than the Roumanian populace; but the social ostracism which they strive to enforce is in a high degree oppressive. The promoters of the movement cannot expect to drive the Jews out of Germany, or of Russia, or even to deprive them of their property. Persecution in modern times is more wanton and more spiteful than in ages when it was thought possible to exterminate an obnoxious race or sect. Even if it were expedient to destroy or expel the whole body of Jews, it is useless to make their lives miserable. The peasants of Southern Russia are more logical when they indulge, not in vituperation, but in robbery and murder.

It is not known whether the factitious German agitation has been in any way connected with the outrages which have lately been perpetrated in Odessa, and in other parts of Southern Russia. The immediate cause of the disturbances may probably have been the agricultural distress, which in some districts has amounted to famine. A starving population naturally looks to those who are

compassionately rich; both as objects of envy and as victims who may be profitably plundered. It is possible that an ignorant populace may at the same time have been influenced by sectarian and superstitious motives. The old fable of the sacrifice of Christian children as an annual Jewish rite has strangely survived in many countries from the time of HUGH of Lincoln, or perhaps from a much earlier date. Easter is consequently a dangerous season when by any means the ordinary hatred of the Jews has received some fresh impulse. On the present occasion the ringleaders of the movement have appealed to the familiar legend, probably with pretended testimony of recent renewals of traditional crime. Revenge, when it is undertaken by a starving mob, is easily associated with rapine. The rioters in many places have not only committed acts of violence against the Jews, but have robbed them of all the property that could be found. A thrifty and business-like community is not likely in a time of danger to have left the whole of its valuable possessions within reach of the robbers. The suffering which has been inflicted is severe, and it is probably unprovoked by any deviation from ordinary practice. As a general rule, the Jews are, either as money-lenders or as dealers in commodities, creditors of those among whom they live. The cultivation of animosity is greatly facilitated by visible distinctions of appearance or of costume. The Russian Jew, though he is of a different type from his co-religionists in Western Europe, is probably not less easily recognized. There is therefore no occasion for predatory mobs to practise the indiscriminate violence which was, according to the old story, enjoined by the ecclesiastical authorities on the troops which defeated and slew the Albigenses. It must be satisfactory to burn the house or seize the furniture of a creditor or wealthy neighbour who is also a heretic and an alien.

A deputation of respectable Jews to protest against the outrages has been courteously received by the EMPEROR, who will probably take steps for their protection. Shortly afterwards another deputation waited on the English FOREIGN SECRETARY with reference to the case of Mr. LEWISOHN. It is said that in the course of conversation the EMPEROR asked the delegates the pertinent question why the Jews are so unpopular. Even if they had not been disposed to speak with perfect candour, they would probably have been unable to gratify the EMPEROR's legitimate curiosity. Classes, like persons, are not sensitively alive to their own peculiarities, and they are apt to attribute any unfriendly feelings which they excite rather to their virtues than their defects. The deputation may have thought, if not said, that they were disliked by the peasantry because they were more sober, more thrifty, and more prosperous than their Christian neighbours; yet a widely-spread feeling of antipathy has for the most part some real foundation. A closely banded minority has always vices of its own. Its members act in concert against the general community, and pack their cards for their own advantage. It is to their close union among themselves that Greeks, Armenians, Quakers, and Scotchmen owe much of their success in business. Notwithstanding the doubts which he may have entertained whether the Jews were to any extent responsible for their own misfortunes, the EMPEROR may be supposed to sympathize with sufferers from lawlessness and anarchy. It is possible that among the promoters of riots which have almost approached to insurrection may have been some of the Nihilist conspirators. It may have been their interest to accustom the populace and the peasantry to violation of the law; and every disturbance increases the difficulties of the Government which they seek to overthrow. There is no doubt that the agitation will be suppressed; but the Jews will henceforth feel that they hold their property and their safety by an uncertain tenure.

AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION IN ENGLAND.

EVERY ONE has heard of the depressed state of English agriculture. Every one knows personally or by reputation farmers who have been broken, and landlords who cannot get in their rents, and have had to face, if not ruin, yet very serious distress. A state of things has undoubtedly existed for some time, and still exists, which justly awakens much anxiety for the future of the country, and profound sympathy for the sufferers. But nothing is more difficult than to ascertain what is the real

extent of the depression, over how large a portion of England it prevails, and how far it is due to temporary or to permanent causes. If any one who was expatiating on agricultural depression was asked what was the area of which he was speaking, and whether he meant that a half, or more or less than a half, of England was affected by this depression, he would, unless he happened to be a man of extraordinary and exceptional knowledge, be utterly unable to give an answer. People know their own districts, and hear on good authority about the districts of their friends, but they only speak on very vague information as to districts with which they are unconnected. Any one, therefore, who attempts to collect something like systematic information as to a large number of counties is rendering a very great service to the public. Such an attempt has recently been made with regard to Central and Southern England by Mr. STURGE, and the statistics he has collected are of great value. He gives us a picture of the calamities of no fewer than sixteen counties, and he tells us enough to show that in those counties there is much distress, and a reduction of rents which is widely spread, if not general. But it may be remarked at the outset that he has naturally chosen the counties where depression was known to exist. A very considerable, and indeed the larger, portion of England seems as yet unaffected. There is nothing like serious depression in the Northern counties, in Wales, in the counties of the extreme South-west, or in the counties close to London. Even in the counties where depression undoubtedly exists, and as to which Mr. STURGE gives particulars, it is impossible to gather from the statistics how large a part of each county is affected. It is a rough guess, but it is apparently a safe guess, to say that serious depression has not as yet touched above a third of England. It is said that next autumn a further large number of farms will be abandoned; and it is also said that a dry year and a good harvest may still save many farmers. Things may get worse or better; but, for the moment, we want to know, not what will happen, but what has happened and is happening now. Mr. STURGE has made a most welcome contribution to our knowledge on this point. But we may preface a summary of the leading data which he furnishes by remarking that it is unwise to attach too much importance to some of the signs of calamity on which he dwells. He often tells us that the market value of land has greatly declined in the county of which he is speaking, or that farms have been let at a lower rent. Landowners are passing through a time of uncertainty almost amounting to a panic. At such a time, land, like every other commodity, falls in present value; but we can never be sure until the panic is over whether the fall is due to the mere uncertainty, or to the fact that adverse calculations are the right calculations. Landowners are, as a rule, much more uncertain than hopeless. There is a large amount of land in the market, but it is not sold because the landowners will not sell unless they get what they consider a proper price. What is now called the market price of land is often the price offered by a person who does not wish to buy to a person who does not wish to sell. Rents in a time of uncertainty fall more than the value of land, because the landlord ardently desires a present income, and he is willing to accept calculations which he thinks too adverse, partly because he cannot afford to wait, and partly because he thinks that in a short time he will be able to exact better terms.

The statistics given us by Mr. STURGE may be divided under two heads. There are the statistics which show something like ruin to the landowner, and there are the statistics which show that landowners are passing through a bad time, which may or may not be permanent. Under the former head fall such statistics as the following. In the fens of Lincolnshire many farmers would gladly let to any tenants who would pay the rates and taxes. In Huntingdonshire marsh fenland, with little or no clay under it, will hardly let at all, and many of the old tenants are continued in possession as care-takers. In western Shropshire several cold, undrained farms cannot find tenants at all. In Worcestershire, on one estate only one farm is tenanted, and it is calculated that it will require an expenditure equal to six years' rent to bring the other farms into condition again. On the stiff soils of Warwickshire most landowners have some farms unlet; on two estates the greater portion is unlet. In one parish in South Warwickshire of 3,000 acres, four-fifths are unoccupied. The meadows and pastures are let by auction, and

the adjacent fertile land is thrown in without being valued. In Northamptonshire we learn that a valuer who was recently called in to settle the rent on a cold soil farm declined to do so, saying that such land at the present time could not be said to have any letting value. At Ampthill in Bedfordshire a tenant recently refused to pay rates, because he paid no rent for his farm of 467 acres, which a few years since let at 36s. an acre. In Hertfordshire one farm of 400 acres is occupied rent free, the tenant merely agreeing to keep it in cultivation, and on another estate 1,600 acres are tenantless. In Essex a general rule was established last Michaelmas that a new tenant should hold his land rent free for one year, and then at a rent of about half of the old rent. In Oxfordshire, Mr. STURGE tells us, it is difficult to estimate the value of light poor land, as a great deal of it cannot be let at any price. On one estate of 2,000 acres there are 1,500 unoccupied. In Wiltshire a large portion of the farms on the northern edge of Salisbury Plain are unlet. On one estate in Wiltshire all the tenants have left, and the land is now covered with grass and weeds; and on another estate some of the stiff land farms have been re-let the first year rent free, and after the first year at less than half the former rent. Finally, on an estate of a moderate size in West Sussex, 5,000 acres are of the owner's hands; and on one in Hants eight out of ten large farms are tenantless, and for the most part uncultivated. All these are cases where landowners, unless they have other sources of income, must be undergoing very great distress. But it may be noticed that they are the most startling cases Mr. STURGE could find; that they extend, after all, to a very small part of England; and that what they show is that land with a stiff soil may get, after a succession of unusually wet years, into such a condition as to be temporarily valueless, and that some light poor soil has been brought under the plough which was never worth the expense of reclaiming it from the down or the firwood to which it naturally belonged.

The instances given by Mr. STURGE of reduction of rents are too numerous to make it possible to follow him through them. We may gather from them that when the land has been good, well situated, and of a character not to be much affected by wet, rents have not been reduced. Where the rain has done some damage, but not much, there has been a reduction of 10 to 15 per cent.; where the wet has done very great damage, and yet has left the land so that there is a fair prospect of it coming round, the rent has been reduced to perhaps, on an average, one-half. Dismal, and accurately dismal, as is the picture which Mr. STURGE draws, it has yet its cheering side. His statistics confirm what was said by all the most experienced witnesses who gave their evidence to the Richmond Commission—that the main cause of depression was the weather. It is mainly the rain that has beaten the farmer and impoverished the landlords. It is the special quality of the soil in reference to its liability to deterioration under heavy prolonged rain that has made farms tenantless or left the landowner with half his old rent. Dry seasons, and the expenditure of money and trouble on stiff land, will bring back the natural capacity of the soil. But even a favourable time may not bring back the old rent, as the chance of a new succession of wet years will henceforth be a recognized risk, against which the tenant will have to ensure by giving a lower average rent. Some land, but an insignificant part of the area of England, will go out of cultivation, because it is entirely unfitted for cultivation. Another part, much larger, but not anything like the bulk of English land, will continue to be cultivated at permanently lower rents on account of the specially adverse influence which successive wet seasons exercise on it. The main area of English land will be let continuously at rents possibly above, possibly below, present rents, according as felicity of situation or new skill and more capital enable, or do not enable, the cultivators to stand the pressure of foreign competition.

AMERICA.

THE contest between the President of the UNITED STATES and the section of the Republican party which follows Mr. CONKLING has thus far been decided in favour of the higher dignitary. The nomination of Mr. ROBERTSON as Collector of Customs at New York has been approved by the Senate without a division; and Mr. CONKLING has re-

signed his seat in the Senate. On the other hand, General GARFIELD, with a laudable disinclination to widen the breach, has appointed friends or dependents of Mr. CONKLING to certain vacant offices; but it is scarcely probable that he will succeed in conciliating his defeated adversary. Mr. BLAINE, Secretary of State, is thought to have achieved a political triumph by proving that the rival whose ambition he had already disappointed is unable even to secure the patronage of his own State. Before and during the Convention at Chicago Mr. CONKLING was the most active and powerful supporter of General GRANT, while Mr. BLAINE organized the majority which, after some failures, nominated General GARFIELD. It was only after some hesitation that Mr. CONKLING was persuaded to make an oratorical tour in advocacy of the claims of the Republican candidate; but he ultimately yielded to the pressure of the party on an understanding, as he alleges, that he should be rewarded with the patronage of New York. Mr. CONKLING complains that the PRESIDENT repeated the pledge either in express words or by implication in one or more interviews at Washington. He was accordingly shocked and surprised when the most valuable appointment in the gift of the PRESIDENT was given to a local opponent. In the transaction which has raised so bitter a controversy, neither party regarded the object of improving the tenure of the Civil Service. The PRESIDENT dismissed Mr. MERRITT, who seems to have been an efficient officer, for the sole purpose of making room for Mr. ROBERTSON. Mr. CONKLING'S objection to the successful candidate was not that he was incompetent, but that he had opposed the Republican Senator in the State politics of New York. There could be no doubt that General GARFIELD or Mr. BLAINE intended the nomination to operate as a challenge. Mr. MERRITT, who seems to be unconnected with Mr. CONKLING, is consoled by another lucrative office.

It is impossible for a foreigner to take interest in a personal contest between Mr. CONKLING and Mr. BLAINE; but it would seem that the result tends to limit the pretensions which since Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON'S Presidency have been advanced by senators of the dominant party. In former times the nomination of the President was usually accepted as of course, especially when his own party commanded a majority in the Senate. The rupture between Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON and the Senate, which was then largely Republican, rendered the practice of rejecting nominations usual, and for the most part final. The Senators of the majority arranged among themselves the distribution of patronage, allowing the President a certain share on condition of his acquiescence in their claims. General GRANT, who on the eve of his first election thought it expedient to concur in the clamour against Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, found to his disappointment on acceding to office that he had weakened the executive power in favour of the Senate. After a faint attempt to secure independence, he made terms with the leading Republican Senators by transferring to them the largest portion of his own patronage. In Mr. HAYES'S time there was no overt collision. The actual PRESIDENT apparently designs to increase his own power at the expense of the politicians to whom he owes his election. He has taken advantage of the balance of parties in the Senate to exert his own prerogative. The Democrats, who, in consequence of the apostasy of MAHONE, are no longer in a majority, would probably have voted for Mr. ROBERTSON, if the Senate had divided on the question of the nomination. The appointment was perhaps confirmed because it was known that it would be supported by the Democrats and by a majority of the Republican party. For some weeks after the beginning of the Session no business was done, and the Senate found no time to meet in executive Session. It is not yet clearly understood whether the Republicans resolved to consider the nominations because appointments were evidently required for the benefit of the public service. It is understood that the Senate, in its legislative character, has resumed the former deadlock, so that the transaction of business is indefinitely postponed. Happy is the country which can afford to indulge the more important branch of its Legislature in empty trials of party strength or of personal popularity.

Mr. CONKLING seems not to have consulted his own interest in his hasty resignation. The Legislature of New York is at present Republican, but the party may not perhaps be unanimous in re-electing the former Senator. His colleague, Mr. PLATT, follows Mr. CONKLING'S fortunes with some risk to himself. Mr. GARFIELD

has probably friends at Albany, and their number may perhaps increase if they are found to be on the winning side. The Republicans of both sections are naturally annoyed with a schism which obviously tends to weaken the party, and the supremacy of the Republicans is more unstable in New York than in some other Northern States. Mr. CONKLING's influence depended principally on the skill with which he had contrived to defeat the New York Democrats. A division in the ranks of the dominant party will give fresh chances to the enemy. The blame of the division may be plausibly attributed either to Mr. BLAINE or Mr. CONKLING; but the general opinion in such cases always condemns the defeated combatant. Mr. CONKLING seems to have made a second mistake within a year in quarrelling with the President. He had previously staked his reputation as a skilful manager on the re-election of General GRANT, whose claims have since his defeat fallen into oblivion. It must be in a high degree mortifying to have been outmanœuvred by Mr. BLAINE. It is now thought probable that the autumn elections in New York, and perhaps in some other States, will, through the division in the Republican forces, result in a victory for the Democrats. The party which has been dominant for twenty years will resent the blunders of partisans who have sacrificed its supremacy to their own vanity or ambition. To foreigners it is almost as difficult to distinguish between the doctrines of the two great parties as to estimate the claims of their respective leaders; but perhaps it might be for the public benefit that the Democrats should at last have a turn of office. They are pledged by their long-continued criticism of Republican administrations to avoid their principal errors. They also include in their numbers the only supporters of sound economic policy; but probably they will not meddle with the existing tariff.

If the rebuff inflicted on Mr. CONKLING has any political motive or tendency, it must imply a belief on the part of American Senators that the powers of the President have of late years been unduly restricted. In other countries, and perhaps in the United States, it is found that patronage is most purely administered when it is concentrated in a few hands. A Minister or a President, who may perhaps not be wholly exempt from an inclination to job, soon exhausts the list of his personal connexions and favourites. He is thenceforth at liberty to reward merit and to consider ability and character; and it is his interest to surround himself with able assistants and to satisfy the public judgment by his nominations. For these reasons the President can be more safely trusted with the distribution of office than a Senator who has no pretension to patronage outside his own State, and who must reward his own local supporters out of his comparatively small resources. General GRANT would perhaps not have made so many disreputable appointments if he had not been deprived by the action of the Senate of the control of all but a limited number of appointments. In one or two instances his most creditable selections were vetoed by the Senate on the express ground that he had not sufficiently consulted the wishes of politicians of influence. The advantage of entrusting the disposal of office to the leaders of the Senate is not demonstrated by the tedious wrangle on the appointment of their own Serjeant-at-Arms and his assistants. Hundreds of competent candidates might be found; but there is no question of qualification. The Democrats insist on maintaining the present incumbents in their places, at least till the next meeting of Congress in December. The Republicans, on the other hand, with better reason, contended that a majority, however small, ought to be paramount; but the resignations of Mr. CONKLING and Mr. PLATT have for the time left the numbers equal. The argument that a majority, when it exists, should prevail is consistent with the whole spirit of the national institutions; but, unfortunately, a bare majority is unable to assert its right against a powerful Opposition. If any important question should arise, both parties might perhaps discontinue the tiresome squabble.

LOCAL INDEBTEDNESS.

THE short debate on Mr. PELL's motion to associate with the Budget a Ministerial statement of local taxation and finance was more interesting than might be supposed from the subject. The motion itself was nega-

tived, and even if it had been carried it is doubtful whether it would have had any appreciable value. The submission of an annual statement to Parliament is not always a very effectual way of calling attention to the matters embodied in it. Even the presentation of the Indian Budget, in which the Imperial Parliament is far more directly concerned than it is likely to be in the accounts of local authorities at home, is very little better than a form; and an abstract of local receipts and local expenditure might excite even less interest. It is certainly desirable that local authorities should be made to keep their accounts properly, and that facts which might have been clearly set out in four pages should not, as according to Mr. PELL they sometimes are, be spread obscurely over two hundred. Still, no matter how plain an account is made, it is useless to expect that any one who is not interested in its contents will care to read it. The people who are interested in local finance are not members of Parliament, but local ratepayers; and it is for their benefit rather than for that of the Legislature that a proper statement is desirable. If Mr. PELL could ensure the compulsory presentation of local accounts in the same form, so that the ratepayers in every district would be able to detect instantly what difference there is between their budget and the budget of some other district which is known to lay out its money to advantage, he would at least make economy possible. At present it hardly is possible. Each local authority keeps its accounts as it likes, and consequently there is no opportunity for comparing one with another. The only people whom it is of much use to impress with the importance of saving money are the people with whom it rests whether to save or to spend it. If a body of ratepayers choose to be extravagant it is not easy to say how they are to be prevented. But they may be made to be extravagant with their eyes open instead of with their eyes shut, and that is in itself a change which is worth something.

The growth of local indebtedness, which was the real burden of Mr. PELL's speech, is fast becoming a very serious matter. Local authorities all over the country are tasting to the full the sweets of borrowing money. In June 1874 they owed 84,000,000*l.* In March 1879, not quite five years later, they owed 128,000,000*l.* They now owe 150,000,000*l.*, and their indebtedness is increasing at the rate of 10,000,000*l.* a year. It cannot be denied that these are somewhat alarming figures. If they continue to reproduce themselves in the same fashion, in fifty years a local debt will have been created equal in magnitude to the Imperial Debt. In that case, what will be the security for its repayment? Mr. PELL says that the National Debt will not have to be paid off "more im-
peratively and necessarily" than these local loans. If this means that these local loans have behind them an implied Imperial guarantee—that if Birmingham, for example, were to repudiate its obligations, or Manchester were to find that the rateable property of the city was declining in value under the weight of the municipal obligations, so that every year there were greater burdens to be borne and less strength to bear them, the Legislature would have to enforce payment in the one case and to take it upon itself in the other—it is plain that Parliament ought to have something to say to these debts at the time when they are contracted as well as at the time when they will have to be paid off. It is true that the majority of the local loans are effected for fixed periods, that the money is borrowed from the Government, and the repayment of principal and interest is spread over a certain number of years. This is not the case, however, with all loans. One municipal body, Mr. PELL says, has borrowed a million of money in perpetuity, and, now that local authorities are very properly enabled to raise money in the open market, it is quite possible that they may find the terminable form of loan the less convenient of the two. Nor are these terminable loans without their inconveniences. The only just theory on which a terminable loan can be based is that the obligation of repayment should fall on those who have actually profited by the loan. The money has been borrowed for specific improvements, and it is fair enough that the cost of making those improvements should be shared by all the persons who will be the better for their being made. But, according to Mr. PELL, this simple rule is not consistently observed. The longer the time over which the repayment is distributed, the pleasanter the process becomes for those by whom the loan is raised, and the more

easy it is to induce the ratepayers to assent to it. A local authority is consequently under a strong inducement to make the period of repayment outlast the duration of the improvements. Mr. PELL mentions a case in which certain boilers that have already been repaired, and are, therefore, on the high road to being worn out, have been paid for out of money borrowed for sixty years. In other words, the ratepayers will have to go on paying for the boilers used by their predecessors perhaps forty years after these boilers have been sold as old iron. It is hard to imagine a greater temptation to repudiation than is thus supplied. Parliament can, if it chooses, do something to check this practice. In the great majority of cases money borrowed on these terms is lent by the Government, and Parliament can at least say for how long a period this money shall be lent, and what part of the principal shall be repaid each year.

Mr. GLADSTONE is seldom blind to the evils of reckless borrowing, and on Tuesday he showed himself justly impressed by the recent increase in local indebtedness. It is formidable, he said, both as indicating a vast increase in the scale of local expenditure, and as constituting a new and serious drain upon the credit of the nation. It is true, no doubt, that as regards increase of expenditure local authorities are not always free agents. Much of the money spent in recent years has been needed to effect sanitary improvements ordered by the Local Government Board, or to pay for the inspection and control which Parliament has compelled local authorities to exercise. In so far as increased local outlay is due to these causes it ought to imply a real economy in the long run. Still, even outlay which possesses this recommendation should be sharply looked after. The taste for spending money is a growing one, and a local authority which has been forced to borrow for an object in which it is not much interested may be tempted to go on borrowing for objects in which it is more interested. It was admitted in the course of the debate that local self-government tended to develop "great diversity of views among local authorities," which we take to be a complimentary way of putting the fact that, when local authorities are allowed to follow their own devices, some are extravagant and some economical. If this extravagance only affected those who are directly or indirectly responsible for it, we should entirely agree with the speaker, that this state of things is much to be preferred to centralization. But when it affects posterity still more, it may be well to check it, even at the cost of some limitation of local independence. From this point of view it is clearly a gain that Corporations should borrow in the open market rather than from the Government. It will, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, "confer a much stronger sense of responsibility, and secure a much closer attention than would be the case under the slippery and perilous idea that they could go to a central source to borrow and draw upon the nation." The experience of the colonies shows that even when great communities come into the open market they must expect to have the history and prospects of their administration closely scrutinized, and that the terms on which they are able to borrow will vary with the conclusions formed by the lenders upon these points. When local authorities at home are subjected to the same ordeal they may expect to hear some useful truths, whereas, when they have merely to send in their request to a Government office, no distinction is made between the degrees in which the several applicants possess the characteristics which go to make solvency. In the open market they will find that, though the taste for borrowing increases with its indulgence, the willingness to lend on easy terms is less expansive, and that a local authority may have some difficulty in raising money which it really wants when the best position it can offer the lender is that of tenth or twentieth mortgagee.

FRANCE.

THE recent action of France in Tunis will be convenient to historians, as enabling them to keep firm hold of the fact that in May 1881 M. FERRY's Cabinet was still living. But for the accidental help thus given, it would have been hard for them not to believe that, though no record had been kept of the fact, it had retired from office some time in the first half of the month. There has never, probably, been a case of such complete self-effacement

on the part of a Ministry as that displayed by M. FERRY and his colleagues in reference to the rival *Scrutins*. A Ministry exists, amongst other reasons, for the purpose of guiding the action of the Legislature to which it is responsible. So long as it is in accord with the majority, or is hopeful that it will shortly become so, it holds its place. So soon as it is clearly not in accord with the majority, and not immediately likely to become so, it makes way for a more fortunate successor. When the members of the Cabinet are divided upon a question upon which the Legislature has to pronounce, those who differ from the Prime Minister give up either their opinions or their places. If the seceding section is strong enough to make it impossible for the Prime Minister to carry on the Government without them, he himself makes his choice between the same alternatives. For every incident in the process there are abundant precedents. M. FERRY might have imposed his views about the *Scrutins* on his dissident colleagues or allowed his dissident colleagues to impose theirs upon him. He might have advised the President to accept their resignations, and have filled up the vacancies in his Cabinet with Ministers of the same opinion as himself, or he might have convinced the President that the strength of the party lay with his dissident, and that it would be better to find a new Prime Minister who would have a surer hold on the Chamber. M. FERRY, however, had a soul above mere servile imitation. He is of the stuff that makes precedents rather than follows them, and he has certainly succeeded in being original. Among all the things that have been said of the *Scrutin de liste* and the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* no one—at all events no Frenchman—has ever said that the difference between them is unimportant. There are those who think that the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* has been highly injurious to the political character of the Chamber; there are those who think that it is the only adequate security for a fair representation of the country. There are those who think that the *Scrutin de liste* will give a bare majority the absolute control of affairs; there are those who think that it will have so moderating an influence upon the selection of candidates that minorities will have more real if less apparent power than they have had under the existing system. But there are none who think that the substitution of one *Scrutin* for another will have no effect at all, or that the advantages and disadvantages of the change exactly balance one another. If anybody were of this opinion, it would be permissible to suppose that M. FERRY shared in it, and consequently that he was unable to summon up any degree of interest in the issue which has been so long before the country. As it is, we are forced to accept M. FERRY's own account of the matter, and to hold that he has not taken a side in the controversy because it is one which greatly divides the Republican party. A Minister has often made this a reason for leaving a particular question open when forming his Cabinet; but M. FERRY is the first Minister who has allowed it to influence him when forming his own opinion. If the substitution of the *Scrutin de liste* for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* will be either decidedly beneficial or decidedly injurious—and that it will be one or other all Frenchmen seem satisfied—it is unusual for a Prime Minister to make the existence of a nearly equal division in the majority which placed him in office an excuse for remaining silent when the question whether the substitution shall be effected comes before the Legislature. He himself is of one opinion or the other; he thinks, that is to say, that the change will do considerable harm or considerable good. His intervention in the contest may possibly determine which side shall win; in the present instance, the narrowness of the division shows conclusively that if M. FERRY had thrown the weight of the Government on the side of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* M. GAMBETTA would have been defeated, while, supposing him to have been on the same side as M. GAMBETTA, it would have made the victory certain beforehand. If the President of the Chamber was free to bring all his influence to bear upon the action of the deputies, why should not a similar liberty have been extended to the Prime Minister? M. FERRY can owe no duties to the Republican party which are not equally owing by M. GAMBETTA. The obligation of remaining neutral when the party is not of one mind was never heard of until M. FERRY voluntarily imposed it upon himself.

It is not Ministers only that will have to bear the discredit of the manner in which this question has been determined.

The Chamber of Deputies has equally little reason to feel satisfied with what has taken place. M. GAMBETTA's allusion to a plebiscite may have had no special meaning, though it seems to have been read in Paris as an olive-branch held out to the Bonapartists. But the smallness of the majority, taken in conjunction with the completeness of the victory, is very significant of the advance which France has made towards the recognition of what Americans call the One-Man Power. Though the motion to take the clauses into consideration was carried by only eight votes, it was universally felt that the question was decided. If the minority had been possessed of any pluck they would have seen in the smallness of the majority an ample reason for prolonging their resistance. The displacement of four members would have made the numbers equal; and, if this had been effected on the principal clause of the Bill, the victors and the vanquished would have changed places, and the next election would have taken place by *arrondissements* instead of by departments. The division of opinion in the Chamber probably represents very fairly the attitude of the country. The electors, equally with the deputies, are halting between two opinions. In these circumstances, it is generally and rightly held that it is best to make no change until the feeling in favour of making one has become more decided. It is not putting forward any exaggerated claim on behalf of the *status quo* to plead that it should not be upset until it has been ascertained beyond question that the country wishes to upset it. In the present case there was a special and powerful reason in favour of leaving things as they were. A general election will be held in the autumn, so that if the Bill had been thrown out the constituencies would have had an early opportunity of making their wishes known. The elections might for the first time have been made to turn on a question of home administration; and if there be really any decided balance of feeling among the electors in favour of the *Scrutin de liste*, the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* would have been unmistakably condemned. Only one reason could be given against thus delaying the definitive decision, but that one reason was more than adequate to the work it had to do. M. GAMBETTA wished it. The knowledge of this fact reduced the Cabinet to silence, and made the Chamber treat what in fact was scarcely more than a drawn battle as a final and decisive success. It may be that in thus allowing the will of a single politician to govern the action of the Chamber the deputies were doing the bidding of their constituents, and that, though the electors are equally indifferent to the *Scrutin de liste* and the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* when considered on their merits, they are thoroughly determined that the *Scrutin* which M. GAMBETTA prefers shall be the *Scrutin* by which the votes shall be taken. Even this, however, does not excuse the course taken by the Chamber. A Legislature owes something to itself as well as to its constituents, and it has no business to give up its own opinion at the bidding of a single man, until the wish of the electorate that it should do so has been plainly declared. The French Chamber has behaved much as the English House of Commons would have behaved if, without waiting for a General Election, it had passed a vote of want of confidence in the late Government upon a mere belief that the feeling of the country had changed.

The almost Royal progress which M. GAMBETTA is making in the South comes as a significant commentary upon the vote of last week. It is only fitting that the coming Dictator should show himself to those who are shortly to be his subjects. That his subjects are eager to have him for their sovereign there can be no question. Even if the enthusiasm be in part due to the conviction that the balloon must mount before it can descend, it is for the time perfectly unanimous. The shrewd opportunist who welcomed M. GAMBETTA as the "Candidate of France" showed that he had at least read the true significance of the *Scrutin de liste*.

LUNACY LAW AMENDMENT.

M. R. DILLWYN was plainly right in pressing his Lunacy Law Amendment Bill to a second reading. Mr. COURTNEY's speech showed that he had not allowed his mind to dwell on the provisions of the existing law. If he had done so, he could hardly have made the gene-

rons offer that the Government would take up the subject at a more convenient season. The suspicion of madness is one that no man cares to attract to himself, and the consequence of this indisposition is that cases in which the law is abused very rarely come before the world. Mr. COURTNEY asked the House to comfort itself with the reflection that "investigations into cases of lunacy must always be subject to the hazard of mischance." But the contention of the advocates of Lunacy Law Reform is that nothing worth speaking of is done to guard against the "hazard of mischance." Mr. COURTNEY speaks as though every conceivable precaution were taken to ensure that no one shall be confined as a lunatic who is not a proper subject of restraint. If this were so, he would have a right to remind us that, with all these precautions, injustice will sometimes be done. Even sane persons are not absolutely safe against false imprisonment, and lunatics can hardly hope to stand in a better position. As a matter of fact, however, the precautions taken are of the most trifling kind. They do not require any display of ingenuity to evade them. Any one can sign an order authorizing the keeper of a lunatic asylum to seize and detain an alleged lunatic, and two practising physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries can give the certificates which are required to make the order valid. There is nothing in the nature of a judicial investigation. The officers of the law are not even appealed to, except possibly to help the keeper of the asylum to effect a capture. There is nothing like this in any other department of English life. We are jealous of personal liberty in every case except the one in which there is most cause for jealousy.

A charge of lunacy is the most paralysing of all imputations. Nothing so completely unfits a man for helping himself judiciously; nothing so certainly deprives him of the help of others. Even the indignation with which the accusation is received may help to sustain it. None are so mad as those who think themselves sane, and with this cheerful maxim the bystanders dismiss any appeal for help and go about their business. When once the victim is locked up in the asylum his chance of immediate release is a poor one. Even if he were certain of being released in the end, it would be no trifling matter to be imprisoned as a madman without any just reason. But the cases in which this is likely to happen are precisely those in which the treatment is likely in the long run to supply its own justification. A man is seldom seized as a lunatic unless there is some tendency towards madness in his constitution. The experiment would be too dangerous, nor will it often suggest itself as one deserving of trial. It is the borderland between madness and sanity that supplies the cases in which the Lunacy Laws are most capable of being abused. Imprisonment as a lunatic is the most likely thing in the world to make men lunatics if they have the slightest predisposition to madness anywhere about them. They know perhaps that they have a constitutional or hereditary tendency towards brain disease, and the possibility of its becoming developed has perhaps been constantly present to them as a horror that the future may have in its keeping. When a man of this temperament finds himself in a lunatic asylum it is scarcely possible that the disease should not become active. He is prepared to doubt his own sanity, and before he has been many days in confinement he feels, and feels truly, that his doubt has become a certainty, and that he is, after all, in his right place. Yet if he had not been placed in the asylum in the first instance, he might never have become a lunatic. His brain would have remained delicate and excitable; but the boundary which divides sanity from madness would never have been crossed. There is no need, in cases of this kind, to assume that the motive which led to his imprisonment was a vicious one. His relations or friends may have honestly thought that he would be better looked after in confinement, and may have only meant to restrain him for his own good. But the law ought not to lend itself to violations of personal liberty which have no better justification than a vague impression that so-and-so is hardly fit to take care of himself. There ought to be some plain evidence that restraint is necessary before it is allowed to be imposed; and this evidence ought in all cases to be tendered by impartial witnesses and weighed by an impartial judge. What is the provision made by the existing law for securing these two ends? The impartial witnesses are two doctors picked out by the man who wishes to put the alleged lunatic in confinement.

The impartial judge is the man who wishes to put the alleged lunatic in confinement.

Mr. DILLWYN's Bill effects a considerable improvement in this respect. He proposes that the order of detention shall be made by a Justice of the Peace upon the testimony of two medical men, one of whom shall be the medical officer of the district. Mr. COURTNEY objects to this that, as the magistrate would not be required to see the patient, "there would be the appearance of an examination without the reality." It may be answered, however, that the action of the magistrates must always be determined by the evidence given by the experts. A Justice of the Peace is no more qualified than any other layman to pronounce whether an alleged lunatic may or may not be properly left at large. The advantage of Mr. DILLWYN's proposal is that it makes the order of detention come from a man who will have no wish to send the alleged lunatic into confinement, except such as may be called into being by reading the evidence, and that it provides that one at least of the witnesses by whose testimony the magistrate is to be guided shall presumably have no interest in the result. Whether the medical officer of the district is a proper person as such to be referred to in these cases is another question. But the defenders of the existing law cannot challenge his competency, inasmuch as at present any practising physician, surgeon, or apothecary whatever is held to be an expert in lunacy. Mr. DILLWYN further proposes that any Judge in Chambers, County Court Judge, or Stipendiary Magistrate may direct two medical men to report on the mental state of any inmate of a lunatic asylum, and that, if they pronounce him sane, he shall be discharged within ten days. It is not very clear how the Judge in Chambers, County Court Judge, or Stipendiary Magistrate is to be informed that there is an alleged lunatic confined in such and such an asylum into whose mental state an inquiry ought to be instituted. Of course, wherever the alleged lunatic has any friends who are convinced of his sanity, they will take care to put one of these authorities in motion. But the cases for which it is most essential to make provision are those in which there are no friends holding this conviction. Mr. DILLWYN's Bill enables those who have allies outside to profit by their aid, but it does not touch the case of those who have no allies outside. What is really needed—so long as private asylums are allowed to exist—is that every alleged lunatic confined in them shall be personally examined, at reasonably short intervals, by a competent Medical Inspector, who shall in each case make an order, either for the discharge or for the continued confinement of the patient, according to the opinion he has formed of his mental state at the time. This Medical Inspector should be an officer of the Government, and so be above any possibility of being influenced either by the proprietor of the asylum or by the friends of the patient. If to this were added a new definition of the cause that justifies restraint in cases of lunacy—a definition which should make it plain that the reason for imprisoning a lunatic is in kind identical with the reason for imprisoning a criminal, and that it only arises when the lunatic is dangerous to himself and to other people—the Lunacy Laws would no longer minister to any gross violations of justice and personal freedom. Mr. DILLWYN's Bill might usefully be amended in these directions, but, even as it is, it constitutes a real improvement upon the existing methods of dealing with lunatics. As such it deserves that a strenuous effort should be made to get it passed speedily.

THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

THE news that Her Majesty has been pleased to confer the dignity of a peer upon Prince Leopold will be received with unmingled satisfaction. That His Royal Highness alone among the sons of the Queen should have no seat in Parliament has always seemed strange, especially as on several occasions he has given evidence of mental power and social tact far above the average. The Duke of Albany has sustained with success such duties as are involved in chairmanships and the laying of foundation stones which fall so often to the share of princes, and has proved himself an able speaker on many subjects. That he should have a seat in the House of Lords, though it adds nothing to his precedence, may give him opportunities for enforcing the views of culture which he is understood to have at heart; and there can be no doubt that, young as he is, the opinions he has so far expressed have justified the confidence and hope with which, in many circles, his future career is regarded. The title he

bears has historical associations very different from those which he is likely to add to it; but it has a certain picturesque quality, so to speak, and as it has not been borne by itself in these kingdoms for more than two hundred and fifty years, whatever instance Prince Leopold may be destined to reflect upon it will be his alone.

Dukes were unknown in Scotland previous to the year 1398, when, upon the occasion of a meeting between John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and the Scots lords, to arrange terms of peace, some question of precedence seems, according to the suggestion of Douglas, to have arisen. Robert Stuart, Earl of Fife, was at this time virtually governor of the northern kingdom. His father, King Robert II., was stricken in years; his elder brother, the Earl of Carrick, was in ill health. The English prince bore the ducal title, and set a fashion for Scotland which was immediately followed. The hereditary prince, whose position had so far been sufficiently illustrated by his bearing the old title of Robert Bruce, was now made Duke of Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute; while the Regent, as if to dignify his own position to the utmost, was not content to be styled duke of a single town, or even of a county, but chose a name which, however obscurely, should denote nothing less than the whole of what we know as the Highlands of Scotland. Such seems to be the meaning of the name of Albany. Mr. Skene has used the word as signifying Celtic Scotland. It is to be found, slightly disguised, as a name for the whole island in various classical authors. There is no essential difference between it and Albion, which occurs in Aristotle. It has often been asserted that the word is an allusion to the white cliffs of our southern shores as they gleam across the Channel, while it has also been derived from the same root as Alb or Alp, a height. Shakespeare has made good use of the title in *King Lear*, the plot of which is found in many of the old romancing chroniclers, who were particularly in fashion when the House of Stuart ascended the English throne. According to them, the first Duke of Albany was named Magland, and marrying Goneril, one of the co-heiresses of Lear, or Llyr, had a son Morgan, who gave his name to a Welsh county. When Fife chose Albany for his dukedom, the meaning of the name had gradually shrunk. Long before his day the Irish historians apply Alba to Scotland; yet the other form of the name, Albion, occurs in a English charter as late as the beginning of the eleventh century; and it is possible that Ethelred, when he styled himself "monarchus totius Albionis," intended to denote that the whole of Great Britain was under his power. Ptolemy, the geographer, mentions a tribe of "Albani," who were among those he enumerates as dwelling north of the Brigantes; and some recent writers have not hesitated to identify them with the inhabitants of what is now called Breadalbane. Be this as it may, there seems little reason to doubt that when the Regent assumed the title of Duke of Albany at Scone, in 1398, the name signified to him and to his contemporaries that part of Scotland which lies north of the Firths of Clyde and Forth. He had no idea of becoming a duke *in partibus*. Albany was a place, not merely a name, and we cannot but conclude that its revival implies more than an accidental reference to the Highlands.

It is easier to localize Albany than Clarence, the second title to which Prince Leopold has been gazetted. The first Duke of Clarence was Lionel of Antwerp, one of the sons of Edward III., who had married the heiress of the Earls of Clare; but the connexion of Clarence and Clare has not been very completely made out. Of modern Clarences there are many in the New World and the colonies; and it is a coincidence that the sons of the Prince of Wales should at this very time be visiting an Albany, the seaport of that name in the remote colony of Western Australia. The oldest town, with one exception, in the United States is the capital of the great State of New York, and both are called after James II., who at the time England acquired the Dutch territory in North America was Duke of York and Albany. He was not the only unfortunate inheritor of the title. During the first few years after its assumption by Robert Stuart the course of its descent was by no means smooth. He, it is true, died peacefully in 1419; but his son and successor was the Regent, Murdoch Stuart, who, on the return of James I. from his long captivity in England, was put to death for his maladministration of the affairs of the kingdom during the King's absence. The Stuarts were never remarkable for their gratitude to those who had served them, and it may be a question how far Murdoch deserved his fate. Charles I., himself sometime Duke of Albany, sacrificed Wentworth very much as his ancestor had sacrificed Murdoch. One feels less pity for his two sons, who suffered with him, if it is true that the unpopularity of his government was greatly due to their excesses. No visitor to Stirling Castle omits to see the mound on which the three were beheaded immediately after their condemnation on the 24th May, 1425, four hundred and fifty-six years to a day before the birthday gazette of this week. The next Duke of Albany was unfortunate in another way. The Stuarts seem to have had a liability above that of other men to meet strange forms of death. Only one King of Scotland of the name, James V., died in his bed, and he of a broken heart. Alexander, Duke of Albany, was killed at Paris in a tournament. His son John, a Frenchman in all but name, was for eight years the unpopular guardian of James V., and, after his flight to France, lived at his château in Auvergne, where he had married the heiress of the De la Tours. The Duchess, who cannot have been ten years old at the time of the marriage, died childless, as did her husband, and the dukedom became once more extinct. We know the next Duke by a different name. Nine days before his marriage, Henry, Lord Darnley, was made Duke

of Albany. On his marriage he became titular King of Scotland, so that the new dukedom merged in the higher title; and on his death the dukedom may be supposed to have descended to his infant son, afterwards James VI. Before the union of the Scots and English crowns, Charles, the second son of James VI., bore the title, and two years after his father's accession he became an English peer as Duke of York, being, it is said, the only English Duke then in the peerage. Until now the Scots and English dukedoms have subsisted together. Charles I. declared his second son Duke of York and Albany at his birth, but the patent does not date before 1643. Once more, at his accession as James II., the title merged in the Crown; and though George I. gave it to his brother, Prince Ernest of Hanover, the Young Pretender called himself Count Albany, in the days of his hopeless retirement. The Countess of Albany, his widow, is the subject of a well-known and romantic story, and was buried in Santa Croce, at Florence, beside her second husband, Alfieri, the poet, at her death so recently as 1824. The united dukedoms were again twice conferred by George III., first on his brother, and at his death on Prince Frederick, his second son, who, as an infant, had been known by the oddly-sounding title of Bishop of Osnaburgh. He died three years later than the Countess, but in our own day the name was not unknown in English society. Two distinguished-looking brothers were for many years well known in London as the Counts d'Albanie. The last of them died only a year ago. An inheritor of the name survives in Austria. They had been brought up in the belief that they were descended from the Young Pretender, a persuasion harmless except perhaps to themselves, and with no base in fact sufficiently strong to bear the test of historical investigation.

It is so many centuries now since these islands saw a Duke of Albany alone, that it may be hoped all the gloomy reminiscences which surround the name have ceased to be ominous. The new Duke's title is unblemished in the ears of the present generation. The people of the Highlands, whom the Queen delights to honour, receive another proof of the Royal favour; while the revival of a dignity so ancient cannot be displeasing to any of Her Majesty's subjects. Prince Leopold has only to continue in the course he has already seemed to mark out for himself to ensure his popularity with all classes. He has inherited much that was admirable in his father's character, and has added to it his own amiable qualities. In these days of high culture, when learning and art illustrate the victories of peace, the high standard which the Duke of Albany has set up will be conspicuous in our midst; and the sixty-second birthday of our beloved monarch has been happily signalized by His Royal Highness's admission among the ranks of our hereditary legislators.

WHIPS.

THE expression of regret for the premature death of Mr. Adam, which Mr. Onslow initiated in the House of Commons on Tuesday, which Mr. Gladstone took up, and which Sir Stafford Northcote appropriately rounded off, was undoubtedly a genuine expression of feeling. Whips are either very popular or very unpopular, and if they are more frequently popular than unpopular, that is simply because an unpopular Whip is an "impossible" person in the Gallic sense. The only thing to do with him is to get rid of him as soon as possible. Mr. Adam was certainly a popular Whip, and he was also an exceedingly efficient one. There is no small testimony to the story that he, and he almost alone, prophesied, not in a mere general way, but from valid and solid grounds, the triumph of his party at the last election. It is certain, too, that he managed, under very discouraging circumstances, to keep the Opposition together in the last House in a manner which might have excited the admiration of the most cunning member of the profession from which his own temporary office derives its appellation. The Liberal party is always wont to straggle, but a Liberal party in Opposition, deserted by its natural chief for a considerable time, and then suddenly started by a sudden reappearance of that chief on a perfectly new line of country, and in pursuit of an object which it has to be persuaded it cares about, is a pack extremely difficult to keep in good hunting order. Mr. Adam's devotion to his arduous work, and to the party which imposed that work upon him, was exemplary. He continued that devotion even after the victory, which he had helped to achieve, was obtained. It is, of course, not known what the pressing necessity was which made it necessary in the interests of Liberalism that the Duke of Buckingham should be succeeded at Madras by a distinguished Parliamentary tactician of the opposite party. Despite some early Indian experience, Mr. Adam did not seem to possess any special capacities for the post, and still less any reason for desiring it. It was, to all appearance, something of a case of cutting blocks with a razor. He was not a poor man, to whom a few years in a lucrative Indian post might be a matter of moment; his health was known to be somewhat uncertain, and his abilities were altogether different from and superior to those required. Nor was he one of the useless encumbrances who have to be shelved somehow by being provided for. It must have been a special reason for hesitation with him in accepting the appointment that he was thereby deprived of the chance of showing to the various election Commissions the purity and public spirit which doubtless characterized the Liberal successes of 1880. Such a demonstration

might, for aught that was known, have contrasted strongly with possible awkward exposures on the other side. Mr. Adam must have fervently desired the opportunity of making it which might have presented itself and which he alone can have possessed. The interests of the nation and the party, however, required his absence in India, and he accepted the necessity. It must be a deep source of grief to Mr. Gladstone that this devotion should have been rewarded by such a fate. The Government have indeed been singularly unfortunate in respect to their Indian supporters. The unhappy postmaster at Bombay whose mistake was so useful to them in the matter of the Candahar division came to an evil end; and Mr. Adam, their chief of the staff, who may be said even more than Mr. Gladstone himself to have led them to victory, has died in an unhealthy climate, and in a post of no very great importance, which he had accepted no doubt to do them service. As the principal daily organ of his political beliefs justly observed, "In accepting the Governorship he, no doubt, acted on the same principle of making his own career subordinate to the interests of his party which had guided him at home." What those interests were it is, of course, impossible to say, nor is it of much importance. Devotion of any kind to whatever ideal is respectable; and devotion to the interests of the Liberal party and of Mr. Gladstone must not lose its meed of respect. That Mr. Adam discharged the duties of his Indian office with the same fidelity and intelligence which he had shown in the discharge of the duties of his English one might be taken, considering the nature of the man, for granted, even if Mr. Onslow had not definitely asserted it.

It is difficult, however, to conceive any two posts the duties of which are much more dissimilar. Irreverent persons have doubted whether Governors of Presidencies are needed at all. That is probably a mistake; and, especially in times of emergency, a Governor of Madras or of Bombay can do the State and the country he governs no small service. But in ordinary times the work, if not merely routine, is to a great extent routine. Much of it is purely ornamental; and the only fatigue it involves is the fatigue of making progress, which to a man of intelligent and active mind have compensatory interest. The work of a Whip is interesting enough, in all conscience, at times; but it has an entirely different kind of interest. It is desperately hard while it lasts, and it lasts for a very long time. The office of Whip is entirely the growth of the age-long practice in party fighting which English Parliamentary government has had. It would be impossible in countries where the Legislative Assembly is broken up into minute groups, each with its personal head; and impossible, also, in those where parties are separated by a bitter personal hatred. For a Whip is not merely, as has been said, the chief of the staff and the adjutant-general of his own party, but he is a kind of perpetual go-between between his own party and the enemy. All formal arrangements, whether for peace or war, have to be negotiated by him; and even the rank and file of the opposite party are to some extent brought personally into contact with him. The late Governor of Madras defined his own office as principally consisting in keeping members from speaking, an ingenuous exaggeration which had a considerable fund of truth at the bottom of it. In fact, however, a treatise on the whole duty of Whips by an expert would be a most complicated and curious dissertation. That duty has, indeed, somewhat changed of late years. No longer can an impecunious member of accommodating principles go to a Whip and get a fifty or a five hundred pound note for his support at a critical time; as least, if he can, the fact is not generally known. Government patronage has been wofully cut down by the abolition of sinecures, by the practical abolition of pensions for unclassified services, and above all by competitive examinations. But there are more ways of destroying the cat of scruple than by choking it with the gross material cream of pensions and gratuities, and of some of these at least a Whip ought to be master. To coax ingeniously, and to bully with exactly the proper mixture of suavity and force, ought to be his arts. If he has not now to send and fetch Sir Francis Clavering from a hell, and if the heroic method of extracting a member from a lunatic asylum which is legendarily said to have been performed on a great division some years ago is rarely resorted to, he still has to keep his flock together by cunning means, and to keep them in good humour by means still canninger. Such an incident as that of Wednesday last, when the private member rises in his majesty and complains of being defrauded by a count-out of his hard-earned private night, is a bad quarter of an hour for a Whip. For he is expected to have men in buckram ready at such times, and an ill-tempered person without the fear of principle and constituents before his eyes may play him an awkward trick some day at a critical moment. But it must be admitted that of late years the more shepherd-dog duties of Whips have been in some ways lightened. The "hundreds" are terribly severe on a member who, being elected to be Mr. Gladstone's man, fails to do due suit and service, and the "hundreds" are much more awkward things to offend than the old casual and unorganized meetings of constituents. In the more earnest centres of Britain's political life the records of division attendances are scanned with terrible care, and a member who is inattentive to three or four-thonged missives—there is a tradition of five thongs, but we are not certain that this instrument has been actually used of late years—is very promptly called to order. So that after all, as Mr. Adam himself plainly hinted in his farewell speech at Cupar, the repression of exuberant zeal rather than the stimulation of lagging indifference is the chief duty inside the House of the Whip of to-day.

He has, however, duties outside those walls which are in the long run of even greater importance, and it was in the discharge of those duties that Mr. Adam specially shone. A Whip has to take all the constituencies of the kingdom, and, what is more, all the candidates of the kingdom, to be his province—a province of terrible breadth. He ought to keep an eye on the progress of local sentiment, as furnished to him by the local party agents, to stimulate organization, &c. &c. But his very hardest duty, perhaps, is with the candidates. Every one who has studied the last election knows (to speak without offence) how very badly this part of the duty was performed on one side, and how excellently it was performed on the other. The Conservatives left seat after seat uncontested, or brought up weak candidates at the last moment. The Liberals had their candidate for every borough and county, and in most cases had him ready and before the constituency for some time previously. No doubt under the special circumstances of the time the task of the Liberal Whip was easier than that of the Conservative. Both the classes from which popular Conservative candidates are for the most part recruited—country gentlemen and rich manufacturers—had been impoverished almost hopelessly by years of bad harvests and bad trade. The average Conservative constituency—on the whole, perhaps rather to its credit—is indocile to the carpet-bagger, the casual person who is sent down by the party wire-pullers. It is much more tractable than a Liberal constituency when it has once elected a man, but is much more fastidious before he is elected. This very peculiarity, however, which might seem to facilitate the labours of a Liberal Whip, really makes them more complicated. He is troubled, as Lord Rosebery confessed at the Oupar gathering, with that ingenuousness which distinguishes the true sportsman, by an embarrassment of riches. There are hundreds of unsuccessful Professors who wish to find a new audience in Parliament; of rising lawyers who have decided that the traditional Conservatism of the Bar is a mistake; of minor municipal magnates of the great cities who, being not quite good enough for those cities, may be foisted on minor towns; of young men of wealth or position who, having been—as the phrase goes—“kept straight” with great difficulty, and prevented from avowing Toryism, are just the persons for out-of-the-way boroughs or dubious counties. The task of selection among these is a task of terrible difficulty. The coolest of heads, the widest of information, the most dexterous tact are required, to avoid the rock on which Liberal general elections so often split—the rock of a plurality of candidates and of divided allegiance. It may be questioned whether in all party history an election was so perfectly engineered as that of 1880. Its exact history we shall never know. Mr. Ellice the elder is said to have taken with him to the grave the secret of the winning of the Whig members and patrons to the Reform Bill of 1831; Mr. Adam has taken with him to the same rich repository the secret of a revolution, hardly more surprising, which took place fifty years later. It is perhaps a legitimate feather in the cap of English political life that both parties vie with each other in doing honour to the skilful player whose play was as fatal to one as it was advantageous to the other.

THE CURIOSITIES OF GAMES.

IT is singular that in a country so fond of games as England, there has been since Strutt no really good history of our favourite pastimes. Even cricket has not had the learning and perseverance devoted to its records which Mr. Julian Marshall has given to tennis. Golf has only received detached tributes, in prose and verse, like those edited by Mr. Nelson. Perhaps the future historian of cricket is even now wakening to a consciousness of his mission in the land of Spofforth, where the game appears to flourish even more than in England. If we may judge from a casual remark in Mr. Dawson's recently published *Australian Aborigines* (Melbourne: Robertson), success in football is even thought to qualify a man for a seat in the Colonial Legislature. And yet we have no history of football, a theme which may be recommended to Mr. Thomas Hughes, whose *Tom Brown* was an “epoch-making” work in the propaganda of the game. Meanwhile Mr. Macgregor has published a gossiping and readable little book on games (*Pastimes and Players*. Chatto and Windus) which we propose to use as, to be candid, an excuse for talking “shop” about British amusements.

Mr. Macgregor naturally and properly begins with cricket. He is doubtless correct in thinking that many and even heathen peoples have had the scattered elements of cricket, just as the lowest savages possess in their scattered superstitions the small change of religion. Nausicaa's game of ball, in the *Odyssey*, is taken by Chapman to have been “stool-ball,” and stool-ball is a kind of cricket suited to girls, much as “squash-racquets” is a form of racquets which may be played by ladies. All games in which runs are made off bowling are of the nature of cricket, whether the ball be thrown at the runner, as in rounders, or at the wicket. Yet base-ball, so popular in America, is only a second-rate development of germs which have grown up on English soil into the perfect and typical form of cricket. Mr. Macgregor is inclined to go back to 1300 A.D., and to the “wardrobe account” of Edward I. for the game of “creag,” in which the Prince, afterwards Edward II., was an adept. He says there is no other game “to which the name ‘creag’ can apply”; but it has *diablement changé en route*, as the French philologist observed, if it has become “cricket.” Besides, we know nothing of the

rules of creag. We might as well go back to mythical ages, when Gargantua played *La Croix*, which the English translator calls “cricket.” In a MS. of 1346, “The Romance of the Good King Alexander,” “we have a batsman, a bowler, and four fielders, who are all monks.” The bat is slightly curved, as it was till the end of the last century, and must have been adapted for slogging in the fearless old fashion. There are no stumps; but even in the picture exhibited lately at Burlington House only two stumps were used, and these very low and wide apart. Bowling must chiefly have been full-pitched, for a good length-ball would have risen above the bail. We see no resemblance between the game of “cat and dog” played by “Donald Macdonald, the Highland rogue,” and cricket. “Cat and dog,” or at all events “cat,” was the game which Bunyan was busy with at the moment of his conversion. The earliest discovered mention of cricket, by name, is in certain legal proceedings in 1593. John Parvish had enclosed a piece of common ground, on which *crickett* had long been played. In 1650 Bishop Ken “is found for the first time attempting to wield a cricket-bat” at Winchester. In the eighteenth century, in Walpole's time and Mann's, cricket became an instrument of gambling. Matches were made for 500*l.*, and, naturally, were often sold by the players. Bookmakers were as busy on cricket grounds as on races. Fortunately, though the Boat-race has got into the “books” of speculators, cricket has escaped from the taint of gambling. There are no quotations publicly made even on the University match, though we are advised that they will do wisely who accept five to two on Cambridge at the present moment. It does, indeed, seem scarcely possible that the three great brethren can go on averaging about a hundred runs an innings in every match. There must be a day when they are not on their day, and that day may shine on the Universities at Lord's. But this is a digression. The Court of King's Bench, in 1748, decided that cricket was “a very manly game, not bad in itself, but only in the ill use made of it by betting more than ten pounds on it.” Therefore, there can be no harm in taking the odds in fivers. The original Lord, like most great men, was a Scotchman, and had apparently been “out” in the Forty-five. “Thomas Lord, a ground bowler of the White Conduit Club, had left Scotland on account of his Jacobite predilections.” He flourished in London, and became the eponymous hero of Lord's, which originally occupied the site of Dorset Square. If M. Souvestre is right in thinking football a solar emblem, and that game a relic of sun-worship, there is no reason why some other inquirer should not see in Lord a solar hero. But just at present there seem to be some historical difficulties in the way of this explanation.

Cricket is apparently the only game in which Gentlemen have fairly vanquished Players. In 1837 Players had such an advantage that they were invited to defend four stumps thirty-six inches by twelve, while the wickets of the Gentlemen were but twenty-seven by eight. Yet the Players won in an innings. Mr. W. G. Grace changed the fortune of the game, and probably, even without the Graces, an Eleven of amateurs could be brought together who would beat the professionals. The match dates from 1798. The most interesting Eton and Harrow match, historically, was that in which Byron and Shakspeare bowled for Harrow, but bowled in vain (1805). A writer in a contemporary quoted by Mr. Macgregor deduces from Byron's place in the Eleven and his doings as a bowler—“he clean bowled Kayo”—that he cannot have been so lame as Mr. Trelawney and others declare. And this old score seems good historical evidence. We do not know that any other poet has been very useful in the field. Shelley's athletic performances were confined to one fight with a smaller boy, in which the bard, though he began with a knock-down blow, and quoted Homer between the rounds, was ultimately defeated, and fled away, like Hector. Mr. Matthew Arnold admits that he feels all the emotions of a barbarian when he gets a gun or a fishing-rod into his hands. But Mr. Arnold's has never been the “song of willow.” Among cricketing curiosities, Mr. Macgregor mentions the failure of the Second Royal Surrey Militia to get a single run in their first innings against Earl Winterton's club. “Fuller Pilch once bowled out eight of his antagonists for nothing.” Mr. Fraser, playing for Merton against Trinity, once took seven wickets (one of which he broke) for 0. A singular thing happened last week in Scotland when the Edinburgh Academy was playing the Grange Club, and the school wicket-keeper stamped three men off three successive balls of Mr. Hay Brown. But the most decisive of bowling feats have been performed in the University match. No one has forgotten “Cobden's year,” when Oxford had three runs to get, and Mr. Cobden bowled the three last wickets in three consecutive balls. Last year the first Cambridge bowler also took three wickets in the three first balls of an over; but the last man, escaping by a kind of miracle, revenged his companions by vigorous hitting. “Ridley's year” was even more remarkable than Cobden's, for the Cambridge man was a very fast bowler, whereas Mr. Ridley got his three wickets with slows. Mr. Macgregor speaks of the Parsee and Maori players as examples of outlandish cricketers. The Murri play very well; and when Mr. Moseley tried to bribe them to leave the game, in the interests of science, and to shoot ornithorhynchuses, they scornfully refused his un-English bribes. It is a deeply affecting fact that the cannibals of the New Hebrides are cricketers. A club was formed by some English settlers in New Caledonia, but the distances were so long, and other circumstances so adverse, that the club fell into decay. The secretary therefore instructed some

savage coolies on his estate, who took to the game with noble ardour. When they returned to their nameless island homes, he presented them with bats, wickets, and balls, and doubtless they are still batting and bowling, in the intervals of devouring missionaries and the crews of gunboats. It is greatly to be desired that the Aborigines Protection Society should send some Surrey Colts and a number of copies of the M.C.C. rules to these interesting converts. Civilization might thus be introduced in its most radiant aspect, and we might have hopes of the future of a race which is at present rather "unspeakable."

Mr. Macgregor's remarks on the curiosities of football chiefly refer to Scott's great match between "the Souters o' Selkirk" and Lord Home's retainers. Hundreds of men played in this Titanic match, which lasted for four or five hours, and was played all over the county. One horseman took part, and caught a Selkirk man, who had run about a mile and a half with the ball before he was collared. Mr. Macgregor wrote before some speculative person carried two teams of young women, in flannel trousers, all about the Border and the North of England. The young ladies, whose names were most romantic, were hooted and persecuted at Glasgow, and met with little sympathy in Edinburgh. They have also played at Preston. The performance is most unseemly, and the disgust which it has excited in the North proves that public taste still exists, though the popularity of burlesques and music-hall songs has long obscured the fact. The women, according to a critic, kicked the ball when it came in their way, but were quite incapable of playing together, and of generalship. But we do not need repulsive speculations like the "Ladies' foot-ball match" to prove that the character of woman is "individualistic," and that she is more capable of separate exertion than of united efforts. The advocates of Woman's Rights, who have been very busy this week, may take a different view of the matter, and will, perhaps, engage the "Ladies' Football Troupe" to give some of their edifying performances in London. The "Rational Dress Society" may also borrow hints from their costume.

EXETER HALL AND MR. BRADLAUGH.

OUR readers are probably aware that "the merry month of May" is a period of solemn and sacred observance to more than one section of the religious community. Among Roman Catholics, as all readers of Cardinal Newman's poems will remember, it is specially kept as "the Month of Mary," which may perhaps help to account for the somewhat perplexing current tradition that marriages in May are unlucky. Among that much larger section of the British public for whom Exeter Hall is a kind of Mecca and central shrine which, according to Sir James Stephen, "has a history, a doctrine, and a prophecy of no common significance," the sacred month is celebrated with a noisier, if not a more edifying observance. Rescued, through the good offices of the Christian Young Men's Association, from the very jaws of destruction, that holy though unconsecrated pile has this year entered on what ought, we suppose, to be called a new career of usefulness. A history no doubt, of some kind, it has, and a prophecy it may have; that it has "a doctrine," if any special and exclusive force is to be attached to the indefinite article, we should be inclined to doubt. It has many doctrines, which can hardly be said to have much in common beyond their share in what Mr. Burke once called "the great Protestant negation," and indeed this mark of negative community of sentiment it might no longer be safe too confidently to claim for it, for if we are not mistaken, the Catholic League of the Cross—that is, we believe, its correct title—under Cardinal Manning's auspices has more than once been suffered to invade the hallowed precincts; his Eminence has certainly on several occasions appeared in person on the platform. However, Exeter Hall, broadly speaking, is nothing if not Protestant, but its Protestantism takes a wide and discursive range. To cite once more the same high authority, "the changeful strain rises with the civilization of Africa, or becomes plaintive over the wrongs of chimney-boys, or pours anathemas against the successors of Peter, or in rich diapason calls on the Protestant churches to awake and evangelize the world." It has now found, as we shall presently see, a new and perhaps more suitable subject for its anathemas than the successors of Peter. That there is a certain grotesqueness, as the panegyrist of "the Olapham Sect" himself frankly admits, about the oratorical and other aspects of the Exeter Hall evangel can hardly be denied. Ours is an age, as he observes, of societies, and for every oppression that is done under the sun there is now a public meeting; for the cure of every sorrow British or other flesh is heir to there are patrons, vice-presidents, and secretaries; for the diffusion of every blessing spiritual or temporal that can cheer or elevate mankind there is at least a Committee. No doubt the obvious criticism of the profane on all this elaborate and somewhat grandiose machinery will be "Much cry and little wool," and we are afraid that the manifold spirits of beneficence and piety so loudly evoked on the platform of Exeter Hall, as each successive May comes round, from the vasty deep of the Protestant universe do not always or effectually come when they are called. But it would be hard to assume that so enormous an expenditure of well-meant energy, reinforced by no inconsiderable amount of gifts in solid cash, produces no salutary result, beyond its obvious and immediate one of acting as an innocuous safety-valve for much earnest, if not always wisely directed, enthusiasm.

Few at all events, except the small minority who are in hearty accord with the junior member for Northampton, will refuse some measure of their sympathy to the heroes of the Church Militant, or Church Suffering—for they might claim either character—of all denominations who assembled the other day at Exeter Hall to protest against "any alteration of the law for the purpose of admitting an avowed atheist to sit in Parliament." In saying this we are pronouncing no opinion as to how far we do or do not agree with the particular line advocated at the Exeter Hall meeting. With the question of Mr. Bradlaugh's admission to Parliament and of the Oaths Bill we have had, and shall have, other opportunities of dealing. Our present concern is with the peculiar tactics adopted by his admiring clients to further the objects so dear to their hearts. And here we cannot scruple to say that our sympathies go heartily with those who, in the words of the Hon. Secretary of their Committee, were simply exercising the undoubted right of Englishmen "to meet together and to hire a hall for the purpose of making a public protest against legislation that they conceive to be prejudicial to their interests," as against those champions of free thought and freedom of speech who went "in their thousands," armed with forged tickets, spurs, cat-calls, and other weapons of offence, and supported by a gang of professional pickpockets, to prevent their doing so. Even assuming for argument's sake, what will appear to most persons a tolerably strong assumption, that Mr. Bradlaugh and his friends are entirely right in their contention, and all who oppose his admission to the House of Commons, whether by a change of the law or otherwise, simply and wholly in the wrong, it equally remains true that a very large number of excellent and intelligent citizens think differently—as might be inferred from the vote of Convocation the other day—and that they have a full and manifest right to hold and avow their convictions and take all legitimate methods for enforcing them. And one might have supposed, but for the teaching of experience, that those who glory in the name of free-thinkers would be the very last to question or interfere with that right. "But this"—as Mr. Guinness, the Hon. Secretary of the Committee which organized the Exeter Hall meeting, somewhat pathetically complains—"does not seem to meet the approval of Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters." On the contrary, it appears that on the Sunday before the day advertised for the meeting a grand assemblage was held at the Hall of Science, under Mrs. Besant's graceful and genial presidency, to supplement Mr. Bradlaugh's "Appeal to the People," as the reports express it, by initiating the formation of a "League." The League, as was explained, is to have "Vice-Presidents," "Delegates," a "General Council," and an "Emergency Committee," and is to carry on by these and other means "a widespread agitation" throughout the country. Its members are not asked to make any subscription, in either sense of that word. It was indeed at first proposed that they should subscribe their names, in token of adhesion to the League, but as it was feared that this condition of membership "would create serious difficulty"—the probable candidates for admission being presumably shaky in the second of the three Rs—an amendment was carried omitting the word "written." But if the League is not conspicuous for its scholarship, it is at least to be conspicuous in its decorations. There is a dash of aestheticism not to say of ritualism about it. "Men are to wear rosettes of mauve, white, and green, and women are to provide themselves with tricolour bonnets." Miss Bradlaugh, it is gratifying to learn, has kindly consented "to receive the names of ladies willing to aid in making the rosettes." But sterner measures are to be resorted to also for attaining the desired end. There are to be petitions got up throughout the country, and a mass meeting in Hyde Park, and the London Press is to be "Boycotted," and last, but not least, the orators at the Hall of Science exhorted their hearers "to come in their thousands and try and break up the meeting proposed to be held at Exeter Hall." Our readers will observe the delicate sense of respect for freedom and toleration involved in the words we have italicized, which Mrs. Besant followed up by a second exhortation to her friends in the columns of the *National Reformer*, to get as many tickets as possible for the meeting. As the meeting was avowedly summoned, not for public discussion but to make a public protest, and tickets were offered to those only who sympathized with its objects, there was of course no way of carrying out this pacific suggestion but by falsehood or forgery, and both methods—the second especially—appear to have been extensively pursued and with entire success.

What kind of scene Exeter Hall was likely to present under the circumstances our readers may easily conceive, or rather perhaps they will find it difficult adequately to conceive. Mr. Guinness tells us that, "if the storming brigade which seized the Hall had consisted of prizefighters alone, they could not have done their work more effectively." And he proceeds to describe in detail the disinterested activity displayed by the zealous and enlightened adherents of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant in transferring watches and other valuables from the pockets of the "God-ites"—as they elegantly termed their opponents—to their own. A London Vicar, who was on the platform, supplies another graphic touch in a letter to the *Record*, one sentence of which may be worth quoting here:—"I had the misfortune to be set upon, struck in the face, kicked downstairs, with coat torn and hat crushed, by two cowardly fellows who were on the platform, one of whom said to the other, 'He's a — God-ite; give it him hot.'" The writer of the letter is, we believe, a High Churchman, and there

were certainly many different parties, and indeed Churches, represented on the platform. But if the *Record*, which contains a lengthened report of the meeting, is considered a suspicious authority, we may turn to the more impartial testimony of a leading article in the *Morning Post*, evidently contributed by an eye-witness of the scene he describes. It seems that the moment the doors were opened a compact gang of 500 men, many of whom had forged tickets, pushed aside the police, and took possession of the platform and the principal seats in the body of the Hall, and were followed by their allies "in shoals, four or five, arm in arm, hustling, kicking, and elbowing," while their friends outside matched tickets from the hands of those about to enter, and warned them that the Hall was already full to overflowing. One enterprising combatant in the Hall, "who used frightful language, had armed himself with spurs on his heels and elbows, so that he successfully defied ejection, and continued to exert his lungs in disgusting exclamations." Lord Percy's opening address was constantly interrupted, while "the most startling and revolting quotations from free-thought literature, whenever alluded to, were cheered to the echo." From the platform, which had been cleared by the police of its original occupants, "could be seen a determined mob of Atheists, Freelothers, and Republicans in all their power, roaring, rioting, screaming, whistling, and cat-calling at the top of their voices, and whenever there was a moment's respite in the row within, the tumult from without was heard," where, in response to the invitation at Mrs. Besant's assembly in the Hall of Science, her friends were "gathered in their thousands to try and break up the meeting." Mr. Varley, a Baptist Minister of Notting Hill, according to the *Morning Post*, made "the speech of the evening," and a pretty strong speech no doubt it was, for "he asserted in a very emphatic sentence that, not the House of Commons, but the House of Correction, was the proper place for the author of *The Impeachment of the House of Brunswick*." According to the report in the *Record* he ridiculed the idea of any right of the Northampton constituency being infringed by refusing to admit to the House a member whom they had no legal power to return. He perhaps forgot how largely Mr. Bradlaugh's return had been promoted by Dissenting votes, and how Mr. S. Morley had telegraphed his advice to support him, though he afterwards expressed his "deep regret," in a letter to the *Record*, for the unfortunate oversight which led him, "in the hurry of the moment" and his extreme eagerness to further the interests of his party, to forget his God. However it would be a mistake to suppose that the Exeter Hall meeting was by any means a distinctively Dissenting or Low Church gathering. Side by side with men like Mr. Richard Baxter and Sir Eardley Wilmot were to be seen on the platform, according to the *Morning Post*, Sir Alfred Slade, and Mr. Riddell of the English Church Union, "and several High Church and Catholic clergy." One speaker indeed called attention to the fact of Jews and Roman Catholics being united with Protestant Christians in their protest. But it is not so much the representative character of the meeting, as the outrageous character of the methods adopted by Mr. Bradlaugh's friends for interrupting it, that is chiefly deserving of attention. If this is the practical meaning of Mr. Bradlaugh's "Appeal to the People," we must venture to hope that "the People"—whether with a large P or a small one—will not be too ready to respond to it.

EXITS FROM THEATRES.

THE return recently made by the managers of the London theatres in obedience to an order of the House of Lords shows how much we should distrust what we fondly imagine to be the evidence of our senses. A great many people who "go to the play" in town are under the impression that the passages of exit from theatres are, in not a few cases, insufficient in number, narrow, and tortuous. It is very generally thought that in some houses a panic might cause a fearful catastrophe, as the stairs and corridors would immediately get blocked; and the remarks which may often be heard when the audience is leaving a theatre show how strongly many are impressed by what appears to them a possible and terrible danger at the moment when they have the best opportunity of judging. It seems, however, that this idea of danger is utterly groundless, and is, indeed, nothing but one of the many foolish alarms which agitate weak humanity. It may appear to some of us that it takes a very long time to get from the "auditorium"—to use the popular Latin word—to the entrance-lobby of a theatre; that there are many checks and much crowding and pressing during the most orderly progress; and that disorderly progress or anything like a rush would produce a block to a certainty; but this, we learn, is a pure delusion. We all walk quickly and easily from our seats to the entrance-doors, or at least we could if we chose. London theatres are amply provided with ordinary exits, and there would be no danger of a bad block in the event of fire or an alarm of fire, as there are other exits besides those commonly used, so that any theatre could be cleared speedily. Discomfort in getting out is either imaginary or due to our own stupidity. Apprehension of a great catastrophe is puerile and baseless. Such at least is the cheering conclusion to be drawn from the Return above mentioned. We may presume that it was called for in consequence of the great disaster at Nice, which disturbed for a moment the profound slumbers of the Lord Chamberlain's office. As a rule they are

deep, and are broken only by occasional tidings of short skirts. Then the officials arouse themselves for a moment, chide the manager who permits such things on his stage, give strict orders to prevent any further outrage on propriety, and swiftly betake themselves to rest again. The loss of life at Nice does seem, however, to have startled them, and to have produced a brief period of continued wakefulness. The head of the office obtained in the Upper House an order for a Return of the exits from Metropolitan theatres on the 5th of last month. It has been speedily completed, and has now been issued to the public, who will doubtless be grateful to the Lord Chamberlain's officials, and will not be so ungenerous as to ask why the information was not procured before.

As has been said, the return ought to reassure the nervous. Probably most people on reading it will be astonished to find how many ways out of theatres there are, and will wonder greatly why progress from their places to the street has so often seemed to them very long and very uncomfortable. A close examination may perhaps show that this discomfort was not wholly imaginary, and may suggest unpleasant doubts. Of these we shall shortly speak, but, before giving expression to them, it may be well to dwell on what are indisputably satisfactory features in the report. Some theatres in London are certainly well provided with exits, and there would be safety—or at all events comparative safety—in the event of fire. As might be expected, the great opera-house in Covent Garden is one of the best in this respect; though even in this theatre the arrangements are by no means perfect, as may be seen at a glance from the Return respecting it, which is as follows:—

ORCHESTRA STALLS (400 persons):

Two ordinary staircases, and one in case of need. Five ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

PIT (100 persons):

On the street level. Four ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

PIT TIER (130 persons):

Two ordinary staircases, and one in case of need. Five ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

GRAND TIER (130 persons):

Four ordinary staircases, one of which is 12 feet wide. Five ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

FIRST TIER AND BALCONY STALLS (220 persons):

Three ordinary staircases, and one in case of need. Four ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

UPPER BOXES (50 persons):

Two ordinary staircases, and one in case of need. Four ordinary doors to street, and six in case of need.

AMPHITHEATRE STALLS (400 persons):

One ordinary staircase, and all in case of need. One ordinary door to street, and twelve in case of need.

GALLERY (800 persons):

One ordinary staircase, and all in case of need. One ordinary door to street, and twelve in case of need.

In addition to the grand staircase, which goes from the street level to the grand tier, there is one from the street level to the first tier communicating with the grand staircase, two from grand tier to upper boxes, one from street level to the gallery communicating with another similar one from street level to the amphitheatre stalls, which also communicates with the lobbies on each tier, so that people from the gallery and amphitheatre stalls, besides having large staircases direct to Hart Street, have easy access to the whole of the entrances.

In case of fire, Her Majesty's private staircase and entrance would be available, and also three doors to the Floral Hall, which is capable of containing a much larger number of persons than the theatre, and would easily relieve all pressure from the building or entrances which might be occasioned by a crowd in the street; and there are ample means of egress at both ends into Bow Street and Covent Garden Market.

Here, although there are sufficient exits from the stalls, pit, and four tiers of boxes, there seems to be insufficient means of egress for the eight hundred occupants of the gallery and the four hundred occupants of the amphitheatre stalls. We are unable to understand how the "people from the gallery" can have easy access to all the entrances. Those who go to cheap seats are not usually encouraged to make their way to more expensive parts of the house, and possibly the doors of communication with the corridors and staircases are kept locked. There cannot be certainty that, in the event of fire, the box-keepers would have the presence of mind to unlock them all, and there might be a terrible glut on the one staircase. It should not be forgotten that at the Nice Theatre a door specially intended for exit in case of fire was found locked and could not be opened. There seems, then, to be one important defect in the arrangements at Covent Garden, though on the whole the theatre is well provided with exits. The means of egress at Drury Lane seem to be nearly as good as those at Covent Garden, and it is noteworthy that Mr. Augustus Harris places no reliance on exits which are usually kept closed. After giving the required information, he says that all "the doors, staircases, and corridors he has mentioned are open throughout every performance." We are inclined to put the Haymarket next to Drury Lane and Covent Garden in point of safety; for, though the exits are not by any means what might be desired, all the doors open outwardly—that is, they open from the theatre into the corridors, &c., and it is needless to point out how much this adds to safety. The Gaiety and the Lyceum appear at first sight to have better means of egress than the Haymarket; but a large proportion of the exits described are "extra exits," and to these there is an objection which will be shortly stated. Mr. A. Talbot Smith, who sends the Gaiety return for Mr. Hollinghead, is seemingly desirous of imitating the agreeable humour of his superior, as he states that there is an outlet from the stage by "scene door in Exeter Street, door large enough to let out a

carriage and pair." Actors and actresses are very rightly particular about their personal comfort; but we are not aware that any of them insist on driving on to or off the stage. It would have been more to the purpose if Mr. Smith had informed the public whether Mr. Hollingshead's doors open outwards, like Mr. Bancroft's, and how many carriages could drive out by the main entrance, into which the exits from stalls, balcony, and upper boxes converge.

With regard to other theatres considerable doubt and bewilderment will be felt, as any reader of the Report who is in the habit of going to play-houses, will find extraordinary difficulty in reconciling his recollections of the time and trouble required for going out with the accounts given by the managers of the exits from their theatres. To get out of them ought to be as easy as the descent of the Rigi. To suspect the managers of untruthfulness would be childish, and the unfortunate playgoer will probably be driven to the conclusion that he must have been mistaken, and that he cannot appreciate time or tell a straight path when he is on it. We may, perhaps, relieve him from the suspicion—most painful on several grounds—that frequent visits to theatres are connected with softening of the brain, by pointing out that the reports of the managers are, in some respects, a little vague. In speaking of staircases, they do not specify the lengths, or how many turns or angles there are, and these facts are not absolutely unimportant when safety has to be considered. Further, it will be found that in many cases the so-called separate exits lead into common passages, and therefore are not really separate exits at all; and that where this is the case no indication whatever is given of the angle at which the streams join. Those who have read Captain Shaw's admirable pamphlet on fires in theatres will remember that he considers this a very important matter. Most reassuring of all facts, however, to those who fear that their memories must be failing them, and least reassuring to those who fear a catastrophe, is the number of "extra" or "special" exits which go to make up the totals specified by managers. How are the audience to know of these extra exits? Frightened people will try to get out of a theatre by the same way that they came in, and it would be interesting to learn in how many cases the extra outlets are obvious and not likely to be overlooked by those who have no special knowledge of the theatre. Then, again, is it not highly probable that these outlets would, in the event of a panic, be found closed, or, at all events, closed against a portion of the audience? Not being used, in many cases, during the performance, they are, it may be presumed, usually locked; and it is too much to assume that, if an alarm arose, the attendants would immediately rush round and open them. The attendants, like other people, would be thinking of their own safety. It is to be feared that the ideas of some of the managers who have sent returns to the Lord Chamberlain resemble those of Dr. Losberne respecting burglars. He, it will be remembered, spoke as if it was the custom of housebreakers to send a notification of their intended operations a day or two beforehand. Managers seem to be under the impression that their staff will always receive reasonable notice of a fire or a panic.

Unfortunately this is not very likely to be the case until Mr. Gilbert's "resident jin" becomes a reality; and perhaps those playgoers who think that the exits from theatres are insufficient and inconvenient under ordinary circumstances, and that they would be utterly insufficient in the event of a panic, are not bereft of sense. Whether the Lord Chamberlain's counsellors will consider that any further inquiries are necessary is doubtful. Probably they are utterly exhausted by the effort they have made, and will require a long period of repose; but if happily they are still actively disposed, they will find that investigation may yet be profitably pursued. The returns of the managers are marked by that vagueness which often characterizes agreeable statements. Precise and detailed returns on certain points may well be asked for, as a great deal more information than is now given is required to show whether theatres are practically safe, or whether those are right who maintain that there is danger in London of catastrophes as terrible as those of Karlsruhe, Brooklyn, and Nice.

THE ISLE OF SAINTS.

IT is very expedient that, while Her Majesty's Government are patriotically endeavouring to pacify Ireland and to subdue her discontent at the expense of the Irish landlord, and while Mr. Gladstone is indignantly declaring that there is no confiscation in a measure which transfers from A. to B. sums variously estimated at from four to fourteen millions, the attention of English readers should not be too much diverted from the actual events in that happy land. Many explanations have been offered of the extraordinary turbulence of the Irish members at a time when they might be expected to be as mild as the milk of those cows which their constituents playfully mangle. One, and not an improbable one, is that it is a "diversion" in the military, and not the strictly Hibernian, sense of the word. The Briton, in his incurable stupidity, still turns, if not to the Parliamentary debates, at any rate to the Parliamentary summary, in his newspaper first of all; and an exciting scene, with the well-known names (which have the whish and thud of a shillelagh about their very spelling) in the middle of it, is capable of occupying him for the limited time he has at his disposal. Thus he has no leisure to turn to the

column headed "Ireland," and to admire the Apostolic virtues of Irish ministers of the gospel of ear-clipping; the patriotic and loyal eloquence of the twice-rejected scum of the Liffey and the Hudson; the valiant *faits et gestes* of the "boys" in reference to the tails, heads, bowels, and bodily arrangements generally of cows and sheep; the retiring modesty of the daughters of Ireland, which leads some hundreds of them to stone belated constables; the chivalrous feeling which induces their husbands and brothers to put them in the forefront, and cry "Shame!" if they take any harm; and all the other noble deeds which daily illustrate the Isle of Saints. The object of Mr. Healy and Mr. O'Connor, however, is not exactly the object of good Englishmen, and what they would gladly obscure we shall as gladly marshal forth and illustrate. It may be (who knows?) that the celebrated conscience of the nation, despite the hard work it has had to do of late, may between this and the end of the session give more unmistakable signs than it has yet given. Mr. Forster, with the charming *naïveté* and love of truth which makes him the pearl of all Ministers, but, it would seem, the most inconvenient of all colleagues, has defined the present condition of Ireland as "a combination to make robbery successful by armed resistance." We are very much obliged to him for the phrase, and only feel inclined to supplement it a little. We should rather call it a combination to make robbery successful by cowardly murders, by brutal outrages on animals, by presuming on the weakness of the Government, and, when it is quite safe, by armed resistance as well. It is, of course, for the people of England to say how far they will acknowledge the legitimacy of the means by authorising the Government to concede the end.

As usual, a painter of the condition of Ireland is distracted by the multitude of engaging subjects which offer themselves to him. Only an artist in glass, with the cunning advantage of innumerable separate lights and partitions, could do justice to it. That another victim of the Letterfrack outrage has died, that several Irish Jenkinses are in a position to carry their ears about them in cotton wool, and (if they choose to be so foolish) to "commit themselves to God and their country" like their great original, these are trifles. The events of the last week or ten days must be said to be the siege of Castle Gard and the arrest of Father Sheehy, with the various events which led up to and completed it. We must apologize for the tempting description, the siege of Castle Gard, for we are not absolutely certain that it was Castle Gard which was besieged and of which the garrison kept hold so valiantly. But the title is so seductive, so suggestive of chivalric associations, that we really must be allowed to identify the "old ruinous castle" near New Pallas, which for some week or so has been impregnable by Her Majesty's forces, with the Castle Gard, "a charming old fortress overgrown with creepers," which Mr. Becker describes in his *Disturbed Ireland* as lying close to the turbulent capital of the three-year-olds and the four-year-olds. The facts, at any rate, seem to be certain and the name is convenient. Yesterday week, it seems, some distrains and evictions for obnoxious non-payment of rent were ordered at New Pallas. It should be observed that the district is a very prosperous one, and that the idea of inability to pay may be dismissed as extremely unlikely to be true. However this may be, a force of police sallied from Limerick—Pallas is just on the borders of Limerick and Tipperary—to do the work. One or two ejections were effected, but then the word was passed to hold the fort. An old castle (we repeat the hope and assumption that it was Castle Gard) was manned by the defaulters; stones were thrown; loopholes were made for firearms; and the police thought it best to retire. Next day the military were called in. Four companies of infantry, one hundred police—and, according to one account, two troops of cavalry—marched to the siege of Castle Gard. The approaches were treated with considerable military skill by the garrison. Accustomed to the vigorous measures of landlords in happier times, who maintained order by the appropriate means of cruel four-pounders, they supposed (and with some justice) that artillery would be brought against them, and broke down all the bridges. These being with difficulty repaired, Her Majesty's forces, to the number of some four hundred men, three-fourths of whom were regular troops, found themselves before the fortress. With what orders or purpose they had come it is not easy to judge from the subsequent proceedings. They stood idle, unable to force their way through stone walls and forbidden to fire, while the three-year-olds and four-year-olds pelted them with heavy stones, and in some cases discharged firearms. Three men at least were put *hors de combat* by these unreturned compliments; and it is remarked, strange to say, that the troops "got a little exasperated." Then the admirable guardians of the spiritual welfare of Pallas came on the scene. That their flock should stone the soldiers was quite proper; that the soldiers should retaliate would be dreadful. So they "throw themselves between the parties and implored," &c. We do not entertain much doubt what would have been done by a resolute magistrate confident of the support of a resolute Government. The reverend gentlemen would have been gently removed, a couple of field-pieces would have been brought up, fair warning would have been given to the garrison, and at the expiry thereof Castle Gard would either have parted company with its rascally occupants or a few of the latter would have set up their everlasting rest on the spot. What was done was of course something quite different. The imposing force marched away, carrying its wounded, and leaving Castle Gard victorious. Some pretence of starving out the garrison was made,

but of course fruitlessly; and thus the authority, not merely of the law, but of the Government of England, has been illustrated in a manner very salutary, suggestive, and stimulating to the enterprising members of the "combination to rob."

The part played by the priests in this affair was bad enough, but colourable. Certain other things, some of which Mr. Forster mentioned and some of which he did not on Tuesday last, are less ambiguous and even more instructive. When archbishops behave in the way in which Dr. Croke has been behaving, the historic mind, studious of parallels, begins, in the first place, to understand the reprehensible conduct of Henry II.; and in the second, to expect many things from parish curates. The parish curates have been quite up to the mark indicated by their revered chief. Father Sheehy himself is probably no worse and no better than hundreds of his brethren. The Irish Roman Catholic clergy includes, we know, many priests who would be a credit to any Church. It is unfortunately but too true that of late years, more than ever, it has included scores and hundreds of half-educated and underbred, or rather unbred, men whose idea of their own dignity is in direct proportion to their unfitness for their office, and to the humbleness of their station and origin, and who see in the present agitation a means of regaining the position which the Irish priest once held by dint of horse-whip and excommunication. These men are infinitely greater pests to the country than the very worst of the Americanized Irish or the village ruffians, and it was high time that an example should be made of them. Their impudence may, perhaps, best be judged from the conduct of a certain reverend gentleman whose name we forget, but who has written to the Lord Lieutenant asking whether "the landlords are to be allowed to bully the people even in the house of God." This query refers to the fact that a Mr. Bourke had attended mass (as scores and hundreds of other persons have had to attend church services of every denomination in Ireland for the last year) armed. Father ———'s mild congregation on this particular occasion hooted the bully, so that it would seem as if the bullying were rather on the other side. As for Father Sheehy himself, the consequence of his pious preachings of the Gospel of Peace was that an agent was stripped to the skin, and that the railway carriage into which he got was wrecked. Another bright ornament of the Roman Catholic communion is to be found in Father Clery, whom Mr. Forster with his usual good-nature allowed to be begged off from arrest on a false plea of great age. This person asked for "a cheer for Fenianism," and said that "if he had a resolution to propose it would be one for breaking open the gaols and liberating the prisoners." Considering that Fenianism is under the direct ban of the Roman Catholic Church, the utterance is a highly instructive one. Now it must be remembered that the Land Bill, if it were passed *en bloc* to-night, would do absolutely nothing to satisfy these people. It gives what they either have already or do not want, and it does not give them what they do want, which is permission to pay rent or not just as they please. In defence of this principle a fortified place has been held successfully against troops and police, and Roman Catholic ministers of religion all over the country are justifying robbery, urging on to armed resistance, defying the law and the Government, conniving at brutal outrage on man and beast. That is the state of Ireland, and that is the state which we are told in the first place demands, and in the second place will be cured by, a mulct on the landlords of so much per cent. of their property, and a complicated arrangement of litigation which its devisers refuse to explain, and which no one else even pretends to understand. Perhaps the most pleasant part of the matter is (for persons of good memories and a turn for the humorous) to remember the prophecies with which the disestablishment of the Irish Church was urged thirteen years ago. The Roman Catholic clergy, so long estranged, were to become the firmest battalion of the English garrison; their social status would be at once improved, and the democratic element in them lessened. No longer, smarting under the unjust preference of the Church of the minority, would they encourage disaffection or wink at attempts on property. Politics, indeed, would know them no more, and they would tend the vineyard of their Master undisturbed by alien cares. Father Sheehy and Father Clery and hundreds more are, indeed, egregious examples of the truth of this prophecy. They strive not, neither cry; they are all for judgment and justice; nothing would be further from their thoughts than putting themselves forth as "men of the people," and setting classes by the ears. Without irony it may be allowed that they do tend the vineyard of their master, but then it is of a master who is not quite the same as the one originally intended.

SPRING FISHING.

IT is a decided drawback to the pleasures of the angler's life that fine weather and "fine fishing weather" are very different things. The last few weeks, notwithstanding the tendency of the winds to set towards the chilly north-east quarter, have been extremely enjoyable in the country. There has been bright sunshine with almost cloudless skies. The vegetation has come forward singularly slowly, so that the vivid freshness of the vernal green on the lattice-work of buds and bursting leaves that let the lights and shadows play through the half-covered boughs has been very unusually prolonged. But all the time the angler has been longing for the rains that have never come, and he has been only tantalized by those flying showers that, as he fondly

hoped, might be the forerunners of a downpour. The weather, in the ordinary course of things, has smaller arrears to pay off in the way of wet than perhaps he fancies. For the ground everywhere was saturated with the heavy snowfall of the winter, which has been slowly draining away. But meantime he sees or hears of rivers shrinking in their beds, and of lakes subsiding below their ordinary levels. It is delightful and romantic, no doubt, for the amateur of nature and art to wander by the banks of some silvery stream, and looking down through the limpid water to distinguish each pebble at the bottom with each submerged wisp of weed. But nothing can be more disgusting to the fisherman who had thought of filling a basket. He marks the arrow-headed wave where the trout is shooting away to take refuge in the deeper water in the holes or under the banks; and the finest fishing with the lightest tackle fails to bring the shy fish to his lure. Nor is it better in the Scotch lochs, which in more favourable years are his favourite resorts; nay, there perhaps the case is still more desperate. In the streams there is always the hope of a chance in the shadows thrown by the trees or the banks, or in the broken water at the tail of some tiny cataract. But when the still surface of the untroubled lake reflects the undimmed azure of the sky, he may as well save his arms and shoulders and spare himself the trouble of throwing his flies. Or, should the surface be broken into wavelets by a wind from the east, the fish are almost as little inclined to rise as before. Fishing out of a boat must be somewhat monotonous at the best of times, but when it resolves itself into mechanical gymnastics with none of the pleasures of hope, it becomes more monotonous than ever.

But although the year is getting on, and we are near the beginning of June, there may be brighter, or rather duller and damper, days in store for the fisherman. If he be not tied to time and place by his business engagements, he may take comfort in the thought that there is a very considerable range of climate even in these islands, and that the waters of the Continent are very accessible. The City gentlemen in the punts between Henley and Hampton may sit on their chairs, like patience on a monument, between the beaming heavens and the translucent Thames. But in the West Highlands, for example, there will surely be water overhead, or at all events watery exhalations in one shape or another. The heavy morning mists will be long of dissipating, and clouds will roll downwards in the clearest afternoon from the lofty summits of Ben More or Ben Cruachan. Indeed, as we learn from the fishing reports, the sport on Loch Awe has been more than tolerable; and Loch Awe, although overfished in these latter days, is still perhaps the most attractive of the lochs of Scotland. And, as for overfishing, where is one free from it unless you go to the wilds of Nova Scotia or Labrador? In Scotland, wherever there is a sheet of water where the speckled trout are fairly plentiful, and which is left open to the public, the fishing must be more or less of a scramble. It is either actually or practically in the hands of the innkeepers, as they have a virtual monopoly of the boats. We do not deny for a moment that a comfortable inn is a capital thing. It is something to make sure of dinner and bed, nor is cheerful company of an evening undesirable, although angling is proverbially an unsociable pursuit. Nevertheless, the new system of innkeepers who monopolize and farm the fishing has its disadvantages. In May or June the bedrooms are occupied by men with the same objects as yourself. There is but a limited number of beds, and you may find it difficult to engage one. Though a keen enough fisherman in an ordinary way, possibly you object to excessively early rising. Notwithstanding that, there is nothing for it but to be up with the grouse, or rather before him. There will certainly be a race for the little bay, on which others, as well as yourself, have set their affections. And the chances are that, in spite of self-denial and the most strenuous efforts, you are anticipated by some unscrupulous rival, who must undoubtedly have dressed in the darkness, and groped his way to the shore. The fisherman should have an ample stock of patience, but mortal patience has its limits. If he has done nothing in the cool and comparative grey of the morning, it is obviously preposterous to go on whipping the loch when experience coming to the aid of common sense has assured you that the trout are in no taking humour. The very boatmen, whose interest it is to be sanguine, have ceased to give delusive encouragement, and are muttering and grumbling despondently beneath their breath. You may lunch and lie off, waiting for better luck in the afternoon, but on the whole you deem it more advisable to go ashore for the day, and give orders accordingly to pull back to the inn. But the day is still young, and it must be killed somehow. It might be supposed that there was no great difficulty in that. If the weather is unfavourable for fishing, it is delightful for all other purposes. There is glorious scenery all around. You may wander up lonely glens and climb mountains with magnificent prospects, or, if you like it better, you may lie down with a book in the shade, giving yourself over to sleep or the *dolce far niente*. But somehow, expeditions among the mountain scenery seem to go against the grain, for as the gambler at Monte Carlo is never happy when far away from the seductive and sadly delusive tables, so the fisherman, although thoroughly out of luck, hates to altogether lose sight of the water. And as for lying still in the sensuous enjoyment of doing nothing, that needs an absolutely untroubled mind; and your mind, in place of being at peace, is worried with anxieties for the morrow. Is there any meaning in that slight fall of the barometer? or are there signs of a break-up

in the weather in that shifting of the wind towards the west? So the hours drag slowly on till dinner-time, when the party, in place of meeting in a glow of high spirits, and comparing notes on the triumphant exploits of the day, is low and somewhat silent, if not absolutely morose. But it is a long lane that has no turning, and of course fortune may spin round with the weathercock at any moment. One happy morning you awaken to a day that repays you for your disappointments and long expectation. The wind is at last in the right quarter; the clouded sky is all you have been praying for; there is tepid softness in the air, and the loch is rippling deliciously. You are conscious of the prescience of a great success, and feel that each minute is being wasted before the rod is put together and the cast of flies is dragging in the water. The result fully confirms your expectations. The starving trout come at the flies with a rush, as if they had not tasted food for a fortnight; gorging the lure at a gulp and hooking themselves entirely to your satisfaction. The top joint of the rod bends almost double, and then comes the thrilling battle with an antagonist worthy of your tackle and steel. Now he is running out fast with fathoms of line, as if he meant to tow the boat to the river which discharges the water of the loch. Now he changes his mind and dashes back, as if he meant to break the line under the keel; which, unless you play him with skill and coolness, he may very probably do. In short, till by a judicious use of the gaff or landing-net he is safely deposited in the bottom of the boat, you are kept in a constant state of intense excitement. And in a quick succession of victories of the kind you forget many days of previous disappointments, and are inclined to swear that, setting salmon-fishing aside, there is no sport to compare with first-class loch trouting.

As for a fishing tour on the Continent, we should hardly recommend it to the enthusiast who sets heavy baskets before everything else. Moreover, Continental fishing is by no means what it used to be; much excellent water that used to be free to all comes some twenty years ago is now carefully preserved; and besides, the natives are become far more knowing than they once were, fishing for the pot with stealthy skill and by all manner of unsportsmanlike dodges. The Tyrol and Salzkaunmergut have ceased to be the paradises that many roving English anglers had found them, long after Sir Humphry Davy had quitted this mortal scene. But for the tourist who makes fishing rather the pretext than the purpose of his wanderings there are still many districts that are highly to be recommended, and which have the merit of being more accessible than the Austrian dominions. Notably we have in our mind the Ardennes and Brittany; and Brittany, in particular, is most enjoyable in the early summer. The springs are late there, so the country is then in its full beauty. Especially in the seaward parishes, all through May and June, there are generally frequent showers coming up from the Atlantic, so that one is tolerably certain of finding water in the rivers. If these rivers were only as good as they look, they would come very near perfection; and as it is, we may often have a decent day, falling back upon roach or grayling if trout are not to be taken. The Breton streams run swiftly over stones and boulders, between banks they have hollowed out at the sharp bends and under the shade of overhanging trees. And even where the landscapes are more level in their character, one comes upon many a quaint old mill, with rapid currents where the river divides, and tempting bits of swirling backwater. So long as he keeps clear of any meadow-grass left to grow into hay, it is seldom the peasants interfere with the stranger, as is too often the case in Germany. Then in Brittany, where the rivers are numerous, you may change your headquarters as suits your fancy. It is needless to say that there are endless objects of interest in the picturesque old towns, which in most cases are still very much as they used to be, although they are inevitably doomed by the rage for improvements. The inns, though somewhat in the rough, are good and cheap; twice a day, thanks to the enlightened patronage of the *commis-voyageurs*, you may sit down to a plentiful repast, well cooked and well served; and the Breton bagman seems to be superior to his class elsewhere, being often a pleasant and intelligent companion. Considering the moderate length of the sea passage to St. Malo, where you find yourself disembarked to begin with in the picturesque scenery of the Rance, the trip is no very serious experiment, even should it prove a failure so far as the fishing is concerned.

THE FREIHEIT PROSECUTION.

THE trial of the editor of the *Freiheit*, an obscure German Socialist print, for the publication of a scurrilous and incendiary article, has resulted in a verdict of guilty upon all the counts of the indictment. The charge was one of libel, not merely in the sense of assailing the character of an individual, but in its technical meaning, of immoral teaching written with the view of being read and acted on and tending to the subversion of law and order. The article complained of, it will be remembered, appeared on the 18th of March last, exulted in brutal terms at the assassination of the Emperor of Russia, and contained a deliberate incitement to the repetition of such crimes, mentioning particularly the Emperor of Germany and the new Czar of Russia as fit victims for future attempts. The practical defence made was that the publication in a newspaper of such suggestions was not an encouragement to any particular person to commit the

offence within the meaning of the Act; and this point the Lord Chief Justice reserved for the consideration of the Superior Court, where it will shortly be argued.

The remaining line of defence adopted was a singularly unfortunate one; the learned counsel for the prisoner, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., addressed the jury with that fervid oratory and impassioned manner which Celtic assemblies are reported to love, but which seemed to exercise a very puzzling effect upon the twelve "good men and true" at the Old Bailey, who were obviously anxious to discuss calmly the facts of the case, and appeared immensely relieved when the Attorney-General commenced his cool and common-sense reply. Mr. Sullivan himself was quite encyclopædic in his history of former Government prosecutions for attacks on foreign potentates, citing, amongst other well-known instances, those of Lord George Gordon, who was punished for libelling Marie Antoinette; of George Vint, for a libel in the *Courier* newspaper upon the Emperor Paul of Russia; of Peltier, who was arraigned for an incitement to murder Napoleon Bonaparte when First Consul; and lastly of Dr. Bernard, who was tried as an accessory before the fact to the crime committed by Orsini and his fellow-conspirators, when several innocent persons were killed in the attempt upon the life of the Emperor Napoleon III. Without actually committing the grave error of justifying the outrage of which the article in question treated, the learned counsel laboured hard to show that tyrannicide formed a legitimate subject of political comment, inasmuch as upon a despot's life "*hangs the whole superstructure of government*" in his country—the metaphor is Mr. Sullivan's own—and asked the jury to say that, if Herr Most was to be punished for his utterances, Shakespeare was equally to be reprehended for the speech of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, and that Milton, Byron, Shelley, and Disraeli had all been guilty of writing similar arguments in favour of tyrannicide. The letters and comments which appeared in the *Times* at the time of the *Coup d'état* in France and Mr. Gladstone's famous letters to Lord Aberdeen upon the misdoings of the Neapolitan Government were also quoted as precedents in justification of the *Freiheit* article; the liberty of the English press and of the right of political asylum in this country were declared to be jeopardized; and dark insinuations were conveyed that "the hand of Continental Despotism" was at work, menacing our most sacred liberties, and that "Prince Bismarck was the real prosecutor in the case." Sir Henry James and the Lord Chief Justice made short work of all the fallacies of the defence. They pointed out not only the essential differences between the prosecutions quoted and the present one, but showed that all these proved that when a publication tended to weaken the bonds of civil society, the common law has always stepped in to punish and repress it. The notion that the interests of the English press were in any way bound up with such miserable and pernicious trash as the *Freiheit* was indignantly repudiated; and the argument from Shakespeare and the other great writers Lord Coleridge disposed of by pointing out that utterances put into the mouth of a dramatic character, and expressing sentiments proper to that character, differed entirely from direct regicidal teaching. He moreover pithily remarked that, if words were to be so wrested from their context, we might as reasonably accuse David of atheism by quoting only the latter clause of the verse "The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God." Two advantages at least will be secured by the verdict and the forthcoming decision upon the point of law by the Court of Crown Cases Reserved; it will henceforward be impossible for foolish or evil-minded persons to publish sentiments subversive of order and morality, and the Act of Parliament which was passed some time ago to prevent such outrages will be available for its legitimate purpose. The axiom which Lord Coleridge laid down on Wednesday that the law will defend the liberty of the press, but will not tolerate license, is somewhat trite, but cannot be too often insisted upon. The conviction of the *Freiheit* offender is an authoritative confirmation of this doctrine and a useful precedent for its application; as such it is a distinct gain to the cause of order and morality. We may deplore the necessity for using the overpowering resources of the Executive against an obscure refugee, but the same argument applies to the prosecution by the Crown of the meanest thief.

So far from the right of asylum being in any way jeopardized by the result of this trial, the best interests of the refugee class are really served by it. It is not as a working ground for conspirators that England offers its hospitality to strangers, but as a sanctuary where those may enjoy free institutions who cannot find them elsewhere. The very existence of these institutions depends upon respect for law and order and the security which they afford to life and property, and it is as law-abiding citizens that strangers are welcome among us. If they come as the avowed enemies of "authority as such," and seek to compass the destruction of the very society that protects them, their position becomes untenable, and their conduct imperils the privileges of their more orderly brethren. Herr Most has brought himself within the reach of the common law by violating one of its first precepts and principles, and neither he nor his fellow-refugees have any right to complain because it has been administered as impartially in his case as it would have been in that of a British citizen. That which has given a factitious importance to his case is that the persons whose characters are vilified and whose lives are threatened are the heads of foreign States; but the Lord Chief Justice has laid it down, and the jury have pronounced by their verdict, that it is the cause of public security alone that is vindicated.

ated, and that the offence would be equally punishable and punished if the threats had been directed against a private individual. The prisoner was recommended to mercy on the ground that this was the first number of his paper which contained such matter, and that he was a foreigner, who might have been suffering from some real or supposed grievance. As the prosecution was undertaken to uphold a principle, and not to inflict vindictive punishment, we are glad that Herr Most will have the benefit of this humane recommendation. At the same time it is difficult to see what wrong he as a German subject could have suffered at the hands of the Russian Government, of such gravity at least as in any way to excuse him for rejoicing in or wishing to compass the death of the sovereign of that country. Perhaps, however, we may learn something of the motives which actuate him and other Socialists from a slight indication which was afforded at the trial itself. The prisoner's counsel, amongst other things, stated that Most had been imprisoned in Germany for recommending his countrymen to forget and forgive the battle of Sedan. At first sight this would appear to be a most humane piece of advice, but we fear that it implies ulterior and less Christian motives. The object of the Socialists and Nihilists, or whatever the ultra-revolutionary party may call themselves, is to destroy the present state of society in order to build up on the ruins another system in which they hope to occupy a position more satisfactory to themselves. Against this scheme the old institutions of the family and the country directly militate, and accordingly Communism is advocated and patriotism discouraged, to the end that the opponents of order may form an international band strong enough to subvert the existing state of things. It is the evident presence of this danger which has induced foreign Governments to desire that international action should be taken with the view of averting it; and it is the knowledge of this which makes any Government action in this country so jealously watched when it appears to tend in the least in this direction. We are strong enough in the possession of our own liberties to feel secure against any serious menace from Socialism in England, and have no reason and no taste for interference in the matter; but we have all the more reason for jealously guarding the integrity of our institutions and the majesty of our laws, and it is our duty to vindicate these unflinchingly whenever they are violated.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

THE Monetary Conference has been adjourned for six weeks, and there are doubts whether it will ever reassemble. Indeed, some of the delegates proposed an indefinite adjournment, but to the majority that seemed too plain a confession of failure, and it was decided that the suspension of the sittings should be for no more than six weeks. There seems, however, no reason for their resumption. The discussions so far have been purely academic. Most of the delegates seemed to desire rather to air their own crotchets and bring themselves before the world than to promote the object for which they were called together. M. Cernuschi was the worst offender in this respect; but all his colleagues are more or less open to the reproach. They allowed themselves a latitude in expressing their individual opinions which is not a little surprising when we consider that they were the representatives of the leading Governments of the world. Still, the Conference has been the means of bringing together some interesting information, and furthermore, has removed doubts as to the intentions of the several Governments respecting the silver question. Everybody knew beforehand that this country would not change its monetary system. But there were doubts respecting Germany, which seemed at least to have some reasonable foundation. The facility with which Prince Bismarck threw over Free-trade and returned to Protection afforded evidence that he would readily adopt bimetalism if he thought it would advance his views in any respect, while the famous comparison of the supply of gold to a blanket thrown over two men seemed to imply that he was really meditating a change of front in the monetary question also. Besides, the sales of silver had caused considerable loss—so considerable, indeed, that he had been obliged to suspend them—and it appeared not impossible, therefore, that he might enter into an arrangement with France and the United States. The intentions of the minor Governments are of less importance, but it is still worth while noting that Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Portugal are all resolved to maintain the single gold standard, and that apparently Belgium and Switzerland are disposed to break away from the Latin Union, should France and Italy again allow the free coinage of silver. On this point, however, we must not be too confident; for, as we have already said, the delegates at the Conference allowed themselves a latitude which is misleading as to the real views of their Governments. For instance, Sir Louis Mallet expressed opinions which have since been disavowed by Lord Hartington in the House of Commons. We do not wish to pin Sir Louis to language which he seems partially to disavow in the communication read by Lord Hartington in the House of Commons; but we do not attach any importance to his declaration that he warned the Conference that he was expressing only his own opinions. A mere preface to a speech delivered in a Conference which he was attending as the representative of the Indian Government, containing the statement that he was only expressing his own opinions, could not be expected to carry very much weight with those who listened to him. Naturally

they would say that he would not go beyond the instructions of his own Government, and that if his language seemed to do so, it was still in accordance with the unexpressed wishes of those whom he represented. It is impossible, therefore, that the indiscreet advocacy of bimetalism by Sir Louis Mallet should not compromise his Government in the estimation of foreigners. They will say, and not without some grounds, that the Indian Government is restrained from doing what it would wish by the British Government, and that Sir Louis expressed the real wishes of the Indian Government as distinguished from the Home Government. And we are bound to add that the instructions given to Sir Louis and Lord Reay lend colour to this view of the matter.

Those instructions authorized the Indian delegates to undertake upon the part of the Indian Government not to change its present monetary system for a period of years, to be determined by subsequent negotiation, provided some of the principal Governments would open their mints to the free coinage of silver, in the proportion of 15½ of silver and 1 of gold. If, however, none of the other Governments would stipulate as required, care was to be taken to reserve India's right to change her monetary system, if she pleased. We fail to see the object of insisting upon the proportion of 15½ to 1. What is required by the Indian Government is to put a stop to the loss by exchange, and that would be done if silver recovered the value it had before the Franco-German War. But that value was maintained for a long period without the general observance of the ratio here insisted upon. That ratio, it is true, was the ratio of France and the other countries of the Latin Union, but it was not the ratio of the United States. Unless, therefore, the Indian Government is an advocate for bimetalism, and bimetalism, too, in the special form supported by M. Cernuschi, we cannot see why it should affect to make the retention of its present monetary system conditional on the adoption of this exact proportion of 15½ to 1 by the other Governments. That it has done so, therefore, seems to lend colour to the view taken abroad that Sir Louis Mallet, in advocating bimetalism, was really giving expression to the wishes of the Indian Government. Of course, we are aware that he was not doing so. A very large number of the officials of the India Office, and of the officials in India itself, are in favour of bimetalism; but the Indian Government, as distinguished from Indian officialism, is not so; indeed, the Indian Government, in this sense of the word, can hardly be distinguished from the British Government. But the fact that the Government is not in favour of bimetalism renders this portion of the instructions all the more unwise and illogical. That, however, is the least fault of the instructions. What appears to us still more objectionable is the want of candour and the spirit of bargaining which pervade them. There is a kind of insinuation that, unless some of the leading Governments will adopt bimetalism, India will reject the single silver standard. Now we know quite well that India will not reject the single silver standard. She cannot afford to do so, even if she would. And, if she could afford it, it would be unwise. But it is enough to say she cannot afford it. The immense mass of silver which circulates in India could not find a market if demonetized, and India is too poor a country to suffer the enormous loss which would thus be entailed upon it. Threats, therefore, of demonetizing silver in India are empty and futile, and ought not to be even insinuated by a great Government. In the same way the spirit of bargaining which pervades the instructions is unworthy and undignified. Since India cannot demonetize silver even if she wished to do so, it would be much more straightforward as well as more dignified to say frankly that India has no intention to change its present monetary system; but that, if it would give more confidence to countries wishing to adopt bimetalism, she is willing to enter into a solemn engagement that she will not make any change for any number of years the other contracting parties may ask. There would be common-sense as well as straightforward dealing in doing this; but in the course that has been adopted we fail to see either sound policy or good diplomacy. The French and Americans know quite as well as we do that the Indian Government cannot afford to demonetize silver, and, therefore, are not likely to be alarmed by the threat hinted.

If France and the United States really wish to bring the work of the Conference to a practical conclusion, it would be more prudent not to reassemble the delegates. We are ourselves of opinion that the wiser course to adopt would be to drop the whole matter, and allow events to decide the fate of silver. Germany would then soon discover that it could not sell its silver without greater loss than the frugal German Government is willing to incur, and perforce would be obliged to find some use at home for its surplus metal. The East, too, would gradually absorb a great quantity of the metal that is pressing upon the European markets. Thus, in the long run, the price would attain a level which it would steadily maintain. That is all that is really required in the interests of trade. But, if the French and American Governments are not content to do this, their next best course is to drop the Conference altogether, and proceed to negotiations. They see that bimetalism will not be adopted by England, Germany, the Scandinavian kingdoms, and Portugal; but Holland and Italy are inclined towards it, and Belgium and Switzerland may also be persuaded perhaps to remain in the Latin Union. The frank adoption of bimetalism by those six countries would do much to rehabilitate silver. It remains to be seen whether silver would be accepted by the people of France and the United States. At present it is not so accepted. It accumulates in the Bank of France and in the Treasury of the United States. As fast as it is paid out by the one or the other Government it is

add in again. But it is, of course, possible, if France, the United States, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland were all to open their mints to the free coinage of silver, that the price would rise sufficiently to give confidence to the public, and that after a while it would circulate as freely as ever. This does not seem likely to us, because the prejudice against silver is very strong: and, besides, the metal is both cumbersome and inconvenient. Still, more difficult things have been brought to pass. Along with this adoption of bimetalism by the six countries named, a negotiation might be carried on with Germany on the lines laid down by Baron Thielmann in the Conference—namely, that Germany should undertake not to sell any silver for a specified number of years, and that it should call in its smaller gold coins, and re-mint its silver in the proportion of 15½ to 1, making silver full legal tender for all debts up to 10*l*. That would undoubtedly give employment to a considerable amount of silver in Germany, and it would set free a proportionate amount of gold. It has been suggested that England also might enter into a similar arrangement. She might call in and melt down all her half-sovereigns, and engage not to coin a smaller gold piece than a sovereign, and might make silver legal tender for sums up to 10*l*., at the same time re-coining her silver, so as to make the silver pieces of the full value they represent. That would entail a considerable cost, and it would impose inconvenience upon the public. But England, of course, is rich enough to bear a little cost, and the inconvenience would not be such as to form a very great obstacle. We see no very serious objection, provided the free coinage of silver is not asked for. The coinage of silver should remain as it is at present—a Crown prerogative only. The public should be allowed, as they are now, to send gold to the Mint in any amount they chose, but silver should be coined only by the Crown. The sole change then that would be made would be that silver, instead of being token money, as it is at present, worth considerably less than it passes for in trade, would be in intrinsic value worth as much as it professed to be, and would legally discharge debts up to 10*l*. That would not be an essential change of our present system, and might be done if it seemed likely to rehabilitate silver.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

IV.

AMONG the works of design to be found at the Grosvenor Gallery the "Endymion" (56) of Mr. Watts is especially remarkable. Few artists of our day, either in England or on the Continent, are so constant in the endeavour to express in painting the highest order of poetical thought. In the attempt to give defined shape to an intellectual idea Mr. Watts is now and then carried beyond the limits of pictorial art, and is betrayed into the sort of failure that appears in an exaggerated form in the fantastic invention of Blake. "The Genius of Greek Poetry" (55) is a favourable instance of incomplete achievement in this kind. It is marked by considerable charm of colour and by a certain suggestive beauty in the treatment of form, but it inspires us with no conviction that the painter could give absolute distinctness to the design if he were called upon to work it out upon a larger scale and with greater precision of imagery. A part of the fascination which the picture may be allowed to possess depends indeed upon its incompleteness. It is evident that the painter has not entirely mastered the difficult problem he has undertaken to solve, and we are left with the impression that the result does not quite sufficiently establish the fitness of the subject for translation into the limited language of painting. The full-length figure to which Mr. Watts has given the title of "Arcadia" (57) suggests criticism of a wholly different sort. There is here no lack of the precision that should belong to a work of style; all the parts of the design are clearly and fully made out, and although something still remains to be done in regard to refinement of colour, it is work of a kind that lies clearly within the artist's powers of accomplishment. But when the picture has been completed according to its intention, it may be doubted whether it will rank with the best that Mr. Watts can do. The signs of individual invention are overweighed by qualities that may be traced to great example in the past; it is the expression of what the painter has acquired by the study of traditional excellence rather than the result of direct observation of nature, and to this extent, therefore, the result lacks the stamp of vitality and power. These two examples represent the opposite extremes of Mr. Watts's talent. On the one hand, there is a strong and genuine poetical gift, seeking, with something of hesitation and uncertainty, to accommodate itself to the settled conditions of pictorial design; and, on the other, we have an ample display of the artist's knowledge of these conditions, exercised in a manner that just misses the charm of individuality. "The Endymion," of which mention has already been made, is specially remarkable as affording an instance of the successful association of these qualities. The poetry of thought is here successfully reconciled with the strict requirements of paintings. The scheme of the picture, in spite of its fantastic character, has been found capable of complete definition, and we are not left to feel that there is something more to be said which some other art could more fitly utter. The figure of Diana as she stoops to touch the lips of Endymion is imaged against the dark sky in lines that sug-

gest the shape of the crescent moon; the pale draperies fluttering around her graceful limbs and the still paler flesh tints of her face and neck, contrasted with the sun-tanned skin of the sleeping shepherd, are skilfully contrived to enforce the same idea; and yet, although the mystic beauty of the legend is thus successfully presented, the design, as a whole, is carried out with a force and solidity of modelling, and with so much of human sympathy in the treatment of expression in the faces, that it tells with a sufficient effect of beauty even before we have had time to realize the poetic idea which it is intended to illustrate.

In the same panel with Mr. Watts's work hangs a very interesting little picture, by Mr. Walter Maclaren, of a Capri woman bathing her infant child. Mr. Maclaren has been content to take his subject from common life, but he brings to its interpretation a finely-cultivated sense of style; and, without falsifying the facts of nature, he has been enabled to produce a graceful and dignified design. In all matters of essential truth, in the frightened gesture of the naked child, and in the pose and movement of the female figure, he has kept strictly to the guidance of reality; it is only in the choice of form and in the treatment of the drapery that he has sought to correct the accidents of nature, and thus to give to his picture an added quality of beauty. Such work as this suggests how inexhaustible is the material at the command of art, even without diverging at all into the realm of poetical invention. A refined perception and a trained taste and power suffice of themselves to bestow a permanent charm upon the commonest facts; and there is small need to cast about for dramatic incident, or for scenes of strong pathos, when the simplest occupations of everyday life can be made to yield so beautiful a result. Nor is there any force of emotional expression that will atone for the absence of these finer qualities of style. Whatever interest of an intellectual sort a painter may choose to grant to his design must always be gratuitously bestowed; it cannot in any case be accepted in exchange for what is essential to every work of art, no matter how potent its theme may be. Mr. Armstrong's "Girl at a Fountain" (61) is executed upon the same principles as Mr. Maclaren has followed; and in the next room is to be found a very complete example of the style (137) by Mr. Albert Moore. Of artistic taste there is certainly no lack in the two frieze-shaped designs by Mr. Walter Crane, although the technical power needed to give effect to his ideas is not always forthcoming. Mr. Crane knows well how to make a picture tell its story, and he has besides a feeling for the ornamental beauty of landscape background which always gives added refinement to his work. If it were not for obvious and sometimes glaring defects of drawing, which seriously damage the effect of his design, the two pictures contributed to the present exhibition would deserve to rank among the best he has yet produced. It is indeed much to be regretted that an artist so richly gifted with creative fancy should, so far, have failed to perfect the means of doing adequate justice to his ideas, especially when it is remembered that in purely decorative art his drawing is often of admirable quality. Perhaps of all artists now exhibiting in London, Mr. Alma-Tadema leaves the least to be desired in this respect. The little picture in the Grosvenor Gallery is, indeed, a miracle of complete and finished workmanship; and one is almost tempted to forget the subject altogether in the inexhaustible interest that belongs to the subtle details of the painting. And yet Mr. Alma-Tadema has by no means neglected the dramatic point of his composition. His arrangement of the scene as a whole, as well as the treatment of individual faces, displays a rare illustrative power and a fine sense of dramatic character. The action of the soldier as he draws aside the curtain which conceals the timorous Olandius is effectively contrasted with the riotous demeanour of the drunken troop of guards and women who crowd the entrance of the chamber; while the confused heap of dead bodies lying between the two groups gives a sinister significance, both to the Emperor's terror-stricken face and to the wild laughter of his followers. It would be wholly impossible by description to give any idea of the technical mastery with which this scene is rendered. We may observe, however, that the workmanship, even where it is most minute, lacks nothing of breadth or simplicity. In this respect Mr. Alma-Tadema's talent recalls that of Terburg; for, like the great Dutchman of the seventeenth century, he can imitate varied surfaces and textures almost to the point of illusion, and yet preserve a freedom and individuality of touch that effectually avoids any overpowering impression of mechanical labour or fatigue. It marks a sharp contrast in every sense to turn from this little picture by Mr. Alma-Tadema to the large decorative canvas of Mr. Britten. Here the immature resources of the artist lag far behind the clever motive of his design. Mr. Britten may be credited with a full measure of the youthful failing of audacity and with some other youthful qualities that are of rarer growth. However imperfect the execution of his design, it has at least the merit that belongs to a consistent and individual invention. The scene of Helen's Flight has been conceived in a form that owes nothing to tradition, but the result is not therefore to be dismissed as the fruit of mere wilful eccentricity. According to his own idea of the subject, the general plan of the design is, indeed, very successfully worked out; there is a sustained impression of life and movement often wanting to decorative work of much higher pretension, and there is besides a fearless acceptance of reality in the treatment of certain of the accessories of the scene which bears witness to a true artistic instinct. As regards the actual painting, Mr. Britten has suffered from indecision of purpose as

well as from imperfect resource. He has apparently not quite made up his mind how far the colouring of such a design might be reconciled with the claims of modern realism. Some of the draperies are handled with regard solely to decorative effect, but elsewhere there is an attempt to throw the figures into the landscape, and to treat the whole picture in the brilliant tones of open sunlight. But, in spite of this apparent confusion of style and of grave defects in drawing which can be less readily excused, the picture is at least sufficiently striking to awaken a good deal of interest in Mr. Britten's future career. If it has all the faults, it has also much of the promise, that belongs to youthful performance. Another interesting experiment by a young artist is Mr. Weguelin's "Roman Acrobat" (159). It is easy, of course, to perceive that the influence of Mr. Alma-Tadema has been at work here, and that his example has been followed, not merely in the actual processes of the painting, but in the choice and arrangement of the composition. Mr. Weguelin bestows much care upon the representation of marble surfaces, though he is still a long way behind his master. To imitate the occasional caprice and oddity of Mr. Tadema's mode of treating a subject is a somewhat easier achievement, and the disposition of the principal figure is in this sense fairly successful. The most unfavourable criticism suggested by the picture is that Mr. Weguelin has failed to get any great beauty of form or movement out of his subject. The figure of the acrobat displays somewhat too much of prosaic realism; the eye is arrested at once by the swollen deformity of the feet and by a certain commonness in the proportions of the limbs. In the painting of the figure also there is almost unnecessary coarseness of colour and modelling. The light from above falls upon the bare shoulders with an effect that tells rather as paint than as tone, and the quality of the colour is lacking in refinement. What is best in the picture is the vivid realism of the scene as a whole. The different expressions upon the faces of the spectators below are admirably rendered, and so also is the unconcerned look of the acrobat herself, intent upon her business, and indifferent to the effect of the performance.

To the large picture by Sir Coutts Lindsay we have already referred on a former occasion. It is certainly a very striking achievement, marked by strong dramatic imagination and by unsuspected artistic resource. To attain absolute success in the rendering of such a theme would test the power of the greatest painter of any age; and it is therefore no wonder that the execution in this case should often fall short of the dignity of the idea. In respect of draughtsmanship, there is evidence both of incomplete technical training and of insufficient practice; but against these defects must be set a fine feeling for the beauty of form and a very rare gift of constructive composition. Few English artists possess the taste and cultivated sense of style that Sir Coutts Lindsay has brought to his task; and, although the result misses absolute success, it is at least entirely devoid of vulgar pretence or affectation.

REVIEWS.

WILLIAM WHEWELL.*

DR. WHEWELL'S relations and friends have not acted wisely in the matter of his biography. When he died in 1866 there was a general feeling that his life ought to be written. He had been Master of Trinity College for a quarter of a century, and a member of the University for more than twice that number of years. From first to last he had occupied a position of singular prominence in a singularly eventful period, not merely in the microcosm of Cambridge, but in the world of science and letters both in England and on the Continent. Such a career must of necessity contain much that would be of permanent interest. To relate it successfully, however, two conditions should have been fulfilled. In the first place the biography should have been published without delay, for in Universities, more than in any other place, society changes rapidly, and even the greatest of men soon pass out of recollection; and secondly, it should not have been published in two divisions, of which one did not appear until ten years after his death, and the other is now before us. By this strange and unprecedented course an incomplete and—we venture to say—a wholly erroneous view of Dr. Whewell's personality has been given to the public. His life, more than that of most men whose time is absorbed by the most sharply contrasted occupations, was not parcelled out into periods according to the labour that he had set himself to do for the moment. The routine of College and University work did not in his case exclude scientific pursuits. His extraordinary energy, his power of absorbing himself in what he was engaged upon, enabled him to carry them on in the midst of all those vexatious details of office that usually render exact thought and literary composition impossible. Again, no matter how busy he was, he found time for society, for correspondence, and for attention to all that was going forward in literature and education. Yet from the first his representatives conceived the idea of having his biography subdivided. Their original notion was that it should be

published in three separate portions; (1) the scientific; (2) that which concerned the University and the college; (3) the domestic. The first of these was entrusted to Mr. Todhunter, of St. John's College. He performed his task with such admirable method that a general regret was felt that the whole had not been put into his hands. The second, after having been assigned to more than one person, and abandoned for reasons which it is needless to go into now, has finally been amalgamated with the third, and published by Mrs. Stair Douglas, Dr. Whewell's niece by marriage. She had originally intended to write the domestic portion only, and we can readily understand the unwillingness—of which she speaks in her preface—with which she approached subjects with which she must have been wholly unacquainted, and which are so technical that a stranger to Cambridge cannot hope to write about them without mistakes. She has been singularly unfortunate, too, in losing the help of Mr. James Lemprière Hammond at the very last moment. He had been a Fellow of Trinity College during the most eventful portions of Dr. Whewell's Mastership—the discussions on the revision of the statutes that commenced in 1857—and though he had felt it to be his duty to take a line in College affairs that placed him in direct opposition to Dr. Whewell's most cherished convictions, his judgment and conduct won his admiration first and his friendship afterwards. He was, therefore, in every way exceedingly well qualified for the office of biographer. The assistance given by him is fully acknowledged in the preface; but we can hardly believe it possible that, after his death, no other member of Trinity College could be found to give his help—"all such attempts having previously led but to delay and disappointment," as she says. Indeed, we are in a position to state that at least three competent persons are in existence there at the present moment, any one of whom would have gladly placed a large portion of his time at her disposal had she thought proper to ask for it. As it is, the absence of a supervising intelligence is painfully evident. To begin with, the book is far too long, and much of it is excessively dull. One-third, at least, of the letters might have been omitted with advantage. What light is thrown on Dr. Whewell's character by the preservation of trivial details about mishaps in travel and the like? Again, the number of misprints shows that Mrs. Stair Douglas is a novice at the technical business of seeing a book through the press. A more serious objection, however, to the convenience and utility of the book is the total absence of elucidation. A text should not be overlaid with notes; but when several hundred letters are presented to us, full of references to contemporary persons and events, some help is necessary. For instance, when Dr. Whewell, writing in 1836, says "there are a great number of points with regard to my future course of life which it seems to me as if I should be able to settle much more clearly if my book were fairly published" (p. 180), we should like to know on what book he was engaged. By turning to Mr. Todhunter's work, it is easy to discover that it was the *History of the Inductive Sciences*; but surely Mrs. Stair Douglas ought to have given a reference to him. All readers cannot have his book beside them while reading hers; and, without it, much that she prints is unintelligible. Strange to say, however, with the exception of a short passage in the preface, she never alludes to it at all. On the other hand, all old Trinity men ought to be grateful to her for her labours, and especially for the prominence which she has given to a side of Dr. Whewell's character of which probably few suspected the existence. We mean the warm affection which he felt towards his friends, and the tenderness of heart which was always yearning for sympathetic companionship.

We have no space for a systematic review of Mrs. Stair Douglas's book, or a detailed account of Dr. Whewell's life. We propose to attempt no more than a short description of him, assisted by the new information which has now been set before us. It is no exaggeration to say that, after he became Master of Trinity, he exercised, both in his own College and in the University at large, an almost unchallenged supremacy. He owed this as much to his splendid bodily presence as to his high character and great mental powers. "What a pugilist you would have made, sir," said Jackson to him, when he was taking some lessons in self-defence from that distinguished master of the art. Then he had a loud and cheery voice, and a countenance of which the gravity has been rather exaggerated in his portraits and in Woolner's statue. His eye was of that rarest quality in a man, a perfect blue, and he had a Titanic brow. A squire friend of his dwells upon the almost awe with which, suddenly looking up at a small dinner-party in Whewell's later days at his country house during Christmas-tide, he saw three brows simultaneously bending down over his table, all magnificent, and all singularly alike in conformation—those of Whewell, of Mason, envoy to England from the Confederate States, and of the genial painter Webster, still living. He had a keen sense of humour, and dearly loved a good joke or a funny story, both of which he told exceedingly well. But, though he took his degree so far back as 1816, a time when society was by no means refined, and the habits of Combination-rooms would have disgraced an alehouse, his conversation was never coarse, nor, even in his younger days, did he give way to any excess. The health of this sturdy son of Lancashire, except during his boyhood, was always excellent. No rebellious liver ever troubled his repose or made him look upon life with a jaundiced eye. It was his habit to sit up late; but, notwithstanding, he appeared regularly at morning chapel, then at 7 A.M., fresh and radiant, and ready for the day's

* *The Life of William Whewell, D.D., late Master of Trin. Coll., Cam., and Selections from his Correspondence.* By Mrs. Stair Douglas. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

work. This vigour of body enabled him to appreciate everything with a keenness which age could not dull, nor the most poignant grief extinguish except for the briefest intervals. He thoroughly enjoyed life, both its material and intellectual side. He would discuss a philosophical problem, or amuse a young lady with the plot of the latest novel, or kneel down on the carpet to play with a Skye terrier, or enjoy a good dinner, or drink a bottle of port, with equal heartiness.

Our own recollections of him previous to 1841 are of necessity vague. We can recall, however, a personage who was prominent even in the brilliant intellectual society that was then the boast of Trinity College, without whom no social gathering was thought complete, and who, in his hours of relaxation, was ready to take part in any piece of rollicking fun that might be going forward, not disdaining even a practical joke upon occasion. He was fond of the society of ladies, whom he perhaps found more tolerant listeners than men. He readily entered into correspondence with them, wrote riddles and verses and translated German poems for their amusement, and assisted approvingly at the musical parties which were then the fashion. There were several houses in Cambridge in which we should have ventured to say that he was a "tame cat," had there been anything feline in that rude and vehement nature, which was happily described as "Rough Diamond" in one of the cleverest *jeux d'esprit* ever published in Cambridge. In those days it was the fashion for College Dons to dabble in politics, and more than one of his Trinity friends made their fortune by their Liberal opinions. He did not imitate their example. He always described himself as "no politician." In 1818 he says decidedly that he does not approve of the Government (p. 43); in 1821 he opposed an address from the University against the Roman Catholics (p. 63); and in 1822 he voted against Mr. Banks for the same reason. But we never heard of his taking any decided line in those stormy days of the Reform Bill, when so many ancient friendships were destroyed; and latterly he abstained from politics altogether. His habitual exercise was riding, and he might be seen on most afternoons on his grey horse "Twilight," accompanied by his friend Dr. Worsley, still Master of Downing, either galloping across country, and "measuring the depth of every ditch in the county by falling into it" (as he said himself), or joining quieter parties along the road, whom he delighted by his anecdotes and brilliant talk. To this period belongs the famous story of the hunting of Lord Fitzwilliam's, the accuracy of which we tested by inquiry from Sebright, the veteran huntsman. His host said to him at breakfast, "We are all going out hunting; what would you like to do?" He answered, "I have never been out hunting, and I should like to go too." So he was mounted, and told to keep close to the huntsman. They had an unusually good run over a stiff country. At last, after clearing a formidable obstacle, the huntsman, who was leading, looked round to see what had become of the stranger. There he was, safe and sound, galloping along close behind him. "That, sir, was a rasper," said Sebright. "I did not observe that it was anything more than ordinary," replied the Don. So on they went, till at last his horse could go no further, and came to a dead stop, to the great indignation of Whewell, who exclaimed, "I thought that a hunter never stopped."

It is difficult to name any department of knowledge, any intellectual pursuit, any accomplishment even, at which he had not tried his hand with more than the usual success of such efforts at universality. Science was certainly his forte, but omniscience was with him more than a fable. A glance at his occupations between 1819 and 1841 gives convincing proof of this. In those twenty years he wrote a treatise on mechanics, which went through seven editions, each of which was almost rewritten; this was followed by a treatise on dynamics; he studied geology, and became President of the Geological Society in 1838; and Mineralogy, the chair of which he occupied from 1825 to 1832. He made experiments in Dolcoath Mine to ascertain the density of the earth; he studied the tides with great thoroughness and precision, and received a medal from the Royal Society in recognition of his labours; and, lastly, he wrote a *History of the Inductive Sciences*, in three bulky volumes, followed by "The Philosophy" of the same in two more, works which most men would have regarded as sufficient for a lifetime. Moreover, he studied ethics, and obtained the Professorship of what used to be known as "Casuistry," and now is called in Cambridge "Moral Theology," which he held from 1838 to 1855. It must be remembered that those were days of academic repose, before the endless meetings, born of Commissions, had begun; but still his College and University work must have taken up much time. In the above enumeration we have set down only his more solid works. In the intervals of his composition he studied French and German, in which he became a proficient, and made long tours abroad to cultivate the acquaintance of men of science; he wrote a clever book on architecture, in which he tried to prove that the pointed arch was derived from observation of the intersection of the barrel vaults of Romanesque work; he wrote reviews, papers in scientific journals, and pamphlets on University questions, of which that on the designs for the new library may be specially mentioned; he was one of the founders of the Philosophical Society, a regular attendant at its meetings, and a constant contributor to its Transactions; he preached before the University with such success that one of his oldest friends, Mr. Sheepshanks, advised him to be a candidate for a Professorship of Divinity; he tried to introduce hexameter verse into English literature by a spirited translation of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, and by addressing Mr.

Monckton Milnes (always a pet of his) as "Senator, poet, who long driven on in course Odyssean," and so forth; he cultivated music and drawing; he carried on a voluminous correspondence; and, lastly, he read every new book, no matter what the subject might be, that fell in his way. His memory was exceedingly retentive, and he helped it by taking notes and making abstracts of important works. He was, therefore, a most formidable antagonist in argument, and the consciousness of his own superiority to most persons with whom he came in contact made him self-willed and overbearing, as his friend Archdeacon Hare frequently deploras. With all this, however, strange as it may sound to those who remember him, he was in reality a modest man, anxious to obtain information from those better acquainted with a subject than himself. "I was always very ignorant," he writes to Hare in 1841 (p. 217), "and am now more and more oppressed by the consciousness of being so. To know much about many things is what I never aspired to, and certainly have not succeeded in." Here we may mention another pleasing trait in his character—his generosity. We do not merely refer to the numerous cases of distress which he alleviated, delicately and secretly, but to the magnanimity of temperament with which he treated those with whom he had been drawn into controversy, or whose wrong-doing he had been called upon to condemn. It is not too much to say that he never bore a grudge, or betrayed remembrance of a fault, or repeated a word of scandal. Moreover, there was nothing underhand about him. He would oppose a measure of which he disapproved, fairly and openly; but, when beaten, he cordially accepted the situation, and never alluded to the subject again.

In 1841, Sir Robert Peel being safely installed in office in place of Lord Melbourne, Dr. Wordsworth resigned the Mastership of Trinity, in order, as he expressly states in a letter to Professor Whewell, "that you may be, and will be, my successor." It was notorious that the Master's wish was to prevent the election of a Whig; and especially of either Dr. Peacock or Professor Sedgwick, both of whom were very popular with the Fellows. Dr. Whewell, therefore, entered upon his duties with the feeling of the College rather against him than with him. We now know how diffident he felt about his own fitness for the office, and how anxious he was to correct what he knew was defective in his character. In the same letter to Hare (p. 217) he says:—

In a person holding so eminent a station as mine will be, everything impatient and overbearing is of course quite out of place; and though it may cost me some effort, my conviction of this is so strong that I think it cannot easily lose its hold. As to my love of disputation, I do not deny that it has been a great amusement to me; but I find it to be so little of an amusement to others that I should have to lay down my logical cudgels for the sake of good manners alone.

In spite of these good resolutions, the first years of his Mastership were not a success. He was impatient, and he was overbearing, or at any rate, he was thought to be so, especially by those senior to him; and they abused him in no measured terms. The true explanation of much that was wrongly ascribed to mere arrogance is to be found in the lofty view that he took of the position and duties of the Master of his great College, and of the obligations laid upon him to exact from others the same precise observance of college rules that he imposed upon himself. This view once adopted he was far too conscientious not to put it into practice, regardless of the age and station of the person of whose conduct he disapproved. Hence he was erroneously regarded as a vexatious disciplinarian, even as an "imperious bully"—to quote a contemporary pamphlet—whose head had been turned by unexpected good fortune. A survival of this feeling exhibited itself years afterwards in one of the *mot*s that circulated after the publication of *The Plurality of Worlds*:—"Whewell thinks himself a fraction of the universe, and wishes the denominator to be as small as possible." Then came his Vice-Chancellorship, always a perilous year for a newly-elected and vigorous-minded Head. He tried to suppress disorders in the University by the same system that he had pursued in college; but his efforts only resulted in unpopularity. We well remember the degree-day of January 1843, when penny whistles sold for a shilling, so great was the demand for them, and the indignant undergraduates received the Vice-Chancellor with a concert the reverse of respectful. We have already mentioned the keen pleasure that he took in society. He had no sooner become Master than he threw open the Lodge, which had been closed during his predecessor's reign. "If a stranger comes to Cambridge, Trinity Lodge is the proper place for him to be entertained in," was his own expression of his hospitable intentions. He was not, however, as successful as a host as he wished to be. Unfortunately he had a bad memory for faces, and often gave unintentional offence by failing to recognize people. He used to say that "he liked to see a dinner in full cry"; and he certainly tried to promote that desirable end by vigorous personal efforts. In his hands, however, conversation was a monologue rather than a dialogue. He would select a subject, and handle it in a masterly fashion till he had had enough of it. But it was not in his vehement and impulsive nature to brook interruption, still less contradiction. A person who ventured to differ from him ran the risk of being crushed with "Sir, I perceive you do not understand the subject." His society, therefore, came to be dreaded rather than welcomed, especially in his own house. Again, he could never forget that he was Master, and insisted upon guests appearing in their gowns, as though they were fulfilling a college duty. At first even those who came to dinner came up to the drawing-room so habited, and were then asked to take them off; but subsequently this was given up, and academical vestments

were left in the hall. Those who came to an evening party, however, were obliged to wear them for the whole evening. It was a very uncomfortable rule, and it made the undergraduates more shy and awkward than they would otherwise have been. Then it came to be universally believed that it was his wish that no gentleman should sit down. We feel convinced that this was a mistake, but it was a mistake that was never corrected; and his parties made him more unpopular than his conduct in graver matters. Throughout his mastership he was respected and admired, but he was never loved.

It has been said that Whewell has not left his mark on the University. We beg leave to differ from this view. His philosophical and ethical systems may have been superseded; but not only have we got his scheme for the promotion of the study of international law, but we owe it to him that natural science has obtained its present hearty recognition. So early as 1823 he pleaded for the construction of scientific lecture-rooms and museums, and the establishment of the Moral Sciences and Natural Sciences Triposes in 1848 was in the main his work. It must not, however, be supposed that he was in any sense of the word a reformer. For a scheme to be approved by him, it must have been hammered on his own anvil. It was one of his mental defects that he could not put himself in the position of others, and see things as they saw them. He could hardly ever give his opponents credit for common honesty of purpose when they proposed to make any sweeping changes in institutions his admiration for which made him blind to their defects. Hence the language he used respecting the University Commissioners in 1855 (p. 439). Some one said to him, "I fear this is all very trying to you!" "Trying," he replied, "it is breaking my heart!" and to his wife he wrote that "disgust, grief, and hopelessness swallow up even indignation." Nor was the expression of his feelings limited to words. He treated one, at least, of the Commissioners with such coldness that, though he made every excuse that a generous man could make for the Master's conduct towards him, his last days were saddened by his old friend's estrangement. And when we remember that the four Commissioners whom he judged thus severely were Sir John Romilly, Dr. Peacock, Professor Sedgwick, and Sir J. F. W. Herschel, the most strenuous advocates of Dr. Whewell must admit that his conduct towards them ought to have been very different. The changes in the college statutes in 1857, and the discussions thereupon, gave him equal, if not greater, pain. Here, again, he could write of the conscientious effort of the junior Fellows to carry out what seemed to them important reforms:—"It is a very sad evening of my college life to have the college pulled in pieces and ruined by a set of schoolboys. . . . We have crazy work, as I think it." It is painful to have to record these blots in the character of a great man whom we sincerely respect; but no attempt to describe him would have been complete without some allusion to them. It was fortunate that he died when he did. The changes in college that appeared to him so revolutionary were trivial by comparison with those that have since been accepted by large majorities.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET.*

THE latest novel of Messrs. Besant and Rice seems to us to be, in some respects, the best that they have as yet produced. The authors have deliberately set themselves in the writing of it a task of exceptional difficulty, and the success with which the task has been performed more than excuses the daring of the attempt. To paint accurately the manners of a past time is in itself difficult enough, and the difficulty is naturally increased when the narrative in which they are painted is supposed to be written by a person actually belonging to that time, whose whole attitude of mind is naturally different in many important regards from that of a later generation. To these difficulties yet a third is added, when, as in *The Chaplain of the Fleet*, this narrative is written by a woman, and in its nature involves a considerable knowledge of girlish character. These difficulties are, as we have said, overcome with signal success, and it may be fairly stated that the result is an exceptionally skilful *tour de force*, in which from beginning to end there is no appearance of effort. In a former story from the same hands, *Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight*, there was exhibited a remarkable capacity for assimilating not only the manners, but the way of looking at things, that belonged to a bygone age; but it is of course a greater strain to keep up an assumed character through three volumes than through one or one and a half. With some reason, perhaps, exception might be taken by a caviller to the title of the book, which is to a certain extent misleading, inasmuch as Chaplain of the Fleet is as much a definite title as is Chaplain-General of the Army. Now the Rev. Dr. Shovel has nothing whatever to do with the navy, and is, in fact, a Fleet Parson, or rather *the* Fleet Parson, since to others of the genus he is as a Triton is to minnows.

Kitty Pleydell is the daughter of the Rev. Lawrence Pleydell, who has died before the first chapter of the book begins, and has left for his daughter a characteristic letter, which makes the reader wish that he had been allowed to make acquaintance with Pleydell while he was yet alive. Of this the most important part for the purposes of the book's plot is an injunction to go to London, "and there seek out thy uncle and mother's brother, the Rev.

Gregory Shovel, Doctor of Divinity, of whom I have spoken to thee of old. I take shame to myself that I have not sent him, for many years, letters of brotherly friendship. Nor do I rightly remember where he is to be found. But I know that he lives, because once a year there comes to me a keg or anker of rum, which I know must be from him, and which I have drunk with my parishioners in a spirit of gratitude." Then follows the direction of a coffee-house where Dr. Shovel's address may probably be obtained, inasmuch as there "they know all the London clergy." Armed with this, and with the small legacy which comes to her, Kitty goes up to London, but before that comes to pass some important events have taken place. Sir Robert and Lady Levett, the great people of the parish, have been uniformly kind to Pleydell and to Kitty, and, indeed, Kitty has been practically brought up at the Hall since her mother's death. At the Hall there live Will Levett, Sir Robert's son, and Harry Temple, his cousin, and Sir Robert's ward. Both these youths are, in their different fashions, in love with Kitty, and both propose to her before she goes away. She, in a manner which is made by the narrative to appear perfectly natural, accepts both proposals without knowing it, and thus she starts in life with quite as much future trouble awaiting her as is fitting for a clever and pretty heroine. A proper escort is found to take her to London in the person of Mrs. Gambit, wife to one of Sir Robert's tenants, and the incidents of the journey are skilfully arranged so as to remind one, if any reminder were needed, of the characteristics of the time in which the story is laid. There is much talk on the way of highwaymen, and it was only long afterwards that Kitty learned that the old clergyman, whose paternal interest in her had been so marked as to alarm Mrs. Gambit, was, in fact, the notorious knight of the road, Black Will, in one of his many disguises. Arrived in London and at the coffee-house where they have been bidden to inquire for Dr. Shovel, Kitty and her duenna are much astonished at the more than lively interest displayed by the ragged parsons who fill the coffee-house when they learn that she is Dr. Shovel's niece, and this surprise is increased by the strange roads through which their coach takes them to Dr. Shovel's abode and the stranger scenes which take place as they near their goal. We have already revealed the fact that Dr. Shovel is a Fleet Parson, though no ordinary Fleet Parson, and we may now quote Kitty's description of the first impression which his presence made upon her:—

He was a very big and stout man—one of the biggest men I have ever seen. He was clad in a rich silk gown, flowing loosely and freely about him, white bands, clean and freshly starched, and a very full wig. He had the reddest face possible: it was of a deep crimson colour, tinged with purple, and the colour extended even to the ears, and the neck—so much of it as could be seen—was as crimson as the cheeks. He had a full nose, long and broad, a nose of great strength and very deep in colour; but his eyes, which were large, reminded me of that verse in the Psalms, wherein the divine poet speaks of those whose eyes swell out with fatness; his lips were gross and protruded; he had a large square forehead and a great amplitude of cheek. He was broad in the shoulders, deep-chested and portly—a man of great presence; when he stood upright he not only seemed almost to touch the ceiling, but also to fill up the breadth of the room. My heart sank as I looked at him; for he was not the manner of man I expected, and I was afraid. Where were the outward signs and tokens of that piety which my father had led me to expect in my uncle? I had looked for a gentle scholar, a grave and thoughtful bearing. But, even to my inexperienced eyes, the confident carriage of the doctor appeared braggart: the roll of his eyes when we entered the room could not be taken even by a simple country girl for the grave contemplation of a humble and fervent Christian: the smell of the room was inconsistent with the thought of religious meditation; there were no books or papers, or any other outward signs of scholarship; and even the presence of the Prayer-book on the table, with the hassocks, seemed a mockery of sacred things.

The Doctor's clerk has brought Kitty in, taking her to be one of the Fleet parson's clients, and it is some little time before the mistake is cleared up. When this has been done, the Doctor proceeds to deliver an admirable oration in defence of his disreputable calling, and after that he takes counsel with himself as to where to bestow his niece. Before this is arranged, she has an opportunity of witnessing the performance of a batch of Fleet marriages, a ceremony which is described with a great deal of vigour and humour. Here, as elsewhere, it is artfully contrived that, in spite of the Chaplain of the Fleet's degradation, one cannot but regard him with a certain amount of admiration, if not of respect, for his complete command over his fellow-men, and, within certain limits, over himself. He is in the habit of presiding in the evenings at convivial meetings frequented by the dwellers in the Rules of the Fleet; and the fame of his gifts in speech and story has spread so far that young bloods not infrequently attend these meetings for the express purpose of seeing him. One such, Lord Chudleigh, comes to such a meeting on a fateful evening. The Chaplain of the Fleet has his own reasons, which we need not reveal, for hating any one who bears the name of Chudleigh, and he takes what he thinks a terrible revenge upon the son of the man who has injured him. He beguiles him, with all the other guests, into drunkenness, places him in his own bed, wakes him early the next morning before the fumes of the liquor have disappeared, and makes him go through all the forms of a binding marriage with Kitty, whose face even he is not permitted to see for a minute. Kitty, it should be said, is compelled into an act which might otherwise seem unworthy of her by the overmastering force of her uncle's will. Here it will be seen is a pretty complication to begin with. The heroine is, without knowing it, engaged to two young men, and married to another, who has no idea who she is.

* *The Chaplain of the Fleet*. A Novel. By Walter Besant and James Rice. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

Now comes a change in the circumstances of the heroine and of her friend, Miss Pimpernel, in whose care the Doctor has placed her, and who has hitherto been an inmate of the Rules of the Fleet. Miss Pimpernel comes into some money, and the two go off together to Epsom Wells. Just at the period of the story the glory of this watering-place (in the old sense of the word) had revived for a few years. There were concerts, balls, assemblies, breakfasts, and although there appears to have been no actual Master of the Ceremonies, the frequenters of the place had deliberately adopted the rules of Beau Nash, which involved amongst other things a prohibition of the wearing of swords by any visitors at the Wells. To the Wells, the life at which is described with signal brightness and accuracy, comes presently Lord Chudleigh, who finds Kitty established as the belle of the place, and who is introduced to her as a stranger. They fall in love with each other, as is only proper and to be expected, but Kitty's is a fearful joy, since she naturally dreads her dear lord's discovery that she has been a party in the disgraceful plot of her uncle against his peace of mind. On his side he is tormented by the consciousness that, married to who he knows not what poor wretch, he has no right to give expression to his love for Kitty. The situation is, of course, to a certain extent saved by her complete knowledge of facts, with which he has only an acquaintance, the very vagueness of which carries terror with it. Out of several pretty love scenes which arise from this complication we choose for quotation part of one in which the double difficulty is apparent to the reader:—

"You know," he said, "that I love you, Kitty. You have known that for some time—have you not?"

"Yes, my lord," I replied, humbly; "I have known it, and have felt my own unworthiness. Oh, so unworthy, so unworthy am I that I have wept tears of shame."

"Nay—nay," he said. "It is I who am unworthy. My dear, there is nothing you could tell me which would make me love you less."

I shook my head. There was one thing which I had to tell. Could any man be found to forgive that?

"I came back here resolved to tell you all. If I could not ask for your love, Kitty, I might, at the very least, win your pity."

"What have you to tell me, my lord?"

It was well that the night was so dark that my face could not be seen. Oh, tall-tale cheeks, aglow with fear and joy!

"What have you to tell me?" I repeated.

"It is a story which I trust to your eyes alone," he said. "I have written it down. Before we part to-night I will give it to you. Come"—he took my hand again, but his was cold—"come, we must not stay longer. Let me lead you from this slippery and dangerous place."

"One moment"—I would have lingered there all night to listen to the accents of his dear voice. "If you, my lord, have a secret to tell to me, I also have one to tell you."

"Nay," he replied. "I can hear none of your pretty secrets. My peace is already destroyed. Besides," he added desperately, "when you have read what I have written you will see that it would be idle to waste another thought upon me."

"I will read it," I said, "to-night. But, my lord, on one promise."

"And that is?"

"That you will not leave Epsom without my knowledge. Let me speak with you once more after I have read it, if it is only to weep with you and to say farewell."

"I promise."

"And—oh, my lord! if I may say it—since your lordship may not marry me, then I, for your sake, will never marry any other man."

"Kitty!"

"That is my promise, my lord. And perhaps—sometimes—you will give a thought to your poor—fond Kitty."

He caught me in his arms and showered kisses upon my cheeks and lips, calling me his angel and a thousand other names, until I gently pushed him from me and begged him to take me back to the company. He knelt at my feet and took my hand in his, holding it in silence. I knew that he was praying for the blessing of Heaven upon my unworthy head.

These things being so, the course of Lord Chudleigh's and Kitty's loves cannot, of course, run smooth; but beyond this difficulty there are interferences caused by the spite of a rival beauty, whose character is sketched with a firm and light hand, and in the appearance at the Wells of Harry Temple and Will Levett, each of whom regards Kitty as his promised bride. Harry is the easier to manage of the two, although even in his case Kitty has to employ a clever and somewhat cruel stratagem to rid herself of his importunities. Will turns out, as might have been guessed from his boyhood's pranks, to be a dull ruffian, who, accustomed to adulation from everybody in his own small village, attempts to lord it over every one at the Wells, and for a time succeeds, in consequence of the disinclination of well-bred gentlemen, who are not allowed to wear swords, to engage in a street brawl with an offensive person brandishing an oaken cudgel. Finally, two or three of the leading visitors agree to break the usual rule and confront Will with a threat of cold steel, which effectually quells him so far as the observance of public order is concerned, but which has no effect upon his obstinate determination to make Kitty his wife. There is a thrilling scene consequently of a forcible elopement and a rescue, and at last the unhappy Kitty is freed from the persecutions of the two lovers whose claim to her hand has in the first instance fallen upon her like a thunderbolt. There remains the greatest difficulty of all, and the solution of this readers may find out for themselves. We have purposely given the merest sketch of a novel which, as it seems to us, is not only full of invention, but is charged with a curious knowledge both of the spirit and of the details of the life with which it deals. The minor characters, among whom we may specially mention Solomon Stallabras and Sir Miles Lackington, are capitally drawn; and it is safe to say that the book is full of interest from beginning to end. Of its interest in another way, as an unusual feat of literary skill, we have already spoken.

PROCTOR'S POETRY OF ASTRONOMY.*

OF all the sciences, astronomy has immemorably been felt to be the one most fitted to kindle the poetic imagination. In heavenly space there is an absolutely boundless sphere wherein the intellect may expand and the fancy may wing its flight. The mystery of the stellar depths, the mazes of the shining orbs, the stupendous cycles which science has assigned to their paths in space, and to their history for aeons past and to come, have been to poets a perennial fount of inspiration, an exhaustless store of trope and figure. From our growing familiarity with celestial objects, and the exactitude of modern processes of calculation, measurement, and analysis, there might be bred, it was to be feared, a chilling of the imaginative fire, a contempt for the simple moods of awe and wonder with which the heavenly bodies were wont to be looked up to as diviner far than anything of earthly mould. Yet against this materializing effect of the *Zeitgeist*, it may be pleaded, we are disposed to think, that the fuller and more definite knowledge of later years has given, in some important respects, fresh incentives and additional scope to the imaginative powers. In the newest born of the special sciences, for instance—the department of solar physics—is it not conceivable that fresh fuel may be found for the poetic fire which, on the traditional embers of sun, moon, and stars, had come to burn unmistakably low? So at least thinks Mr. Proctor, who would on no account have the triumphs won by our gigantic lenses and subtler prisms unhonoured and unsung:—

Carent quia vate sacro.

The scientific spirit is beyond doubt closely akin to and largely vivified by the spirit of poetry. The intellectual instinct or effort which pierces into the mysteries or abysses of nature, or gives form, unity, and harmony to the structure of the universe, differs little but in form from that whereby the poet frames his ideal world. The true man of science is a seer, a creator by right of his revelation of new aspects of nature. In the purest and most abstract of the sciences—the mathematics—the imaginative faculty has most signally made good its claim, having in our own time, in its inspiration of such men as Gauss, Sylvester, Cayley, and Clifford, created for itself additional spheres and subtler methods, with lights for the fancy into novel realms of space. Of music, considered as a science no less than an art, the same law of the mind holds good. And in the less ethereal world of physics there is, in a degree, abundant play for the same faculty. "No one who studies aright the teachings of the profoundest students of nature will fail to perceive that our Galileos, Keplers, and Newtons, our Priestleys, Faradays, and Tyndalls, have been moved in no small degree by poetic instincts, and that their best scientific work has owed as much to their imagination as to their reasoning and perceptive faculties." Thus writes Mr. Proctor in the preface to his recent volume on the *Poetry of Astronomy*; and he proceeds to make good and illustrate the lesson in a series of a dozen essays upon various astronomical subjects, "regarding the heavenly bodies less in their scientific aspect than as suggesting thoughts respecting infinities of time and space, of variety, of vitality, and of development." His aim is not so much to draw out in didactic form the dry facts and systematic teachings of modern science as to impress the mind of his readers with the glory and splendour of the universe. He takes for granted so general an acquaintance with the most advanced of astronomical theories or observations as may permit him to dispense with the preliminary proofs, passing on from admitted and isolated facts to the ulterior relations they bear to each other or to the universe at large, or the consequences to be looked for from their prolonged operation as causes of cosmical change. The prophetic vein may thus be said to mingle largely with that of poetry, widening its scope and intensifying its spirit. The infinite range of the astronomer's intellectual vision, together with the certainty of his methods of calculation, leading features of contemporary science, will be found a powerful motive to strike the poetic imagination. In the wonderful development of solar physics, which has given its special character to the astronomic science of the last twenty years or so, we see themes of contemplation opened up in which sober fact almost perforce assumes the garb of fancy. The glowing hues and subtle threads or bands which the sun's disk exhibits in the field of the spectroscope are not more fraught with beauty and variety than are the speculations (as yet hardly more than fanciful) as to the causes that lie behind these strange and fascinating phenomena, the forces they faintly reveal at work, or the ranges of time and space involved in their operation. And what is the utmost emission of solar light and heat compared with the infinite shining and incandescence of the multitudinous stars, but as the energy of one unit amongst hundreds of millions? Or look at the most recent mystery, which, but for its temporary darkening by the moon's limb under eclipse, the solar orb would never have revealed to our view, the rose-tinted streams, probably of blazing hydrogen, that are seen starting forth from the interior and reaching for hundreds of thousands of miles into the glowing corona. What forces are here at work! What volumes of matter are here massed together, or whirled about in storms or vortices which it transcends our utmost imagination to measure! And yet, if anything is certain in this science of paradoxes, it is that the elementary substances which combine in these tremendous volumes and glow with this

* *The Poetry of Astronomy: a Series of Familiar Essays on the Heavenly Bodies, &c.* By Richard A. Proctor, Author of "The Borderland of Science," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1881.

incalculable degree of incandescence are none other than those familiar to us on the surface of our own earth. The vapours of iron, copper, and lead are present in enormous, whilst ever varying, quantities in that fiery atmosphere, just as in our own aerial envelope the vapour of water is always present, though not always to the same extent. Flowing hydrogen is there as a fixed constituent, just as oxygen and nitrogen are fixed constituents of our own air. The recent announcement of oxygen having been detected in the solar spectrum has not been verified by observation of the bright lines we had been led to expect during the late eclipse. The stupendous distance to which the luminous corona (now plausibly identified with the zodiacal light) is calculated to extend, the sun's visible disk forming but a trifling nucleus within this mighty sphere, is something to appal the powers of calculation. And yet from the centre to the circumference of this prodigious mass tremors like auroral streams are seen to run in intervals so short as to astound us with the velocity of transmitted vibration. If an undevout astronomer is mad, must not a solar physicist with no poetry in his soul be deemed a monster? To give fitting language to the thoughts which studies so entrancing should kindle in him may, indeed, not be the strong point of the sensitive man of science. Nor can we say in candour that Mr. Proctor shows quite the power to utter the poetic thoughts that arise in him. As Mr. Browning has allowed in his own instance, he neglects or lacks the form. Of the fineness of his ear we may to some extent judge from his selecting for quotation a specimen of rhyme so exquisite as

expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air.

In the topics touched upon by our author there is an intrinsic grandeur, an occasional mystery, or a suggestion even of terror, likely enough to thrill any poetic fibre that may exist in the reader's temperament, the writer having all the while, unknown it may be to himself, been talking prose of the most bald and commonplace kind. We have scientific men who, in writing or speaking, throw without an effort a glow of poetry over all they have to tell of nature and her marvels; but we sadly miss this charm in Mr. Proctor, even when he has for his theme the heavens, with all their glory and beauty. There is much matter of interest in "The Sun in his Glory," one of his opening discourses, in which he sums up the most important gains to our knowledge of solar physics within the last twenty years, due chiefly to the revelations of the spectroscope. We might, however, complain of the tone conspicuous throughout these representations, as fitted more to set the audience agape with wonder, like a mob on a firework night, than to leave their souls aglow with poetic fervour. The sun's heat may be equalled to that given out by the consumption of 11,800 millions of tons of coal in a second of time; the feeble pull of his mass at our distance may be set against the might of a child's arm; 350 millions of years may be assigned for the cooling of the earth from 2000° Centigrade to the heat of boiling-water, as, later on in the book, the probability of the uniform direction of the 175 known asteroids in their orbits round the sun having been due to chance is set down in decillions; but how far, we would ask, is the average student to be enlightened or edified, still less kindled to poetic musings, by piles of figures such as these? Nor is Mr. Proctor at all times so careful as he should be of exactitude in the facts upon which his structure of paradox is to be built up. "When the Sea was Young" is one of the most thrilling themes to which he strikes the poetic lyre. His thoughts fly back to mists or abysses of time in which the genius of Milton might easily be lost. For "of all things terrestrial," he premises, "the ocean is at once the most ancient, and the one which will endure the longest." Mountains and hills have from time immemorial been taken as emblems of the everlasting. The Bible speaks of the "everlasting hills." But, in reality, Mr. Proctor reminds us, the mountains are young compared with the ocean. Habakkuk and the Psalmist were not so true to nature as Byron:—

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now.

To the unimaginative reader it might occur that before the ocean was precipitated there must have been a bed to hold it; and, however strong may be the proofs of the mass of watery vapour having been held in suspension and forming an envelope of mist or cloud around our globe, analogous, it may be thought, to the present condition of Jupiter, must not the crust of the earth have made vast advances from the intermediate seething molten mass that followed upon the original state of incandescent nebulous vapour, so that not a few of the now existent products of the earth's cooling (many forms of crystal, for example) had assumed their solid shape? Looking, on the other hand, to the strong conviction of many geologists, supported by Mr. Proctor himself elsewhere, that our ocean, like that once possessed, it is thought, by the moon, is destined to be withdrawn by fissures and clefts into the interior of the planet, a full third of its volume having, according to some, been already so absorbed, how can it be said that the ocean is to endure beyond all things terrestrial? Before soaring upon the wings of poetic or prophetic rapture, it were well to make sure of having solid ground under the feet. Mr. Proctor shows at times his lighter moods. He has his *allegro* as he has his *penseroso*. After exciting our fears by entitling a chapter "Living in Dread and Terror," he conjures up for us what he calls a world of vagaries, taking us for a round of hypothetical visits to other planets than the earth, pleasing our fancy with what would be the effect of such change of physical surroundings. This is somewhat like looking at ourselves now inside now outside of a spoon; at

one minute all length, at another all breadth. On Jupiter we are flattened like pancakes; on Mercury we hop, skip, and jump over the highest mountains. Suppose we alight on one of the newly-discovered moons of Mars, proposed to be named Deimus and Phobus, not more than twenty miles in diameter. The high jump of a fair athlete would be half a mile, and the long leap after a run of nine Martian miles would be $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, or a sixth part of his world's diameter, tantamount to the whole way from England to India, or from Scotland, over the North Pole, to Behring's Straits.

Applying this reasoning to either of the moons of Mars whose gravity we have assumed equal to a six-hundredth only of terrestrial gravity, we arrive at the stupendous—the appalling—result, that men there might be six hundred times as tall as terrestrial men, yet equally active. The same reasoning applies to animals, and the idea of an elephant or a giraffe six hundred times as tall as terrestrial specimens of these animals is dreadful indeed. But let us content ourselves with considering human beings only. The Broddingnags of Swift sink into utter insignificance beside giants 1,200 yards high. The average height of a Broddingnag was about 20 yards, or ten times the height of ordinary men. So that the inhabitants of a Martian moon, on the assumption we have been dealing with, would exceed a Broddingnag sixty times in height, or six times more than a Broddingnag exceeded Gulliver, or than Gulliver exceeded the King of Lilliput in height. Amongst the Martian lunarians a Broddingnag would be almost as utterly insignificant as a Lilliputian among Broddingnags.

Keeping in mind, however, the vastly less volume and the consequently excessive rarity of the air on this tiny globe, its entire atmosphere being, he calculates, only one 64-millionth part of our own, Mr. Proctor goes on sagely to reflect, not only that any visitant from the earth would sink at once for want of breath, but that such people as may be conceived to inhabit the Martian moon would find their vital energy so reduced that, instead of being able to leap half a mile high or two or three miles on the flat, they are to be imagined not a whit more active than we are with our weight six hundred fold greater, but with a far more effective respiration. Need it be said that the known uniformity of nature may be trusted to adjust whatever forms life may assume to its external conditions or surroundings, wheresoever in the universe its lot may be cast? Of what kind of use or interest can be speculations as to the building materials or processes requisite in a world where a block of platinum would press downwards with less force than a block of deal one-twentieth of its size on our earth? A Krupp cannon, whose range here is five miles or so, would leave such a diminutive moon for ever, its recoil carrying the cannon half-a-dozen miles away from the firing point, or wellnigh halfway round the insignificant sphere. A walker as good as Weston could easily keep up with the sun, and practically put an end to time. As we are put through all the whimsical puzzles which Mr. Proctor's fancy conjures up, we are reminded of such familiar conundrums of our childhood as "How many cow's tails would reach the moon?" Are his modern instances, after all, much wiser than the old saw that, if the sky were to fall, larks would be cheap? There may be groundlings whose ears may be tickled by such tricks as he chooses to play before high heaven; but it is by no means clear to us that the interests of science or the edification of the reader are promoted by writing in such a vein as this.

THE FIRST OF MAY.*

THE fortunes of illustrated books are hard. They are also known as "table-books," because they are laid on tables, especially drawing-room tables. To lie on tables is their end and mission. Occasionally they are opened and turned over by unfortunate persons, too shy or too dull to talk, who hide their *ennui* and confusion of face among the pages of illustrated volumes. If they escape this doom, *livres de luxe* find themselves shut away in the cabinet of the amateur, who does not look at them once in a score of years. And yet there is obviously a demand for tomes whose fate is thus unenviable, for volumes which are the "wall-flowers," or the veiled recluses, of the world of books. We imagine that rich but honest people buy treasures of this sort, partly by way of having a taste, partly to give them away as Christmas or wedding presents. It is a peculiarity of human nature to purchase and give away things that no one would purchase to keep. Hence comes the market for ormolu, for the dreadful vagaries of modern pottery and porcelain, and for large decorative books. The artist who decorates such volumes has, at least, the comfort of thinking that his designs are occasionally glanced at, by persons who cannot converse, or are in want of an opening for conversation. But the author, the provider of the "letterpress," as it is contemptuously called, knows that no one will ever read his prose or verse. His composition is a mere peg to hang pictures on, and his share, on the whole, is next to nothing.

In spite of these obvious considerations, Mr. Walter Crane and his anonymous associate "have done their level best" to make *The First of May* a pretty collection of verses and designs. Mr. Crane's skill and fancy as a designer of illustrations for picture-books are well known. His fanciful talent ought to be at home in Fairyland, and, as we shall see, many of his designs are extremely graceful and captivating. Much depends, of course, on the sort of Fairyland which Mr. Crane is expected to illustrate. His fairies are not the somewhat stern and tragical beings of the old Scotch poetry. They are not mere semblances, hollow behind

* *The First of May: a Fairy Masque.* By Walter Crane. London: Sotheran & Co. 1881.

(though a few of Mr. Crane's female figures rather suggest this ancient superstition), nor is their gaiety subdued by the thought that every seven years they "owe the kame to Hell." They do not carry off knights and seers, like Tamlane and Thomas of Ercildoune, and their country is not begirt by the woful flood:—

For a' the bluid that's shed on earth
Runs in the streams of this countrie.

Mr. Crane's fairies, like those of Shakspeare, are interested in mortal lovers. But, unlike Oberon, Puck, and Titania, they are extremely moral, æsthetic, and instructive. There are also bad fairies, who attempt to interfere with the work of the good ones. Perhaps the most ingenious of Mr. Crane's drawings are the pair which represent the rival powers at work. Good little elves are building nests, carrying flower bells in yokes, like milkpails, on their shoulders, letting birds out of cages, and in every way forwarding the work of spring. Bad little elves are cankering and blighting flowers and fruits, and associating with wicked beings in all the more hideous reptile shapes. The good says are the subjects of Angelica, Queen of the Fairies. Her chief adviser is Robinet, chief fairy verdurer of Rosedale Forest, whose duties answer to those of the Duke of Cambridge in Hyde Park. But Robinet is an extraordinarily moral and æsthetic sprite. He talks like the Slade Professor of Fine Art and the preacher at St. Mary's for the week rolled into one. Thus he is quite capable of lecturing about the "torso of an oak," and when he wants to praise that sweet *rousère*, Lillian, the mortal May queen, he says—

Sweet manners has she, gentle courtesy,
Which far transcend her lips, and eyes, and hair,
As the high vasa! Colour Form transcends.

This may mean either that virtue and gentleness are to eyes and hair as Form to Colour, or as Colour to Form; probably the earlier statement of the equation is that intended by the poet. Even the wicked elves speak about their "worse self" as if they were writing didactic essays in the *Nineteenth Century*. There are various other fairies, with prettier names than Herrick gave them—Mellot, Speedwell, Daffodil—and so on. Lillian, the Queen of the May, has a mortal lover, Laureo. On the other side are her Fairy Majesty's Opposition. We have Mandrake, the leader, Adderstongue, Canker, and Toadstool, his associates, and Marjoy, who is dressed as a clergyman. This is rather hard on the clergy. It was the Dissenters rather than the Church who anticipated Marjoy in his attacks on the wickedness of May-day sports. The *Pervigilium Veneris*, Mr. Crane and his poet may be reminded, though picturesque and doubtless extremely jolly, was the very reverse of a moral entertainment. Angelica would have put it down, and Robinet would have rebuked it in his very best blank verse. As to Marjoy, he is the enemy of the modern survival of May-day in its pretty rustic shape. One need not be a Marjoy to pity the miserable, blue-nosed, bedizened children who beg for coppers on May-day in London. But, perhaps, there are still idyllic villages where the rites are prettily managed, and then we scarcely suppose Marjoy would wear the exaggerated dress of a clergyman of the Church of England.

The plot of the Fairy Masque is extremely simple. Mandrake and his company try to ruin the May and the love affair. The spring is saved and the lovers reconciled by Robinet, Angelica, and the good fairies generally. In fairness to Mr. Crane's poet (whose verses have been very neatly copied by the artist, and surrounded with scrolls of flowers and forms of flying birds), we give some examples both of the blank verse and the lyrics. Here are Lillian's remarks on the dawning of the 1st of May:—

Ne'er broke such morning on the First of May!
It came as comes some palmer cross the hills,
Who in his hand a budding palm-branch bears,
Which as he bears, touched with the breath of spring,
Quick into silver buds and blossoms breaks,
Then quick from silver turns to flossy gold,
'Then quick from gold spreads into whitest down,
So broke the morning o'er a thousand hills.

The last line is pretty, in the others a slight want either of experience or of native gift for blank verse may perhaps be detected by the critical ear. As a specimen of the lyrics (in which, by the way, "dawn" should not rhyme to "born") we take the Songs of the Elves:—

THIRD ELF.

Swallow, me the ocean o'er
Silver-breasted courser bore;
Where the sun went there went we,
Made four seasons Graces three.

FOURTH ELF.

In squirrel's store-house crept,
Cracked his filberts while he slept;
Sang and danced as came the whim,
Then with nutshells pelted him.

FIFTH ELF.

First I lodged with brown field-mouse,
Crushed my wings, so small his house;
So I went to humble-bee,
Honeycomb and mead gave me.

Here the obscurity of sense in the Third Elf's song is the result either of careless or inexperienced writing. "Made four seasons Graces three" may imply that four seasons made three Graces (which is nonsense), or that three Graces made four seasons, which has no particular sense. In the last line of the Fifth Elf's song we propose to read, *ex conjectura nostra*, "honey-

comb and mead gave *he*," which at least provides a nominative to gave.

Turning from the verse to Mr. Crane's drawings, we fear that a threadbare criticism must be repeated. His combinations of elfish shapes and fantastic beasts and flowers and birds are as admirable as ever. But his drawing of the figure, as usual, leaves much to be desired. His undraped women are too often like attenuated men; they suffer from flatness and scragginess. In Plate XXXI. the body of the warrior seems much too heavy for his spindle-shanks of legs. Plate XLIII., on the other hand, is exceedingly pretty; and so is poor deserted Lillian in the Fiftieth Plate. The figure of Laureo, the lover, is always stiff and constrained, and all the passion of the affair is obviously on the side of Lillian. The drawings are "photo-engraved" by Messrs. Goupil, and are certainly fine reproductions of the originals, which lately were—perhaps still are—being exhibited in a gallery in Bond Street. To be just to Mr. Crane's fairies one should compare them with those of Cruikshank and of Mr. Richard Doyle, in his really delightful Christmas book. The fairies of the two latter artists, who vary so much in almost everything else, were full of life, malice, fun, and mockery. Mr. Crane's seem, in their faint attenuated grace, rather like the feeble ghosts of classical *hôttes mystérieux de la forêt* than jolly English pixies. Angelica, especially in the reconciliation scene, where she stands undraped joining the hands of the lovers, is rather like a Venus of Mr. Burne-Jones than a fairy queen. She has the air of a converted goddess of the hollow hill, no longer amorous of wandering knights, but anxious to live as respectable a life as is consistent with classical theories of drapery. In his two rustic figures, and in the burly priest Marjoy, Mr. Crane makes a creditable effort to escape from his own extreme refinement.

COLLECTED WORKS OF DR. SIBSON.*

THE late Dr. Sibson was a man of marked individuality of character. Those who knew him personally will not easily forget his frank, genial manner, and the abounding energy he was wont to display in the conduct of any investigations or affairs with which he was at the time engaged. In the present volumes are embodied the results, not of all, but of more than a representative portion of, his labours in the furtherance of medical knowledge. His great illustrated work on "Medical Anatomy," to which he devoted the loving and arduous labours of many years, is not reproduced, nor are certain minor and more or less incomplete productions. With these exceptions the present volumes contain the whole of the important contributions made by Dr. Sibson to the professional knowledge of his day.

The papers and memoirs are prefaced by a brief account of Dr. Sibson's life from the pen of the editor. From it we learn that Sibson was born at Cross Canonby, in 1814, and received his education in Edinburgh. At the early age of fourteen, when commencing the study of medicine, he was apprenticed to the distinguished anatomist Professor Lizars; and only a few months after the completion of his seventeenth year he obtained his diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. In those days such a thing was possible, though now the aspirants for this or for similar distinctions in any of the medical corporations throughout the United Kingdom are happily compelled to produce evidence that they have attained riper years. In Sibson's case, however, the cessation of his nominal student's life was but the beginning of a new studentship upon a wider and more untrammelled basis. He continued, in fact, throughout his whole career, to be an eager and zealous student. Dr. Ord says:—

The years 1831 and 1832 saw the first outbreak of cholera in this country. Sibson, with the courage and thirst for investigation which marked his whole life, at once volunteered to serve in the cholera hospitals. He was thus employed first at Leith and Newhaven, afterwards in Edinburgh. Contemporary letters speak in warm terms of his attention and thoroughness in the treatment of the victims of this terrible epidemic, doubly terrible then by reason of its novelty and strangeness.

After studying pathology for a time in London, in the year 1835 Sibson obtained the appointment of "Resident Surgeon and Apothecary to the Nottingham General Hospital." This post he continued to hold for thirteen years, and during the whole of the time, apart from the more duties of his office, which were sufficiently arduous to a nature like his, he "threw himself with ardour into the path of independent observation and research." In the year 1844 was published his first important paper, "On Changes induced in the Situation and Structure of the Internal Organs, under varying circumstances of Health and Disease." This memoir at once brought him a high reputation. Two years later he published an elaborate paper on "The Mechanism of Respiration" in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and during the next two years this was followed by a series of papers on cognate subjects. Then, acting upon the advice of certain friends, though greatly to the regret of members of the medical profession at Nottingham, Sibson determined to leave the province, and enter as a physician upon the wider sphere of London life and practice. This involved the taking of a medical degree and the passing of other examinations as necessary preliminary steps. On leaving the town of Nottingham "a handsome testimonial was presented to him, but who the donors were was always kept a profound

* *Collected Works of Francis Sibson, M.D.* Edited by Dr. Ord. 4 vols. With illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

secret. The amount, however, was such as to render his early residence in London free from anxiety." Thus, at the age of thirty-four, Sibson again for a brief period resumed ordinary student life, and set himself with all the energy of his nature to obtain the particular medical diplomas which required the hardest work and were the most esteemed. Within the year 1848 he graduated successively as Bachelor and Doctor of Medicine in the University of London, obtaining honours at each examination. In the following year he became a member of the Royal College of Physicians, and, on account of his scientific work, was also elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. When, two years later, St. Mary's Hospital was opened, Dr. Sibson was appointed one of its first physicians, and later, on the establishment of a Medical School in connexion with the Hospital, he became one of its lecturers on medicine. Here, during a period of twenty years, he was at once a zealous physician and an enthusiastic teacher as well as student. During eighteen of these years he patiently and laboriously gathered the material for, and superintended, the execution of the plates for his great work on "Medical Anatomy," which was published in 1869. Two years after his appointment to St. Mary's Hospital, Dr. Sibson was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and in the following year he delivered the Goulstonian Lectures. Then his life became one of full and varied activity. As the editor of his works says:—

From this point onwards we find him filling a great part in the medical life of London, in relations so various and so important, in lines so individually distinct, that a chronological record of his doings for each successive year would give only a confused idea of what he was about. His studies went on unceasingly at home and in the hospital, in moments snatched from the busy day, in hours yielded from what should have been given to the night's rest; while outside, in the world, he was in active practice and making his energy and strength felt in public life.

The volumes before us contain twenty-six papers, which have been selected either on account of their "individual completeness," or from the fact of their containing "distinctly original matter." They are arranged broadly in two groups; the first comprehending papers relating to the physiology of respiration, and the natural history and diagnosis of diseases of the lungs and heart; the second, papers relating to the physiological action and therapeutic use of certain narcotic poisons.

Dr. Sibson's labours were, in fact, in the main devoted to such studies as were calculated to improve our knowledge, and, above all, our power of accurately diagnosing thoracic diseases. He strove with all his might to broaden and make sure the foundations upon which the physician has to rely in building up a clinical experience which shall make him competent to recognize the ever-varying phenomena presented by thoracic diseases in individual cases. There can be no doubt that one of the earliest of Sibson's papers, that which has been before referred to as at once winning for him a distinct reputation, is a contribution of considerable value even at the present day, and is well worthy of being reproduced from the pages of the provincial journal in which it was originally published. It might, however, have been made more useful than it is had the editor chosen to add to it some classified table of contents, in order to facilitate reference to the different groups of facts with which it is concerned. Nor, had Dr. Ord expended so much of extra care upon the work, could he have incurred any of that kind of blame which he is so particularly anxious to avoid. It seems rather an empty and questionable kind of pretext when the editor seeks to excuse very distinct repetitions in several papers, of both groups, by merely writing as follows:—"Readers who may find a little weariness in some of the recapitulations will perhaps pardon the Editor, whose reverence has forbidden him to blot out any word of the author's writing." Yet it is scarcely to be supposed that even Dr. Ord imagines these writings of Dr. Sibson to be up to the level of those of a Harvey or of a Sydenham, much more of an author from whose writings no word ought to be blotted out. In truth, some of the papers included in these volumes are far from having any very conspicuous merit; and others of them, though they were undoubtedly interesting contributions to the knowledge of the time at the date of their publication, are now, after the rapid growth of scientific information in the interval, not likely to be looked into with more than a languid curiosity. This applies, for instance, to the paper entitled "Remarks on the Fever of Nottingham and the neighbourhood that prevailed in the summer and autumn of 1846," which was written at a time when our knowledge as to the real distinctions existing between typhoid and typhus fevers was still in its infancy; before, in fact, the masterly contributions of Sir William Jenner to this subject were published. Another of these early papers, however, that on the causes and mode of "Death from Chloroform," though published in 1848, is a valuable communication which contains conclusions and cautions that are still quite harmonious with, and even fully representative of, our present knowledge on this subject. Sibson said:—"We are obliged, then, from the experience of these cases to conclude that in man the death is usually instantaneous, and due, as every instantaneous death is, to paralysis of the heart. In animals the death is usually due to paralysis of the muscles of respiration." The experience of subsequent years has also confirmed the fact that death is most apt to occur during the use of this anæsthetic in trivial cases, and has thus fully justified Sibson's conclusion, expressed more than twenty years ago that "In dental surgery (except in extreme cases) and in trivial operations, the use of chloroform is not justifiable." Had this view been generally adopted earlier, to the

same extent that it is at the present day, the total number of deaths from chloroform would have been appreciably smaller.

One and a half of the four volumes are occupied by a series of papers which were published in Reynolds's *System of Medicine* only a very few years ago, and it cannot be said that there was any particular need for their reproduction in their present form. In all probability these papers will still be seen and consulted principally where they were originally published.

One of the last papers reproduced in this work, and almost the last published by Dr. Sibson, is an "Address in Medicine," which he delivered before the British Medical Association in 1873, mainly on the subject of the advantages of "rest and ease" in the treatment of acute rheumatism and acute gout. The address was able, thoughtful, and based upon much careful observation. By it we are reminded of one of the real advances which has been lately made, even since the period of Sibson's death, on the therapeutic side of medical science. Rheumatic fever had long been regarded as one of the most intractable of the diseases with which the physician has to deal, and by way of comment upon the comparative inutility of the most various modes of drug treatment, Dr. Sibson occasionally said that "six weeks and a blanket" was the only known antidote for this common but obstinate malady. And yet now the treatment of this disease might be almost as fairly embodied in a new formula—"six days and salicylate of soda"—so truly does this drug act like a charm in cutting short and extinguishing rheumatic fever. The search for specifics is, after all, not vain in regard to certain diseases; and the power for good which their discovery ensures is almost inestimable in its amount and range, when one considers that after a time it becomes an efficient weapon with which to combat disease amongst generation after generation of human beings in all parts of the civilized world.

JAPANESE POETRY.*

MR. CHAMBERLAIN considers that he has discovered one scrap of originality among the Japanese. He quite admits that all their "religion, philosophy, laws, administration, written characters, all arts but the very simplest, all science, or at least what then went by that name—everything was imported from the neighbouring continent." But, though the greater part of the literature is fashioned on the Chinese model and expresses Chinese ideas, the poetry is, he holds, a native product of the country. He bases this opinion on several grounds; but in order rightly to understand the subject it is necessary to glance at the circumstances connected with the introduction of Chinese civilization into Japan.

Tradition places the arrival in Japan of the first Korean teacher in A.D. 284, but history points to the fact that the Chinese language, a knowledge of which was thus first introduced into the country, did not form a subject of general study until about the sixth century. Up to this time the Japanese had therefore been practically without the knowledge of letters. China, on the other hand, had already a large and ancient literature, rich in history, philosophy, and poetry. The "Book of Odes," we know, existed as a collection in the time of Confucius; and if we follow its fortunes we find that, during the centuries of disorder which followed the death of the Sage, its contents were known but to a handful of scholars, who were divided into four schools, each of which pinned its faith to one of the four existing and differing texts. In the fourth century of our era three of these texts had perished, and the fourth, that of Maou, would have shared the same fate but for the retentive memory of a man of the same name, who succeeded in restoring this version. The suspicion which would naturally attach to a text thus preserved is not diminished by the fact that the characters of the language had undergone three distinct modifications of form since the time of Confucius. During the Tsin Dynasty the "greater seal" was exchanged for the "lesser seal" character, and this again for the "official" character, which in its turn made way, in the fourth century, for the characters at present in use. The majority of the poems in the Book of Odes are written in lines consisting of four characters only, but the metres of others vary considerably, and in one (Part II., Book 4, Ode 5) we find lines of five and seven characters combined. With the establishment of the Han dynasty (B.C. 206) there was a general revival of letters, and poetry naturally shared the attention paid to literature by the scholars of the time. Under this new inspiration, the narrow limits of four characters to a line were almost universally disregarded, and by the middle of the sixth century the fashion of writing in lines of five and seven characters was generally adopted. Such was the outward condition of Chinese poetry when it began to be studied, with the remainder of the literature, by the Japanese.

But, turning to the pieces of poetry translated in the work before us, which are principally taken from the *Manyôshû*, a collection compiled in the eighth century, what do we find the condition of the Japanese muse to have then been, and how far does that condition support Mr. Chamberlain's theory of the originality of Japanese poetry? Mr. Chamberlain says that Japanese, unlike Chinese, poetry "regards neither rhyme, tone, accent, quantity, nor alliteration, nor does its rather frequent parallelism follow any regular method. Its only essential rule is that every poem must consist of alternate lines of five and seven syllables, with, generally, an extra line of seven syllables to mark its close." As we have already

* *The Classical Poetry of the Japanese.* By Basil Hall Chamberlain. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

shown, metres of five and seven syllables were in common use in China at the time when the Japanese became acquainted with Chinese poetry. The absence, however, of rhyme, tone, accent, quantity, and alliteration would, if it existed as universally in Japanese poetry as Mr. Chamberlain supposes, and if these characteristics were so invariably present in Chinese poetry as he imagines, constitute a marked difference. But in the following ode which he has chosen to illustrate his remarks we find that four lines out of each stanza of six rhyme together:—

Utaseumishi	Tama naraba,
Kami ni tahenoba,	Te ni naki-mochito
Hanare-wite,	Kinu naraba,
Ass nageku kimi;	Nugu toki mo naku,
Sakari-wite	Waga kobimu
Waga kofuru kimi	Kimi zo kizo no yo
Ime ni miyetsuru.	

Nor is this by any means an unusual case. On the other hand, the rhymes in Chinese poetry are very irregular, and it is sometimes difficult to recognize them at all. The importance attached to the tones and accents in Chinese poetry finds no place, it is true, in the composition of Japanese verse; but, as regards metre, rhyme, alliteration, and parallelism—of which some excellent specimens will be found in Mr. Aston's Japanese Grammar, second edition—the two schools are, to all intents and purposes, identical.

The existence of expressions known as "pillow words," "prefaces," and "pivots," affords Mr. Chamberlain another reason for believing in the originality of Japanese poetry. "The 'pillow words,'" says the author, "are meaningless expressions which are prefixed to other words merely for the sake of euphony"; and he declines to entertain the idea that so artificial a device can find any parallel in foreign literature. But its extreme conventionality suggests at once the impossibility of its having sprung into life with the first beginning of the national poetry unless it had its root elsewhere. Were it a modern development of a poetic conceit we might be inclined, at first sight, to admit the possibility of its being a Japanese creation; but the history of poetry forbids the idea of any such artificial excrescence finding a place in the composition of primitive poetry. If we turn, however, to the ancient poetry of the Chinese we find, as we should expect to be the case, the true history of this singular construction, at least as far as Japan is concerned, and a more conclusive proof of the foreign origin of Japanese poetry it is impossible to imagine.

In the sketch we have given of the vicissitudes undergone by the solitary text of the "Book of Odes" which existed in the fourth and fifth centuries of our era, it will readily be admitted that corruptions and inaccuracies might easily have crept into it. And, as a matter of fact, we find that at the period spoken of there were—as there are still—certain words prefixed to many of the verses which were declared by the native commentators to be only untranslatable initial sounds, inserted for the sake of euphony. For instance, we find in Ode 8, Book 1, Part I., the line "Poh yen ts'ai che," in which case the last two characters are alone to be rendered, and, among many others in Ode 8, Book 5, Part I., occurs the verse "Yuen yen sze poh," twice repeated; and in both cases we are told that "yuen yen" are untranslatable initial particles. Another line begins with "yon," which we are assured is to be treated in the same way, and altogether, what with initial, medial, and final particles, nine characters out of a total of sixty-four in this ode are declared to be meaningless. Such was the condition of the existing Chinese poetry when it was first brought to the knowledge of the Japanese, and how faithfully they copied it, even to its unintelligible portions, let the "pillow words," "prefaces," and "pivots" say. The "prefaces" are merely extensions of the "pillow words," and the "pivots" possibly find their prototypes in the "Peen t'e tsze" of the Chinese poets.

But the existence of these untranslatable particles in primitive Chinese Odes is as unnatural as in early Japanese poetry, unless some explanation can be offered for their introduction. As far as we know at present, Chinese poetry is original, and they therefore cannot have been imported. The only other way of accounting for their presence is by supposing that in the several modifications through which the characters passed after the collection of the Odes, together with the uncertain readings of the text, corrupt words and passages crept in, owing either to the inaccuracy of copyists or to an inability to decipher the *ku wen* character in which the Odes were in the first instance written. Or, again, it is possible that these expressions, which are called in Chinese *Fü shing*, "initial sounds," and in Japanese *Fü yu* (*okoshi kotoba*), "initial words," as well as "pillow words," were originally intended to be read phonetically, and that, with the lapse of time, the sounds having changed, their meanings have been lost, and that they now appear as the ghosts of their earlier living forms.

If additional evidence were needed of the very close connexion existing between the poetry of China and Japan, it might be found in the simultaneous ebb and flow in the poetic life of the two countries. The Chinese have a saying that poetry had its roots in the *Shu king*, that it came into foliage and budded during the Han and subsequent short dynasties (B.C. 206—A.D. 618), and that it blossomed and bore fruit during the T'ang dynasty (618—907). From this period there was a marked decline in the national poetry; and though in the beginning of the Sung dynasty there arose a few men such as Suo Shih, Go-yang Sow, and others to mark that the poetic fire was not quite extinct, the prevailing dearth of genius testified only too plainly that the golden age of poetry was past. In the same way, in Japan "the

sources of the lyric poetry suddenly dried up" at the commencement of the tenth century, as Mr. Chamberlain tells us; and the subsequent fortunes of the muse in both countries cannot be better described than in his own words. "Thenceforward," he writes, "instead of the heart-outpourings of the older poets, we find nothing but empty prettinesses and conceits, confined within the narrowest limits."

The same remark applies to the drama, which first reached a high pitch of excellence in China during the Yuen dynasty (A.D. 1280—1368), and which faded away at its close. During the greater part of this period the relations between the two countries were very disturbed; and it was not, therefore, until towards the end of the fourteenth century that the lyric drama arose in Japan. Mr. Chamberlain gives in his introduction a sketch of a Japanese theatre, and no one acquainted with the stage in China will doubt for a moment the identity of the two. The arrangements of the theatre, the dress of the actors, the conventional intonation they give to their utterances, the absence of scenery, and the consequent necessity imposed on the actors of describing their circumstances and condition when first "coming on," are points of similarity which cannot be merely incidental. The form and matter of the dramas themselves are also essentially Chinese, and, were it not for the names, a casual reader would find it difficult to say whether the plays given at the end of Mr. Chamberlain's volume had their origin in China or Japan.

Both in these plays, and in the poems in the earlier part of his volume, Mr. Chamberlain has faithfully reflected the meanings of the originals, and has clothed his translations in very readable English. But after what has been said, those who are acquainted with Dr. Legge's translation of the *Shu king*, and Sir John Davis's *Poetry of the Chinese*, will not expect to find any great play of the imagination in the *Classical Poetry of the Japanese*; at the same time there is in many of the pieces translated by Mr. Chamberlain a quaint prettiness which is not without attraction.

THE BLACK ROBE.*

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has little or no dramatic art, and yet he persists in giving a dramatic turn to his stories. He cannot be content with the ordinary modes of writing a novel. He neither avowedly tells his whole tale in his own words, nor gives it, as is so commonly done by other authors, in the words of either the hero or the heroine. On the contrary, he passes from one narrator to another as it pleases him; and, in utter defiance of all probability, makes any person that suits his convenience keep a diary or write letters at great length. If he had the power of throwing himself into each character, and of making each one speak with a certain air of naturalness, we do not know that we should have much to say against this mode of narration. It might be a little troublesome to the reader, and perhaps a little tiresome; but, on the other hand, there would be some pleasure gained in the study of the author's dramatic art. In Richardson's novels, for instance, no one for a moment complains of the number of writers whose letters, like so many rills, all swell—form, indeed, we should say—the great current of his story. On the contrary, perhaps we are more pleased by remarking the art with which the author passes so completely from one style to another than by anything else in the book. But there is none of this satisfaction to be had in studying Mr. Collins's stories. We do not know that he even makes the attempt to disguise himself. He tells his readers that now it is a major who, "with a due sense of responsibility," has written "a narrative of personal experience," and that now it is an English Jesuit priest who is sending the most minute details to the Head of his Order in Rome. At another time he makes one of the heroes keep a diary, and once or twice he avails himself of the private correspondence of a detective officer to carry on the tale. Then he jumps back into his own person, and for a while carries on the narrative himself. Nothing can well be more absurd than the style in which some of his characters write. The chief villain of the piece is a man after Mr. Newdegate's heart, or rather, we should say, a man strictly in accordance with Mr. Newdegate's imagination. He is a Jesuit priest, who weaves a cunning plot to recover for his Church a fine estate of which she was deprived in the reign of Henry VIII. He is in constant correspondence with "the Secretary, S. J. Rome." Nothing, it would seem, is too petty to interest that highly respectable Italian ecclesiastic. It is quite clear that he has not been exposed, as we have, to a long course of novel-reading; for we are quite convinced that, if he had, he would, at a very early stage, have packed off his correspondent to the interior of New Guinea, or to the furthest borders of Crim Tartary. Let Mr. Newdegate and his friends, who live in such constant terror of the machinations of the Order of Jesuits, take courage. None surely ought to be a cause of alarm who willingly either write or read such nonsense as the following. The priest, we may first observe, is narrating a conversation with the heroine's mother:—

"Are you tired, Matilda? No? Then give me another turn, there's a good creature. Movement, perpetual movement, is a law of nature. Oh, dear no, doctor; I didn't make that discovery for myself. Some eminent scientific person mentioned it in a lecture. The ugliest man I ever saw. Now back again, Matilda. Let me introduce you to my friends, Father

* *The Black Robe*. By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

Benwell. Introducing is out of fashion, I know. But I am one of the few women who can resist the tyranny of fashion. I like introducing people. Sir John Drone—Father Benwell. Father Benwell—Dr. Wybrow. Ah, yes, you know the doctor by reputation? Shall I give you his character? Personally charming; professionally detestable. Pardon my impudence, doctor; it is one of the consequences of the overflowing state of my health. Another turn, Matilda—and a little faster this time. Oh, how I wish I was travelling by railway."

The story opens with what Mr. Collins calls two scenes. The former of these is headed "Boulogne-sur-Mer.—The Duel," and the latter "Vango Abbey.—The Forewarnings." The narrator is a Major Hynd, a friend of one of the heroes. Which of two men is the chief hero we are puzzled to decide. Mr. Romaine occupies much the greater space in the book. Moreover, he is the owner of Vango Abbey, has 18,000*l.* a year, kills a man in a duel, is tormented by a mysterious voice, is plotted against by the Jesuits, has dark violet-blue eyes, marries the heroine, and at last dies in a way to which justice could only be done on the boards of a strolling theatre. On the other hand, Mr. Winterfield is also the owner of a very pretty estate, and, to make up for his deficiencies in any other respect, he marries the heroine twice over. Moreover, he has that mark of the true hero that, when the curtain falls on him and her, it falls on a happy pair. It is not, however, till rather late in the day that he appears on the scene, and our present duty is with Mr. Romaine. This melancholy but most amiable gentleman is, when the story opens, summoned to Boulogne to attend on the deathbed of an aunt. He is accompanied by Major Hynd. There he falls in with a man whom he had known at Oxford, who invites him to dine with him at his boarding-house. The Major is included in the invitation, and the two men find that they have fallen among a set of swindlers. Romaine takes more champagne than is good for him, and is led on to play for high stakes. He discovers that he is being cheated by a French general. The General adds to his misconduct by spitting in his victim's face. The victim, as well became an Englishman, dealt the General a blow straight between his eyes. A challenge is given, and a duel arranged for the next morning. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the General has meanwhile a fit, but his place is taken by his elder son. Romaine refuses to fight a youth with whom he has no quarrel, but the young gentleman strikes him with his glove, and asks whether he must go on to spit at him. The end of course was, as has always been the case with every duel between an Englishman and a Frenchman, that, though our countryman was utterly inexperienced in the use of his weapon and his opponent was a practised shot, it was not he, but his adversary, who was killed. A dense fog had come over the combatants—so dense, indeed, that Romaine had shot the Frenchman without even knowing it. The surgeon, however, was heard calling for a light. But then "the silence gathered round" the two Englishmen again. "On a sudden it was broken, horribly broken, by another voice, strange to both of us, shrieking hysterically through the impenetrable mist. 'Where is he?' the voice cried, in the French language. 'Assassin! assassin! where are you?'" The two men, without giving an answer, soon afterwards take the steamer to England. Among the passengers was the heroine, who falls in love with Romaine at first sight. He, however, does not take any notice of her, but with a wild look of terror stares into the engine-room. She, with the utmost readiness, interrupts the Major as he was leaning over the bulwarks, and sends him to his aid. The unhappy hero had again heard the voice crying out, "Assassin! assassin!" though his friend could distinguish nothing but the thump of the engines. The two men went down to Vango Abbey, but even there the voice kept up the pursuit. The old butler was in blank amazement at the disorder in his master's look, but does all that an old butler can do under such trying circumstances. This voice throughout remains somewhat of a mystery. Later on in the story we learn that the General's younger son was a lunatic. He it was who had suddenly appeared on the scene of the duel, and had given Romaine his first scare by screaming out when he saw his brother fall. If we understand the story aright, he was hidden away on the steamer, perhaps in the disguise of a stoker, and there had given the hero his second scare. He had, we believe, also made his way to the Abbey. But the matter seems to be left as a mystery, and perhaps something was due to Romaine's diseased imagination. Nevertheless, this young lunatic plays a very important part in the story, and by his theft of certain documents greatly advances the plot of the Jesuit. We have not had, we must confess, the patience to track the boy in his wanderings, for the gross and ridiculous improbabilities of this part of the book were more than we could easily support. At last he fortunately has an attack of typhus-fever, by which he recovers his wits but loses his life. The reader has been so worried by him that he hears of his death not only with the utmost composure, but even with thankfulness.

In fact, the confusion caused by the Jesuit and the lunatic is so great that we had hardly patience left even for the love-making, and yet patience was needed, for of love-making there is a great deal. For while the priest has his plot to convert the hero, to keep him single, and to make him restore all his lands to the Church of Rome; a nobleman and his wife have, in their turn, their plot to marry him off as speedily as they can, and to keep him a respectable, virtuous, and happy member of society. By a remarkable coincidence, it comes about that the lady whom they had in their minds selected as his wife was the charming young person who had crossed over with him in the steamer, and had noticed him staring wildly into the engine-room. We ought, by the way, to

have stated before this, so as to remove, at all events, one improbability from the book, that the passage had been calm. She, charming and admirable though she was, did not in the least hesitate about taking her share in the plot. So readily, in fact, does she go to work, that "at a brilliant assemblage of guests" in the nobleman's house, where "titled and celebrated personages" were gathered together, she took advantage of a recess in a conservatory to give him a kiss, even before he had thought of asking for one. He cannot even be said as yet to have made love to her; but the old order of things is rapidly passing away, and no doubt she was acting strictly within the rights of women. A marriage is soon arranged and brought about, and for a time the young couple are very happy. The priest is not, however, thus to be cheated of his prey. He discovers that to the heroine some mystery attaches, and that it was a mystery connected with Mr. Winterfield, the other hero. He employs a detective, and soon gets on the right clue. He sows distrust between the newly-married pair, and before long he convinces Romaine that he is not a married man, as he had married, so he maintained, a woman who was already another man's wife. The unhappy lover with all promptitude becomes a convert to Rome, is in due time ordained a priest, and makes a will in which he leaves Vango Abbey to the Church. So famous does he become for his zeal and his eloquence, that it seemed not unlikely that he should die a Cardinal. But a Jesuit-plotter, however clever he may be, is never a match for the last half of the third volume of a novel. There he is sure to be tripped up. The mystery is at last solved, the conspiracy is discovered, and the penitent convert has just time to hand over his will to his youthful son and heir, as the child was amusing himself with making a blaze on the hearth. The Jesuit springs forward to save it from the fire, but he is grasped by the throat by the second hero, who fortunately happened to be on the scene. The will is burnt, the father makes a highly picturesque end, in spite of "the baffled Jesuit, who turned furiously on the dying man," and then frowned darkly. Nothing is left for the author but to leave a decent time for mourning, and, when that has gone by, to marry the heroine a second time to the second hero. The Jesuit, it will be seen, had had some grounds for his assertions; but he had forgotten to add that at the time of the first of the heroine's three marriages the second hero had himself a wife living. As Mr. Winterfield was a most exemplary gentleman, we will not leave him with even the suspicion of a stain on his character. We hasten to add, therefore, by way of conclusion, that he had not married for the second time till he was firmly convinced, and on very good evidence too, that he was a widower.

THE ROMAN POETS OF THE REPUBLIC.*

THIS book is a second edition, but it is a second edition which has more novelty about it than many first editions. In the first place, Professor Sellar's original work on the Roman poets of the Republic has been long out of print. Some twenty years have passed since readers, just emerging from the state in which the study of the classics is a mere task imposed by pastors and masters, found in it a delightful introduction to that study as an exercise in literature. The present issue, therefore, addresses itself to an entirely new audience. Moreover, since the appearance of Professor Sellar's book, the two greatest poets whom he discusses have been the subject of critical studies from the purely philological point of view which have made them much more popular with English students. Mr. Munro's work on Lucretius, and the work of the same scholar and of Mr. Robinson Ellis on Catullus, are contributions from the two great Universities, which deserve to be completed by a treatment of the same subjects, which should take their mainly scholarly labour into consideration, and should deal with their subjects from the point of view of literature. Some sixteen or seventeen years ago, when Mr. Munro's Lucretius had not yet made the greatest of Roman poets a favourite study, it happened sometimes that an Oxford undergraduate who had taken up that author for "Muds" would receive a "written paper," the absence of competitors making it not worth while to print the questions. This would hardly be likely to occur now, and the *raison d'être* of Professor Sellar's reprint is all the more cogent. There is, moreover, something to guard against as well as something to supply. Roman literature, like most other literatures, has received its share of the *ventosa et enormis loquacitas* which nowadays too often mistakes itself for critical insight. Lucretius and Catullus are particularly tempting to "precious" critics, and they have not escaped their attentions. Here, again, the work of Professor Sellar is particularly welcome. Although thoroughly appreciative, he is never gushing; he never indulges in the false analogies and tinselled frippery of ornament which too often pass muster nowadays for criticism. In short, his book, both as we remember it nearly twenty years ago and as we have it before us to-day, holds a remarkable mean between merely philological prelection, the product of somewhat barren and often tasteless science, and merely literary babbling, the product of facile and equally tasteless art. Unfortunately, we have not many representatives of this kind of scholarship nowadays, and it is all the more to be desired that such as we have should keep themselves on evidence.

* *The Roman Poets of the Republic.* By W. Y. Sellar. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1882.

The greater part of what has been just said would apply to the first nearly as well as to the second edition, but they are in truth very different books. In the first, owing to a reticence which we remember wondering at, Roman comedy, despite the important position it holds in the scanty literary baggage of pre-Augustan literature, had no place. In the present volume, Plautus and Terence have each a chapter, and the first is an excellent example of criticism. There are persons who talk as if Ritachl had invented Plautus—a curious example of the odd attitude of certain forms of modern scholarship. No one who, with a sufficient knowledge of Latin and a sufficient appetite for literature, has ever studied the Umbrian poet, in no matter what edition, can have failed to see that he gives us one of the most genuine types, if not the most genuine type of pure Italian letters, affected, indeed, in form by Greek models and teaching, but hardly at all affected in spirit. Professor Sellar has given to Plautus in this new edition an essay of fifty pages, which we do not hesitate to say is the best thing of the kind in English. It is necessarily written to a certain extent in shorthand, and the treatment of the characteristics of individual plays, especially in comparison with the subsequent handling of the same subjects by later dramatists, is somewhat stinted. For instance, the extremely interesting study of the three Amphitryons—Plautus's, Molière's, and Dryden's—is omitted. But this is a matter of course, unless Professor Sellar had expanded his one volume into two or three. The exposition of the chief types of character which Plautus employs, and which, unlike those of Terence, are by no means the mere cut-and-dried personages of a *Commedia dell'Arte*, is excellently given, and the chief exemplifications of them in the different plays are happily touched off. In dealing with Terence it may, perhaps, seem to some readers that Professor Sellar has accepted the definition "diminute Menander" too completely, and has not devoted quite sufficient space to the admitted excellences of his style and diction. For our part, however, the subordination of the minor poet to his greater rival has nothing that we feel inclined to quarrel with. The fuller account now given of the unsatisfactory, because utterly fragmentary, work of Lucilius is welcome, and the alterations introduced into some of the general chapters bear witness to the pains with which Professor Sellar has kept abreast of the various studies of his contemporaries in his subject.

After all, however, any study of Roman poetry before the Augustan age must always consist mainly of a discussion of the greatest didactic and the greatest lyrical poet of Rome. Of Ennius—stimulating as he seems to have been to his countrymen, and felicitous as are some of his fragments—it is hardly unfair to vary the joke about Provençal epic by saying that he has *le défaut d'être perdu* and several other defects besides. Lucilius, though more of him is in evidence, is in much the same case; all the other non-dramatic, and most of the dramatic, poets are in worse case; the dramatists themselves are only half poetical, and one of them is profoundly un-Roman. But in Lucretius and Catullus most students of literature have been long convinced that they possess the finest example of purely Roman and the most exquisite example of general Italian culture. Both, like their compatriots in general, adopted foreign forms and dealt with partly exotic subjects, but both have left in their work a profound savour of the soil. Professor Sellar has given in this revised edition of his book a hundred and twenty pages to the author of the *De Rerum Natura*, and about half that space to Catullus. The management of Lucretius is always rather a difficult matter. Most writers devote themselves chiefly to his subject, and struggle to acquaint the reader with the history and purport of the atomic theory and of epicureanism. Professor Sellar has not neglected this; but he has, as we think, quite rightly given it a comparatively subordinate place. It is idle to pretend that Lucretius is to us important first as a philosopher. He is important as a Roman man of letters, and anything which tends to obscure this is to be regretted. We do not wholly agree with Professor Sellar's view of the poet, who perhaps most of all poets fixes his grasp on the reader who has once allowed that grasp to be planted. His idea of Lucretius as a calm observer, one who from a deliberate distaste to the life of action and social pleasure deliberately chose the life of contemplation, is not, we must confess, our own. Nor can we think that the famous passages of the Third and Fourth Book show merely that he had been a witness of "the conditions of life under which the follies of the *jeunesse dorée* and of sated luxury had been engendered." The accent of regret and of individual satiety seems to us a great deal too strong for any such belief as this. Nor should we be disposed to make quite so many concessions as Professor Sellar has made to the Devil's Advocate in respect of the general conception of the poem. But these are matters of individual taste, and it must be admitted that, as in the case of some few other poets, there is a kind of "ivresse de Lucrèce," which, when one has once been infected by it to a considerable extent, disables the critical judgment. The Hexameters of Lucretius have more than any other verses with which we are acquainted, except some choric verses in Æschylus, the same effect as the Alexandrines of Victor Hugo. But the separate portions of the poet's power are admirably treated by Professor Sellar. The fervent enthusiasm pervading the book, the strong throbbing pulse of the verse, the power over mere language, the "gathering intensity of movement," to quote a happy phrase of the Professor's, the freshness of feeling for nature, the sense of the vague and vast, the imaginativeness of analogy, the vivid pictures of outward scenes which make Lucretius at once one

of the most modern and one of the most classical of poets, all receive from Professor Sellar paragraphs of indication which, if, as we have noticed, they are free from "intensity" and "preciousness," have for that very reason an academic sobriety and grace which is refreshing enough. No one, perhaps, of Lucretius's many critics has seized the mixture of depth of feeling with grave irony of expression which make him fully deserving of the title of humourist as well as that of poet better than Professor Sellar.

In dealing with Catullus the critic has an easier task. The slight bulk of the exquisite contribution made by the Veronese singer to the poetry of the world, and its freedom from tedious didactics or obscure philosophical stumbling-blocks, are no small advantages possessed by the younger over the older friend of Menenius. The running comment which Professor Sellar gives on most of the poems is very good; and he has duly condescended to the fancy for personal and intimate details in trying, with the assistance of his forerunners, to make something of a regular *Elle et Lui* romance out of the Lesbia poems. That he has sometimes used Sir Theodore Martin's version is another excusable condescension. Whether, as some have said in their haste, all poets are untranslatable, is a point upon which we shall not take upon ourselves to decide; but it is pretty certain that Catullus is. To a sculptural felicity of expression, not inferior to that of the best Greek epigram writers, he adds a passion and a picturesque faculty which they rarely possessed. But he is a smaller phenomenon than Lucretius, if also a more exquisite one; and Professor Sellar has succeeded in doing him justice in the comparatively restricted space which he has allowed for the doing. Whether the parallel which Professor Sellar, following Mr. Munro and an anonymous writer in the *North British Review*, institutes between Catullus and Burns be sustainable we shall not pause to consider. There is certainly more in it than the average Englishman, to whom the dialect of Burns is as ashes between the teeth, may feel disposed to allow. But the terms in which Professor Sellar himself formulates the contrast make, at least, an admirable portrait of the elder poet:—"In the passionate ardour of their temperament, and the robustness, too closely allied with coarseness, of their fibre; in their susceptibility to beautiful and tender emotions, and the mobility of nature with which they yielded to impulses the most opposite to these; in their large capacity of love, and scorn of pleasure and pain; in their genuine sincerity, and firm hold on real life; in the keenness of their satire, and their shrewd observation of the world around them; in their simple and direct force of feeling and expression; in the freshness of their love for the fairer objects in nature with which they were most familiar, they have much in common."

This is excellent criticism excellently expressed, and the book in which it appears, and which contains much more of the same stamp, ought to guide not a few of the present generation of students, as its predecessor guided not a few of a former one, in the path of really literary study of a delightful chapter of literary history.

CUNNINGHAM'S CHURCHES OF ASIA.*

WE imagined from Mr. Cunningham's title that his book would turn out to be a new commentary upon the first three chapters of the Apocalypse. The author of the excellent *Dissertation on the Epistle of St. Barnabas* might fitly have chosen such a subject, and he would have treated it with ability and freshness. But we are agreeably disappointed. His work is the *Key Essay* for 1879. It is an ingenious attempt to account for the Church as it is by tracing the Christian "idea working itself," to use the author's own words, "in the planting of the Church." Mr. Cunningham is far more anxious that we should pay due regard to his method than to his conclusions. It is for the former that he chiefly values his book, for it is evident that he does value it, modestly as he speaks of its execution. His conclusions are those of an orthodox Anglican clergyman of our generation. The method by which he has arrived at them, and with which he seeks to lead up his readers to them, could only have been acquired by one who had sat for a time both in the school of Hegel and in the school of Baur, but with an evident preference for the former. To a certain extent Mr. Cunningham may claim to have "spoiled the Egyptians"; in any case he seems to have the mind to spoil them.

The author holds that it is the first task of the historical student, provided that he believes there is a law at work beneath history, to detect and delineate "the force which was mainly operative" in the period which he is studying; next, he has to "exhibit it in conflict with other influences"; and, lastly, to "trace out the results of the struggle." This is Mr. Cunningham's position. That which he here describes as "the force" appears afterwards as the "effective idea" of a special epoch. The students of that epoch will first notice this effective idea "as a conviction or aspiration impressing many minds; they will find it also expressing itself in the sayings and doings of multitudes of men, and at length embodying itself in the institutions of society." The italics are Mr. Cunningham's, and the italicized phrases represent the successive steps of his method. "I have tried to delineate," he says, "as clearly as possible, from contemporary evidence, the conviction which impressed all Christian minds; I

* *The Churches of Asia*. By William Cunningham, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

have described the conflicts which ensued when it began to express itself and make itself felt as an effective force in the world; I have sketched the actual institutions which grew up under its influence; and thus I have endeavoured to trace the Christian 'idea working itself out' in the planting of the Church." The substance of Mr. Cunningham's book is composed of three divisions exactly corresponding to the three steps thus indicated—the conception of the Christian society current in Asia at the beginning of the second century; the conflict with non-Christian influences; and the nature of the Christian institutions as reflected in the Marcionite, Montanist, and Quarto-deciman controversies. These larger sections, in which Mr. Cunningham applies his method, are preceded by an introduction on the standpoint, plan, and sources of his investigation, and they are followed by an appendix of extracts from St. Clement of Rome, St. Ignatius, the Shepherd of Hermas, Justin Martyr, and the Apostolical Constitutions, as "illustrative of Christian life during the second century."

We have kept as closely as was practicable to Mr. Cunningham's own words in giving a summary of the aim and contents of his book. It would probably strike a bystander who was overlooking a group of Hegelian students during their employment of this method upon a particular epoch of history, that each student was by no means certain to discover one and the same "force," or one and the same "effective idea" impressing many, expressing itself by multitudes, and socially embodying itself in the institutions of that epoch. Each student might feel convinced that he had quite stripped himself of prejudice, but he could not jump away from his own shadow. The history of many things may be said to begin with the beginning of the history of the Church, and it is also a critical epoch in the history of many more things. Each student of such an epoch will be almost sure to find in its documents and its characters the confirmation of the theory with which he was already more or less consciously possessed when he began his study, which he honestly regards as a strictly scientific investigation. Hence, in spite of the Hegelian shield which Mr. Cunningham opposes to one of Baur's arrows, we cannot help thinking that Baur is right when he demands that we should "place before ourselves the materials given in the history, as they are objectively, and not otherwise." The historical student of Rationalism, or of Culture, or of Humanity, or of Sociology, or of Morals, or of any other defined subject, who takes the second century as his epoch, will probably not detect the "force" or "effective idea" exactly where Mr. Cunningham has detected it. Two writers, each equally bent upon strictly scientific investigation of the documents, sit down to write the history of the Reformation. One regards it as a daring break with the outward authority of the Pope, the other as a return to the outward authority of the Bible. One detects in the theses of Luther, and in all the documents and persons, Rationalism in germ; the other detects in the same documents the "force" or "effective idea" of all the subsequent social institutions of Puritanism and Methodism, which are the very antithesis to Rationalism. Both may be right; but it is the comparatively "objective" historical student who is most likely to discern where each is right and also where each is wrong. The Tübingen school demands in the historical student not merely "strictly scientific investigation," but scientific *Objectivität* and *Tendenzlosigkeit*; and this latter is the equivalent to Mr. Herbert Spencer's desiderated freedom from "bias." We believe that this latter sort of freedom is only conditionally possible in any human creature who is employed upon the study of men, and who hopes to influence opinion. A negative bias is as operative as a positive bias, and a student of the documents of the second century who does not accept the Nicene Creed is as likely to show that he is not gifted with *Tendenzlosigkeit* as one who accepts that Creed. We doubt if a purely objective and unbiassed student would have the heart to go very deeply into the social study of men. He loses some of his objectivity by thinking of the persons for whom his book is intended. He can only hope to be, as we have already hinted, a comparatively "objective" investigator. We think that Mr. Cunningham's bias is manifested early in his essay; but we do him no more than justice when we say that few recent English writers on Church history have so good a claim as he has to be accredited with the attainment of a comparative "objectivity."

Mr. Cunningham precedes the demonstration of his own method with a short delineation of the method of three characteristic ecclesiastical historians—Baur, Neander, and Baronius. It is curious that a similar process, elaborated at far greater length, was attempted nearly half a century ago in the late Mr. Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ*; or, *Hints on the Principles, Ordinances, and Constitution of the Catholic Church, in Letters to a Member of the Society of Friends*. Mosheim, Neander, and Milner were there treated as the three types of the ecclesiastical historian with a wrong method. Maurice showed that there was a radical defect in each of the three methods—the Liberal, Spiritual, and Evangelical, as he called them—and thereupon proceeded, as Mr. Cunningham now does, to unfold his own method. Mr. Cunningham's curt condemnation of Baur's theory reads very much like a reminiscence of Mr. Maurice's more elaborate condemnation of Mosheim's theory. The similarity is still more remarkable between Mr. Cunningham's short section and Mr. Maurice's long section upon Neander's historical method. "Neander affirms," said Mr. Maurice, "that Christianity is a principle of new or spiritual life, the operation of which is simply in and upon the heart of the individual man. Every outward and visible institution is only something adopted as a

necessary means of giving the principle efficiency in a world which does not recognize it. Some form these institutions must have; but the moment they depart from that form, which is a mere confession that they were adopted as a device to meet an evil and imperfect state of things, the moment they attempt to explain the idea and principles of Christianity, that moment they are to be denounced as the indications of the growth of a corrupt and evil spirit." We cannot quote the whole of Mr. Cunningham's section upon the method of Neander; but a few sentences from it will prove that its writer had studied a teacher whom so many use, but whom so few quote. "Some sort of conception of the Christian Church," says Mr. Cunningham, "underlies Neander's description of its growth. The Apostles are regarded as missionaries who converted a large number of individuals; each of these individuals had a firm faith in his heart. It almost seems as if Neander believed that each step that was taken in organizing the Christian society was a departure from the purer life of the past. He writes as if he believed in the fortuitousness of the development of the various Christian institutions, and looked upon them as evils which were necessitated by the corruptions that overtook the primitive purity of Christian life." The words may differ, but the thought is substantially the same, and when Mr. Cunningham goes on to the construction of the positive part of his work, we are continually struck with its material likeness, in spite of superficial and formal differences, to the methods expounded by Mr. Maurice. Mr. Cunningham, to use the words of the latter, "connects Christianity with Judaism, and exhibits it as the expansion of the Jewish idea." He undoubtedly brings to his exposition a familiarity with modern German theologians and critics to which Mr. Maurice laid no claim; though we must say that the author's references to some of them—as, for instance, to Rothe, whose *Anfänge* is too little known to Anglican students—presume too much upon the knowledge of his readers. The "force" and "effective idea" which Mr. Cunningham detects and delineates is the hope of Israel, the Messianic setting-up of the Kingdom of God in this world. The first Church was a Christian Synagogue. Jerusalem was the divinely-appointed centre of the Church, and for a certain period was acknowledged as such by the Christian totality, and the head of the Church in Jerusalem was the vicegerent of Christ. His position is substantially the same, up to a certain point, as that which has been laid down by the learned Rabbi of Breslau, Dr. M. Joel, in his recently published *Blicke in die Religionsgeschichte zu Anfang des zweiten christlichen Jahrhunderts*. Dr. Joel regards Christianity as the "Verwirklichung" (as Mr. Cunningham's "idea working itself out") of the Jewish Messianic hope. In its origin, he says, Christianity was Jewish—national and anti-Gentile. Jews and Christians regarded each other, not as enemies, but as friends; they both clearly recognized a common enemy in St. Paul—an assertion true only of the Judaic Christians. Trajan permitted the rebuilding of the Temple; but its hindrance, says Dr. Joel, was a question of life and death for "the anti-national Christians"—that is to say, for the Catholics, who had already attained to the perception that the kingdom of the Messiah was intentionally as wide as humanity is, and that it was meant to embrace "all nations" and "every creature." It is only from the narrow Jewish point of view that the followers of St. Paul would be called "anti-national" Christians. St. Paul is distinctly "the Apostle of the Nations." He perceived that the actual and existing constitution of the world into nations and organized neighbourhoods was as truly the product of the Divine Will as the Church itself was, and that it was the duty and business of the Church to conform herself and her institutions to the pre-existing order prepared for her by the all-disposing providence of the King of heaven and earth. Dr. Joel contends that the enmity of the Jews against Christianity, and their prohibition of the Greek language, date from the opposition of the "anti-national" or Pauline Christians (whom we "Gentiles" should rather call the national Christians, the Catholics) to the rebuilding of the Jewish Temple. St. Paul's whole life, in its relation to the Church, was a struggle for all time on behalf of the principle of nationality—but of every nationality, whether then manifest or only dormant—against the principle of ultramontanism or ecclesiastical internationalism. What Rome later assumed to be, Jerusalem was represented as being by the Judaic Christians in St. Paul's lifetime. The Church of Jerusalem was the apostolic see; the vice-regal throne was planted in it; she was the mother and mistress of churches; she was definitely "the Church," and every man, Jew or Greek, became by baptism a member of the Church of Jerusalem, a spiritual subject of St. James.

Mr. Cunningham has a clear sight of these facts, although he states them in a very different form, being all along held in some bondage by his determination to get rid of the word "Church" with all its modern associations in order to render his investigation strictly scientific. We have spoken of the actual world as constituted of nations and organized neighbourhoods—cities, villages, communes, or parishes. But when the Church first appeared in the world, when an "Apostle of the Nations" was sent out, the huge Roman internationalism had apparently obliterated all nations. They were existing, but dormant. St. Paul spoke of them as existing in his sermon at Athens; his Epistle to the Church of Rome, significantly enough, is full of references to their existence. *ἔθνη* is one of the most characteristic words of the apostle, and *ἔθνη* is but rarely translated in our version as "nations," but over and over again as "Gentiles." The other

humanity in the midst of which the Church appeared, local civil polity, was in vigorous and active life. Hence, in place of the national organisation of the Catholic Church, which is now opposed to its Roman ultramontanist centralization, a civic organization of the Catholic Church was in the second century opposed to its Jewish ultramontanist centralization. Mr. Cunningham brings out this fact in his own way by tracing how the Christian brotherhood in the Greek cities of Asia, contemporary with the existence of the viceregal episcopate in Jerusalem, by the "working out of the Christian idea" became "that which the Greeks had striven to realize—a federation of free democracies. The Church in each city was self-disciplining, possessing authority over its officers, and worshipping and communicating with other Churches as a unit; yet the Church throughout the world was after all one, and it were well that each city should interest itself in and care for the needs of all the federation." There is not a page in Mr. Cunningham's work which does not show the results of conscientious thought and study; it merits to be widely read; but perhaps its most valuable characteristic is the rare clearness of the author's perception that the Church is an organism and not a mechanism.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. DORMAN'S work (1) is, we fear, likely to receive less attention, or, at any rate, less favour, than it deserves from the dominant school of comparative mythologists. Dealing only with the aboriginal superstitions of North America, and here and there, at somewhat less length, with those of the Southern continent, he derives from this limited but detailed study conclusions by no means in accord with the fashionable theories of the day. According to his views, and to much of the evidence, such as it is, which he has collected, not only are the Indian heroes not solar avatars, or representatives of the sun, but, where the sun or other heavenly body is worshipped, it is because some Indian chief translated to heaven is supposed to have been converted into the sun, moon, or morning star, or to inhabit the luminary in question. We cannot say that we incline to look on this counter theory as by any means proven. The evidence is much less obvious than the bias of the writer, whose disposition to trace all idolatry, and nearly all supernaturalism, to ancestor-worship is applied with no greater discrimination, and with much less of ingenious demonstration, than the solar-key of Mr. Müller, Sir George Cox, and other comparative mythologists on this side of the Atlantic. There are, without question, Indian and Iroquois myths which have been invented to account for celestial phenomena and attached to human and terrestrial agents; and, where this has been done, even if the hero's name be identical with that of some famed Hercules or Achilles of the Far West, it is not the less evident that the origin of the myth is astronomical, and its connexion with an historical or traditional name purely accidental or poetical. Among the more civilized tribes of Central and Southern America, the favourite objects of popular adoration are what Mr. Dorman calls culture heroes, personages occupying in tradition every kind of situation, from that of Ceres to that of Solon. Some of them are certainly in character, if not in origin, divine; incarnations of natural or supernatural power, even if their names have an actual place in the history of the nation. Others are almost as certainly real personages, invested with many mythical attributes. It is difficult to conceive, for example, the founder of the Peruvian dynasty as a real human being; the solar genesis of the Incas seeming as distinctly a form of monarch worship as the similar relationship assigned to the Pharaohs. On the other hand, those who have studied most thoroughly the traditions and historical inscriptions of Mexico concur in regarding many of the principal objects of Mexican adoration as distinct historical characters; as representing in some memorable instances an actual and prolonged conflict between the ferocious barbarism of the national religion and a softer, less warlike, and probably higher civilization from which the atrocity of human sacrifice was altogether excluded, a conflict which may represent an individual effort at reform, but somewhat more probably a conflict between the hereditary ideas of different races combined under a single rule. The superstitions of the North American Indians are much less interesting, and their character, as well as their interpretation, rests on much less satisfactory evidences. They have no records; their pictorial representations are barbarous in the extreme, delineations of human or semi-human figures as utterly regardless of truth as the first drawings of a child, and made even worse than these by the introduction of a conventionalism which dispenses with even such attempts to represent reality to the eyes of others as a child of average intelligence would be sure to make. In truth, what we know of the ideas respecting a superior Power and a future life cherished among the hunting tribes of the North, we know only through missionaries or Puritan settlers. The former strove to see in every native superstition some trace of a primeval religion akin to Judaism, if not to Christianity, and often imported ideas, evidently of their own origination, into the speech and possibly into the thoughts of those with whom they conversed. The Puritans who settled New England, and first came into extensive collision with the aborigines, represented

all that was most savage and barbarous in the English temper, all that was most unchristian in the Protestant Christianity of their age. It was their aim to represent and to regard as worshippers of the Devil those whom they desired to rob and murder. It is impossible to read even a few pages of their writings on this or any other subject without detecting in them a tendency to believe much more firmly in the Evil Principle than in the Deity they professed to worship—a firm belief that they, the few thousands who professed their hard and hateful faith, were the only objects of Divine care, and that they were rendering good service to their God as well as to themselves in butchering those whom it therefore suited them to accuse of every kind of spiritual abomination. It is partly to the poets and novelists of a later age, partly to the better faith and better feeling of the Jesuit missionaries, that we owe the current ideas of the fundamental beliefs of the Indian tribes; and it is noteworthy that Mr. Dorman does his best to minimize our supposed knowledge and to revive the Puritanic conception of Indian worship. The idea of the Great Spirit could not have come from a race or a Church like that of New England; it is a far higher idea than any Puritan was capable of entertaining. The Indian Manitou is so incomparably superior to the God of Cotton Mather that it is impossible to derive the former from the latter. And the Indian ideas of sorcery may have been largely modified by Puritanic or negro importations; they bear, at any rate, a striking resemblance in certain points both to Puritan and to African superstitions. It is hardly possible to doubt that Mr. Dorman tends to exaggerate the absurdity and extravagance of native credulities. The races who could be hampered by such ridiculous and inconvenient follies, could hardly have become the resolute, daring, persevering hunters and warriors we know them to have been. In truth, Mr. Dorman seems to have gathered much of his Indian mythology from the existing remnants of those tribes degraded by white cruelty and tyranny, and infected by superstitions that had, and must have had, their origin in a false civilization, not in a natural barbarism.

Mr. Powell's *Introduction to the Study of the Indian Languages* (2) is really an elaborate, scientific, or metaphysical treatise on the structure of these languages, a contribution to comparative grammar rather than a real guide to the actual tongues spoken by the few remnants of the races that once possessed the vast territory of the United States. These languages, indeed, are so fluid, so liable to change their form from time to time, that a permanent vocabulary, or even grammar, might be somewhat difficult to construct, and when constructed, might not last long in use. As Mr. Powell observes, the root-words, which seem seldom to be used independently, are all that have a distinct representation, an available synonym, whereby they can be translated into English or any other European tongue. The combinations by which these root-words are made to express a multitude of distinct ideas may vary from time to time among different races, among different tribes of the same family, or even between different generations of the same tribe. For instance, the numerals may be expressed by a variety of different combinations, referring to the fingers and toes in various positions or to the actual numbers whereof the particular number may be composed. A single Indian word, or what passed for a single word, may convey a great multitude of ideas, and may seem, therefore, to exhibit the comparative simplicity of the language. What it really proves is its extreme complexity and inconvenience in use, since of the ideas expressed one half may be practically irrelevant or indifferent, as, for example, the gender of the agent and of the object, the animate or inanimate character of either, and so forth. Yet the nature and structure of the language requires that each of these irrelevant facts shall be implied in the form of the sentence or agglutinated word. On the system of Indian kinships, too, Mr. Powell has a good deal to tell us, and there are facts related in his book which confirm to a certain extent the views of Mr. Dorman, showing a curious relation between some of the most peculiar of African superstitions and those which are at any rate at the present day current among the remains of a race that seems to have little or no possible connexion with any of the native tribes of that distant continent.

Ploughed Under (3) is another work dealing with the aboriginal American; the story, in the form of fiction, not of any one Indian chief, but of the fate of the surviving Indian tribes during the last fifty years. What that fate has been we have seen in other works, some of them very recent, that it has been our duty to notice; and the task is so painful, and its effect upon English feeling towards the executioners of the unhappy victims of American aggression so unpleasant, that we do not care to enter again upon such a topic. Enough to say that *Ploughed Under* tells a true story, and certainly does not exaggerate it. It would be impossible to exaggerate the story of the white man's treachery, cruelty, lawless, merciless savagery towards the so-called savages of the United States, because if the simple truth is told, it is impossible, or almost impossible, to obtain credence for it. That such cowardly atrocities, such deliberate breaches of faith, such outrages on humanity, should have been perpetrated by our own near

(2) *Introduction to the Study of Indian Languages; with Words, Phrases, and Sentences to be collected.* By J. W. Powell. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) *Ploughed Under: the Story of an Indian Chief, told by Himself.* With an Introduction, by Iushta Theamba (Bright Eyes). New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(1) *The Origin of Primitive Superstitions, and their Development into the Mythology and the Doctrine of Spiritual Agency among the North American Indians.* By R. M. Dorman. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1881.

kindred and sanctioned by a Government which claims to stand in the first rank among the civilized Powers of the world, seems utterly incredible. We feel like Campbell's cherubs, that "we have got among a pack of fiends and not of mortals." From the first landing of the Pilgrim Fathers to the present hour the story is one continuous record of wanton ferocity and unprovoked aggression, of broken treaties, of persevering, consistent, utterly merciless persecution.

The Financial Report of the Secretary of the Treasury for the year 1880 (4) contains many interesting and important facts, but few so generally interesting to English readers as to find a fitting place in purely literary notices. Perhaps that part of the Report which will most attract the notice of the English public is that which deals with the attempt to coin a fixed quantity of silver dollars under a recent Act of Congress. One half of these, it seems, remain permanently in the Treasury; what are forced into circulation speedily return in exchange for paper which can be exchanged for gold. And this for the simple reason that Congress has ordered the silver dollar to be coined on an assumption notoriously false. Its weight and fineness are fixed on the assumption that sixteen ounces of silver are worth an ounce of standard gold, whereas the real equation is 1 to 17½. So long, therefore, as convertible paper can be obtained at the rate of 16 for 1 and exchanged for gold worth 17½, the silver coin inevitably returns to the Treasury. Should this exchangeableness be done away, the only result, as the Secretary points out, would be the demonetization of gold, since no one would pay 17½ dollars in gold where the value of sixteen gold dollars in silver would be a legal quitance of his debt.

Mr. Bascom's treatise on the *Science of Mind* (5) is as drily and tediously technical as other metaphysical works to those who consider metaphysics as in the main a science of merely verbal distinction, and where it deals with apparent realities, dealing with facts of consciousness respecting which every second man's consciousness contradicts his neighbour's. For those who believe in metaphysics as a real science it will probably have the attraction of comparative, if not actual, novelty; some, at least, of the author's views being apparently in closer accord with those of a former generation than with the stricter and more materialistic doctrines at present chiefly in vogue.

The Student's Dream (6) is a declamation or rhapsody—we can give it no more complimentary name—upon one or two of the knottiest problems of the border-ground between metaphysics and theology. It can hardly enlighten anybody, and we can hardly understand with what purpose it has been written and published. It is neither prose nor poetry; neither practical philosophy nor palpable and intelligible caricature.

Miss Mary D. Brine publishes her poems (7) in a volume so elaborately printed and got up that it requires a pasteboard box to keep it in condition. It would be a very suitable ornament to the toilet table of a lady of literary tastes, especially if she did not run any risk of soiling the ample margins, or wasting time and attention that might be more appropriately given to her own hair and colour, by any needless study of the text. Apparently the author has justly estimated the value of the latter, and has determined to give her readers something for their money. This may seem severe. The reader who opens the book at a venture will not read a dozen lines aloud without being fully satisfied that we are not only just, but merciful. The name of E. Foxton is unknown to us, though a claim to the authorship of three previous works is attached to it. It may be that of a lady or a gentleman, a leisurely littérateur, or one whose verses are the amusement of a busy life. At any rate, *The Chapel* (8) was worth writing, and is worth reading by those who have plenty of time and not very much to do with it. The verse is fair, the thought is generally grave and good; neither is striking or memorable.

Perhaps Mr. Murrey's collection of valuable cooking receipts (9) is at least as valuable as any other of the volumes on our present list; but, like some of the rest, it is hardly literature. The author's experience may serve as a voucher for the correctness of his recommendations, and the probability that they will please those to whose taste the cookery of American hotels and restaurants is suited. We must beg our readers not to interpret the latter phrase as if we had spoken of the like institutions in this country. There are tastes, and tastes entitled to some degree of respect, to which the cookery of the higher class of hotels—at least in the Northern States—seems worthy of more attention, and somewhat greater leisure, than is commonly bestowed upon its results.

The *North American Review* contains a vindication of the Mormons by one of themselves, which is, as such, worth reading.

(4) *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances for the Year 1880*. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(5) *The Science of Mind*. By John Bascom, Author of "Philosophy of English Literature," &c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

(6) *The Student's Dream*. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. 1881.

(7) *Madge, the Violet Girl; and other Poems*. By Mary D. Brine. New York: G. W. Harlan. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(8) *The Chapel; and other Poems*. By E. Foxton, Author of "Herman," &c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

(9) *Valuable Cooking Receipts*. By Thomas J. Murrey, late Caterer of Astor House and Rosemore Hotel of New York, &c. New York: G. W. Harlan. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

The Latter Day Saints, it would seem, have not much to urge in vindication of their institutions; but are prepared to dispute, and not without a show of plausibility, many of the most generally accepted items of the historical and practical charges brought against them, and generally received as unanswerable, if not silently admitted. The current number of *St. Nicholas* will be as acceptable to children as usual, and we need hardly say more in its favour.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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IRELAND AND CONSERVATIVE CRITICISM.

THE very serious and alarming intelligence which has been received from Ireland during the last few days may be said to have, in a certain degree, thrown the Land Bill itself into the background. Thanks chiefly to the action of the less well-counselled of the Roman Catholic clergy, the famous measurable distance seems at last to be over-stepped. Reticent as Mr. CHILDERS has been about the events at New Pallas, the main facts seem not to be doubtful, and a renewed expedition of all arms is announced against the "Castle." In Clara a regular fight has occurred, in which the police were fired on from houses as they advanced up the street. The agents of the Property Defence Association, in the discharge, not only of a business perfectly legal, but of one which will continue to be perfectly legal even when the Land Bill has become law, have had to be protected by something like a battalion of infantry, and to be harboured and supplied with the necessities of life at the barracks. Finally, a natural, but most dangerous, spirit of resentment is said to be growing up among the troops, who are tired of being stoned and mobbed and bludgeoned with iron bars while they are not permitted to retaliate. In short, the result of the mismanagement of the Government is rapidly becoming intolerable, and they might themselves be relieved if they were brought out of their difficulty by an open revolt. They have coaxed and irritated, negotiated and fought, suppressed and encouraged by turns, until the whole business has got out of their control, even if they wished to control it, and the necessary whiff of grape shot when at last they make up their minds to it will in consequence have to be rather a blast than a whiff. One thing would of itself convict the Government of the worst mismanagement. It is notorious that the Irish Roman Catholic clergy were long reluctant to throw in their lot with the movement; it is equally notorious that a large section of them have now done so. This can only be due to the effect produced by Ministerial vacillation, and by the hopes which that vacillation has excited.

Meanwhile the Land Bill itself has been making a languid progress quite in keeping with a measure in which, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has said very pithily, not ten men on either side of the House believe. The amendments are in process of consolidation, and two or three divisions have been taken heavily in favour of the Government. It is, however, noteworthy that in almost every case the question mooted will turn up again at a later stage, and that the defence which Mr. GLADSTONE has made against the attack has been much more undecided and much less uncompromising than the tone of his observations some weeks ago. He has receded in his own peculiar fashion from the doctrine he recently seemed to advance that the whole surplus value derived from competition belongs to the tenant. This was in his reply to Sir R. CROSS. The night before, in replying to Mr. BRAND, he had made an admission which in the mouth of a politician less given to the use of the *distinguo* would have been of the greatest importance. "Decidedly," he said, "if the landlord had bought the tenant-right he ought to have it." Now most lawyers notoriously hold that, in future, if the landlord buys the tenant-right he is not to have it; while hardly any one denies that the Bill as it stands would put certain land-

lords, be they many or few, in the same position at the present time. A new clause is, however, promised, which is in some undefined but certainly partial way to deal with this question. Movements of this kind may or may not indicate a genuine disposition to compromise. The obstinate refusal to define tenant-right is still maintained, and the House is thus in a manner asked to award it does not know what to it does not know whom. But it is very noteworthy that the PRIME MINISTER's own supporters are telling him that English Liberals are getting tired of the Land Bill, that the BRADLAUGH incident has weakened the allegiance of not a few of them, and that "an appeal to the country might be of very doubtful expediency." Nor are the most numerous or the most important amendments on the paper by any means the work of the Conservative party. A measure which is in this predicament, which is weakly defended, about which no one is enthusiastic, depends entirely for its chances of success on the mere brute fidelity of a party majority. It is well known how such fidelity, when it is not supported by conviction from within or pressure from without, is wont to be shaken by repeated divisions in Committee.

When matters are in such a condition the attitude of the Opposition becomes a matter of special interest, and during the past week both Opposition leaders have expounded that attitude. Lord SALISBURY's speech at Willis's Rooms must have undeceived those who either from want of understanding or haste had affected to see evidence of rashness and an intention to provoke a dangerous quarrel in an earlier utterance of his. The most jealous critic of the House of Lords would have found it difficult to find fault with Lord SALISBURY's expressions on this occasion. Only those who, with a confusion of ideas which may or may not be honest, mix up their desire to get the Land Bill through with their desire to stir up enmity against the Upper Chamber, can deny that criticism and, if it thinks fit, alteration, of such a measure as the Land Bill are not merely the right, but the duty, of the Upper House. The distinction, too, which Lord SALISBURY drew between the confirmatory and the confiscatory portions of the Bill must be evidently legitimate to all who do not take Mr. GLADSTONE's utterances as a final explanation of everything. But perhaps the most important part of the speech was that in which the speaker adroitly intimated that the importance of the Land Bill was, after all, capable of exaggeration. There are persons, no doubt, who have kept their heads in this matter. But, as it has been the habit of the extreme partisans of the Government to argue an immediate return of SATURN's reign (except in the matter of political economy) in Ireland as a consequence of the Bill, so some extreme opponents of the Government have spoken as if the measure would at once hand over the soil of Ireland to the tenants. Probably the greatest danger of it is that it will do neither of these things. It will put money in the purse of the present tenants; it will take that money out of the purse of the present landlords. But it will do and can do nothing to allay the causes of Irish distress, though it may do something to aggravate them. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in his Manchester speech took up this latter contention, and may be said indeed to have established it. The analogy of the feverish or dropsical patient which he used is of course sufficiently hackneyed, but it is for once absolutely in place. But neither Lord SALISBURY nor Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE advocated a direct resistance to the Bill, for the very

reasons which have again and again been pointed out. Thanks to the Government, something must be done to Ireland, and the Opposition are not in a position to dictate what the something shall be. They can only try to minimize the harm and increase the good of the Bill as much as they can. They are not responsible for the disease, and they have not been called in as physicians by the patient. Yet, at the same time, it would be absurd to overlook the fact that a comparatively slight development of the present state of things in Ireland might alter the situation in a very remarkable way. The scattered sparks of civil dissension may break out at almost any moment into a widespread conflagration. With that conflagration there would be two ways of dealing. One of them may be called the Transvaal method—that of yielding to force and calling the concession magnanimity. The Land Bill might be altered in Archbishop CROKE's sense, arrears of rent might be wiped off with a stroke and so forth, while the present system of half- or rather quarter-hearted coercion was continued. It is doubtful, however, whether it is yet safe to try this so near home. The foreign example has not been relished even by Liberals; and the discontent which, we are told, Liberals feel at the state of Ireland will hardly be cured by such a method. The other plan—the adoption of vigorous, sudden, and concerted action for re-establishing in Ireland the obedience due to the law; the suspension of all concessions until the re-establishment is effected—would set the Radicals in open revolt, and could, indeed, hardly be carried out by the present Government under any circumstances. These contingencies are, indeed, contingencies only, but they have to be taken into consideration, and that consideration no doubt accounts for the attitude of hostile, but not uncompromising, criticism which the two leaders of the Opposition have adopted and supported by arguments different indeed, but mutually complementary.

THE TRANSVAAL.

EITHER the Government knows little of the progress of negotiations in the Transvaal, or it has nothing satisfactory to communicate. The task imposed on the English Commissioners is more difficult and complicated than any ordinary diplomatic transaction. It is uncertain whether the representatives of the Boers, even if their good faith may be trusted, have sufficient authority to bind their supposed constituents. From the nature of the case they could not have been regularly elected, and, according to prevalent rumours, their more turbulent countrymen are prepared to repudiate any unpalatable settlement. The leaders have hitherto been either unwilling or unable to keep their own distinct promises. The murderers of Captain ELLIOT, though they are well known, have not been brought to justice, but the guns which were treacherously captured at Potchefstroom have at last been restored. The place itself is about to be re-occupied, though it seems strange that Sir EVELYN WOOD should venture to expose a new garrison to the risk of such misadventures as those which befel their predecessors. As long as the negotiations continue it must be assumed that a definite and intelligible solution is still possible. Sir HERCULES ROBINSON and Sir EVELYN WOOD, though they are probably controlled by stringent orders from home, would scarcely condescend to prolong a fictitious discussion if they had ascertained that the leaders of the Boers were determined to make no reasonable concession; yet there is little hope of providing either security or compensation for the loyal inhabitants of the Transvaal, and the Boers will be reluctant to surrender the parts of their nominal territory which are principally occupied by native tribes.

The claim of the English and Dutch settlers who recognized the annexation is stronger than that of the natives. The formal declarations of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, which were afterwards ratified and renewed by the Home Government, justified the confidence of those who invested their capital and employed their industry in reliance on the maintenance of English sovereignty. Liberal eulogists of the policy of the present Government assert that the English inhabitants of the Transvaal are selfish adventurers, not always of unblemished character, who have migrated into the province for the purpose of making or improving their fortunes. It is highly probable that they may

not all be models of disinterested virtue, for persons of regular habits are not prone to doubtful and hazardous enterprises. The settlers in the remote Western States of America, the Frenchmen who seek their fortunes in the Algerian interior, might perhaps be equally unable to bear a strict investigation into their characters; but, if external danger threatened, the American or the French Government would not have to inquire whether their citizens had a personal claim to protection. The English population of the Transvaal probably resembles that which has spread the language of its country over a large part of the globe. The Home Government has often attempted to escape the obligation of following with protection and control the first founders of colonies which have afterwards expanded into great and flourishing communities. Forty years ago, the first settlers in New Zealand were often reproached with the unauthorized enterprise which had imposed fresh burdens on the mother-country. The English inhabitants of the Transvaal must be defended against injustice, first because they are Englishmen, and also on the ground that they had a right to rely on official assurances. Some of them have already thought it prudent to abandon their new homes. Others may, perhaps, if they are exposed to persecution, prove troublesome neighbours to their oppressors; but the Government is right in offering no encouragement to Englishmen who may be inclined to excite the warlike passions of the natives. The COLONIAL SECRETARY has ordered the dismissal of an officer who expressed in a report to his superiors his wish to join the Swazis in a possible war with the Boers.

The native tribes, though they are believed to be unanimous in their preference of English allegiance, have probably been only in a few cases directly affected by the establishment or withdrawal of Imperial rule. During the interval between the annexation and the successful rebellion by which it was terminated, the colonial authorities were too fully occupied to meddle with the questionable relations between the Boers and the natives. A partisan of the Boers not long since triumphantly challenged the English administrators to prove that they had liberated a single slave, or that they had checked the practice of kidnapping native children. The natives were nevertheless well convinced that the maintenance of English sovereignty would involve both the suppression of slavery and the general discouragement of aggression on the part of the Boers. They must now reconcile themselves as they may to the disappointment of well-founded hopes; but there is no reason to believe that they have incurred any positive loss. Their hostility to their habitual enemies seems to be unabated. Some of the chiefs are said to have armed in support of the Government during the brief war; and it is said that the Boers have lately organized an expedition for the punishment of a large tribe. It is not a little remarkable that the heavy blow which has been inflicted on the military reputation of England seems not to have produced any disposition to revolt against Imperial supremacy. The enemies whom the native chiefs principally dread are also the enemies of England. When the negotiations are concluded, and when the army now quartered in Natal is dispersed, it is not improbable that there may be native risings in the Transvaal, and it is also possible that the insurgents may find allies or leaders among the English sufferers from the restoration of the Republic. The agitation which has been caused by the English reverses has extended to Zululand. The well-known adventurer JOHN DUNN, now one of the chiefs among whom the country was divided by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, expresses a fear, which is probably shared by his neighbours and colleagues, that the English protectorate may be withdrawn, with the inevitable result of destroying the actual settlement. Perseverance for a fortnight or three weeks in the Ministerial policy of bloodguiltiness might perhaps have prevented the commencement of an era of anarchy and war.

No recent information has been received as to the political condition of the Cape. The new Ministry which represents the preponderance of Dutch influence will probably be supported by the constituencies; and it will be anxious to conclude peace with the Basutos. For the present the war is suspended, though it is not formally terminated. Lord KIMBERLEY declines to express any opinion on the plans of settlement; and Sir HERCULES ROBINSON is for the time unavoidably detained in Natal. It is not likely that active hostilities will be renewed. Both

parties have found that the war was burdensome and unprofitable; but, on the whole, the Basutos are so far the winners that they have averted the disarmament which they originally resisted. Mr. SPRICE might perhaps have retained power for some time longer if he had not committed himself to the mistaken policy of the Basuto war. It might have been politic to deprive the natives of arms if he had been secure against resistance; but it was an error to incur the burden of war merely for the purpose of rendering insurrection difficult. The only advantage which has accrued to the colony has been the satisfaction of asserting its practical independence. The contest has been conducted wholly by means of colonial resources; and every occasion has been taken to warn the Home Government that it would not be allowed to interfere with the result. The rejection of Imperial control by the colonies which have obtained the privilege of responsible government is so far expedient that it is unavoidable. It was indeed doubtful whether the Cape, with its rival white races, with its native population, and its vicinity to independent tribes, ought not to have been administered for some time longer as a Crown colony; but the concession of administrative independence, rightly or wrongly made, is, in its nature, irrevocable; and up to the present time it has not produced in the Cape Colony any disastrous consequences. The English and Dutch sections have succeeded to power alternately; and the policy practised to natives within the limits of the colony has, except in the case of the Basutos, been moderate and successful. It is asserted that the Dutch population of the Cape would have displayed active disaffection if the Transvaal war had continued; but up to the present time there has been no disturbance. As the project of federation is indefinitely suspended, there seems to be no pretext on which dissensions between the Government of the Cape and the Colonial Office are likely to arise.

M. GAMBETTA AT CAHORS.

A VISIT like that which M. GAMBETTA has been paying to Cahors is necessarily open to some ridicule. To modern eyes all civil pageants look a little silly, and M. GAMBETTA's progress had to be very civil indeed. It was impossible for him to give it a military air without running the double risk of exciting German suspicion and alarming the French peasantry. It is true he uncovered a monument to the soldiers of 1870, but he did it with a speech which might have been made at an English Volunteer dinner, and have introduced the toast of "Defence, not "Defiance." When a king goes about among his subjects there is nothing unnatural in his being surrounded by as many soldiers as can be got together. They are specially his soldiers, and they are enlisted to make a show in time of peace almost as much as to fight in time of war. But when the President of one of the Chambers employs himself in the same way there is no obvious reason why guards should be turned out and troops be presenting arms at every step he takes. If the Republic were on better terms with the Church, the clergy would gladly have filled up the gap. Beneath the cathedral vault, and amidst the gleam of tapers and the smoke of incense, ecclesiastical splendours seem quite in keeping. They are traditional; they date from a time when men had a natural eye for effect and grouping; and continuous custom has prevented the elaborate ceremonial from seeming foolish to those engaged in it. It is true that M. GAMBETTA, even if he had been the best of Catholics, would have had to content himself with his black coat. The long list of ecclesiastical vestments contains none that are specially set apart for distinguished politicians. But even the black coat, though it does not look imposing in a procession, takes a borrowed honour from the fact that all this display is got together to do honour to its wearer. As it is, we read the accounts of M. GAMBETTA's journey without being reminded of anything more imposing than a rich dowager travelling homewards with her valet, her doctor, and her poodle, and, perhaps, receiving an address of welcome from the corporation of the town in which, as Mr. DOD would put it, she "has influence."

M. GAMBETTA found himself at another disadvantage as compared with kings and emperors. Either there are no stories in circulation about their early lives, or those who knew such stories think it more prudent not to tell them. M. GAMBETTA could not hope for exemption on

either of these grounds. He is too famous not to have already become a legendary hero in his birthplace; and though he is figuratively the master of many legions, they do not inspire such instant terror as the real legions which surround a real monarch. Consequently, the newspapers gave themselves up for days before the visit was paid to wonderful anecdotes of M. GAMBETTA's precocity, and of the marks of future greatness which were visible in him from the very beginning. He had read history as a boy, and forthwith the study became invested in the eyes of many adult Frenchmen with an interest it had never possessed before. An essay of his had been honoured by a *proxima accessit*, and, under the kindly influences of subsequent greatness, that *proxima accessit* has become the most magnificent of prizes. We tremble for the future of the professor who betrayed by his too conscious demeanour his recollection of having occasionally punished M. GAMBETTA for breaches of discipline. How will he ever venture to inflict a penalty again when the effect will be to place the offender, at least in his own estimation, on a level with the President of the CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES? It is true he will be able to quote M. GAMBETTA's exhortation to the students not to be idle or undisciplined, as he was. But in this case, if ever, example may be expected to be more powerful than precept. The boys of Cahors will be more inclined to emulate M. GAMBETTA's glorious disobedience than to follow his decorous counsels. It might not have been unpleasant to M. GAMBETTA to revisit the scenes of his childhood in this heroic and imposing fashion if there had been no Paris criticism in the background. But the certainty that out of every one of the interesting incidents thus recovered from the past some material for satire would be distilled must have been a woful drawback to M. GAMBETTA's enjoyment. Behind the admiring crowd he must constantly have seen the spectral staff of the *Figaro*, and heard the malicious laugh of its readers through the choirs of the most applauding crowd.

Yet, when all allowance has been made for the touch of absurdity which is inseparable from occasions of this kind, it is indisputable that M. GAMBETTA's journey has been a very great success. It marks more completely than anything that has yet taken place, his severance from the *Extremes* Left. For a long time past there has been in all his speeches an obvious endeavour not entirely to break with them. This is probably the explanation of that whole series of inflammatory utterances which began with "*Le cléricisme c'est l'ennemi*." Here was the one chance of finding a common ground on which M. GAMBETTA and those who had once believed in him could agree to act. There is not a trace of this feeling in the speech which M. GAMBETTA made at Cahors on Saturday. All the disturbing ideas with which his name has been from time to time associated have disappeared. All thought of rivalry with M. GRÉVY has been put aside. M. GRÉVY's past is "the pledge of his present, and constitutes the security of the future." The peasant is set up as the ideal of French greatness. It is his robust common-sense that has established the Republic, and it is his interests that the Republic—so long, at least, as it is animated by M. GAMBETTA's spirit—must have nearest its heart. The Constitution may be imperfect, but it must not be improved too hastily. We seem almost to hear M. GAMBETTA giving utterance to the sentiment which once shocked Mr. ARNOLD, that an institution is not the worse for being an anomaly. The precedent for France to follow is that set by the United States, where the Constitution is regarded almost as sacred, and is not subjected even to the slightest amendment except under the pressure of an irresistible popular concourse. More wonderful still, M. GAMBETTA very nearly went the length of exclaiming "Thank God, we have a House of Lords!" The Senate has not yet accomplished its revolution; but, when it has been completely renewed, the country will be astonished to find how great a blessing it has been undervaluing. "Who knows," M. GAMBETTA asked, "whether it may not become at a certain moment our supreme resource?" What the President of the CHAMBER meant by this, or whether he meant anything, must remain for ever uncertain, for no authentic record remains of it. The words were suppressed in the report forwarded to the Paris papers, and M. GAMBETTA asked the local journalists to do him the same service. It is clear, however, that a man who, even in the moment of his greatest excitement, is not betrayed into anything more revolutionary than im-

prudent praise of a Second Chamber has sown his political wild oats. M. GAMBETTA's enemies say of him that he has turned forty, and has grown rich and fat. But this is only an uncivil way of putting the very important fact—the most important of all facts perhaps for France at this moment—that years and prosperity have left their mark on him, and that he feels stealing over his soul the soothing influences of that practical Conservatism which has its root in contentment with things as they are.

The one thing that comes out most clearly, both from this speech and from the opposition offered by the Cabinet to M. BARODET's proposal to revise the Constitution, is that M. GAMBETTA has elected to be Prime Minister rather than President of the Republic. If M. GAMBETTA had come to the opposite conclusion, he would naturally have desired to see the President elected directly by the people. Wherever he is so, he necessarily becomes the representative of the nation in a greater and more conspicuous sense than any in which the Chamber of Deputies can be called its representative. He is the offspring of an immediate and simultaneous vote. He and his policy are submitted to the national judgment, and if they are accepted they necessarily take precedence in the minds of the electors of the crowd of deputies who have been returned on all manner of cross issues. Perhaps if the President had been elected by the people M. GAMBETTA would not have cared to abolish the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. The more obscure and impracticable the Chamber became the more striking the figure of the President would have looked by its side. The praise of M. GRÉVY in the speech at Cahors on Saturday and the determination of the Cabinet to oppose any modification of the Constitution are unmistakable indications that M. GAMBETTA has made up his mind to rule through M. GRÉVY and not instead of him. In this way he will at least reap the advantage of having a second string to his bow. After being Prime Minister under one Constitution he may be President of the Republic under another.

MR. BLENNERHASSETT ON MINORITIES.

MR. BLENNERHASSETT, who has often shown a desire, not universal among Irish members, to contribute to useful legislation, lately raised a short discussion on Mr. HARE's scheme, and on other more or less ingenious contrivances for securing representation to minorities. On former occasions more zealous supporters of the democratic cause have expressed similar opinions. Mr. MILL, with laudable candour and with characteristic want of practical insight, was an earnest advocate of Mr. HARE's puzzle. Mr. FAWCETT and Sir CHARLES DILKE have maintained the claim of minorities to power proportionate to their numbers, though political issues must generally be determined in one of two incompatible forms. There is no reason why a majority, however small, should in ordinary cases submit to a compromise; but it is undoubtedly desirable that there should be an Opposition strong enough in numbers to command attention to its remonstrances and warnings. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN understand better than their more tolerant allies the principle and spirit of government by numbers. If the multitude is fit to exercise supreme and irresponsible power there is no reason for hampering or limiting its authority. Mr. BRIGHT has since the question was first raised denounced with consistent vehemence every project for the protection of minorities. Having been all his life on the side of the majority, he sees no reason for throwing away the advantages of his position. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been the principal author of an organization which is well adapted to its purpose of excluding the upper and middle classes, with the exception of a few popular leaders or demagogues, from even the smallest share of political, municipal, or parochial representation. In his model town of Birmingham those inhabitants who refuse to swallow the Liberal test are subject to an excommunication more complete than that from which Roman Catholics were relieved fifty years ago. No despotism is so pitiless as that of demagogues administering power vested in the populace.

Mr. BLENNERHASSETT will vote, when the opportunity occurs, for the extension of the suffrage to householders in counties; but he probably regards the approaching change with little enthusiasm, as he proposes partially to counteract its natural results. The claims of flesh and

blood, on the man on the other side of the hedge, though they may seem irresistible to an admirer of theoretical uniformity, suggest to timid politicians the probability of oppression and spoliation; but it seems absurd to admit a mass of doubtful or dangerous voters, and then to take elaborate precautions against the result. Even if the sovereign populace could be cajoled into a prudent surrender of its supremacy, artificially protected minorities would hold their privileges at the mercy of their condescending benefactors. The greatest advantage of the historical Constitution which is now gradually disappearing was that it casually provided unequal and dissimilar constituencies which produced a variety of representation. That Mr. MACAULAY or Mr. LOWE, sitting for the little borough of Calne, should outweigh a score of members returned for large manufacturing towns seemed not to be an anomaly when it was made possible by ancient and unquestioned arrangements. The deliberate division of the representation of Manchester between the majority and the minority shocks the intelligence of many politicians who are less violent partisans than Mr. BRIGHT. If, after the next degradation of the franchise, a machinery devised for the protection of minorities should be found temporarily effective, it would be easily and certainly destroyed by the acknowledged rulers of the country. Popular orators would contend with irresistible force that when the supreme right of the working classes was once recognized, it would be inconsistent with sound doctrine and with practical convenience to fritter their sovereignty away. The recent precedent furnished by the French Chamber is almost conclusive. The election of single deputies by *arrondissements* made openings for personal influence, for local peculiarities, and generally for the representation of minorities. The *Scrutin de liste* will, in the language of its advocates, exclude provincial favouritism, and compel or enable an entire department to return a batch of members chosen only for their political opinions, and probably representing in almost every instance the dominant party. M. GAMBETTA has accomplished at a stroke the feat to which on a smaller scale Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has long devoted his energies. The next French Chamber will not be so completely purged as the Birmingham Corporation; but it will contain an overwhelming number of advanced Republicans. It is doubtful whether the House of Commons a dozen years hence may not hold still more extreme opinions.

A provision of bladders or air-belts on the eve of immersion in deep water may to Mr. BLENNERHASSETT and other respectable politicians seem a judicious precaution; yet the safer plan would be to remain on dry land instead of making a gratuitous plunge. Lord DERBY's avowal that he was taking a leap in the dark was thought to be more cynical than statesmanlike. Since his time sufficient light has been admitted to show the depth of the abyss. The extinction of the suffrage may perhaps not be immediately followed by the adoption of the *Scrutin de liste*, for it may be expected that for the present constituencies will only return two or three members apiece; but in every electoral division the majority will consist of recipients of weekly wages, who will be urged by managers of the Birmingham type to vote exclusively for candidates of extreme opinions. It will perhaps be desirable that professional manipulators of elections should, as in the United States, hereafter supersede fanatical demagogues. A Republican or Democratic politician neither entertains strong prejudices nor appeals for the most part to the passions of voters. The machinery of American representation is too regular in its operation to allow the intervention of disturbing forces. It has also been often shown that the institutions of the United States include many checks and balances which are unknown in England. The retention by the several States of most of the functions of government greatly reduces the sphere of the political activity of the President and of the Congress. Again, the Senate which is not chosen by popular election is more powerful than the House of Representatives, and the President is for many purposes independent of both. The sovereignty of Parliament once administered by the democracy will be irresistible.

Proposals for the protection of minorities are only interesting as admissions of the danger which is about to be deliberately incurred. The special objections which are urged to various schemes for rendering popular legislation comparatively innocuous would be deserving of attention if it were probable that democracy would abdicate on

the morrow of its accession. English Radicals are as intolerant as French Republicans, who threaten the Senate with extinction if it presumes to oppose the will of the Chamber. The House of Lords, which still possesses a certain independence, uses its remaining power to obtain a hearing for minorities. Modern institutions devised for a similar purpose would be far more easily swept away. There can be little doubt that Mr. HARE's complicated arrangements would facilitate the election of a certain number of members interested in petty crotchets and representing zealous factions. Whether any serious disadvantage would result from the presence in the House of a few enthusiasts for the diffusion of small-pox or other diseases is perhaps doubtful. It is a more certain, though perhaps not a graver, inconvenience that in the familiar case of three-cornered constituencies the death or resignation of the members of the minority makes room for one of the opposite party. It is perhaps useless to deprecate changes which appear to be inevitable. The combination of physical force with political sovereignty is dangerous to freedom and to property; but the same reasons which show that the supremacy of the multitude is objectionable also prove that, under certain conditions, it is irresistible. Those who have precipitated the transformation of the old Parliamentary system have done but questionable service to the country. Mr. GLADSTONE many years ago expressed a theoretical approval of universal suffrage; but it was in his absence that Lord HARTINGTON unnecessarily pledged the Liberal party to the establishment of a uniform franchise. Mr. BLENNERHASSETT wastes his energies in dealing with the fringes of democracy.

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE EAST.

THE West has for years been occupying itself with the civilization of the East; and, as all Mahomedan countries are alike, we may include in the East those territories on the northern shore of Africa which are Eastern in everything except geography. Sometimes the process goes on slowly, as in Egypt; or falls for a time into abeyance, as formerly in Turkey; at other times it goes on by leaps and bounds, as in Tunis. But, wherever it works, it always works by the same methods. There are three great instruments of civilization—arms, law, and money; and civilization, if it does anything, is always using one or more of these instruments. Usually money is the instrument first used. We traded with India before we conquered it. France lent Tunis a little money before she invented the Kroumirs and encircled the palace of the BEY with her troops. The last Khedive got seventy millions sterling out of the West before he was deposed in the interests of civilization. After some money has been laid out to prepare the way for arms, or for that display of irresistible force which makes the actual use of arms unnecessary, more money is poured in to help and establish civilization. There is no end to the beautiful things which French money is going to do in Tunis now that the BEY has been brought to his senses; and since the Joint-Protectorate has been put into a regular and permanent form in Egypt, Western money has been flowing into the Valley of the Nile to an almost embarrassing amount. The Egyptian banks complain that they can hardly do business in any satisfactory way, as so keen is the competition to lend that the difficulty in Egypt is now not to find lenders, but borrowers. Money is even forced on the Egyptians which the Egyptians do not wish to take. The indefatigable, the universal M. DE LESSEPS insists on making a fresh-water canal to Port Said which the Egyptian Government considers to be unnecessary. This is to M. DE LESSEPS the most foolish of objections. Is a man who is piercing the Isthmus of Panama, and is just going to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth, to be stopped from making a paltry little fresh-water canal in a country which he considers almost his own? Port Said, a place which he no doubt created, gets its water by the simple agency of a pump and some pipes. This is altogether out of character for a town created by M. DE LESSEPS. A fresh-water canal, all to itself, is the least such a town ought to have, and M. DE LESSEPS is determined that it shall have it. The Egyptian Government refuses its consent, but M. DE LESSEPS knows how to make a proper reply to a Mahomedan Government almost as well as M. ST.-HILAIRE himself. The Egyptian Government says there shall not be a fresh-

water canal to Port Said, and on this M. DE LESSEPS immediately forms a Company to make one. He, metaphorically speaking, first surrounds his Kroumirs, and then he will go to the Palace at Cairo, and give the KHEDIVA two hours to sign a concession. Civilization will make a new little jump forward, and the ridiculous pump and pipes of Port Said will be things of the past. Much the same thing is taking place at Constantinople. A period of pressure, which has just stopped short of being an armed pressure, has come to a temporary end; the SULTAN breathes for the moment freely, but he knows that if he can escape the arms of the West, he cannot escape its money. Civilization is always at his door in one shape or another. For months, or rather for years, he has been plagued by monied Christians, who have been competing for concessions. A deaf ear was turned to all applicants while the struggle to avert forcible pressure was going on. But now civilization comes in another shape, and will have its way. The SULTAN has ordered his Ministers to report on all applications for concessions within the short delay of a fortnight. The order is on the face of it absurd. It is not meant to be carried out, and it could not be carried out. But it has a value and a meaning when it is taken as a sign that the money of the West must flow in to the East, when the time for the operation of this instrument of civilization has come at last.

Besides money and arms, there is law as an instrument of civilization, and perhaps it may be said that, much as the East dreads the money and hates the arms of the West, it dreads and hates its law more. But the West cannot take its arms and its money when it sets out civilizing without taking its law too. We are continually pouring our law as well as our money into conquered India. At first, like M. DE LESSEPS at Port Said, we were content with a pump and some pipes. But long ago we grew more ambitious, and a whole fresh-water canal of English law is continually pouring itself into India. Some persons who know India well think we have been too liberal with our volume of Western jurisprudence, and that, to use the language of M. DE LESSEPS, we have been "irrigating the deserts" of the Indian legal mind too copiously. But some amount of Western law must go in attendance on Western arms and Western money. Centuries ago Turkey was obliged to secure, by the capitulations, the distribution of a special justice to Europeans, and at this moment the civilization of Egypt is even more the civilization of Western law than that of Western arms or money. France and England supply the force which is too irresistible to be used, and the money which the Egyptians have to take whether they want it or not. But all Europe supplies the law, and even the remote United States have a finger in the curious pie of Egyptian jurisprudence. There are many strange things in Egypt. There is the celebrated wooden man, there are the Pyramids, there are the persons who lie down to be ridden over by a saint. But the strangest of all things in Egypt is the presence of a Russian and an American as judges of the Court of Appeal. They are like flies in amber—pretty, no doubt, as specimens, but the mystery is how they ever got there. Russia and America have nothing whatever to do with Egypt. They are not civilizing the land of the PHARAONS by arms or money. But their judges come to Egypt as naturally as if they were attending a Social Science meeting at Birmingham. How it happens that they should be there is a matter of history into which it would be tedious to enter. But that the whole civilized world, including even Spain and Portugal, should unite in importing law into Egypt, is in every way a remarkable and significant thing. It profoundly colours the civilization which England and France impose on Egypt. It gives Germany a standing ground for interference, of which Prince BISMARCK is quite ready to take advantage when he sees fit. It works adversely to the influence of England; for the little nations, instigated, perhaps, by some of the bigger ones, are delighted to use their power of checking the intrusion of English law and limiting the authority of English judges. And it points in no uncertain manner to what must some day happen in Turkey. The West will never cease employing either arms or money to civilize the Turks. Law must some day follow; but all Europe will be interested in having a share in the introduction of law, and, so great will be the conflict of interests, that in all probability those who claim to take their share in working this instrument

of civilisation will have to be pacified by the recognition of their claim.

How Western law comes by a sort of fatality in attendance on Western arms and money is well illustrated by the history of the *Enfida* case, which not long ago occupied so much of the attention of the English and French Governments. It may be recollected that *KHEREDINE BAY* sold a landed estate in Tunis to a French Company; that Mr. LEVY, an English subject, claimed to be allowed to substitute himself as the purchaser in virtue of a right of pre-emption given by the Mahommedan law to an adjoining owner; that *KHEREDINE* tried to elude the claim by reserving a strip of land so that the right of pre-emption should not accrue; and that, while the French Company got possession of the only house on the estate, Mr. LEVY got possession of the land. Mr. LEVY wanted the question to be decided by the local Courts; but the French Government, who took up the case of the purchasing Company, said that the local Courts were not to be trusted, and that such advantages as Mr. LEVY had gained were given him corruptly by powerful Tunisians, who set the natives on the estate against his French rivals, and who had a complete command of the Courts. The English Government did not care to contest this point. They could not bring themselves to say, after all that has taken place in Egypt and Turkey, that Mahommedan Courts can be trusted to do justice. But Lord GRANVILLE fortunately discovered that, under the provisions of a particular treaty, the Consular Courts of France and England in Tunis were competent to decide a question as to land in Tunis arising between an Englishman and a Frenchman. He, therefore, washed his hands of a troublesome question, and pronounced that, if the French Company liked, it might sue Mr. LEVY in the Consular Court of Tunis, whence there would be an appeal to the Consular Court of Constantinople, and thence to the Privy Council in England. For the moment this may do as an answer to Mr. LEVY; but it leaves the main difficulty unsettled. It is the defendant who is to be sued in his Consular Court, and the whole struggle in cases of this kind is to be the defendant, not the plaintiff. If Mr. LEVY is to be the plaintiff, then he must sue the French Company in the French Consular Courts, with an appeal to some tribunal in France. He would be as reluctant to do this as the French Company would be to take the case through the lower English tribunals to the English Privy Council. The coveted position of defendant goes with possession. It is the man who is in possession that is sued in Courts he likes. But possession can only be gained by force or with the concurrence of the native Government. The native Government, therefore, if corrupt or badly influenced, although it is not allowed to decide a case between foreigners, is allowed to do injustice by deciding which foreigner shall have the advantageous position of defendant. Sooner or later it is seen that this is too much to concede to a Government which the Western world regards with contempt or suspicion. There must, it is said, be a tribunal at the spot in which Western law shall prevail, and in which plaintiff and defendant have an equal chance. A little force has to be used to make the Eastern Government acknowledge that the superior kind of justice which feverish meddling Western people like is out of its line, and then Western law has free play, and works in concert with arms and money to civilize one more section of the Eastern world.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

THE House of Commons was enlivened on Tuesday last by a pleasant and instructive little episode. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY complained of a breach of privilege committed by Mr. EGAN, Treasurer of the Land League, in a foul-mouthed attack on the conduct and motives of those Irish members who had, in defiance of Mr. PARNELL's commands, voted for the second reading of the Land Bill. The offender, writing from Paris, accused the seceders of every kind of baseness, including the solicitation of patronage from the Government. They were traitors, they were apostates, and they were sycophants of the Whigs, who are now, as always, "base, brutal, and bloody." The quotation of a phrase of O'CONNELL's might have reminded the House that the indignant EGAN

was only using the language in which Irish patriots have long been used to describe both their enemies and those friends who may differ from them on any political question. As Mr. MITCHELL HENRY observed, the libeller seemed to have supposed that the time, foretold by GRATTAN, had arrived at which the Irish people would return to Parliament the most worthless scoundrels in the country. Mr. A. M. SULLIVAN, with characteristic felicity, rose to order on the assumption that Mr. HENRY adopted the scurrilous phrases which he was denouncing. GRATTAN could not, when he made the speech, have been called to order for a hypothetical anticipation of the distant future. It would be irregular to say and uncharitable to think with Mr. EGAN that the prophecy is at last accomplished; but the incriminated members use equally strong language against their assailant, for whose violence they, not without reason, hold Mr. PARNELL responsible. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER and Mr. MCCOAN, two of the libelled members, have indulged themselves in a reply to the severe critic, whom Mr. MCCOAN, with contemptuous familiarity, designates by the name of "PAT EGAN." He would, he says, have treated the attack "with the contempt with which cowardly and scurrilous insolence is best answered"; but, "as he has reason to believe that it has more authoritative significance than the name of PAT EGAN could give it," he is forced to reply. He proceeds to insinuate that "PAT EGAN" cannot safely be trusted "with the money bags" of the Land League; but, as angry disputants say when they have exhausted their store of abuse, "he is safe from such personal retort from me." Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, with equal vigour, says that "the real blackleg is the cad who bolts with the stakes; and the real coward who, skulking in London or Paris, tries to hide his own poltroonery by impugning the courage of others." "Those white-livered filibusters of the tongue who, like domestic bullies, browbeat their own race, have not a spark of fight in them." Mr. O'CONNOR POWER is careful to explain that his reply is addressed not only to insolent libellers, but to masked abettors, or, in other words, to Mr. PARNELL. In a rejoinder which for the present closes the correspondence Mr. EGAN not only repels the charge of dishonesty, but hints that his only misapplication of the Land League funds has been made for the personal benefit of his present enemies. In an encounter between two loud-voiced fishwomen, there is always a probability that the charges on both sides may be false.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel, as it is evident that the combatants on both sides profess to believe that the prophecy of GRATTAN has been partially fulfilled. Members who are, or lately were, active promoters of the Land League loudly accuse of actual or intended embezzlement the agitator whom they had intrusted with large sums taken out of the unpaid rents of defaulting tenants. When they placed themselves under the command of a violent demagogue, they perhaps hoped, in spite of all experience, that they would be allowed to retain a certain independence; but, when a Land Bill is introduced containing concessions to the malcontent tenantry which their wildest hopes could not have embraced, they are politically excommunicated by their leader because they think it prudent to accept the extravagant boon. Having listened with complacency to the shameless invectives which the managers of the Land League have directed against the landlords, Mr. O'CONNOR POWER and Mr. MCCOAN are surprised when the revolutionist leader employs a suitable instrument to hold them up to the hatred of the Irish populace. The first promoters of the French Revolution experienced a similar shock when they were exiled or guillotined by the earlier race of Republicans under the influence of PÉTHION, of BRISSOT, and of VERGNAUD. In another year or two the Girondists were hiding or flying from the murderous animosity of DESMOULINS and DANTON, who were in turn put to death by the arch-assassin ROBESPIERRE. The Government of England is still strong enough to prevent judicial murder in Ireland, but it cannot soothe the passions which find expression in the interesting EGAN correspondence. The advocates of Home Rule, and of the total or partial confiscation of landed property, already hate one another more profoundly than they dislike the English nation, and the gentry and peaceable inhabitants of Ireland.

With questionable tact Mr. GLADSTONE thought it worth while to take part in the discussion by bearing testimony to the admirable qualities of the incriminated

members. He forgot the share which they had taken in Parliamentary obstruction during the early part of the Session, and their participation in the movement which has brought Ireland to the verge of civil war. He seemed especially anxious to connect Mr. PARNELL with the EGAN effusion, for the apparent purpose of rendering the schism finally irreparable. Mr. PARNELL will not fail to remind the rabble which still follows his guidance that his opponents in Ireland are the friends and favourites of the PRIME MINISTER of England. Sir W. HARCOURT spoke boldly and truly, but also with doubtful discretion. Mr. PARNELL will not be inclined to deprecate the use of strong language by statesmen who ought to offer a contrast to the vituperation of demagogues. It is scarcely possible that the Ministers can be blind to the service which the irreconcilable faction does to their cause. Thousands of hasty reasoners will be disposed to think that a Land Bill cannot be wholly bad when it is honoured by the censure of Mr. PARNELL. It would be a loss to the promoters of the Bill if they could persuade or frighten the leader of the Land League into even a provisional approval of their scheme. The suspicion which is generally felt by moderate politicians has not been abated by the auspicious support which demagogues of the type of Archbishop CROKE have given to the Bill. Professed enemies of Irish landlords and of the English connexion are certainly not actuated by justice or generosity when they recommend members who may be under their influence to vote for the Bill. If the extreme faction had swelled the majority on the second reading, Mr. EGAN might have been silenced; but more respectable Liberals would have been still further alienated.

Mr. PARNELL is playing a bold game; and it remains to be seen whether he defeats his adversaries. He has effectually broken up the Parliamentary party, of which he was the chosen leader, by insisting on his claim to be dictator. First Mr. SHAW, Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, and the more creditable members of the Home Rule party disclaimed their allegiance; and since the division on the second reading Mr. PARNELL has scarcely twenty followers in the House of Commons. Mr. HEALY, Mr. BIGGAR, and their like cannot be said to compensate by moral weight for scanty numbers; but it is possible that Mr. PARNELL may still retain his hold on the constituencies. Popular leaders are for the most part found out by their associates and social equals long before they lose the power of misleading the populace. Much greater men than Mr. PARNELL have incomparably more influence with the multitude than in Parliament or perhaps in the Cabinet. The favour of the many as compared with the confidence of the few distinguishes the demagogue from the statesman. Mr. PARNELL, who is a demagogue pure and simple, may perhaps not be less successful as an agitator because he is disliked and feared by his political allies. The EGANS, the DILLONS, and the DAVITS, the Fenians, and other conspirators, the promoters of rebellion and civil war, will adhere to Mr. PARNELL the more closely because he has broken with the comparatively moderate section of the party. The tenant-farmers have been so thoroughly demoralized by the late agitation that they will almost certainly prefer the leader who proposes to them the boldest scheme of spoliation. It is also believed that the American Irish who furnish the Land League with the greater part of its revenue have approved Mr. PARNELL's policy, if they have not been its real authors. The true Amphitryon is he who commands material resources. Notwithstanding the hints and suspicions with which Mr. O'CONNOR POWER and Mr. McCOAN retaliate on their accuser, it is extremely improbable that a large fund should have been placed at the disposal of a dishonest treasurer. In the improbable contingency of the restoration of tranquillity to Ireland in consequence of the operation of the Land Bill, Mr. PARNELL will have no difficulty in persuading his admirers that its strongest provisions were the result of his own more comprehensive demands. In a contest among demagogues the worst almost always wins.

ITALY AND FRANCE.

THE annexation—for such it practically is—of Tunis by France has called the attention of the English public once more to Italian affairs, in which the interest taken by this country has of late years been languid. For

the last five years, ever since the accession of the Left to office in 1876, Italian politics have been more and more of a puzzle to English readers. The Left, in the first place, which then came into power, contained few or none of the names familiar to English readers, the names of the lieutenants and successors of CAVOUR; and the programme of the Left differed, if it differed at all, from that of the Right, which it supplanted, in matters so unessential, so local, and so personal that few readers had either the patience or the opportunity to distinguish between the two parties. On two occasions, however, within this period, the flagging interest of Englishmen in Italian affairs has been revived—first, when the movement in favour of *Italia Irredenta* was in progress; and, secondly, when the recent seizure of Tunis, and the feeling which it awakened in Italy, showed that a new rivalry with France might efface the old enmity with Austria. We pointed out, at the time when the *Italia Irredenta* cry was at its height, that the agitation was manufactured, and that it corresponded neither to the real wishes nor to the real interests of the Italian people; and the longer the Left, which once consisted of Irredentists, ex-Irredentists, and semi-Irredentists, has been in office, the more the suspicions awakened in Austria by its accession to power have been removed. Neither in the Austrian nor in the Italian press is there any more talk on the subject. It is now recognized in both countries that perorations on the subject of Trieste and the Trentino are all very well for Radicals out of office, but do not represent the feeling of responsible politicians of any party whatever. But while the old hostility of Italians to Austria has been cooling, it is important to notice that a new, and probably an increasing, sense of hostility to France has arisen in its place. The enthusiasm felt for France in 1859 did not last long. It was gradually effaced by the opposition offered by NAPOLEON to the completion of Italian unity in 1860, by the cession to France of Savoy and Nice, and by the campaign of Montana. Italian public opinion was not misled by the plea, put forward after the fall of NAPOLEON, that the benefits conferred by France on Italy were the work of the French people, and the injuries the work of the Bonapartist dynasty. It has not been forgotten that the overthrow of the Roman Republic in 1849 was the work of the sister Republic in France, and that the same sister Republic would have been only too glad of a pretext to seize Savoy. Nor has it been forgotten that, whatever France did for Italy, France was well paid at the time. Gratitude and grudges alike count for little in the sentiment with which nations regard one another; what counts is the fact that the interests and aims of two countries agree in the main or differ.

The Austrian rule in Italy prevented Italians, twenty years ago, from doing what the people had set its heart on, and what all modern nations tend to do—from belonging to itself and leading a life of its own. Any alliance which would enable Italy to rid itself of the hated foreigner was accordingly welcome, and the only alliance at hand was that of the French. History will show that throughout this alliance NAPOLEON III., whatever else may be laid to his charge, was more disinterested and magnanimous than the French people; and that, had it not been for the pressure of public opinion in France, he might have left Savoy and Nice to Italy and the Temporal Power to the natural fate which afterwards befell it. However this may be, Italy does not feel itself bound by any memories of past kindness; and, in proportion as the country feels the need of expansion and becomes conscious of its growing strength, it resents the occupation by any other Power of any points of vantage in the new field which it covets for itself. The cession of Cyprus to England awakened, for this reason, a genuine though not permanent feeling of resentment in Italy. And yet Cyprus was only taken as a place of arms. The French occupation of Tunis stands, however, on quite another ground. In the first place, Tunis is much closer to Italy; in the second, Italian trade and Italian political influence have long been competing in Tunis with French trade and French political influence—so much so that Italians have come to look on Tunis as a battle-ground which they cannot abandon without discredit; and in the third place the predominance of France in Tunis is to Italians only a stepping-stone to the predominance of France all over the Mediterranean. The writer of a very able Italian pamphlet

which we reviewed last year foresaw and predicted what has happened this summer; and he argued that, as the supremacy of France in the Mediterranean was a danger to England no less than to Italy, it should be the policy of England to sacrifice the French alliance and to accept that of Italy in its place. We gave in reply the reasons why, on whatever side our sympathies might be, such a change of alliances, with the further changes it would carry with it, was not practically possible. Nevertheless, when the first European complication arises, it will be safe to count on the estrangement between France and Italy as a permanent factor in the problem. The loss of a battle or the loss of a province may be forgotten. There are very few Italians, especially of the younger generation, in whose minds the surrender of Savoy and Nice rankles at all seriously. But no nation with any vitality in it will willingly see itself year by year outstripped and overlapped by another—see the channels it has marked out for its trade and enterprise occupied, and the objects of its ambition and spirit of adventure seized by a neighbour and a rival. The trickery with which the occupation of Tunis was accompanied has aggravated, without doubt, the sense of defeat under which Italy is smarting; but the rivalry between the two countries in Northern Africa is as natural, as inevitable, and as much to be counted on as is the rivalry between England and Russia in Asia.

On this point public opinion in Italy is unanimous. There is no party there which says that French predominance is a bugbear, and that those who wish Italy to be on her guard against it are alarmists. Men of all parties recognize, though they may deplore, the fact that the interests and the aims of the two countries are in opposition. All are agreed that the occupation of North Africa by France hinders the development of Italy on a line in which, but for France, it would naturally tend to move. Commercially, diplomatically, from a military point of view, and from the point of view of national pride and ambition, Italy has sustained a defeat. From the moderate *Opinione* to the democratic *Legge*, there is but one opinion on the matter in the Italian press. The Ministry was so conscious of the defeat inflicted on it that it immediately resigned; and, though the new Cabinet is substantially the same as that which preceded it, and represents the same party, or rather group of parties, in the Chamber, Signor CAIROLI, the ex-Premier and ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, has no place in it. He was more directly responsible for what had happened than any one of his colleagues, and it was natural that in any changes which took place owing to his policy, he, at least, should retire. The recent crisis in Italy has given fresh evidence of the weakness and confusion of political parties in that country. It will be remembered that only a few weeks earlier the Ministry had undergone a defeat in the Chamber through a coalition of the so-called Dissident Left, headed by Signor CRISPI, with the Right, led by Signor SELLA. These temporary alliances of discontented groups of the Left with the permanently hostile Right have been the means by which all the countless changes of Ministers and Ministries have been brought about during the last five years. During all this time the Left has been in office, and has had a large majority in the Chamber; but at no single moment has there been a Government on whose stability any reliance could be placed either at home or abroad. After this defeat the Cabinet of Signor CAIROLI and Signor DEPRETIS resigned; but as no other party or group in the Chamber was strong enough to form a Ministry, the KING refused to accept the resignation; and the Chamber, finding no new Ministry forthcoming, reversed its former vote, and gave the old one a fresh lease of life. This would naturally have lasted till some new quarrel or intrigue had brought about another such alliance between the ever-watchful Right and any insubordinate section of the Left. The Tunisian affair, however, made this unnecessary, and the Cabinet resigned of its own accord. Signor SELLA was accordingly charged with the formation of a Cabinet. In questions of foreign affairs the Right have admittedly an experience and authority which cannot be claimed for the Left. It was the Right which had been led and taught by CAVOUR, and which was in office from his death till 1876. The Left had come empty-handed away from Berlin, had been forced to eat its own words on the question of *Italia Irredenta*, and had now been duped and surprised by France. Notwithstanding this, Signor SELLA was unable to form a Ministry which the Chamber was likely to accept. Apparently he was also of opinion that an appeal

to the country would not better his position; and, after some days of fruitless endeavour, he abandoned the task, and the bulk of the old Ministry returned to office. The place of Signor CAIROLI as Foreign Minister is taken by Signor MANCINI, who has yet to show his qualifications for the post. Of Signor CAIROLI's capacity in this respect it is unnecessary to speak. Not only do facts speak for themselves, but the surprise will be remembered which was generally expressed when a man, whose temperament, education, and past history combined to disqualify him for so difficult and delicate a post, was rash enough to undertake it. No man of his party is personally more respected than Signor CAIROLI; his honesty, is proverbial in Italy; but honest people sometimes confide too much in the honesty of others, and a too trustful nature is not fitted for diplomacy. It is to be regretted, however, that the failure of Signor SELLA to form a Cabinet of the Right leaves the country exposed to a continued repetition of the Parliamentary intrigues which have been fatal to so many Ministries, and fatal also to nearly all useful legislation in Italy. Both for internal legislation and for the wise conduct of foreign affairs, Italy needs above all things a strong and stable Government, supported by a compact Parliamentary majority; but the chance of this seems now further off than ever.

FISHING GRIEVANCES.

THE House of Commons and a Home Office Commissioner have of late been severally busy in inquiring into certain wrongs alleged to be suffered by fishermen off the East coast of England. It ought not, one would think, to be a very difficult matter to devise some sufficiently conspicuous and distinctive light to be carried by trawlers; but up to this time the Board of Trade has been unable to compass this seemingly trifling undertaking. For something like five years a joint Committee appointed by the Board of Trade, the Admiralty, and the Trinity Board sat to draw up regulations to prevent collisions at sea. All the maritime Powers were negotiated with, and at length, in August 1879, an Order in Council was passed directing trawlers to carry, in addition to side lights, a red light over a green on one of their masts. When this order was put out it was found to be exceedingly distasteful to those who had to obey it. Conferences and Commissions followed, and finally a Select Committee reported last year that trawlers should be excused from carrying either side lights or coloured lights, and should only be made to carry a single white light. This Report seems to have given full satisfaction to the trawling interest, but it has since been upset by a fresh Departmental Committee, which has ordered trawlers to carry a red light on the mast-head and a white light on the after-part of the vessel. This rehabilitation of coloured lights has nearly broken the hearts of the North Sea fishermen. Why they should be so convinced of the impossibility of obeying the direction to carry two lights instead of one, and to have one of them red instead of white, is not very obvious to laymen. But there is no question that they are thus convinced; and on Tuesday Mr. BIRKBECK and Mr. NORWOOD stood up to lay their complaint before Parliament. Thereupon a discussion followed, which had at least the advantage of presenting the President of the BOARD OF TRADE in a new aspect. No one could show himself more familiar with this vexed question of trawlers' lights than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. First of all, he ventured to throw some doubt upon the perfect impartiality of the Select Committee. Out of its eleven members, seven represented places in which the trawling interest is powerful; so that its Report was naturally determined by its view of what the trawling interest needed. This statement seems to ignore the fact that the Report of the Committee was unanimous; so that the members who do not represent fishing ports must have suffered themselves to be overpersuaded by those who do. The Board of Trade has, in fact, two Reports to decide between—the Report of a Select Committee and the Report of a Departmental Committee—and it has not made up its mind which to choose. It has been represented to the Board that in the question of trawlers' lights there are others than trawlers interested. The trawlers are in favour of what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN contemptuously calls "the present illegal practice" of carrying a single white light at the masthead. But represen-

tations have been made both by foreign Governments and by another class of fishermen, who use the drift net, that trawlers ought to be made to carry some more distinctive light. There are boats, it seems, which are more afraid of running down trawlers than trawlers are of being run down by them. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is so far from being content with the single white light beloved of trawlers that he appears to hanker after unattainable colours. "It is difficult," he says, "with the limited number of combinations and permutations of red, white, and green lights to find a light that will answer the purpose." The Government are anxious that every vessel shall carry lights which shall announce three main facts—the kind of vessel, the direction of its head, and its being under command or otherwise. A trawler is a sailing vessel, and when at work it has steerage way, but it is not under command, and consequently it ought to carry a special light which may distinguish it from sailing vessels at anchor, and from sailing vessels which, though under way, are also under command. If trawlers are given their heart's desire, and allowed to carry a single white light, what is to mark them off from vessels at anchor or from pilot vessels? Altogether Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thought that the best thing to do would be to strengthen the Departmental Committee, and set them to work again, leaving trawlers free to carry their present light until some further conclusion should be come to. After a good deal of grumbling, this proposal was accepted, and the motion was withdrawn. The only thing to be regretted in the discussion is that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's modesty should have prevented him from giving the House an account of a little cruise in the North Sea which he took on Wednesday week in company with Mr. BIRKBECK and Sir W. FOLKES. Both his companions were evidently eager to tell what had happened, but felt their mouths sealed so long as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's remained unopened. Can it be that the President of the BOARD OF TRADE was not quite well while he was aloft?

The trawling interest is not the only one that finds its peace disturbed. There are worse things than accidental collisions, and the drift net fishermen complain that they are exposed to direct attacks of a very injurious kind at the hands of trawlers. The drift net is so arranged as to float at a depth of only a few feet below the water, and when "shot" may extend to a distance of a mile and a half from the boat. The trawl net, with the beam to which it is attached, is allowed to sink to the bottom of the sea; consequently, if a trawler, with his beam and net down, sails across the course of a drift net fishing boat, it may inflict very great damage on the nets. There are two motives which lead a trawler to do this—desire to avoid the trouble of hauling up his trawl, and the value of the portion of the nets which he may carry away with him. In order, therefore, to get through the work more thoroughly, an ingenious instrument has been invented, called "the Devil," which hangs over the trawler's bows. It has a stem a yard long, and four blades like scythes. When these blades come across a drift net they cut it all to pieces, and the fragments which are carried away by the trawl are often sold for considerable sums. No English trawler resorts to this practice, partly, it may be hoped, from good feeling, and partly, perhaps, from the almost certain detection which would follow. But, as regards French, Dutch, and Belgian trawlers, the law is in a very unsatisfactory condition. A Convention was in force between France and England from 1839 to 1868, but it did not extend to the North Sea. In 1868 the Sea Fisheries Act was passed, to which a convention was attached which included all fisheries surrounding the British islands outside the three mile zone; but this convention has never been ratified. If this omission were set right, and similar conventions concluded between Great Britain and Belgium and Great Britain and Holland, Mr. HIGGIN, the Commissioner employed by the Home Office, thinks that these outrages would be easily stopped, though the law would need to be enforced by the presence upon the fishing-grounds of cruisers belonging to each of the four Powers concerned. It does not appear that the Governments of France, Holland, and Belgium are at all indisposed to bring their subjects to book for their misdeeds, and on the few occasions when some peculiarity in the case has brought the offender within the grasp of foreign law, substantial justice has been done. But these occasions are so few that the prospect excites absolutely no terror, and the foreign trawlers continue to be the pirates of the drift net fishery. The loss

inflicted by them is directly felt by all engaged in the trade. The master and crew of these drift net fishing vessels are not paid wages by the owners. They receive a fixed share of the profits after the expenses of the voyage have been deducted. Consequently, when the destruction of nets makes an addition varying from 10*l.* to 300*l.* to the cost which has to be defrayed before the profits are divided, it falls upon the cabin-boy proportionately with the owner. To all appearance the English Government can, if they choose, get these conventions concluded. Considering that an important industry is greatly crippled by the want of them, it is to be hoped that the twenty and odd years during which these outrages have been left to go on unchecked will now be followed by a period of greater diplomatic activity. It is a pity to allow a large number of humble men to be injured, and a certain amount of international ill-will to be created, for the want of a little importunity.

HUNGARY.

THE Emperor of AUSTRIA, as King of Hungary, has been visiting Pesth to bid farewell to the Diet, which has now come to the end of its allotted term. The House of Representatives was elected three years ago, when things were in a very different state from that in which they are now. Then everything seemed unsettled, Hungary was called on to make considerable sacrifices, the black cloud hanging over the East had hardly begun to rise, and the Hungarians thought themselves exposed to dangers greater than those which beset the other portions of the Austrian Monarchy. Gradually the prospect cleared, the Legislature settled down to steady work, and the Ministry of Herr TISZA, although constantly assailed, held its own, principally through the personal influence of the EMPEROR himself. In giving the customary summary of the labours and successes of the Diet, the EMPEROR was able to place on record a very satisfactory list of financial and legislative achievements. The recent conversion of the public debt was effected so easily and so triumphantly as to give the world an incontestable proof that the credit of Hungary has greatly risen in the markets of Europe. The speech of the EMPEROR gives the reasons for this rise of the national credit. Hungary has been attending to its own business, carrying out material improvements, remedying imperfections in its laws, and making satisfactory provisions both for the new charges which have fallen on Hungary as on the whole monarchy, and also for the repayment of the floating debt. As the EMPEROR said, a whole series of laws—judicial, administrative, and economic—have been enacted. The new Criminal Code has been brought into operation, and a bankruptcy law has been passed. The august mother of Parliaments may envy a legislative body in which a Criminal Code is more than a matter of momentary talk, and a Bankruptcy Bill is actually passed because it is grievously wanted. A uniform law regulating the services of the police throughout the whole country has brought method into the defence of persons and property; and the thorny questions which attend naturalization in a country having such complicated relations with the outside world as Hungary have been satisfactorily settled. The building of railways has been carried on with as much energy as could have been expected at a time of political and financial difficulty. Several gaps in the network of Hungarian laws have been filled up; and, as the EMPEROR is reported to have said, the great connexion eastward has been secured. This may refer either to the Roumanian or to the Servian lines, and may perhaps refer to both. Anyhow, Pesth may now be looked on as the central point of the movement which is to one day connect Western Europe with the Egean and the Black Sea. These are great things to have been achieved in the short space of three years for which the House of Representatives is elected; and they have been achieved by the hearty co-operation of the Hungarians and their KING. Even the record of their own achievements did not awaken so much pleasure in the minds of the KING's hearers as his reference to the recent marriage of the heir of the Crown, and his confident appeal to a loyalty which has been strengthened by the creation of a new tie between his dynasty and those who were in old days rebels against him and his house.

When the representative portion of the Diet was elected three years ago, the great event of the day was the occupation of Bosnia. Hungary bitterly resented the Treaty

of San Stefano, and was not entirely pleased with the Treaty of Berlin. The provisions of the treaty which broke up the great Slavonic principality designed by Russia were acceptable enough to a people whose one personal thought is a dread and horror of the Slavs, and of Russia as the patroness of Pan Slavism. But Hungarians thought it highly unsatisfactory that Austria should embrace a new Slav population in her fold. There were already far too many Slavs under the Austrian Crown to please the Hungarians, and in the carrying out of the occupation there were two things which struck the Hungarians as peculiarly disagreeable. The occupation was resisted, and it was resisted by the Mussulman population. This is the element in contiguous nationalities with which Hungarians have the warmest sympathy, as Hungarians and Mussulmans are bound together by a common hatred of Russia. It was, therefore, the special friends of Hungary who had to be put down by force in Bosnia, and by an unlucky accident it was on Hungarian regiments that the chief brunt of the conflict fell. A popular cry arose in Hungary that the Hungarian regiments had been selected for the post of danger in order to punish Hungary for its dislike of the occupation. In spite, however, of all adverse influences, the Ministry had a decisive majority. The PRIME MINISTER lost his seat at Debreczyn, but was elected elsewhere, and had a Ministerial majority of not far from two to one. But when the resistance of the Bosnians was overcome, the discontent of Hungary was so great at finding that Bosnia was not to be considered as coming in its sphere, that first the FINANCE MINISTER and then the PRIME MINISTER resigned. Here, however, the personal influence of the EMPEROR was successfully used. He would not accept the resignation of the TISZA Ministry, and arranged that it should continue in office until things had been smoothed down by judicious treatment. It met the new Parliament in October, and a proposal to impeach it was at once made, and was defeated. The contest was renewed in the debate on the Address, in which Herr TISZA explained the policy of which he was willing to accept the responsibility. Its main feature was the determination to make the minor Oriental States and the races dwelling therein understand that, if at any time the confusion in the East could not be controlled, the Power that would have the greatest influence on their fate would be Austria-Hungary. The Ministry once more obtained a majority, although a much narrower one than that on which they could ordinarily reckon. But the battle was practically won. The Treaty of Berlin was formally accepted by the Hungarian Parliament a few months afterwards, the Ministry this time being supported by a substantial majority; and immediately afterwards the silver wedding-day of the EMPEROR and EMPRESS was celebrated at Pesth with every sign of fervent loyalty. The dislike of the occupation of Bosnia and of the new departure of Austria in the East had been surmounted in deference to the wishes of the EMPEROR. On the other hand, the increasing reserve of Austria and its almost ostentatious shrinking from anything like a policy of adventure in the East had been greatly strengthened, if not caused, by the attitude of Hungary.

The political situation being thus cleared, the Hungarian Parliament gave itself up to practical legislation, in which it has done the very creditable amount of work described by the EMPEROR. But, much as the EMPEROR is liked in Hungary, and willing as Hungary may be to do much to please him, there are continually being revealed radical differences of opinion which make the relations of Pesth and Vienna anything but harmonious. Pesth is for Free-trade, Vienna for Protection. Pesth detests the Slavs, whom Vienna courts and attempts to gratify. When protectionist Austria wishes to make a commercial treaty with protectionist Germany, it is greatly hampered by the exigencies of Hungary, which has no manufactures to foster artificially, and has an abundance of raw produce which it wishes to send to the best market. On the other hand, the political alliance of Germany and Austria is approved in Hungary, as the Hungarians see in the German Empire the most trustworthy bulwark against Pan Slavism. What they dislike is that Austria should at once ally itself with Germany against Russia as the head of the Slavs, and yet endeavour to conciliate the Slavs of the Austrian Empire by concessions which alter in their favour the constitution of the Austrian half of the Empire. The TAAFFE Ministry has

set itself to make two concessions to the Czechs, which in themselves are not by any means unreasonable, but which are regarded with great jealousy, not only by the Hungarians, but by the Austrian Germans. The first concession is the creation of a separate Bohemian University at Prague, and the second is the remodelling of the electoral law of Bohemia, under which, as things now stand, the German population enjoys a much larger share in the representation than its numbers warrant. Theoretically the Hungarians have nothing to do with changes affecting the half of the Empire to which they do not belong. But practically they know that the determination of the foreign policy of the whole Empire rests with Vienna, and they fear that, if the Slavs have too much influence at headquarters, the whole Empire may be swept away by a current to which the Hungarians could offer no effectual opposition. Some Hungarians go so far as to declare that, rather than endure this, they would break away from Austria altogether, although even the most excited always declare that they will somehow keep the Emperor as their king. This is for the moment only idle talk. But it points to a real danger to Austria—a danger which nothing but time and patience and tact will enable Austria to surmount. This danger springs from the widely spread conviction among the Hungarians that Hungary and Austria are equals who have chosen to make the experiment of a special kind of union, and that either party is at liberty to withdraw from the arrangement if it does not like its practical operation. The tie which unites Hungary and Austria would be much weakened if it were supposed to be not a community of interests or sympathies so much as a community of loyalty to the same person.

DECOYING.

IN the present state of public business even the appointment of a Select Committee is a step which may well have its terrors, and it is creditable to the Government that they should themselves have proposed an inquiry into the decoying of English girls into Belgium for immoral purposes. This crime is very common, and is apparently quite untouched by any existing English law. The Belgian law forbids the registration of any woman as a public prostitute who is under twenty-one years of age. Prohibitions of this sort are commonly evaded without much difficulty, but in this particular instance there seems reason to believe that the law is broken with less ease or less impunity than might be supposed. At all events, whether because Belgian girls are not to be enlisted earlier, or from some other cause, there is a considerable demand for young girls from England. In so far as they go of their own free will and with a full knowledge of the purpose for which they are wanted, nothing can be done to check the traffic. But in the great majority of cases they have not this full knowledge, or indeed any knowledge at all. Even if the deception practised on them extended merely to the particulars of the life they will lead in Belgium, they would be fit subjects of legal protection. But their ignorance goes very much further than this. They have no idea when they leave England that they are going to be prostitutes. They go out in the expectation of being hired in some decent capacity—of becoming ladies'-maids or actresses, nursery governesses or shopwomen. It is only when they reach Brussels or Antwerp that they find out for what end they have really been got hold of. When they do come to understand this, they are usually quite helpless. They seldom speak French, so that they have great difficulty in appealing to the police, even if an opportunity offers itself. Nor are such opportunities at all abundant. A girl is kept a strict prisoner, and if she sees a policeman in the house, she probably does not know him to be one. More than this, it is permissible to suspect that the police themselves are not always anxious to know more than, in the interest of the keepers of these houses, it is expedient they should know. Worse still, the wish for deliverance very often disappears. When a girl has been either seduced or drugged—and, under the circumstances, the girl who yields to persuasions is hardly a more willing victim than the girl who yields to violence—she ordinarily feels that, even if she could escape, she would not know what to do with herself. She cannot hope to live respectably in Belgium, and the fact that she was anxious to leave England in the first instance suggests

that she was destitute of friends who might have enabled her to live respectably in England. There will be still less chance of such a living if she now goes back, and runs the risk of her life abroad being thrown in her teeth. The more respectably she has been brought up, and the more ties she has to bind her to England, the keener is likely to be her shame, and the stronger her determination not to carry her shame home. It is impossible to conceive a more miserable fate than that which befalls a girl thus circumstanced. She has presumably a more than common share of natural energy, or she would not have determined to seek her fortune in a foreign country. In the first instance her hopes seem to be justified. She hears that she has a good prospect of finding immediate employment, or very probably has immediate employment offered to her. She leaves England with what seems an excellent chance of making an honest livelihood, and a day or two later she finds herself in a Belgian brothel. Once there, everything makes against her. Her power of resistance is weakened by narcotics; and she sees no one except the servants, who are in league with the keepers of the house, or the visitors, who do not trouble themselves to distinguish between real and simulated modesty, and are not disposed, even if they suspect the truth, to provoke inquiries which may not be convenient for themselves. Unless she has an heroic determination of character, she sees nothing before her but a gradual descent to the level of the miserable creatures who are in the same position as herself. And all this has come upon her in an interval that can be expressed in hours, and without any real fault on her side. If any law can be devised that shall put an end to a trade so detestable in itself and so disastrous in its results, the plainest possible case has been made out for at once calling such a law into being.

An inquiry by a Select Committee, though necessarily a somewhat slow process, is on the whole the best that can be adopted for the purpose. Crimes which are prepared in one country and committed in another are necessarily difficult to suppress. A Select Committee has some advantages in dealing with a subject of this kind which are not possessed by a Government department. It exists for this special purpose, so that it is not liable to have its attention diverted by pressing administrative business. Its action is public, so that if any evidence is to be had in quarters where the Government would not think of looking for it, there is at least a chance that it will be voluntarily offered. It is freer to consider all the methods of suppressing the crime that may be suggested, because the immediate object for which it sits is inquiry and not action. The Committee will have, by way of a point of departure, a Report from an English barrister, who was sent out by the Foreign Office last autumn to watch certain trials which were going on at Brussels. This Report, as we learn from Lord DALHOUSIE's speech in moving the appointment of the Committee, shows that for many years English girls have been decoyed to Belgium by professional procurers, who are paid a commission of 12l. on every girl they land. Since 1865 there have been at least twenty of these procurers at work in London, and Mr. SNAGGE was able to collect the names and test the stories of thirty-two English girls who had been decoyed to Belgium during the last ten years, all of whom were under twenty-one at the time. Considering the difficulties which beset such an inquiry, and the unwillingness of many of those to whom it relates to have any attention drawn to their history, Mr. SNAGGE is no doubt right in believing that the number of cases he has established by inquiry form but a small proportion of the total number. One existing English statute makes the procuring of a girl for prostitution, by false pretences, a misdemeanour; but it does not apply to cases where the offence, though begun here, is completed in a foreign country. There are two other statutes referring to abduction; but one deals only with the abduction of women possessed of property, and the other with the abduction of girls under sixteen. The consequence is that the special field which this trade covers—the procuring by false pretences of girls not under sixteen to be prostitutes abroad—remains altogether untouched.

Mr. SNAGGE's Report also contains suggestions as to the means of suppressing the trade, but in the methods proposed he is not very original. He suggests that the law should be made more stringent, and that the punishment should be more severe. He also suggests that the law should be extended to cover cases where the offence is completed in a foreign country. He also suggests that the law should be extended to cover cases where the offence is committed in a foreign country.

make it a criminal offence to entice any one to become a prostitute, whether within the Queen's dominions or not, is obviously the first thing to be done, inasmuch as the crime must be recognized as such before it can be either punished or prevented. This alone, however, is not likely to be of much value. The difficulty of proving the commission of the offence would still remain, inasmuch as, though the enticement would be practised in England, it would not—being under false pretences—be known for what it was until the arrival of the victim in Belgium. Nor does the recommendation that it should be made more difficult to obtain certificates of birth from Somerset House seem to be of much value. As those certificates must show that a girl is under twenty-one, while they are used in Belgium to prove that she is over twenty-one, forgery of some kind must already be practised in connexion with them, and it might not be much more difficult to forge an entire certificate than to alter the date in a genuine one. The real remedy must be looked for in a more harmonious co-operation between the English and Belgian police, and, if necessary, in some modification of the Belgian law. It ought not to be possible under that law to take a girl into one of these houses without her being first seen by the police; but, supposing this impossibility to be more thoroughly assured, there can be no difficulty in providing that any girl, not a Belgian subject, shall not be admitted until she has been questioned by her own Consul. If once this could be secured, the traffic must cease. It would be of no use to decoy English girls to Belgium under false pretences, when the truth would be made known to them before the object for which they had been decoyed had been answered.

CAMPDEN HILL.

WHEN the Campden charities, of which we have heard so much lately, came into existence, Kensington was a country village. Sir Walter Cope lived at one of the two manor-houses the parish contained; and besides his residence, afterwards known as Holland House, there were two or three villas, more or less important. From the churchyard in the village high street, a noble avenue of elms led straight up the hill to Campden House, the entrance gates being ornamented with two well-carved hounds, the supporters of the newly-enobled Alderman Hicks. From his estate at Campden Chipping, in Gloucestershire, he derived the designation of his viscounty, and bestowed it on the suburban hill on which he built his town house. The land, won at the gaming-table from Sir Walter Cope, was well laid out, and a house not unworthy of its neighbour was built. Although Campden House can never be compared with Holland House, either for size or for beauty of design, it had architectural features suitable to the rank and wealth of its owner; while its situation was so commanding that it formed a conspicuous object from the opposite hills of the Surrey side. The intervening valley, now grey and dim with the smoke of a hundred thousand houses, must then have looked green and smiling on the margin of the silvery Thames, and the view from Campden Hill may have rivalled that still to be seen from Richmond. Baptist Hicks, the first occupant of Campden House, died in 1629, leaving his honours to his son-in-law, Edward Noel. His will contains so many charitable bequests that Stowe devotes a special chapter to it and to "an epitaph made in his Memoriall," of which a short specimen must suffice:—

Faith true,
Hope firm,
Charity free,
Baptist, Lord Campden,
Was these three.

His bequest to the parish of Kensington consisted of a sum of 200l., "to be yearly employed for the good and benefit of the poor." This legacy was invested in the purchase of land at Shepherd's Bush, and now brings in 480l. a year, which has accumulated until the trustees have more than 10,000l. in Consols. Lord Campden's daughter, the widow of Edward Noel, the second Viscount, left a similar legacy, and the parish bought with it Butt's Field, which, being situate opposite Kensington Gardens, and near Kensington Gore, now brings in 366l. a year, while some 40,000l. have accumulated. The Noels, continued to reside at Campden House for about a century. In the meantime Kensington had become fashionable, and before long the number of villas had been doubled. Kensington was particularly affected by Cromwell's friends. General Lambert, called Lord Lambert in the register; Sir William Strickland, one of Cromwell's peers; Sir Edward Dering; Sir Thomas Foot, another of the Protector's lords; and several others are mentioned in the parochial records, which also contain the register of the marriage of "Mr. Henry Cromwell" and Elizabeth Russell in 1653. He probably resided in the house near the South Kensington Museum which has given the name to Cromwell Road, and he may have been the donor of a benefaction to the parish. In 1651—two years, that is, before his marriage—twelve

parishioners became trustees of the charity; but no mention is made in the deed of the person by whom the money, amounting to 45*l.*, was paid. The Campden trustees took charge of it, and two acres of land in the Gravel Pits were bought. The land now forms a considerable portion of High Street, Notting Hill, and brings in more than 1,000*l.* a year. These Gravel Pits and their fine air are often mentioned in contemporary memoirs. Their nearness to London made them a popular resort, especially for people in delicate health. And when Lord Nottingham sold his house to William III. the fortunes of the district were established; for though Kensington Palace is in the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, most of the courtiers resided in Kensington; and the square constructed a few years earlier, in the time of Charles II., was crowded with notable folk. A few houses still remain whose deep cornices and picturesque red brick suggests the handiwork of Wren; and the corner house, lately a Roman Catholic school, in which the Duchess of Mazarine alternately charmed and disgusted Charles II., is still pointed out, and, though much altered, it is substantially the same. A greater envoy from France than even the Duchess resided in it in years not so remote from our own. It was remarked, to the credit of Prince Talleyrand, during the time he lived in Kensington, that he paid his bills very punctually.

Campden Hill rises to a height of fully one hundred feet above the level of Kensington Square, and the mere name of the Gravel Pits suggests its former character. Before it was enclosed for villas it was probably an open heath—the gardens and orchards of the valleys shunning the exposure of the situation. Gradually it was encroached upon. First, the Craven family, deserting Drury Lane, built their new residence at what has ever since been called Craven Hill. Colby House appeared at the opposite side; Sheffield House was near the summit; and the High Street was full of fine mansions. Here lived, at the end of the seventeenth century, the Onslow, of whom the future Spenser was baptized at Kensington Church, in 1691; the Boyles, of whom the astronomer, Lord Orrery, was baptized in 1674; and the Pratts, whose most illustrious representative, the future Lord Chancellor Camden, was born here; it may be, contrary to the usual tradition, that he took his title from some association of a local kind, for the name of the Hill is often so spelled, and Mr. Hare, but probably by a characteristic inaccuracy, spells the name of the house without a *p*. Lastly, that nothing should be wanting to the dignity of the Court Suburb, as Leigh Hunt named it, the Princess Anne sent her little son to the Gravel Pits, for the benefit of the fresh air. At first he inhabited Lord Craven's house, which was liberally lent to the Princess; but in 1690 Campden House was taken. The amusing memoir of Jenkin Lewis tells us that "Mr. Bertie, guardian to Mr. Nowell, the heir thereof," took advantage of the Princess's desire to have the house, and "raised the rent so much, that it was imagined that any other person might have purchased it for less." Yet the house was too small for its august occupants, and a building now known as Little Campden House was added to it on the western side. The poor little Prince is carefully described by his servant Lewis; even his height and weight are recorded, and the remarkable size of his head. We read of his being blistered, of his being very mildly birched, of his taking the Jesuit's medicine for ague, of his new clothes and of his stiff waistcoat, of his tumbles, and of his refusal to go to prayers. The record is full of local allusions; but perhaps the most interesting part is that which relates to William III. He appears in a new and amiable light, caressing the little nephew. He named him the Duke of Gloucester, a title he did not live to receive formally, and when he was six years old bestowed the Garter upon him. The child was devoted to military pursuits. Every one has heard of his boy regiment. His attendant, Lewis, and Mr. Prat, his tutor, vied with each other in making fortifications of pasteboard in the grounds of Campden House; and when the King came to visit him he fired a salute from real guns, with real powder. His boy regiment was partly recruited from London. Kensington was not yet populous enough, perhaps, to furnish more than a couple of score or so; and we read complaints of their insolence when dismissed from parade. They always assembled on holidays at Campden House, and were put through their exercises by the little Duke, who enforced strict discipline and administered the military punishments in vogue at that date. But when they were coming from London or going home they were often, we are told, very rude, "and would challenge men and fall on many people." On more than one occasion they were reviewed by King William himself, and their commander said to his uncle, "My dear King, you shall have both my companies with you to Flanders." William doted on the child, and evidently thought he would turn out a soldier like himself. When he appointed Marlborough his governor, he said, "Teach him what you are, and my nephew cannot want accomplishments." Bishop Burnet was his preceptor, and has left a curious account of his precocious faculties. At ten years old he had made much progress in classics and history. The King used to send some of the Ministers at intervals to examine him and report on his proficiency. Bishop Burnet acquainted him "with all the great revolutions that had been in the world." When we read of the medicine he took, of the blisters he wore, of his big head, his weak little legs, and his wretched appetite, we are not surprised to find the Bishop's task came very soon to an end. "The last thing I explained to him," he says, "was the Gothic constitution and the beneficiary and feudal laws." On his birthday at Windsor, in 1700, he danced till

he was overheated. Then he took a chill, "which brought on a malignant fever," so they thought in those times, and five days later the last of Queen Anne's seventeen children had joined the rest.

Campden House underwent many vicissitudes after this date. Five years after the Duke's death another clever boy lived in it. This was young Boyle, afterwards Lord Burlington, the architect. He may have imbibed some of his taste from the contemplation of the many beauties of the old house, its mullioned windows full of stained glass, and its magnificent carved panelling. It was shortly afterwards sold to Lord Lechmere, who is now chiefly remarkable as having been satirized by Swift, who speaks of "Campden House so high," and "kingly Kensington." At the beginning of the present century it belonged to a Mr. Stephen Pitt, who, residing himself in Little Campden House, let the older building to some ladies who kept a school. Here Maria Pagnani, afterwards Marchioness of Hertford, was sent for her education by George Selwyn. Mr. Pitt built Pitt Street, close by, and probably also the mock Gothic tower which adorns a corner of the wall of Campden House, and is so conspicuous from Sheffield Gardens and Sheffield Terrace, two rows of houses which recall the existence of Sheffield House, alluded to above. Campden House was destroyed by fire in 1862, and rebuilt very nearly on the original plan immediately afterwards. The architect, however, neglected to avail himself of the many old prints of the exterior which are to be seen in the books of Lysons and others, and, instead of the curious stone parapet, there is a series of gables, very picturesque, it is true, but otherwise unsatisfactory. The gardens have been somewhat curtailed of their ancient proportions, and part of the churchyard of St. Mary's is on the site of the old gate with its dogs. When the Underground Railway was made, a tunnel was burrowed through the garden, which is not apparently injured; and the old place is now well kept up, and materially helps Campden Hill to retain its ancient look of umbrageous verdure. Mr. Pitt, mentioned above, left his name in Pitt's Buildings and Pitt Street, and some inaccurate historians assert that Sir Isaac Newton died in Pitt's Buildings. He came out to Kensington for change of air on more than one occasion, and finally died in a house still existing. It is now a school, and is known by the name of a family one of whom, John Bullingham, was Bishop of Gloucester, and was buried in Kensington Church in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Holly Lodge, where Macaulay died in 1859, is not far from Campden House, in a little district of handsome villas locally known as "The Dukeries."

DOGS AND GRAVES.

A CELEBRATED Eastern or pseudo-Eastern curse has always been a little unintelligible, or, if not unintelligible, conventional, to the English mind. Our own associations between dogs and graves are rather derived from Scott, Wordsworth, and the famous incident on Helvellyn, than from any acquaintance with the doings of the actual animal of the Parish variety. Any one who wishes to realize the full discomfort of having the grave of his grandmother or any other respected person treated as the proverb suggests may be recommended to read the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. The editor of that periodical has a fancy for what are called nowadays *symposia*—a word which, we suspect, unclassical readers are apt to suppose to be Greek for a general scrimage. He has got the pleasant author of *Thalatta* to write a memorial article on Lord Beaconsfield from the friendly side, and Mr. Alfred Austin to add some verses in a similar strain. Sandwiched between these comes an article from the pen of the Reverend Malcolm MacColl. Now, far be it from us to say that Mr. Malcolm MacColl is an inappropriate person to write biography. On the contrary, he has some of the most valuable characteristics of the biographer—an amiable tendency to haunt the neighbourhood and personal society of great men; an innocent delight in recounting their conversation with him in their *malitia tempora*; a cheerful consciousness of reflected honour in the telling of his story. If Mr. Gladstone were to die—which heaven forefend—and if Mr. MacColl were to outlive him, some thought such as that which Heine formulated in one of his wickedest and most apparently harmless phrases ("Goethe sey todt und Eckermann sey zu leben") might pass through our minds, but we should look forward to a very satisfactory life of "my great friend" damaged only by an incurable belief on Mr. MacColl's part that argument fresh from his own mint was necessary to support and buttress his great friend's admirable conduct and conclusions.

In relation to Lord Beaconsfield, however, the absolute fitness of Mr. MacColl for his post on the present occasion is more doubtful. He is, we are sure, superior to the degrading law which ordains that a great man shall not be a great man to certain varieties of hangers-on. But then he was not Lord Beaconsfield's hanger-on. Still, it would be unjust to deny him the credit of having produced something very like a masterpiece. We shall pay no attention to his purely political criticisms, because, in the first place, Mr. MacColl's political criticisms, except when they are inspired, are purely his own affairs; and because, in the second, this is not the place to do anything with them. What is really interesting is to scratch the conduct of the critic with the personal history, motives, &c., of the dead man. Mr. MacColl's first object is to prove that Isaac Disraeli was a free-thinker and

a man of violent polemic language—*ergo*, it was probable that his son would be a free-thinker and a man of violent polemical language. Q. E. D. Then the son went to school. Nor was his experience of school life calculated to wean him from the religious scepticism which he had imbibed (*ex hypothesi*) from his father. This experience Mr. MacColl infers to have been one of persecution and ill-treatment. It is nothing that numerous *souvenirs* of Lord Beaconsfield's school life have been published, and that no such experiences are hinted at. "That he was thus treated is," Mr. MacColl thinks, "apparent" from *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming*. What Lord Beaconsfield would have liked to do would have been to carry out Vivian Grey's plan of joint revenge on the usher and the boys. Contarini Fleming's tight, his frantic revengefulness, "the characteristic touch of the foreign boy's scorn for the rules of fair fighting," are "coarse and brutal, but probably no more than an exaggerated expression of what the writer felt." Besides, is the vengeance so very different in kind from Lord Beaconsfield's treatment of Sir Robert Peel? So Mr. MacColl; and, indeed, there is no doubt at all that Shakespeare would have liked to smother Anne Hathaway like *Deemona*, and that the scene between Cornwall and Gloster is only an exaggerated expression of what the writer felt towards his rival in the sonnet matter.

Hitherto Mr. MacColl has been occupied in exegetics, constructing Lord Beaconsfield's early character (a dreadfully bad one) from the probabilities of his training and the apparent evidence of his novels. After school days the future scourge of the mild and cleanly Bulgarian read Voltaire. It is doubtful whether this reading of Voltaire is more terrible to Mr. MacColl as a true believer or as an anti-Semite. The patriarch, however, planted, it seems, in the breast of this fiendish youth—an appropriate scil—the resolve "to turn the tables on those who had deepised him." He resolved to "humble himself and practise all the arts of deceit in order to obtain the position he coveted." The humility, by the way, of Disraeli the younger is a precious *trouvaille* of Mr. Malcolm MacColl's. The critic rather wonders that the career which followed was "so free from moral stigma," and, indeed, on his own hypothesis, it is a little surprising, especially as he proceeds to show how Mr. Disraeli's moral corruption was completed by his association with Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay, whom Mr. MacColl is good enough to describe as if nobody had ever heard of them. The evil task begun by Isaac Disraeli, continued by the school persecutors, by Voltaire, and by poor Lady Blessington, was finished by Bolingbroke. Here Mr. MacColl is more liberal than ever. He actually gives us a character of Bolingbroke. The application of that character of course is nothing new, though Mr. MacColl hardly acknowledges the copyright owned by a certain essayist of three or four years ago, but for whom, for aught we know, Mr. MacColl would never have heard of Bolingbroke. As, however, the main actual contact between the two is to be found in a phrase of Lord Beaconsfield's own—"The Tory party is a national party, or it is nothing" (this peculiar nationality in Bolingbroke was recognized, be it remembered, by so impartial a judge as Thackeray)—it is not to be wondered at that Mr. MacColl should miss it. His own endeavours are chiefly devoted to the task of proving that Bolingbroke was a free-thinker, and that consequently Lord Beaconsfield was one. Q. E. D. again. However, when Mr. MacColl goes off into politics or theology we shall not follow him. He has a right to his opinions there, and in supporting them gives no proof of anything worse than dulness, which he cannot help. What is rather pleasing, however, is the charge of inconsistency which he makes against his enemy. Does not even Mr. MacColl see that this particular stone has a terrible tendency to come back against the windows of his own idol? This, however, is perhaps matter of argument; not so what follows. For exquisite combination of unhappy qualities the following passage will perhaps bear the bell over anything even in this essay:—

His exemplary devotion to his wife has been referred to already. And that devotion derives additional merit from the fact that it was lavished on a wife, much older than himself, not strikingly attractive, and not wedded chiefly for love. Few men occupying such a position as Lord Beaconsfield's would have bestowed upon such a wife during their long years of married life all the attention and gallantry of a youthful lover. It was probably not her fortune alone that induced Lord Beaconsfield to marry a widow so much his senior.

And then follows a quotation from *Vivian Grey*, to the effect that a "young and handsome" wife is an obstacle to a statesman—that is to say, the reader is invited to see the Eastern proverb applied to two graves, not one. "You," the critic says to the one victim, "married partly for money and partly for other unworthy reasons." "You," he says to the other, "were old, you were ugly, you were married mainly for your money, and certainly not for any personal attraction." It is true that he makes such amends as self-portraiture may afford by indicating—quite unconsciously, no doubt—his own standard of the affection and gallantry which need be bestowed on a lady who is unfortunately not young or handsome by her husband. But this, though it completes the general harmony of the picture, cannot be said to be an atonement. In foolish old days women and the dead were supposed to be privileged from attack; but Mr. MacColl, as becomes his circumstances and allegiance, has mastered that superstition. The other passage which we have referred to is a pleasant self-revelation of a similar kind, fortunately marred by no such disgusting accompaniments. Mr. Gladstone, it seems, once honoured Mr. MacColl himself by an anticipation of his statement in the House, saying "I don't believe that he hates me at all." The comparatively imperfect satisfaction which this statement pro-

duces has been before now referred to. That, however, is not the point. "Then," says Mr. MacColl, "*somewhat to my surprise, I own*, Mr. Gladstone expatiated with some degree of enthusiasm on Lord Beaconsfield's debating powers, his splendid Parliamentary pluck, and other qualities." "*Somewhat to my surprise*" is certainly *impayable*. Could not Mr. Austin Dobson, our modern Gay, give us a fable of two lions and a jackal, and of the surprise of the jackal at discovering that his employer respects his foe? Mr. MacColl's surprise is, indeed, not complimentary to Mr. Gladstone, but it is still less complimentary to Mr. MacColl.

The memory of Lord Beaconsfield owes not a little to the editor of the *Contemporary Review*. He might have committed the task of devil's advocate to some really dangerous master of the craft. Either by dint of adroit insinuation, or of generous praise and recognition, mingled with uncompromising denunciation of conduct, but unspoiled by imputation of motives, a good enough or bad enough case might have been made out against that singular career. But the stuff which we have quoted, at once uncritical and ill-mannered, insolent and dull, will hardly give much satisfaction even to the members of the West Ham Liberal Association and the President of the Rutland Conference of Particular Baptists. We once heard Mr. MacColl unkindly defined as "a bore who writes to the papers on the Eastern Question"; and an amiable defender of his added apologetically, "Yes, but you know Mr. Gladstone puts things into the bore's head." We are quite certain that Mr. Gladstone did not put this thing into Mr. MacColl's head, though very likely Mr. MacColl's zeal for the house induced him to efface the memory of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's unlucky speech by showing that some one can speak of Lord Beaconsfield more foolishly and more indecently than the member for Leeds. If this be the case, it is an instance of touching devotion and complaisance which no eighteenth-century chaplain ever exceeded. Mr. Herbert Gladstone did not, as far as we can remember, criticize the personal charms of the late Viscountess Beaconsfield, or express surprise at his father's admiring Lord Beaconsfield's pluck. It is probable that Mr. MacColl can never understand—indeed, on a good old theory it may be argued that, if he could, he would never have written this letter—the disgust which his article will excite in persons who are by no means indiscriminate admirers of Lord Beaconsfield's political acts, and in many who were directly opposed to him. The animal to whose Eastern achievements we have (of course in the purest metaphor) compared his proceedings is not famous for a nice appreciation of the deencies. But it is a little instructive to compare Mr. MacColl's announcement that "self-aggrandizement was the one aim of Lord Beaconsfield's life" with the deliberate statement of Lord Harrington that that aim was the good of the country—ill-understood, perhaps, but still the good of the country. Had Mr. MacColl any new facts to offer the case might have been different. But he has had in this curious analysis no light to throw on the idiosyncrasy of Lord Beaconsfield, though he has thrown much on a matter of less importance—the idiosyncrasy of the Reverend Malcolm MacColl.

LONDON IN EPSOM WEEK.

THE weather is always a subject of interest in England, and there are sundry classes of our countrymen to whom, like our heavily-handicapped farmers, it is matter of constant and vital concern. All through the summer and the early autumn there are hosts of holiday-makers whose plans of enjoyment may be marred by the vagaries of a singularly capricious climate. But there is one week in the year over which Londoners, with the crowds of strangers in their streets, are sure to be specially excited, and that is the Derby week. The weather makes all the difference between hope, mirth, and high spirits on the one side, and disappointment, depression, and despondency on the other. Snowstorms in June, although not altogether unknown, are nevertheless so rare as to be memorable phenomena; but rain and misty drizzle are unfortunately common enough. It is true that, in the opinion of the more fastidious, things may be overdone in the opposite direction. If a bushel of dust in March be worth a king's ransom—according to the proverb—dust may have gone to a discount in April and May, while in June it is probably dog-cheap and proportionately disagreeable. The suburban roads, so far as you can see them, may be sweltering in the sunshine which has been beating with untamed ardour on the Epsom Downs, baking the parched course, and upsetting the calculations of the knowing ones. So far as that goes, however, to all except some speculative knout who set business and its profits far before pleasure, the defeat of the favourite and the "cracks" is matter rather for congratulation than otherwise. It comes in the shape of a welcome sensation. As for the pleasure-seekers who crowd to Epsom in their thousands in their relief at the escape from pleasure-destroying rain, it is impossible to have a day too fine or too warm for them. From the good old times, when all the world went down by road, a successful Derby day has always been associated with dust and dust-veils and gossamer overcoats; with buckets of water for steaming steeds and brimming tankards for the thirsty "humans." Besides, it is not only for the grand day itself that the weather is a question of extreme importance. For the countless sportsmen who have come up from the country, who have crossed from the Continent, or who have even taken berths in ocean steamers from the colonies, we should say that the aspect of the skies and the metropolis for a few days in

advance is felt generally to be of even greater consequence. Everybody who has come to years of discretion has been taught almost unconsciously by personal experiences, while on the eve of some event to which he has long looked forward, to make the most in the meantime of the pleasures of hope.

And what a motley assemblage we have in London in the Derby week of men who have planned and schemed and intrigued to be present. To an immense number of people, both strangers and residents, the Derby week is the actual height of the season. Masters of hotels and keepers of lodgings are reaping the richest of this annual harvest; and even second-rate houses for once in the year may indulge in the unfamiliar luxury of summarily rejecting urgent applicants. The bachelor quarters of St. James's are filled to overflowing from ground floor to garret; in the coffee-rooms of certain semi-sporting and military hotels the greatly worried waiters are being worn to shadows. The military Clubs are in their fullest feather, and long-parted friends renew the intimacies which were things so remote as to be well-nigh forgotten. Officers from the Indies, more or less distinguished, but either bronzed by the sun or tinted in salmon colour by liver complaints, had timed their arrival in town on "short leave" so as to pass themselves previously through the hands of outfitters and tailors. Already they have got glibly on their tongue-tips the babble of the betting-ring and the gossip of Tattersall's. Moreover, to do them simple justice, many of them know more than a thing or two in horseflesh; they have probably owned half-Arab racers of their own, and ridden them too; or possibly they have graduated creditably as "pig-stickers" in many a neck-and-neck gallop in the rice-fields and among the nullahs. They take kindly and very readily to a sport to which they have always been devoted in the measure of their opportunities. And in that respect and others they are a marked contrast to the awkward squads of our country cousins, who make themselves at least as conspicuous by their boaring as by their dress. We do not speak of the horsey farmers who show to the front in cutaways and knowing billycocks during the Islington Cattle Show week and the Horse Show. These men have bred "bits of blood" themselves, and can sit square at their fences in crossing country. Nor do we speak of the stalwart young squires who have been glorified by Kingsley and other novelists, and who nowadays have their clubs as a matter of course, and are scarcely to be distinguished from the normal man about town except by superior stamina and more ruddy complexions. We refer rather to the thriving solicitors and the junior partners of flourishing mercantile concerns, who ingeniously contrive in the beginning of June that professional engagements shall bring them to London. As they take their daily walks indefatigably abroad of a morning, or lounge up Piccadilly towards the Park late in the afternoon, it is in vain that they strive to assume airs of fashionable nonchalance and languor. Their eyes, and very naturally, will open wide and turn towards the equipages that roll rapidly by them. They hanker wistfully towards certain tempting shop windows, though it is "bad form" to stand honestly and stare. They are too evidently dazzled by the galaxy of beauty in the Row, which has ceased to charm more *blasé* loiterers. Though the stern moralist might deprecate their simple show of vanity, it is impossible for the easy-going philanthropist not to sympathize in their innocent self-complacency with their irreproachable "get-up." The country artist is conspicuous in the cut of the clothes. The boots show greater breadth of treatment than delicacy of touch; it is clear that the shiny hat never came from the *ateliers* of Sackville Street or Bond Street; and the radiance of the necktie would excite the cupidity of the most venerable and peace-loving of African potentates, tempting him to set light by repeating rifles and the rites of hospitality, and make a savage onslaught on unsuspecting guests. But the wearer, although very much alone in the crowd, is cheered by the impression of the universal admiration he excites; nor for the life of you can you help envying the freshness of temperament which must make the wilderness of London a blooming paradise to him. Yet all that happiness, whether innocent or otherwise, rests almost entirely on the treacherous foundation of the weather. We need scarcely do more than advert to a possible reverse of the picture when the emancipated Indian, broken loose from confinement at large in cantonments, exchanges the glowing skies of Hindustan for a London downpour or drizzle, and is driven to fall back on the familiar cards, or the more familiar rattle of the billiard-balls; when the country visitor, whose temporary home may be a dismal back bedroom in Covent Garden, is reduced to refreshing his eye with the spectacle of decaying cabbage-leaves as he gazes disconsolately out of the coffee-room window; when, if he hardens his heart and goes abroad in the mud, he is doomed to hide his lights under a bushel, and cover his brilliant garments with a great-coat that has seen service; when, after sitting down to a dull dinner, he goes to digest it in the stalls of a close theatre, thinking all the time of the disillusioning in store for him when he has his holiday on Epsom Downs in a downpour.

On the other hand, and merely as a dispassionate onlooker, we revel in a fine week like the present. We may have no idea of going to Epsom, whether by road or rail. We may content ourselves by reviving the memories of former years, of which the pleasures are remembered while the troubles are gone to oblivion. We may be pleased to have London left comparatively to ourselves on the Wednesday and the Friday. But it is delightful beforehand to remark all around us practical illustrations of the general buoyancy of anticipation. The steps of the Junior Clubs are

crowded with beaming young faces, which show all the brighter for the flitting shadows of blackness reflected from the features of one or two saturnine bookmakers. Towards luncheon time there is an agreeable clatter of knives and forks from behind the half-drawn sunblinds in the great dining-rooms. Looking in upon the lucky little groups that have secured tables in the windows, we are charmed by the superb indifference to the digestion shown by smoking steaks and lobster salads and mayonnaises while the thermometer stands at something considerable in the shade. That jovial midday meal, when the cheerful *couples* call for more cup or claret or bitter beer is a suggestive revelation. They eat or drink without prejudice to the dinner which is inevitably to succeed in a few short hours. Had Thackeray's "Cave of Harmony" been still in existence, we well know where they would have finished the evening, and, even as things are in these degenerate days, we should be sorry to lay any length of odds against their following up the dinner with a supper. We are sure that not a few of our sprightly young acquaintances could indulge in a light midnight refection of pork chops and Welsh rabbit, and rise in the early morning unruffled, to recruit for the promiscuous hospitality of the Downs with a substantial breakfast. With such constitutions and physical capabilities, if they are wise they will undoubtedly go down by road. We imagine them associating in companies for joint-stock drag, or arranging expeditions to suburban livery stables in quest of those refurbished open carriages which are still quoted at fancy prices, in spite of the competition of the irrepressible railway companies. Hansoms with a modest hamper on the roof are fast and misanthropical rather than jovial. They imply complicated betting books or daring speculations, with the distractions that must pre-occupy the mind till the event of the day has been settled; and then the champagne will flow only too freely, either to drown the sorrows of the moment or to celebrate an intoxicating success. But going down by road in pleasant company and good spirits is greatly to be recommended to the young "sportsman." Probably he will have no reason to regret it at the time, while it will be a picturesque recollection in after life. Who can tell what changes may be imminent? We may live to see racing and other idle recreations preemptorily put down by a people's Parliament, while a Maine liquor law that proscribes the most temperate refreshment has been acclimatized by an autocratic league of abstainers. We wish excessive drinking could be abolished, whether by Act of Parliament or moral suasion; we should be glad to see rough horseplay discountenanced; and, above all, we wish every sort of success to the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. But this world of mingled good and evil being as it is, we owe to a fondness for a genuine English holiday like the Derby day. For one man who is locked up for drunkenness or disorderly conduct, or who deserves to be locked up, how many worthy and hard-working folks enjoy a day of innocent happiness! From the keepers of respectable refreshment booths and temporary stalls down to nigger minstrels and speculators in "Aunt Sally," to fortune-tellers, clothes-brushers, and vendors of correct cards, how many unfortunates have an exceptional chance of picking up some of the crumbs from the tables of their "superiors." And it would be difficult to maintain that there is not much to be said for a festival that brings happiness or benefits to so many.

THE FIRST FRENCH JOURNALIST.

ABLE editors are not always remarkable for the width of their erudition, and probably there are many of them who would be puzzled if they were asked to write a history of Théophraste Renaudot. Yet Renaudot may be said, without straining language much, to have been the first European journalist. The Romans, it is true, had their *acta diurna*, which may have answered to a journal which used to be called *The Day's Doings*. The Venetians, too, had their news-letters—*fogli d'avvisi*. And, in the seventeenth century, the great lords and ladies of the Court kept news-collectors in their service, as they had been accustomed to keep jesters. The *nouvelliste* was a sort of reporter who hung about the town and Court listening and spying for information, as has ever been the custom of his honourable profession. When he had made up an adequate budget of gossip, he copied it out neatly, and presented the manuscript to the lady who employed him. She, in turn, handed it about among her friends, and there were manuscript sheets of news which were lent to the curious on payment of a certain subscription. The best known of the *nouvellistes* was Loret, author of the papers known as "*La Muse Historique, ou Recueil des Lettres en vers, contenant les Nouvelles du Temps, écrites à son Altesse Mademoiselle de Longueville*" (1650-1665). Loret's *nouvelles*, however, were printed, and were a kind of "Society journal," as opposed to the serious and formal *Gazette*, founded by Renaudot. As Loret is not much read, except by people in search of the facts of social history in France, we quote from the new edition by M. Livet the lines in which he announces the death of Marion de Lorme. The date of the letter is July 2, 1650:—

La pauvre Marion de Lorme,
De si rare et plaisante forme,
A laissé ravir au tombeau
Son corps si charmant et si beau.
Quand la mort avec sa fureur
Astroline une belle fille,
J'en ay toujours de la douleur,
Et c'est cela pour grand mal-heur.

Loret must not delay us any longer from making the acquaintance of this illustrious Renaudot. This ingenious and inventive man, a native of London, published his first *Gazette* about the end of May, 1631, two hundred and fifty years ago. The *Figaro*, which prints a biography and a portrait of Renaudot, thinks that the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of this important date might have been a good occasion for founding a press dinner. "Pourquoi la presse française n'aurait-elle pas ses agapes annuelles, comme la presse anglaise?" our contemporary asks. But no nation can have every enjoyment. The French press has its duels; we, it seems, have our *agapes*; and these national opportunities for exhibiting the affection which journalists notoriously entertain for each other should be sufficient.

To return to Renaudot. He was born about 1586, and took to medicine as a profession. Being, as we have said, inventive and adventurous, he studied the nascent science of chemistry, and employed medicines—"remèdes chimiques." He was, therefore, detested and calumniated as a quack by all orthodox physicians like Guy Patin, and they threw so much mud at him that some of it has stuck. Renaudot had the luck or skill to become the friend of Le Père Joseph, the intimate of Richelieu, and generally known as *son éminence grise*. Through the Père Joseph, or through Richelieu, he got the rank of Médecin du Roi. Yet his position as a doctor was precarious, owing to the fanatical hatred of the Paris faculty. He therefore founded various lucrative enterprises, such as the *Mont de Piété*, a journal of advertisements, and a *Bureau* where people could go in search of information on any subject. Here are some of the advertisements in the *Journal d'annonces*:—"On donnera l'invention de nourrir quantités de volailles à peu de frais." "On demande compagnie pour aller en Italie dans quinze jours." But these enterprises were all overshadowed by the *Gazette*. The paper appeared once a week, and consisted of four pages in small quarto, or later in octavo or duodecimo. The strong point of the *Gazette* was its foreign correspondence. Thus in the number published on May 30, 1631, Renaudot's "speciale" actually sent news of April 2 from Constantinople, of April 26th from Rome; while the news from Antwerp was not more than a week old, being dated May 24th. Curiously enough, the early numbers contain no domestic intelligence. In a kind of "budget," which he published once a month, Renaudot gave a summary of the month's news, and replied to his critics and opponents. Probably in these "leaders" (they were all the leading articles Renaudot knew) he took occasion to defend his antimony and other chemical medicines. Thus, in Dr. Nivelet's little book, *Molière et Gui Patin*, we find Patin calling Renaudot a "weekly blackguard"—*nebulo hebdomadarius*—and a "scoundrelly snob," if so we may render *syccophanta deterimus*. But, as to the *Gazette*, Patin writes:—"Nothing is successful here, unless it be the *Gazette*, which is extremely amusing and consolatory too, for this chattering journal never gives any bad news, though we know there is plenty of it just now." Thus Renaudot anticipated what we have always believed to be likely to prove a successful plan of journalism. There should be a rose-tinted paper which only publishes the good news. All our failures, defeats, evasions, all our purchases of 15,000*l.* worth of American contempt, all our scuttlings, explosions, fiascos, should be steadily ignored. At present correspondents have an invincible trick of telling not only the truth, but the whole truth, and *novellistes* in Merv or Tunis write as if they did not care a pin for the feelings of party men, Liberals or Conservatives. Our favourite rose-coloured print should be called the *False Prophet*, and should far excel the *Times* in the art of prophesying smooth things. This art seems to have been known to Renaudot, who, as the dependent of Richelieu, could not be an independent journalist, and must have "edited" his foreign correspondents' letters pretty severely. In 1642 Renaudot brought an action for libel against Gui Patin, who, in a Latin preface to the works of Sennert, had styled him a *nebulo*, and a *blatéro*, which may be interpreted in the idiom of Burns a *bletherer*. Patin defended his own case, and had the better of the argument. He boasts that he has pulled Renaudot's nose (a pug), and adds that the gazetteer "*habet frontem meretricis, et nescit erubescere*," so early is the phrase which speaks of "pressmen and prostitutes." Renaudot had two advocates; but they failed to prove that *nebulo* and *blatéro* were injurious terms. Yet neither of them seems exactly complimentary. When the Père Joseph, Richelieu and Louis XIII. died, Renaudot found himself alone in a world of enemies. He was prohibited from exercising his profession of physician. His *mont de piété* was closed. Patin now called him an *ardelio*, which sounds libellous, but only means a busybody. But the *Gazette* did not cease to live, and was patronised by Mazarin, as it had been by Richelieu. Renaudot, foreseeing the immense power of his new engine, took a very high line, not unlike that of the modern press, with kings and statesmen. "I have to request princes and foreign States not to lose time in trying to shut out my news, for this is a sort of merchandize that custom-houses cannot detain, and which, like torrents of water, waxes stronger as you try to resist it." In later days, Renaudot anticipated a modern organ of evening Liberalism by starting a halfpenny paper—*Le Courrier Français*—which was hawked in the streets, and greedily purchased by a people avid of news. "On n'entendait, les vendredis, crier autre chose que le Courrier Français." Renaudot died on October 25, 1653. His career had certainly been a remarkable one. He had invented publicity. And this he had done but incidentally and

by the way. His real business was that of medicine, in which his innovations were practically successful. He was probably unaware, in spite of his arrogance, that he had been the author, as Mr. Carlyle would have said, with his usual geniality, of Satan's Invisible World Displayed. All editors, special commissioners in the Transvaal, and elsewhere, all penny-a-liners, all they that write leading articles, or speed the light *canard*, are his spiritual offspring. Renaudot died, according to Patin, *genux comme un peintre*, but probably it was a last stroke of malice to aver that the *nebulo*, *blatéro*, *ardelio*, *fourbe* did not "cut up well." Renaudot may have been less successful, as far as worldly wealth meant, than many of his successors as founders and proprietors of newspapers. Till 1789, when the word *journalisme* came in, his *Gazette* continued to be the chief French political paper. This was rendered the more easy by the privilege which forbade any other political journal to be printed in Paris. The Dutch press, however, used to pour out little journals which were mere collections of political slander. Louis XIV. was their chief victim, and, with a touch of human nature, the King, as Saint-Simon says, used to have all the *Gazettes étrangères* read aloud to him. It is strange to think of the old king wincing under his periwig and silk lace at the attack of some ragged and starving garretier. By this date the modern press, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, was full grown, and as active after its kind as the Nihilist pamphlets that are read to the Emperor of Russia.

THE YACHT-RACING ASSOCIATION.

RATHER more than two months ago there appeared in the *Field* what at first sight looked like a drawing of one of the wine-glasses of the old Beefsteak Club—that is to say, a wine-glass with the foot broken off, so that the drinker therefrom might not indulge in the ignoble practice of leaving heel-taps. The description which accompanied this sketch showed, however, that it did not represent a relic of the joviality of the past, but the midship section of a yacht, the body in outline precisely resembling the bowl of a glass, and the keel in section the stem. The marvellous vessel thus delineated was called the *Evolution*; and, though the name is not yet known to the outside public, it has already become famous in yachting annals, for, albeit of only 10 tons measurement nominally, this cutter has, we venture to say, caused more excitement and discussion amongst yachtsmen and yacht-builders than any other craft which has appeared since the days of the *America*. The *Evolution's* designer, Mr. E. H. Benthall, had apparently been guided principally by a desire to take the fullest possible advantage of the present rule of measurement, and she has accordingly enormous length in proportion to her beam. To give her the requisite strength a very ingenious expedient has been adopted, the vessel being, so to speak, built on to a girder. It is not, however, to this novelty in construction, striking as it is, neither is it to the not very remote possibility of the *Evolution's* losing her mast in a gale, that the attention which the yachting world has given her or the excitement which she has caused is due. The *Evolution* has become celebrated because she has been the means of bringing to a crisis the controversy respecting the rule of measurement which has continued for so many years; and there is unfortunately only too much reason to fear that she may be further celebrated as having indirectly been the cause of much injury to the prestige and credit of a body in which hitherto many yachtsmen have had unflinching belief, to wit the Council of the Y. R. A. In designing his remarkable vessel, Mr. Benthall showed in the most emphatic manner what could be done under the Thames rule of measurement, or under that modification of it which is known as the Y. R. A. rule of measurement. It is not remarkable that many took alarm, and that there was much excitement and discussion; and it is not to be regretted, that a glaring example set clearly before the eyes of all should have made the necessity for change obvious, and well nigh indisputable. It is remarkable, and it is to be regretted, that the body which was supposed to be better qualified than any other to deal with the question should have behaved with such vacillation and inconsistency, and should have tolerated such eccentric conduct on the part of one of its members as to shake altogether the confidence which has hitherto been reposed in it. We certainly shall not be accused of any hostility to the Y. R. A. We believe their rules to be the best which exist for the management of yacht-racing, their time allowance to be the fairest; and not long ago we endeavoured to show that clubs would do well to adopt them. It is with the deepest regret that we feel called upon to criticize the recent conduct of the Council; but, unfortunately, criticism is unavoidable if there is to be any fairness in the treatment of the question. The Y. R. A. endeavour to correct the mistakes of clubs, and they cannot complain if the mistakes of their Council are pointed out; and that their Council have of late made grievous mistakes will, we think, be evident from a recapitulation of what has happened. In order to make this clear to readers who have not followed the subject, we must go back some little way, and state some facts which are already trite to those who have given attention to this question.

Early in the present year the Council of the Y. R. A. became convinced of the necessity for a new rule of measurement, and, after consideration, accepted one which was suggested by the Secretary of the Association, Mr. Dixon Kemp, a gentleman as

competent for the task of devising a system of measurement as could possibly be found. According to his proposed rule, which has perhaps been more discussed than any other rule that ever was proposed, the square of a vessel's length was to be multiplied by the extreme breadth and the product divided by 1,200. How far the Council, in considering the matter, had been influenced by tidings of the design of the *Evolution* and other vessels we are not aware, but certainly it was the *Evolution* which made the necessity for change generally obvious. The new regulation was brought forward by the Council at a general meeting of the Association, and it was decided that the question should be referred to the whole body of members, and that a two-thirds majority should be required to carry the proposed rule. In an article written at the time we commended this decision, as it appeared to us that further discussion could do no harm, and that it was highly desirable that the authority of the Association should not be impaired by anything that bore the semblance of precipitate legislation. The events which followed this not unreasonable decision were, however, most singular, and it is to be feared that their result has been sadly to shake the credit of the Council. While the vote was still pending Colonel Leach, not a yacht-owner, who is, it seems, the honorary treasurer of the Association, and, for this reason we presume, a member of the Council, thought fit to send round a circular which virtually urged members to vote in the negative. The ambiguous wording of this circular, which was such as possibly to produce the impression that it had the authority of the Council, led to its being immediately repudiated by the Marquess of Exeter on behalf of the Council; but a good many votes may have been sent in under a false impression before the official notice was received, and clearly no reliance could be placed on a decision which might have been wrongly influenced. Of the impropriety of the conduct by which this unfortunate state of things was brought about it is unnecessary to speak. We do not, of course, impute for an instant anything like *mala fides* to Colonel Leach, but it is clear that he took a most mistaken course.

Any harm which might have been done could, however, easily have been remedied; and nothing need have been said about the matter but for the strange behaviour of the Council of the Y. R. A. That body, as has been shown, brought forward, after full deliberation, a rule of measurement. One of their members thought fit, without resigning his place on the Council, to issue a circular virtually urging members of the Association to vote against the rule, and this circular the Council immediately repudiated. As the voting had possibly been improperly influenced by it, and as the two-thirds majority did not appear to be necessary, a special meeting was demanded to reconsider the question and to put the Council's rule fairly to the vote. This requisition was a very proper one, as it was only right that the Council should be supported, and that there should be an unbiased decision on the rule they had brought forward. Strange to say, the Council, when an attempt was being made to uphold their authority, made a sudden *volte face*, and declared that they would rather it was set aside. A notice was published, from which it appeared that the Council intended to give their own rule the go by, and to propose almost exactly what Colonel Leach suggested in the circular which was so strongly objected to. At this meeting, according to the *Times* report, a resolution was carried which declared that the vote already taken had been wrongly influenced and was therefore null and void. A committee list proposed by the Council, in which appeared the name of Colonel Leach, who had not resigned his place on the Council, was not accepted, and it was determined that the task of preparing a new rule of measurement should be assigned to a committee appointed by the vote of the whole body of members.

We do not desire to consider at present the merits or demerits of the Council's rule or the advisableness of further consideration. What unhappily it is necessary to speak of now is the singular conduct of the governing body of the Y. R. A. In this case it is to be observed that a certain number of members who desired to support the Council called for a general meeting, whereupon the Council imitated the famous person who turned his back upon himself, and accepted the proposition contained in a circular which was issued to defeat their own proposal. One of two things, then, is certain. Either they are entirely wrong in their sudden change of course, or else originally they brought forward their rule without proper consideration. Whichever view be taken, there can, we fear, be little doubt that their authority must be sadly weakened, and this is greatly to be regretted. The clubs whom the Y. R. A. seek to influence are not likely to overlook the vacillating and inconsistent course of their rulers, and, indeed, the fruits of this are already apparent. It seems, from a letter in the *Field*, that another misleading circular has been issued with the object of influencing members in voting for the proposed committee. The result of the vote was, we believe, announced this week, but we are not aware who were selected. If, however, it should appear that the voting was influenced by the circular, everything will have to be done over again. It may very safely be assumed that this second irregularity would never have occurred had it not been for the weak conduct of the Council of the Y. R. A.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this is not a private question such as sometimes arises between a committee and the members of a club. Were it so, it certainly would not be treated in these columns. The Y. R. A. is a public body, which seeks to regulate yacht-racing all over the coast, and the question of measurement is assuredly not a private one. The proceedings of

the Council which represents the Y. R. A. are then a fair subject for comment, and unhappily are, as has been shown, open to comment of the most unfavourable kind. How the Association can expect clubs to pay them universal obedience when their Council does not know its own mind for a few weeks together, and when a single member is allowed to oppose the body to which he belongs and seemingly to prevail, we are totally unable to conceive. The *Evolution* caused infinite dismay and commotion, and inspired yachtsmen with just fear. In their distress they looked to the Y. R. A. to help them; but it is to be feared that the strain of attempting to do so has been too much for that institution. We trust that in the end it may again inspire confidence, but at present its position seems to be a critical one. To use a nautical simile, those in charge of the ship have got her in irons, with the shore a great deal nearer than is pleasant, and this is greatly to be regretted; but fortunately everything may yet be brought to a satisfactory conclusion if, as is most probable, the members of the Y. R. A. have made amends for the errors of their rulers by appointing a good committee. It should not be a task of great difficulty to select from their body men quite competent to settle this question—and settled it should certainly be—or else there is danger that the sport of yacht-racing may become ridiculous by leading to incessant dispute. Recent events, into which it is not necessary to enter now, show that it is imperative that there should be a uniform code of rules, and a uniform time allowance. The necessity for a uniform rule of measurement and for an alteration of the present system is scarcely less apparent, and it is therefore greatly to be hoped that the members of the Y. R. A. have elected a thoroughly competent committee. That body will have in one respect an enviable task, as it will be in their power to put an end to disputes of long duration, and to make yachtsmen forget the unfortunate vacillations of the Council by producing a really satisfactory rule of measurement, which, without making *Evolution* impossible, will assign to them their proper place.

THE DERBY.

THOSE people who only take an interest in the Derby on the day of the race are like novel-readers who content themselves by reading the end of the third volume of a story. They may enjoy the excitement of the grand finale, they may take pleasure in the evident blighting of many hopes, and in the solution of a problem which has given them no trouble; but, after all, they cannot derive the same interest from the conclusion of the narrative as do those who are well acquainted with the actors in the drama, as well as with the complications, the virtues, and the villainies of the plot. The Derby may be said to be a long story, beginning about a year before the actual day of the race. The first scene bearing on the Derby of 1881 was the race for the Twenty-third Biennial Stakes at Ascot in June 1880. This race was worth more than 1,000*l.*, and nine two-year-olds came out to contest it. Of these the favourite was Angelina, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom; but the winner proved to be Sir Charles, a good-looking colt by Pero Gomez. A couple of days later came the New Stakes at Ascot, another valuable race, worth 1,322*l.* For this Tristan, who had beaten Angelina at Newmarket, was the first favourite, after whom Angelina and Sir Charles were equal favourites. Again Sir Charles won, Tristan being second and Angelina third. After this race Sir Charles was established as first favourite for the Derby, and he was at once backed to win 6,000*l.* at the short price (for that length of time before the race) of 10 to 1. After winning another race at Winchester the favourite met with defeat at Goodwood, where he ran extremely badly, and he never ran again as a two-year-old. In July a two-year-old filly of extraordinary merit began her career. This was Bal Gal, who unfortunately became a roarer; she was far the most successful two-year-old of the season. If she had kept sound, she would undoubtedly have been first favourite for the Derby. A colt that showed some form in July and August was Scobell, who, after winning a couple of races at Stockbridge, ran a dead-heat with Wandering Nun and Mazurka for the Astley Stakes at Lewes. In this race Thora and Cumberland ran a dead-heat for second place, being only a head behind the three leaders. We may observe that this was one of the finest races ever seen on the Turf. In the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, Scobell ran within three-quarters of a length of the flying Bal Gal. Another colt that occasionally ran in good form was Iroquois, who ran Bal Gal to a head in the July Stakes at Newmarket; but his form was very unequal, and he ran badly at the end of the season. In October came the race which was intended by its founders to be the great Derby Trial Stakes for two-year-olds—namely, the Middle Park Plate. St. Louis, a colt by Hermit, galloped in three lengths in front of the nearest of his sixteen opponents, Town Moor being second. In the Houghton Meeting, when meeting St. Louis at an advantage of 9 lbs., Town Moor subsequently beat him by half a length. St. Louis was also beaten in the Dewhurst Plate, but he was again heavily weighted. In the Newmarket Houghton Meeting the Criterion Nursery Stakes was won with extraordinary ease by a horse called Geologist. His previous running had been nothing to boast of, but now he cantered in six lengths in front of Thora.

Early in the winter months St. Louis was first favourite for the

Derby. As time progressed, there were rumours that he was not quite sound, which were followed by counter rumours that he was in perfect health. After this, sometimes St. Louis, sometimes Sir Charles, and sometimes Scobell was the first favourite. At one time hopes were entertained that, after all, Bal Gal was not a roarer; but they were of short duration. Geologist became rather a favourite as the spring advanced, as also did Peregrine, a horse which had not yet run in public. There were only two races at the Craven Meeting which threw any material light upon the Derby. One was the Craven Stakes, which brought out Lord Rosebery's Cameliard, a well-shaped bay colt by Cremorne, who, after starting third favourite, beat a moderate lot of horses. The other was the Biennial, in which Tunis beat Montrose (who had won the Great Sapling Stakes of 1,000 sovereigns at Sandown Park), Great Carle, the winner of the Home-Bred Produce Stakes at Newmarket, and several other horses. After the race Tunis was backed at 15 to 1 for the Derby. The next event of importance in connexion with the Derby was the Two Thousand. For this race St. Louis was a strong first favourite during the Craven week, Bal Gal being a good second favourite. The next week saw the dethronement of both these favourites. Bal Gal was tried in a perfectly open manner, and was ingloriously beaten; and St. Louis threw out a splint, had to be blistered, and was consequently stopped in his work. This, of course, completely changed the aspect of both the Two Thousand and the Derby. As we observed in a former article, the Two Thousand was very easily won by Peregrine. Three lengths behind him was Iroquois, and a length and a half behind Iroquois came Don Fulano, who was only a head in advance of Cameliard. Scobell and Golden Plover, who had started first and second favourites, were unplaced. Several other horses of note were also hopelessly beaten; among these were Tristan, who had shown some form last year, Wandering Nun, and Cumberland, who had been among the five horses that ran within a head of each other in the memorable Astley Stakes at Lewes, and Town Moor, who had beaten St. Louis in the Post Stakes at Newmarket. Two days after came the One Thousand Guineas. Thebais, the winner, was a very great favourite, but even the roaring Bal Gal and Lucy Glitters were supposed to be better than Thora; nevertheless, Thora made a very good race with Thebais, only being beaten by a neck. We have already observed that Geologist had beaten Thora by half-a-dozen lengths in the Criterion Nursery Stakes. Now, therefore, Thora's excellent running with such a smart filly as Thebais, seemed to prove that Geologist must be a horse of extraordinary merit. The result of all this was that Peregrine became a very firm first favourite for the Derby, Geologist being second favourite, while Iroquois, Sir Charles, and Cameliard were for some time the next in demand. Excuses were made for Cameliard's indifferent running in the Two Thousand. It was said that his jockey had eased him when he found that he could not win, and that he was better suited for a long course than for a short one. The position of St. Louis in the betting market varied almost from day to day. After some delay in his training he again got to work. His chance was debated with great eagerness among both his friends and his enemies. The latter said that after a suspension of his preparation so near the time of the race it was impossible that he could be made as fit as he ought to be by the Derby day; while the former argued that his sire, Hermit, had won the Derby after breaking a blood-vessel, and lying idle until very near the day of the race. From a fortnight to ten days before the Derby there were several mishaps among the Derby candidates. At the Newmarket Spring Meeting, in the Payne Stakes, Tunis, the first favourite, broke down, and was afterwards scratched for the Derby, and Scobell, the second favourite, ran too badly to have any great hopes of winning the great race at Epsom. Golden Plover injured himself in some manner at exercise, and had to be shot.

Early in the Epsom week, Sir Charles, against whom, as we have already observed, as little as 10 to 1 had been laid almost a year ago, was scratched. It is said that he had been beaten in a trial. Barrett, an American horse, who had been heavily backed at 20 to 1, was scratched on the same day. On the morning of the race, Cameliard was found to be lame and was scratched. After all these reductions, only fifteen horses went to the post. There was some delay in clearing the course, so the start was behind time; but after one failure the horses got off on very equal terms. Iroquois was the first horse to break the even line of heads by going to the front; but in a couple of hundred yards another American horse, Marshal Macdonald, took the lead, and began to make the running for Iroquois. His exertions, however, were uncalled for, as St. Louis went to the front at the top of the hill, and made the running manfully down the incline by Tattenham Corner into the straight. There he began to show symptoms of distress, and for a moment or two the lead was taken by an extreme outsider called Voluptuary. Scobell and Town Moor then came forward; but, although they were leading when so near the winning-post, they were running like beaten horses, while Peregrine and Iroquois were close to them, and were evidently only waiting their time to shoot to the front. Half way up the straight Peregrine rushed forward, and held the lead as far as the distance; but Iroquois followed him very closely, and, as they came near the winning-post, passed him without any great difficulty, winning by about half a length. "The Britishers were whipped," for Iroquois was bred in the United States, and he belongs to an American. Late at night a Transatlantic telegram announced that processions were perambulating the streets of New York in honour of the victory. Leamington, the sire of Iroquois,

won two Chester Cups and the Goodwood Stakes. Iroquois's dam was descended from the famous West Australian, who won the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger in the year 1853. Iroquois was ridden by Archer, who rode Bend Or to victory in the Derby of last year, as well as Silvio in that of 1877. The result of the Derby would appear to show that, while Peregrine possesses great speed, Iroquois is a better stayer. Both Iroquois and Peregrine are good-looking horses; but the general opinion among good judges of racehorses is that they are inferior to the average of Derby and Two Thousand winners. Town Moor, who was third, is a powerful horse, 16 hands high, with a great deal of bone; but he has high galloping action, which is a decided defect in a racehorse. Several competent authorities consider the field, as a whole, to have been the worst that has taken part in a Derby for many years. The day was intensely hot, the dust was suffocating, and the course was as hard as iron.

The Derby would be incomplete without the annual wrangle in the House of Commons on the question of taking a holiday for the occasion. We have nothing to say against the customary adjournment on the Derby day; but it seems to us that those who profess themselves so anxious to economize the time of the House of Commons that they grudge the Derby holiday on the Wednesday are a little inconsistent in annually wasting a part of the Tuesday as well. The debate on the Derby is always a useless waste of time, and on Tuesday last the debate on the Irish Land Bill was considerably delayed, while two members made long speeches and stupid jokes about bawling blackguards, ancient Britons, Sabbatarianism, Saints' days, Nonconformists, and various other subjects, under pretence of opposing or of supporting the Derby adjournment.

THE RISE IN SECURITIES.

THE rise in the prices of Stock Exchange securities continues. It is now just two years since the movement began. It was in the May of 1879 that there was the first symptom of a revival of speculation after the long depression and discredit. The speculation quickly died away, but it began again in the following September, and has since continued to gather strength. It may be worth while to give some instances of the extent to which it has now proceeded. In the two years Consols have risen 3½ per cent., while the New Two and a half per Cents. have risen 10½ per cent. Indian Four per Cents. have risen 2 per cent., Cape of Good Hope Four and a half per Cents. have risen 5½ per cent., and Queensland Fours have gone up 8½ per cent. Amongst English Railways, again, London and Brighton Ordinary shares have risen over 12 per cent., London and North-Western about 14 per cent., Metropolitan about 5 per cent., and Metropolitan District about 20 per cent. In Scotch Railways, however, with the exception of Glasgow and South-Western, the rise is trifling; and in the principal Irish lines there is actually a fall. Nor is this movement by any means confined to our own market. On the contrary, it is still more marked in New York and in Paris. French Three per Cents., for instance, have risen over 6 per cent., or nearly twice as much as Consols, and Bank of France shares are gone to a premium of 470 per cent.; while United States bonds have appreciated so much that the Government has been able to refund the Fives and Sixes at 3½ per cent. And it is expected that next winter a further reduction of interest to 3 per cent. will be effected. Moreover, New York Central shares have advanced 40 per cent., and Illinois Central nearly 70 per cent.

The phenomenon being thus general, it must have general causes. Amongst these the principal is the great scarcity of first-class securities. Since the French Indemnity Loans were raised there has been no issue on a large scale of really sound investment stocks. On the contrary, there has been an enormous diminution in several instances. The United States Government, for example, since the close of the Civil War, will have paid off about 180,000,000*l.* of its debt when the present funding operations are ended, and, at the same time, it has reduced very greatly the interest upon the remaining debt. United States bonds were previously held extensively in this country, in Holland, and in Germany; but, as the redemption of the principal and the reduction of the interest went on, the bonds were taken away from Europe. The banks of the United States are compelled to hold Government securities or else to give up their note circulation; and trustees, insurance offices, and similar institutions are obliged also to hold these bonds. The result has been that the bonds in the hands of the general public have been very largely called in and paid off, and that their place has had to be taken by other securities. While this was going on, the growth of population and wealth has been enormous. Since the last census was taken a population larger than those of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales all put together has been added to the population of the United States. And the accumulation of wealth has been in greater proportion still. Thus, while the number of investors and the means of investment have been enormously increased, the really sound securities within their reach have been very greatly diminished. Necessarily, therefore, a great demand has arisen for other good securities, such as State and city bonds and railway shares and debentures. The rise in all these good securities naturally led to a rise in the less safe securities, and has ended

in great inflation. Here at home, too, there has been a considerable reduction in the debt, though nothing like what has taken place in the United States. Mr. Gladstone now proposes to turn 60 millions of Consols into terminable annuities, and in four years more he or his successor will have at his disposal 4 millions a year with which to effect a still greater reduction in the debt. This, added to the redemption of the United States debt, has greatly diminished the available investment stocks, and consequently has driven all who are not absolutely compelled to invest in Government securities to put their money in other things which would give them a better return. There is nothing, therefore, surprising in the great rise that has occurred in first-class railway debentures and shares. When Consols yield only about 2½ per cent., it is not unreasonable that 4 per cent. should be considered a very satisfactory yield from such railways as the London and North-Western. And while this reduction of the National Debt has been going on, it may almost be said that the building of railways has ceased. There are still, of course, small additions made to our network of lines, and there are constantly emissions of new capital to build stations and make other improvements, but the construction of main lines has ended. In France the growth of the debt steadily goes on, but the growth of wealth is still faster. And in Italy the chronic deficits, which lasted so long, have been brought to an end. There is a balance now between income and expenditure, and preparations are being made for the resumption of specie payments. In fact, Italy has ceased to be one of the borrowing countries, and is fast becoming an investment or capitalist country. There is thus a basis for much of the rise that has taken place, though, of course, like everything else, the rise itself has been pushed too far.

Another but more temporary cause of the movement we are tracing is the cheapness of money. For a considerable length of time now the discount rate in the open market in London has seldom for a month together exceeded 2 per cent., and has generally been lower. It is natural, therefore, that banks, with large deposits on which they have to pay interest, should prefer to lend upon stocks on which they can obtain from 2½ to 4 per cent. rather than compete with one another for bills which would yield them probably not half as much. The depositors themselves, too, are dissatisfied with the low rate of interest which the banks are able to allow them, and either lend upon the Stock Exchange themselves or speculate with their savings in the hope of increasing their capital. As long as this great cheapness of money lasts there must be an upward movement in securities. It would not be natural that money should be lendable in the short loan market in London for any length of time at 2 per cent. or less, while good securities were paying 5 or 6 per cent. A third cause of the rise is the badness of trade. When trade is very active traders put all the money they can scrape together into their business. They are anxious to build new mills, to increase their machinery, to extend their business in every direction where it seems likely to pay. And they not only put in all their own savings, but they use their credit also for the sake of the profit they see in prospect before them. When, on the contrary, as for several years now, trade is dull, a much less capital is all they require, and consequently they have to look about them for other employment for their savings. They have, therefore, put their money into stocks, and have thus augmented the demand which, as we saw, is very real and very powerful. This demand, of course, is temporary. If trade were to improve, one of the first consequences would be that merchants and manufacturers would sell out of some of the stocks in which they have now temporarily invested to put the proceeds in their business. This has always to be borne in mind; and if, as we may hope now, the coming harvest is a good one, and gives the stimulus to trade which is universally looked for, we may expect that considerable sales of securities will ensue, and that the rise in prices, which has gone on now for nearly two years, will receive a check. In another way, too, the improvement of trade will check the rise. It will cause a demand for money, will enhance its value, and will thus make people dissatisfied with the low interest which is now all that can be obtained from first-class securities.

These are the broad and general causes of the rise we have witnessed, and which is causing so much surprise and so much anxiety in many quarters. They are neither reprehensible nor immoral; but they warn us that at any moment the rise may be checked, and may be followed even by a considerable fall. As yet we do not think that here in England there has been any very wild speculation such as would cause a panic, provided, of course, there were to be no great political disturbance. It may be different in France and in the United States; but here in England, as yet, the causes that have been acting are such as made a great rise inevitable as soon as the extreme discredit caused by the Glasgow Bank failure passed away. And one of these causes will continue to act as long as there is no great fresh creation of securities—we refer, of course, to the scarcity of first-class securities. If there were to be a great European war, with its enormous issues of loans and its waste of capital, of course the value of money would be raised immensely, and all prices must inevitably fall. But, if there is not such a war—if, on the contrary, the prosperity that is now extending throughout the commercial world continues, and is availed of to reduce the debts of the first-class States, sound investments must command a high price. As we have already said, the improvement of trade, however, will tend to check a further great rise both by opening up new channels for the employment of money, and thus raising its value, and by diverting from the Stock Exchange funds which

are now poured into it in immense volume. But even the improvement of trade may have a less effect than is expected. The conditions under which trade is now carried on are greatly changed from what they formerly were. The telegraph, the railway, and the steamship have revolutionised the methods of commerce. It is no longer necessary to keep enormous stocks on hand, or to provide long beforehand for the business of a season. Orders can be transmitted from London to Calcutta, Melbourne or San Francisco, in a few hours, and payments can be made with equal speed and by the same means. So, again, in the course of a few weeks cotton or corn can be brought from distant continents to Europe. There is thus an immense economy of capital. There is no need for locking up vast sums of money in stocks that will not be used for months to come. Nor are the enormous warehouses necessary that would be required were the present volume of trade to be done on the old system. It may be doubted, therefore, whether even brisk trade will have the effect that many expect from it, though, of course, it must divert capital from the Stock Exchange to commercial business, and thus enhance the value of money. In the long run, by raising the value of money and making it scarce, it will bring down prices, and may possibly even produce the crisis which is so freely predicted now; but, if politics run smooth and no accidents occur, the crisis may be postponed much longer than many of the prophets seem to think possible.

RECENT MUSIC.

LAST week Mme. Sembrich made her appearance, which had been unavoidably postponed, in *Dinorah* at Covent Garden. The marvellous facility with which this singer overcomes the vocal gymnastics that are assigned to the part by the composer was as marked as when she was heard for the first time last year in *Lucia*, and the applause with which she was greeted was as well merited as upon that occasion. Save for the popularity of one or two songs which the opera contains, we doubt whether it would be worth the trouble to a great singer to study such a part as *Dinorah*, so devoid is it of dramatic interest and replete with absurdities. In these circumstances, perhaps, it was not unnatural that Mme. Sembrich should have been unconscious of the comic effect produced by the repetition of the "Shadow Song," which involves the reproduction of that most accommodating of moons and breaks the thin thread of dramatic interest which may be found in this opera. The same remark, of course, applies to M. Lassalle's encore of "Sei vendicata assai." Bearing in mind M. Lassalle's really fine representation of Nelusko in *L'Africaine* last year, we must admit that we were very disappointed at his rendering of Hoel in this opera. M. Lassalle appeared to us to have lost interest in the work he had undertaken, and had become mechanical and conventional. It was only when he had a song which was worthy of his great powers that he really exerted himself. In stage language, in fact, he simply walked through his part until he reached "Sei vendicata assai," which was duly acknowledged by the audience, and, as we have said before, was marred by the repetition. Mme. Trebelli took the part of the Goatherd—an insignificant part, which she raised to importance by her wonderful powers of vocalization and acting. Signor Marini's Corentino was not of the best. We would suggest that it would be advisable for Signor Marini to give some attention to the conductor's beat, especially at the close of the first act, when in his agony of fear he drops on his knees and invokes all the saints in creation to have mercy on him. For want of this one of the most comic situations was completely marred. Mlle. Valmi was a competent Capraja, and M. Dauphin and Signor Corsi gave intelligent renderings of the parts assigned to them.

Lohengrin has been performed at Covent Garden with two new singers, Herr Labatt of the Vienna Opera, and M. Dauphin. Herr Labatt, who is, we believe, a Swede, has been one of the leading dramatic tenors of the German stage for about thirteen years. Herr Labatt shows us a somewhat new reading of the part of Lohengrin. His Knight of the Swan is, judged by his second representation of the part, when he had overcome his first nervousness, full of human feeling and passion, his high and supernatural character being only indicated from time to time. Telramund and Ortrud are treated with contemptuous loathing, finely expressed in the duel scene by throwing the sword and shield down the instant Telramund falls, as if they had been polluted by being used against such a creature. Again, at the end of the last act Herr Labatt represents Lohengrin almost overcome with grief at the loss of Elsa, grief so deep that his sense of his high mission, to which he is recalled, can only by a struggle reassert itself and restore him to saddened dignity. His farewell to the swan was full of feeling, and produced the effect that was desired; whilst Mme. Albani's Elsa was as fine a rendering as she has ever given. The touching scene where Telramund accuses her of her brother's death was given with all the dramatic power that she has now become celebrated for, and the dreaminess of her vision of the Knight who was coming to deliver her was exquisitely depicted. Again, when he does not appear as she expects, her amazement without loss of belief was most admirably represented, whilst her expression of joy at his arrival is perhaps unsurpassed on the operatic stage. M. Dauphin, at the second performance, as the Herald, had much improved upon his first representation, from the fact, doubtless,

that he had become more familiar with the vast stage of the Covent Garden Opera. Signor Silvestri took the part of the King, and Mlle. Mantilla and Signor Cotogni were respectively Ortrud and Telramund.

M. Dupont conducted the performance in a manner to increase his already high reputation—his skill as an accompanist, which we have before noticed, being again shown in a most marked manner. It would appear that the stage manager of the Royal Italian Opera has a special spite against first acts. He is trying hard to make the first act of *Lohengrin* as ridiculous as he has already rendered the first act of *Faust*. When the lists have been measured out, the Herald makes proclamation that all must stand outside the lists on pain of death to arms, and loss of the right hand for freemen. The instant that this proclamation has been made, the stage manager causes everybody on the stage to walk into and through the lists, and has now gone so far as to make the knights, who have marked out the space, remove the lances which mark out the lists, so as to give greater freedom of circulation.

Mlle. Adalgisa Gabbi has made her appearance at Her Majesty's in the part of Aida, and appears to please her audience. She has a beautiful voice, and at times sings well; but from some cause, or more probably some combination of causes, her power of singing frequently leaves her altogether, whilst the quality of her voice becomes extremely harsh. Her dramatic power is very great, and she is gifted with expressive mobile features. Indeed, we have seldom seen the part better played. Mlle. Tremelli was Amneris; and, though her performance was, on the whole, stagey and forced, yet she deserves great praise for the scene during and after the judgment of Rhadames. The general performance was very good. Signor Arditì has obviously worked hard with both band and chorus, and has made a great improvement in both.

Mme. Nilsson made her re-appearance in *Faust*, which has been given with a cast exceptionally good, save for the absence of Mme. Trebelli. It might well have been thought that there could be nothing new to say concerning the poetry and tragedy which, with the most finished artistic skill, Mme. Nilsson imparts to the character of Marguerite. Yet there are some dramatic touches which to us at least are new—notably in the scene of the ballad of the King of Thule, and which added yet another grace to a performance which before had seemed perfect. To speak of the power and exquisite delicacy and tenderness of Mme. Nilsson's singing of the part would be only to repeat what we have often said before. Mr. Maas re-appeared as Faust, and sang the music of the part with fine perception, and with thoroughly-trained use of a pure tenor voice, which is now a rare possession. His acting still leaves much to be desired; but it is well to remember that Signor Mario began his career as a poor actor, and ended it as an exceptionally fine one. Signor Novara appeared as Mephistopheles. We do not hesitate to say that dramatically he is the best Mephistopheles who has been seen on the London lyric stage since the absence of M. Faure. From watching his performance one may naturally infer that he has studied not only the work of MM. Barbe and Carrier, but also that of Goethe. His acting is throughout original, without any suspicion of eccentricity, and is throughout in accordance with what we take to be the right conception of the spirit that denies as represented in the person of Mephistopheles. His command of gesture and facial expression is unusually complete, and in its employment he never sacrifices truth to making of points. The praise that we can accord to his singing is less only in degree. He used a fine voice, on the whole, with much art and steadiness. The "Dio del or" he sang, as well as acted, capitally, and in the recitatives he was admirable. It is difficult to judge how much of his comparatively limited success in the serenade was due to the extraordinarily bad accompaniment conducted by Signor Arditì. Signor Arditì's conducting throughout was of a flabby kind, and also went far to spoil Signor Del Puente's fine performance of the death scene of Valentino. In spite of Signor Arditì's conducting, the chorus showed a marked improvement.

The second Richter Concert consisted of Brahms's Academic Overture, Leslie's "Mephisto Walzer," the "Siegfried Idyl," and Schumann's Symphony in C. The Academic Overture was written for the occasion of an honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy which was conferred upon the composer at the University of Breslau in the course of last summer. It is constructed upon the basis of four German students' songs, and, although full of the most masterly work, it is likely to prove somewhat uninteresting to the English public. In the first place, German student songs are not generally known here, and when they are wrapt up in the most intricate counterpoint, or, as in the case of the "Fuchslied," in actual fugue, it is hardly to be expected that it will meet with general approval. The overture, however, is, when understood and read in the light of a work written for a special purpose, a really fine work, and will repay careful study. Of Liszt's "Mephisto Walzer" it is enough to say that the music is worthy of Lenz's idea. Lenz lost his reason in 1844 after having written a wild version of *Faust*, which the writer of the analytical programme tells us he considered "as common property," and therefore a subject to exercise his wild imagination upon. Liszt's production is analogous to Saint-Saens's "Danse Macabre," but wanting in the diabolical humour of that piece. To this followed the "Siegfried Idyl," indeed a poem for the orchestra. This symphonic poem, as it may be called, was written by Herr

Wagner in honour of Mme. Wagner's birthday, after the birth of her son Siegfried, and the completion of the opera of the same name. It consists of themes from the aforesaid opera, but stands as a completely independent composition. The rendering of it by Herr Richter's orchestra was as perfect as possible, as was shown by the way in which it was received by the audience at St. James's Hall. The concert concluded with a magnificent performance of Schumann's Symphony No. 2 in C, which was given with all the vigour and energy for which Herr Richter's orchestra is now famous.

The Richter Concert on Monday, May 30, was a singular example of the art of programme-making. It consisted of Mr. Stanford's psalm, "God is our hope and strength," Liszt's brilliant Concerto in E Flat, Haydn's pleasant Symphony in A Major, and the Overture to *Tannhäuser*—representing the modern ecclesiastical, the virtuoso-technical, our forefathers' methodical, and our own vehemently emotional types. All the works were excellent as representatives of their particular forms of art; but the forms themselves have no sufficient connexion to enable any one to appreciate the advantages of contrast. The Psalm, which is a comparatively early work of our distinguished composer, is the more remarkable on that score for its exceptional clearness of expression and the freedom and facility with which both orchestra and chorus are handled. The first chorus appears to have made the most favourable impression, as it probably deserves to, though there are remarkably happy and broad strokes in several other portions of the work; as, for instance, the gradual rise from the "ppp" to "fff" to the words "Be still then, and know that I am God," which prepares the return of the first phrase, "God is our hope and strength," as the commencement of the final chorus. The performance was, on the whole, admirable, though the singers of the chorus were sometimes inclined to take a more moderate view of the *tempi* than the conductor, and consequently lacked the spring and elasticity which should have rendered the interpretation perfect. The reception of the work was most satisfactory, and the composer had to appear to bow his acknowledgments.

After the Psalm there was a prolonged interval, no doubt to enable the audience to come round to a condition of mind congenial to Liszt—a procedure possibly excellent from this point of view, but likely to be trying to the executant. But, whether trying or not, Mr. Dannreuther was quite master of himself and of the occasion, and the force, clearness, and decision which he displayed would be difficult to surpass. The performance was on every side of the highest description, owing to the exceptional care and patience which had been bestowed on the rehearsal. After this, again, there was a prolonged interval to get into the mood for Haydn, which indeed is a leap of no little difficulty; and all Herr Richter's force and unflinching certainty of interpretation were quite needed to gain the appreciation which was due to work performed. It is in itself of a most enjoyable description, and in some respects larger and fuller than many better known symphonies of the same master. Of the final item in this heterogeneous collection there is little to be said, except that it was as warmly received as ever, well known as it now is. The performance was excellent, and reflected the greatest credit upon the band as well as upon the conductor.

THE THEATRES.

IF *Twelfth Night* had not been performed by the Meiningen Company directly after *Julius Cæsar*, it might have been difficult to avoid judging that the company had been somewhat overrated. Great stress has been laid on the Duke's steady opposition to the so-called star system; and yet the one scene of really first-rate excellence in *Julius Cæsar* owed almost everything to Herr Barnay. The result, too, of putting really good performers into inferior parts is not likely to recommend the practice here. Nothing was gained by putting Fräulein Werner into the insignificant part of Lucius, except the loss of her services where they were very much wanted. Many of the inferior members of the company might have been trusted to act the servant of Octavius Cæsar, if not as well as Fräulein v. Moser-Sperner, at least adequately. In the Saxe Meiningen company, as in others, really good actors are a minority, and they act different parts with very various degrees of sufficiency. It is noticeable, too, that all the performers in *Twelfth Night* had already appeared in *Julius Cæsar*, except three or four.

Leaving aside for a moment the great scene of Mark Antony's speech, the rendering of *Julius Cæsar* on Monday evening was, on the whole, satisfactory enough. Herr Barnay showed great power as Mark Antony, and the Cassius of Herr Teller was decidedly good; but none of the other actors rose above a very moderate level of merit. Their acting was distinctly staid and their elocution monotonous. It suggested a lesson mechanically repeated after a master. The actors turned their backs to one another and spoke into the house; they took attitudes which had no meaning, and used gestures which had neither point nor originality. The few who showed any sign of having formed an individual conception of the characters they were representing gave no proof of very high taste or intelligence. Herr Kober went very near to making a mere buffoon of the "envious Casca." We have seldom seen a tender and beautiful scene more roughly given than that between Portia and Brutus. Cæsar looked at Cassius as if he really did fear him, which

seems to us a decided mistake. The admirably drilled crowd has been much and justly praised, but in the earlier scenes it was used too freely. It was allowed to call off the attention of the audience from those who are carrying on the dramatic action of the tragedy. In the scene of Cæsar's murder it almost hid the conspirators, and was wholly out of place; none but senators should have seen the deed. Loafers, women, and children were not allowed to cover the floor of a Roman Curia. Cæsar, too, was slain with daggers, not swords; and if swords were to be used, they should not have been held like daggers.

At this point, however, the control of the play passed into the hands of Herr Barnay, and till the curtain fell on the third act the performance was really great. Herr Barnay's bearing when he joined the conspirators was that of a man who knows himself in the lion's den, and is conscious that nothing but perfect tact and self-possession can save his life. His suppressed grief and excitement were just sufficiently indicated, and passed into wild lament and rage when he is left alone without any appearance of violence in the transition. The hopes raised by his acting in this scene were fulfilled when he speaks from the rostrum, and lashes the mob into fury from the side of Cæsar's corpse. A large part of the effect produced by this really magnificent scene is due to the thorough drilling and intelligent use of the crowd. They are here very properly in the front throughout, and answer every appeal made to their passions by Antony's consummate oratory, as a fine instrument does the touch of the musician. But it is the player who makes the music, after all. Herr Barnay might have suffered from the want of so good a crowd; but what would even the Saxe Meiningen crowd have been without Herr Barnay? There would have been nothing to justify its tears or rage; as it was, the actor dominated it at its wildest moments.

Although no one particular passage of *Twelfth Night* reached the same level of excellence as this, it was far better played than *Julius Cæsar* as a whole. The actors who had appeared below the level of the tragedy showed to greater advantage in the comedy. Herr Nepper, who had been a poor Brutus, made a well-bred and picturesque Orsino. Antonio was much more within Herr Richard's powers than *Julius Cæsar*. Those who had been lost in the crowded scene of Monday night filled greater parts in *Twelfth Night*, if not with any striking originality or power, at least with spirit and grace. To this there is, however, one exception. Sir Andrew Aguecheek—here rechristened Christoph, for what reason we do not know—was taken by Herr Görner, the Cyma the poet of the previous night. The rendering of the character given us by Herr Görner must be allowed to have the merit of being consistent with itself; unfortunately it is based on a wholly wrong conception. Sir Andrew is own brother to Slender—he is timid, hanging on to Sir Toby Belch, and feebly imitating him, with a weak, intermittent sense of his own folly. Herr Görner gives us an impudent German Bursch, who pushes himself to the fore everywhere, and giggles with an idiotic self-satisfaction. He is frequently funny, but it is not with the right sort of fun. In spite of this exception, however, the honours of the evening were won by the purely comic characters. At first Herr Puckert's Malvolio and Herr Teller's Clown seemed to suffer from the same failing as Herr Görner's Sir Andrew. The Jester was too conscious of his own wit, too much a mischievous sprite. Malvolio was too old and ridiculous. He looked like a disappointed and bilious schoolmaster. But both improved vastly as the piece went on. Malvolio was admirably ludicrous, with a very proper touch of pathos, in the famous garden scene, and the Clown threw himself into the tormenting of his enemy with a zest that was catching. Herr Teller's performance gives a high opinion of the versatility of the actor who had been seen the night before as the grim Cassius. His delivery of "When that I was and a little tiny boy," was especially fine. Herr Hassel's Sir Toby Belch was thought out to the last detail, and given with a fat comicality which causes a laugh in the mere remembrance. But the most brilliant of all this merry crew was undoubtedly Fraulein v. Moser-Sperner. Her Maria inspired and directed the persecution of her natural enemy with an intensity of enjoyment, and triumphed over his misfortunes with a spontaneity of laughter befitting the ideal type of all waiting-women.

The finer and more highly-bred comedy of Olivia and Viola was delicately rendered by Fraulein Bauer and Fraulein Werner. The former looked beautiful and refined, as her part requires; and, if the latter was unduly light and boyish in the very difficult first scene with Olivia, she grew stronger as the piece went on. The stage arrangements were good and intelligent, going carefully into such comparatively trifling details as making Sir Toby and Sebastian (who was marvellously like Viola) engage in the correct sixteenth-century style with rapier and dagger. Altogether, although the patience of the audience was severely tried by the number and the length of the waits, it left with the pleasant sense of having seen perhaps the most brilliant of all comedies most brilliantly acted.

A certain school of dramatic critics have lately been vigorously preaching the doctrine that the plot and the making of a good "curtain" are all the law and the prophets of dramatic literature. The new and original domestic comedy at the Vaudeville has apparently been constructed with a strict regard to this principle. There is nothing new in the characters, unless it is the new name of a very old friend, and there is absolutely nothing original in the dialogue; but the play has a plot, and the second act ends

with a most effective situation. Professor Mistletoe, a puppet-show proprietor, has adopted a daughter, Alice Merton, and educated her out of his savings like a lady. With a very respectable pride, Alice refuses to be a burden on her guardian, and obtains a place as companion in the house of a Mr. Fotheringay Trevanion, a wealthy man of business, with great pretensions and a plentiful lack of breeding. Alice tells the Professor of her engagement in the presence of a Dr. Lattimer, who is a friend of the Trevanions, and immediately drops hints about seeing his way to his revenge. His revenge turns out to be very tame. It is simply this—that Arthur Dalton, Trevanion's stepson, should fall in love with Alice instead of with Trevanion's rich ward, Lydia Penrith. All happens according to the wishes of the Doctor, whose motive for wishing to revenge himself is that Mrs. Trevanion had jilted him a generation ago. Alice and Arthur do fall in love, and the natural complications result. The Trevanions discover the secret just when the Professor has been brought into the house by Dr. Lattimer. Of course a violent scene follows, in the course of which the puppet-show man recognizes Trevanion as the brother from whom he had parted, years ago, at the door of the charity school in which they had been brought up. In the third act all is made right by approved old methods. The upstart Trevanion is ruined, and compelled to beg help from his humble brother—a letter arrives at the right moment, and everything ends happily.

The characters of such a piece as this are not expected to possess much probability; it is enough if they follow certain stock types—and the *dramatis persone* of *Punch* are very familiar figures indeed. There is the comic, but pathetic, Professor whose original is to be found in any of the stories of Dickens. A certain force and interest is given to him by the really fine acting of Mr. James, who has learnt not to overdo such parts by a long familiarity with them. But we doubt whether even his acting will compensate for the total want of novelty. The other characters are either so uninteresting or so unnatural that no acting can make them endurable. But everything was done for them that acting could do by the whole company. The dialogue becomes tedious by mere force of striving after smartness. It is full of efforts after fun introduced at pathetic moments, and puns which have not always humour in the sound and never in the sense. The pathos is of that lachrymose kind which makes the audience welcome a little callous brutality.

Coralie, the version of M. Delpit's *Le Fils de Coralie* given at the St. James's, is a species of *Forget Me Not*, with a suffering and repentant heroine. The dramatic motive of the play is the struggle of an unhappy woman with an infamous past, to secure for her son the happiness which she has deprived herself of any chance of enjoying. This son, Captain Mainwaring, who passes as her nephew, is an officer who has distinguished himself early. When the play opens we find him just engaged to the daughter of a country gentleman, a Mr. Meryon. Although the young lady is very favourable to her suitor, the marriage has not been arranged without difficulty, for Captain Mainwaring knows this much of his birth, that he is illegitimate, and it is only by the strenuous exertions of the romantic Miss Meryon, the aunt of his future wife, that he has gained his object. At this moment Coralie herself appears on the scene as Mrs. Travers, and is warmly welcomed. But among the guests at Mrs. Meryon's house is a Mr. Kelson-Derrick, one of her former victims, who is also a suitor for the hand of Mabel Meryon. Of course Coralie is recognized. From this point to the end of the third act the action of the play consists in her efforts to keep the truth hidden, above all from her son. She has good reason to fear him; for, when Derrick, resolved to get at the truth, describes Coralie with very dubious taste before the whole party, Captain Mainwaring has spoken of such women with loathing. Derrick, who is a man of honour, is induced by his unwillingness to cause suffering to keep the secret, but it is soon learnt by another. This is the family lawyer Critchell, who is put on the track during the drawing up of the marriage contract. He clears up the mystery by the help of a rather ignoble lie, and then the marriage is broken off. The difficulty of the position here proves too much for the dramatist, and, finding his own knot too difficult to untie, he cuts it. Critchell, who has caused all the trouble, induces Mr. Meryon to allow the marriage to go on, and Coralie disappears into a convent.

The piece, though disfigured by a good deal of tinsel sentiment, is undoubtedly interesting, and it is admirably played. Mr. Hare made an excellent family lawyer, and Mr. Clayton as Kelson Derrick looked like a man of the world. As Sir Jonas Meryon, Mr. Wenman played a weak and foolish old man with much delicacy. In the scene where he has to inform Captain Mainwaring that the marriage is broken off, he gave a touching rendering of the struggle between the old man's innate good breeding and his weak wish to shirk a difficulty. Miss Emery and Mr. Kendal made a very charming pair of lovers. If we allow that such a woman as Coralie could entirely cast off her past life, the acting of Mrs. Kendal was admirable. Her interpretation of the heroine's struggling and suffering and shame was full of power, particularly in the scene with Critchell, when she is suddenly brought to the lowest depth of degradation just as success seemed sure.

As far as the afternoon performance of *Much Ado about Nothing* was intended to give an opportunity of judging of the powers of Miss. Ellen, it does not offer much matter for criticism. Whatever the qualities of the actress may be in less exacting parts than Beatrice, and when acting in a language which she can speak

without a marked accent, she has been ill advised in venturing to appear before an English audience in such a character. She has a fine presence, an easy, self-possessed carriage, and a good, well-trained voice; but these qualities are not sufficient for the rendering of Beatrice, and Mlle. Rhea shows nothing beyond them. When she calls on Benedick to avenge Hero, there is no sign of the fire and dignity which should be shown at such a moment by such a woman. Mr. Henry Neville as Benedick only availed himself of the advantage of acting in his own language to interpret his part worse than Mlle. Rhea. His Benedick is an exuberant schoolboy, and as little as possible of a soldier or a courtier. The other parts were more completely filled; but all the actors showed, as was perhaps only natural, a want of study of their parts. Mr. Anson's Dogberry and Mr. Calhaem's Verges were the only exceptions. They were played in a manner to make us wish to see them again in a more carefully prepared performance and more worthily supported. It is to be hoped that this will be the last of the attempts made by foreigners to act in our language, at least before they have mastered it. It is unreasonable to expect us to listen while passages we are familiar with as models of style are delivered with their cadence spoiled and their meaning often lost.

The performance of *Herne the Hunted* at the Gaiety last week was a really remarkable piece of amateur acting. But for the name of Mr. Reece as *collaborateur* we should have said it was also a piece of amateur writing. Perhaps it was wise not to depart too far from well-known lines. The good old burlesque is easier and better followed by an audience which comes to laugh rather than to be critical; and it is easier to laugh at good amateur fooling than at the professional thing, because we all secretly believe that a clown is born to his clownery, whereas the amateurs are followers of serious pursuits. Great praise must be awarded to the company of *Herne the Hunted*. Not only were individual parts sustained with extraordinary spirit and enthusiasm, but the grouping, the readiness and absence of confusion with which most complicated scenes were performed, spoke of long and careful rehearsal. The performance of Mr. Archibald Stuart Wortley as Sir Thomas Wyatt was, on the whole, the most remarkable part of the entertainment. His acting was quiet, easy, and always kept in hand; he delivered his words without effort, and made the most of his points; and he astonished those who were ignorant of the full measure of his accomplishments by dancing like a very Vokes.

REVIEWS.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY STUDIES.*

MR. HITCHMAN has given us in this bulky volume eleven studies or essays. We have not read them all, for a somewhat careful examination of the first and third has convinced us that he has set up as a teacher of others on a very scanty stock of knowledge. Nay, we will even go further, and say that we have not come across a single fact or a single piece of criticism to repay us for the trouble of reading the eighty or ninety pages through which we have gone. He has, we should imagine, but very lately made the discovery that an eighteenth century must, in the very nature of things, have gone before the nineteenth, and that it must have had a literature of its own. Full of ardour, he has hastily read up all the latest authorities on the subject; and, in a generous spirit, has resolved not to keep to himself the good things that he has found. He is like a cistern in which the escape-pipe should be put at so low a level that it would begin to flow a very few minutes after the supply-pipe had been turned on. Like some others of the brethren of his craft, he is not so careful as might be desired in acknowledging the sources of much of his information. He does even worse than this, for he borrows and at the same time he abuses his creditor. It is not too much to say that his essays on Wilkes and Churchill would have been something very different from what they are now, had it not been the case that long before he began his studies Mr. John Forster had completed his. Yet he thus writes of that eminent author:—"Mr. Forster, in his *Life of Churchill*, has chosen to say some very harsh things of Wilkes, and on no occasion has he expended more bitterness than in dealing with his hunt after promotion." He accuses him, moreover, of having "the desire to exalt the poet at the expense of his allies." We shall, before we conclude, examine Mr. Hitchman's defence of Wilkes; but for the present we must make clear the extent of his obligations to the author whom he thus severely criticizes. We had not read three pages of his book before we felt sure that he was borrowing from somebody. He is describing Wilkes's "admirable social qualities," and he brings forward Johnson as a witness to them. He thus goes on:—"His name," said that great moralist, "has been sounded from pole to pole as the phoenix of convivial felicity." Now here was a misquotation from Boswell; but how, we asked ourselves, had Mr. Hitchman fallen into it? Johnson had really said, "Did we not hear so much said of Jack Wilkes, we should think more highly of his conversation." . . . But after hearing his name sounded from pole to pole as the phoenix of convivial felicity, we are disappointed in

his company." It was Mr. Forster, as we soon found out, who had first carelessly misquoted Boswell, and Mr. Hitchman, as can be established beyond a doubt, had fallen into the same blunder through borrowing from him. It so happens that in his essay on Churchill he again quotes the saying of "the great moralist," but he quotes him and Mr. Forster also at greater length. By placing the passages in parallel columns we shall be able to make clear to our readers the extent of his obligations to the author whom he has so ungraciously censured:—

MR. HITCHMAN.

"His name," said that great moralist, "has been sounded from pole to pole as the phoenix of convivial felicity." Lord Mansfield, who had little reason to love him, declared that "Mr. Wilkes was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar he ever knew" (p. 3).

He conquered even the staid and prejudiced Johnson. "His name," says the latter, "has been sounded from pole to pole as the phoenix of convivial felicity"; adding, in less stilted but more happy phrase, "Jack has great variety of talk; Jack is a scholar, and Jack has the manners of a gentleman." . . . Thus qualified, and having constantly upon his lips the loudest professions of love for truth, right, and justice, it can be no matter for surprise that he should have fascinated Churchill. But beyond his personal qualifications, the sympathies of the poet were naturally dignified and honourable; he believed that the struggle in which Wilkes was engaged was one of right against might, of freedom against oppression, of the rights and liberties of Englishmen against Scottish and German tyrants (p. 116).

The reader will have noticed how Mr. Hitchman has expanded four words of Mr. Forster's. "More naturally, he added," has been swollen out into "adding, in less stilted but more happy phrase." Curiously enough, there was no addition at all; for, as any one would have seen who had taken the trouble to turn to Boswell, what was "more naturally said" came before and not after the "stilted phrase."

To show, however, the full extent of Mr. Hitchman's indebtedness to Mr. Forster we must venture to trouble our readers with parallel extracts of some length. Both authors are describing the sudden change which came over Churchill as soon as he became famous:—

MR. HITCHMAN.

From this time forward the manner of Churchill's life was changed. He threw off the sober garb of his clerical profession, and appeared about town, "dressed," says a contemporary writer, "in a blue coat with gold buttons, lace and ruffles." Pearce, Dean of Westminster, the "dull dean" of a later satire, offered a remonstrance on one or two occasions, but was met with indifference and even contempt. The parishioners of St. John's expostulated with more effect, and the poet resigned his cure in that parish. Quarrels and extravagances, equal on both sides, had long before separated him from his wife; but he now put an end to her complaints by settling a liberal allowance upon her. . . . "The stings and arrows of an avenging conscience" could not, however, be altogether turned aside. The autumn of the year whose spring had witnessed the publication of the "*Rocinard*," saw the author's third work, "*Night*." Here with a kind of railing sadness he disclaims any intention of braving the opinion of the world, but intimates his earnest desire of escaping from it. It is easy indeed to see how his soul, worn by conscience, loved any sorrow rather than its own, and sought relief in the consolations of friendship beneath the veil of that night which "heals or hides our care" (pp. 113-114).

MR. FORSTER.

He stripped off his clerical dress by way of parting with his last disguise, and appeared in a blue coat with metal buttons, a gold-laced waistcoat, a gold-laced hat and ruffles. Dean Zachary Pearce, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, remonstrated with him. He replied that he was not conscious of deserving censure. . . . The "dull dean's" third remonstrance as to dress met with the same fate; and it was not until the St. John's parishioners themselves took the matter in hand, a few months later, that Churchill resigned the lectureship of that parish. . . . The complainings of his wife were ended when his own poverty was ended, by the generous allowance he set aside for her support. . . . It was not possible with such a man as this, that any mad dissipation or indulgence, however countenanced by the uses of the time, could wear away his sense of its unworthiness, or entirely silence remorse and self-reproach. Nor is it clear that Churchill's heart was over half so much with the scenes of gaiety into which he is now said to have recklessly entered as with the friend by whose side he entered them. It is indeed mournfully confessed, in the opening of the epistle to that friend which was his third effort in poetry, that it was to heal or hide their care they frequently met; that not to defy, but to escape the world was too often their desire; and that the reason was at all times but too strong with each of them to seek in the other's society a refuge from himself.—*Mr. Forster's Essay on Churchill*, p. 240.

It would be easy to extend our parallels were there any need, but we have established our case, and we will take pity on our readers. We will now consider some of Mr. Hitchman's statements, without troubling ourselves whether they are borrowed

* *Eighteenth Century Studies. Essays.* By Francis Hitchman, Author of "The Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

or his own. He sets up, as we have said, as a champion of John Wilkes. That great patriot is, it seems,

known to posterity rather by the satire of his caricaturist than by the record of his love for liberty, or the tradition of his fight against faction. . . . His very vices have been exaggerated. He has been accused of being unchaste, a drunkard, and a hunter after popularity. . . . Of his triumphs nothing has been said, chiefly because those who have written about him have regarded him from a standpoint of antagonism. . . . Of his real tenderness of heart numberless incidents are narrated. . . . He is, unfortunately with too good reason, suspected of occasional insincerity.

Among those who have thus done Wilkes injustice, his champion Mr. Hitchman unfortunately must be placed. By the time that he comes to write his "study" of Churchill, he has forgotten how good a man Wilkes was. There we read that he was a demagogue untroubled with scruples, and of a shallow and selfish nature; a man, moreover, who was a partaker in the vilest orgies of Medmenham Abbey. To apply to Mr. Hitchman his own words, "At the best this is ungrateful. We enjoy the fruit of his labours, and vituperate the man who planted the tree." However ill we judge of Wilkes—and very ill, indeed, we do judge—we scarcely need go beyond Mr. Hitchman for proper words of condemnation. We are content with saying that Wilkes was a demagogue of a shallow and selfish nature, untroubled with scruples, and given to indulge in the vilest orgies. It is, however, absurd to maintain that Wilkes's character is not understood. He rendered great and lasting services to his country, for which he does not deserve one farthing's worth of gratitude. We venture to say that, so far from his being underestimated at the present day, he is very much overestimated. That pleasant manner, and that wit which overcame Johnson and Mansfield, have overcome those who are in even a slight degree acquainted with the literature of the last century. The famous dinner at the house of the Messrs. Dilly in the Poultry has done more to whitewash his memory than a host of apologists could have effected, even if they had been headed by Mr. Froude and had had Mr. Hitchman to bring up their rear. The struggles in which he was engaged against the encroaching power both of the Crown and the House of Parliament are told in every History of England, though, for all we know, they have only lately reached the ears of Mr. Hitchman. It is, however, sometimes forgotten that beneath a pleasant manner lurked the meanest and most selfish heart, and that the patriot at any moment was ready to strip off his mask and become the placeman. But a few short months after he had fought the battle of general warrants, while he was an outlaw in France, he wrote to solicit the post of Ambassador to Constantinople. "If," he said, "Government means peace or friendship with me . . . I then breathe no longer hostility. And between ourselves, if they would send me Ambassador to Constantinople, it is all I should wish. . . . If I stay at Paris, I will not be forgot in England; for I will feed the papers, from time to time, with gall and vinegar against the Administration."

To prove Wilkes's real tenderness of heart Mr. Hitchman tells us that when his gardener wanted to shoot the blackbirds which ate his cherries, he said, "Poor birds! they are welcome." He does not tell us—perhaps he does not know—how cruelly he deceived his two daughters. He lived to the last in grand style, keeping up no less than three houses. He had, shortly before his death, assured his children that they would find a considerable balance at his banker's. He drew up a very proper will by which he made not only a suitable provision for them, but left legacies to other deserving people. Unfortunately it was found that his property did not amount "to one-fifth part of the few moderate legacies which he bequeathed." The friend who broke to his daughters the melancholy news of the state in which they were left, wrote "how irreconcilable to the language which he expressed not long before his death—both to the excellent Miss Wilkes, to Mrs. Arnold, and to Miss Harriet." Wilkes was beyond doubt an utterly worthless man, whose interest it more than once served to fight on the side of liberty. He was, however, a mercenary soldier who would at any time have deserted his colours and gone over to the other side, had it been made worth his while.

We must pass on to one or two other matters in Mr. Hitchman's book. In writing of the time at which Wilkes entered public life, he says, "the race of giants had, indeed, died out, and in its stead a brood of pigmies had come in." Among the pigmies was, however, the "great Commoner," under whom England entered on her long roll of conquests in the very year in which Wilkes entered Parliament. But we cannot look for much knowledge of those times in an author who, in writing of the reign of George II., speaks of the Liberal party, who describes a journal as being under "the editorial care" of Arthur Murphy, and who joining Smollett with Mallet calls them "these worthies." In a quotation from the *North Briton* he makes Wilkes say that the King of Russia (*sic*) dictated as conqueror every article of the terms of peace. This is a trifling error compared with the wonderful statement, on which we happened to light in a later essay, that it was Louis XVIII. who was the unfortunate sovereign who was murdered in the French Revolution. Compared with such errors as these, what does it matter that our author says that, "for the purpose of reporting for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Johnson sat for so many nights in the Strangers' Gallery of the House?" We are not aware that Johnson was ever present, even one single night. How he composed his debates is so well known that it is not worth while, for the sake of showing Mr. Hitchman his blunder, to stop to explain. He quotes on this subject a long note from Mr.

Croker, as if Mr. Croker's *Bonwell* were some rare book. Had he quoted it, as he might very properly have done, to show that Mr. Croker blundered, he would have been more than justified. But he knows no more of the subject than any chance reader. In describing how the *Rosinard* drove Davies off the stage and into the trade of a bookseller, he says, "it was in his shop that Johnson afterwards beat Miller, the publisher of his Dictionary." We wish that he had given us his authority for this statement. Millar, not Miller, was called by Johnson "the Mæcenas of the age." "I respect Millar," he said, on another occasion; "he has raised the price of literature." It is scarcely likely that he first beat Mæcenas and then praised him. He certainly did beat Osborne the bookseller, but not in any shop. Mr. Hitchman quotes Wilkes's inscription to Churchill, and by his punctuation, as will be seen, turns the Latin into nonsense. "Carolo Churchill, amico jucundo, poetæ acri, civi optimo, de patriâ merito, p. Johannes Wilkes, 1765." Can it be that he mistakes *optimus* for an adjective that is in agreement with *civi*? In writing of Miss Wilkes he says, "She is described as having been a woman of remarkable abilities and of the highest attainments. The esteem in which she was held by her father, her own letters, and the universal testimony of her friends, bear out this character to the fullest extent." We would fain believe, for the sake of Mr. Hitchman's understanding, that he has not read a single one of her letters. He is merely repeating, with a slight change of words, the statement of a book-maker, who, had he compiled now, would be a disgrace even to this age. We know no more miserable production than Almon's *Life and Correspondence of Wilkes*. That worthless compiler, by printing all the trash on which he could lay hands that in any way was connected with his hero, managed to make five volumes when he had scarcely materials enough for one. Among other papers, he printed Miss Wilkes's letters to her "Ever-dear Papa." The following passage, which we take at random, is a fair specimen of these productions:—"I am happy to find that your health has not suffered, as I feared it might, by such inauspicious weather; and I flatter myself the accounts will be more favourable in every succeeding letter; but I cannot divest myself of considerable anxiety. I had the favour of yours of Sunday on the following day; a regularity I heartily wish may continue. I am glad you have plenty of strawberries, and that Trusty is a constant attendant, as becomes his species and his name." It is letters such as this that, according to Mr. Hitchman, bear out to the fullest extent the writer's character as a woman of remarkable abilities and of the highest attainments. We read—or, at all events, tried to read—these letters some years ago. Let him try to read them now. It is out of them he can find half-a-dozen lines that bear out his statement, we will gladly own that he has, by his studies, done something to increase the knowledge that the world already possessed of the eighteenth century.

AMAT.*

THOSE who might imagine from the title of this novel that it contained a simple love tale unmarked by incidents, would be disappointed. Amat is an imaginary Scotch peer, who has a baronial mansion in the north of Scotland, with lochs, grouse moors, deer forests, faithful henchmen, and devoted foster-brothers. The commonest acquaintance with the peerage and with the practice of novelists who cast about for suitable names would justify us in identifying Lord Amat with the owner of a Highland castle in Inverness-shire, and the head of a well-known Highland family that figured in the '45. But Lord Amat is by no means the hero or principal character in the tale. The story commences with a trip to the North, undertaken by four young fellows, "whose quiet gentlemanly air and manly bearing stamps them as soldiers of the best type." These are Charlie Grant, the "Master" of Amat, Ian Macdonald, Fergus Cameron, and Ronald Elliot; and they belong to the Red Highlanders, which we take to be the author's "transliteration" of the Black Watch. They have a month's leave, and are determined to make the most of it. The female and other elements in a story which otherwise would at once sink to the level of an article in a sporting magazine are provided by Mrs. Beauchamp, her husband the General, and her daughter Clarice; Colonel Trevor and Eila his daughter; and Lady Alice Campbell, a professional match-maker, and her daughters Olive and Julia. The plot is simple enough. Every young man chooses, or appears to choose, a partner. The young Master of Amat falls in love with Clarice Beauchamp; Ronald Elliot is paired with Eila Trevor, Fergus with Olive, and Julia with Ian Macdonald. The enjoyment of a large party in the Islands—slightly spoilt at first by the mishap of Charlie Grant, who falls overboard in a yachting excursion to be rescued by a clansman—is marred and abruptly ended by the alarming illness of Lady Amat and by the departure of the four officers summoned to take part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. In Bengal, when they get there, they go through the usual adventures, and are present at the taking of Lucknow under "Sir Colin," attacks on mud forts in Oudh, encounters with infuriated Ghazees, and operations in the Terai against the adherents of the Nana. In the course of these exciting episodes Ian Macdonald is shot while gallantly defending a post against overwhelming odds; Charlie Grant is severely cut about and nearly

* *Amat*. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.

dies of fever; Fergus Cameron loses one arm, crushed by the jaws of a wounded tiger; and Ronald Elliot gains the Victoria Cross, and barely escapes with his life. These stirring scenes are obviously insufficient to create the requisite uncertainty and suspense. It is absolutely necessary to introduce a villain into the tale; and the individual selected for this object is a certain unscrupulous and handsome Colonel Archibald Campbell, who, while Charlie Grant is exposed to rebels and a hot sun, makes love to Clarice Beauchamp in an English country house, and, as Byron said of Scott's Marmion, turns out to be not quite a felon yet but half a knight. This good-looking and dissolute Colonel makes up to Clarice Beauchamp, poisons her mind, and resorts to the incredible meanness of intercepting her Indian letters to the young Master of Amat. This is partly effected by the aid of a certain Adele, a daughter of a French officer who received his death wound at the Malakoff. This unfortunate girl, who, as we are pretty plainly told, has been ruined by the good-for-nothing Archie, finds herself an inmate of his mother Lady Alice's family, and lends herself to the interception of the letters. The result of this on Charlie Grant's happiness and fidelity may be easily conceived. Hearing nothing from his betrothed, and yet anxiously awaiting the English mails, his suspicions and jealousies are excited by dark hints and fragmentary information extracted from the correspondence of his friends; and just at this moment he is tenderly nursed by a "Cousin Amy," whose husband, Colonel Gardenne, had perished when shut up in Lucknow. Ancient connexion, indignation at the silence of Clarice, and perilous proximity to a pretty and attractive widow lead, as might be expected, to something very like an engagement; and we had some doubt whether Clarice Beauchamp was doomed to die a premature death or to become the hapless prey of the villain Archie Campbell. But it is Amy and not Clarice, whom the novelist selects for destruction. The *Kandy*, a fine P. and O. steamer, in which Charlie and Amy have embarked for England, is wrecked on the Laccadives; and the shipwreck and shock have such an effect upon the poor widow that she disappears out of the porthole of a small steamer which had taken off the passengers of the *Kandy* from the coral-reef and the cocoa-nut groves of Minicoy, or whatever island may have been intended. Charlie's way to reconciliation with Clarice is further simplified by the repentance of poor Adele, who is dying of consumption in Paris, and who has just enough of life and conscience left to enlighten Charlie Grant on the subject of the missing letters. After her death, Colonel Campbell, who fifty years ago must inevitably have been shot by a friend of the Amat family or else run through the body by some French chasseur or relative of Adele, sells out of the army, joins the Church of Rome, and, as Macaulay said of an old English dramatist, is converted from a good-for-nothing Protestant into a good-for-nothing Roman Catholic. It is almost needless to add that the Master of Amat is married to the appeased and careworn Clarice, and that Eila Trevor is united to the bronzed and black-bearded Ronald Elliot. Julia and Olive Campbell, as befitting the sisters of a camp and the daughters of a worldly and match-making woman, get no husbands at all, but betake themselves to the Black Forest, where one or other of them may possibly be comforted by the reappearance of an Austrian *attaché* with blue eyes, who is dimly alluded to in one of the opening chapters.

In this novel, of which the above is a correct epitome, there is nothing absolutely incredible, inconsistent with life in a country house or in an Indian cantonment, or even unprecedentedly sensational. Doubtless the author has seen active service in the Orises, Oudh, Rohilkund, and elsewhere; he probably can catch a salmon, shoot grouse in a windy drive on one *Ben* something, stalk a noble stag on another, and play his part in a social gathering at country houses. But all this does not make him a novelist, nor must he delude himself into the idea that he can gauge or portray character. Indeed, his young men and women are absolutely colourless. With the exception of the arch villain of the story, and a certain Mr. Fletcher, humorously called "the Weasel" by his intimates, there is not in any one the smallest shade of distinction. There is scarcely any one speech which might not suit Eila Trevor as well as Clarice, nor a sentiment which Ronald could not exchange with Charlie, without the reader detecting it. The girls are dark-eyed and darkly handsome; their laughter has a gentle ripple; their faces flush vehemently and then grow deadly pale; and they weep, bluish, throw themselves into each other's arms, and display wavy hair, queenly heads, flashing eyes, Grecian costumes, and matchless symmetry of form in the most correct style. Similarly, the young officers are invariably brave, stalwart, high-born, and high-bred; they enjoy life, and welcome a rough campaign as a pleasant distraction from monotonous enjoyment; suffer and die with something like heroism, and survive wounds and fevers by dint of sheer pluck. But there is no one individual trait in their conversation and characters which the reader could carry away, or which might not be put equally well into the mouths of a dozen similar lay figures. Then they interlard their speeches distressingly with bits of foreign languages—French, German, and Italian; and had not their sojourn in India been a mere episode, we might have been deluged besides with questionable Hindustani and Persian. Ach Himmel, madre mia, bellissima, per example, cela dépend, presto, mon cœur, chéri, coûte que coûte, and other tags, suggest that the author has lately attended some competitive examination, and has stolen a few of the scraps. *De absentis nō nisi bonum* would have produced unpleasant consequences in the days of Dr. Keate. To make a lady talk about polyandry—which is done twice—is scarcely

decent and is not at all suited to the stamp of *Vere de Vere*. Almost always, too, in the various love scenes and other exciting passages the men have decidedly the best of it. The girls, poor things, even when they do not blurt out their loves plainly, are at no pains to disguise them, and are too ready to throw the handkerchief.

If incidents could atone for want of insight into character, or inability to invest each separate red coat and uniform, mantilla or cloak, with something like distinct individuality, there would be little cause of complaint. Perilous escapes and horrifying catastrophes abound even before we get up to mutineers and mud-forts, reckless Ghazees and first-rate *Shikari* elephants. Charlie Grant, as we have already intimated, no sooner arrives at his father's castle than he is swept off the deck of his yacht by the swinging of the boom. This only serves to show how old Hamish the clansman can do battle with the tide. Blankets and stone bottles are called into requisition, and a convenient steamer comes alongside with a doctor on board, who speedily brings back the half-drowned yachtsman to life. In a deer stalk Fergus Cameron makes such a wonderful shot with his rifle that a splendid old stag lying down in the heather, never even stirs a muscle after the ball strikes him. Clarice Beauchamp, in a run over what we take to be meant for the Essex ploughlands, as the account is crammed with Essex names, rolls into a ditch with her horse Alma. Either the name or the sex should have been changed, and we are left for several pages in agonizing suspense, while the sagacious animal is fed with sugar and coaxed, and Miss Beauchamp is gradually extricated from her perilous position, and a gun is sent for from a farmhouse to shoot the horse, but happily is not needed. A tiger hunt in the Terai is very fairly described, with its line of elephants and grass jungle and pools swarming with every kind of game, from snipe and jungle-fowl to the *sambur* and the tiger. One of these latter animals fastens on the head of a first-class elephant, which goes on its knees to shake off the assailant, but only manages to pitch the occupants of the howdah almost on to the tiger's back. It is in this struggle that Fergus loses an arm, and the comic boy of the party, nicknamed the "Weasel," has all the breath knocked out of his body by an expiring kick of the tiger, and lies for two or three days between life and death. The wreck of the *Kandy* on a sharp coral reef is doubtless borrowed from life; but we must remind the author that this sort of thing has been excellently dramatised by the late Mr. Tom Taylor in the play of the *Overland Route*, and that a certain Sir Octavius Coppingier returning home from high civil employ bears a suspicious likeness to one of the characters so happily represented a few years ago at the Haymarket. The run in Clayshire, too, suggests a comparison with the late Major Whyte-Melville and with a celebrated fox-hunt in one of Mr. Trollope's novels, and it is certainly not one to the disadvantage of those eminent writers. The introduction of Mrs. afterwards Lady, Coppingier is made the pretext for clearing up a needless piece of scandal affecting the wife of Sir Claude Elliot and the mother of Ronald. Sir Claude had disinherited this son from a mistaken belief in his first wife's infidelity, which, in some extraordinary way, was due to the mischievous action of Lady Coppingier, then Mrs. Fitzgerald. We can only say that towards the end of the third volume this lady's explanation about a spendthrift cousin who dies a pauper and an outcast in India, an ancient and faithful nurse, and a demand of somebody for money, leaves the original cause for jealousy almost in the mist and muddle where we first found it. Although in these and similar plots, a change of scene from the Highlands to the Crimea, to the Continent, or to Asia, is justified by the universal practice of novel-writers, we have rarely met so many abrupt transitions as in the second and third volumes. We are whisked away from Clayshire to the plains and hills of India, and back again to Town and the clubs in a manner which takes away the breath. We do not deny to the writer some amount of descriptive power; and we can certainly believe that he describes scenes which he has gone through as well as persons whom he has known. But a life alternating between active service and healthy enjoyment, between deer-stalking and facing Pandies and Russians, does not guarantee success in the field of fiction.

RHODES'S GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.*

OF late years Virgil's works have been comparatively neglected by translators. Indeed, so far as we are aware, the only translation of any importance which has appeared since the publication of Professor Conington's posthumous works is Mr. Wilkins's prose version of the *Georgics*; and this, excellent as it is from the point of view of scholarship, and as a help to students, is too rigidly concise and literal to be of much interest to general readers. It may be doubted whether it is possible to turn the *Georgics* into acceptable English verse unless by following the example of Dryden, and entirely sacrificing accuracy to elegance. We may gather that this was Conington's opinion, from the fact that not even the brilliant success of his verse translation of the *Æneid* could tempt him to extend the experiment to the *Georgics*. His prose version of these poems is rather a commentary than a translation. Literary charm is neglected in the attempt to bring out, by means which are often clumsy, the full force, not merely of Virgil's words, but

* *The Georgics of Virgil*, Translated into English Verse by James Rhodes, Assistant-Master at Sherborne School. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

of the order in which they are placed, a point often quite as important as the words themselves. Virgil, no doubt, gives more opportunities to the commentator than to the translator. Perhaps no poet—certainly no great poet—has ever trusted so much to expression and so little to the thing expressed; and hence it is that the charm of his writing is so liable to disappear in the transition from his own language to another. To express all his meaning is only possible by an amount of expansion which the slightness of the subject-matter will scarcely bear, and to express less than his meaning is to do him injustice greater still. When to this difficulty is added the uncongenial nature of the topics treated in the *Georgics*, which can only be rendered poetical by the exercise of consummate art, it is not to be wondered at that so many translators of the *Æneid* have left the *Georgics* untouched, and that, of those who have attempted the task, none have met with a full measure of success. Since the appearance of the "Loves of the Triangles" in the *Anti-Jacobin*, didactic poetry has not been held in much esteem in England; and it is perhaps only by the substitution of prose for verse that a Latin poem of the kind can be translated into English with the accuracy which modern criticism demands. But, from the point of view of very many readers, the preservation of the charm of metre is worth some slight sacrifice of exact scholarship, provided that the author's meaning be strictly kept in view. In a verse translation, too, it is possible to a greater extent than in prose to throw light, as it were, upon the subject by the use of words and expressions sanctioned by the English poets, which, though they may not express the author's meaning so exactly as a straightforward translation, have more power to bring it home to the reader, and to connect in his mind the writer of a bygone day and alien race with the literature and thought of his own country. The choice of each reader between the two styles of rendering will depend ultimately upon the question whether he is more in sympathy with the language and literature to which the original work belongs, or with that of the translation. While Latinists like Conington will be inclined to condemn anything which savours of extraneous ornament, the taste of persons of wider culture will incline to that version which is most truly English.

Mr. Rhoades's work is to be welcomed because, though it falls short of the highest excellence, and is marred by certain blemishes to which we shall presently call attention, it is an effort, and, on the whole, a successful effort, to combine close fidelity to the original with poetical form and expression. Mr. Rhoades is evidently well read in English poetry, and his blank verse, though sometimes harsh and wanting in variety, is at least less monotonous and better suited to the subject than the rhyming heroics which, from Dryden's day to the middle of the present century, were the recognized vehicle of translation. To test the translator's powers of graceful rendering one turns naturally to the episode of Orpheus and Eurydice at the end of the Fourth *Georgic*. Parts of the story are very well done. We may quote the description of the loss of Eurydice to show Mr. Rhoades at his best:—

And now with homeward footstep he had passed
All perils scatheless, and at length restored,
Eurydice to realms of upper air
Had well nigh won, behind him following—
So Proserpine had ruled it—when his heart
A sudden mad desire surprised and seized—
Meet fault to be forgiven, might Hell forgive.
For at the very threshold of the day,
Heedless, alas! and vanquished of resolve,
He stopped, turned, looked upon Eurydice
His own once more. But even with the look
Poured out was all his labour, broken the bond
Of that fell tyrant, and a crash was heard
Three times like thunder in the mires of hell.

It will be seen by comparison with the original that this is a very close rendering, and the graphic effect of the lines

Restitit, Eurydicenque suam, jam luce sub ipsa,
Immemor, heu! victusque animi respexit

is well preserved.

If all Mr. Rhoades's work were as good as this, there would be little but admiration to record. Unhappily, much that is otherwise praiseworthy is marred by affectations and tricks of style quite at variance with the simplicity and grace of the passage quoted above. The most irritating of these peculiarities is the constant use of alliteration. Mr. Rhoades's love for this device is not merely unpleasant in itself, but occasionally leads him into clumsy and even inaccurate translation. Thus he renders "soleni rapidum" by "the striding sun." Now the epithet "rapidus" as applied to the sun seems always to indicate consuming heat, not swift movement, and even if the latter meaning be the true one in the present instance, "striding" does not seem to be a very happy description of the sun's motion through the heavens. Again, the line

Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando

is translated

So thick a hail
In spiky showers spins rattling on the roof.

"Rattling on the roof" is well enough, and reproduces excellently the suggestive sound of Virgil's line; but the effect is injured by the grotesqueness of the preceding words. "Incipiat sulco attritus splendescere vomer" is rendered "teach the furrow-burnished share to shine," and "Passim rivis currentia vina repressit" becomes "Curbed the random rivers running wine."

It will be readily allowed that any legitimate device for breaking the monotony of the narrative should be gladly welcomed in the

translation of a didactic poem, but the too frequent employment of one method goes far to increase the sameness which it is designed to avoid. Mr. Rhoades is particularly fond of the figure, familiar to schoolboys studying Latin verse composition, by which the thing spoken of is thrown into the second person and addressed by the poet. It should not be forgotten, however, that this figure is of far more common occurrence in Latin than in English poetry, and Mr. Rhoades's use of it is certainly excessive. We have "Oh, for you plains," "thy ridge, Vesuvius," and so forth; and near the opening of the Third *Georgic* we find "thy flood, Ocytus," "thy behest, Mæcenas," "thy hounds, Taygete," all within the space of ten lines. Nor is Mr. Rhoades always quite fortunate in the invention and use of compound words. "Undergliding," which occurs in the translation of the line

Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros,

and "besport," are not, so far as we are aware, English words. "Wolf-kin" is an awkward rendering of "genus luporum."

The earlier portion of the Third *Georgic* is, on the whole, the least satisfactory part of the work. In the descriptions of the horse, his development, and his training, Virgil himself has been sufficiently daring in his use of language, and any attempt at a close imitation of his bold figures could scarcely meet with anything better than at least partial failure. Mr. Rhoades does not seem to be helped out of his difficulties by a knowledge of horsemanship, which is here really necessary to a successful translation. "Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus" is poorly rendered, "his sprightly breast exuberant with brawn." "Græsus glomerare superbos" is, we freely confess, difficult to translate, though the meaning is clear enough; the difficulty is certainly not solved by Mr. Rhoades's line:—

And heap the tossing footsteps of his pride.

In the equally difficult phrase "sinuatque alterna volumina crurum" the translator is not more fortunate. Here is his version:—

now learn to ply
The sinuous alternations of his legs.

This comes very near to being nonsense, but, at the same time, the attempt to imitate closely Virgil's most intricate expressions shows how much conscientious labour has been bestowed upon the work, and is preferable to the practice of shirking difficulties which is common among a large class of translators. Sometimes the desire to express the whole meaning of a phrase, or to give the full force of a tense, leads Mr. Rhoades to make too much of it. For instance, the line

Illius immensæ ruperunt horrea messes

is rendered

Ay, that's the land whose boundless harvest-crops
Burst, see! the barns.

The interjection in the second line is no doubt employed to mark the sense of suddenness given by the use of the perfect, but the device is not very graceful; and, after all, the perfect here may very well have merely an aorist signification.

There are one or two slips in the matter of English which might with advantage be corrected in a future edition. We are left in doubt who "they" may be in the following passage:—

Of groves which India bears,
Ocean's near neighbour, earth's remotest nook,
Where not an arrow can outsoar in flight
Their skyey tree-tops; yet no laggards they
When girded with the quiver.

Obviously it must be either the groves or the "skyey tree-tops" which are no laggards when girded with the quiver. The ambiguity is the more needless as Virgil makes it perfectly clear who are meant:—

Et gens illa quidem non sumptis tarda sagittis.

The Third *Georgic* gives an example of the same kind. Describing the rage of mares at certain seasons, Virgil writes:—

Diffugiunt non, Eure, tuos neque Solis ad ortus
In Boream Caurumque, aut unde nigerimus Auster
Nacitur.

Here, of course, "diffugiunt" is connected closely with "in Boream Caurumque," the intermediate words being parenthetical. Mr. Rhoades translates as follows:—

They scud,
Not towards thy rising, Eurus, or the Sun's,
Boreas, or Caurus, or black Auster's birth.

According to this account, they "scud" in no direction whatever, the whole horizon being closed against them. A careless mistake of a different kind is the translation of "pingues tilis" by "glue-bearing limes." As glue is exclusively an animal product, "gum-bearing" would be a more appropriate epithet.

Absolute mistranslations are rare indeed; in such an author as Virgil there are countless passages where commentators differ, and though in some instances we do not entirely agree with Mr. Rhoades's choice of interpretations, there is generally much to be said on both sides. In two cases, however, his version seems to be incorrect. In the advice given in the Third *Georgic* to cease using a horse when he has grown old and sluggish, the words "nec turpi ignosce senectæ" are translated "and spare his not inglorious age." One or two commentators have, probably upon mistaken grounds of humanity, adopted this rendering, but it seems almost impossible that it can be correct. Apart from the extreme difficulty of getting such a meaning out of the Latin, the sentiment is not one which was likely to occur to Virgil, or to any other Roman of his day. The true meaning seems to be, "Nor excuse his worth-

learned on the ground of age." In the reply of Proteus to Ariadne at the end of the Fourth Georgic the following passage occurs:—

Magna iula somnosa; tibi has miserabilis Orpheus
Haudquaquam ob meritum pœnas, ni fata resistant,
Suscipiat.

Mr. Rhoades translates:—

Nor light the debt thou payest; 'tis Orpheus' self,
Orpheus unhappy by no fault of his,
So fates prevent not, fans thy penal fires.

Surely the words "haudquaquam ob meritum" refer, not to "miserabilis Orpheus," but to "pœnas." The elliptical nature of the construction makes the passage a difficult one to translate, and we have never yet seen it quite satisfactorily done into English. The best, or at any rate the clearest, rendering with which we are acquainted is to be found in M. Desportes's prose translation of the Georgics, a work which has many great merits, though conciseness is not one of them:—"Tu expies un grand crime, et ta peine est légère en comparaison; si les destins l'eussent permis, Orphée t'en aurait fait éprouver de plus cruelles." This is perhaps rather an explanatory paraphrase than a translation, but it is difficult to see how the meaning could have been fully expressed in fewer words.

In spite of the defects to which we have called attention, Mr. Rhoades's translation is a valuable contribution to Virgilian literature. Its merits lie not so much in brilliantly happy renderings of isolated words and expressions, as in the careful and well-sustained endeavour to put the full meaning of the original into good poetical English. We have already said that equal closeness is seldom attained in a verse translation. Perhaps we may add that it is seldom even attempted, and thus inconsistencies of method seem sometimes to arise from the fact that the writer has not quite settled the canons of translation in his own mind. Where grace and accuracy are incompatible, he shows a hesitation which the prose translator on the one hand and the free versifier on the other would lightly avoid, and he inclines sometimes to this side, sometimes to that. Uncertainty proceeding from this source, though it may interfere now and then with the unity of the work, will not lessen its interest for students of the art of translation, who will value it both for what it suggests and for what it achieves. It is to be hoped that this may not be Mr. Rhoades's last effort of the kind, and that his next work may deal with a subject in which absolute success is not so entirely out of reach. Meanwhile he is to be congratulated on the way in which he has acquitted himself of one of the most ambitious undertakings in the whole range of classical translation.

THE LIBRARY.*

THERE is an ancient drama the title of which is known to all students of English literature, *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*. If a book in which Mr. Lang talks at large about books and book-collecting, in which Mr. Loftie puts in an *entre-filet* about manuscripts and manuscript collecting, and in which Mr. Austin Dobson brings up the rear with a chapter on the illustrations of the last century, be not a good book, then some irregular interference with the ordinary course of things on the part of a malevolent power has but too obviously taken place. The malevolent power, however, has in this instance abstained or has been driven off. The severe critic who "collars" every book, and asks it "How do you answer to your title?" can alone hope to find any handle for derogatory treatment in this little volume. Very little of it is devoted to matter-of-fact instructions as to how to fit up a library or to more matter-of-fact book-making about the libraries *du temps jadis*. Mr. Lang does indeed praise Messrs. Triebner's revolving book-cases (in which we agree with him), and here recommends leather fringes to bookshelves, in which we are not so sure that we agree. That they hide more dust than they keep out is the verdict of some persons; and the free play given by their absence to the feather brush—if you can get your servants to use it, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you cannot—more than compensates for such preventive checks as their presence supplies.

But the pages given to this sort of lore and to the mention of a mysterious library chair which would serve without reversing as a library step, and which was devised by the late Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, are but occasional condescensions on the part of Mr. Lang. The burden of his song is (to alter Eustache Deschamps and Grippeminaud slightly) "Ça! des bouquins. Ça! des bouquins." His chapters make up an enthusiastic and eloquent defence of the bibliophile, the person who has been unkindly defined as he who loves a book for reasons which do not make it literature. It would be impossible to present the case of this notorious character with greater art, with a more lavish profusion of anecdote, with a skilfuler change of ground to new and ever new points of vantage, than Mr. Lang does. He declines to rest, as do many timid bibliophiles, on the ground (generally safe, but sometimes treacherous) that old books are much nicer as books than new. He is too cunning for that, and he knows how to avoid the attack of the cunning modern who asks why he is to

prefer an eye-blinding and somewhat grubby *elzevir* to one of M. Lemerre's virgin beauties, on Whatman or papier de Hollande, with ample margin and fair type. The insidious hater of book-loving youth who pretends "to encourage the art of his century" (we have known this pretentious phrase used by the culprit in question) will find Mr. Lang too slippery for him. He admits the excellence of these modern things, but his heart evidently turns to the things that are ancient. *Elzevirs* seem to be Mr. Lang's own special weakness, though there is a fine catholicity about him which contrasts nobly with the particularism of some of his brother book-maniacs. He can take an interest in a book because it has the inscription Léon Gambetta, 1844, especially if it happens to be a work of devotion. He indicates a variety of book sport, which, though dangerous, we can avouch from experience to be full of excitement, and which must fill the genuine book lover with vindictive satisfaction, though it is to be feared that his blood would rarely be cool enough to carry out the plot. You go to a sale-room, and if (as is too frequently the case) you find it to be a mere knock-out of dingy dealers who combine to run up any outsider, you encourage the pack up to the fair value of the book, and then stealthily desist from bidding, leaving the bidders to be bit. This, we repeat, can be done, but the sportsman must have himself well in hand. We should imagine that Mr. Lang was something of a *cœur volage* in respect of books, and indeed we are not sure that bibliophilism does not encourage this evil propensity. "As a man's tastes develop," he says, "his books put on a different aspect. He hardly knows the *Poems and Ballads* he used to declaim, and cannot recover the enigmatic charm of Sordello. Books change, like ourselves, like friends, like everything." Now we confess that we should say this is exactly what books do not do. "Fate is a sea without shore, but the book is a rock that abides," unless the book lover has, as we have suggested, pinned his faith to a passing charm either of rarity or bibliographic peculiarity. However, this is a point on which we may agree to differ with Mr. Lang. We can here give no idea of the wealth of anecdote on book collectors, bookbinders, book lovers, book stealers, which he has accumulated. Some pages about the "biblioklept" will not be new to diligent readers of the *Saturday Review*, but they will find them connected with much novel and pleasing matter. The unfortunate Spaniard who committed a foul murder, completed by arson, for the sake of a book which he discovered after all not to be unique; the eccentric Pixérécourt, about whom as many legends cluster as about Talleyrand or the Prince de Ligne, figure in Mr. Lang's gallery. He has a passage, dangerous but adroit, as to the opposition—a feminine opposition—which the book collector most frequently has to encounter, and as to which we must requote from him a delightful triplet of Mme. Fertiault's:—

Le livre a ton esprit...tant mieux !
Moi, j'ai ton cœur, et sans partage.
Puis-je désirer davantage ?
Le livre a ton esprit...tant mieux !
Heureuse de te voir joyeux,
Je t'en voudrais...tout un étage.
Le livre a ton esprit...tant mieux !
Moi, j'ai ton cœur, et sans partage.

Unfortunately they do desire "davantage," and are by no means satisfied to see their partners "joyeux." But this is tender ground.

Agreeably with the plan of his book, which is, as has been said, really a book about "des vieux boucs" (as we once heard M. Victor Hugo macaronically observe to a bookstall-keeper, to whose presumed ignorance of French he wished to condescend), Mr. Lang seldom diverges into actual literary criticism. There is, however, a charming passage about the *Hypnerotomachia*, a book which for widely different reasons unites an earnest band of admirers:—

Among old illustrated books, the most famous, and one of the rarest, is the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," "wherein all human matters are proved to be no more than a dream." This is an allegorical romance, published in 1499, for Francesco Colonna, by Aldus Manutius. *Poliam Frater Franciscus Columna peramavit*. "Brother Francesco Colonna dearly loved Polla," is the inscription and device of this romance. Poor Francesco, of the order of preachers, disguised in this strange work his passion for a lady of uncertain name. Here is a translation of the passage in which the lady describes the beginning of his affection. "I was standing, as is the manner of women young and fair, at the window, or rather on the balcony, of my palace. My yellow hair, the charm of maidens, was floating round my shining shoulders. My locks were steeped in unguents that made them glitter like threads of gold, and they were slowly drying in the rays of the burning sun. A handmaid, happy in her task, was drawing a comb through my tresses, and surely these of Andromeda seemed not more lovely to Perseus, nor to Lucius the locks of Photis. On a sudden, Poliphilus beheld me, and could not withdraw from me his glances of fire, and even in that moment a ray of the sun of love was kindled in his heart."

The fragment is itself a picture from the world of the Renaissance. We watch the blonde, learned lady, dreaming of Perseus, and Lucius, Greek lovers of old time, while the sun gilds her yellow hair, and the young monk, passing below, sees and loves, and "falls into the deep waters of desire." The lover is no less learned than the lady, and there is a great deal of amorous archaeology in his account of his voyage to Cythera. As to the designs in wood, quaint in their vigorous effort to be classical, they have been attributed to Mantegna, to Bellini, and other artists. Jean Cousin is said to have executed the imitations, in the Paris editions of 1546, 1556, and 1561.

The "Hypnerotomachia" seems to deserve notice, because it is the very type of the books that are dear to collectors, as distinct from the books that, in any shape, are for ever valuable to the world. A cheap Tauchnitz copy of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, or a Globe Shakespeare, are, from the point of view of literature, worth a wilderness of "Hypnerotomachia." But a clean copy of the "Hypnerotomachia," especially on vellum, is one of the jewels of bibliography. It has all the right qualities; it is very rare, it is very beautiful as a work of art, it is curious and even bizarre, it is the record of a strange time, and a strange passion; it is a relic, lastly, of its printer, the great and good Aldus Manutius.

* *The Library*. By A. Lang. With a Chapter on Modern Illustrated English Books by Austin Dobson. "Art at Home" Series. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

We could break a lance with Mr. Lang about the Tauchnitz *Iliad*; but no matter. The truth about *The Library* is that it is not so much one to be reviewed as one to be read. It is a little desultory, and the desultoriness is clearly designed. But no one who, whether as a book lover of the kind who would prefer the *Hyperotomachia* to the Tauchnitz *Iliad*; or a book-lover of the kind—very shocking, we suspect, to Mr. Lang—who would like a Lemerre reprint on Dutch paper of the *Hyperotomachia* better than the genuine Aldus; or as a merely curious person who likes to read pleasant things admirably written, takes up the volume, is likely soon to put it down. On book-worms, how they “carol like very chanticleer”—an awful experience; on Mme. du Barry, who—it was just like her gracious, if graceless, and childlike, if very uninnocent, ways—bought up several thousand casual volumes in rose-coloured leather to prove that she was a “fittory woman”; on a hundred other things and persons Mr. Lang has a very pleasant say to say. His illustrations, too, are not to be disregarded. There is a pleasing frontispiece by Mr. Walter Crane, depicting a youth mounting library steps at the bidding of a mediæval sage, who sits in a most admirable chair, resembling those in which the porters of our colleges and our great houses await the strayed reveller. Then there is a reproduction in chromolithograph of a binding which we do not greatly admire; and, lastly, there is the charming title-page, dear to all lovers of French literature, of Gaiot du Pré's *Roman de la rose*, where the lover, all difficulties over and all obstacles removed, is at last in a position to say, as he does in the original:—

Ainsine de la rose vermillon.

Mr. Loftie, in dealing with the collection of manuscripts (as he does in a few workmanlike pages), has to confess that the ordinary amateur can hope for little that can be called literature, and must content himself with Bibles, Psalters, Missals, Books of Hours, or service books of one kind or another. The hints given, however, for collation and identification of period are very clear and sound. Mr. Dobson has a wider subject, and has made the most of it in his space. In something more than fifty pages he has reviewed the whole history of English book illustration for the last hundred and fifty years, giving account of the characteristics of each master's work, and now and then some excellent criticism. The remarks on Blake, on Bewick, and on Thackeray, as well as those on the chief illustrated journals of the present day, are thoroughly sound and admirably expressed. This part of the book, moreover, has the advantage of lavish illustration, from old plates and blocks of course for the most part, but none the less welcome for that. Here the reader may make or renew acquaintance with Mr. Tenniel's adorable “Black Kitten” from *Through the Looking-glass*, with the fine production from an American magazine of Blake's solemn illustration of recumbent figures for Blair's *Grave*, with Mr. Rossetti's “Sleeping Sisters” from *Goblin Market*, and with many other old favourites, besides some comparatively new ones of Miss Greenaway's and Mr. Caldecott's. A more delightful book of the kind it would be difficult to imagine, impossible to find.

ARABIAN PILGRIMAGES.*

There is something so fascinating about the idea of desert life with its perfect reversion to the circumstances and surroundings of Patriarchal times, that books of Arabian travel are always certain to meet with a good reception. When, as is the case with Lady Anne Blunt's *Pilgrimage to Nejd*, they are full of fresh information imparted without pedantry, and of stirring adventure told with good taste, the critic's task becomes a pleasant one, for there is nothing but good to say about them. The author is already known by the charming account she has given of previous travels on the Euphrates and through Mesopotamia and the Syrian desert, of which the journey to Nejd forms the natural complement. Nejd, or the Highlands, is the very centre of Bedouin life, the scene of the exploits of their ancient heroes, and is to the Arab, from a national point of view, what the Hijaz is to the Mohammedan from a religious standpoint. It is also the birthplace and the chief stronghold of that Wahabi power which, at one time, threatened to revolutionize the whole Moslem world, and actually constitutes a formidable source of danger not only to the Ottoman Government, but even to our own rule in India. The political situation in Arabia before the establishment of the Wahabi kingdom at the beginning of last century is thus explained in the editor's preface, and will serve to correct many erroneous notions that are prevalent on the subject:—

All Arabia was independent of central authority, each tribe, and, to a certain extent, each town, maintaining its separate existence as a State. Religion, except in its primitive Bedouin form, had disappeared from the inland districts, and only the Hijaz and Yemen were more than nominally Mohammedan. The Bedouin element was then supreme. Each town and village in Arabia was considered the property of one or other of the nomad Sheikhs in the neighbourhood, and paid him tribute in return for his protection. The Sheikh, too, not unfrequently possessed a house or castle within the city walls, as his summer residence, besides his tent outside. He in such cases became more than a mere suzerain, and exercised active authority over the townspeople, administering justice at the gate daily, enrolling young men as his body-guard, even on occasion levying taxes.

He then received the title of Emir or Prince. It was in no other way, perhaps, that the “Shepherd Kings” of Egypt acquired their position and exercised their power; and vestiges of the old system may still be found in many parts of Arabia.

Amongst the chieftains whom the new state of things drove out of the country was one Ibn Arûk, who settled at Palmyra, and with whose lineal descendant Mohammed our travellers made acquaintance. This young man, though boasting of high Arab descent on his father's side, was of less pure origin by the mother's, and the proud Anazeh tribe who lord it over Tadmor would not give him their daughters in marriage. This was a source of great grief to him, and his dearest wish was to seek a wife among his kinsmen in Nejd, and so wipe out the stain upon his pedigree. Mr. Blunt proposed to him to accompany himself and his wife on their journey to the country, and went through the preliminary ceremony of adopting the young Bedouin as his “brother,” an alliance offensive and defensive of the most inviolable character, and the party started out upon their romantic and adventurous journey. Mr. Palgrave's book on Central Arabia has made the town life of that country sufficiently well known; but little had been written of the great desert of the Nejd, which must be crossed to reach it, or of the nomades who inhabit it. Of these Lady Anne Blunt has given a lifelike and picturesque account. Travelling under the peculiar circumstances to which we have referred, and adopting Arab dress and habits, they naturally enjoyed greater advantages in this respect than would fall to the lot of ordinary persons; and the account before us is a valuable contribution to geographical knowledge, as well as a most entertaining book.

The first few pages introduce us to some interesting characters, and contain personal reminiscences of Mijuel, the Anazeh Sheikh, and his English wife, and of that Bayard of Islam, the celebrated Abd el Kader, to whose noble character the writer does ample, but merited, justice. A not very complimentary sketch is also given of Midhat Pasha, whose claims to pose as a reformer are declared to be totally unfounded. A characteristic incident occurred at starting; a cry of thieves was raised in the night, and the proprietor of the garden where they were encamped, with much noise and scuffling, brought in a prisoner whom he had captured, according to his own account, after a terrible resistance. Believing the whole scene to be merely got up with a view to *bukhalish*, they declined to take any notice of it, and “the two men good-humouredly let the matter drop.” Such comedies are by no means of rare occurrence in the Desert, and one which occurred in the experience of the writer of this notice may not be out of place here. Two Bedouin Sheikhs, after a long verbal contest, drew their swords and rushed upon each other with fearful threats of mutual extermination; their friends rushed to the rescue, and at once responded to the “hold me back some of you who know my temper” looks of the would-be combatants. The traveller insisted on the others retiring and allowing the Sheikhs to fight the matter out; but no sooner did these doughty champions find themselves alone than they relapsed into a broad grin and quietly put up their weapons.

We have not space to follow Lady Anne Blunt through the whole of her wanderings, and can only single out a few of the more exciting or interesting passages. The perils inseparable from such a journey were very real, and the travellers were more than once in danger of their lives. On one occasion they were surprised by a *ghazu* or raid. A troop of horsemen swopt down upon them, charging them full with their lances; the lady was knocked down by a spear and her husband had a narrow escape for his life. The horses were confiscated, and the party were taken prisoners and carried to the caravan. There the tables were turned, for the attacking party proved to be kinsmen of their guide and companion Mohammed, and, of course, further hostilities were out of the question. They were exceedingly vexed, and naïvely expressed their annoyance at having to give up their prey, especially “the beautiful mares and the beautiful gun”; but Arab good-humour prevailed, and conquerors and conquered parted good friends. At Jéf Mohammed found his long lost relatives and a bride elect; the account of the negotiations for the dower, or rather purchase, of the young lady is very graphic and amusing. In the Nejd they found “a cairn with the remains of some old letters scratched on the stones, of the same kind as those to be seen on Sinai, or rather in the Wady Mokatteb.” It is to be regretted that fuller and more accurate copies of these are not given, as specimens of Nabathean writing are by no means common, widely as the language was spread over Arabia in the first centuries of the Christian era.

The respect for human life, which the rigorous prosecution of the blood feud instils into the Arab mind, has been disregarded by the ruler of Hail, the capital of Nejd, who put to death his relatives with a thoroughness that would have done credit to a Central Asian despot. It was therefore by no means a safe thing to venture into the city, especially as Lady Anne Blunt and her husband, through wearing Arab costume, did not conceal their nationality, and Wahabi fanaticism could hardly be expected to look with favour upon Ferinjee infidels. The Emir, however, received them very graciously, and they stayed long enough to be able to give some very interesting information about the town. From Hail they made their way northward by Medhat Ali to Bagdad, and brought their pilgrimage to Nejd to an end. The remainder of the book is occupied with an account of a journey from Bagdad to Bushire, which is less interesting than the Arabian experiences, and is a record of discomfort, disappoint-

* *A Pilgrimage to Nejd*. By Lady Anne Blunt. London: John Murray.

Six Months in Meccah. By T. F. Keane. London: Tinsley Brothers.

ments, and misfortunes which somewhat mars the pleasant effect produced by the former pages. The reason given by the author, or rather by the editor, for its insertion is

that it serves as an additional proof, if such be wanting, of the folly of those schemes which, under the name of the "Euphrates Valley" and "Indo-Mediterranean" railway companies have from time to time been dangled before the eyes of speculators. A country more absolutely unsuited for railway enterprise than that between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf has probably never been selected for such operations ; and if, continues the writer,

the recital of our passage through the uninhabited tracts, which form nine-tenths of the whole region, shall deter my countrymen from embarking their capital in an enterprise financially absurd, I feel that its publication will not have been in vain.

The account of a pilgrimage to, and six months' residence in, Mecca by Mr. T. F. Keane is a work of entirely different character, but not the less interesting for all that. It reads, in fact, rather like one of those stories of astounding adventure which boys delight in, and which are chiefly to be found in the pages of juvenile magazines, and yet it seems to be true. During the pilgrim season 1877-1878 the author, apparently a light-hearted young sailor, found himself at Jeddah, and conceived the audacious idea of making a pilgrimage to the holy shrine. Unlike his great predecessors, Burckhardt and Captain Richard Burton, he did not prepare himself for the task by long study and experience of Eastern tongues and manners; still less did he take the preliminary precautions adopted by another Hajj, Herman Bicknell, the translator of Hafiz, who qualified as a Moslem at Cairo before setting out for Mecca. On the contrary, so slight was his acquaintance with Oriental languages that he seems at first to have adopted the name of "Abdur Mohammed," a title that is not only impossible, grammatically and philologically, but offensive to Moslem ears. A kind hint from a travelling companion, a young Indian nobleman to whose suite he attached himself, induced him to exchange his preposterous appellation for the more reasonable one of Mohammed Amin. In the motley crowd of pilgrims of all colours and nationalities, neither his appearance nor language attracted particular attention; and, by conforming to the gregariously performed religious ceremonies of the pilgrims, he generally escaped unpleasant observation. We say generally, because on one occasion at least he was in imminent danger of detection; and had that fortune which proverbially favours the bold to thank for his escape rather than any prudence of his own. The incident is so characteristic that we prefer to tell it in the author's own words:—

One day I was passing a large college on the outskirts of the town when the students of all ages, from five to fifteen, were out playing. . . . I was much amused watching them, when a little Hindi child near me shouted, "O, look at the Christian!" . . . Up to this nothing of the kind had happened to me, and, as it was unexpected, it took me very much aback. It also collected all the young imps in the neighbourhood, who took up the cry; and one great hulking brute stepped up to me and said in a blustering manner, "Christian dog, if you are a Mohammedan, make the profession of your faith." Now I am one of the most peaceably disposed of men—as "Jack" says, "I would rather run a mile than fight a minute"—yet all my life I have been getting dragged into fights. I suppose I must look like a fellow easily put upon, whereas I have a Bedawi aversion to dirt as an article of diet. This beggar riled me, and I did not feel at all disposed to give an account of myself to him. No, I just took the fellow by the shoulders, turned him round, and administered a kick in the rear that must have made him see stars. Now I do suppose I could not have perpetrated a more un-Mohammedan act. . . . It brought forth a yell of "Ya! Christian" from its recipient which was taken up by the whole crew. I had put my foot in it, had been taken off my guard, and now saw things could not be mended, so turned round and attempted to make a dignified retreat, when—whirr! close past my ear flew a blue object (a pigeon, I thought), and it lit a few feet ahead with a clatter that showed the kind of blue rock it was, and another followed, fetching me one on the skull that would have "settled the number of my mess" but for the thickness of my too-attractive head-dress.

He narrowly escaped being stoned to death; but by seizing an Arab child and holding it in his arms as a shield he succeeded in getting off without serious damage, and kept himself in seclusion for three weeks until the affair blew over. His exuberance of spirits would probably have made him sally forth prematurely from the house had he not taken the precaution of putting himself under opium all the time, and so acquiring another novel experience. The descriptions of Mecca itself, the holy shrine of the Kaabah and its precincts, and of the people the author came across during his sojourn, are very graphic, though given without the least attempt at literary embellishment. El Hajj Mohammed Amin has a great deal to say upon the subject of the slave-trade, and seems to think that English interference in the matter does little but raise the price of the article. With this view we differ very emphatically, though we must confess that no reliance whatever is to be placed upon any pretended co-operation of the Oriental authorities. A story is related, told to the author by one of the principal actors, of a craft with two negro slaves, perfectly happy and contented, on board, which was evidently about to be boarded by an English cruiser bearing down upon them. The crew promptly killed the negroes and threw them overboard. Mr. Keane's informant "regretted the necessity which compelled them to this mainly because they were both very strong men and very hard to kill," and he has no doubt but that "the lieutenant and interpreter found everything very satisfactory on board her half an hour after what must have been an exciting scene." In Mecca the author met with an English lady whose history and antecedents are somewhat mysterious, and add to the interest of this really extraordinary book. The pilgrimage was a very bold and adventurous under-

taking, and we hope that the pilgrim will shortly give us an account of his further adventures at Medina and of the rest of his career in the Hejaz which was, he tells us, one of such extraordinary adventures that he hesitates to publish it.

OUR RIVER.*

MR. LESLIE'S book on the Thames, with the motto *Thamesis meus ante omnes*, is as opportune in its appearance as it is delightful to read. There never was a book less literary in form. The author has succeeded, perhaps with no great effort, in the difficult task of writing as people speak. His style "seeks digressions," as Herodotus says of his own, and wanders about through river scenery, in a profusion of back-waters, and clear pleasant channels. Mr. Leslie has not, fortunately, attempted to write a methodical guide-book to the Thames with descriptions of the seats of the nobility and gentry in the style of the house-keeper of the Marquis of Carabas. He has simply given his personal reminiscences of the river, of its pleasant nooks, its villages and inns, its boating-people, birds, artists, fishes, and botes. Mr. Leslie has been a friend of the river from his childhood, when he used to hire a boat at Hungerford Bridge, and row up to Vauxhall or Chelsea and back. The Thames has greatly changed for the worse since that golden time, when arrowheads flowered and swans floated on the banks where the District Railway burrows and carries a weary crew of passengers through a sulphurous atmosphere. Once Mr. Leslie broke a scull in a schoolboy expedition, and had to leave his Greek lexicon in pawn for the exorbitant sum of five shillings. Apparently this depressing incident happened before the era of Liddell and Scott; Schrevelius was the hostage.

An affection for a river, once conceived, is never lost. The lovers of streams are as constant as their patroness, beautiful Tyro, in the Odyssey, who lost her heart to Eriopous, "far the fairest of the streams that wander through the world." Mr. Leslie does not seem to have flirted with Tweed, or Uak, or Avon, but to have remained true to the object of his first affections. The years and the inexorable march of stupidity mar the Thames; there are iron railway bridges, improved and hideous weirs, and, worst of all, there are steam-launches on the sacred waters. Mr. James Payn has lately published—we trust in a spirit of fine irony—his opinion that life on board a steam-launch, with endless luncheons thereon, is the roof and crown of athletic enjoyment. And a more practical and persistent votary of the practice defends it in public, on the ground that he himself "has been launching for years." But Mr. Leslie holds launches in the deep and just abhorrence which Mr. Frederick Walker expressed years ago in his caricature of the selfish launcher. Here is Mr. Leslie's statement:—

The much vexed question as to the use and abuse of steam launches on the river would, from its importance, require a whole chapter to itself; but as I am perfectly hostile to the launches, and it may be, slightly prejudiced in the matter, there would not be much use in my attempting to discuss the subject in an argumentative manner. I would, therefore, rather class the launches amongst those things which, in my opinion, are simply mistakes. I do not believe it is possible to really appreciate the river from on board a launch. The motion of the boat causes the perspective, both in front and behind, to alter so rapidly in a converging and diverging manner, as to have on the eye quite a painful effect, which after a short time becomes very wearisome. In the bows the wind and spray render a steady gaze ahead very uncomfortable, and a smoke out of the question. In this part of the vessel the passengers generally sit, as depicted in Walker's inimitable drawing in "Punch," with their backs to the view. In the stern the view is spoiled by the launch's smoke and swell, the banks are washed by a travelling wave, and the pretty floating weeds are all in wild commotion. Here, too, all is gritty and black from the smoke-stack, and the odious smell of the rancid engine oil is anything but the attar of roses.

And he says, with just contempt, that what the owners of launches like is "to have an excuse for wearing the manly flannels of the rowing man without exercising a single muscle in them." He is sure the people on board do not feel happy; "they are generally rather pompous," and perhaps "a little grain of conscience makes them sour." On the whole, he attributes the existence of steam-launches to idle selfishness, vanity, greed, and stupidity. For our own part, we think that a man who can enjoy a steam-launch would, in favourable circumstances, have greatly exceeded the iniquity of Nero. That Emperor, at least, was an artist, and to him a steam-launch would have been an impossible abomination. But Mr. Leslie mentions two exceptions to a general rule, two owners of launches who are not so bad as they might be. May they be converted!

Let us leave a disagreeable topic and return to the Thames. "All bridges are delightful to look over, but Henley is the best in this respect I ever knew," says Mr. Leslie. The pleasure of reading his book is very much like that of looking over a bridge. The clear stream flows by, carrying flowers and water weeds in the shape of pleasant memories and fragments of good-natured gossip. What can be better than this little sketch of a summer night in the old years that do not come again, when England was strong by land and sea, and grew her own corn in abundant harvests?—

My father once or twice described this journey to me. It took place in the latter part of the month of August, the moon shining so brightly that the labourers were at work in the fields all night getting in the *fat*

* *Our River*. By George D. Leslie, R. A. Illustrations by the Author. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co. 1881.

harvest. A sailor travelled with them who had been in the actions of Trafalgar and the Nile, and who had many exploits to relate; he put on nothing extra in the way of clothing as night approached, and on my father asking if he was not cold, Jack replied, "No, sir; I have a great-coat, but it is stowed away in the hold, and it is not worth while getting it out." He had a cutlass wound in his head so deep, that he could put his two fingers into it; he told how the crew of his ship, having received their Trafalgar medals, went off for a day's liberty; not five returned to their ship next day who had retained their medals. Poor Jack, it was ever thus!

Mr. Leslie has very little to say about the river above Culham. He was much disappointed with his first visit to Oxford. It is true that the river does not play its proper part in the beauty of that "sweet city with her dreaming spires." The Isis is too much a mere exercise-ground of Eights and Torpids. "The only college that came up to my ideal was Magdalen," says Mr. Leslie; but, if Wadham, or John's, or Merton had only the river in their gardens, he might also have found his ideal there. It is true that Oxford is not built of "good honest red brick"; red brick could never have given us Magdalen or Merton tower, though adequate to the production of Keble. And it is only too true that "the whole place seems to be perpetually having new patches put up all over it." But that is the fault of the baneful class of reformers who are always harring the colleges with commissions, and compelling them to throw away their money on stone and lime, for fear it should be spent on endowing Prigs, and encouraging the science of Philological Hypotheses. In his heart Mr. Leslie is a Cambridge man. "Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage" with the charms of the Backs of the Colleges, and the red bricks of Queen's.

A very interesting part of *Our River* is concerned with that admirable and deeply regretted artist, Frederick Walker. Unlike Mr. Leslie, Walker was an angler, and threw a fly very well. He would anchor a punt in a place where a big trout was known to dwell, and there he would interrupt his painting to cast again and again over the fish. But the Thames trout were too clever for him, as they are for most people, and it was only on his last visit to the river that he "gruppit" a good one, near Monkey Island. Many people who admired Walker's large unfinished piece "The Mushroom Gatherers" will be interested in learning that it was painted over a Thames scene, with boys bathing on the river bank. As for the actual picture of "The Mushroom Gatherers," which is now in Mr. Leslie's possession, the owner says, "the whole remains a vast dreary blank field, with a mournful and brooding sentiment about it. To me its beauty is the poetic feeling it seems to convey of Earth, Mother earth. One can imagine easily the weight of the whole world, beneath the finely toned grass." There can be no more felicitous criticism. Walker, like some other men of genius, "was very fond of cats, and had a degree of influence over them quite peculiar; he appeared to understand their language, and by talking to them could always succeed in attracting their attention towards him. Another resemblance in this respect to Sir Edwin Landseer." Passing, by a sudden transition which the pleasant desultory character of this work must excuse, from cats to fowls, we come to this singular piece of observation, worthy of a place in Mr. Herbert Spencer's book on "Ceremonial Government":—

When a hen feels itself too small and weak to attempt a battle, it will approach the other with a humble expression, and holding its head down, will remain perfectly motionless whilst the other hen pecks it lightly on the comb two or three times. After this the two are friends, only it is always understood that the weaker one takes rank beneath the other. I have seen this happen so very often, that I am sure it is a regular custom—a sort of swearing fealty to a master, not unlike the customs of barbarous nations.

The Thames is naturally the haunt of artists. Mr. Leslie even feels inclined to think there are too many of them in some districts. But one may see almost as many white umbrellas between Loch Awe and Dalnally as where

"Every soul is sick of Knowle,
At Haddon Hall one grumbles,
Of Stratford Mill we've had our fill,
And murmur at the Mumbles."

At Wargrave Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Leslie have painted the sign of the George and Dragon; St. George militant is by Mr. Leslie; St. George triumphant, with a large flagon of ale, is by Mr. Hodgson. "They look already very old-masterly."

We have marked for quotation a number of amusing and interesting passages in *Our River* which want of space prevents us from extracting. The account of Mr. Mason, the artist, is very touching; the description of children bathing (p. 53) is a picture in itself. The pages on the art and mystery of managing a punt are useful, as are the directions and hints about the depth of water and the nature of the river bottom in various channels. The passages on natural history are full of delicate observation, and there is much that astonishes in Mr. Leslie's account of river waifs and strays (p. 234-235). The whole book will, we think, please all readers who are neither cockney anglers, obstructive owners of land adjoining backwaters, or owners of steam-launches. The drawings of scenery and figures are extremely delicate and touched with feeling. Among our favourites are "Landing Place at Monkey Island"—where reeds and poplars combine with soft summer skies and the wide river reaches to make a harmonious environment for a punt with a lady in it—"The Author's Punt" and "Entrance to the Backwater, Polney Reach," a remarkable study of luxuriant river vegetation, broken by the sterner lines of poplars. In "Thames Swans" we are not certain that the art of the wood-cutter has been adequate to the difficult task of render-

ing very delicate reflections, and their wavy lines and ripples of light and shade. "Patrick's Stream, Ship Lake," is another exquisite drawing of flowery fields, crowned by wooded hills. Mr. Leslie's book will delight every reader who loves to linger where, as a poet of the Thames sings,

A rushy island guards the sacred bower,
And hides it from the meadow, where in peace
The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,
Robbing the golden market of the bees;
And laden barges float
By banks of myosotis;
And scented flag and golden flower-de-lays
Delay the lingering boat.

THE COMPREHENSIVE ATLAS.*

THE duty of the critic is to deal with all books impartially; nor should he be deterred from pointing out flaws or faults, where it may be necessary to do so, by any consideration of the toil or cost spent upon the work. But there are faults which mar the value and usefulness of a book, and there are others which prove little more than that no human work is perfect. In the case of the magnificent Atlas offered to the public by Messrs. Collins, the labour and outlay expended must, without doubt, have been very large; and it is but bare justice to say that they have been expended to good purpose. In the maps showing the present extent and position of the several countries of the world we believe that no serious deficiencies will be found; and that the information which the student may perhaps seek in vain in one map is fairly supplied in another. This must to a large extent be the case, unless the scale is so increased as to make the volume disagreeably unwieldy. On the whole, the work is one which may without hesitation be recommended as trustworthy and satisfactory, and there are but few volumes of maps of which it would be prudent to say much more.

Why the title-page should bear no date of publication, we cannot say. The lack is perhaps accidental, though in some similar publications it serves as a convenient means of covering defects which should have been supplied already. The railway map of Scotland does not show the completion of the line to Oban; it is possible and likely that the map may have been worked off before the new portion was opened. But it would have been well to anticipate all disparaging remarks by mentioning in a preface or advertisement the precise time down to which the maps have been corrected or filled up. The series of historical maps of Europe ends in 1871; but the maps of South-Eastern Europe and of Western Asia show changes subsequent to the recent struggle between the Czar and the Sultan. We are puzzled also at finding that the pages of Mr. Bryce's treatise on Physical Geography are numbered from 125 onwards. This treatise is respectable, and may perhaps be read continuously by those who do not mind travelling with the eye over a folio, and who may be satisfied with rather flattering likenesses of Negroes, Malays, and Red Indians. The reader may be struck with the differences in density of population between one country and another; but, though he may see a noteworthy fact in the statement that Belgium maintains for each square mile a population nearly twice as large as that which is furnished for the same space by Great Britain, he may get a mistaken impression from the division which speaks of the numbers professing the Christian religion as about 355 millions, Islam numbering about one-third of that number; while "those attached to one form or other of heathenism" exceed 700 millions. It is surely time that this fashion of putting Buddhists of every shade of thought into one lump with Bheels, Khonds, and Hottentots should be brought to an end.

It is from no wish to depreciate this work that we mention a few instances in which it might have been improved by the bestowal of a little more care, and perhaps by the exercise of a little more judgment. The map of Africa, No. 5, gives us the position of Basutoland; the index does not contain the name; but, on looking to the more detailed map, 34, of Southern Africa, we found the name given as Bassuto, and so inserted in the index. Griquas are seen, but our questionable instruments or allies, the Svatizies or Swatzies and some other tribes, are invisible. Not seldom, even in maps on the scales employed in this work, names may be omitted from sheer lack of space; but, if it was not easy in the railway map of England to insert any names between Basingstoke and Kingston on the South-Western Railway, the line indicating the connexion between Woking and Ascot might without difficulty have been introduced, as such lines might with ease be given for sparsely peopled districts in Scotland and elsewhere. The map entitled Palestine in the modern series is open to stronger objections. To quarrel with it for being so entitled might be hypercritical; but although many names in it remain unchanged from the days of the Herods, yet Abilene and Trachonitis are not divisions known at the present time; and nothing is gained, but much is lost, by introducing the twelve portions of the old tribes. The plea that they are here given because the map of "Palestine in the time of Christ" shows the country under the divisions of Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee, can scarcely be re-

* *The Comprehensive Atlas of Modern, Historical, Classical, and Physical Geography. With Descriptive Letterpress of Physical Geography.* by James Bryce, M.A., LL.D. London and Glasgow: W. Collins, Sons, & Co.

ceived as valid. In the modern map the tribes are utterly out of place.

When to these abatefments we add that it would have been well if the mountain ranges could have been made more prominent, and in some cases the breaks in their continuity more distinctly pointed out, we have no further fault to find with the series of modern maps, which may be fairly spoken of as excellent. Such a break in a mountain range we have in the valley which intervenes between the Nilgherry and the Palnai Hills in Southern India; and this break, more clearly traceable in the general map, No. 23, almost vanishes in the more detailed map of the Madras Presidency. Inconsistencies in the spelling of Indian names must be laid to the charge of all English writers who deal with them. The controversy raised about such names as Gandamak and Kolhapur may become as keen as that which seeks to determine whether we shall write in old European and Asiatic geography Calcutta or Kalkinai, Aigai or Æga, Korkyra or Coreyra. It may be as difficult to hit on a consistent system in one case as in the other; but it might at least be settled which form we should adopt when we are called to take our choice between Bejapoor, Beejapore, and Bijapur. The Indian maps will certainly not suffer because they fail to exhibit the scientific frontier which was supposed to have been won by the Treaty of Gandamak, and content themselves with the more familiar boundaries of older days.

But we are not sure that the publishers might not have consulted their own interests better had they attempted less in the historical maps and in those which profess to deal with the geography of the ancient world. These maps lack the exactness of Houz6 and the clearness even of Spruner's smaller School Atlas. We do not much care to see a map of Britain under the Saxons as a pendant to a map of Britain under the Romans, when this map itself plainly shows that it was not under Saxons exclusively. A small map of the British Islands in which the chief battle-fields are underscored, with their dates, makes up for the absence of some well-known names in the modern map, and is followed by a useful series of maps of Europe, ending with one describing the condition of things in 1871. The map which is designed to illustrate the history of India for the last three or four centuries seems to throw but little light on the existence or the extent of the empire of Akbar and Aurungzebe; but it is impossible that a single map should serve a purpose for which a dozen would scarcely be too many. Facing this historical map of India we have another which professes to give the world as known to the ancients. On the subject of such maps we have spoken plainly in the remarks which we made on Mr. Bunbury's *History of Ancient Geography* (*Saturday Review*, March 6 and April 3, 1880), and again on Mr. Keith Johnstone's *Geography* (*Saturday Review*, July 4, 1880). Unfortunately, these maps represent simply our knowledge of countries which were known to geographers before or after Ptolemy in a totally different way. Mr. Keith Johnstone's little sketch maps implied that explorers started with some fair conception of the scanty regions with which they had some acquaintance, and that they proceeded slowly but surely to fill up with some approach to correctness the outlines of the larger world which lay beyond them. The reproduction of a mathematically exact modern map, cut down to the limits known to ancient explorers, conveys a most erroneous notion of the state of their geographical knowledge; and if an atlas deals with the matter at all, it should do so by giving at least four or five maps exhibiting the plan of the world as it was conceived by Hecateus, Herodotus, Eratosthenes, Strabo, or Ptolemy. We are only going astray if we allow ourselves to fancy that the ideas of these and other geographers of the ancient world in reference to the relative proportions of the Peninsula of India, of Ceylon, and of China had more than the most remote likeness to our own, or even that in many cases they had any likeness at all.

Nor can we see much use in the map which does duty for ancient Greece. The later fortunes of the country have been pretty fairly exhibited in the modern maps and in the European historical series. It may be feared that this solitary map of ancient Greece may be taken by some as belonging to the whole period which preceded the fall of Oorinth, or even the exploits of Dexippus at Athens. In this map Messenia looks as if it had an independent existence equal to that of Attica; and Megalopolis is given as an Arcadian city which may have been as old as Argos or Mantinea. There is nothing to show that Athens had greater power and a wider confederacy at one time than at another, or that Sparta and Athens headed rival confederacies at any time. These remarks apply, it must be confessed, with not less force to the Map 86, entitled Asia Minor, in which Lydia figures in its usual proportions between Mysia on the north and Caria on the south, just as though the kingdom of the Mermaid kings had never exceeded these limits, or had retained them for ages after the fall of Orceus. To the once useful map of the world, giving the discoveries and colonies of the European nations, no further exception can be taken than that it does not show with sufficient prominence the vast extension already acquired by the English-speaking race. There is no reason why the same colour should not in such a map unite the territories of Great Britain in North America with the United States, as the name of the latter, with the statement, as here given, of their independence, would suffice to show that they now form a distinct nation.

The volume is well furnished with a series of physical maps of the great continents, and of the British islands, as well as with another series of four maps showing the mean temperature of the air throughout the world during the four seasons of the year. These

are followed by others giving the distribution of the winds, of rain and snow, of volcanoes and earthquakes, of ocean currents and river basins, and, lastly, of the several members of the vegetable and animal worlds. The work closes with an index drawn up with a fulness and care which makes it worthy of the work. Of the appearance of the maps we cannot speak too highly. It is refreshing to the eye to rest on a surface in which so much is given without confusion and without straining the powers of ordinary sight.

SYDNEY.*

THERE is so much to commend in this novel that the reader is apt to overlook the faults which belong to its kind rather than to itself. It is a simple study of character, without any setting of landscape or philosophy, of studied style or of original thinking. In days more propitious to the drama it would have taken shape in a little three-act comedy, and would not in that form be very different from what it now is. But, if it is a slight affair, and reminds us of *Eugenie Grandet* chiefly by means of a ludicrously strong unlikeness in treatment and literary charm, it is negatively good, and, as novels go in England nowadays, we may even perhaps say very good indeed. All the characters are virtuous and agreeable people, without being at all goody; the scenes are truthfully drawn and without exaggeration, while a pure and wholesome moral atmosphere pervades the whole story. The chief personages are rich, without coming down to breakfast in purple velvet, or dining off gold plate; and afterwards, when they are reduced to poverty, they do not batten upon half-a-pound of "Dorset" in a garret. We are glad to see that Miss Craik refuses to have any part in that violent ostentation and tasteless vulgarity which are fast destroying the English school of domestic novel. Her characters converse with extreme ease and simplicity, and the dialogues form so very large a proportion of the book as to increase that impression of its being a play to which we have already referred. To the character of the heroine we shall give our attention presently; we may simply say now that it is a distinct success. The other women in the novel are scarcely less excellently drawn, and there is one remarkably good child. On the other hand, the hero is somewhat indistinctly given; although he is in our company almost incessantly from the beginning of the book, we have formed no particular impression of his personality when we close the third volume. We must grant, however, that the two young men who are introduced as a foil to the hero are very well presented in a mild and superficial way.

The main subject of the book is the development, through unusual suffering, of the slightly eccentric, but thoroughly loyal and sincere, character of the heroine, Sydney Godwin. She is well described in a few words:—

Sydney had been reading, and her book was still open upon her knees. She was a large, fair girl, with a quantity of blond hair, and changeable grey eyes, a girl whom many people did not call pretty, but whose claims to beauty provoked a good deal of discussion amongst her acquaintance generally. There were some who admired her greatly; some thought her noticeable; one or two before this time had fallen in love with her. But, on the whole, she was not considered very handsome. It had been said of her often that you could not help looking at her, but that she was a girl who, before you could come to any settled opinion about her, forced you to change your mind a dozen times.

Miss Craik contrives cleverly enough to keep this questionable beauty, this dubious quality of individual distinction, before us all through the novel, and though Sydney's personal appearance is scarcely alluded to again the reader is constantly allowed to divine the puzzling effect that her looks and manners have upon strangers. Sydney is a girl of great possibilities of character, slow-growing, indefinite still, and not by any means precocious. The interest of the romance rests in this—that the large, undeveloped creature is not left to ripen her powers gradually, but is forced, by a domestic crisis, to enter on the embarrassments of life too soon for her strength. How she suffers and how at length her radical health of character redeems her are points of real interest to the reader, which are skillfully brought forward by the author, mainly by the best of all means—namely, by dramatic conversation.

Sydney Godwin is the only child of rich parents—a father of considerable age, already somewhat obfuscated by an unbroken round of city anxieties and responsibilities, and a mother of no very special intellectual power, but full of tact and womanly sweetness. Sydney, at the age of twenty, is the large, blond, indecisive personage to whom we have been introduced, dowered with more than her mother's intelligence, but at present not half her genial and unselfish sweetness. She is not consciously or prominently selfish, but she is not so thoughtful for others as deeply immersed in the contemplation of her own soul, and the analysis of all her own impulses and prejudices. The early chapters give an amusing, if slightly prolix, account of a Christmas party at the country house of the Godwins, a party got up, a little against Sydney's wish, to gratify the full and hospitable heart of her mother. Two nice young gentlemen are invited to amuse two pretty young ladies. The latter distress Sydney by their frivolity, and the former bring her contempt down upon them by a little innocent flirtation. Sydney is so earnest in convincing the two gentlemen of their errors in propriety that she piques them both into what really amounts to something very like flirtation with herself. In the case of

* *Sydney*. By Georgiana M. Craik. 3 vols. London: Hunt & Blackett.

one young gentleman, Mr. Marmaduke, a penniless person of very large and aristocratic expectations, it does, in fact, ripen, though neither of them realize it, into a warmer and sincerer feeling. As Sydney is still young in character, and as it is out of the question that Mr. Marmaduke should marry at present, the intimacy is allowed quietly to drift down towards the crisis of betrothal, when suddenly a much more drastic crisis gives a new direction to all their lives. Mr. Godwin speculates and loses his entire fortune, the shock, at the same time, completing the overthrow of his intelligence.

All this while a neighbour, a Mr. Loudon, a bachelor of over forty, has been in the habit of constantly joining the party at the Godwins', with whom he has been on intimate terms all his life. He is a very kind and genial man, and has remained unmarried that he might give his whole attention to his aged mother, who has lately died. It becomes plain to the reader, but not to Sydney, that he has gradually fallen desperately in love with her, and that he is only waiting for a fit opportunity to ask her to be his wife. Unfortunately, without his noticing that anything has happened, she has become convinced, through her icy maidenly reserve, that there is something charming to female youth in the masculine freshness of five-and-twenty. When the crash comes, Mr. Loudon thinks that his chance has come; he takes the Godwins into his house, and he persuades Mrs. Godwin, on whom the whole responsibility has fallen, to accept the present necessities of life from his purse; and then he very rashly and abruptly proposes to Sydney. To her he seems old and repulsive; not at all realizing or knowing the particulars of his generosity, she thinks it mean of him to thrust his unwelcome love upon her at such a moment, and she refuses him with indignation. He acts very kindly; gives her an opportunity of appearing to be earning her living by finding a situation for her in Switzerland as teacher of English to two German girls; and to the shores of the Lake of Thun the three Godwins presently repair.

But Sydney gains very little by her teaching, and, as her father becomes more and more hopelessly invalided, various delicacies and expensive contrivances are required for him, and found no sooner than required. It takes her inexperience a long time to come to the certain conclusion that Mr. Loudon is paying for all these things, and, when she charges her mother, that worthy woman tearfully confesses to the impeachment. Sydney's pride is deeply wounded, and she begs her mother to return him his money and accept no more, but she soon learns that this is simply an impossibility. Mr. Loudon takes her like a butterfly in the delicate but pitiless net of his generosity and his determination, and at last she consents to marry him for her parents' sake, not at all for her own. The beginning of a married life so started upon is, of course, extremely distressing; but, although both husband and wife have taken so perilous a step, neither quite realizing what was being done, the radical goodness of them both, assisted by several gods out of machines, leads them very prettily into unison of heart at last. How this is effected, of course, is Miss Craik's secret, and one that we recommend our lady readers to find out for themselves. It is a very pretty story, cleverly devised and wholesomely carried out.

One of those hitches or uncorrected alterations of intention, which amuse the reviewer as much as the failure of a piece of scenery to descend amuses the playgoer, occurs in the first volume, and should certainly be corrected. Mr. Marmaduke, the handsome young man, plays so slight a part in the story that Miss Craik meant to say good-bye to him early in the first volume, and accordingly wrote in the most circumstantial language:—

But before another week had gone the Godwins had left the Hall, and Mr. Marmaduke and Sydney never met again. This proved to be their last parting.

Unfortunately, in the course of the second volume, the effect upon Sydney of seeing once more the handsome face and hearing the cheery voice of her early flame was too great a temptation for Miss Craik to resist; and, in forgetfulness of her solemn asseveration, they did meet again. Nor did even this "prove to be their last parting"; for, quite well on in the second volume, the prophetic soul of the reader is perplexed by another interview between these young people. This however, as the playbills say, is positively the very last parting. This error, however, suggests some strange reflections. It could not have occurred if the volumes had undergone the most ordinary revision at the hands of the author, or even of a tolerably efficient press-corrector. What would the dear old lady-novelists of eighty years ago—the Amelia Opies and the Sophia Lees—have said to a sister of the pen who could not remember in her second volume that she had parted her lovers for ever in the first? They could recollect the tenor of a courtesy or the accident of a shoe-tie although ten serious tomes lay between them and the incident. Miss Craik is quite clever enough to make it worth her while to take more pains, to study her modes of expression, and give more unity to her plot. We hope that the next time she gives us a novel we may discover no such indications of unseemly haste.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE second volume (1) of M. Taine's *Origines* is a curious commentary on an expression which he himself used—is it twenty-five or only twenty years ago?—in reference to Mr. Carlyle's *French Revolution*. In that book, said the critic who thought

(1) *Les origines de la France contemporaine*. Par H. Taine. La Révolution. Tome II. La Conquête Jacobine. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

that everything was explicable easily by half-a-dozen formulas, "les événements si nets que nous connaissons tous" were obscured and rendered mysterious by passion and wilful humour. *La Conquête Jacobine* is a singular vindication of the elder historian. Evidently the *événements* have come to seem much less nets to M. Taine. All his great learning and all his admirable power of lucid exposition do not avail to hide his own obvious astonishment at the way in which a faction numerically insignificant (M. Taine agrees with those who doubt whether there ever were much more than a quarter of a million actual "Reds" in the whole of France) plunged a great nation for years into the wildest excesses of absurdity and of crime. The account of these excesses, however, is as unsparing as it can be. So much misplaced ingenuity has been spent of late by the Neo-Dantonist followers of Comte in whitewashing the Septembriseurs, that it is quite refreshing to find the literal facts, hideous as they are, set forth once more without the least exaggeration, but with all the advantages of literary skill. Considering the present complexion of affairs in France, M. Taine's book is rather a bold one, and ought to be salutary, though it probably will not be. The intolerance, the phrasemaking folly, the bloodthirsty partisanship of the old Republicans are here set before the new Republicans without fear as without favour. But the book is one of far too much importance to be despatched in a brief notice.

The *Correspondance* (2) of Talleyrand with Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna is another book rather to be mentioned than noticed here, especially as it has appeared simultaneously in English. It may, however, be observed that M. Fallain's editing is exceptionally good. Not merely are the fullest details as to things and persons mentioned given in the notes, but there is an *index nominum* which is in reality a small biographical and geographical encyclopædia. It is very seldom that the idle reader is saved all trouble so adroitly, and that at the same time the studious reader is assisted so skilfully with all necessary helps to his study.

M. Pégot-Ogier has written a learned and complete history (3) of the Channel Islands, the only fault of which is that the author has strayed unnecessarily, perhaps we should rather say unskilfully, into the history of France and England. The book is prefaced by a paper on the present condition of the islands, which shows M. Pégot-Ogier to be a strong member of the "French party," as it is locally called; that is to say, the party which desires—not by any means annexation to France—but the preservation of the existing autonomy, as distinguished from complete legislative union with England and representation in the English Parliament. Some of M. Ogier's statements in his preface are of doubtful accuracy. It is, for instance, quite untrue that secondary education is at a low ebb, though conducted à *grands frais*. The two endowed Grammar Schools, the modern Victoria College of Jersey and the ancient Elizabeth College of Guernsey, supply at very moderate *frais* an education at least equal to that of the most advanced English public schools, and infinitely superior to that of a French Lycée. When, moreover, M. Pégot-Ogier remarks that the islands are "plus libres que l'Angleterre, le pouvoir n'y est pas personnifié," he shows a spirit of idle theoretical Republicanism which is simply laughable.

Any one who should, in the language of an old *mot*, say that M. Jean Fleury's best work is Madame Henry Gréville, would do him some injustice. His excellent book on Rabelais is, taking it altogether, the best on the subject; and this on Marivaux (4) deserves, we think, the same commendation, though M. Fleury is, in our judgment, inclined to set the author of *Marianne* rather too high. The book contains a careful account of the life and writings of Marivaux, with (in an appendix) a reprint of several pieces which M. Fleury thinks have been unjustly excluded from the standard editions, and a good disquisition on *marivaudage*. This latter has always been a difficult thing to explain to persons (especially Englishmen) who do not know Marivaux. M. Fleury takes good literary standing ground when he selects euphuism and Sterne's peculiar manner as other species of the same genus. Had he known Lamb, which we are inclined to think he does not, a third example, still more instructive, might have been given. *Marivaudage*, in short, is an artificial style of writing, which is artificial after the peculiar fashion of Marivaux; and, if any one is not satisfied with this variation of the famous definition of an archdeacon, we must refer him either to Marivaux himself or to M. Fleury.

M. Décès's rather formidable volume (5) of philosophical dialogues is an attempt once common, but now rare, at producing, not exactly a *théodicée* or a theosophy, but a reconciliation between faith and science. In the author's own words, his effort is to discover "by the experimental method the principle of causality and the first cause." We shall not attempt here to determine how far this somewhat ambitious quest has been achieved. It strikes us, however, that, like all dialogue makers, from Socrates downwards, Dr. Décès is rather prone to set up the opposition only just strongly enough to give the champion whom he favours some credit for knocking his enemy down.

A tractate (6) on the famous *énigmes arithmétiques*

(2) *Correspondance inédite du prince de Talleyrand et du roi Louis XVIII.* Par G. Fallain. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Histoire des îles de la Manche.* Par M. Pégot-Ogier. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Marivaux et le marivaudage.* Par J. Fleury. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Science et édit.* Par le docteur J. B. L. Décès. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Le nombre géométrique de Platon.* Par J. Dupuis. Paris: Hachette.

œuvres, which puzzles all readers of the *Republic*, is also a somewhat antiquated exertion, though it is not the worse for that. M. Dupuis comes to the conclusion that the mysterious number = 100 × 216. He gives a history of the various interpretations; but it is rather odd that a student of Platonic mysteries should quote Philo on the authority of Jean Bodin.

M. Salvador's reprinted treatise (7), or rather collection of reprinted treatises, on the religious question is a curious but not very enlivening book, in which remarks on the Crimean War, arguments to prove that the Crucifixion was, in the first place, an act of deicide, then of populicide, then of legicide, and many other strange things are gathered together with a kind of serious simplicity which, at any rate for a time, supplies the want of practical force, method, and style.

It is well known with what zeal and success M. Ernest Daudet has devoted himself to the local history of the south of France during the Revolutionary period and that of the Restoration. He has now followed up his *Torreur blanche* by an account (8) of the obscure Royalist conspiracies a quarter of a century earlier, at the outbreak of the Revolution, of which the mysterious camp of Jalès is the principal mark in the memory even of most of those persons who know the period fairly. M. Daudet has told the story clearly and well. His book has a good map, which is not unnecessary, for Jalès is not marked even in the excellent departmental maps which accompany the *Guides-Joanne*, much less on the usual maps of France.

Another contribution to the history of the Revolutionary period, of more personal interest though of less actual importance, is Baron Ernouf's *Souvenirs d'un jeune Abbé* (9), the letters of a young priest who was obliged to join the Republican army, and served in the campaigns of Flanders (1793-94), the Lodi campaign, and the siege of Genoa. The editor has subjoined some interesting minor documents bearing on the period.

M. Rolland has translated a selection (10), as it seems, of Mendelssohn's Letters of 1831-32.

The late M. Edouard Fournier's interesting and characteristic *Paris capitale* (11) is a not unworthy finish to the numerous and innumerable studies of old French history or literature, which he long made palatable to a public more difficult, as to the matter of its literature, and certainly more difficult as to the form, than our own. It is many years since M. Guesard (to whom literature owes the publication of at least a considerable part of the unequalled treasures of early French epic) confessed with much amiability in reference to Fournier that this public "le lit et ne me lit pas." The author of *L'esprit des autres* was worthy of the compliment. He had his weaknesses, as, for instance, in the present volume the astounding discovery that the humour of England is due to a pre-Cæsarian emigration from Lutetia to England may serve to show. They must have carried the plant, roots and all. But with a certain combination of real erudition with picturesque condescension to the needs of the average reader, M. Fournier stood almost alone, and we do not know that he has left any heir to his qualities.

M. Marius Topin is not an extraordinary critic, but of the ordinary critic he is a very good specimen indeed. These republished papers (12) on French novelists sin, if they sin at all, by an excess of charity. We are not disposed to acquiesce in the exaltation of Gabriel Ferry, in which M. Topin indulges, and his remarks (very respectful ones in the main) on Flaubert show that eradication of the humorous element which M. Fournier, as we have just mentioned, has accounted for in a manner surprising but satisfactory. But the papers are very good as far as they go, and we should be hard put to it to match them in the average reviews of English periodicals.

A convenient edition of Doudan's *Pensées et fragments* (13) puts the thoughts of that noteworthy thinker within the reach of everybody. The author was one of those rare persons who in this hurried age carry out the principle of the Scotch warning, "Tak' time," and his work is valuable accordingly. It is possible often to differ from him; never to disdain his results.

Colonel Trumelet (14) has done a real service to literature in collecting and commenting the legends of the Algerian saints which he has come across. The book is well written, very unusual in kind, and very well worth reading.

If any one can be thought worthy to figure in the pleasant series of small quarto books on good paper, with ample margin, which M. Calmann-Lévy has instituted, that person is Heine. The man whom two great nations dispute—one alleging him to be a German strayed in France; the other, a Frenchman strayed in Germany—whom all Europe admires, and in whom critics, not incompetent to decide, see the greatest man of letters of the pure nineteenth century, cannot be too fully illustrated by criticism and biography. These reminiscences (15) of his niece, the Princess

Della-Rocca, are very unpretending in character, but full of interesting personal details.

Sensible angels of the critical kind—if there be any angels who are critics—fear to tread on the character of Alceste more than on anything else, except the character of Hamlet, in drama or literature. M. Coquelin, however, has a perfect right to give his opinion (16), an opinion which is recommended by quite other qualifications than those of the dilettante man of letters. M. Coquelin's point is that Alceste is a comic, not a tragic, character, and he supports it with some good argument. The subject is so dangerous that we shall offer no comment, except to draw attention to a curious difference which illustrates admirably the eternal variation between French and English conception of dramatic literature. If M. Coquelin professes Molière to Shakespeare (which he does with discreet hesitation), it is because "les individus créés par Shakespeare se démentent quelquefois; ceux de Molière jamais." Now we say that this proves our case, because human beings always do contradict themselves sometimes. But the vista of controversy which this opens is too appalling.

M. Jules Vallès has a bad name, which perhaps on any fair ground he ought to share with M. Gambetta and many other persons. Nevertheless, we are glad to welcome a new edition of his interesting book, *Les réfractaires* (17), a contribution to the history of *La sainte Bohème*, which must never be slighted. The singular article on Gustave Flaubert is perhaps the most curious feature of the book.

We can only mention a charming reprint (18) of a Flemish account of Vasco de Gama's second voyage, with a French translation, a preface, and a facsimile of a delightful sixteenth-century map, with a crowned and sceptred monarch sitting placidly in the middle of Africa.

The Persian Ladies' Book (19) contains many pleasing instructions as to what is or is not "wajib," that is, "the proper thing," under the various circumstances of feminine life. "Il est wajib de se laver trois fois la tête avec du savon" seems to show that most Persian ladies ought to have light hair, which yet history does not warrant us in concluding that they have.

The *Bibliothèque utile*, in three new numbers which have reached us, sets a disquisition on free will (20), one on the Pacific Islands (21), and a kind of boiled-down essence of positivism (22) from no less a pen than that of the indefatigable Dr. Robinet, within the reach of every Frenchman who has three times fifty centimes to spare.

We have no doubt that M. Maurice Block is in private life a most amiable gentleman, but his contributions to the *Bibliothèque des jeunes Français* fill us, we must confess, with terror. *Le budget* (23) and *L'impôt* (24) seem to be destined to create an infinite number of the same sort of persons who (as M. Thaine tells us, or rather as he confirms our previous knowledge) were the curse of Republican France ninety years ago. A smattering of information on public affairs is a terrible thing. The same fault cannot be found with Michelet's *Henri-Quatre* (25), though it has plenty of others. At all events, it is not *bête*.

The Illustrated Catalogue of the Salon (26) deserves the attention of sensible people who, intending to visit the original exhibition, prefer to know what they are going to see beforehand.

Messrs. Hachette have begun in *L'art dans l'antiquité* (27) one of those elaborately illustrated books which they have few rivals in producing. The letterpress is excellent, and with the illustrations no fault can possibly be found.

In the *Revue des arts décoratifs* for April (28) we must notice an admirable etching of the southern door of Beauvais, one of the finest specimens of Renaissance work.

It is a serious thing to say to an Academician *Sat prata biberunt*; but really there does not seem to be much else to say to M. Feuillet, à propos of his *Histoire d'une Parisienne* (29). The Parisienne has an *éducation exquise*, the result of which, as it appears to a brutal Saxon reader, is to make her a very bad wife. She marries the first comer at her mother's bidding, and during the service—probably because she feels herself the centre of an imposing spectacle—she "touches heaven." But the unfortunate Baron de Maurescamp, though he is to all appearance

(16) *Molière et le Misanthrope*. Par C. Coquelin. Paris: Ollendorff.

(17) *Les réfractaires*. Par Jules Vallès. Paris: Charpentier.

(18) *Le second voyage de Vasco de Gama à Calicut*. Par J. Ph. Berjean. Paris: Charavay.

(19) *Le livre des dames de la Perse*. Par J. Thonneller. Paris: Leroux.

(20) *L'homme est-il libre?* Par G. Renard. Bibliothèque utile. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(21) *Les îles du Pacifique*. Par H. Jouan. Bibliothèque utile. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(22) *Philosophie positive*. Par le dr. Robinet. Bibliothèque utile. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(23) *Le budget*. Par M. Block. Bibliothèque des jeunes Français. Paris: Hetzel.

(24) *L'impôt*. Par M. Block. Bibliothèque des jeunes Français. Paris: Hetzel.

(25) *Henri-Quatre*. Par J. Michelet. Bibliothèque des jeunes Français. Paris: Hetzel.

(26) *Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon, 1881*. Paris: Société des Artistes français. London: Hamilton Adams & Co.

(27) *Histoire de l'art dans l'antiquité*. Par G. Perrot et C. Chipiez. Livraisons 1, 2. Paris: Hachette.

(28) *Revue des arts décoratifs*. Avril 1881. Paris: Quantin.

(29) *Histoire d'une Parisienne*. Par O. Feuillet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Paris, Rome, Jerusalem*. Par J. Salvador. Deuxième édition. 3 tomes. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(8) *Histoire des conspirations royalistes du Midi*. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Hachette.

(9) *Souvenirs militaires d'un jeune Abbé*. Par le Baron Ernouf. Paris: Didier.

(10) *Lettres inédites de Mendelssohn*. Traduites par A. Rolland. Paris: Heise.

(11) *Paris capitale*. Par E. Fournier. Paris: Dentu.

(12) *Remanières contemporains*. Par Marius Topin. Deuxième édition. Paris: Didier.

(13) *Pensées et fragments*. Par X. Doudan. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(14) *Les saints du Tell*. Par le colonel C. Trumelet. Paris: Didier.

(15) *Souvenirs intimes de H. Heine*. Par la princesse Della-Rocca. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

honestly attached to his wife, has a fashion of showing his attachment which revolts the young woman of the *éducation exquise*. She tries to make herself unpleasant to him, and he is so lost to decency as to accept the intimation. Thereupon she is not angry, only very very sad. A beautiful Comte de Lerne turns up, and Mme. de Maurescamp, who is sternly virtuous, accepts him for a *maître d'études*. The coarse Baron, who has already allowed himself to drop into the most regrettable entanglements with a young American person who drinks pale ale and porto (M. Feuillet seems to have mixed the vanities of the Anglo-Saxon race rather unhappily here, for Americans usually prefer lager-beer and champagne), resents this blameless friendship and slays the Cicisbeo. It is true that an accident has made the duel terribly unequal, but the Baron does not know this. The young woman with the *éducation exquise* first quits, but after a time returns to her husband, waits till she has found a male guest who can fence better than he, and then transfers her cigar to the lips of that male guest, adding, when he sends her a billet, saying that he will spare her husband in the consequent meeting, a delicate reply, "Ne vous gênez donc pas." This, according to M. Feuillet, who should know, is the result of bringing up young persons in a state of *candeur adorable* and *éducation exquise*. It is perhaps not surprising that we barbarians still prefer our barbarous methods.

It is very pleasant after this dull and unhealthy stuff, which nothing but M. Feuillet's skill as a workman makes even readable, to take up such a charming child's book as *Les enchantements de la forêt* (30). The opening story, describing how a valiant eight-year-old boy set out to discover the "Green Princess," and what he found, is as good a thing of the kind as we have read for some time. Another volume containing stories of no great length, but of considerable excellence, is *Une femme romanesque* (31). The title story, describing the temptation and victory of a country lawyer's wife, is very carefully and delicately done. The next, *Adrien Malaret*, tells of the woes and subsequent bliss of an inventor; and the third, pitched in a high key, but short, tells of an act of heroism in the Prussian war, which, if a few such had actually occurred, would have altered the history of that war not a little. M. Octulle Mendès is an accomplished writer, but we think we like him better in poetry than in prose. In *Le roi vierge* (32) he has tried apparently to combine the manners of his late father-in-law and of M. Alphonse Daudet—an unhappy combination. *L'ancêtre* (33) is a new working-up of a very old motive—the resurrection of a man embalmed alive a couple of centuries ago, and his consequent surprise at the manners of to-day. In general, of course, the thing is a little hackneyed, yet the particular application of the satire is smartly done, and often deserves a laugh. *La succession Marignan* (34) begins with a murder and ends with a drowning. The interval is fairly filled up, and we have read worse novels of the sensational kind. But the hero who "punctured" a bull-dog to death in two kicks must either have been capable of giving points to a Liverpool corner man or else must have had a terrible pair of boots on. It would seem that M. Georges Glatron (35), in gratitude for having (if we remember rightly) begun his career under the patronage of the *République française*, has vowed himself to the service of the anti-Church crusade. This is a pity, for he has capabilities. M. Darc (36) is to all appearance partly of the same faction. Now, novelists should not be of a faction. In *Les forces de l'ami Jacques* (37) M. Silvestre, who, like M. Mendès, is a poet who has clipped his wings for a time, has written stories often somewhat too broad for English taste, but amusing, and not very harmful according to their own standard. Lastly, *Un parquet en province* (38) contains some very fair character-drawing, but is perhaps unnecessarily tragic in tone.

- (30) *Les enchantements de la forêt*. Par A. Theuriot. Paris: Hachette.
 (31) *Une femme romanesque*. Par Claude Vignon. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
 (32) *Le roi vierge*. Par Catulle Mendès. Paris: Dentu.
 (33) *L'ancêtre*. Par Victor Fournel. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
 (34) *La succession Marignan*. Par Paul Saunière. Paris: Plon.
 (35) *Les disciples de l'abbé François*. Par Georges Glatron. Paris: Lemerre.
 (36) *Le péché d'une vierge*. Par Daniel Darc. Paris: Charpentier.
 (37) *Les forces de l'ami Jacques*. Par A. Silvestre. Paris: Ollendorff.
 (38) *Un parquet en province*. Par B. Arbré de la Roche. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE LAND BILL.

THE prospects of the Land Bill—or, rather, the prospects of any satisfactory result of that Bill—cannot be said to have been increased by the events of the recess and of its eve. The last meeting of Parliament before Whitsuntide was marked by almost all the possible symptoms of that condition into which the House of Commons sometimes gets when the majority are not wholly satisfied with their leaders and the minority are bitterly dissatisfied with their opponents. Acrimonious wrangling on trifles and a decided preference of such wrangling to serious business is perhaps the chief characteristic of this state. Nor can it be said that the attitude which the Government had assumed in the latest debates on the measure was calculated either to inspire friends or to disarm foes. Unwillingness to explain the definition of tenant-right has at last taken the form of a distinct refusal to attempt the explanation. When this refusal is coupled with an equally strenuous refusal to admit the claim of the landlords for compensation, it is impossible for the duller opponent, and hardly possible for the most ardent friend, not to put two and two together. The refusal of a definition of tenant-right can only mean the tacit acknowledgment of its identity with its epigrammatic equivalent. Definition would bring out the Land Bill wrong, and it is therefore withheld. If it be said that this is unfair, and that definition would have no such effect, the refusal of it becomes simply inexplicable. A word would free the Government from all trouble about compensation, and that word they refuse to speak. They can, therefore, without an exceedingly bad compliment to their discretion, be credited only with having something important to conceal. This is not a pleasant state of things for their supporters, at least for such of them as have not the guileless and childlike confidence of Mr. LEAKE. That a Government headed by Mr. GLADSTONE can do no wrong is a principle of political conduct which has the advantages of simplicity, but the disadvantages arising from a corresponding want of variety, breadth, and interest. There are, perhaps, some signs that the "simple and pathetic" attitude—to borrow the adjectives from the definition of the Iliad—common at the general election is giving way to one which, with a slight alteration from the companion definition of the Odyssey, supporters of the Government may call "complicated and immoral," but which may perhaps be more fairly characterized as one of critical common-sense.

The tone of the various recess addresses is tolerably conclusive evidence of this. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at Birmingham with a great deal of courage, especially in reference to the Transvaal. But when he came to Ireland his courage was displayed not in defending the Land Bill, not in explaining its disputed or incriminated provisions, but in justifying himself for being a member of a Government which was using force in Ireland. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has discovered that, though force may be no remedy, it is occasionally an indispensable agent in treating certain kinds of patients. Furthermore, in an argument excellent in itself but singularly awkward and dangerous in the mouth of the speaker, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN testified that even landlords may have rights of property. There is no necessity to dispute a proposition so excellent and so truly conservative. But, as the Government have hitherto, in the opinion of all but their extreme parti-

failed signally to assure to this description of property the same rights which they assure to those kinds to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN compared it, and as they are urging on a measure which, in the opinion of at least a considerable body of Englishmen, curtails those rights still further, the time and circumstances of the speech cannot be said to be happy. It would almost be wiser, and would certainly be simpler, to adopt Mr. LEAKE's attitude, and to say that it is all the fault of the Irish landlords for wanting to have their property protected, and not of the Irish Executive, as distinguished from the Government, for not protecting it. On the other hand, the various Opposition speeches, from that of Lord CARNARVON to that of Mr. STANHOPE, exhibited a degree of confidence and a forwardness of attack which have not been common since the general election. Lord CARNARVON and Sir R. CROSS in particular followed Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE with sounds which, whatever else may be said of them, were neither uncertain nor pacific. The aggressive tone of their speeches may grieve those excellent, but somewhat unpractical, persons who are constantly adjuring politicians of all parties to let bygones be bygones, and work together for the good of the country. But for all that their words will carry weight. There is hardly a statesman in England who unites the general respect for moral and intellectual qualities combined in a greater degree than Lord CARNARVON; a certain irresolution and a proneness to look at all sides of the question being almost the only faults found, or to be found, with him. Neither irresolution nor want of decided expression characterized the speech at Burton-on-Trent. On the other hand, if Sir R. CROSS's political opponents, and some of his political friends, do not see in him a great orator or a great statesman, they allow him a somewhat unusual command of administrative, and especially (if the word may be used) of legal-practical, detail. The supporters of a measure of which Lord CARNARVON condemns the principle, and of which Sir R. CROSS condemns the detail, at least cannot cavil at the competency of their critics.

It is not unworthy of notice that in some quarters the sense of danger to the Government if this Irish matter is not somehow or other hurried through appears to have prompted a decided advance in the tone taken about Irish claims. Landlords generally are spoken of offhand as "lessors," not owners, and the operations of the Property Defence Committee are put on the same footing as those of the Land League. If this latter proceeding is more than an excursion of indiscreet partisanship, it deserves a little attention. What Mr. GODDARD and his associates have been doing is, let it be remembered, not merely an act of ordinary commercial business, but one which will continue to be legal and necessary when the Land Bill becomes law. They have bought up in the open market and at the open market price the right of defining tenants in their holdings. In doing this they have been protected no doubt by police and by soldiers from the violence of the Land Leaguers. This is sufficient in the eyes of some controversialists to put the Land League and the Defence Committee on the same footing. So preposterous a misrepresentation is suitable enough in the mouths of those who in the teeth of history and of the utterances of their own leaders ten years ago, declare that the Irish occupier is part owner of the soil, but it is not likely to conciliate English opponents of the Bill. The agitation which Archbishop Croke is heading, and the ferocious violence now

being displayed at Skibbereen and elsewhere, have added a still more interesting proposition to the curious list of new dogmas which this agitation has produced. It is said, or all but said, that priests are not to be arrested in Ireland. An English clergyman may go to gaol and welcome if he breaks the law for conscience sake; an Irish priest, if he encourages an illegal and criminal agitation in the face of the principles of religion, the doctrines of the Church and the wishes of the Pope, is to be dealt with very tenderly. This last deference to Irish ideas is perhaps the most instructive of all, though it cannot be said to be either illogical or surprising. If what is right in England is wrong in Ireland, it probably follows that what is wrong in England is right in Ireland. Yet the attitude of the Irish is an awkward comment on the speech of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The plan, the person, the circumstances, make it almost impossible to suppose that the Government intends to recede from at least so much maintenance of the supremacy of the law as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN advocated. Yet the non-official Radicals grumble at this maintenance, and the Land League regards it with the bitterest hostility. Under these circumstances the task of carrying through a Bill of immense length and complexity must be a very difficult one, and, with anything like factious opposition, would be impossible. Against such opposition the Government are assured, except as concerns the Parnellites and perhaps a few nondescript Conservatives. But, if they are enabled to maintain their present "know-nothing" attitude to avoid remedying some of the grosser and more serious injustices of the Bill, and to persist in refusing compensation even in cases of proved confiscation, their majority will deserve that highest crown which, according to some theologians, awaits, not merely unreasoning faith and obedience, but obedience and faith in the teeth of reason and demonstration.

THE TRANSVAAL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* who is now visiting South Africa for the first time writes letters which are not perhaps less instructive because they contain the results of recent and unprejudiced inquiry. A resident in any of the South African provinces, though he knows much which a stranger has to learn, can scarcely fail to hold strong opinions or prejudices on all disputed points. The newcomer has the advantage of hearing all sides of the question, while he seeks information both from Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE and from a Natal colonist who warmly admires Mr. GLADSTONE's policy. It is natural that the eminent public servant who was the principal agent in the annexation of the Transvaal should continue, notwithstanding the disastrous result, to justify his policy. There is no doubt that he acted in good faith on plausible grounds, inasmuch as the President of the Republic and the great body of the community acquiesced at the moment in a transfer of sovereignty which was not supported by any material force. The subsequent ratification of his policy by the Imperial Government relieved Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE from technical responsibility. The doubts which Lord CARNARVON faintly expressed were cancelled by his formal approval. Nevertheless, it is certain that the decision really rested with the Commissioner on the spot. No servant of the Government had greater experience of South African politics, especially in relation to the natives, of whom he was the official protector; and, in the course of his long and active career, Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE must on many occasions have had dealings with the Boers in the Transvaal and in the Colonies. One of his motives for annexing the province was probably a desire to put an end to the chronic or frequent wars between the Dutch settlers and the neighbouring tribes. Peace was, in fact, immediately re-established and permanently maintained during the continuance of English rule. No attempt was made by the provincial Government, which represented the Crown, to interfere with the domestic institutions which are not always distinguishable from slavery; but it soon became known to the coloured apprentices that compulsory servitude was not recognized by English law; and probably some of them displayed tendencies to insubordination, while others may have deserted their masters. It is not improbable that the uncertainty which consequently prevailed may have been one of the causes of

the revolt which was so easily successful. A negative reason was the destruction of the Zulu power by English arms, and the subsequent defeat of other native chiefs. All these contingencies ought to have been foreseen, nor is it possible to explain the blindness of an experienced administrator. It is probable that Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE himself, while he makes the best apologies for his conduct of which circumstances admit, may be conscious that he nevertheless committed a mistake.

There has been no proof that the annexation was in any way produced by the influence of interested persons who knew that the establishment of English dominion would increase the value of their investments; but if the Commissioner had listened to their representations, he might not unreasonably have considered that their arguments were entitled to a certain amount of weight. There is a strong presumption in favour of any administrative system which renders property more valuable. If by some miracle Irish estates became saleable, and even commanded an advanced price, it would be inferred that some beneficial mode of legislation had at last been devised. The denunciations which are now applied to speculative settlers in the Transvaal require to be vigilantly checked. It seems that the Republican Government, among other financial expedients, hit on the plan of issuing *assignats*, or land scrip, purporting to constitute titles to certain lands. They had also a paper currency, which had sunk to the price of two or three shillings in the pound, and both classes of securities were bought by enterprising capitalists, who took the chance of the substitution of a more solvent Government for the President and the Volksraad. It seems to have been agreed on all hands that any change would be for the better, and assuredly the Republican Government, notwithstanding the energy and ability of Mr. BURGERS, afforded small hope of duration. The dominant class of the community carried to excess the wholesome instinct of disliking official interference with their affairs. They were unwilling to pay taxes, and in many instances they avoided service in the Volksraad, with the result of making room for adventurers of doubtful character. There is no doubt that one of the most unpopular results of the annexation was the establishment of a comparatively efficient system of administration. If purchasers of land scrip took advantage of the existence of a regular Government to enforce the rights which they had acquired by purchase, it is difficult to dispute the justice of their pretensions; but the Commission may probably be justified in scrutinizing with jealous attention the amount of the claims to compensation which they will now prefer. If it is true that one applicant asks for 65,000*l.*, the Commissioners may well despair of satisfying the body of claimants. If the incoming Government can be trusted to respect the rights of English subjects, it would be much more desirable to secure the traders and farmers in the enjoyment of their property than to buy them off on the assumption that they will be forcibly dispossessed. Five-and-twenty years ago the English Government, on the abandonment of a protectorate of the Mosquito Coast, compensated adventurers who preferred claims to grants of land by a recognition, but not a guarantee, of their titles. The estates of which President BURGERS and his predecessors may have disposed in the form of scrip are probably not included in the vast private estates which are occupied by the Boers. If the holders of land securities are left to take possession of their properties, they will probably in many cases practically relinquish their claims.

The question which seems to form the most difficult part of the task of the Commission relates to the detachment from the Transvaal of a portion of its eastern territory. The object is to exclude a large native population from the unwelcome dominion of the Boers. It is also thought desirable to interpose a barrier between Zululand and the Transvaal. It is supposed that JOHN DUNN expresses the apprehensions of the other Zulu chiefs when he insists that either their country shall be separated from the Transvaal or the arms of which they were some time since deprived shall be restored. The English Commissioners and the Government will not fail to observe that they are asked for the benefit of the natives to incur a responsibility, even if the Boers consent to the division of territory. The Crown, retaining the sovereignty of the native territory bordering the Transvaal on the east, will be held responsible for any hostile move-

points on the part of the tribes. In some not unlikely events, the local authorities will have to choose between war with the Swazies and war with the Boers, although no English interest might be involved. Before the annexation and the Zulu war the Colonial Governments occupied a safer and more convenient position. They were on friendly terms with the Zulu King, whom they restrained by their counsels from the attack which he habitually meditated on the Transvaal. If their influence had proved insufficient for the maintenance of peace, they had the option of neutrality or of dictating the terms on which they might have accorded protection to the Boers. It has often been explained that the Zulu war would never have occurred but for the annexation of the Transvaal. The question is now complicated by the responsibility which may have been incurred in consequence of the disintegration of the Zulu kingdom and of the disarmament of the soldiery; but it will be expedient to limit as narrowly as possible any fresh obligations which may be assumed. The protection of the natives within the limits of the restored Republic will be still more embarrassing or impracticable. A Resident who would have no military force at his disposal might remonstrate in vain against the breach of undertakings which might have been given for the security of the natives against oppression. There is little use in any attempt to disguise a surrender of which the circumstances and motives are thoroughly understood in all parts of South Africa. The thin fiction of suzerainty is scarcely worth preserving when it imposes duties which there may perhaps be no means of discharging, while it confers no corresponding rights. If it is true that the negotiators on behalf of the Boers now display moderation and good will, their less pugnacious attitude may probably be explained by their knowledge that they have obtained in substance all the concessions which they require.

KINGS AND PRINCES OF THE DANUBE.

THE establishment of the Kingdom of Roumania has received, as the Roumanians say with legitimate pride, the sympathetic welcome of all Europe. The King has made himself agreeable to his powerful neighbours, and popular with his admiring subjects. A new Ministry has come in with the new reign, and has solemnly laid its programme before the Chamber. M. DEMETRIUS BRATIANO is the Prime Minister, and his Ministerial statement, unlike most Ministerial statements, had much in it that was new and striking. He drew a picture of the Roumanians for their own benefit and study. He showed them what they were and what they might be, and, while he owned that there were some dark spots on his canvas which he was too honest to obliterate, he had the merit of not despairing of his country. He had thought of something quite original, which he commended to their notice, and, although he anticipated an outburst of incredulity, he thought that he could show them that he was right. The novelty which he had happily struck out was the notion of being honest. He announced that he was going to be honest, that he was going to work with honest men, and that his Parliamentary course would be always straightforward. He had been told, he said, that this would never do. Such things were not suited to Roumania, and were in the Roumanian nature of things impossible. But he was not to be discouraged. He personally could not carry his scepticism so far as to believe that there were no honest men in Roumania, but he was ready to look the worst in the face. "Let us suppose," he said, "that there are no 'honest men' in Roumania. Well, if that is so, we will 'make them.'" The PRIME MINISTER contemplated with calmness the possibility that he was living in a country and addressing a Chamber in which every man was a rogue, and he thought that if he did but sow a few honest men they would come up like cabbages. The same dismal people who had warned him that there were no honest men in Roumania had also warned him that he must turn and twist in his management of Parliament. It was of the essence of Parliamentary institutions, they insisted, that Ministers should always go zigzag, and the notion of a Minister walking straight was contrary to the most elementary rules of the game. He, however, was going to make the bold attempt to avoid all tortuous courses, and he was sure that in the long run he would

have the approbation of the country. At any rate, he would have the approbation of his honest men when they had come up. On other points he was vague, merely saying that, if any one touched his dear Roumania, he would defend it with the fury of a tigress defending her cubs. To such sentiments the Roumanians are well accustomed. Every Minister in turn offers himself as a possible tigress if Roumania is attacked. But a Prime Minister offering to invent honesty in his country, if it did not exist, is now, not only to Roumania, but to the world. If it showed what Roumania is really like, it also showed that, with the faults of political childishness, Roumanians have that childish simplicity which resents nothing and pretends to nothing. They are, at least, free from political hypocrisy. The youngest of constitutional kingdoms starts, and consciously starts, at the very lowest stage of political virtue. As it can scarcely go down, it may be right in thinking that it must go up. Nothing is so puzzling as to know when nations are fit for constitutional government. Possibly Roumania may prove that fitness begins when the nation has pondered over its own qualities and has recognized that, so far as honesty goes, it is totally unfit.

The Prince of BULGARIA has had practically to think over the puzzle of fitness for free government, and has come to the conclusion that the two millions of poor ignorant sordid peasants who were handed over to his care by the Great Powers are totally unfit. If he is to be allowed to govern in his own way, then he will stay in Bulgaria, and this people shall have all the advantages that may accrue from a Hessian prince keeping a little court at Sofia. If the Bulgarians prefer their Constitution to their Prince, he will go away, and will not think the day an unlucky one when he wipes the dust of Bulgaria off his feet. It can scarcely be said that the mere placing of this alternative before the Bulgarians is dishonest. He swore to the Constitution as it stands, but to abdicate would not be to break his oath; and if he prefers abdication to governing with a Constitution which he declares will not work, he may not improperly ask whether the nation would prefer to see him abdicate or to change the Constitution. Practically, however, it is almost impossible that a prince should leave such a question to the free choice of the people. Prince ALEXANDER has already solved the question temporarily, if not definitely, his own way. He has suspended the Constitution while the Bulgarians are being asked whether it shall exist. He has put himself in the hands of a Russian General who manages everything as a Russian and a General likes to manage them. A Convention is to be called together to declare the mind of the nation, but the PRINCE and his friends make no secret of the very great pains they are taking to influence the elections, by which the members of the Convention are to be appointed. The proceedings of the PRINCE are in the nature of a *coup d'état*, although not of a *coup d'état* of the worst kind. He has so far improved on former precedents that he has not begun with the traditional whiff of grapeshot. But not the less he only pretends to ask a fair question, for he is doing all he can to ensure that the answer shall be what he wishes it to be. What has really happened in Bulgaria since the PRINCE arrived there is altogether obscure. But it may be safely said that nothing has happened which could not have been foreseen. There has not been the faintest approach to revolution or armed resistance. Every Bulgarian has been happier than any Irishman is now. Members of political parties have been stupid and unpractical, but no one in his senses could have expected that members of Bulgarian parties would be anything else. The Bulgarian peasants have no doubt some virtues, for without some virtues no people could exist; but their general character was amply illustrated during the war by their behaviour, not only to their Turkish enemies, but to their Russian friends. The probability is that they are not fit for the Constitution that was given them, but of all men in the world Prince ALEXANDER was the most bound to weigh this probability well before he went among them as the head of a free people.

Prince MILAN of Servia has been making one of those tours to great Courts which princes of his class have lately got into the habit of making. He has been to Vienna; he is at Berlin; he is going to St. Petersburg. It is understood that his object in these solemn calls on his superiors is to turn himself from a prince into a king. He had perhaps better go to Paris under pretence

of buying a snuff-box, for this might conciliate M. ST. HILAIRE, imitation being the most adroit kind of flattery. His plea is that he now rules over an independent State, and that Servia is as much entitled to have a king as Roumania or Greece. He has 1,800,000 subjects, mostly pig-drivers, and although this does not sound very grand, he may justly say that he has as many subjects as the King of Greece has, and that if the Greeks got ready for fighting, his people actually fought. He has, too, the special merit of not being a foreigner in his own country, and the Servians may justly plume themselves on having produced a king who is a Servian. So far as any political importance can be attached to the erection of Servia into a kingdom, it may be said to be a slight gain, and no loss, to Europe that Prince MILAN should be a king. That no difficulty should have been made at Vienna to the creation of a Servian kingdom is quite in keeping with the recent policy of Austria, but quite out of keeping with the supposition that Austria wants to swallow up one portion after another of the Balkan peninsula. That this supposition is totally erroneous must be evident to any one who is acquainted with the relations of Austria and Hungary. The Hungarians are extremely averse to the incorporation of more Slavs in the Austrian Empire; but they have a jealous dread of Russian influence among the Eastern Slavs, and they are perfectly alive to the material advantages which they themselves would derive from the development of commercial intercourse with the nationalities south of the Danube. Roumania, Bulgaria, and Servia cannot stand alone. At the best they can only play off one Great Power against another; and, although they may not become Austrian, they may very probably become as much Austrian as Russian, and that they should become so is, at least for the present, the best guarantee of their independence.

THE INDEMNITY TO AMERICAN FISHERMEN.

THE American Secretary of State, Mr. BLAINE, enjoys good fortune both at home and abroad. He has provoked his rival, Mr. CONKLING, to commit a kind of political suicide, and he has recovered a pecuniary penalty from the English Government. The payment of 15,000*l.* will not be ruinous, and it may possibly be just; but it is a strange circumstance that the present Ministry should end all disputes with foreign countries by acknowledging itself to be in the wrong. In the present instance Mr. GLADSTONE's former Administration is exclusively responsible for the petty humiliation which has been incurred. The so-called Plenipotentiaries at Washington are believed to have acted under stringent and repeated orders in their profuse and hasty concessions. Probably, if they had been allowed a discretion, Lord RIFON and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOKE might have successfully insisted on framing the treaty so as to render impossible the profligate demand which was afterwards known as the indirect claims. The American negotiators might also have been persuaded or shamed into an agreement that the damages to be received by their Government on behalf of private claimants should not exceed the amount which they might themselves afterwards award. The Americans were more anxious for a diplomatic triumph than for profit; and Mr. GLADSTONE and his Cabinet thought, as in a more recent case, that the adversary whom they feared would be most effectually compelled by unqualified surrender. The iniquitous judgment of the Geneva arbitrators was, perhaps, welcomed as an unexpected confirmation of the American victory. The spirit in which the English concessions were received was illustrated by the subsequent hesitation of the American Government in paying the comparatively small amount which under the treaty was awarded as compensation to the Dominion of Canada. It must be confessed that after the two arbitrations the English Government displayed more dignity and self-respect than the rapacious litigants who protested against the decision of a tribunal appointed by themselves.

The petty fine of 15,000*l.* is another result of the timid precipitation with which the Treaty of Washington was concluded. The admission of American citizens to fish in colonial waters may, perhaps, have been expedient and reasonable; but no class of the community is more jealous of its own rights, or more habitually inclined to encroach on the property of its neighbours, than the hardy seamen who are engaged in the fishing trade. At the present

moment the English Government is called upon to protect the North Sea fishermen from the violence of French, Dutch, and Belgian rivals. It was certain that the people of Newfoundland would regard foreign competitors with jealousy, and that American fishermen would not be inclined to assert their newly-established claims with considerate moderation. The conditions and regulations under which the colonial fisheries were to be opened ought to have been carefully examined and plainly defined; and the most obvious stipulation of the treaty ought to have been that aliens should not be allowed any advantage over the natives with whom they were to compete. As in other parts of the negotiation, it was the interest of the American Plenipotentiaries to use vague and elastic phrases; and their English colleagues were on all occasions complaisant enough to play into their hands. Both parties ought to have been aware, and one of them probably remembered, that, when the treaty came to be interpreted, the more obstinate and more litigious disputant would be likely to succeed. Accordingly American fishermen obtained in general terms the right to fish on the coasts of Canada and of Newfoundland, and also to use the shores for certain specified purposes. Some time afterwards a fleet of American fishing-boats appeared at Fortune Bay in Newfoundland, and proceeded unconsciously to illustrate the culpable negligence of the English framers of the Washington Treaty.

The law of Newfoundland, by which the colonial fishermen were bound, prohibited the use of seines in certain circumstances, established a close time, and made it unlawful to fish on Sundays. The newcomers unhesitatingly disregarded all the restrictions, and prosecuted their calling in such a manner as to threaten ruin to native enterprise. They put out seines, they fished on Sundays, and it is asserted that they would, in default of interference, have destroyed the fishery. It is more certain that they claimed or exercised an advantage which must have been absolutely intolerable to the people of Newfoundland. Accordingly the local fishermen took the law, as might have been expected, into their own hands by removing or injuring the nets, and possibly in some instances by assaulting the unwelcome intruders. Compelled to yield to superior force, the Americans naturally appealed to their own Government, which is always glad of a ground of complaint against England. There is happily at present no risk of war or of serious embarrassment; but American Presidents and Secretaries of State know that their popularity is always increased by unhesitating adoption of the claims of American citizens, and by vigorous despatches written with a view to domestic circulation. Mr. EVARTS may perhaps have been justified in his demand for pecuniary compensation to the fishermen who had been driven from Fortune Bay. In Newfoundland, as elsewhere, private persons who are injured ought to seek legal redress, and not to assert their rights by force. If the officers of the colonial Government had prevented the American fishermen from continuing their questionable practices, the issue of international law would have been raised in a more convenient form. Wrongdoers, indeed, may be forcibly prevented from persevering in a trespass; but, according to the legal phrase, the injured person must lay hands gently on the trespasser; and it is highly probable that a body of indignant fishermen may have used more than the necessary force. Lord SALISBURY in the early part of the correspondence contended that, as in his judgment the American fishermen were trespassers, they were not entitled to compensation. Lord GRANVILLE afterwards agreed to pay compensation for the excess of force, which the Newfoundland fishermen may probably have employed. He has the qualified satisfaction of having reduced by one-fourth a demand for 20,000*l.*; and Mr. BLAINE agreed to give a receipt in full for certain petty demands which had been accumulating in the Secretary of State's office. The main controversy is nevertheless still unsettled.

Mr. EVARTS, with much force of language, and with a certain amount of plausibility, argued that an international engagement could not be overridden by municipal legislation. The American fishermen were by the treaty admitted absolutely to the right of fishing in Fortune Bay and other parts of the colonies; and, therefore, they might pursue their industry by all conceivable methods and at all times and seasons, even if their conduct tended to destroy the fishery or gave them an invidious preference to the natives whom they superseded. The only remedy

for the injured party was diplomatic remonstrance, which, as Mr. EVARTS well knew, would have been unavailing, unless the English Government were prepared to pay an additional fine for a new concession. If Mr. EVARTS was in the right, it would be impossible to produce a stronger illustration of the scandalous neglect of those who are responsible for the Washington Treaty. It was assuredly not the avowed intention of either party that the Americans should obtain, not an equal enjoyment, but a monopoly of colonial fisheries. Lord SALISBURY maintained that the document must receive an interpretation not wholly repugnant to common sense. He had no occasion to dispute the proposition that treaties could not be restricted by subsequent municipal enactments; but it is obvious that freedom of trade accorded to a foreigner means the freedom already possessed by native subjects or citizens. It is not the custom of American Governments to withdraw even the most extravagant pretensions; and Mr. BLAINE adheres to the doctrine of his predecessor. Lord GRANVILLE, with better reason, repeats the arguments of Lord SALISBURY; and neither party is likely to give way. Probably the dispute will sooner or later be settled by an admission of the English claim made in return for a concession in some other matters. It is difficult to regard with perfect calm the injustice of the American pretension. If foreigners, having previously been excluded from the right of keeping public-houses in England, were by treaty admitted to the privilege, they might, according to Mr. EVARTS and Mr. BLAINE, supply drink to customers till three or four in the morning. If they were similarly allowed for the first time to shoot game, they would be entitled to kill grouse in July, partridges in August, and pheasants in September. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the monstrous perversity of the American contention. The English Plenipotentiaries at Washington or their Government ought to have appreciated the audacity of the diplomatists with whom they had to deal.

LORD DERBY ON CO-OPERATION.

LORD DERBY spent his Whit Monday in a highly characteristic fashion. He is probably very much of Sir GEORGE LEWIS's opinion about the relation of amusements to life, and regards a holiday passed in a Co-operative Congress as a holiday snatched from the burning. The address he delivered to the delegates was full of sound sense and useful suggestions. It is allowable on occasions of this kind to take an optimistic view of the prospects of co-operation, and no one knows better than Lord DERBY that, though he told the Congress nothing but the truth, it was not quite the whole truth. It is far from certain, however, that any good purpose would have been served by more complete frankness. When it is very desirable that certain undertakings should be set on foot, those who make the attempt may sometimes be left to find out for themselves that they can only hope for partial success. That is the best that can ever be hoped for in any human undertaking; but if this were clearly realized beforehand, it might end in many cases in the attempt never being made.

It is some comfort to hear from Lord DERBY, who is a very shrewd observer of social currents, that we are more and more adopting the doctrine that "many matters which of old it was thought essential that the governing power should regulate, may with safety and advantage be left to the community." As he admits that there are superficial appearances to the contrary, it is plain that he has formed his opinion after a fair study of the evidence which facts afford, and we are glad to have such competent testimony to a conclusion which we ourselves should have thought doubtful. There can be no question, however, of its truth as applied to the Co-operative movement. That, at all events, "does not clamour for public money; does not ask that its opponents should be put down by law; does not override free contract or meddle with individual liberties. The only appeal either to the Legislature or the Executive which has been evoked during its progress is the demand of certain tradesmen that Civil servants shall be excluded from its benefits. Lord DERBY was careful to show that the success of the Co-operative movement owes as little to morality as it does to law. He does not claim for co-operators that they are unselfish; the great merit of the movement is that it

makes selfishness amiable. Interest and duty are on the same side; the more you consult the one the better you do the other. If Lord DERBY had been speaking to a London meeting this statement would have stood in need of qualification. The Co-operative Societies with which Londoners are most familiar are not exclusively, probably not principally, Co-operative Societies in the true sense. Lord DERBY recognizes the distinction, but he does not point out how incompletely the objects aimed at by Co-operation are attained by these imitators. The first point of the Co-operative charter, he says, is "No adulteration," the second, "No running into debt." When a joint-stock Company is started for the purpose of supplying subscribers as well as shareholders with goods, there is a perfect security against debt, but there is not a perfect security against the supply of adulterated or inferior goods. So long as shareholders alone are allowed to deal at the Store, the seller and the buyer are one and the same person. But as soon as subscribers who do not share in the profits are allowed to come in as buyers, the seller and the buyer become different persons and have different interests. The seller is now anxious to make as much as he can out of the buyer, because the more he is able to make in this way the larger will be the profit on his capital. He cannot make much by raising prices, because, if these are not conspicuously lower than those of other dealers, there will be no inducement to buy at the Store rather than elsewhere. Consequently, the only way in which the profits can be increased is by lowering the quality of the goods. We do not mean, of course, that this is done by any of the respectable Co-operative Societies in London, any more than it is done by any really respectable shopkeeper. All we wish to point out is that a Co-operative Store in which the buyers have no share in the profits provides no security against adulteration different in kind from those provided by private dealers. Such a Store is simply a joint-stock general shop, and its reputation for fair dealing will in the long run depend, just as in the case of a private general shop, upon the characters of those engaged in carrying it on. Where the profits, after the payment of interest on capital advanced, are divided among the buyers in proportion to their purchases, there is an absolute protection against adulteration. The buyers of the goods take the profits derived from the sale of them, and consequently they are sellers as well as buyers.

In dealing with productive Co-operation Lord DERBY made the mistake of underrating, or rather ignoring, the pleasure which a good workman takes in his work. No doubt excessive subdivision of labour and trade-unions have done their utmost to destroy this pleasure; but in really good workmen it is, we suspect, indestructible. It is not, and is not likely to become, universally true that the man employed by the hour cares to do more than is required to secure himself from dismissal. But, though Lord DERBY is wrong in assuming that, unless a man is working for himself, his work will in all cases be either slow or scamped, it is quite true that this will be the case with a vast number of workmen, and that the multiplication of securities against this risk is a very great gain to the community. Nor does Lord DERBY see very much force in the argument—so commonly used against productive Co-operation—that the principle of division of profits must break down when there are no profits to be divided. What will then happen is that the Co-operative workman will have to live on his savings until times grow better. But this is exactly what happens to a man who lives by wages. When his master fails, or closes his works, "he loses his employment, and in a dull state of trade he may not possibly find another." Consequently workmen engaged in Co-operative production must keep two cautions steadily in view. They must put by a certain proportion of their profits before division to enable the concern to go on while trade is slack, and they must put by a certain proportion of their profits after division to enable them to live if, after all, the concern should not be able to go on. Every workman, if he is prudent, takes this latter precaution in his character as workman; and if he becomes a capitalist as well as a workman, he must take the former precaution in his character as capitalist. Difficult as it may be to make arrangements of this kind on a sufficiently large scale, Lord DERBY is in the right when he says that no labour is thrown away which brings society any nearer to a settlement of the most inveterate of conflicts. "The industrial difficulty is growing

"into continually larger proportions . . . the difference "between the relative position of employer and employed "tends to widen, not to diminish." Arbitration will not settle matters, because arbitration is only applicable when the parties to the dispute are already half way to an understanding. Trade-Unionism at best helps to equalize the resources of the combatants; but even this function it can never, in Lord DERBY's opinion, discharge completely. Not only will the employer always be able to hold out longer than the employed, but "the article which the "working-man has to sell is one which, in the very nature "of things, will not keep. . . . If he cannot sell to-day's "labour at the beginning of the day, he cannot sell it "at all. That portion of his stock has perished." So far it might seem that it is only the workman who is concerned in promoting Co-operation, and if the matter were only looked at from the social side, this would be true. If it is the workman who will be beaten if the struggle goes on, it is the workman's interest to bring it to an end. But there is a political side to the question as well as a social one. "Given the condition that nearly "all political power is virtually in one class, as under a "system of household suffrage it is whenever the class "chooses to take it, and nearly all the surplus which men "desire to possess is in the hands of another class, how "long will you be able to avert an explosion?" Co-operation does not supply an answer to this inquiry, but it tends to modify the condition which suggests it by distributing part of the surplus wealth among the class that has the political power, and it is this consideration above all others that leads Lord DERBY to advocate it "as one of "the most hopeful signs of our times."

THE SPOILS OF THE TURKS.

THE States which have been formed out of the decaying Turkish Empire are perhaps gradually settling down into their permanent condition; and it is not surprising that in the meantime they should be subject to various forms of political excitement. Prince MILAN of Serbia is visiting some of the Continental Courts in the hope that he may be recognized as King instead of Prince, after the example of his neighbour of Roumania. His request will probably be granted, though it oddly happens that he has once assumed the royal title, and afterwards tacitly dropped it. He and his countrymen had the questionable merit of beginning, at the instigation of Russia, the unprovoked attack which was the first step to the long meditated dismemberment of Turkey. After some trivial successes Prince MILAN induced his army to salute him as King, but shortly afterwards his State was only rescued from destruction by the peremptory interference of his Imperial abettor and patron. At the end of the Russian war Serbia received a small addition of territory; but the prospect of further aggrandizement was destroyed by the Austrian occupation of Bosnia. The proposed titular change is not absolutely unmeaning. It may perhaps not be agreeable to the Royal families of Europe to admit new claimants to their exclusive rank; but the kingly title is understood to imply complete independence. NAPOLEON created two or three kings within the limits of the old German Empire; and, after his fall, the Elector of Hanover asserted his claim to an equal rank with his neighbour of Saxony and Wurtemberg. Not many years afterwards Belgium was added to the list, and Greece had the good fortune to receive the same dignity. A petty kingdom seems to acquire a kind of claim to the diminution of the contrast between its rank and its material importance. In one remarkable instance, the acquisition of the royal title has contributed to the gradual creation of a great Empire. The Elector of Brandenburg obtained the consent of the Emperor to his assumption of the title of King of Prussia in the first year of the eighteenth century. His contemporaries were amused by his vanity; and even so sagacious a historian as CARLYLE falls into the error of ridiculing the coronation of FREDERICK I.; yet it was to support the kingly dignity that his son, FREDERICK WILLIAM I., organized the formidable army with which FREDERICK created a powerful monarchy, destined under WILLIAM I. and Prince BISMARCK to expand into the German Empire. To compare small things with great, a King of Serbia may possibly find himself stronger through elevation to the higher rank. Prince MILAN may perhaps also think

that as king he will be more secure from the competition of the rival dynasty which descends from KARA GEORGES.

Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria will almost certainly prefer a similar demand if he succeeds in his contest with the champions of the existing Constitution. Few Englishmen are sufficiently familiar with Bulgarian politics to share the confidence with which Mr. GLADSTONE is perhaps entitled to form the judgment on the controversy which is expressed in his letter to Mr. ZANKOFF. According to his opponents, Prince ALEXANDER is a conspirator and a usurper; and it is certainly not an argument in his favour that his present policy is countenanced or suggested by Russia. On the other hand, it is more than probable that an Assembly elected by universal suffrage is utterly incompetent to exercise supreme power in such a country as Bulgaria. When Lord PALMERSTON was, after the overthrow of the French Republic in 1852, accused of disrespect to constitutional liberty, he replied that he fully appreciated historical freedom, but that he cared nothing for the Constitution, which he irreverently designated as "the tomfoolery of MARRAST and TOCQUEVILLE." It is not improbable that the democratic institutions which were two or three years ago conferred on Bulgaria by the most absolute despot in Europe may deserve at least as well the character of tomfoolery. The PRINCE, according to his public professions, offers his subjects the alternative of enlarging his powers or of losing his services. If the General Assembly to which he appeals supports his demands, or if, in the event of failure, he resigns his uncomfortable post, a provisional suspension of some of the provisions of the Constitution will not necessarily deserve to be regarded as a crime. Some of those who know the circumstances of the case believe that Prince ALEXANDER would prefer abdication to continued absence from civilized society. If the Assembly succeeds in maintaining a purely democratic Government, and if the PRINCE consequently resigns, his successor will not be an object of envy. According to some reports, a brother of the King of GREECE, of the Princess of WALES, and of the Empress of RUSSIA, will be invited to fill the supposed vacancy. Like Coburg in the last generation, Copenhagen seems likely to become an *officina regum*.

The Greeks, who are the most fortunate of all the sharers of Turkish spoils, are, if those who speak in their name may be trusted, the most profoundly discontented. To the Powers who procured for them the peaceable possession of the rich province of Thessaly they not only refuse any expression of gratitude, but they loudly profess resentment and indignation. It is true that the supposed feeling of disappointment is most loudly proclaimed by the organs of the Opposition, which may, perhaps, succeed to office if its denunciations of a feeble or treacherous Ministry are generally accepted. While the settlement of the dispute was still uncertain Mr. COUMOUNDOUKOS and his colleagues repeatedly declared that acquiescence in the requirements of the Great Powers would be followed by popular explosions, and even by the overthrow of the dynasty. The army was supposed to be overflowing with military ardour, and the whole community with self-sacrificing patriotism. It was difficult to believe that a shrewd and calculating nation could be so foolish as to prefer a more than doubtful war for two provinces to the acquisition by diplomatic methods of one which is also the more valuable. There was no reason to suppose that the Greek levies would drive the seasoned Turkish troops out of Thessaly; and in Epirus an invader would also have had to count with the warlike inhabitants of the disputed districts. The only title of the Greeks to either Thessaly or Epirus was the unauthorized and imprudent award of the Conference of Berlin in an issue which had never been submitted to its decision. The blunder into which the English and French Governments led the other Powers has since been corrected by a virtual revocation of the decree. If the Turks ought to have been bound by the award of Berlin, it is evident that the more recent decision of the Powers must be still more conclusive. It is highly probable that, in spite of the strong language which is used, the Greek Government and people are well contented with their extraordinary good fortune. They may have been misled for a time by the statesmanlike encouragement which they received from their officious partisans in England; and they were justified in attaching importance to the capricious encouragement which they at one time received from the French Government; but no intelligent Greek could con-

template with equanimity the prospect of an unequal war. The modern doctrine of ethnological affinity is less absurd in its application to Greece than in almost all the other cases in which it serves as a pretext for ambitious claims. It is highly desirable that the Greek population in Thessaly should be emancipated from Turkish rule and annexed to its kindred in Boeotia and Attica; but the sympathies of race and language form at the best but an uncertain foundation for political arrangements. Either spontaneously, or perhaps in consequence of foreign intrigues, the Wallachians who occupy some parts of Thessaly have suddenly discovered that they are wronged by their proposed subjection to the Greek Government. As they must be too insignificant in numbers for independence, and as they could not conveniently be annexed to the distant Roumanian kingdom, it is difficult to understand why they should prefer the Turks to the Greeks. It is not likely that the insurrection which is threatened on their behalf will have any result, except, perhaps, to accelerate the transfer of territory; but the Greek Government may advantageously reflect on the difficulties which it will have escaped through the intervention of the Great Powers. Cavils at the terms of the Convention are imprudent as well as injurious. Perhaps they will cease when the new province is finally occupied.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

A GOOD deal of somewhat desultory discussion has lately been going on as to the distinction between reformatory and industrial schools. At present the line of demarcation between them is not very clearly drawn, and, in the opinion of some of those who have taken part in the controversy, it might well be effaced altogether. Upon the intentions or construction of the existing law we do not propose to touch; but something may usefully be said upon the larger question whether there is, in the nature of things, any real difference between the two institutions and between the classes of children for whom they are respectively fitted.

If society were what it ought to be there would be no place for industrial schools. Children not convicted of crime would be under the care and control of their parents until they passed under the care and control of an employer, or became their own masters. The law would in no way concern itself with them. There would be no need to consider how they were to be disposed of until the actual plunge into crime had been taken. Then it would be essential to devise some method of punishment which should be reformatory as well as deterrent. It is well, of course, that both elements should enter into all punishments; but in dealing with children the reformatory element ought to have far greater prominence given to it than in the case of adult offenders. There is far more chance that reformation will be effected; and, with life before them, it is proportionately important that it should be effected. Consequently offences which would be properly punished in an adult by a short term of imprisonment are properly punished in children by a long term of confinement in a reformatory. Indeed, it is of no use to send them there except for long periods. A short imprisonment may be deterrent provided that it is made unpleasant enough; but when a child has to be weaned from evil ways and bad associates, the enforced severance from them must be long as well as complete. Unfortunately, society is not at present, or soon likely to be, in that millennial state in which every man who is not a criminal is able and willing to do his duty by his children. There are parents who are too careless of their children's good to exert any control over them; there are parents who, with the best intentions, seem to find their children hopelessly unruly. When the child ought to be at school or at work, he is wandering in the streets, with an evident desire to have a hand in any mischief that is going on. He is not, as his father occasionally informs a policeman or a school visitor, a bad boy—that is to say, he has done nothing, and very possibly does not wish to do anything, that can properly be called criminal. But it is very clear that he is on the high road to becoming a very bad boy indeed; that a year or two more of neglect at home and evil communications abroad will almost certainly bring him into conflict with the law; and that, once made acquainted with a prison, it is exceedingly likely that he will find his

way thither again. What is to be done in such a case as this? To leave things to take their course is needlessly to increase the amount of crime that there is in the world. To send the boy to a reformatory is to destroy the sense which up to this time he has retained of being superior to such of his companions as have fallen into actual crime. An industrial school exactly meets the need. The boy has as good a chance of turning out well if he is sent to one as he would have had at home under a stricter father, or with a more manageable disposition. He does not go there to be punished, but to be brought under proper training. It will be no disgrace to him in after life that he has been brought up at an industrial school, any more than it is a disgrace to a high-spirited girl that she has been brought up at a boarding-school because she was too much for her governess. The fact only testifies to an amount of daring and independence which, if turned to good account, may be of real service to their possessor. All that is necessary to industrial schools taking this rank in popular estimation is that they shall have no shadow of connexion with reformatory schools. It must be clearly understood that each school has its own specific character and place in the world; that they are meant for different classes of children; and that, though the inmate of an industrial school may by misconduct qualify himself for a reformatory school, the inmate of a reformatory school can never pass into an industrial school. More than this, it must be understood that a conviction for any crime, however small, operates as an absolute barrier against admission into an industrial school, and that no boy who has not been convicted of crime can ever be sent to a reformatory school. The two institutions cannot be made to do one another's work without becoming incapable of doing their own. If a boy who ought to be at a reformatory school is sent to an industrial school, he will almost certainly corrupt the boys he finds there. If a boy who ought to be at an industrial school is sent to a reformatory school, he will almost certainly be corrupted by the boys he finds there.

Of course there is a very real danger in all this. If unruly boys are sent as a matter of course to industrial schools, what is to prevent parents who wish to be relieved of the burden of their children from taking pains to make them unruly? The parent who does not do his duty by his child will be distinctly better off than the parent who does do his duty by him. The one will have his children brought up at the expense of the community, while the other will have to bring them up at his own expense. But real and great as this danger is, it admits of being entirely averted. In the first place it must be remembered that men and women who are very bad parents in a moral sense may be, and often are, very good parents in an emotional sense. They may not be able to control their children, but they are just as fond of them as though they were the best disciplinarians in the world. The last thing that a father or mother of this type will wish for is to be separated from their children for some years. They would rather that they played about in the streets all day, and came home at night when the working hours are over and the parent is able to enjoy his children's company. This is the consideration that makes the plan of day industrial schools so mischievous. A day industrial school takes away the child during the hours when the most affectionate parent is glad to have him away, and returns him for the hours when even an ordinarily affectionate parent is glad to have him at home. Industrial boarding-schools are free from this objection. When a child goes to one he leaves home altogether. In the second place, a parent whose child is placed in an industrial school loses the value of his labour. There are no weekly wages to be brought home. If the child is able to earn any money, it goes to the funds of the school of which he is an inmate. To a poor family this is sometimes a serious consideration. The withdrawal of one month is nothing like a compensation for the withdrawal of one pair of hands. In the third place, in any well-ordered system of industrial schools the parent will be made to contribute towards the maintenance of his child. As is very well pointed out by Mr. Watson, the Honorary Secretary to the Industrial Schools' frigate *Havannah*, in a letter in the *Standard* of Thursday, the Industrial School, though it is not meant to punish the child, is meant to punish the parent. He is in fault because he has not brought up his child properly, and when this neglect of his becomes patent, and is obviously bringing the child to ruin and

preparing him to be an injury to the State, the State steps in and punishes the parent by taking the child away without taking away the burden of supporting him. Thus there are three considerations always at work to induce a parent to bring up his children properly. If he fails to do so he will be separated from them when otherwise he would have them with him; he will lose their wages, when otherwise he would have the benefit of them; and, in addition to this, he will be obliged to give hard money for their support. A properly organized system of industrial schools does not tempt parents to neglect their children; it rather makes it their interest to take care of them. It appeals alike to their affections and their pockets by holding out to them the unpleasant prospect of having both hurt.

RUSSIA.

OF all the countries that play a leading part in human affairs, Russia is, after China, that of which foreigners know least. It is only in the broadest and most general way that we can speak of anything Russian, and we can never be sure that such information as it is possible to obtain about Russia is not exaggerated or false or irrelevant. All that can be done is to seize on passing indications of what we may suppose is happening or is likely to happen in Russia, and to take them for what they may be worth. In Russia the CZAR is everything, and the CZAR must have some sort of domestic policy, and some sort of foreign policy. To learn a little as to how the CZAR personally is living, enjoying himself or suffering, and to catch a faint clue to his domestic and foreign policy, is the most that can be aimed at. Unless the accounts that reach England are mere fiction, the CZAR is at this moment leading, perhaps, the most wretched life that any human being is called on to endure. He is a prisoner at Gatchina, and a most unhappy prisoner. No one is allowed to go near him except after the most elaborate precautions have been taken. Every person, however well known, is watched, inspected, and searched; Cossack sentinels with drawn swords tramp up and down, and are stationed at the doors of the bedrooms of the Imperial family. The poor little heir to the throne is not allowed to take his usual exercise; he cannot ride in the park adjoining his father's house; and, in short, the whole of the Imperial family lead very much the same life as was led by Louis XVI. and his family after they became the prisoners of the Jacobins. And yet, in spite of all precautions, the audacity of the enemies of the CZAR never flags, and their pertinacity is never relaxed. It is said that at the station of Gatchina itself a mass of dynamite has been discovered, which was connected with the electric system of the telegraph office. The telegraph officials have been arrested, and have been added to the long list of officials in the close neighbourhood of or in familiar contact with the CZAR who have been reasonably or unreasonably suspected. Officers of the navy and officers of the army have been discovered to be connected with revolutionary plots, and the schemes of minor villains are always coming to the surface, and reveal something like a mania for harassing, if not killing, the CZAR. The members of the Central Revolutionary Committee, whoever they may be, have been good enough to intimate, through one of those indirect channels which they seem always easily to command, that they have not given orders for the death of the CZAR. They are willing to give him a fair amount of time in which he may show whether he is worthy to reign or not. But they have not the power, and perhaps not the wish, to keep back less responsible and more ardent conspirators. The police, who are now inspired by an activity unknown in the time of the late CZAR, are continually coming upon batches of persons, most of whom are women or mere lads, engaged in the most dreadful designs on the safety of the CZAR. The discoveries of a police stirred to unwonted activity at a time of feverish excitement are always to be received with distrust. As a rule, it may be said that the police under a despotism invent quite as many plots as they discover. But it is impossible to set down all the discoveries of the Russian police as imaginary. It cannot be for nothing that the CZAR shuts himself up at Gatchina like a hunted animal in his lair. No one would lead the miserable life led by the most

powerful of sovereigns unless he were absolutely obliged to lead it.

Apart from his prison life, the CZAR is as much a CZAR as any CZAR ever was. He can count as fully as any of his predecessors on the army, the clergy, and the peasants, and his domestic policy seems to consist in asserting himself as CZAR. He has thrown himself into the arms of those who represent old as opposed to new Russia. IGNAZIEFF replaces MELIKOFF, and General MILUTIN has been relieved from his post as chief organizer of the army. The press is silenced, but an exception is made in favour of the organs of what is known as the extreme Moscow party. The CZAR is once more a Moscovite CZAR. He throws himself on the support of those on whose loyalty he can most confidently reckon. There is not the remotest chance of a real revolution in Russia, and the CZAR, with the mass of his people, is pitted against his personal enemies. They are his enemies not because they hate him, but because they wish for changes more or less radical in the Government of Russia. When he came to the throne the CZAR had his choice either of trying to crush the revolutionists, or of disarming them by making changes that would win him temporary popularity. At first he seemed to lean towards the latter course; but he soon changed his mind, and determined that he would fight the revolutionists, and not yield to them. It is very difficult for Englishmen, with all their prepossessions in favour of liberty, to say that he was wrong. Concessions made by a sovereign are very wise when they are concessions made to the nation over which he rules, and when the changes he accepts are desired by a nation that is fit for them. No one has made more concessions and accepted greater changes than the Emperor of AUSTRIA; and the result has been that he is in every way more powerful and exorcises a far deeper influence than when he first wore his crown. But his concessions were to the Hungarian nation, to the Polish nation, to the German laity, to a strong and rich middle class, to army reformers who were only bent on making the Austrian army the best that could be got. In Russia there was nothing asked for by the revolutionists which was also asked for by the nation, and for which it was fitted. Nothing would have satisfied his enemies, who had only one idea—that they would tell him what to do, and would kill him if he did not do it. Some changes were, indeed, asked for by the nation, and with demands that were justifiable the CZAR has done his best to fall in. The peasants were suffering partly from bad seasons and partly from their own improvidence, and the CZAR has partially mitigated the prevailing distress by taking on the State a greater burden than properly fell on it. There was a general dissatisfaction felt with the prevailing corruption of officials; and the CZAR has announced that he will set his face against corruption, and will dismiss without stint and without pity officials whose hands are not pure. There is not much in this. All new brooms sweep clean, and the tide of corruption is not to be stemmed by the spasmodic interference of Czars who may happen to be seized with a fit of virtue. It needs the perseverance of years to purify a corrupt administration. But the CZAR can only make a beginning whether he perseveres in efforts or not, and this beginning he has made. Corrupt officials will probably not be much frightened by hearing that the CZAR is going to introduce a reign of purity. No sovereign wishes his officials to be corrupt, and all sovereigns from time to time denounce corruption. But the CZAR wishes to mark at the outset the general character of his rule, and it is at any rate some encouragement to the sound portion of Russian society that the CZAR should take an early opportunity of letting it be known that he is as much opposed to corruption as anyone can be.

That the foreign policy of the CZAR should be pacific is not a matter of probability, but of necessity. A man who is shut up as a prisoner by revolutionists and assassins is not likely to be inclined to war or to adventure. Sometimes, no doubt, sovereigns attempt to allay popular discontent or to divert popular attention by embarking on war. But the CZAR knows that his father tried this hazardous experiment and that it was a total failure. Far from stopping revolution, it was the Turkish war that brought Russian revolution to a head. It excited the people, impoverished them, and stimulated comparisons between the despotism which Russians felt at home and the liberties they won for outsiders. The

CZAR seems convinced that not only will war do him no good, and that Russia cannot afford a war, but that Russia cannot even afford an army fit to make war. He sees that he has no choice except between national bankruptcy and a diminution of the extravagant amount spent on the army. On paper Russia has, or ought soon to have, an army of two millions of men; but Russia cannot possibly pay for an army of two millions strong. One of the elements of all calculations as to the future of Europe which most deserves to be kept in view is that France is the only nation which can really afford to keep up the huge army which it is the fashion of modern European nations to create. Italy notoriously wants to have an army out of proportion to its resources, and Ministry after Ministry falls because foolish Italians want to have more soldiers than they can support. Russia has now gone a step further, and owns that it must reduce its army, because it cannot meet the expense which the army entails. It managed to get through a costly war without that breakdown of its finances which there seemed good reason to expect. But it is now paying for this war, and it can only pay for it by weakening its great instrument of war. The same reasons, too, which inspire the CZAR with a distaste for war also inspire him with a distaste for adventure. The deputies of the Tekke Turkomans have just been received in great state at St. Petersburg, and have vowed allegiance to the CZAR. Even a representative from the Turkomans of Merv was present, although it is not clear for whom or by whose authority he spoke. But the submission of the Turkomans is the work of General SKOBLEFF, and he himself is in deep disgrace. The conquering hero was informed by the CZAR that there was nothing the CZAR hated so much as enterprises which embroil him with foreign Powers and excite the nation without doing it any good. There is no reason to doubt that the CZAR spoke what were his real feelings at the moment. As he had to reap the fruits of his general's victories, he could not avoid receiving with grace those who came to St. Petersburg to tender their submission, but he might at the same time honestly disapprove of the policy which had won this submission at a cost far heavier than it was worth. This feeling may some day pass away. If he wins in his great fight with the revolutionists, if Russia begins to breathe again, and something like peace and order is restored, he may come to look with greater favour on enterprises which are very much in harmony with the traditions and aspirations of his people. But the time has not yet come for such a change of feeling in the CZAR; and it may be safely said that, if Russia waits for a great war until she can afford one, years must elapse before a nation, the mainsprings of whose riches have been so seriously weakened, can treat itself to the most expensive of all luxuries.

THE SENATE AND THE SCRUTINS.

EVEN a Second Chamber which is as old as representative government has sometimes to play a part more in accordance with a prudent calculation of its powers than with its estimate of what is best as regards the particular measure under debate. Much more ought a Second Chamber which is only six years old, and is as yet wholly destitute of traditional authority, to be careful not to provoke an unequal conflict. By rejecting the *Scrutin de liste* after its adoption by the Chamber of Deputies, the Senate has tempted destruction just when circumstances were in an unusual degree making in its favour. It may not say much for the strength or independence of the Senate that M. GAMBETTA's reference to it at Cahors has been everywhere accepted as immensely increasing its chance of living. But it is better to be weak and protected than to be weak and solitary, and these appear to be the alternatives between which the Senate has made its choice. M. GAMBETTA was anxious that the Bill establishing the *Scrutin de liste* should be passed before the elections, and the opportunity of resisting him to any useful purpose was gone when the Bill was accepted by the Chamber of Deputies. Whether it would have been wise to have made use of that opportunity is a point upon which much might be said, but there is not a single serious argument to be alleged in favour of the course recommended by M. WADDINGTON. The Senate cannot suppose that it represents a majority in the country—indeed there is nothing to show that it even represents a strong minority.

Outside the Legislature and the Elysée nobody seems to care under which *Scrutin* the elections take place. The question has excited no enthusiasm in the constituencies, for the very simple reason that a small constituency is hardly ever anxious to be merged in a larger one. When several *arrondissements*, now returning a single member each, are grouped together in a department returning as many members as there are *arrondissements*, there will necessarily be a large loss of individual importance. The politicians who have been important in an *arrondissement* are not so conceited as to suppose that they will be equally important in a department. But nothing has happened to show that this natural dislike to absorption in a larger body has made the constituencies active partisans of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. Voting by departments is, on the whole, a Republican cry, and it has been recently made the especial cry of M. GAMBETTA. France is not a country in which a popular leader is deserted because his followers do not agree with him upon points of constitutional detail. The rank and file of the popular party are at least well drilled. They know how to take orders and how to carry them out. Nor will the conditions of the controversy be in any sense the same now that the *Scrutin de liste* has been rejected by the Senate. What in the Chamber of Deputies was a struggle between two methods of voting has now become a struggle between the two Chambers. More than this, it has become a struggle between the less popular of the two Chambers and a great popular leader. On the one side there is the Senate—not in very good odour with Republicans generally, regarded by some as reactionary and obstructive, by others as unsuited to Republican ideas, with nothing between it and extinction except a revision of the Constitution, the machinery for which is all prepared. On the other side is M. GAMBETTA, the real depository of power in the present, the formal depository of power in the future, the man whose rise has been accepted as inevitable alike by the reactionary party and by the Republican, with the Chamber of Deputies and the constituencies at his back, and himself pledged to the assurance that without the *Scrutin de liste* any stable Government is impossible. If this is not an unequal conflict, there has never been an unequal conflict yet.

And for what end has the Senate engaged in it? To vindicate its authority as a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature. That is one answer. To prevent M. GAMBETTA from being the object of a plebiscite. That is the other answer. It is difficult to say which of the two is the less conclusive. The Senate, like all Second Chambers, exists not to vindicate its own authority, but to defend the principles of political and social order in the event of their being assailed by the popular Chamber. When any one of those principles is really at stake, a Second Chamber has no business to think of consequences. If it surrenders the point in dispute, it surrenders that which it was expressly created to defend. Nothing, therefore, can be gained by avoiding a conflict. A Second Chamber which is too weak or too timid to do the particular work which it is designed to do may as well not exist. But when no such principle is at stake, a Second Chamber is bound to think of consequences. It has no right to engage in a warfare which may possibly incapacitate it from hereafter fulfilling its own proper function under the most favourable conditions and to the best possible advantage. There is no principle of political or social order involved in the present controversy. It relates only to a question of machinery—an important question, if you like, but still a question of machinery, and nothing more. If the Senate could have rejected the *Scrutin de liste* without incurring any risk, the case would have been different. It might then have been guided entirely by an abstract preference for small constituencies over large. But if even a slight risk had to be incurred in order to indulge this preference, it was the duty of the Senate to mortify its desire to slap M. GAMBETTA in the face, and to think of the larger interests committed to its charge. In the present instance the risk incurred is of the most serious kind. The approaching elections will take place under a *Scrutin* imposed upon the country by the will of one branch of the Legislature, and that not the branch to which the *Scrutin* in question has reference. The less popular of the two Chambers—the Chamber which is returned by indirect election, and which itself fills up a fourth of its own vacancies—has dictated to the country how the electors who return the more popular Chamber—

the Chamber which springs directly from universal suffrage, and undergoes entire renewal at each general election—shall be distributed. That is a far more exciting question than the comparative methods of the *Scrutin de liste* and the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. If the Chamber of Deputies had rejected M. BARDOUX's Bill, it is probable that even M. GAMBETTA would have found it impossible to evoke any popular excitement. But when it is the Senate that has rejected it, he has very different cards in his hand. He will be able to accuse the Senate of thrusting itself between the constituencies and their representatives; of going out of its way to determine a point which, though it may technically come within its province, ought really to be decided by the Chamber of Deputies alone; of attacking universal suffrage in the persons of the majority directly returned by universal suffrage. In this campaign M. GAMBETTA will be able to combine forces which have lately seemed to be separated beyond the possibility of re-union. He will have the support of the Republican party generally on the ground that the Senate has shown an entire ignorance of its true position under the Constitution. He will have the support of the Extreme Left on the ground that the Senate is a mischievous appendage to the Constitution which cannot too soon be got rid of.

The probable result will be that M. GAMBETTA will be placed in power just as effectually as though the Senate had voted the *Scrutin de liste*. The difference will be that he will be placed there as the enemy of the Senate, not as its friend, and after a struggle which will have the abolition of a Second Chamber as the declared aim of a part, at all events, of those who take part in it. It will not be possible for M. GAMBETTA to refuse the help of this last section of Republicans, even if he desires to do so. Nor is it even certain that he will desire to do so. M. GAMBETTA is not without his share of imperiousness, and though he was well disposed towards the Senate a fortnight ago, he may not remain well disposed now that by an unexpectedly large majority it has bidden him defiance. Important as M. GAMBETTA has chosen to make the *Scrutin de liste*, it is mainly important because he has made it so. The Senate has acted as though the reverse of this were the truth, as though, if no more were heard of the *Scrutin de liste*, no more would be heard of M. GAMBETTA. If this is the genuine conviction of the majority which rejected M. BARDOUX's Bill, it does not say much for the accuracy of their political vision. If it is not their genuine conviction—if, that is, they have voted with a just appreciation of M. GAMBETTA's strength—it does not say much for the soundness of their political judgment. The recognition of M. GAMBETTA as the destined ruler of France is a strange reason for provoking a quarrel with him on the eve of his taking possession of supreme power. It may be heroic not to worship the rising sun, but there is but little practical wisdom in trying to keep it below the horizon.

A SQUIRE'S NOTE-BOOK IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

ADVANCED politicians of the present day, bent upon reducing owners of property into rent-chargers and on cutting up fine estates into small pieces, may possibly not care to know how land was farmed or leased some two centuries back. What to them are old-fashioned fines and abatements *tempore Caroli Secundi*, or why should they trouble themselves about the price of wool and bark, stewards' charges, manorial rights, parochial charities, and all the other stupid details which bound tenants and landlords together about the time of the Exclusion Bill? It is sufficient for such persons that land in England is held by tenures wholly different from those in force in most Continental nations and in our Indian dependency; and that the last vestiges of "feudalism" are doomed to disappear. But to those who like to know how properties grew, devolved, and were managed by our ancestors, nothing is more attractive than the discovery of some ancient record, in the family chest or lumber-room, which, by an incredible piece of good fortune, has survived the inroads of housemaids and rats. One of these antique treasures has just fallen into our hands, and for practical men it is quite worth a barrel of flint and stone instruments adapted to the use of beings something between Bushmen and Yahoos. This said record consists of about ninety pages of stiff paper loosely stitched together by thongs of leather and covered with a thicker material now embrowned by age and dust. It is not exactly a diary, for chronological order is defied. Neither is it a mere book of accounts, made up of pounds and shillings and little else that can appeal to human sympathies.

The owner appears to have used it for the purpose of entering all the details of the receipts and expenditure of his not inconsiderable estates, and he was further in the habit of recording in it, just as they happened, the events which diversified his life in country and in town; the visits of friends and relations, marriages, births, and deaths, the time and money spent on journeys to London, the sale of stock of various kinds, a lawsuit with a neighbour, an unreasonable claim of the Dean and Chapter, remedies against paralysis and apoplexy, a certain cure for the cramp, and the stipend of the village schoolmaster. Such are the staple entries of a manuscript which would have delighted Jonathan Oldbuck, and might furnish a novelist with a chapter in a tale about Roundheads and Cavaliers. We may premise that the writer of the diary—for such we must call it—was Sir John Brownlow, of Belton, Lincolnshire, and that his estates passed by marriage into the family of Sir John Cusst, Speaker of the House of Commons in the first ten years of George III. They are now held by his direct descendant. The handwriting of the diary is strong, clear, and legible. There is no recourse to perplexing ciphers; no asterisks or blanks to create unappeasable longings and stimulate prurient curiosity; and not a remark that need cause any one a pang or a blush. The writer occasionally interpolates a sentence or two in French, possibly with the object of airing his knowledge of that language, for it is sufficiently clear that there was nothing to be hidden. "*Nous partismes de Londres*"; "*Je vins à Ringston*"; "*une charrette de paille à vendre*"; "*des arbres se doivent abatre*," these and other scraps of the French language might surely have been transcribed into the plainest English without any one being the better or the worse. And now to pick out a few of the items which the writer jotted down, we will undertake to say, without the faintest idea that they would ever form the groundwork of a short essay in the nineteenth century.

We should state that in the reign of Elizabeth there was a certain Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas, who acquired an estate in Lincolnshire that had belonged to the monastery of the Blessed Mary of York. This property had been sold by Henry VIII. to a family, in whose possession it remained for forty-five years, after which, eventually, it passed to Richard Brownlow, the aforesaid Prothonotary. He had two sons, William and John, created Baronets by Charles I. in 1641. The writer of our memoir, Sir John Brownlow, was born in 1594, married Alice Pultney of Misterton in Leicestershire in 1621, and died *sine prole* in 1679. His estates then went to his grandnephew, also Sir John Brownlow. He possessed a house at Iselworth, twelve miles from London; a mansion in Drury Lane; and estates in Lincolnshire near Grantham, rather more than one hundred miles from London. The journey from London to his country house seems always to have taken three or four days. We presume the family horses were employed, and one page shows that they came to London in April, returned to Lincolnshire in July, came again to London at the end of that month, and went down in August to remain for the autumn and winter. If a memorandum-book of this kind presumably gives any indication of character, we should say that Sir John must have been a person of excellent business habits; careful in the discharge of his duties and scrupulous in the administration of his estates; hospitable to friends and generous to the poor; a good Churchman and a staunch Royalist; in short, just one of those ancient squires who, with a little extra touch of colour, might figure well in the foreground of the now abandoned historical novel.

Three different stewards, Cardiff, Batchelor, and Richard Fullalow, appear to have collected and accounted for rents, and occasionally other large sums passed through the hands of one John Smith. If the rents for those times were considerable, so, on the other hand, were the outgoings. Out of 3,933l. more than 850l. were disbursed; out of 566l. nothing remained but one guinea; and out of 444l. only 11l. 13s. 1d. But to some of these balance-sheets are appended careful notes which show that divers other items had still to be accounted for or recovered. Poles of wood or Naypoles had been sold for several pounds; one hundred wethers fetched more than a pound a-piece; oats and barley brought in more than 30l.; one Mr. Greenberrie was to pay 70l. at May Day; wood, old and new, realized a good price; and there are constant entries showing that Sir John was quite alive to the necessity of being just to himself as well as generous to others. Peter Inckler owed a fine and was to sell a horse; Wetherall and Battie owed five guineas by bond, which another entry shows them to have paid. W. Olay might have half the roots in his little ground, and Sir John would stand half the cost of digging it; Will Buckberrie was to refund out-rents paid for him at London; if Thomas Garland wanted to "plow more, then he mus pay for it." Mr. Dove might for five shillings have a tree which had been blown down in the ash close; and there is an ominous query whether, if worthy Batchelor had formerly got 140l. from Cardiff, he was not bound by his own admission to pay 60l. out of it to one Aberley.

The prices of skilled and unskilled labour and of articles and stock are noteworthy. The doctor's fee for attendance on "my wyfe" was ten shillings; when Cardiff fell ill, Batchelor felled an acre for him, and might, we should think, have "stabbed Thornaby Waste." In one bag of 100l., 9s. 2d. were wanting; but Cardiff, we are happy to state, made good the deficiency. Jack Sayle was a long time paying his debt. Smeton might be permitted to have the grass mowed off the bowling-green, for so we interpret the *herbe au jeu de boules*. A beast that died of the "gargol" about the 6th of September sold for nearly 3l.; a pair of gloves cost

3s. 6d., and a ribbon 1s. 6d. Kerbie cow pasture was to be disposed of at Lady Day, and the thorns were to be grubbed up. Timothy Dove had a second presentation to two parts of the rectory at Rippengale. In a lease of eleven years the tenant had permission to plough for eight years, but not for the last three. 20s. a year was the honorarium attached to the duty of reading prayers twice every week to the poor at the almshouses; and various contributions, including one from Sir John himself, made up the schoolmaster's stipend of 17l. a year. We remark that while Sir John Wray, Richard Nelthorpe, *gent.*, Sir P. Tirwhit, H. Luddington, and others, contributed sums to the above end, of from 12s. to 2l. 10s., Corpus Christi College only gave 1s. 3d. to the above village dominie.

In the jottings of a Lincolnshire magnate we expected to find some allusion to field sports, but in this we have been rather disappointed. There is mention of gorse and cover, and the extent of the West Fenn country is put down as 19,000 acres, and it probably continued to be the "haunt of coot and hern" up to the beginning of the present century. But we hear nothing of decoys and mallards, springes and woodcocks. One tenant is, however, bound by the terms of his lease, to maintain "the warren and to leave one hundred couple of rabbits," and in some exchange of property with the Earl of Lindsey, a doubt is expressed whether free warren in Scottlethorpe had or had not been included. This reminds us of Dr. Johnson and Bennet Langton, of whom the Doctor declared that he was one of the oldest families in England:—"Langton, Sir, has a grant of free warren from Henry II.; and Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John's reign, was of this family."

The following entries afford some clue to the value of landed property. 5,500l. represented eighteen years' purchase; 19,000l. was given for 976l. per annum, but in all probability the outgoings were considerable, seeing that in another account of Sir John's own estate, 1,724l. were disbursed out of 2,376l. received. If any doubt could ever have arisen as to the politics of the author, it would at once be solved by the loan made to the King two years after the Restoration. Charles wanted 500l. within fourteen days, and it was raised and paid by the writer in one-seventh of that time. Indeed, there was always a large store of coin placed in bags and deposited in the family chests at Isleworth or in Lincolnshire. Coin of the Protector's time to the amount of two or three hundred pounds had been left in the iron chest, and there seems to have been no attempt at turning a penny or getting any interest, except in one or two ways. The gold and silver lay idle in bags, and was only drawn on for the necessities of nephews, for marriage portions, for loans on mortgages, and for the purchase of more land. Macaulay, vol. iv. p. 319, writing of 1692, says that to many busy men, after the year's expenses of housekeeping had been defrayed out of the year's income, a surplus remained; and that a lawyer or merchant who had saved thousands was often embarrassed about investing them. The father of Pope the poet carried to a retreat in the country, the historian goes on to say, a strong box containing nearly twenty thousand pounds. This is exactly what Sir John repeatedly did in the memoir before us, and once he expressly tells us that at the time of the Great Fire of London he removed sixty-six bags of coin to his residence at Isleworth for safety.

In his dealings with his nearest relatives Sir John kept a strict account, in which we do not perceive any traces of penuriousness or unkindness. Every now and then he gave his best diamond ring and his great jewels to his wife. Then he took them back and then he gave them up again. To his nephew Sherard he made repeated loans, sometimes as much as 500l. at a time. To a young lady his great-niece, he gave a marriage portion of 3,000l. He put the children of twelve poor folks to school at a cost of half a crown a quarter for each child. He allowed R. Johnson to keep a horse in his woods; he founded almshouses; he made presents to high and low; on one occasion his liberality took the form of silver candlesticks and snufflers; on another he gave tankards; and then, again, he paid the rent of a house for his "Cosen Smith" for life.

Antiquarians may regret to learn that men had made oatmeal at Grantham "where Bacon dwelt"; but the house believed to be a horse-mill, had disappeared at the time of this memoir and a stable had also gone with it. The following items of legal expenses are shown in a trial in the Court of Common Pleas, the result of which is not very clear. The cause of action was a claim for "tith of hay and corn" growing in a certain parish, and it was brought under the statute of Edward VI. One-and-twenty jurors appeared and received five pounds each, besides their dinners. Serjeant Maynard—no doubt the same who told William III. that, if it had not been for His Majesty, he would have survived the law as well as the lawyers—had for his fee at the trial "6 ginnies," and "at other tymes, three ginnies." But Serjeants Baldwin, Turner, and Browne also had their 3 and 4 ginnies, and other fees, at odd times; and there were fees in Court of 4l. 10s., the charges of witnesses, and the bill of "Mr. Grange who solicited," which amounted to eight pounds all but sixpence. There is, too, a memo which we interpret to mean that, of the twenty-one jurymen, the nine who were not wanted and were not sworn need not have had as much as the twelve good and true men who sat on the trial; 3l. a-piece might have served the former. In this sentiment the reader will no doubt concur. Shortly before this event the Sub-Dean of Lincoln claimed to be patron of the church at Snarford with tithes, great and small, and also of a vicarage, and Sir John was called on to restore the rights of the

church, the Sub-Dean undertaking to keep up the vicarage and to provide a minister for the service. To this the prudent Sir John was disposed to make answer that, "if anything be due more than is paid, it is from the tenants, and not from me, and that there was a *modus decimandi* by prescription." We do not make out the result of the claim, but there seems to have been an offer of a compromise, the Sub-Dean paying a portion and the Lord of the Manor the rest. Against this demand the diary appears to have contemplated some counter-claim for a sum that had been constantly paid before the civil wars; but as the church lands had been sold and dispersed, "I know not of whom to demand, and know not how to recover it." The issue of another claim by a certain parson is, however, not at all doubtful. It was for twenty-nine acres of glebe lying dispersed in the parish by an ancient service of one parson Buckberrie, in 1577. The last incumbent had, however, claimed nothing, and when his successor filed a bill in Chancery against Sir John, a freeholder, and one other person, a good answer was put in, the parson was ousted, and the suit ceased. To turn from these clerical disputes, which are more edifying than ritualistic squabbles, to smaller matters, we find that to prevent lethargy or apoplexy, there was nothing like some sneezing powder, made of dried betony, tobacco, and a little musk. This, with blisters on the neck, a warming-pan held to the head, and oil of amber to the nostrils and temples, was the prescription of one worthy Doctor Walldron in his letter of July 14th, 1666. Failing this there was another prescription too long to quote. To feed bees properly you are to get roasted apples, bean flower, and bay salt, or else sop toasts of bread in strong ale and put them into the hive. For the biting of any venomous creature, hold a hot iron to the place affected or a coal of fire; and a piece of briony-root worn about one will cure and prevent the cramp, while mare's milk drunk by women every morning in March and April will tend to conception. There are other curious entries, but our space is running short, and when we have noted that one line commemorates the death of Nicholas the cooke, and the very next that of the Duchess of Dudley, we come to the last entry of all, which has a tinge of sadness and yet fittingly closes a record over which Thackeray would have moralized. It is as follows, spelling and all:—"My dear wyfe dyed at Isleworth on tuesday the 27th of June 1675, between one and twoe at noone: exceeding suddenlie (no cause for it appearing), being 68 years of age as was apprehended or very near it. The corps being very well embalmed in a very good coffin was removed, late in the evening, about 10 o'clock, toward London and brought to my house in Drurie Lane on the 30th of June following, and on the 5th of Julie after, was carried towards Belton and there was buried on the 7th of Julie, where I also intend to lye."

A note adds that the age was probably seventy-two. The writer survived his partner, and died without issue some four years afterwards. A solid monument with the effigies of this excellent couple attests their virtues, and we may be permitted to doubt whether any brief diaries or loose memoranda kept in this age of bustle, excitement, and perhaps shams, will, if revealed in the year 2081, excel this record in interest and solid worth.

PAST AND PRESENT.

IN a letter sent last week by a Correspondent of the *Daily News* from Tunis there was a passage which might have given occasion for not a little thought to readers of that and other journals. "It has been a great surprise to me to find," says the writer, "the strong conviction that exists among all Arabs leading an Arab's life that England must interfere in their favour. The England these people rely on is not the one you and I live in, but the England of Wellington and Nelson, the enemy of France, the most powerful of all powers, always ready to strike a blow for a weaker friend; a nation that never lies. It is foolish, I own, but many a time lately my heart has been stirred by appeals and arguments based on the above estimate of English character; and I have not had the courage to try and convince the poor fellows of the very small chance of interference by our Government on their behalf." There may possibly be two opinions about the foolishness of the Correspondent's heart-stirrings; there can be but one as to the wisdom of his belief in the change from the England of history to the England of fact. Perhaps the description of the former England as the England of Wellington and Nelson is, except as a mere chronological indication, unjust; for, to do our generals and admirals justice, there is no reason to believe in their degeneracy. They blunder now, but they used to blunder then; and now, as then, it is pretty safe to calculate that, with fair luck and due encouragement, Marlboroughs and Wolfes and Wellingtons can be produced as well as Galways and Sackvilles and Whitlockes. The real difference is not in English generalship, or even in English soldiery; for it may be whispered in confidence to those who are not experts in military history that there were scares before "Fort Funk," and succumbings to an inferior enemy before Majuba. The difference is in English policy and English public opinion—in short, as the Correspondent very aptly puts it, in "the England in which you and I live" as compared with the England in which our grandfathers lived.

Even here of course it is necessary not to exaggerate. Just as there were blundering generals and time-serving generals of

old, so there were politicians who kept their consciences in their tempers or in their purses, who made the difficulty of the nation the opportunity of a party, who cringed and bullied in office, who defamed and caballed out of it. But where, without being extraordinarily pessimist, it is possible to see a distinct deterioration is in the fact that all these things, which were once looked upon with unqualified disfavour (in whatever party they appeared) by the nation at large, are now abetted and defended by a great, if not the greatest, part of that nation, a part which has next to no interest in abetting or in aiding them. The pamphleteer of the last century who drew pen in a Minister's service was in most cases a simple hireling, whose individual moral degradation might be considerable, but whose proceedings indicated no corresponding degradation on the part of the public. The modern journalist who praises the conduct of the present Government in the Transvaal, or in the teeth of the reports appearing in his own columns, accuses the Opposition of factiously obstructing Mr. Gladstone, is individually a much more respectable person than his spiritual ancestors; but as a symptom he is a much more unpleasant phenomenon. There is no reason to think that he says what he does not think; if he did it would not matter. But if he does think what he says, and if his readers and partisans think so too, it follows that the sense of national honour is absolutely extinct in them, and the capacity of political judgment hopelessly warped. For a parallel extinction and a parallel warping it is vain to look backwards, for none such will be found. On two occasions something faintly and distantly resembling the foreign policy of the present Government was the subject of violent reprehension on the part of one English party and of violent defence on the other. The Peace of Utrecht, with the abandonment of the Catalans, was the one; the peace of Paris, following on the partial abandonment of Frederick II., was the other. But in respect of relinquishments of territory and other advantages, the only charge against Harley and Bute was that they did not make enough profit, not that they abandoned any of the actual possessions of the nation and the Crown. As to the Catalans, though they were not too handsomely treated, it was, after all, the business of the sovereign they had supported to look after them, not the business of the English; and Frederick was a person quite able to take care of himself, as well as one who had got from the English alliance much more than he gave for it. Thus the conduct of the Ministry of the day, if open to attack, was also capable of making a very good defence. It is perfectly certain that the Transvaal business—with its ignominious surrender, its unavenged defeats, and its abandonment of Englishmen and English subjects—would, either at the beginning or the middle of the last century, have raised a storm which all the boroughmongering and Parliamentary jobbing of the day would not have enabled the Ministry guilty of it to weather. Again, the policy of the late Government was in many respects analogous to that of the various Tory Governments of the revolutionary period. But, while the sense of national interest and national honour in the latter case was strong enough to leave only an insignificant fraction of the Whig party in irreconcilable opposition, that sense was the other day so weakened that only a still more insignificant fraction abstained from opposition of the most virulent and factious kind. The greater the purity of modern political life the more sinister is the spectacle which from this point of view that life presents. If Sir Wilfrid Lawson saw his way in his action on the Transvaal matter to a pension of five thousand a year, with places and reversions worth ten thousand or twenty thousand more for his relations and friends, his conduct would not be half so disquieting. If the editors of Government journals received an occasional five hundred pound note from Lord Richard Grosvenor, in return for a particularly telling exposition of the text that, Irish property being robbery, all Irish persons with a taste for robbery ought to be made proprietors, there would be no cause for alarm. These persons, instead of being, as they are now, most estimable gentlemen, would be simple scoundrels, and as, though the majority is often composed of fools, scoundrels are on the whole in a decided minority in the human race, prospects would be tolerably encouraging. It would sometimes be for the interest of the dishonest men to take the right side, and the honest men would not be in danger of perversion in these gross and palpable ways. This is the explanation of what has often puzzled enquiring, but not very long-sighted, historical students, the combination of flagrant political dishonesty in the last century with a total result, chequered of course by individual folly or rascality, but still, on the whole, a total result, of continual national prosperity. Almost everybody was sound on the root of the matter, the doctrine which Thackeray (not a Tory politician by any means) has happily formulated in *Edmond*, with reference to the greatest genius and the greatest scoundrel in English military history—"In face of the enemy there was no question at all. Wherever my Lord Duke found a French army he would fight it and beat it."

"In face of the enemy there was no question whatever." It would probably be impossible in any ten words to formulate more sharply the doctrine which still about a century ago, was the doctrine of all Englishmen, whatever politics who were not individually villains, and of some who were, and which has only lately been openly denied by any considerable body either of politicians or of Englishmen in general. It would be impossible also to express both in deeds and words the opposite of this doctrine more strikingly than has been done by Mr. Gladstone's Ministry and by its supporters. It is in the face of the enemy that questions begin. At more or less distance from that formidable person they

can be brave enough in Queen's Speeches and otherwise. But in face of him? That is another matter. And when he has still further altered the relative position, and obtained a view not of their faces, but their backs, the matter is different still. The motto of the Radical in power appears to be not to fight the enemy and beat him wherever you find him, but to run away from him and be beaten by him wherever he finds you. The doctrine has been applied most signally and in most remarkable fashion of course in the Transvaal. It has been applied in a hesitating and fitful sort of way in Ireland; and now the Radical organs are urging the Radical Ministry to apply it altogether, to give up coercion, to capitulate with Archbishop Oroke, to browbeat the House of Lords (who are thought to be weak and safe to browbeat), and to rob the Irish landlords retrospectively as well as prospectively as a peace offering to the redoubtable Land League. We do not say that the country approves these doctrines—indeed there is considerable evidence of a certain sullen and undecided kind of disapproval which may or may not break out into active revolt. But the point is that in a healthy state of national opinion the disapproval would have been instant, loud, and conclusive. The same may be said of the Bradlaugh business, though a somewhat different point is involved. But it is in reference to foreign and Irish policy chiefly that the difference is to be noted. In home politics there has been no such breach with ancient tradition, though of late years the party of destruction have made the pace somewhat faster than it used to be, and the course has been very considerably less well chosen. But the real point is that in reference to Ireland and to foreign Powers, including their high mightinesses of the defunct Republic which has (reversing the old story) painted out "Requiescat in pace," and painted in "Resurgam" on its hatchment. The old policy of England in all matters where armed resistance was expected or shown was a word and a blow, and the blow first. The new policy retains the words, but substitutes the reception for the administration of blows, and the nation, or a great part of the nation, if it does not exactly approve the change, permits it. It is of course possible that this oblivion of the simple fact that a nation is an association for the purpose of self-preservation, and that self-preservation means hitting out at all comers who appear dangerous, may be temporary, and that a reaction may follow. The curious thing is that, though democracies are not, as a rule, by any means patient or meek, to all appearance the delight of going against a Tory and aristocratic tradition has absorbed all other feelings in the Radical and democratic mind of England. The Radical, no doubt, promises himself that in the blessed days of the federated Hibernian, Caledonian, Wallian, and Anglian Republics (we name them in due order of dignity and without prejudice to the rights of Sodor and Man, &c.), he will make up for past *reculements* by the most vigorous leaps. Even on this supposition, however, the process is dangerous. When all the vantage points which benighted ancestors seized have been given up, and when the average Englishman has been brought to appreciate more fully even than at present the magnanimous satisfaction of being beaten and the exquisite luxury of being kicked, recovery of spirit, and still more of dominion, may not be so easy. Malcontents might then quote "Non his juvenis orta," and so forth. But a quotation from the classics will probably be punishable by fine in those days, not on the healthy principle of "sconcing," once prevalent at the Universities, but as an evidence of "aristocracy," an insult to the sovereign people who have only learnt biology and the principles of physics, and a sign that the Past, and not the Present, engages the sympathies of the quoter.

MR. FROUDE ON THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.

MR. ANTHONY FROUDE, as we all know, is nothing if not a controversialist. He has passed indeed in his time through almost as many "phases of faith" as another prominent writer of the day, but in none of them has he ever lacked the courage of his opinions or the courage of attacking their opposites. In his early Oxford career he was an ardent disciple of Mr. Newman's, and wrote, as he has just reminded us, *Lives of the Saints*. From Newmanism, as it used then to be called, he suddenly turned to what is now designated Agnosticism, and instead of *Lives of the Saints*, we had *Shadows of the Clouds* and the *Nemesis of Faith* from his facile pen. But soon another change passed over the spirit of his dream, and he became convinced that these "roads, both of them, lead to the wrong place"; and he next posed as the apostle of that robust, if somewhat illogical, form of English Protestant orthodoxy, which takes Henry VIII. and good Queen Bess as its patron Saints, and treats all who opposed them, in politics or religion, as no better than fools or fanatics. In that drastic and uncompromising temper which he had partly acquired from his second master, the biographer of Frederick the Great, he composed his *History of England*. He has more recently indeed given us a *Sketch of Julius Cæsar*, which might seem a sufficiently neutral and undogmatic subject, yet even there his irrepressible theological or anti-theological instincts proved too much for him, and he could not refrain from ending with an elaborate parallel—which to most readers appeared equally foolish and indecent—between Cæsar and Christ. He has now been good enough, beguiled perhaps by the illustrious example of his old master, to give us a sort of *Apologia pro Vita Sua* in the shape of a series of Letters on the Tractarian movement, which has been published in *Good Words*, and which

we may expect to see reprinted with *quorum pars magna fui* as a motto on the title-page. Tractarianism had been sketched already *ab intra* and *ab extra* from very various points of view, friendly, hostile, or indifferent, by Tractarians who were still High Churchmen, by Tractarians who had gone over to Rome, or had become Rationalists, by outsiders, like Dean Stanley, who professed a certain intellectual respect for a movement they heartily disliked and very imperfectly appreciated, and by outsiders like Sir James Stephen, who freely ridiculed what they neither respected nor understood. The peculiarity of Mr. Froude's method of delineation is that it is at once entirely *ab intra* and wholly unsympathetic, while the final criterion of the merits or demerits of the movement is found in its personal effect on himself. He was bred up in it, he tried it, and he rejected it—*voilà tout*. Its doom is sealed. That is the moral of the tale, but it is not of course stated precisely in those words. On the contrary it is England, or rather the present age, which has tried and rejected "Sacerdotalism"—Roman or Anglican—but it is clear enough to the intelligent reader that Mr. Froude's mind is a microcosm of the age.

Mr. Froude's estimate of the character and results of the movement is based on his estimate of the religious condition of England fifty years ago, before it began, which to religionists, or irreligionists, of every class will appear a somewhat singular one in its complacent optimism. In those good old days, we are told, all who openly questioned the truth of Christianity were treated as offenders and excommunicated by society, whereas now, while one set of men are bringing back mediævalism, another openly question not only miracles but Theism. Both alike are wrong; sensible men have as little to gain from those who teach that bishops in ordination give really supernatural powers, as from the school of scientific criticism. And "to raise a doubt about a creed established by general acceptance is a direct injury to the general welfare," and even "discussion about it is out of place, for only bad men wish to question the rule of life which religion commands." After this we are not surprised to learn, from this disciple of Mr. Carlyle's Gospel of force, that "in stern and serious ages the religion of every country has been under the charge of the law; and to deny it has been treated as a crime"—as e.g. by the Spanish Inquisition. It was an unfortunate "relaxation" when legal punishment was exchanged for social excommunication, but still the principle was retained, and on the whole "the Church [of England] was perhaps in the healthiest condition it had ever known" fifty years ago. It is still more surprising to hear what is however still more emphatically insisted upon by the writer, that the Church would have remained in that happy condition to this hour, if the Tractarians had never disturbed its peace. It was they who, in their restless craving for "something deeper and truer than satisfied the last century," upset the coach, or in Mr. Froude's more ornate diction, by touching one part of a piece of complicated machinery spoilt the whole. What "The Edinburgh Review" and Brougham and Mackintosh, and the Reform Ministry, and Low Church philosophy, and the London University" and Liberals in general—"whose talk was nine parts nonsense"—could never have achieved, was brought about by "young Oxford" under the auspices of Mr. Newman. "But for the Oxford movement, scepticism might have continued a harmless speculation of a few philosophers." Not that the fault of either sceptics or Tractarians lay in their disturbing faith—for that is a very secondary consideration—but in disturbing "an Established creed," which is quite another and a much better thing. For you do not ask of an Established Church or system of belief, any more than of a tree, "is it true, but is it *alive*?"—the italics are not ours—and if it is alive its orthodoxy must not be called in question with impunity. "Doctrinal problems were little thought of" in those halcyon days, either by priest or people. Parsons preached and people listened, much like Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" and his Rector:—

An' I niver knawed what a meán'd, but I thowt a 'ad summut to say,
An' I thowt a said what a ow't to 'a said an' I comed awa'y.

But if the parson was not a profound divine, he was "generally a magistrate," was looked up to in his parish as "the master," could not be looked down upon by "the family in the great house," and was oftener than not a good shot and a "moderate" fox-hunter. Such, Mr. Froude gives us to understand, was the state of the Church of England in general before the Tractarians with their wild-goose chase after "the something deeper and truer" turned it topsy-turvy, and let loose the flood-gates of infidelity. It was "the healthiest condition the Church had ever known." This is indeed a poetic picture truly charming in its Arcadian simplicity, but somehow it hardly seems to harmonize with the rougher teachings of reason or experience.

We cannot follow Mr. Froude in detail through the successive phases of his devious course. His second paper, which is chiefly a criticism of Mr. Keble, contains nothing specially remarkable. The next, which records his Oxford recollections of "John Henry Newman," is more interesting, though by no means equal in sympathetic discrimination to the sketch drawn some years ago by another hearer of Newman's in those early days. However, Mr. Froude is in the main appreciative and just in his account of the personal bearing and public teaching of the master he then revered. So little, he tells us, was Newman eager to make disciples that he never talked to undergraduates on theological questions, but on whatever subjects of the day were generally interesting, about which he always seemed to know more

than anybody else present. "He was never condescending with us, never didactic or authoritative; but what he said carried conviction along with it. When we were wrong he knew why we were wrong, and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set us right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be." Mr. Froude proceeds to explain how "no one who heard his sermons in those days could ever forget them," and recalls some characteristic illustrations of the peculiar force and fascination of his manner of preaching. In his next Letter he tells us how, after taking his degree, he went to spend some months in the family of an Evangelical clergyman in Ireland, and was amazed to find that Protestants, who did not believe in "the Catholic theory of the Sacraments" and thought "the Christian priesthood a fiction," could be such excellent people, whereupon straightway his "feelings of reverence for the Reformers revived." The process of reasoning is again Arcadian in its simplicity, and it is the stranger in a disciple of Mr. Newman's, who was so far from encouraging the absurd notion, which Mr. Froude attributes to himself, that "not even a Dissenter could be a really good man, and unbelievers were (necessarily and always) prodigates seeking only an excuse for indulging their wicked passions," that he has again and again in his writings insisted on the contrary fact and offered an explanation of it from his own point of view which is at least perfectly intelligible. Mr. Froude then tells us about Tract XC, which had appeared before his return to Oxford, and had stirred "not the university only, but all England" as with a hurricane. The argument of the famous Tract—if we rightly understand him—he considers to be a perfectly honest and legitimate one, and he insists that had the author waited a few years longer, he would have seen that the Church accepted it as such; "his impatient departure has been condemned by his own arguments." Mr. Froude then adds that to himself on his return to Oxford "Newman was as fascinating as ever," though he had acquired in Ireland the disturbing and novel conviction that there were good men who did not believe in Newmanism.

The last Letter is entitled "The Lives of the Saints." When Mr. Froude returned to Oxford, the series of *Lives of the English Saints* was in course of publication. In these most of the leading Tractarians took part, and they gained a high commendation from Dean Milman for historical insight and exquisite grace of style, though he thought the writers grievously misused their powers. Mr. Froude was asked to take part in this work, and "the proposal pleased and flattered" him. It seems a little odd, however, that he should have accepted the offer, however flattering, when he had already on his own showing lost, or nearly lost, all faith in "the Catholic theory" of things. And it is still less easy to understand why, when he had undertaken the task, he should have been "thrown into a wilderness of perplexities," and felt obliged "after a short experiment to retreat out of his occupation," simply because he found the Lives of the Saints full of miraculous stories, for which "the evidence is commonly respectable," but which were to him as incredible as the tales of "Amadis of Gaul" or "Orlando Furioso." One might have supposed that any educated man, though he had never been an ardent Tractarian, would know what kind of matter he was likely to meet with in the lives of mediæval Saints, and in Mr. Froude's case such ignorance is the more inexplicable, because several years before Mr. Newman himself had published an elaborate essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles, discussing in detail their characteristics, evidence, credibility, and relation to the miracles of Scripture. He seems to imply indeed in this very paper that he was familiar with the Essay—as it is hardly conceivable that he should not have been—and if so his "wilderness of perplexities" at finding what he had undertaken to write about becomes itself hopelessly perplexing. His third "serious discovery," like the two former ones about "good" Dissenters and "pure-minded" unbelievers, can hardly at least have been a discovery to anybody but himself. But it is time to come to an end, and we are sorry to find that the end of Mr. Froude's lucubrations is still more gloomy than the beginning. He began with a lamentation and he ends with a prophecy. We were reminded at the outset of that Paradisiac age of fox-hunting parsons and uninquiring, if somewhat unenthusiastic, believers which was rudely disturbed by the outbreak of the Tractarian movement; we are assured at the close that neither we nor our grandchildren for many generations will ever see the like again; "centuries will pass" before the golden age returns. It is indeed dispiriting to contemplate the prospect of the long æons during which "a ritualist English Church" and an unbelieving laity will be continually engaged in fruitlessly sparring at one another—we ask pardon for the homely phrase, but it exactly conveys the impression Mr. Froude's words have left on our mind—albeit there is some consolation in reflecting that there is a good time coming back for the race at last, though neither we nor our children's children will live to see it. "Centuries will pass first"—Keble and Newman wrought that irreparable evil for their anoffending posterity, but at last in the dim future "religion and common sense will again work together, with the practical harmony that existed between them in the days of Whately and Arnold and Hare and Sedgwick." Let us be thankful that there is yet this much of balm in Gilead.

CRICKET.

THOUGH the season is still young, a good deal of cricket has been played, and perhaps as much sport has been shown as in the whole of a wet summer like that of 1879. So far the character of the play has served to prove once more how completely cricket is a creature of the weather. We had an uncommonly dry spring, and from the very beginning of May long scores have been made. Dr. W. G. Grace has already passed his two hundred, we believe, in one of those local matches in which the Graces are wont to keep their neighbours occupied in the healthy exercise of fielding through the whole of a summer's day. At the Universities long scores have been the rule. The relative chances of Oxford and Cambridge are always the most interesting topics of discussion at the opening of the cricket season. On paper Cambridge seemed to have all the better of the position, and to be certain of repeating the victories of the last three years. Mr. Ivo Bligh, indeed, has not been able to take part in the matches; and, if he is still too unwell to play at Lord's, his absence will be regretted as much by tennis-players as by cricketers. Mr. Bligh might have been expected to come very near winning the silver reward of him who attains to be next to Mr. Heathcote. But, though he is absent, Cambridge has still Mr. Steel. As the grounds have been so lively and true this season, Mr. Steel has not had all his wonted success with the ball. The Gentlemen of England, a strong batting team, and the Yorkshire Eleven, have each exceeded three hundred in one innings against Cambridge. It is not possible to say at present whether the great genius of Mr. Steel has deserted him, or whether he has been badly served by the character of the ground. Bowlers are, like poets, the creatures of inspiration, and a great bowler has his *annus mirabilis*, when everything goes well with him, and his lean years when his wickets are expensive. Ever since Mr. Steel has played in the Cambridge Eleven, the weather, so unfortunate for the farmer, has provided wickets which were hard beneath and wet at top, or in other ways suited to his skill. If the storms of this week are to last, he may be as dangerous as ever at Lord's.

Cambridge seems to have no other bowler of very great mark. In playing against Kent at Lord's a few days ago, Mr. Ford was by no means on the spot. Though difficult when he was straight, he was not so straight as he might have been. Mr. Napier, who appears to be a fast bowler, may prove a worthy successor of Mr. Morton, who so puzzled the Australians on their first visit. The other bowlers do not appear to be more than respectable. But in batting Cambridge is known to be exceedingly strong. The three Messrs. Studd are really men who can be relied on by their University. One of them may chance to fail on any given occasion, but he who does not score never has to feel the truth of the Icelandic proverb, "Bare is back without brother behind it." The other two brothers are certain to put on about a hundred and fifty runs between them against any bowling, except, perhaps, that of Peate and Bates and Hill. Last year the batting of the two Studds entirely discomfited Oxford, even after Mr. Fowler's pads stamped Mr. Steel. He, too, has been scoring very steadily, and he is supported by Mr. Ford, a very dangerous bat, Mr. Lancashire, and an almost embarrassing choice of other good men. Thus, though Cambridge scarcely seems so strong in bowling as when she defeated the Australians, and though it is scarcely possible that any fielding can match what she displayed there, she is still very powerful.

In one respect Oxford has made an advance this year. She has got a respectable cricket-ground in the Parks, within easy reach of the Colleges. The yearning friends of the endowment of research watched with anguish the subscription which the University offered to the new cricket-ground. There was so much less to be divided between budding professors of various branches of the science of Hypothesis. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was made the mouthpiece of the misery of culture. But the new ground is really a great boon to the undergraduates. It prevents much waste of time, it enables reading men to practise—an exercise much more wholesome than walking round "Mesopotamia"—and it cuts down the expense of cabs and drags to Cowley and the Magdalen ground. It is scarcely more important that the new ground is a true and lively one, as the long scores of the present season testify. Oxford Elevens have been in the habit of coming up to Lord's discouraged, after six weeks spent in collecting ducks' eggs in the mud and slime of Cowley. This year they have had no such gloomy experiences to abate their confidence. But the team is by no means so strong, on paper, as that of Cambridge. Oxford has only one very "consummate" Freshman, Mr. Leslie, of Rugby, who has been scoring with much freedom. We have only seen Mr. Leslie at Lord's this year, when he played for Middlesex against Yorkshire. Though he got some runs in the second innings, in the first he was quite unable to master the problems of Peate and Bates. The former, who three years ago was rather a simple bowler, has developed into, perhaps, the most difficult of the day. His deliveries in the neighbourhood of the off-wicket have an alarming way of rising up particularly, so that even Mr. Grace seemed wholly puzzled by him in the first innings of "Over Thirty" against "Under Thirty." Mr. Leslie, as we have said, could not play Peate, but neither could Mr. Webb, Mr. Walker, nor Mr. Vernon. At Oxford the Rugby Freshman has almost invariably scored very highly. Mr. Whiting, also a Freshman, we believe, Mr. Thornton, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Kemp, and Mr. Evans, have made very considerable scores. But while any of these, with Mr. Trevor, perhaps the prettiest bat of them all, may get runs,

four or five of the Cambridge Eleven are morally certain to get runs. It is as if there were four Leslies at Cambridge to one at Oxford. In bowling Oxford is not strong. The baneful examination system has kept the captain in the schools. When Mr. Evans bowled against "Over Thirty" on Whit Monday, he was severely handled by the impetuous Mr. Hornby, and seemed by no means as fast and dangerous as he has sometimes been. Mr. Walker's name, too, has usually been absent from the Oxford Eleven, and we have scarcely had an opportunity of seeing whether he is as good this year as the Australians last year found him at Glasgow. In Mr. Robinson Oxford has a new fast bowler, who was very successful in the first innings of the Gentlemen of England. But that Eleven were by no means so strong as that which under the same name played Cambridge. For many years Oxford has been slack in securing severe trial matches, whereas Cambridge has already played Yorkshire, and intends, we understand, to play Lancashire. Though much depends on the weather, most prophets will expect to see Cambridge victorious at Lord's in the end of June. One of the best of cricketers and judges of cricket is, however, of the opposite opinion.

The match between "Over Thirty" and "Under Thirty" would have been an interesting one, in spite of the absence of Shaw (who has been batting wonderfully well this year), had it not been spoiled by the weather. It proved once more that he had recovered the art of bowling; and Mr. Ridley showed his old mastery with the bat. Mr. Pearson distinguished himself at the wicket, and Mr. Ridley's fielding at point rewarded enthusiasts who looked on in the icy cold of a British June. The ground being slow, Mr. Hornby hit much too soon at several balls, the result being strokes of the sort generally observed on village greens, and known to the fastidious as "agrarian outrages." It is worth noticing that Kent has beaten Derbyshire, strong as that county is in bowling. The victory was mainly due to the excellent batting of Lord Harris, who scored thirty-four, and, ably aided by Mr. Jones, made seventy-two, not out, in the second innings, when runs were badly wanted.

In contrast to the general prosperity of cricket is the quarrel between the Notts men and the County Committee. That Mr. Poljambé, Oacroft, Wild, Gunn, Brown, Miles, Wright, Sherwin, Lane, Butler, and Shore should represent Notts borders on the ludicrous. Notts is not herself without Shaw and Morley and Flowers. It is always difficult to unravel these quarrels, but there appear, as usual, to be faults on both sides. The trouble began with last year's ill-omened visit of the Australians. These men drew such large sums that English professionals became ambitious in their turn. The Notts men made a high, though perhaps not unreasonable, charge for playing against the Colonists. This caused some bad feeling. Then there was a quarrel as to whether a member of the Eleven might take a team under the county name to play eleven of Yorkshire. Though the member of the Eleven made large concessions, the Committee did not meet him in a very conciliatory spirit. Then came demands from the Committee, meant to protect the sacred name of "Nottinghamshire," and the Players in turn made new demands. Seven of them wanted engagements for the season's county matches, and the Committee would not make the engagement with more than five. There were much less justifiable stipulations about "benefits." There seems also to have been some want of courtesy on a certain occasion. On the whole, it is far from being "a very pretty quarrel," and we hope that the contending parties, like Mr. Gladstone, will submit these matters to peaceful arbitration. If the Committee and the Players will bury the private tomahawk, and only think of cricket and the county of Robin Hood, all may yet be well.

LITTÉRÉ.

THE death of M. Littré in the fulness of years and honours deprives France and Europe of certainly the greatest lexicographer of recent days, and France at least of the greatest example of that class of men of letters that she has ever possessed, even Henri Estienne being hardly an exception. Like Estienne, Johnson, and Grimm, M. Littré was a signal example of the futility of supposing that dictionary-making is the proper function only of a pedant who has no interest in words except as words only. He was not only a man of the very widest information and cultivation, both in science and literature, but his literary studies bore fruit in miscellaneous essays, translations, and other such like things of the least arid kind. Nothing could be further from the exertions of the mere pedant than the famous article which he wrote more than thirty years ago on Homer and French epic, with an included translation of part of the *Iliad* into French verse of the *Chanson-de-geste* pattern in language and metre. That the experiment was wholly successful could hardly be said; nor, for reasons the giving of which would necessitate a venture into that great and terrible wilderness the Homer-translation controversy, could it be expected to be so. But the attempt showed, as most of M. Littré's old French studies showed, that he had with the beautiful old tongue the kind of familiarity which scholars of the last and earlier generations had with the classics. From the point of view of modern and strictly scientific philology, his fashion of old French scholarship might be found fault with now and then, but not from the literary and humanist side. Indeed, his devotion to old

French was very much that of a humanist of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to Latin and Greek. He renewed only a year or two ago his practice in old French composition by translating Dante into the language which Dante himself heard from and talked to Frenchmen of his own day. At an earlier period he had taken a considerable part in the great and slowly advancing *Histoire littéraire* of France, one of his most noteworthy contributions being a paper on the *Romans d'aventures*, which is one of the best in the whole collection, though at the time the treasures of this department of literature were by no means so fully explored as at present. Nor should it be forgotten that M. Littré was one of the stoutest champions of the absolute continuity of French literature from the beginning to the present day. Every now and then, too, he would review the work of a fellow-labourer in singularly pleasant and appreciative essays. Some of these were republished not long ago, and were then noticed in these columns, the volume containing them including also a delightful paper, the title of which, "Comment j'ai fait mon Dictionnaire," best describes its contents.

Except to specialists of one kind or another, his Dictionary and the way in which he made it will always be the chief points of interest in M. Littré's work. Even as far as mere bulk, ponderable and numerable, is concerned, it is one of the most surprising works ever accomplished by a single man. But the bulk of it is by no means its most remarkable feature. The worker had considerably less assistance from his predecessors, as well as a much vaster expanse of ground to traverse, than most of those who can be compared to him. The great classical lexicographers of modern times in particular had the advantage of possessing in the Greek and Latin classics a field large and difficult indeed, but very clearly marked out, and capable of being traversed in no very extraordinary time. To read through every author quoted in *Faccoli* or in *Stephanus* would be a formidable task no doubt, but by no means a hopeless or an illimitable one. But the enormous mass of literature in which before the invention of printing France was richer than all the other European nations put together, while even since that time she has certainly not been inferior to any, exceeds in volume the subject-matter of the classical lexicographer almost infinitely. Nor, as has just been said, had the bold scholar much assistance from his predecessors. The slowly-moving Dictionary of the Academy seems to have frightened competitors out of the way by impressing upon them the hopelessness of doing in a single life what forty chosen lives, continued through half-a-dozen generations, had failed to achieve. The little good work which had been done, such as Nodier's, was for the most part fragmentary. M. Littré had, however, both the qualifications of genius—audacity and the capacity of taking pains. He had, of course, collaborators—the mere mechanical part of the work necessitated this—and of these M. Beaujean, the compiler subsequently of the excellent abridgment, which is probably the best hand dictionary of any modern language, is understood to have been the chief. But the plan, the capital fund of knowledge and study, and, in all important respects, the execution, were as much his own as in the case of any work of the kind, if not more. Considerations of proportion and of size made it unfortunately necessary to restrict the vocabulary and commentary in reference to the elder branch of the tongue with which M. Littré was so excellently qualified to deal. But quite recently, and with his own cordial approval, this work has been taken up, and a companion *Thesaurus* of old French, on a scale even more imposing and exhaustive, is already some stages on its journey.

If it be desirable that a dictionary-maker should know something of everything, as it certainly is, it may be doubted whether any one ever fulfilled the condition more satisfactorily. Omniscience was not M. Littré's foible; but it was in some respect his forte, and it was not an inaccurate omniscience either. He was, as is well known, by original education a student of medicine, though we believe he never fully graduated nor attempted to practise. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and his well-known *Hippocrates* made him a member of the Académie des Inscriptions long before the Académie Française deigned to admit the man who had beaten her single-handed at her own special task. He followed this up by a considerable number of works on medical and scientific history, and was at least a fair proficient in some Oriental tongues. But while literature, philology, and science would each have sufficed to give him a position of no small eminence, one important field to which he devoted his energies remains to be noticed. His relations with Comte and Comtism will make up a large part of the story of his life when it comes to be written. He was, though at no time a fanatic, a strong Democrat and Freethinker. Born as he was in the first year of the century when religion was almost banished from France, and when the Republic was still all in all to most of those who took an interest in politics, he was apparently brought up in the same principles, or the same lack of them. He translated Strauss's *Life of Jesus* very soon after it appeared, and for a time he threw himself with ardour into the Positive crusade. But, as every one knows who knows anything about Comte, the later lunacy of that philosopher were very far from satisfying M. Littré's cool and critical judgment. It was not by any means that his philosophy was purely negative, but that the fantastic follies of the later period seemed to him contemptible. He remained, therefore, both during the latest period of Comte's life, and after his death, the head of the philosophical as opposed to the religious Comtists, and most people whose duty or inclination has taken them in the way of the debates which have arisen on this question, have been

amused at the noble profusion of invective with which the fanatics of the latter party have poured on M. Littré and those who dared to oppose the new revelations. These invectives did not greatly disturb the lexicographer any more than the opposite invectives with which he was visited by the orthodox party, with Mgr. Dupanloup at its head. So long as the Empire lasted the Bishop succeeded in keeping his enemy out of the assembly, and it seemed likely that M. Littré would go down to posterity as one of the most illustrious occupants of the forty-first chair. In 1871, however, the tables were turned. M. Littré, as a strong Republican, had already been elected to the National Assembly, and he was admitted to the Academy by a large majority, against, it is true, two rather weak competitors. Thereupon Mgr. Dupanloup shook the dust off his feet and retired from the polluted halls. In estimating the conduct of the Bishop, to whom every credit for consistency and conscientiousness must be given, it should be remembered on M. Littré's side that his irreligion, such as it was, was of a purely speculative and unaggressive type, that he had never indulged in offensive language towards Christianity, and that the *odium theologicum* had never been understood to be entitled to penetrate the Academy. Four years afterwards M. Littré was elected a life senator.

The usual idle and somewhat disgusting controversy about the religious opinions of the dead man at his death has been stirred up in France, according to a bad fashion revived from the last century. It is at least amusing to find that the very persons who charge his relations with surreptitious conversion in *extremis* admit that in a former illness their own friends blockaded his sick room against the now victorious enemy. This odd method of maintaining thought in its freedom suggests St. Evremond's story of the generous philosopher who was on the point of blowing his free-thinking friend's brains out to save him from the disgrace of recanting. Whatever may be the truth of the case, which, of how-ever great importance it may be to the person principally concerned, is one as to which curiosity from outsiders is absolutely impertinent, it may be repeated that no one ever kept more aloof from the type of the aggressive enemy of religion and of Christianity than M. Littré.

This, however, let it be also repeated, is hardly the business of survivors to discuss. For those who come after him M. Littré will be an interesting exponent of a certain stage of the Positivist movement, no doubt. But his importance in this respect, like the importance of all commentators and expounders of systems of philosophy, will dwindle by degrees, and will become at last merely a subject of historical and antiquarian interest to specialists. So, too, his contributions to medical and scientific history will have their day and pass, as such things must. Science may be eternal, but each particular scientific expositor has the most precarious tenure of subjective immortality. It is otherwise with those who betake themselves to the more abiding fastnesses of literature. M. Littré's original compositions in this kind, if not of the first excellence, would be sufficient to give him a place, and an honourable one, in literary history. But his Dictionary is a claim of a very different kind. Done as it is, and at the particular time of its doing, it may be said to have been done once for all. It may be supplemented, corrected, rehandled perhaps, but—at any rate for some centuries, unless M. Zola succeeds in the task of abolishing the French language and substituting for it the *langue verte*—it will certainly not be superseded, and will even then form the basis of whatever it may be that supersedes it. Of the busy and brilliant generations among whom M. Littré passed his life of more than fourscore years there has hardly been another man who has so entirely given up his days to study, diverging into politics only as an occasional exercise, and never spending much time on active political business. Nor, perhaps, has there been another whose study has yielded such solid and nourishing fruit.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

IT is a great misfortune that the whole subject of the history of the steam-engine and its inventors has for so long been in the hands of the picturesque bookmakers who, only wishing to manufacture amusing and romantic works, and being for the most part splendidly ignorant of science and mechanism, have devoted themselves to glorifying inventors and representing them to the world as a class of inspired prophets to whom direct revelations were made by accidents happening in their presence, which revelations they at once put into a practical form by the aid of an inspired genius. The result of all this tawdry, inaccurate writing is that when the real truth becomes generally known, there is a feeling excited in the popular mind that these inventors were not such very great men after all. Few men have suffered more from this over-praise in the wrong direction than George Stephenson. He is generally looked upon as the inventor of the locomotive engine in the sense that, at a time when locomotive engines were unknown, he actually thought out and made a carriage to run upon rails, propelled by steam. Now in this sense George Stephenson is perhaps hardly the inventor of the locomotive; and indeed what he did towards the actual construction of the historical "Rocket" was, setting aside the help he received from his son Robert, in strict technical language less the work of an inventor than of a "schemer," a schemer being a man to whom the outlines of an invention are given, his duty being to work out the practical details.

To justify our remarks we may shortly trace the history of the locomotive up to the time of the building of the "Rocket," confining ourselves to the high-pressure engine without condensers. In 1784—or three years after George Stephenson's birth—William Murdoch, a superintendent of Boulton and Watt's pumping engines in Cornwall, constructed a model of a high-pressure steam-carriage, but was prevented from carrying his invention any further by Watt's almost superstitious hatred and distrust of the high-pressure engine, together with his utter disbelief, in spite of his own designs in the same direction, of the practicability of steam locomotion, which is strongly shown in the following letter from Watt to Boulton, dated September 12, 1786, which we extract from a recent valuable work (*The Steam Engine and its Inventors: a Historical Sketch*. By Robert L. Galloway, Mining Engineer. London: Macmillan & Co.):—

I am extremely sorry that W[illiam] M[urdoch] still busies himself with the steam-carriage. In one of my specifications I have secured it as well as words could do it according to my ideas of it; and if to that you add Symington's and Sadler's patents, it can scarcely be patentable, even if free of the general specification in the Act of Parliament; for even granting that what I have done cannot secure it, yet it can act as prior invention against anybody else, and if it cannot be secured by patent, to what purpose should anybody labour at it? I have still the same opinions concerning it that I had; but to prevent as much as possible more fruitless argument about it, I have one of some size under hand, and am resolved to try if God will work a miracle in favour of these carriages. I shall in some future letter send you the words of my specification on that subject. In the meantime I wish W[illiam] could be brought to do as we do, to mind the business in hand, and let such as Symington and Sadler throw away their time and money hunting shadows.

Murdoch was also the inventor of the slide-valve, one of the most important details of the modern locomotive, and indeed of almost all kinds of steam engine.

Trevethick, in 1801, actually constructed a road carriage propelled by steam; and in 1804 constructed a locomotive to run on a tramway, which was used at Pen-y-Darran, South Wales, and in this engine he used a form of steam-blast, by which the steam in escaping, after doing its work in the engine, increased the draught through the fire; and in 1808 exhibited in London a locomotive drawing a carriage on a circular railroad. Later on Blenkinsop tried the plan of toothed wheels on the engine, and a rack cut on a rail, to enable the locomotive to go up steep gradients. Stephenson's attention was directed to the subject of steam locomotion about 1814, at which time several engines were in use on tramways in his neighbourhood; and he constructed an engine of the smooth-wheel type, which was tried on the Killingworth Railway with success. From this time he designed many locomotives, and soon abandoned the complicated gearing by which the motion of the piston-rod had hitherto been communicated to the driving wheels, and applied the connecting rods directly to them. Hackworth, in 1827, built the "Royal George," and for the first time applied the two connecting rods to the same pair of wheels. In 1828 M. Seguin, of the St. Etienne Railway, patented the multitubular boiler; and, later on, applied it with success to a locomotive which George Stephenson had built for him.

In 1829 came the great competitive trial of locomotive engines on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and for this George Stephenson, with great help from his son Robert, designed and built the "Rocket." In this engine the multitubular boiler was used, and the exhaust-pipe was narrowed at its mouth so as to increase the efficiency of the steam blast, and the cylinders were inclined instead of vertical. This locomotive not only fulfilled all the conditions of the trial but triumphantly beat all its competitors, and at once showed that the problem of steam locomotion on railways was solved.

Thus we see that the locomotive engine was not invented in the popular sense of the word by any one man, but was the result of a regular process of evolution, each man connected with its development adding some improvement, and to the Stephensons, father and son, can only be given the credit due to combining many known improvements in a very perfect way. But though George Stephenson had less to do with the actual invention of the locomotive engine than is popularly supposed, his real greatness is far beyond his modern reputation. As a mechanical engineer he had the quickness and readiness necessary to enable him to combine the isolated work of others into a practical scheme, which alone implies great grasp and power of mind. But further, at a time when steam locomotion was looked upon rather as a scientific curiosity, useful perhaps under certain circumstances, but useless if not harmful for general purposes, he had the foresight to see that a great new power had been given to the world which would soon change the habits and thoughts of all men. He had raised himself from the condition of a labourer to that of a skilled mechanical engineer without help, and purely by his own industry and cleverness; and now he became a reformer, almost a statesman, and it is this later development of his character which shows him to have been one of the world's great men. He fought prejudice even in Committees of the House of Commons, where he had to meet the opposition of men better educated than himself, and submit to the ordeal of cross-examination by the leaders of the Bar at a time when the license of cross-examination was far greater than it is now. But with mingled shrewdness and good temper he won his way, and did more for the establishment of our modern railway system than any man of his time. When ignorance and prejudice had been overcome he returned to professional work, and kept his place as the first railway engineer of his day in spite of all opposition. This he did by being one

of those able to lead and command. In his engine factories he had to make his workmen, and had but few machine tools to enable him to dispense with highly skilled labour; but yet he founded a business which has lasted to our time with a high reputation for excellence of work. Fortunately George Stephenson had a body strong enough to bear the wear and tear of his active brain. He tired out his assistants and subordinates by his enormous power of work, and, above all, by his complete indifference to sleep, two or three hours in a night sufficing to keep him in good health and in full possession of his mental activity.

And such a man as this runs the risk of having his reputation destroyed, because a certain class of writers have chosen to glorify him for things which he has not done and to ignore the things which he has done. For improved scientific and technical education has produced a necessity for better information, and the result is that writers of good technical and scientific knowledge have re-examined the old authorities, and have written books which, though perhaps not so "readable" as the old class of works, are of infinitely greater value, so that the truth is becoming known, and we fear that we may soon see that reaction of popular feeling set in to which we have referred before.

George Stephenson has another claim to honourable memory in his labours to lessen the dangers of coal-mining. Early in his career he devised a form of safety lamp, still known, we believe, amongst pitmen as the "Geordie"; and, not content with experimental trials, he actually took the lamp himself into dangerous parts of fiery mines, thus showing those qualities of courage and firm belief in his own powers which were the main instruments of his later triumphs. This invention formed the subject of one of those sad controversies which occur from time to time between rival inventors and their friends, between Stephenson and Sir Humphry Davy. In the end, priority of invention was conceded to Stephenson; but, in point of fact, the two lamps—the "Davy" and the "Geordie"—had such points of difference between them that each might well have stood upon its own merits.

STEAM-YACHT RACING.

AT the Nice International Regatta of March last a prize was given for steam-yachts, but though four very fine vessels—the *Amy*, the *Aline*, the *Fair Geraldine*, and the *Franziiska*—appeared to contend for it, the result of the race was not altogether satisfactory, as of the owners only one, to wit he who secured the prize, was satisfied—a state of things perhaps not altogether unprecedented in yacht races, but nevertheless much to be deplored. Lord Otho Fitzgerald, the owner of the *Fair Geraldine*, was the first to raise a wail. The *Franziiska* took the prize from him by time, and he complained in a letter to the *Field* that the time allowance was unfair, and, moreover, that the start was mismanaged. As, however, at the time of writing this letter he was apparently mistaken, both about the time he had to give the *Franziiska* and about the circumstances of the start, his protest failed, to say the least, to carry conviction, despite the fact of his having constructed for himself seventeen steamers, which he recorded with some pride. His letter had however one stirring result, as it evoked indignant remonstrances against the management of the race from the owners of the *Amy* and of the *Aline*. The first vessel, indeed, was singularly unfortunate. Her crew, it seems, had supplied themselves with tinned meat from the stores of one "Bobbly Joe," and, having eaten this bad substitute for the time-honoured salt junk on the morning of the race, were made extremely ill by it, so that the *Amy* had to give up the contest. Had she taken part in it, however, she would, in the opinion of her owner, have been at a great disadvantage, the time she had to allow the others being excessive. Those who settled it had not, in the opinion of this ill-used gentleman, taken into consideration the fact that the *Amy* had only auxiliary steam, while the others were full-powered steamers. The owner of the *Aline* was just as discontented as were those of the *Amy* and the *Fair Geraldine*. He considered that he had to allow more time than was fair to the last-named vessel and to the *Franziiska*. He also objected, as did the other two owners, to the smallness of the prize offered for steamers compared with that offered for sailing-vessels; and wound up by offering to race for 100 miles without any time allowance for horse power. This condition might not possibly be objected to; but it would be hard to find fault with the owner of the *Aline* for suggesting it, as he was clearly smarting under a sense of injustice; and, indeed, the principal result of the offer of a prize for steamers at Nice seems to have been to fill the minds of three estimable gentlemen with wrath and discontent.

We doubt not that by this time they are appeased, and that the sinning Nice Committee is forgiven, as the correspondence in which their woes were recorded took place long ago. We should not have referred to it now had it not been that it seems to have had some effect in awakening the idea of steam-yacht races, and that it shows very clearly an initial difficulty which will be found in settling the conditions of such matches. Some three or four weeks after the last of the complainant's letters appeared, Mr. Dixon Kemp, so well known as a writer on yachts and on the principles of designing, took up the subject of steam races in the *Field*, and he has since treated it again; while another writer in the same journal has begun an elementary description of the modern

marine steam-engine. We have frequently borne testimony in these columns to the excellence of Mr. Dixon Kemp's works and to his thorough acquaintance with the subjects to which he has devoted himself, and we much regret to differ from him; but, with regard to steam-yacht racing, we cannot but think him mistaken. He is strongly of opinion that such races are desirable, for he says in his second article that, with a fleet of four hundred steam-yachts, there is plenty of material for racing, and that the contests would prove not only interesting but highly instructive. Some instruction might no doubt be obtained, but the same instruction could be much better obtained without any contests at all. This we will presently endeavour to show, but it will be best first to consider the manner in which Mr. Dixon Kemp proposes to settle the conditions of these races. It has been seen that the owners of three of the four steam-yachts at Nice considered the time allowance most unfair, and it is obvious that fixing the allowance for steamers must be a much harder matter than fixing it for sailing-vessels, as both power and size have to be taken into consideration. Seeing what difficulty there has been about the simpler kind of time allowance, the arrangement of the more complex one would seem likely to prove troublesome in the extreme; but Mr. Dixon Kemp is quite ready with a method. He begins, of course, with measurement, and, considering the animated controversy which has been recently raging over his rule for measuring sailing-yachts, it certainly shows no small courage to propose a plan for measuring steamers with a view to competitive trials. This, however, Mr. Kemp does without hesitation. He does not, rightly enough, think either the Thames rule or the rule recently proposed applicable to steamers, but suggests displacement as the only proper measurement, and with this suggestion few who have any knowledge of the subject are likely to quarrel. Mr. Kemp's method of finding the displacement is, however, open to criticism. The length from stem to sternpost, the "mean breadth" and mean height of freeboard, are to be multiplied together, and then divided by 100. The quotient, together with "any closed in deck spaces or poop," is to be deducted from the gross register tonnage, and the remainder, multiplied by 1.0 and divided by 35, will, with an easily calculated addition for frames and thickness of planking, give the displacement in tons. No doubt this is a very good rough and ready method, but it is only a rough and ready method somewhat vaguely stated, and is subject to error. It would never be acquiesced in for competitive steaming, as every yacht-owner who failed to win prizes would set to work to show how badly it applied, and would have ample opportunities for criticism. It would be far better to take simply the gross register tonnage than an approximate displacement. The real displacement, accurately ascertained, would, no doubt, be the proper tonnage for competitive sailing, but there are sometimes peculiar difficulties in the way of verifying the displacement of a yacht. Mr. Dixon Kemp's method of determining the horse-power is also, as he candidly admits, approximate, and gives in some cases very erroneous results, so that it could never be accepted for fixing the conditions of contests. Indicated horse-power alone could be relied on.

In *limine*, therefore, are two difficulties which Mr. Kemp, despite his thorough knowledge of the subject, does not seem to have overcome. The main principle, however, which he lays down for settling time allowance certainly appears to be the right one. The test of merit, he says, ought to be "the largest displacement moved with the greatest speed by any given steam power." He will be a bold man who endeavours to dispute this *dictum* and he will also be a bold man who endeavours to arrange a system of time allowance to be understood of all, with this principle for a basis. Mr. Dixon Kemp proposes a plan which we have not now space to treat in detail, but which we hope to consider at length in a future article, as the mathematics are interesting. We may observe, however, that amongst other objections to his plan there is the important one that in too many cases sailing or rather steaming Committees and secretaries of clubs would be greatly puzzled to understand the reasoning on which it is based. The articles of Mr. Dixon Kemp's colleague "Helix" show that he considers very elementary instruction necessary for yachtsmen. The rule, however, in which Mr. Dixon Kemp's calculations result is simple enough. The difference between the theoretical, or, to speak more accurately, hypothetical speed of any two yachts over a given length constitutes the time allowance. This, no doubt, seems a good rule, but we venture to say that, if steam-yacht races became frequent, many would be the complaints of owners about the hypothetical speed assigned to their vessels. As just said, however, we have not now space to enter into the mathematical portion of the question. It is sufficient to say that in the system set forth by Mr. Dixon Kemp in his two articles there are sources of error that would lend, if that system were adopted, to wrangling almost as bad as that which has continued for so long over the Thames rule of measurement.

As has been shown, the race at Nice gave rise at once to indignant remonstrances about the time allowed to the winner and to the *Fair Geraldine*, and if a man of Mr. Dixon Kemp's exceptional knowledge is not able to devise a thoroughly satisfactory method of calculating what should be given and taken by steamers, it may fairly be assumed that this question of time allowance which is sure to give rise to such strong feeling is a very difficult one and not likely to be easily settled. Even, however, if it is settled, and if a system to which no legitimate objection can be taken is elaborated, it will still be most doubtful whether steam-yacht racing is a desirable addition to the national sports. Very possibly,

as Mr. Dixon Kemp says, some instruction will be obtained from the contests of steamers; but the same instruction can be obtained from ordinary trials, and is indeed obtained from them every day. A steamship Company does not want to race one of its vessels against another in order to ascertain merits and defects; and it is to be observed that ordinary trials, being made simply for the purpose of acquiring knowledge of the engines, speed, &c., will give results far more trustworthy than those of trials made in all the heat and excitement of contest. Then, surely, steam-yacht races will be the very duller races that can possibly be seen. In most cases the vessels will, within a short time after the start, be arranged in the precise order in which they will arrive, and often the race will be nothing but a gradual lengthening of the spaces between them. Any one who witnessed the latter part of the race between the *Vandua* and *Fornosa* in the Royal Thames match last year, which, however satisfactory to the men of the *Vandua*, was uninteresting and most wearisome to spectators, will be able, we should say, to form a very good idea of what a steam-yacht race will be like. Mr. Dixon Kemp himself admits that, as a picturesque spectacle, such a race will be less interesting than a contest between sailing vessels, and in another respect it will be very far inferior. There will be no opportunity for the display of the good seamanship endeared by the noblest associations to Englishmen. Moreover, steam races will, if they become common, present scarcely more interest than is offered by a sum in addition and subtraction. (Often it will be easy to foretell the result with all but absolute certainty. The speed of a steamship, in smooth water and with a light breeze in her favour or a light breeze against her, is commonly known with great exactness by those who have to do with her; and, if matches between steam yachts grow frequent, the owners of racing vessels will know very accurately the speed of their rivals. Steamships are not driven hither and thither as sailing vessels are, but steer direct courses, so that the precise distances they have to cover can be ascertained. Frequently, therefore, on the morning of a race, the owner of a yacht, by working a very short and easy sum, will be able to discover the intervals which will separate the vessels at the end of the contest; and then, by referring to time allowance, he will find out whether he is to be winner of a prize or not. What possible interest there can be in such races it is hard to see, and we trust that for once the advice of Mr. Dixon Kemp, often so valuable, will pass unheeded, and that we shall not be afflicted with what may prove to be merely ostentatious exhibitions of wealth.

TRADE PROSPECTS.

THE effects upon trade of the severe weather of the early part of the year are at length passing away, and evidences are accumulating that once more a decided improvement is setting in. The Board of Trade returns for May, which were issued on Wednesday, show a marked increase both in the imports and the exports. The exports for the month exhibit an increase of about 10½ per cent. over those for May of last year, and even for the first five months of the year there is an increase of over 1½ million sterling. In the imports the increase is about 7½ per cent. for the month, while for the five months there is a decrease of about 5 millions. From these figures it appears clear that what we have been witnessing since January is not an actual decrease, but only a check, due in large measure to the severity of the weather. To recur to the exports, it appears that even for the five months, while there were such great complaints of loss of business, there is an actual and very considerable increase in the value of the goods sent abroad. The truth appears to be that at the beginning of the year over sanguine expectations were entertained as regards the future. The revival had then lasted nearly a year and a half, and it was assuming such considerable proportions that it was hoped the present year would witness a still greater expansion of trade. When, instead, there was stationariness, or at best but a very slight increase, and when prices fell away, the disappointment was so great that what was only a temporary check was regarded as a serious decrease. In April, indeed, there was an actual diminution in the exports; but this was the only month of the five in which the volume of trade was smaller compared with 1880, a year of admittedly good business; and the marked increase which occurred in May shows that this was due chiefly to the Easter holidays and to bad weather. Another most encouraging feature of the returns is that the increase in the exports is very general. A larger value was sold to our foreign customers of cotton manufactures and cotton yarn, of linen manufactures and linen yarn, of jute manufactures, of silk and silk manufactures, of tin, lead, and copper, of hardware, haberdashery, chemicals, and apparel. The only two important articles which show a decrease as compared with May 1880 are woollen goods and iron. In woollen yarns and also in woollen manufactures there is a falling off; but certain kinds of woollen manufactures—as, for example, woollen cloths—show an increase. It is in blankets, flannels, and carpets that the falling off occurs. As regards iron, again, the decrease is entirely in the exports to the United States. Railway construction in the United States assumed such enormous proportions in the end of 1879 and the beginning of 1880, that the trade at home was unable to meet the demand, and consequently large purchases had to be made in Europe. The rise of prices, however, gave such a

stimulus to the native supply that the demand for European iron came to an end in the middle of last year. But, with the exception of the United States, the demand fully keeps up, and in many quarters is considerably increased. The falling off occurs in old and pig iron, in tin-plates, bars, angles, and hoops; whereas there is an increase in steel and in railroad iron, a very large one indeed in rails; and there is likewise an increase in wires, and in cast and wrought iron. There is, moreover, an increased export of telegraph wires, and of millwork and machinery. It is quite clear from this that our foreign customers generally are augmenting their purchases of iron from us, and that though the process is slow, it may be expected before very long to overtake the supply and cause a rise of prices. As regards the imports there is an increase in some of the raw materials of manufacture, and also in some of the articles of food. Amongst the former we find wool, silk, hemp, and copper imported in larger quantities, and also unrefined sugar. But woollen yarn, raw silk, flax hides, and raw cotton have fallen off. Tea, wheat, maize, and wheat-flour show increases; while wine, coffee, butter, cheese, and living animals show decreases.

The evidences of improved trade are not confined to the imports and the exports. There are unquestionable signs of a very large business being done at home also. For example, the railway traffic returns for the first three months of the present year show decreases in the earnings from goods traffic on eleven out of the thirteen weeks. In April, however, there was a change, and the increases began to outweigh the decreases. In May this change became more accentuated. In the two last weeks of that month, for instance, the increases in the receipts from goods amounted to 79,000*l.* and 65,000*l.* respectively, the result being that on seventeen selected railways of the United Kingdom the goods receipts show for the first five months of the year an increase of 42,000*l.* In these seventeen Companies are included some of the Scotch and Irish, which exaggerate the loss of traffic. If we were to confine our observations to English lines alone, the gain from goods traffic would be still more considerable. It is evident from this that the amount of trade being done this year is considerably larger than it was last year. Prices now, it is true, are lower than they were then, and profits consequently may not be quite as good. But, at the same time, the profits must be considerable. At any rate, there is a very large trade going on, and this trade is rapidly expanding. It was checked, as we have already said, and, as is shown very markedly by the railway traffic returns, in the first three months of the year; but during the last two months it has been again increasing, and is now assuming very large proportions, the returns for the present week in particular being exceptionally satisfactory. The returns of the London Bankers' Clearing House equally afford evidence of the increase of trade. During the month of May alone the amount cleared exceeded 500 millions, the increase being about 11 per cent. as compared with the corresponding month of last year. And three-fifths of this increase was from legitimate business, the increase on Stock Exchange settling days being only about two-fifths. In other words, not more than two-fifths of the increase, at the outside, can be set down to speculation, the remaining three-fifths being due to the growth of legitimate business. Upon the 4th of the month, when trade bills are cleared, the increase was about 5 per cent. Lastly, the revenue is also becoming more productive. It is too soon to attach much importance to this fact, and it is, besides, difficult to institute an accurate comparison, on account of the changes in taxation made by Mr. Gladstone. But, so far as the Revenue returns go for the month of May, they undoubtedly show an elasticity which for some time has been wanting. The evidence thus afforded by statistics is confirmed by the market reports and trade circulars. There is a much more encouraging tone about these than was observable when we last wrote upon the subject. Bankers, too, although they still complain of scarcity of bills, are agreed that trade is much better than it was in the spring. Altogether, in short, there is a more hopeful spirit than there was a little time ago. As regards the scarcity of bills, of which bankers complain, and which has been adduced as evidence of the slackness of trade, it is due in large measure, we are inclined to think, to the fact that trade is now conducted upon sounder principles than it was some time ago. Partly because prices are lower, and partly because the unhealthy credit that used to be allowed is not now extended, business is carried on on a ready-money basis much more largely than it formerly was. Besides, the extension of the telegraph to all parts of the world enables business to be conducted in a manner which was not possible formerly, and thus dispenses with the manufacture of bills to a very large extent.

Upon the whole, then, there cannot be any doubt that trade is improving, and is likely to improve. The great cheapness of money is as advantageous to trade as it is favourable to speculation. When money is so abundant, and can be had on such moderate terms, people are encouraged to go into enterprises which they would not embark upon if there was any difficulty in obtaining accommodation. The extreme lowness of wages is equally favourable, since it enables manufacturers and merchants to sell at moderate prices, and thus tempt custom, whilst low prices themselves are favourable both to the manufacturer and to the consumer. The great point now, however, is the coming harvest. If the weather continues favourable, and the crops are good, there is every reason to hope that trade will continue to improve and will expand rapidly in the autumn. If, on the other hand, we are to have another bad harvest, the consequences must be serious, and the improvement of trade, if not stopped, must be seriously checked.

The one unfavourable circumstance at present is the poverty of the agricultural classes. Landlords and tenants alike are unable to spend as they used to do, and the small towns throughout the country suffer, therefore, not only from the loss of the custom of their agricultural neighbours, but also from the difficulty these have in paying their debts. A good harvest would put both landlords and tenants in funds, and, what is quite as important, it would give them new hope and new courage. They would feel that the doom of British agriculture had not yet come; that it was worth while to go on struggling against foreign competition; and that, if they were only blessed with a few good years, they would be still able to hold their own, and, perhaps, be as well off as ever they were.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

v.

SUBSEQUENT visits to the exhibition of the Royal Academy do but confirm the impression of disappointment—one may say even of amazement—first aroused by the “tricks and manners” of the Hanging Committee. It is bad enough in ordinary years to have work of the kind that Mr. Frith delights in staring one perforce in the face. This year, not only is this evil intensified to a terrible degree, but, as we have before had occasion to remark, the juxtaposition of the majority of the pictures has the air of being arranged with a view to injuring their effect. Again, it might be said by way of not unpardonable exaggeration, that, while all the least satisfactory pictures of this year may readily be appreciated by a dwarf, many of the most artistic works can only be seen either by a giant or by a person armed with “one of those long sliding opera-glasses that they call tallow-scoops.”

In Gallery No. II. re-examination of Signor Gaetano Obericci's “A Frightful State of Things” (71), while it cannot but increase admiration for the perfect humour and originality of the picture, as well as for the care and skill bestowed upon the details, yet reveals one or two trifling shortcomings. For instance, the baby is smaller than the goose, and the fire seems to be in the same plane with the table. In Mr. Long's large picture “Diana or Ohrist” (97) “the scene is the stadium of Ephesus, with Roman rulers sitting in judgment.” In the foreground a little to the right a maiden is being besought by her lover, who stands immediately behind her, clasping and seeking to guide her hand, to throw upon the altar of Diana the one grain of incense which will set her free. If Mr. Long has failed in rising to the full height of the occasion he has set himself to portray, it is in the face of the maiden herself rather than in the faces of the bystanders. These, indeed, are full of finely imagined character and expression. Most of them wear, according to their different temperaments, an aspect conveying some sort of pity for the fate to which the determined and beautiful girl seems doomed. The grim figure of the negro who stands on the spectator's right with his silver ornaments showing against his black skin alone seems unmoved. The work has many high qualities of technique and composition, but perhaps the crowd in the middle distance is a little awkwardly massed. As a complete model in this room of what a portrait should not be, we may point to No. 108, by Mr. Horsley. Returning to Mr. S. E. Waller's capital and spirited “Success” (81), we become impressed with a notion that the carriage which is waiting to carry off the unhappy victor is of gigantic proportions. We have to notice for the first time Mr. J. S. Noble's splendid portrait of a dog, called “In the Lap of Luxury” (77). We may also call attention to Mr. W. J. Hennessy's bright and pleasant Normandy scene (123), to M. Graef's fine portrait of Mrs. Alfred Cock (133), and to three very clever little bits of landscape by Mr. Baker (134-136). It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the merits of Mr. Pettie's “Her Grace” (112), a study in white drapery, which recalls the achievements of the Dutch school.

In Gallery No. III. Mr. Cecil Lawson's really beautiful landscape, “Barden Moore, Yorkshire” (167), the least good part of which is the clouds, is to a certain extent injured in effect by being hung directly over a work by Mr. Ansdell, which is a mass of white mules and goats. It is not easy to imagine why Mr. Poynter should have thought it worth while to paint the picture numbered 198. To hang it was an obvious mistake, and to call it “Helen” was an outrageous absurdity. This, however, may pass unnoticed by many spectators, if one may judge from the authentic story of the visitor who was heard lamenting that a portrait should be indicated only by a Christian name. In No. 208, “Il dolce far niente,” Mr. Yeames has produced a shameless “crib” from Mr. Alma-Tadema, which, however, is singularly ill drawn and ill painted. Mr. H. M. Page shows a good study of flowers and a peacock under the title “Rival Beauties” (212). At Mr. Alma-Tadema's exquisite “Sappho” (269) one could never tire of looking. Mr. Hook's “Diamond Merchants, Cornwall” (258), is an unpleasing work, in which the water wants transparency, and the colour is far from attractive. Mr. John Collier's fine picture “The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson” (260) is a work that grows upon one. “Henry Hudson,” the catalogue says, “the great navigator, made his last voyage to the Polar Seas in 1610. In the summer of 1611 his crew mutinied, and set him adrift in an open boat, with his son, John Hudson, and some of the most inferior of the sailors. They were never heard of more.” Mr. Collier shows us in illustration of this the stern half of an open boat, the helm of

which is grasped by Hudson. Resting against his knees is the drooping and half-fainting figure of his son, while in the foreground there lies leaning against the starboard side of the boat one of the infirm sailors above referred to. The background is occupied by part of an iceberg, a stretch of grey water, and a rocky and ice-bound shore. On the spectator's left a floe of drift ice seems to threaten the doomed boat. All these details are worked out with much skill, thought, and mastery; but the dramatic interest centres naturally in the face and figure of Hudson himself, in the treatment of which the painter has in a marked degree combined strength with refinement. The mixture of courage and despair in the face of the old man is very striking. It might be possible to cavil at the air of too great freshness which seems to belong to the very well painted drapery; but it would be absurd to dwell upon such a fault, if fault it is, in a work which is powerful in itself, and which shows a great advance in the painter's command of his art.

From certain qualities found in his portrait of Mr. Matthew Arnold (156), it would seem that Mr. Watts is becoming an impressionist or an independent. Anything like close examination of this work reveals the surprising fact that, if Mr. Watts is right, his sitter's hair is of a deep, striking green colour, which is especially noticeable at the back of the neck, where at one spot green pigment has been laid on with a munificent thickness. It is less astonishing to find blue whites to the eyes, for that what we call the whites of people's eyes are really of a distinct and ethereal blue is clearly, to judge from other pictures, an established belief with Mr. Watts. In the same way a blue shirtcollar may go for comparatively little; but it is rather too bad to find the flesh tints laid on apparently with a palette knife, the result of which method is naturally an almost complete loss of form. Mr. Watts's creed as to green hair seems to be shared by Mr. Walter Horsley, who, in "In Time of Need" (30), in the first gallery, a work by no means without merit, has given distinctly green beards to the men. Mr. Dicksee's "The Symbol" (175), with the motto "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" has, as we have on a former occasion observed, considerable beauty of colouring; but the choice of the subject is perhaps hardly fortunate with regard to the importance aimed at by the work. The more incident of a mediæval Italian beggar holding up a crucifix to a procession of laughing young men and maidens, who troop gaily by him, is hardly enough to support a picture of the pretensions of Mr. Dicksee's, however clever the execution of the work may be. It is, of course, possible that the painter has intended to charge the picture with a deeper significance than we have been able to detect in it.

In the fourth gallery we have Mr. Andrew Gow's "Montrose at Killyth" (311), showing the moment when Montrose "threw off his doublet saying, 'The cowardly rascals durst not face us till they are cased in iron; to show our contempt of them, let us fight them in our shirts'; so by that resolution to strike terror into the enemy, and to let them know they were resolved either to conquer or die." The picture is full of life and animation, and will add to the high repute in which Mr. Gow has been for some time past held. Mr. O. Green's "A Choico Vintage" (327) is a small genre picture possessing a great deal of humour. It would be difficult to praise too highly Mr. Henry Wood's "The Gondolier's Courtship" (334), a picture which grows upon one by repeated inspection. In the fifth gallery we have already expressed our admiration of Mr. Boughton's charming picture of "A Dead City of the Zuyder Zee; the Town of Hoorn, North Holland" (374). In Mr. P. R. Morris's "The Queen's Shilling" (408), the villagers have a disappointingly theatrical air. Next to this hangs a true and careful portrait of Sir Philip Protheroe Smith (409), by Mr. Sydney Hodges; and we may at the same time mention a clever portrait by Mr. C. W. Mitchell of "C. Mitchell, Esq." (423).

The sixth gallery is chiefly remarkable for containing Mr. Brett's splendid work "Golden Prospects" (145). In this Mr. Brett shows us once again the combined charm of atmosphere, space, and sunlight which distinguished his well-known picture of the Channel Islands a few years ago. Miss Clara Montalba's "St. Mark's, Venice; the Piazza Inundated" (453) is perhaps more striking and effective than true to nature. There is a decided charm about Mr. Prinsep's "The Palace on the Lake" (452); and Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "After Rain" (459) is a fine Thames study, unhappily disfigured by impossible clouds. Of some important works in the seventh room we have already spoken; but it is a pleasure to recur to such a picture as Mr. Van Haanen's "Washerwomen, Venice" (589), which is one of the best drawn and best painted pictures that have been seen for a long time.

THE OAKS.

IN former years the day of the Oaks used to be considered the pleasantest of the Epsom week, and much was said and written about its comparative quiet and peacefulness. It is still true that the crowds are far smaller on the Oaks than on the Derby Day; but even on the Oaks day there are swarms of ruffians about the Grand Stand that make an attendance at what has been termed the ladies' race anything but an occasion of repose and tranquillity. The ground on the course itself, and on either side of it, is naturally more covered with orange-peel, corks, straw, and pieces of paper on the last day of the Epsom meeting

than on any other; and even the breezes on the Downs do not seem to dispel the general atmosphere of over-heated humanity, dust, ham sandwiches, and bad tobacco which has made Epsom racecourse horrible for four successive days.

All lovers of racing ought to regret that Lord Falmouth's filly Bal Gal became a rover. She was certainly the best two-year-old last year, and, if she had remained sound, both the Derby and the Oaks would probably have been at her mercy. After possessing such mares as Jaunette and Wheel of Fortune, which won the Oaks in 1878 and 1879, her owner can hardly complain, and Bal Gal herself is not much in his debt, as she won more than 10,000*l.* last year in stakes alone; yet, in looking back on the Oaks of 1881, one cannot but regret that the best filly should have been prevented by infirmity from winning it. It is, however, useless to lament over the inevitable; and, as Bal Gal was proved incapable of winning the Oaks, it became necessary to choose another favourite. There was not much difficulty in doing this. Mr. Crawford's Thebais, a chestnut filly by Hermit out of Devotion, had won ten races out of twelve last year, and her winnings as a two-year-old had exceeded 5,000*l.* She had begun by running a miserable third to Scobell, in a race at Stockbridge last June. Her next performance had been to run nowhere to Bal Gal in the July Stakes at Newmarket. Then she began her winning career in the Ham Stakes at Goodwood; after which she never lost a race during the remainder of the season. Nevertheless, her performances were scarcely so brilliant as might at first sight appear. Three of her ten victories had been walks over, and in three more she had only been opposed by one other horse. In the Ham Stakes the best horse she had beaten had been Amber Witch. In the Triennial Stakes, at Newmarket, she had beaten thirteen opponents, of which Lennoxlove was second and Kulleborn was third. Lennoxlove had won the Great Yorkshire Foal Stakes in the spring, but he was afterwards beaten very often. In her last race Thebais beat Lennoxlove again. Her only other two-year-old race was the Criterion, and this was really an important affair. She was giving from 1 lb. to 5 lbs. to each of her eight adversaries. She won the race over the severe course with great ease by a length and a half, Savoyard being second and Sir Marmaduke third. This was a good performance, but still it could hardly be said that she had ever beaten any two-year-olds of the first class. This spring she was made first favourite for the One Thousand, and she won the race very cleverly by a neck; but she had to gallop to beat Thora, who had a little the best of it as they came out of the dip. Bal Gal, Angelina, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, Wandering Nun, Lucy Glitters, and other fillies which had shown form last year, were among the defeated. Lucy Glitters had been third in the Middle Park Plate, the Dewhurst Plate, and the Tattersall Sale Stakes at Doncaster. She had also been second in the North of England Biennial at York. In the Dewhurst Plate she had run within a length of Bal Gal. Thora had won the Troy Stakes and the Exeter Stakes, and, like Wandering Nun, she had been one of the five two-year-olds that had come in almost abreast for the Ashley Stakes at Lewes. She had run this season in the City and Suburban Stakes, but she was not placed for that race. In our notice of the Derby, we observed that she had been beaten with extraordinary ease by Geologist in the Criterion Nursery; the miserable running of Geologist in the Derby, therefore, seemed to show that Thora must be far below the first class of racehorses. Among the unplaced fillies in the One Thousand was Lord Rosebery's Myra, a chestnut filly by Doncaster out of Czarina. Although she ran badly, it was thought that she would improve considerably by the Oaks Day. Last year she was often beaten, but she won the Rous Plate at Doncaster and the Second Nursery Stakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting. Another filly that won a couple of races last year, and was beaten in the One Thousand, was Metcorm, by Thunderbolt.

A dozen fillies went to the post, and they were soon off. A mare belonging to the same owner as Thebais made the running early in the race. At the mile-post Caper Sauce, the third favourite, took the lead. Half way down the hill Thebais, who had been in a good position throughout the race, drew near the leaders. When they came into the straight Caper Sauce was beaten, and her stable companion, Lucy Glitters, took the lead from her. As they passed the road Lucy Glitters was quite two lengths in front of Thebais, but presently her jockey was hard at work with his whip, and she was evidently tiring. Fordham then brought Thebais forward without any trouble, and, passing Lucy Glitters, won the race by three lengths in a canter. Myra was a very bad third. Whatever may be said against the appearance of the winner of the Derby, there can be little doubt that Thebais is almost, if not quite, as good-looking as any filly that ever won the Oaks. She is rather inbred, as her sire, Hermit, is by Newminster, who was by Touchstone, while her dam was out of Alceatis, who was by Touchstone. Yet, if she must needs be inbred, she could scarcely be inbred to a better horse than Touchstone; and, after all, inbreeding often answers well with racehorses.

There was some other racing at Epsom which deserves comment. Only five two-year-olds came out for the Woodcote Stakes. This was a terrible falling-off from the fields for this race in former years. Indeed nineteen years have passed since so few horses went to the post for it. The first favourite won by a neck only. He is a bay colt called Dunmore, by Scottish Chief out of Czarina by King Tom. He won the Mostyn Stakes at the late Chester meeting. Purple and Scarlet, who was second, had also won a race previously. The Epsom Stakes was won by Petronel, the

winner of the Two Thousand Guineas of 1880. The Thursday, which used to be an off day, was enlivened last week by an important new race called the Epsom Grand Prize. This stake consists of 1,000 sovereigns for the winner, and 200 for the breeder of the winner, added to a sweepstakes of 25 sovereigns each, for three-year-olds, the distance being a mile and a quarter. On this occasion the race was worth 4,562l. There are certain penalties and allowances. Ishmael and Lord Bradford's colt by Wenlock out of Zephyr, were the first and second favourites. They had each 8 st. 3 lbs. to carry. The third favourite was Scobell, who had run in the Derby on the previous day. This horse was giving each of the two leading favourites a stone. The Zephyr colt made the running, but, as they came to the bottom of the hill, he lost his position. Voluptuary gained the lead as they crossed the road. It may be remembered that this horse led for a few moments in the Derby at much the same part of the race. When they were fairly in the straight Scobell came up, and as they passed the distance he shot forward. Ishmael and Count de Lagrange's Leon made a great rush as they drew near to the winning-post; but Scobell gallantly responded to their challenge, and, holding his own, won, after a good race, by half a length. Ishmael was three-quarters of a length in advance of Leon. This performance of Scobell's, considering his hard race in the Derby of the previous day and his extra weight of 14 lbs., seemed to show that the leading horses in the Derby must, after all, be of a better class than was at first supposed. We must now notice a race which far exceeded the Oaks in interest, and, we might also add, the Derby also. This was the Epsom Gold Cup, which followed the Oaks on Friday afternoon. Only two horses were saddled for this race, but these were Robert the Devil and Bend Or. It is needless that we should recapitulate the famous contests between these two great champions of the racing season of 1880. It will be sufficient to remember that Bend Or beat Robert the Devil by a head for the Derby, and that in each of their three subsequent battles—including the St. Leger—Robert the Devil was victorious. The pair were now to meet for the first time as four-year-olds, at even weights, over the course on which Bend Or had been the winner. Robert the Devil was a decided favourite at 6 to 4, and this state of the betting seemed reasonable enough. There was immense excitement as the two horses came out to take their preliminary canter, and it was generally considered that Bend Or seemed to move better over the hard ground. When they left the starting-post, Bend Or was off a little quicker than the other horse, but Archer kept him back, and Robert the Devil got away three lengths in advance. At the top of the hill Bend Or drew nearer to his opponent, but Cannon sent Robert the Devil on faster, and again led by about three lengths. Coming down the hill Bend Or drew nearer again, and as they came round Tattenham Corner there was only about a length between them. When they entered the straight it became a closer race, but Robert the Devil was still leading. Very near home the favourite still held his advantage, but Cannon had to ride him resolutely, and Bend Or soon closed up with him. Opposite the reserved enclosure Cannon had to raise his whip, and then Archer roused Bend Or, who darted forward very gamely, got on even terms with Robert the Devil, and on the post had his neck in front of his adversary's nose. It is generally believed that Bend Or could have won by a greater distance; but, be that as it may, it was a beautiful race. Upon the whole, the late Epsom meeting was a decided success, and the weather was, if possible, even too fine.

REVIEWS.

ANCIENT BRONZE.*

MR. EVANS'S new work on the bronze implements of our country is marked by the research, carefulness, and moderation of tone to which his other writings have accustomed us. Nothing can be better than the methods and the copious illustrations of his new volume. It is much easier, and more profitable, to give a summary of the results of Mr. Evans's inquiries than to attempt to criticize a work so accomplished. One or two critical remarks, however, we may venture to make on passages where Mr. Evans's studies border on literature or on ethnology. Thus (p. 6) Mr. Evans mentions M. Mariette's opinion that "the early Egyptians never really made use of iron, and he seems to think that from some mythological cause that metal was regarded as the bones of Typho, and was the object of a certain aversion." Now Mr. Evans (p. 8) remarks that in his opinion iron was only called the "bones of Typho in contrast to the bone of Horus"—that is, the loadstone—"and it seems difficult to admit any great antiquity for the appellation." This is where we differ from Mr. Evans, and, as the topic is comparatively new, we proceed to give our reasons for thinking "bone of Horus" and "bone of Typho" very old appellations for the metals. If we examine the cosmogonies of savage or of civilized races, we find that the earth, as a rule, is thought to have grown out of some original matter, perhaps an animal, perhaps an egg which floated on the water, perhaps a

handful of mud. But these conceptions do not exclude the idea that many of the things in the world—minerals, plants, and what not—are fragments of the frame of a semi-supernatural being, belonging to a race which preceded the advent of ordinary men. Such beings were the giant Ymer in Scandinavian mythology.

From Ymer's body
Earth was created;
From his blood the sea,
Plants from his hair;

and so forth. Another example is the giantess Omoroca, of Chaldean cosmogony, whom Bel cut in twain, and whose body he fashioned into heaven and earth. In Mangaia, tufa stones are "the bones of Ru," a supernatural early being. Among the Greeks, pomegranates and other fruits were the blood of the dismembered God, Dionysus Zagreus. And, in the opinion of the Red Indians, flints are the scattered bones of a primitive Titanic being, named Chokanipok, who was dismembered by Manabosho. Typho and Horus are conceptions like Ymer, Ru, Chokanipok, Omoroca, Dionysus Zagreus, and the rest. As this sort of myth among civilized races is manifestly an inheritance from savagery, it seems to follow that the name "bone of Typho" for iron is really very ancient and derived from a very early stage of thought. As to iron among the undivided Aryans, Mr. Evans observes that in 1864 Mr. Max Müller thought that it was probably unknown. But in his *Selected Essays* (i. 348) Mr. Müller says "there can be no doubt that iron was known and its value appreciated." In a note, however, he expresses a doubt as to whether we can say more than that the Aryans had a metal which was neither gold nor silver. The question is interesting, because it appears from Mr. Evans's book that, if the ancestors of the early Celts knew the use of iron, their descendants lost the knowledge on the way to Britain.

Mr. Evans's general views as to the date of what is called the Bronze Age in Britain may be briefly stated before we go on to examine the process by which the various weapons were evolved. He thinks, "with all reserve," that the age in which bronze had, for most purposes, superseded stone, and had not yet given way to iron, lasted for eight hundred or for a thousand years. Iron probably came into use in the southern parts of Britain not later than the fourth or fifth century B.C., and by the second or third century B.C. the employment of bronze for cutting instruments had practically ceased. Thus the Bronze Period in Britain may have begun about 1400 B.C. The probability is that bronze was introduced by a hostile conquering people, bigger and larger of bone than the stone-using people whose remains are found with flint knives, arrow-heads, and axes in the barrows. But this invasion must have been even earlier than 1400 B.C., if we hold with Sir John Lubbock that the Phœnicians dealt with British miners between 1500 B.C. and 1200 B.C. For it is excessively unlikely that the Phœnicians discovered our tin mines; and if the natives of our islands were the discoverers, the odds are that they used the tin for mixing with the copper of the same regions in the manufacture of bronze.

Without pausing over Mr. Evans's confutation of Mr. Gladstone's theory of iron in heroic Greece (and for our own part we believe that it was still more common than Mr. Evans supposes), we go on to examine the probable evolution of various forms of "celts," or bronze tomahawks. In the evolution of objects of human manufacture it is the rule that when a new material for an old article is introduced, the shape of the article continues much what it used to be, while its less necessary parts generally degenerate into mere ornament. The ornaments of Lycian stone tombs, for example, are the survivals of necessary parts of the wooden structures which were common before stone was applied to the purpose. In very much the same way the characteristics of the celt, or bronze axe, were probably evolved. The old stone axe had been a thin, flat blade, probably stuck into the cleft of a stick, and fastened there with string or the sinews of animals. When bronze began to be used, the bronze tomahawk heads imitated the shape of the old flat stone heads. Mr. Evans gives a figure of a very old flat bronze or copper celt from Cyprus. Another comes from Butterwick, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The handle of this tomahawk "could be plainly traced by means of a dark line of decayed wood." When these flat celts are ornamented, it is by means of rather savage patterns, like those on Australian shields, indented with punches. The next stage in the evolution of the tomahawk head is where the sides have been hammered in, so as to make "flanges," which curve over the narrower part of the blade. The flat blades, we presume, were hafted like the old stone blades, by being driven into a cleft stick. But the curved flanges gradually became a kind of socket, which would hold the handle of a haft shaped like a common walking-stick or umbrella-handle. If one wanted to haft a flanged celt, one would split the crook of a walking-stick, push the celt between, so that the flanges overlapped the wood on each side, and then bind all round with cords or sinews of animals. A "stop-ridge" of metal, half way down, prevented the tomahawk head from being driven too far into the stick-handle. The next step was to hammer the flanges down till they almost met each other, thus making two rude sockets for the stick. The next improvement was to make a regular sunk socket, like that in the head of a modern arrow, and into this socket the handle of the walking-stick was thrust. Yet the flanges did not disappear, though they had become useless. They remained in the shape of ornament, as in figure 110 (p. 109). The little loop at the side

* *The Ancient Bronze Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain and Ireland.* By John Evans, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

of the socket was probably intended to hold the string which was used in fastening the tomahawk head to its stick. Ornaments in relief now came in, and superseded the old punched chevron patterns. Mr. Evans remarks:—

As an illustration of the view that similar wants, with similar means at command with which to supply them, lead to the production of similar forms of tools and weapons in countries widely remote from each other, I may mention a socketed celt (10½ inches) found in an ancient grave near Coplago, Chilli. In general form it is almost identical with some of the Italian bronze celts, but it is of copper, and not bronze, and it is not cast, but wrought with the hammer. The socket has, therefore, been formed in the same manner as those of the early iron celts from Hallstatt, with which it closely corresponds in outline. The surface, however, has been ornamented by engraving, and among the patterns we find bands of chevrons, alternately plain and hatched, closely allied to the common ornament of the European Bronze Age. What is, perhaps, more striking still, is that the Greek fret also occurs as an ornament on the faces.

Man, in short, does pretty much the same things, uses the same patterns, tells the same myths, and practises the same queer customs all over the world in his savage and barbarous periods.

Our own axes, as every one knows, are hafted on a very different principle from the old tomahawks, that needed what the Scotch call "a nibby stick." Perhaps the first step to a socket driven through at right angles to the blade is to be found in a very queer celt in Mr. Evans's collection, which was found at Raron, in the Valais. It is, in form, like the crooked bone handle of an umbrella removed from the stick, with its silver socket attached.

The reason why it should have been cast in this manner is probably to be found in the fact that boughs of trees, with a smaller branch at right angles to them, are not easily met with, though such boughs are best adapted for conversion into the helve of this kind of hatchet. Some ingenious bronze founder of old times conceived the idea of producing a hatchet which did not require a crooked helve, but for hafting which any ordinary straight stick would serve, and we have here his new form of axe-head.

If he had driven his socket through, and shortened his blade, he would have produced something like the modern axe. Metal was perhaps too expensive for this system of axe-making to become fashionable. Among other reasons which prevented the introduction of the modern axe-head, Mr. Evans gives these:—

When first bronze came into use it must have been extremely scarce and valuable; and to cast an axe-head in bronze, like one of the perforated axe-hammers of stone, would have required not only a considerably greater amount of the then precious metal than was required for a flat hatchet-head, but would also have involved a far higher skill in the art of casting. Moreover, the flat form of these simple blades rendered them well adapted for being readily drawn out to a sharp cutting edge, and when once they had come into general use they would not have been readily superseded by those of another form, hafted in a different method, even were that method more simple. If the bronze celts were mainly in use for peaceful industries, while the warlike battle-axes were made of stone, the progressive modifications in the shape of the former would be less likely to be affected by the characteristics of the latter. It must also be remembered that in France, which then as now set the fashion to Britain, perforated axe-heads of stone were very seldom used, and those of bronze were in the north of the country unknown.

But we cannot hold with Mr. Evans (p. 161) that the feat of shooting an arrow "through the iron" of several axes set up in a row proves the modern perforated socket to have existed in Homeric Greece. This is the view which Mr. Merry took in his *Odyssey* (the smaller edition, vol. ii.). It is hard to see how a standing or a seated archer could shoot so low as this theory requires. Goebel, on the other hand, thinks Odysseus shot through the sort of ring formed by the meeting of the two blades of the double-headed axe. But we are aware of no such axes in early Greek remains, those from Mycenæ being hammer-headed. In a metope at Selinus, one of the figures uses an axe, somewhat of the Lochaber pattern, through a wide opening in the head of which it would be easy to shoot (Benndorf's *Metopen von Selinus*, pl. 7). And on the whole we think that an axe somewhat of this shape must have been in the mind of Homer when he described the feat of Odysseus.

Though we have been tempted to linger over the axe-heads, Mr. Evans's remarks on and designs of bronze daggers, razors (very queer pieces), torques, ear-rings, and swords are not less interesting than his chapters on celts. His Irish bronze fish-hook (p. 192), although he does not remark on the coincidence, is of the "Limerick bend," still used in Ireland. We do hope that no jeweller will imitate the taste of the Bronze Age in coal-scuttle ear-rings (p. 392), which are exquisitely ugly. Torques and bracelets in better taste, for example the bracelet in figure 485, have already been imitated in gold.

THE METROPOLITAN AREA.*

IN the reign of Henry VIII. an Act of Parliament made Westminster a City. In the reign of Queen Victoria an Act of Parliament has made the said City and certain other districts surrounding London into the "Metropolitan Area." We have, therefore, the highest possible authority for calling by an epithet which is very like the one appropriate to "Metropolitica" Canterbury the ring of suburbs which is without the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor. The anomalies of London nomenclature cannot be better illustrated than by this example. Indeed, at a recent banquet given by the Chairman of the "Metro-

politan" governing body, the word "metropolis" was more than once used by the speechmakers in contradistinction to the word "London." A loose and incorrect use of names and epithets will perhaps last as long as men themselves; but the confusion here indicated is such that no plain statement of the facts will quite unravel it. The City, or "shire" of London, on the confines of the shires of Middlesex and Essex, is situated about sixty miles from the metropolis, which is a city in Kent. It is not necessary, except in children's books of geography, to assign a "capital" to every county; but perhaps we may say that Brentford is the capital of Middlesex because the elections come off there, Colchester of Essex, and Maidstone of Kent on account of the assizes. This is not strictly correct, as it is not possible in England to use the word capital as the Americans use it when they appoint a certain town, city, or village, not necessarily the largest, to be capital of a State. We have no such capitals; and some may consider Olerkenwell rather than Brentford the capital of Middlesex, and Canterbury rather than Maidstone of Kent. But about the metropolis there can be and is no such difficulty; and few people can hesitate about calling London the capital of England and Canterbury its metropolis. Yet it would be more correct to say that Westminster is the capital of England; and as to the word metropolis, we have Parliamentary authority for applying it to the suburbs of London and certain villages and districts in Middlesex and the adjoining counties. At Westminster are the Houses of Parliament, the law courts, and the royal palaces, for Kensington, Buckingham, St. James's, Whitehall, are all within the precincts of St. Margaret's. The new Law Courts will equally be in Westminster, though portions of the east wing are within the city boundaries.

The use of the word "metropolis" as applied to London is of some antiquity. In De Laune's *Present State of London*, published after the Great Fire, though the author himself does not use the term, an admirer who sends him an "Acrostick" does not hesitate to turn a rhyme with it; but the character of his authority may be judged by the opening triplet of the poem:—

This is the City which the Papal Crew
Have by their Damn'd Devices overthrow,
Erected on her old Foundations, New.

When the Board of Works was formed in 1855, under Sir Benjamin Hall's Act, the word was boldly assumed; and the Board is appointed "for the purpose of diverting the sewage of the metropolis." Thenceforth this, so to speak, diverting use of the word has been usual; and the Board now deals with the whole Hundred of Ossulston, the Hundred of Isleworth, certain districts on the southern side of the Thames in the counties of Kent and Surrey, and part of Essex. This constitutes the "Metropolitan Area"; but London, which probably the framers of the Act contemplated under the name of the metropolis, is itself manifestly excepted.

The immense size of this area is denoted by some of the figures mentioned in the annual Report of the Board. The rateable value is twenty-four millions and a half sterling; the money spent during a year is two and a half millions. Haedeker's *Handbook*, of which a new edition, the third, is before us, enumerates, besides the nine Parliamentary boroughs, each sending two members to the House of Commons, no fewer than sixty distinct "villages" which have in course of time become constituent parts of London. The area is occupied by several thousand streets, "which, if laid end to end, would form a line 2,600 miles long." There are more than half a million different buildings and eleven hundred churches. Within the police district the population is fully four millions. "There are in London more Scotchmen than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, more Jews than in Palestine, and more Roman Catholics than in Rome." Compared with the Metropolitan Area, even New York and Paris, the two cities of the world which come nearest to it, are so far behind that both put together would only equal it. The six towns of Great Britain which come nearest to it are Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester with Salford, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield; but the population of all put together does not equal that of the Metropolitan Area, even if the City of London be taken out. In his speech at the recent dinner given by Sir James Hogg, the Duke of Connaught mentioned that since it came into being the Board has made 65 miles of main sewers, besides making or renewing 165 miles of smaller drains. The immense cost of works in the Area, the gigantic scale on which everything has to be done, may be gathered from some of the figures given in the annual Reports. The Embankments cost three millions of money. The Fire Brigade numbers more than five hundred men; and there were more than one thousand eight hundred fires last year. About quarter of a million has been paid for freeing bridges in the same time; and nearly 40,000*l.* for property through which new streets are to pass. No fewer than one hundred Acts of Parliament referring to the work of the Board have been passed in the twenty-six years of its existence. The main drainage system cost four and a half millions, and Haedeker's *Guide* thus sums up a few of the statistics:—"There are annually consumed about 2,000,000 quarters of wheat, 400,000 oxen, 1,500,000 sheep, 130,000 calves, 250,000 swine, 8 million head of poultry and game, 400 million pounds of fish, 500 million oysters, 1,200,000 lobsters, and 3,000,000 salmon. The butcher's meat alone is valued at 50,000,000*l.*"

The most extraordinary thing about this enormous and practically anonymous "Area" is the looseness of its governing system. It has no governing system, in fact. Every parochial vestry does what seems right to itself. The Board of Works is not a govern-

* Haedeker's *London and its Environs*. Third Edition, revised. London: Dulau. 1881.

ing body, and has really been called into existence by a kind of accident. The neighbouring City of London is admirably organized, and might be an example in this respect to the Area. If its night population goes on decreasing at the present rate there will some day be more common councillors, aldermen, and sheriffs than sleepers. The City sleeping population, which eighty years ago was more than one hundred and fifty thousand, has dwindled to one-third of that number. On the other hand, the suburbs, if the recent census returns are correctly reported, have increased in population by more than half a million of souls—not in eighty years, but in ten. The question is constantly cropping up in Parliament and out of Parliament, Are we to let this immense population govern itself as heretofore, in the old hole-and-corner or parochial way, or is it to be organized, superintended by a governing body, and, in a sense, consolidated? If this question is answered in the affirmative, then comes the further question as to the kind of government—Is it to be a Corporation or a Board? Is it to be a kind of magnified vestry, a vestry of vestries, or is the old City organisation to be extended so as to take in the suburbs? This was the old course of action. When Fleet Street was built the City formed the new ward still called Farringdon Without. This is only one of several examples. The Abbot of Westminster stopped the way westward. His rights, which formerly extended to the wall, were infringed. The Abbot's successors, the Dean and Chapter, still present to St. Bride's, which at some remote period must have been a chapel, or, as we should say, a district church, in the vast parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster. A writer in a new magazine, *Our Times*, has stated the question very carefully in two successive chapters. The writer is one of those people who regard civic hospitality with something like indignation, and may be supposed to think that the army of cooks, waiters, purveyors, and wine merchants who are benefited by a banquet in the Mansion House should not be allowed to live. Political economists generally run away with some part or other of their subject, but on the whole the writer states his views with moderation. He has, however, no mercy on the Corporation, and would even deny them the merit of having purchased and preserved Epping Forest and Burnham Beeches. The spirit which animated the City was not, he asserts, love for "the people of the metropolis, but antagonism to the Metropolitan Board." To prove this he tells the story of the grain dues. The City claimed a right to certain metage duty on grain coming into the Port of London. This was resisted by a well-known brewing firm. "At a point in the litigation, the charter granting this tax was ordered to be produced." The City, however, "preferred not to produce its charter." So says the writer; and he goes on to tell us, somewhat obscurely, that "the suit died out." Now, if he had turned to Norton, or any other writer on the subject of London law, he would have found that the metage of grain was a very ancient and unquestionable right of the City. His subsequent remarks, in which he describes the Corporation as introducing a Bill to revive this right, and proposing to devote the proceeds to the purchase of the open spaces alluded to, though verbally true, convey a false impression. We are not particularly concerned for the City; but even Corporations are entitled to fair play. The writer from whom we have quoted complains rather that the powers of the Board are too circumscribed than that they are too extensive. When it essayed to deal with the water supply, the official auditor disallowed the expenditure, which had amounted to 16,000*l.*, "and a special Act of Parliament had then to be passed to enable it to pay the same out of the rates." All its costs and charges before Committees of the House of Commons on railways, gas, and other suchlike matters are "illegal, and could be objected to by any ratepayer. Such," continues the writer, "is the discreditable government of the Metropolis of the Empire." To many people this remark will appear a *non-sequitur*. It is nothing discreditable that government is carried on by a system which gives every taxpayer a control of the expenditure. On the contrary, such a government system is strictly in accordance with one's ideas of the principles of the British Constitution. It still remains to be proved that the "Metropolis of the Empire" would be cleaner, richer, healthier, more moral under any other system.

AYALA'S ANGEL.*

THE least attractive part of Mr. Trollope's latest novel is the name, which is likewise misleading. Imagination suggested an Oriental romance, although that seemed scarcely in harmony with the special genius of the writer. In reality, Mr. Trollope remains on the familiar ground, presenting us again in the course of the story to more than one of our old acquaintances. Ayala Dormer is a genuinely English girl, whose father being an eccentric artist, with an admiration for the fanciful and gorgeous, had simply carried to a somewhat extravagant length the fashion of christening children by fancy names. It seems besides to have been but a passing caprice; for Ayala had a sister older than herself, who bears the sweeter and more homely name of Lucy. The names, we may assume, to be expressive of their dispositions. Lucy is pretty, graceful, and unassuming, with good sense that is slightly leavened by romance, and no small share of quiet resolution. Ayala is as pretty, or perhaps more so, looks being a

question of taste; but her beauty is in a different style. She is bright and piquante; she is outspoken and waywardly impulsive; she loves admiration, of course, though fastidious as to the gentlemen who offer it; while as for romance, in place of being merely tinged by it, it appears to be the very essence of her nature. At all events, it forms the motive of the behaviour on which the interest of the novel mainly turns; prompting her consciously to the acts of suicidal folly which well-nigh make shipwreck of her happiness and life. Ayala's Angel is an imaginary "angel of light," of whom we hear more than enough, *à propos* to her maiden meditations, though that resplendent figure of her lively fancy plays an important part in Mr. Trollope's plot. She has set up an image in the inner sanctuary of her heart, attributing to it every masculine fascination, moral or physical. When she meets in the actual world the counterpart of the cherished idol, then she will marry, but not before. As may be supposed, should Ayala prove constant to her purpose, there is every prospect of her dying unmarried, however her days may be prolonged. Of three gentlemen who tender her their hands and fortunes, two have as little of the popular conception of an angel in them as can well be conceived. Both are thoroughly prosaic, and one is objectionably vulgar. As for the third, there are glimmerings of doubt, when Ayala takes time for consideration and self-examination. Colonel Stubbs lives in the best society; he is brilliantly popular; he is clever, and a distinguished soldier to boot; and Ayala, who heartily likes him from the first, is persuaded that he fully deserves his popularity. His frank manner is irresistibly winning; what would be impertinence, or at least over-assurance, in another man, seems in him nothing more than natural *bonhomie*, and on the very shortest acquaintance she comes to treat and trust him as a brother. When Colonel Stubbs proposes to the penniless orphan, there is not a lady or lady's maid under the aristocratic roof-tree of Stalham who does not consider her a most fortunate girl. Ayala must certainly have come to the same conclusion had it not been for the absurdly romantic turn of her mind. As it is, although she likes and even looks up to Colonel Stubbs, his first proposal appears preposterous, if not positively sacrilegious. It is impossible that any angel of light should appear to her bearing the Christian name of Jonathan and the surname of Stubbs. It is still more out of character that he should have fiery red hair, with a mouth that, although good-natured and intelligent, absolutely stretches from ear to ear. So, yielding to an impulse she cannot resist, she dismisses him with the negative the Fates have dictated. Colonel Jonathan Stubbs goes away sorrowful, but not altogether cast down. Fortunately for Ayala, he has set his heart on having her for his wife, and, so long as she shows him sisterly regard, he is not a man to be easily discouraged. As for her, after each successive rejection of his suit she regrets with ever-aggravated intensity the answer that has escaped her. Her wayward persistency in playing fast and loose with her own future is at once perverse, provoking, and improbable. Although romantic, Ayala was no fool; and she was just the girl to be influenced by the opinions of the ladies of greater experience and higher position who had graciously taken her by the hand. She had every motive to make a suitable marriage which could sway a young woman of her pleasure-loving temperament; for wedlock offered her an escape from the dulllest of homes, in which she lives secluded from the society she delights in. But the fact of her conduct being inexplicably irritating gives the story an interest which it would not otherwise possess. We feel fully assured from the first that Colonel Stubbs will be successful in the end. But the girl's eccentric behaviour is very naturally a puzzle to the many people who have interested themselves in the Colonel's love affair; and Mr. Trollope ingeniously exercises their minds in speculating on her feelings and the explanation of her caprices.

Ayala is pretty and fascinating, no doubt; she tempts her suitor on by the unpleasant surprises she prepares for him when he believes himself tolerably sure of a gracious reception. But we agree with the Colonel's good friend and cousin Lady Albury, that Miss Dormer hardly deserves the trouble she causes him. She is no Lily Dale or Grace Crawley. So far as we can see, there is little in her. She has perversity and fits of obstinacy, but no real decision of character; while the Colonel is perhaps as masterly a male character as Mr. Trollope has drawn in any recent book. He is the sort of good fellow who seems to be born to go through the world with the regard of all whose regard is worth having. Like Thackeray's Dobbin in *Vanity Fair*, he gradually impresses you with a sense of his power as well as of his sterling worth. You feel that his judgment is to be relied upon; that he may invariably be trusted to say or do the right thing; and that there is no one you would sooner consult on delicate matters or in a difficulty. The men seem hardly to grudge him the golden opinions he wins from the women. He is far plainer than Dobbin; but, unlike Dobbin, he is in no way awkward. On the contrary, he is a ready man of the world, who knows well how to make the most of himself, and who finds his advantage in the knowledge. And the masculine side of his character, as the story goes on, is thrown out into stronger and stronger relief, more especially in his dealings with Tom Tringle, one of his rivals. Tom, although the heir to untold thousands, and although he ought to have benefited by not only a good, but a fashionable education, is represented as a lout offensively given to gorgeous dress. Thanks to his awkward shyness and his superb costumes, he is snubbed mercilessly by many people as well as by his cousin

* *Ayala's Angel*. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "Dr. Thorne," &c. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.

Ayala, who will have nothing to say to his repeated offers. As it happens, he once did the Colonel some little kindness in a foreign hunting-field, and the Colonel is grateful. Though by no means blind to the youth's very conspicuous foibles, he stands up for Tom, whom he maintains to be an excellent fellow. He is persuaded that Tom is by no means the fool he looks, and that he has the makings of a gentleman in him, notwithstanding superficial vulgarities. So, popular as he is, he goes out of his way to win the young man by little civilities. He invites him to his quarters at Aldershot, and Tom is proportionately flattered. If the Colonel has any object beyond his constitutional good nature, it is to influence Tom into doing himself more justice. So strong is the influence that Tom turns to the Colonel, though that gallant officer is but a slight acquaintance, for counsel as to the prosecution of his suit. Of course, in the circumstances, he could hardly have fallen on a more inappropriate adviser; and it costs this other lover of Ayala a considerable effort to carry on the conversation without betraying himself. Tom, who is very much in love, very miserable, very angry, and very unreasonable, chooses afterwards to resent the Colonel's having accepted his confidence without giving his own in the way of reciprocity. Under the united inspiration of love and liquor, he goes so far as to assault his false friend in the street. Fortunately the Colonel's credit for courage stands so high that he can afford to accept the insult passively. The surrounding crowd passes unflattering comments on his inaction; but the nobility in Tom's nature is touched. He is absolutely disarmed by a man of Stubbs's high spirit returning good for evil, and trying to screen him from the consequences of his folly; although at the same time he feels even more aggrieved than before at being robbed of the possibility of revenging his wrongs. It is true that the Colonel, although he had acted on high principle or generous impulse, is no loser in the end. The story gets wind, and comes round to Ayala's ears, and with that romantic young woman it goes a long way, as we should have supposed, towards investing him with the spirituality of her "Angel of Light."

But besides Colonel Stubbs there are sundry other people, in a novel almost overcrowded with characters, who merit something more than a passing notice. Sir Thomas Tringle, the father of our young friend "Tom," is as graphically conceived as he is true to probabilities. No doubt he is a Philistine of the Philistines, who delights in money-getting and the consequence it gives him, and who seeks relief from domestic worries in manipulating millions in the City. But, according to his lights, though his ideas are limited, and although he loves his own way almost to the point of pigheadedness, he is a singularly large-hearted and generous man. With some reason, he considers money a specific for most human sorrows, and he benevolently deals wholesale in heavy cheques. In the hospitality he exercises as head of his lavish household he is the financial counterpart of the clerical Archdeacon Grantley. And there is considerable humour in his transactions with his son-in-law and his intending sons-in-law, as with his relations to his unmarried daughter and nieces and their lovers. We understand how he grows gradually to detest his son-in-law the Hon. Mr. Traffick, although originally proud of the connexion with that nobly born hero of red tape. Knowing Traffick to be almost penniless, he gladly gave his daughter a portion of 120,000*l.* But the meanness of Mr. Traffick, who insists on spurning on him after marriage, in place of setting up an establishment of his own, is altogether antipathetical to the free-handed City gentleman. On the other hand, he is almost gained over by Frank Houston, although at the first he had set his face as a flint against that gentleman's addresses to his younger daughter, apparently because Houston, with somewhat ambiguous manliness, maintains independence of language in an embarrassing position, and more than insinuates that he regards marriage with Miss Gertrude simply as an easy and creditable profession. Ayala's sister, Lucy, is comparatively dull, although we do not question that she will make a wife who will wear well. Among the many ladies who play subordinate parts, we think we like Lady Albury best, whose platonic affection for her cousin Jonathan might easily have been changed into something warmer, had the Colonel been heart-free and she unfettered. We shall only add that, in our opinion, Mr. Trollope has never showed to more advantage than in those dialogues which he generally succeeds in making extraordinarily lifelike.

GORDON'S CENTRAL AFRICA.*

WHEN Colonel Gordon, after a brilliant career of victory in China, where he crushed a rebellion that was desolating the fairest provinces of the Celestial Empire, transferred his services to the Egyptian Government, it seemed as though a decisive blow was at length about to be struck at the iniquities of the slave trade in Africa. Had it been possible for a single individual to suppress this inhuman and debasing traffic, Gordon Pasha was the man. The province which he undertook to organize was scarcely within the pale of even the civilization of the East; for years it had been in the hands of adventurers, who had thought of nothing but their own profit and aggrandizement, and had traded in ivory and slaves, regulating their

commerce, if such it could be called, by armed force. The Governor of the Soudan had nominal control over these "slibusters," but his authority had never made itself really felt; the Khedive, therefore, resolved to form the district in which their operations were carried on into a separate government, and to monopolize the trade of Equatorial Africa, with a view to ultimately throwing it open to the world. The lesson was to be plainly taught "that mere difference in colour does not turn men into wares, and that life and liberty are sacred things." The native tribes also were themselves to be coerced or conciliated, and the practice of the wholesale capture of prisoners sternly repressed, lest, if he did succeed in putting a stop to the slave trade, these unfortunate creatures should be slaughtered for want of a market. The story of Colonel Gordon's loyal attempt to carry out this programme in the face of unheard-of difficulties on the spot, and less than half-hearted support from the slave-holding Government at headquarters, is told in the volume before us, in his own words, ably and judiciously edited by Dr. Hill. Egyptian conquest in Africa is essentially a thing of recent date, for although her fortified outposts are now found between the Albert and Victoria Nyanza Lakes, the empire of the Pharaohs scarcely reached to Khartoum. By the subjugation of Darfour, however, the Egyptian frontier now comes within less than fifteen days' march of Lake Tchad, while in the east lands have been annexed which are washed by the lower part of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden. Traders, Europeans amongst the number, had penetrated into Equatorial Africa, but the ivory was found a less profitable source of merchandize than human goods and chattels, and the vast district became the hunting-ground for them.

The suffering and devastation created by the slave-traders, and the atrocities they committed, are almost beyond belief; within twenty years the eastern shore of the Victoria Nile has degenerated into a mere forest waste, the population has been diminished by at least two-thirds, and all traces of progress have been obliterated. The Egyptian officials, themselves inveterate slave-dealers, encouraged and participated in these horrors, and the Khedive, when he was at last induced to move in the matter, did so from no sympathy with the cause of humanity, but only through dread of the too numerous bands of slavers developing into a rival Power. One of these men was possessed of almost fabulous wealth, lived in a style of regal barbarity, and owned no less than thirty fortified stations carried into the very heart of Africa, where the slave-trader exercised absolutely despotic rule. An insufficiently equipped expedition against this person was defeated, and the Khedive, being powerless to avenge the disgrace, the trader, Sebehr Rahama by name, reigned as little less than an independent sovereign and threatened the annexation of the entire Soudan. But for these pretensions we should probably have heard but little of Ismail Pasha's desire for the suppression of the slave-trade, and there is no doubt but that Colonel Gordon was sent more in the interests of the Viceroy's supremacy than in that of humanity. Sebehr, unluckily for himself, but fortunately for the country, went to Cairo to assert his claim to the title of Governor-General, and was there detained; but his son broke out into a formidable revolt, the history of the repression of which forms one of the most interesting chapters in the book. For the first three years, however, Colonel Gordon did not come into collision with this ruffian, though the other slave-dealers gave him plenty of occupation. In his most arduous task he received no support whatever from any officer of the Egyptian Government. "The Khedive," he writes, "gave me a firman [a decree] as Governor-General of the Equator, and left me to work out the rest." By the year 1876 "things were generally consolidated," but his advance to Lake Victoria was met with determined opposition from the native chiefs, and Colonel Gordon returned "with the sad conviction that no good could be done in those parts, and that it would have been better had no expedition ever been sent." Indeed, from the beginning he seems to have despaired, as well he might, of the success of anything that depended upon the good faith of the Cairo "ring," for on the very first page occur the ominous words, "I think I can see the true motive now of the expedition, and believe it to be a sham to catch the attention of the English people."

The slave-traders of course were in accord with the local authorities, and thought to find an easy dupe in the Frank Governor-General, but soon found themselves mistaken. Some letters addressed to the Mudir, or District-Governor of Fashoda, were accidentally intercepted, and one of them said—

"I am on my way to you with the 2000 cows I promised you. . . . and with *all* to satisfy your wants." These cows they had taken from the tribes around them—a robbery; and "*all*" means a number of slaves. The other letters were to different people, saying, "I bring you the negroes you asked for, who, I hope, will please you," and others to the same effect. Now these slaves do not know that I am on the way to the Mudir of Fashoda, and that I am prepared to seize them all. I shall confiscate the 2000 cows, for I cannot give them back to the far-away tribes from whom they were stolen. I shall seize the slaves, and take them back to their homes, if I can; and I shall punish the slave-dealers. The road by which this convoy comes crosses my present camp here.

On another occasion he boarded two boats and found 105 slaves stowed away under some wood; this cargo, together with 2,000*l.* worth of ivory, was promptly confiscated. Here is another instance of the scoundrelism with which Colonel Gordon had to contend, and of the manner in which he met it:—

Wal el Mek had some difficulty in getting porters from a sheikh to carry some ivory. He was drunk, and at once ordered the man to be hanged, which he was. I need not say that it is more than probable that Wal el Mek will be hanged also.

* *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa, 1874-1879, from Original Letters and Documents.* Edited by G. B. Hill, D.C.L. London: T. De La Rue & Co. 1881.

Colonel Gordon was only twenty-one days on the way from Khartoum to Gondokoro, Sir Samuel Baker, his predecessor, having taken over eighteen months to accomplish the same distance. The reason for this was that the latter was detained by the *sudd*, which had fortunately opened on the arrival of the new Governor of the Equator. What this is the reader can best judge from Gordon Pasha's own words:—

I have made inquiries, and find that Baker cut through some eighty miles of the "sudd" or vegetable barrier; the other day my steamer found this quite closed up. . . . A curious little cabbage-like aquatic plant comes floating down, having a little root ready to attach itself to anything; he meets a friend and they go together, and soon join roots and so on. When they get to a lake the current is less strong, and so, no longer constrained to move on, they go off to the sides; others do the same, idle and loitering, like everything up here. After a time, winds drive a whole fleet of them against the narrow outlet of the lake and stop it up. Then no more passenger plants can pass through the outlet, while plenty come in at the upper end of the lake; these eventually fill up all the passage which may have been made. Supposing I cut through the vegetation, I may have it closed any day by a wind blowing a flood of these weeds from one side of the lake to the other; so that the only way would be to clear out the lake of vegetation altogether, or to anchor the banks of "sudd" so as to prevent the winds blowing them together. Below Gondokoro it spreads out into lakes; on the edge of these lakes an aquatic plant, with roots extending five feet into the water, flourishes. The natives burn the top parts, when dry; the ashes form mould, and fresh grasses grow, till it becomes like *terra firma*. The Nile rises, and floats out the masses; they come down to a curve, and there stop. More of these islands float down, and at last the river is blocked. Though under them the water flows, no communication can take place, for they bridge the river for several miles. Last year the Governor went up, and with three companies and two steamers he cut large blocks of the vegetation away. At last, one night the water burst the remaining part, and swept down on the vessels, dragged the steamers down some four miles, and cleared the passage. The Governor says the scene was terrible. The hippopotamuses were carried down, screaming and smothering; crocodiles were whirled round and round, and the river was covered with dead and dying hippopotamuses, crocodiles, and fish who had been crushed by the mass. One hippopotamus was carried against the bows of the steamer, and killed; one crocodile, thirty-five feet long, was also killed. The Governor, who was in the marsh, had to go five miles on a raft to get to his steamer.

Colonel Gordon's list of the losses was a sad one, and of several Europeans who formed part of the expedition scarcely one survived. He is of opinion that no man under forty years of age should venture into these inhospitable regions, and then only those who are accustomed to a similar climate. His own strong physique was only equalled by his determined will; these qualities added to a simple, pious nature, and an almost Quixotic chivalry, enabled him to accomplish marvels during his comparatively short term of government, and only make us regret the more the ultimate failure of his efforts to permanently improve the country.

Towards the latter end of 1876 he came back to Cairo. He had successfully put down slave-driving in his own province, but his efforts were made unavailing by the intrigues of Ismail Pasha Yacoub, Governor-General of the extensive Soudan district, the capital of which, Khartoum, is the head-quarters of the system. This man was at length deposed, and Colonel Gordon consented to return on having the government of the Soudan added to his own. On his way he visited Abyssinia, to arrange matters with Johannis, who having, after the death of Theodore, beaten most of his rivals and caused himself to be acknowledged king, had been giving the Government of the Khedive great trouble. The new potentate had sent an envoy to Cairo, complaining of the inroads that Waleed el Michael, his most formidable opponent, had made into his country from Egyptian territory. The ambassador was for some time detained prisoner and at last permitted to depart with presents, but without any letter; so that Colonel Gordon on his arrival found the King in the worst possible humour for listening to his mission. How he accomplished this mission, and patched up a peace between the two countries, is now historical; but the personal narrative of the events connected with the task is very interesting.

Ultimately the indefatigable Governor did succeed in crushing the slave-trade, by issuing a proclamation that "All persons residing in Darfour must have a *permis de séjour*; all persons travelling to and from Darfour must have passports for themselves and suite"; and, as Darfour surrounds the Soudan, and all slaves must pass through it before coming into the latter province, this plan had the desired effect. But the cure was not likely to be permanent; and no sooner was his strong hand withdrawn than the slave-trade was again rife in Equatorial Africa, and affording the officials a welcome method of adding to the large incomes which their peculations already brought them. Mohammedan society is essentially a slaveholding one; the institution is sanctioned by the Kor'an and by immemorial tradition, and it is absolutely hopeless to expect Moslems to condemn it seriously, however much they may yield outwardly from political reasons to the opinion of Europe. As a rule, Mohammedans are very kind and considerate to their slaves, although of course individual arbitrary acts of cruelty do sometimes occur; and the position of a slave implies no such degradation as it does in the West. Many slaves, indeed, have risen, and still rise, to posts of great power and importance. The real horrors are felt in Africa itself, whence the supply is obtained, where the slave-hunters commit such terrible crimes, and the native tribes are deadened by the baneful influences of the traffic to all sense of humanity and natural affection. Another curse of the system, for which Mohammedan polygamy is alone to blame, is the employment of eunuchs as the necessary adjuncts to the harem. Of the establishments from which these are supplied we must say nothing more

than that they exist under Egyptian Government patronage, within a comparatively short distance of the capital, and that a loss of ninety per cent. of human life is incurred in providing them. These facts are alone a sufficient comment upon Colonel Gordon's significant words, in which he brands the anti-slave movement of the Egyptian Government as a hollow sham. This book should open the eyes of Europe to the real nature of Eastern Governments, and suggest a firmer and more decisive method of enforcing the decree that has gone forth from Christendom, that slavery shall cease to exist.

HOLMES ON THE COMMON LAW.*

BEFORE this we have called attention to the danger in which English lawyers stand of being outrun by their American brethren in the scientific and historical criticism of English legal institutions and ideas. The book now published by Mr. O. W. Holmes adds considerably to the advantage gained on the American side in this friendly contest. The matter is not altogether new to us, parts of it having in substance appeared at various times in the *American Law Review*; but everything has been more or less recast, much has been added, and the effect of the whole is much improved by the consolidation. The immediate occasion of the work was the delivery of a course of lectures in Boston; to what sort of audience does not appear, but it speaks well for the intelligence and cultivation of Massachusetts law students if the average of them are capable of appreciating instruction so far above the common routine of legal phrases as this. Mr. O. W. Holmes's simple and general title covers something quite different from the string of maxims and rules, supported by more or less relevant examples and more or less plausible reasons, which we have to be content with in most legal expositions. He gives us a searching historical and analytical criticism of several of the leading notions of English law; not an antiquarian discussion first and a theoretical discussion afterwards, but a continuous study in the joint light of policy and history. He shows us how dimly felt grounds of expediency, struggling with traditional rules of which the real grounds were mostly forgotten, have issued in the establishment of principles which are now capable of being expressed in a rational form for the most part, though many minute irregularities in their application, and here and there downright anomalies, preserve the memory of conflict and compromise. Mr. Holmes does not write as a member of any school of theorists or critics, and in the handling of his subjects he owes, apparently, very little to previous authors in the same kind. Observers of hereditary talent may rather note in his subtle and original following out of analogies and presentation of familiar elements in fresh lights a sufficiently plain continuance of like powers which, exercised on more popular and various topics, have for many years charmed readers of English on both sides of the Atlantic in the works of Dr. O. W. Holmes the father. Still, Mr. Holmes may be said in a certain sense to belong to an American school of legal criticism distinguishable from anything that has yet taken root here. The difference may be seen at a glance by comparing any recent English text-book of good standing, say the last edition of Smith's *Leading Cases*, with such works as Mr. Bigelow's *Leading Cases in the Law of Torts* or Professor Langdell's *Select Cases on Contract*. One reason for the divergence may be found in the multiplicity of co-ordinate and independent authorities in the Courts of the different States of the Union, which makes a much freer and more radical criticism than we are accustomed to in England not only possible but almost necessary. And it curiously enough happens that our own decided cases, though in themselves they still form a system based on precedent and not on opinion, add to this effect in America. For in the Courts of Massachusetts, for instance, the judgment of an English Court is not a binding precedent, but only an opinion; yet it is a judicial opinion, not a speculative one, given by men having authority in a law substantially the same as that which the Massachusetts Court administers, and under analogous conditions; and the feeling of piety towards the mother-country which notwithstanding superficial discordances underlies the best thought and work of cultivated Americans helps to increase the weight of English jurisprudence. The decisions of the American Supreme Court are for the State Courts a still nearer source of weighty but not positively binding legal opinion. And the study of Continental theorists, falling on soil thus made ready for it, is eagerly taken up and fruitfully pursued. Altogether American writers are in conditions especially favourable for the detachment and breadth of view which are among the chief requisites of systematic legal criticism. For some time international law has been with them a favourite subject; but this, though by its cosmopolitan character it offers abundant facilities for theorizing, is wanting in matter which exact criticism can lay hold of; and its theoretical part belongs as much to politics as to law. The energy of American inquirers is now directing itself to legal archæology, as a field more neglected and presenting greater opportunities. We do not say that they have yet brought their school to perfection. It is not free from the over-ingenuity and captiousness which are the besetting faults of

* *The Common Law*. By O. W. Holmes, jun. Boston (United States): 1881.

ambitious youth. But they have already done good work, and, we trust, are on the way to do much more.

Mr. O. W. Holmes begins with a discussion of "Early Forms of Liability," in which he examines historically the rules of what may be called vicarious liability—that is, the duty imposed on men, in sundry circumstances and degrees, to answer for damage done not by themselves but by persons or things in their service. The original notion, in Mr. Holmes's view, is that the immediate agent in the damage is the offender. This might be a lifeless thing, an animal, a slave, or even a free person under an ancestor's power. And in archaic law the owner could escape further liability by surrendering the offending object for the person hurt, or his surviving kinsfolk, to work their will upon. Examples are found by Mr. Holmes in the Roman *noxæ delictio*, in the English deadland, and in the still existing Admiralty rule which in a manner personifies the ship. His general line of investigation is interesting, and, we think, on the right track; but we doubt if he gains much by appealing to the supposed primitive tendency to personify inanimate things. He says that things in motion, being nearer life than things at rest, were more readily forfeited as deadland. We must beg leave to differ. The phrase of the old books, *moveo ad mortem*, seems to us not to denote actual motion but to be a mere metaphorical turn of speech for causing death anyhow, as when we now speak of a consideration moving from a party. In the same Year Book of Edward I. from which Mr. Holmes quotes there is a passage (30 and 31 Ed. I., p. 529) showing that if an arrow glanced by misadventure and slew a man, the thing off which it glanced (which would naturally be in almost every case a fixed object) was forfeited. In the next three lectures we have a study of the grounds of liability for crimes and wrongs, which shows Mr. Holmes's powers to great advantage, and is to our mind the best part of the book. The general idea running through them is that even criminal law renounces, and, as a matter of policy, must renounce as far as possible, the attempt to punish according to the intrinsic moral guilt or blameworthiness of the wrongdoer. Blameworthiness is the ultimate ground of liability, but the actual measure of liability is not what is blameworthy in the particular individual, but what would, in his circumstances, be blameworthy in a man of ordinary knowledge and capacities. An external standard of conduct is established, to which the subject is bound to come up at his peril. Whether it has been conformed to in a particular case is a question in general independent of the person's actual state of mind. There are cases where a wider liability is imposed on grounds of special policy, or survives as a fragment of an earlier and ruder dispensation, or, having survived by accident, is now preserved out of a sense that on the whole it is expedient. But the general rule is that a man is not liable for harmful consequences of acts not unlawful in themselves which he had not a fair chance of foreseeing and preventing. If he had a chance sufficient for a reasonable man he is liable, notwithstanding that his individual ability or perceptions were not up to the average. Examination of the doctrines of intent and malice in the criminal law serves only to confirm this. Intent is in some cases, as in theft, a necessary index to the probable consequences of the act punished—in other words, to its dangerousness. In others, it is reducible to foresight; a truth expressed in an inverted fashion by the common maxim that a man is presumed to intend the natural consequences of what he does. And "the test of foresight is not what this very criminal foresaw, but what a man of reasonable prudence would have foreseen." The purpose of criminal law is to prevent dangerous acts as well as morally wicked ones, and "a man must find out at his peril things which a reasonable and prudent man would have inferred from the things actually known." We may add that, even in the limited number of cases where acts not appreciably dangerous to the public or to any person in particular are criminally punished as being wicked in themselves, the standard they are judged by is an external one. It has been decided that good intentions are no defence to an indictment for issuing an obscene publication. But it should be remembered that after legal guilt is established, there is mostly some judicial discretion as to the punishment to be awarded. Except as to capital offences and a very few others, for which a minimum punishment is prescribed, that discretion is in our system exceedingly broad. The consequences of a conviction for manslaughter vary from binding the prisoner in his own recognizances to come up for judgment if called upon, to a sentence of penal servitude for life. And here free play is given to appreciation of the degree of personal blame which the Court thinks ought to attach to the party under all the circumstances of the case.

Mr. Holmes goes on to show that the same principle of the external standard holds in the theory of civil wrongs, and particularly in that much confused subject the law of negligence. What the law means by negligence, he strongly points out, is not, as assumed by some modern teachers, a state of the party's mind. This is more clearly seen by taking it as what it really is, a negative term. Negligence is the want of diligence. But diligence is not something in the party's mind; it is a matter of external conduct, the actual exercise of a certain measure of intelligence and caution. That measure is determined by reference to the average capacity of men in the party's situation. And here the very roughness of the jury system makes it really a more accurate instrument than the judgment of judges sitting alone; for the verdicts of juries provide for the legal standard of duty neither being so much more rigorous than the

public opinion as to be unacceptable, or so much more lax as to be ineffectual. The ground of policy on which the law rests is that in order to carry on our affairs with freedom we must count on a certain amount of intelligence and good-will in a fellow-man apparently possessing normal faculties, and the law must hold him to make good that expectation; and the jury represents the ideal average man, than whom no one is expected to be wiser or allowed to be more foolish. They say what is the prudence of a reasonable man, taking one man with another, and their judgment is worked into settled contributions to the law by judicial decisions laying down from time to time what amounts to "evidence of negligence." Such decisions are based on the constant experience of mankind collected from juries, and preserved in the experience of judges and in legal records. Mr. Holmes has not touched one point raised by Mr. Bigelow in the book we have already mentioned, that the prudence required is not exactly the prudence of a common man, but the prudence of a man such as would commonly and properly be concerned in the matter in hand. If a man chooses to repair his own house and drops bricks on the people in the street, it is no defence for him to say that he did as well as a man could do who had not learnt bricklaying. If he will lay bricks, he must have the skill of a bricklayer at his peril. So a man who drives a carriage is expected to have the ordinary skill of a coachman. But, after all, it is only a branch of common prudence that a man should not put himself in situations where the foresight and control of consequences require a particular kind of knowledge or skill which he does not possess. It is negligence to put himself there at all, and it is vain for him to do afterwards the best that he can do by the light of nature. It may be conceived that in extraordinary circumstances a man should, as the lesser of imminent evils, take on himself the management of something as to which he knew himself to be incompetent. In such a case nice questions of liability might arise. Suppose an engine-driver to be disabled by a fit or a sunstroke in the middle of a long run; what would be the measure of the stoker's responsibility?

We have no room to discuss at present Mr. Holmes's treatment of leading ideas in other doctrines of the law; but we must not forget to say that, even if his explanations be not wholly accepted, his research goes a notable way to dispel the obscurity that surrounds the English law of contract in its earlier stages. The lecture on possession is interesting for the manner in which it works historical materials into the fabric of a closely reasoned argument against the prevalent German theories, and especially against the doctrine that inchoate or attempted ownership, the intent to deal with the thing as owner, or *animus domini* as it is called, is on principle or in fact a necessary element in constituting the kind of possessory interest which the law recognizes and protects. Altogether, Mr. Holmes's book will be a most valuable—we should almost say an indispensable—companion to the scientific student of legal history.

RECENT VERSE.*

WE fear that the *Heptalogia* will cause general disappointment to those who believe a current rumour as to its authorship; for though, as a matter of course, it is very clever and here and there laughable, the general effect is exceedingly heavy and elephantine. Mr. Swinburne, to whom it has been attributed, has shown in his prose writings that he has wit, though no humour, and when it was known that he had issued a volume of parodies, something very entertaining was expected. There are two great classic collections of parodies in English, those of the brothers Horace and James Smith, and that of Isaac Hawkins Brown. *A Pipe of Tobacco* and the *Rejected Addresses* have this in common, that they profess to be effusions by contemporary poets on one given theme. The fun of the thing was to suggest a pipe of tobacco or a newly-opened theatre as the subject for very dissimilar persons to rhyme about, and to see how Ambrose Philips would approach it, and how Swift, how Pope, and how Colley Cibber. This seems to us at once more laughable and more legitimate than to imitate rather savagely the general tenor of the poet's writing. The seven who contend against sense seem to be Messrs. Tennyson and Browning, Mrs. Browning, Mr. Patmore, Lord Lytton, Mr. Rossetti, and Mr. Swinburne himself. In the first place it is equally a mistake in flattery and in malice to place Lord Lytton in such company, and we will say nothing about the "Last Words of a Seventh-Eate Poet." Then the imitations of the two last-mentioned bards are dull and poor beyond description. That on Mr. Patmore is clever, but coarse and obvious. The other three are much more readable. "The Higher Pantheism in

* *The Heptalogia*; or, *the Seven against Sense: a Cap with Seven Bells*. London: Chatto & Windus.

Amaranth and Asphodel. By Alfred J. Butler. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

Grand Tours in many Lands. A Poem in Ten Cantos. By John McCosh, M.D. London: Remington & Co.

Nugae Poeticæ; or, *a Whetstone Rhymes*. By the Rev. J. Johnstone. Paisley: A. Gardner.

The Flower of Nepal. By Captain W. L. Greenstreet. London: S. Tinsley.

Other Days. Edinburgh: Grant & Son.

A Modern Babylon; Judas Iscariot. By Leonard Lloyd. London: Remington & Co.

a Nutshell" is a not unfair rebuke to Mr. Tennyson's facile metaphysics, and closes with a delightful line—

Fiddle, we know, is diddle, and diddle, we take it, is dee.

"John Jones" is an elaborate imitation of "James Lee's Wife." The parody is excessively laborious, curious, and clever, but in the end a wearisome and profitless poem to read. Finally, the parody which seems to us to be best worth notice is "The Poet and the Woodlouse," in which fun is made in a very innocent way of the queer jargon which Mrs. Browning used to permit herself to employ. If we allow that parody is a fit exercise of such fine powers as Mr. Swinburne possesses, it could not be more amusingly employed than this:—

"Notwithstanding which, O poet," spake the woodlouse very blandly,
"I am likewise the created—I the equipoise of thee;
I the particle, the atom, I behold on either hand lie
The inane of measured ages that were embryos of me."

"And I sacrifice, a Levite—and I palpitate, a poet:—
Can I close dead ears against the rush and resonance of things?
Symbols in me breathe and flicker up the heights of the heroic;
Earth's worst spawn, you said, and cursed me? look! approve me!
I have wings!"

In *Amaranth and Asphodel* Mr. Butler has gone, like so many poets, to the Greek anthology for his inspiration. The book is dedicated to the Khedive of Egypt, perhaps in the hope of Hellenising a potentate who has been suspected of want of sympathy with modern Greece. We hope that Mr. Butler will absolve us from any desire to be unfriendly if we confess that his translations, as a whole, remind us very curiously of the poems of Thomas Little, Esq.; they are smooth, coy, and elegantly amorous in very much the same style, a style by no means to be entirely condemned. But they seem a little too much like artificial flowers by the side of the living jasmine and lotus of the anthology. For instance, there is a lovely little poem by Asclepiades which has often been quoted as giving the very quintessence of joy in physical existence. To have translated it literally would have tried Mr. Butler's sense of delicacy, though nothing more innocent was ever written; but surely it would have been better to leave it alone altogether than to have spread out the four concise and thrilling lines into this:—

Sweet unto lips athirst is snow to drink
In summer's heat:
Sweet unto mariners, when the storm winds sink,
Spring flowers to greet:
Sweetest of all, when two fond lovers cling
Beneath one bower,
While for deep gladness both together sing
Love's praise and power.

The translation of $\chi\lambda\alpha\iota\nu\alpha$ is extremely bold. One might as well say

He lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial bower around him.

The "Songs of Death" are better than the "Songs of Love," though we should have supposed that Mr. Butler would hardly have cared to print his travesty of Callimachus's elegy on Heraclitus when the exquisite translation in *Ionica* is so well known. It seems a grave omission that in no case is the author of the original named.

Dr. McCosh is a most laborious writer. We recollect reading his *Nuova Italia* very few years ago, and already he presents us with a new epic in ten cantos. It is extremely difficult to criticize poetry of this kind, to which the Americans are a great deal more indulgent than we are. On the other side of the Atlantic Dr. McCosh might gain a small but compact reputation, and be mentioned during his lifetime in "Primers of American Literature." Over here we are apt to be more impatient of a lumbering and colourless style, and an exasperatingly high level of mediocrity. Dr. McCosh writes of all sorts of things—the Scotch Coast, the Literature of the Day, which he condemns as too heated, the Paris Exhibition, Insomnia, the Fall of Kars, Titian's Birthplace, and a thousand other themes, with an even vivacity which is certainly remarkable in a writer more than seventy-five years of age. Dr. McCosh is very severe on his critics; and as we cannot in conscience say that we are very well impressed by his poetry, the most generous thing we can do is to repeat the little curse that he has formulated for our destruction:—

Oh, for a fifty Pater Pindar power!
The pen of Horace, Juvenal, and Pope,
To scourge such hypercritics of the hour!
Oh, for a furlong of good hempen rope
To hang them up, like Haman, by the toes,
And teach them honesty, even to their foes.

This is strong language, but the little poets that are so fond of invoking Pope seem to forget that there was a *Dunciad*.

We sink considerably below the level of Dr. McCosh to reach the author of "a When Rhymes." The principal poem in the book was written twenty years ago. It contains a somewhat diverting list of poets, which is worth extracting:—

Dat Wattie Scott, an' Rabbie Burns,
An' Jamie Hogg, an' Ramsay,
An' Campbell bauld, an' Cowper auld,
An' Milton John, an' Dryden John,
An' dance-devouring Sandie,
An' honest, crabbed, burly Sam,
An' Goldie, poor wee dauidie.

There seems a line dropped after the reference to Johnson. For the exceeding badness of the poetry in this little book we have

been indemnified in the notes by a pleasing story, although we are not sure that it is new:—

An important divine was preaching a sermon of scraps to a congregation of country people. At the end of each paragraph, an old man in the audience would quietly remark, "that's Boston, or that's Rutherford, or that's Doddridge, or that's Baxter," as the case might be. At last the minister lost his patience, and cried "Tak the fule body out!" "Ay, that's his ain i' the binner en' ony way," said the old man, and withdrew.

In the *Flower of Nepal* Captain Greenstreet tells a romantic story of Hindu life in blank verse that is much above the average, and in such a graceful manner that the reader passes unconsciously from page to page with a considerable amount of pleasure. The landscape is new and brilliant; such lines as the following are evidently drawn, as Wordsworth recommended, with the writer's "eye upon the object":—

Below the rock, down trending towards a stream,
A rhododendron forest, far outstretched,
With rosy blossoms painted the hillside
In sunset hues; whilst Alpine primulas,
Gray lichens and brown grasses, touched the crag
With homely colours. In a tree hard by,
Clasping a scented orchis, whose bright flowers
Made sunlight in the wood, two linnets sang
Melodiously of love.

The treatment throughout this poem is well varied and well-sustained, and we cannot but fancy that Captain Greenstreet's name might be favourably known if he cultivated his remarkable gifts of narrative and description. Unfortunately the lyrical interludes are very poorly done.

The author of *Other Days* has also some smoothness and correctness of style, but is absolutely without intellectual ambition of any kind. The titles of the pieces are so mild as to be almost comic, and to suggest the ribald wit of a parodist. We have lines "Addressed to some Ladies about to travel in Italy," "On the Portrait of a Young Lady in Crayon," "To a Young Lady who was alarmed in passing through the Black Forest," and "To a Young Lady putting on a Black Kid Glove." The last begins:—

Why thus in glove of sable hue
That lily hand enshroud?
We mourn the moon escaped our view
Beneath a wintry cloud.

One piece has a title containing seventy-eight words, although these are the preface to only ten lines.

Mr. Leonard Lloyd's dramas of *A Modern Babylon* and *Judas Iscariot* have not interested us so much as the advertisements appended to them. Mr. Lloyd seems to have a wonderful reputation in the provinces. The *Banbury Guardian* says that "he exercises somewhat kingly functions in the realms of poetry," but we do not know what the dear soul can mean by that. The *Cheltenham Telegraph* asserts that "critics are all agreed that a poet of the highest class has arisen" in Mr. Leonard Lloyd. The *Guernsey Mail* uses language which would be fulsome if applied to Victor Hugo, and the *Sheerness Guardian* simply grovels before this "powerful and rising writer." The respective journals of Todmorden, Brighouse, and Rastrick unite in using the odd expression "patrons"—"Mr. Lloyd seems determined to lose no opportunity of pleasing his patrons." In our metropolitan innocence we fail to understand the *raison d'être* of all this provincial ecstasy over such productions as Mr. Lloyd's plays, which read to us, at their most serious moments, like a preposterous and rather dull burlesque.

NEW TEXT-BOOKS OF SCIENCE.*

THE rising generation of students of science may well be grateful for the succession of admirable elementary works which the enterprise of publishers, seconded by eminent masters of knowledge in their several departments, continues to pour forth. In Messrs. Longman's *Text-Books of Science* we have already well-nigh a couple of dozen of compact little manuals, by men of mark, in which an amount of matter customarily to be sought for through bulky and costly treatises, and till lately nowhere to be met with at all, is brought within the reach of the tiro, expressed in language suited to his intelligence and his wants, and bearing an authority which may command his utmost confidence. Nothing can be of greater importance at the outset of the study of nature than to make sure of the method to be adopted, and to get clear ideas of the elementary laws of physics, with a firm grasp of the rudimentary facts. In preparing his handy little volume on *Systematic Mineralogy*, Mr. Hilary Bauerman has contemplated forming a useful guide to students who would acquire a general knowledge of the subject, as well as an introduction to larger and more advanced text-books, such as those of Dana, Miller, Desclouzeaux, and Schrauf. As it is beyond the scope of a work so limited in bulk to deal systematically and in detail with crystalline forms of all kinds, his treatment has been made as general as possible, dealing with their symmetry and geometrical pro-

* *Text-Book of Systematic Mineralogy*. By Hilary Bauerman, F.G.S., Associate of the Royal School of Mines. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

Lessons in Elementary Mechanics, introductory to the Study of Physical Science. By Philip Magnus, B.Sc., B.A. Seventh Edition, enlarged. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

An Elementary Course of Practical Physics. By A. M. Worthington, M.A., F.R.A.S., Assistant Master at Clifton College. Rivingtons. 1881.

parties rather than the practical calculation and determination of individual examples, though in the later portion of the work, in which the physical properties of minerals come under view, much information is given as to the chemical constituents, the structural peculiarities and the physical distinctions of the best known crystals. Matters of this kind, belonging to the petrography or physiography of minerals will, it is understood, form the subject of a future volume. Mr. Bauerman lays down, to begin with, the general principles of form, showing the classification of crystals according to the number and character of their axes of symmetry: the six possible systems, all of which are represented by natural minerals, coming under three principal groups, as they are without a principal axis, or have one or three such axes of symmetry. The first of these includes the triclinic, oblique, and rhombic systems, the triclinic having no linear symmetry, while in the other two the symmetry is all of the same kind,—namely, binary. The second includes the hexagonal and tetragonal systems, the principal symmetry of the first being senary, and that of the second quaternary. The three principal axes are special to the cubic system, being those of quaternary symmetry. The four chief methods of notation indicative of the faces of crystals—those of Weiss, Miller, Naumann, and Lévy—are explained, all of which, as being of equal authority, it behoves the student to master, though that of Lévy, a modification of Haüy's, in common use amongst European mineralogists during the earlier years of this century, is well-nigh restricted to France. The important works of Descloiseaux and Mallard are written in it. For a more complete account of it the student is referred to Pisan's *Traité de Minéralogie*. Weiss's system, the least conventional of all—the unit face being indicated by the length of its intercepts upon the axes of reference, as shown in fig. 5—is in general use among the Berlin school. Naumann's method has the merit of being short and convenient; the symbols, being arbitrary, are clear and never to be mistaken. His notation is the one most extensively in use, being adopted in Dumas's popular textbooks as well as in its author's widely-read manual. But the method of Miller, the most elegant of all, developed out of the system of notation by indices first started by Whewell, is destined, our author believes, to be adopted at no very distant time by all mineralogists. For practical reasons, however, he has made use in his crystallographic chapters of a mixed system of notation; the forms being designated in the text by their symbols according to Naumann, whilst the notation of their faces is by indices on Miller's system. In demonstrating the geometrical characteristics of crystals under these different systems, the solids illustrated have been assumed as absolutely regular in shape, every face of the same form being similarly placed in regard to the symmetrical centre or origin of the axes. Such mathematical regularity is of course practically unknown in nature, so that in reasoning out the typical or abstract form, such faces as are either excessive or reduced, if not occasionally wanting or redundant, have to be allowed for. Our author consequently goes on to treat of compound or multiple crystals, falling under two principal classes, as parallel and twin groups, besides which there are a few minerals and artificial products whose crystals are dissimilarly ended, the faces limiting a prismatic zone at one end of its axis belonging to different forms from those at the other end. These crystals are not properly speaking hemihedral, their faces, though but half the full number possible in their constituent forms, being not uniformly distributed about the axis, but so grouped that, while all the faces may be present which have indices positive to an axis, the corresponding negative ones may be wholly absent, their place being occupied by some totally different form. To this arrangement has been given the name of hemimorphism. The most conspicuous examples of it are afforded by tourmaline, the ruby, silver ores, and greenockite in the hexagonal, struvite and electric calamine in the rhombic, and cane-sugar in the oblique system. Irregular aggregates, in which crystalline masses are often found in nature, as stalactites, various kinds of spar, and the beautiful capricious-looking fibrous forms resembling corals, mosses, and other organic bodies, common in aragonite, the so-called *flos ferri*, or flowers of iron, and native metals are also described, mineral masses simply amorphous being excluded from the field of view. Rules for the measurement and representation of crystals are given, with an account of the best forms of goniometer, Wollaston's reflecting instrument being chosen for illustration. The greater part of the figures in this volume are, as in most works on mineralogy, drawn in what is called parallel perspective, which supposes the sight to be at an infinite distance from the object represented, so that all rays proceeding from the object to the eye are parallel, or all lines and surfaces parallel to each other remain so in the drawing. The method of spherical projection introduced by Naumann, and brought into general use in its present form by Miller, supposes the crystal to be placed within a sphere, both having common centre lines normal to the faces, these lines being drawn through the centre to the surface of the sphere on either side. This method, as our author shows, has the advantage of representing the faces of crystals in the most general manner—i.e. by points—so that there is no limit to the number of them that can be included in a single figure. At the end of the work, after a satisfactory treatment of the physical properties of crystals, their atomic weights, and their structure in relation to chemical constitution, are given the more recent results of research into their formation by nature and their production by artificial methods.

That Mr. Magnus's *Lessons in Elementary Mechanics*, designed for the use of schools and of candidates for the London matricula-

tion and other examinations, should in less than seven years have run through as many editions, is in itself a sign of the value set upon it by students and by those engaged in education, whilst it gives wholesome evidence of the appreciation that is likely to attend all educational work based upon the same sound method, and executed with the same degree of exactitude and clearness. Intended primarily for the use of those who have had no previous instruction in mechanics, its design has been to bring into prominence the leading principles of the science, exemplifying them by familiar illustrations. With the view of showing its connexion with other branches of natural science, some few pages have been set apart to a brief exposition of the doctrine of energy, the keynote, so to say, of the modern system of physics. In preference to the plan usually adopted, the author has set forward as a principle the idea of motion being more elementary than that of force, and the need of two forces at least combining to produce equilibrium. The subject of statics has accordingly been made to depend upon the laws of dynamics, these being proceeded in turn by a discussion of some of the simplest principles of motion. He is right, we believe, in thinking that the theory of equilibrium occupies too prominent a position in many of our text-books, and that the student obtains in the problems of statics a very inadequate idea of force and of its modes of expression. The order he has adopted may be pronounced not only the most logical, but that which experience has found most practically advantageous in teaching. The beginner is taught to realize first the idea of motion, absolute and relative, the latter being the only kind of motion known to us in nature. The old Greek maxim *ἐν κινήσει τὸ πᾶν* was anticipatory of the latest generalization of science. All things on earth around us seem to be at rest, but move ceaselessly with the earth round the sun. The sun not only moves round upon his axis, but is in motion towards or round some other point in space, and so on. In all substances molecular movements are found to be for ever going on. In growth and decay there is motion of one kind. Transition and undulation furnish distinctions of another kind. Thus the science of physics resolves itself into the consideration of bodies and molecules under every variety of motion, being subdivided according to the particular effect that the several kinds of motion produce upon the senses. Locomotion, pressure, heat, sound, light, electricity, what are these but names for the different sets of impressions which motion in its different forms arouses in our consciousness? Mechanics being that branch of physics which treats of the motion and equilibrium of bodies as a whole, as distinct from the motion of their particles, and restricted in the present work to solid bodies, falls under the heads—firstly, of kinematics, or the science of pure motion; secondly, of matter that is set in motion, and the cause or force that produces it, coming under the science of dynamics; thirdly, of statics, or the science of equilibrium, comprising such problems as are connected with bodies at rest. Had we to select any portion of the work as most characteristic of the method of treatment adopted, and as compressing into a limited compass the utmost amount of recent gains to the philosophy of physics, we should point to the chapter on Energy, the distinction of potential from kinetic energy, the conversion of heat into mechanical energy, and the conservation of energy, with its relation to force and momentum. A series of well-chosen questions is appended to each chapter, and at the end is given a useful set of examination papers set at various institutions.

In *An Elementary Course of Practical Physics* Mr. A. M. Worthington has provided teachers of the rudiments of physical science with a series of experiments suited to ground the minds of learners in the first principles of practical work. It had its origin, we learn, in an inquiry set on foot by the Committee of Head-Masters amongst the scientific masters of the larger public schools, as to how far laboratory work is possible at school, regard being had to the time at a boy's disposal. Of eighteen answers, two alone were favourable, that from Rugby the most warmly so, on the ground that manipulation and observation form in themselves an important education, and that they are necessary to raise science from a mere cram subject. The spirit of the other answers seems well represented by that from the Royal Naval College, to the effect that laboratory work is not of much educational value unless accompanied by measurements which can be made only by costly instruments, experiments merely qualitative leading only to play. Such work, it is thought, is suited only for senior boys. "A master can take no more than seven or eight at a time. Each experiment would average two hours, single hours now and then being of no use." It is on chemistry, it seems, that from this aspect of things stress is to be laid as a field for practical work. But from an educational point of view our author in the interests of science claims the first place for the study of physics. Logically, he urges, it precedes all the other experimental sciences, every one of which has special instruments and appliances of its own, the action of which is purely physical, depending upon the readiness with which the manipulator devises, understands, and handles such appliances. Yet this fundamental study, which should beyond all others be soundly and thoroughly fixed in the mind of teacher and learner alike, is in danger of being left out of sight, or to be picked up at hazard as mere rule of thumb work. The course here laid down by him within fifty pages comprises about the same number of experiments suited to a class of a dozen boys under fourteen years of age. Having been tested at the Salt Schools with success, it is about to be introduced at Clifton College for a class of thirty boys. So far from being dependent upon costly apparatus, the entire list of laboratory appliances comes to a little more than 10*l*. The merit claimed for it by the author is that this course

affords a good training in (1) skilful manipulation; (2) exact observation; (3) intelligent and orderly recording of observations; (4) principles of indirect measurement; (5) the application and intelligent use of arithmetic, geometry, and algebra; (6) the varying of experimental combinations; (7) common sense. Simple equations and two books of Euclid will carry a boy to at least the middle of the course. The boys are found to work best in pairs. They are led on from simple measurements of objects at hand, or the apparatus in use, to finding the centre of gravity, the length and weight of twisted as compared with straight wires, the density and specific gravity of liquids, the oscillation of pendulums, the laws of torsion, the density of solids by weighing in air and in water, making a barometer, determining latent and specific heat, and finding the co-efficient of expansion of air and of mercury. The pupil who has made himself master of this short but comprehensive course will have reached solid ground in elementary physics.

DAVID BROOME, ARTIST.*

MRS. O'REILLY is known, and not unfavourably known, as the author of several short tales. Her *Sussex Stories* we noticed with praise so late as last autumn. Unfortunately she has not been content with going on in the line in which she had met with success; but, either of her own movement, or encouraged by outsiders, she has ventured on a novel of the orthodox dimensions of three full volumes. The frog of the fable, for all we are told, might have very well passed muster as a simple frog. It was not till it came to puff itself out beyond its natural dimensions that it became a failure and an absurdity. There is no worse enemy to many a storyteller than the third volume. On not a few, indeed, even the second can bring utter ruin. There are plenty of writers who can write very well so long as they allow their heroes and heroines but a couple of chapters or so of existence. Let them venture on a longer tale and a more complicated plot, they at once become as much embarrassed as the wife of a sheriff or an alderman who, for the first time in her life, has to manage a long train as she is presented at Court. So long as her dress had scarcely touched the ground she had gone on well enough, but when it was lengthened by a good yard of stuff, then she fell into the most awkward gait. Our lady writers have, we must admit, this excuse—that it is the novel-readers, making their demands felt through the owners of circulating libraries and the publishers, who set them on thus to make three volumes instead of one. We are willing to allow that, so far as their ordinary readers are concerned, the excuse is valid, but with the unhappy reviewers it has little or rather no weight. We suffer too much as we struggle onwards to the end to be able to listen to any plea of indulgence. When at last we have sifted the pile of rubbish, it matters nothing to us why it has been made so huge. That it contains here and there something that is good does not in the least improve the case. On the contrary, our indignation swells as we consider how either compliance with a foolish fashion or a real ignorance of the writer's trade has made that long and bad which might have been short and good.

To pass from these more general considerations to the story before us, we cannot but express our regret that the author of *David Broome, Artist*, has overshot her powers as much as she has her reviewer's patience. There is not a little that we like in her writings. Mrs. O'Reilly's tone is always pure, and her aim wholesome. It is a great pity, however, that she has a failing that is so commonly found in the sermons of some of the most virtuous and admirable men. She runs the risk of boring people before she has succeeded in amending them. Like the preacher, she may likely enough put her audience to sleep before she has unfolded and enforced her moral.

Her sentiment, moreover, is too often somewhat weak, and at times is worn to rags. She has such a wish that every one should make a good ending, that she never indulges herself or her readers in a downright villain. She makes some of her characters, indeed, commit the most atrocious crimes; but she takes care to keep them so well in hand that they can all repent before they die. Her villains are too bad or too good. They are not consistent. They seem to be all along in training both for the gallows and the "Salvation Army." She might have gratified the reader by cutting off at least one in the blossoms of his sin. Too much penitence may give a story a sickly taste, just as too much sugar may spoil a pudding. Once, indeed, in her story a great rogue is going to drown himself, but the virtuous hero—and a stupendously virtuous hero he is—comes up just at the nick of time, and puts a stop to the suicide. It is not, indeed, by any chance that he stops at the pool at the very moment when the rogue was going to plunge in. He had had an unaccountable impression that some one was near, a presentiment that impressed his vivid imagination. Did he determine on moving, the same wholly unaccountable impression mastered him. Was he later on once more about to move, the mysterious impulse to remain returned in full force. It is a pity, by the way, that these impressions and impulses are not rather felt when the life of a respectable member of society is at stake. In one class of novels, however, there is no more dangerous state than that of being what people call prepared for death or fit to die.

Such people are swept off without any remorse, while the wicked have, at all events, a reprieve granted them.

Not only is the sentiment of this story often false, but the plot is of a most complicated nature. We do not at any time feel sure that we have sounded all its depths and thoroughly mastered its intricacies, while for nearly two volumes we are in a state of the greatest perplexity. We are quite willing to allow that the heroine should have her three lovers, for it is never to lovers that our state of bewilderment is due. The first glance always enables the practised reviewer to detect who it is whom a heroine is to marry, however much appearances may point to some different result. In the present case we found out that the hero was in love, or, at all events, was going to be in love, a good two volumes and a half before he had found it out for himself. It is not, then, of lovers that we complain. They may rise against us as likelinesses of the King rose against Douglas on the field of Shrewsbury, and they will give us no trouble. But we must raise an outcry when we are faced by a mysterious child, who is left as an outcast, by a still more mysterious woman, at the house of the virtuous hero. For many a long page the parentage of this youthful mystery is made to worry the reader almost as much as a swarm of midges or the toothache. If to preserve a mystery is one part of the novelist's art, certainly Mrs. O'Reilly here deserves her share of praise, for we defy the reader even to hazard a guess as to the origin of this highly objectionable boy. His father at one time we believe to be a forger, who is still serving his time as a convict. At another time we are almost convinced that he is the son of a woman who was to have married the good hero, but was tricked by his wicked cousin into marrying him. Her baby had died, she had been told, at a time when she was delirious. What more natural than that he should not have died at all, but have been stolen, either by his foster-mother or the mysterious woman in whose possession we first meet him? Who he was we will not reveal, but we may let out that, though his foster father was not in prison, he fully deserved to be; for he, too, had been a forger and a scoundrel in general. The boy, of course, reforms, like every one else; and at the present time, instead of being a pickpocket, is likely enough a churchwarden.

The descriptions of scenery and of places, which are scattered about with a too liberal hand, do not, in our opinion, by any means help us through the mysteries. We knew only too well what was coming when the story opened in a greengrocer's shop, and we read how "red-ripe berries, golden-brown potatoes, and piles of fresh green vegetables contrasted well with one another. It was an idyllic sort of business," the author adds. Idyllic or not, "golden-brown potatoes" were too much for us. Even in "word-painting" a line ought to be drawn, and it should certainly be drawn some way above potatoes. If we are not careful, we shall sink down to onions, and from onions to artichokes. On later pages we certainly get into higher society, and are introduced to a breakfast-table that glittered with silver and was decked with flowers. The owner of the house and his wife alone were present. She, we read, presiding over the teapot, wore a rose in the waist-belt of her dress. Two pages later on we find that her husband drank coffee. Can, we would respectfully ask—can a woman be said to *preside* over a teapot which is for her own use, and for hers alone? It is, we are well aware, a favourite term with women authors, for it seems to imply a certain dignity, if not, indeed, actual power; but for that very reason we are justified in insisting that it shall be kept to its strict use. But from "word-painting" we are getting to women's rights, and where they will lead us none can know. As Tristram Shandy wrote, "The controversy led them naturally into *Thomas Aquinas*, and *Thomas Aquinas* to the devil." We will, therefore, stop short while yet there is time, and retrace our steps. What, we would ask our author, is gained by giving such a description as the following of a house in the West-end of London during the month of September?—

The sunshine would have penetrated within, had that been possible, and would have lit up the gilding and paint, the rich amber-coloured curtains of the drawing-rooms, the pictures, statues, china, and handsome furniture of which the house was full, but shutters were closed jealously, and blinds drawn down. Still, do what Mrs. Dryson the housekeeper might to exclude those long, warm beams, they persisted in finding their way through chinks in the shutters, or where blinds did not hang absolutely straight, and so lay upon the carpets, or made bright bands upon the delicate tints of ceiling or cornice, driving the housekeeper to distraction as she visited one room after another, to make sure that nothing was getting faded or tarnished, and found the sunshine before her always.

Let our author, we beg her, not attempt to write so big a book that, in order to get it filled, she must have recourse to long descriptions of what is not worth describing even briefly. She has a certain power of her own. In these three volumes there are parts which are very pleasing. The heroine, though her name, Leticia, is certainly the last that a greengrocer would be likely to give his daughter, is yet a charming young lady, and well deserves her three lovers, and even half-a-dozen more, had she needed them. The hero is a little tiresome, if not indeed oppressive, with his virtue, and might surely have a little sooner found out that he was capable of becoming a lover. Still, even he would have passed muster very well, had we had much less of him. Some of the minor characters are well drawn. With all its faults, and that they are many we have not failed to show, this story is likely enough to find many readers, and to interest them, in spite of, or perhaps on account of, the serious defects which we have had to point out.

* *David Broome, Artist*. By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, Author of "Phoebe's Fortune," "Sussex Stories," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

IN THE ARDENNES.*

THE general mass of English, and perhaps of all, tourists may be divided into two classes—those who resolve to do as others do, and those who determine to go somewhere with the certainty that only the select few will be found on the same track. The first class are inspired by the amiable desire to have the power of talking to their neighbours about the places they have visited and the sights they have seen. The second have the less amiable ambition of speaking loftily of localities which have never been penetrated by the vulgar herd. On the whole, we are disposed to like the first class better than the second, and even to think them the wiser, on the principle that "everybody" is wiser than "anybody." Of course there is a small third class, who go where they like to go, led by their own personal tastes and by their reasonable expectations of instruction or amusement; but they are probably a small minority.

The district which is known as the Ardennes has little chance of being known to either of the first two classes we have referred to. It never has been fashionable, and it never will be; it will probably never, or not for a very long time, be visited by any one because others go there; nor is it sufficiently "out of the way" to prove attractive to those who are in search of unbeaten tracks. Who would think of boasting that he had been in the Ardennes when he might brag that he had been in the Salz-kammergut? Yet Mrs. Macquoid is right when she speaks of the Ardennes as a delightful province in which many a picturesque journey may be taken, although with equal right she speaks of it as being unfrequented, and she has done well to add this volume to her previous entertaining books on Normandy and Brittany. We quite believe that many a quiet and meditative traveller, who has already "done" the ordinary routes in Switzerland and Italy and France, and who detests mobs of tourists, and cares nothing for the glories of Alpine-climbing either in Switzerland or out of it, will be grateful to the author for leading him to a district so charming in all its natural features, and so comparatively undisturbed by the bustle of the outer world. It is, in fact, somewhat remarkable that the Ardennes has been so completely overlooked. Tourists to the Rhine and Switzerland skirt it on the North—at Namur, Liège, and Verviers. Since the Franco-German war a good many resolute sightseers must have seen its southern side at Sedan; yet few of these have ever penetrated the "Forest of Arden." Even the *habitués* of Spa, we are told, scarcely do more than take a day's drive to Coo; few of them remain to enjoy the beautiful scenery which surrounds that pretty village.

We are not sure but that the route of these travellers might have been improved; but what traveller has not thought he had done better, or could have done better, than those who came after him, or had gone before him? Once or twice Mrs. Macquoid intimates that they had departed from a better plan which they had already formed, or might have done better than they did. These, however, are small matters, and, taking her book as it stands, it will be a useful and pleasant guide to those who may think of visiting the district which it describes, and will give a very fair notion of what it is to those who may have no such intention. After a few introductory remarks, the writer suggests several routes, and then lands us by way of railway at Brussels and Namur, whence she takes us up the Meuse to Dinant. This little town is not altogether unlike its almost namesake, Dinan, in Brittany. It has very nearly the same population, somewhere about 7,000 or 8,000; it stands on a river, and the ground rises abruptly from the river-side, the chief difference being that, in the case of Dinant, the principal streets are down by the river-side, instead of being on the top of the hill. Both of the little towns have something of a history, too, in the past, and one altogether out of proportion at least to their present size and importance. The legends connected with the Breton Dinan are tolerably well known, at least to the considerable *colonie anglaise* which has for many years flourished there. Daguesclin and "Thomas of Cantorbéry" are household words among French and English in that antique, untidy, and somewhat odorous little town. There is no English colony at Dinant, although from time to time some artists may be found here, who are making sketches in its charming neighbourhood, and in the forest of the Ardennes.

It may be worth mentioning that the painter Wiertz, of eccentric genius, was a native of Dinant. Probably few who have seen his fearful and wonderful legacy of pictures at Brussels will be attracted to Dinant by such a consideration. In fact, the great charm of this whole region is that there is "very little to see." Most travellers who have been in a party which had been working very hard at sightseeing can remember the ill-concealed delight depicted on the countenances of their companions when they had arrived at a place where there was nothing to see, and nothing to do but rest and dine. There certainly is this charm about the Ardennes that the traveller can wander about at his own sweet will, feeling under no obligation to visit picture-galleries, churches, or battle-fields, unless he goes out of the forest to Sedan or Laon. Dinant, however, as we have said, has a history of its own; and, indeed, the Dinantians of old seem to have been terrible fire-eaters. Near it was the rival town of Bouvignes, with which it lived in constant enmity. We need hardly remind our readers that this place is no more to be confounded with Bovines than

is Dinant to be identified with its namesake in Brittany. But Dinant was not contented to fight its battles with Bouvignes. It provoked that excellent monarch Philip "the Good," of Burgundy, who unfortunately for them was not one of those who turn the left cheek when they are smitten on the right. To defy and insult the Duke was bad enough; to hang his ambassador was unpardonable. The town was brutally pillaged and burned; the priests, women, and children were spared; the men were mostly put to death, eight hundred prisoners being hung into the Meuse and drowned before Bouvignes.

Mrs. Macquoid mentions that the Dinantians were not cured of their insolence even by this terrible calamity, when, as an old French writer says, the town "was burned down in such a fashion that it looked as if it had been in ruins for a century." About a century later, when summoned to surrender to the French by the Duc de Nevers, they sent back the answer that, if they could lay hold of the Duke and his master, they would roast and eat their hearts and livers—a pleasantry which cost them the sacking and burning of their town.

These incidents may be regarded as fairly historical; but a salient feature in the present volume, after its descriptions of routes and scenery, and its pleasant gossiping sketches of the country people and their ways and their chatter, is the legendary lore which Mrs. Macquoid has collected from place to place and put upon record in her book. It is very curious what a prominent part the Evil Spirit plays in these stories. In this respect, perhaps, the legends of most unfrequented districts are very much alike. In these, however, we fancy there are fewer illustrations than usual of the aphorism that "the Devil is an ass." Too frequently, we regret to say, his satanic majesty has the best of it; and even when he is worsted, it is not always by such means as can be quite approved of. The legend of St. Remacius has a mixture of both elements. According to that, Satan, in the form of a wolf, had killed the Saint's ass Jack; but being caught in his rosary was kept for a time, and made to do the work of his victim. After undergoing considerable toil and humiliation, he made his escape through the rosary slipping from his neck. This story, let us note in passing, is connected with the neighbourhood of Bouillon, the home of Godfrey the great Crusader. The story of the Lords of Samréo and Berismónil also introduces Satanic agency, and in a more horrible form. Far pleasanter is his defeat at Stavelot, if we cannot entirely approve of the manner in which it was accomplished. St. Remacius had determined to build an abbey in this place in order to overthrow the power of the Prince of Darkness, who had full sway over the locality. Satan naturally did his best to hinder the work, but in vain. At last he determined to heave a great block of quartz on to the roof of the abbey in the middle of the consecration service. St. Remacius, however, became aware that he was on the road, carrying the huge stone with some difficulty up the hill. He caused all the old shoes and sandals they could get to be stuffed into a sack, and sent "the most saintly of the brethren" with the collection to meet the enemy. When Satan asked the monk how far it was to Stavelot, the monk emptied out the contents of his sack, and informed him that he had worn them all out since he left the town. Apparently the Father of Lies had not the power of discerning the character of the statement thus made; so, with a dreadful yell, he flung down his load and disappeared. This story, if not irreproachable, has certainly elements of edification in it which are absent from some of the others. As we have remarked, the Evil One has too frequently the best of it; but that is not the writer's fault; she tells the tale as it was told to her.

Generally speaking, Mrs. Macquoid has shown taste and sense in the selection of objects for description and in the manner in which she has described them. Her talk about the architectural features of Laon and of Liège, for example, is very pleasant; and she seldom makes mistakes, for she knows how to avoid getting out of her depth. Once we meet with a queer sentence. "The peasants," she says, "speak what is called Walloon, the ancient French idiom, which, according to some writers, is the ancient Gallic language." Now, there is no doubt that the Walloon is a species of French; but what Mrs. Macquoid means by the ancient French idiom which, according to some writers, is the ancient Gallic language, we cannot imagine. The ancient Gallic language was a Celtic tongue. The old Frankish language, spoken at Laon for example, one of the Frankish capitals (a fact which Mrs. Macquoid does not think it necessary to mention) was as certainly a Teutonic or Germanic language. The French language, properly so called, is just as obviously a Latin or Romance language. But this is quite an exceptional slip. We should add that the illustrations are charming, as they seem also to be accurate.

MINOR NOTICES.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH B. MAYOR'S first instalment of a full and elaborate edition of Cicero's treatise *De Natura Deorum* (1) has remained over long in our hands without receiving the notice which is its due. The work itself is of but moderate interest, like all Cicero's philosophical writings. Of original thought there is neither

(1) *M. Tullii Ciceronis de natura deorum libri tres*. With Introduction and Commentary by Joseph B. Mayor, M.A., Professor of Moral Philosophy at King's College, London, &c. Vol. I. Cambridge: University Press, 1880.

* In the Ardennes. By Katharine S. Macquoid. London: Chatto & Windus, 1881.

any trace nor any profession." It has a certain worth as secondary evidence of the topics and arguments current in the post-Aristotelian Greek schools; but the independent sources of evidence, though not satisfying, are enough to show that Cicero is a witness not above suspicion as to his intelligence, and to make him more than suspected as to his fairness. The Epicurean school, in particular, is grossly misrepresented by him here and elsewhere. Perhaps the chief entertainment a modern reader can find in the philosophical dialogues of Cicero is to observe how venerable are all the controversial commonplaces of natural theologians and their opponents. Thus the standing difficulty about a creation taking place at one time rather than another is clearly enough given by the Epicurean spokesman in this book. Again, one of his taunts addressed to the Stoic, "ut tragici poetas, cum explicare argumenti exitum non potestis, confugitis ad deum," has a curiously modern ring about it. There remains, of course, the interest of Cicero's Latin, which is always worth studying as a work of art for its own sake. And in this case we see him deliberately making experiments on the language to extend its powers of representing the Greek philosophical vocabulary, and, if not actually coining words, fixing upon them the technical senses in which they have remained as part of the common stock of the civilized world. *Providentia* is a conspicuous example. The critical part of Professor Mayor's work appears to be exceedingly well done. In forming the text he has strictly observed the methods of modern scholarship, which holds itself bound not only to supply a reading plausible in itself, but to show how the corrupt reading that has to be emended came to take its place. A few conjectures of the editor's own are introduced. One of these, at the beginning of cap. 26, is especially ingenious. The common reading is:—"Hoc intellegere quale esset, si in ceris fingeretur aut fictilibus figuris." The conjunction of *fingeretur* and *fictilibus* in different meanings is displeasing, and not like Cicero, and Professor Mayor suggests *diceretur*, accounting for *fingeretur* as follows. The repetition of the letters CER in SI IN CERIS DICERETUR led some copyist to write SI INCERETUR; and this again was taken for SI FINGERETUR, "which would be likely to maintain its ground against the true reading, even after the insertion of *in ceris* from another text." A material addition to the general critical value of the book is the full collation of several English MSS. which has been undertaken by Mr. J. II. Swinson. Professor Mayor seems to intend his edition to serve the purpose of a general introduction to the history of Greek philosophy, and his commentary is very copious and lucid; so much so that we are inclined to think it open to objection as likely to save students more trouble and thought than is good for them. In Cicero's own words in this book, "obest plerumque is qui discere volunt auctoritas eorum qui se docere profitentur; desinunt enim suum iudicium adhibere." The only place where we can suggest an additional illustration is cap. 38, *init.*, where the use of *hippocentaurus* as "a stock word for a *non-ens*" might have been exemplified from the Digest as well as from philosophical literature. (Si ita stipulatus fuero: *te sisti*; nisi *steteris*, *hippocentaurum dari*? proinde erit atque te sisti solummodo stipulatus essem: Celsus in D. 45. i. de verborum obligatione, 97.)

Grave associations connect themselves with *The Churches of the Nene Valley* (2), for, though the title-page is dated 1880, the preface is signed 1877, and the name which appears at the end of it, and among the authors, is one to which the ordinary etiquette of authorship would have prefixed "the late." Among his many claims upon the gratitude of architectural students earned in the course of his laborious life by the scholarly and erudite Mr. Sharpe, of Lancaster, was the merit of conducting very popular and successful architectural tours, which he had the talent to make contributory alike to the education of his fellow-excursionists and the promotion of architectural science. Of one of those tours this volume is the result. The ecclesiological notices of Northamptonshire are known to all lovers of our old churches, so we need hardly expatiate on the interest of this collection of measured drawings comprehending all the phases of our old architecture, from the Saxon of Barnack and Earl's Barton and the Norman of the churches of Northampton and the very graceful Early Pointed of St. Mary's, Stamford, and Raund, down to the more developed forms presented by the round St. Sepulchre's in the county town and the stately Perpendicular of Titchmarsh.

In spite of degradation, mutilation, and restoration so called, undertaken in days when men had hardly yet learned so much as how to decline the verb "to restore," and in spite of the Vandalic destruction within the memory of many still living parishioners of its solemn nave, and the substitution of a flimsy pile, bejewelled and begallered inside, and externally constructed according to the worst pattern of conventicular sham-Gothic, the Priory Church of St. Mary Overie (3), or, as it is now usually designated, St. Saviour's, Southwark, asserts its claims to be recognized as a first-class specimen of a church, which is only not first class itself because its dimensions fall a little short of those of our principal minsters. It has been a labour of love with Mr. Dollman to illustrate this church in all its aspects of beauty and of deformation. This book will, we are sure, be the standard work of reference upon its subject-matter; and we cannot offer to the writer a

better wish than that, whenever it is reconstructed to serve as a cathedral, the promoters of that good work may own that their labours have been made easy to them by the studies of Mr. Dollman.

We had recently occasion, while noticing Mr. J. W. Clark's work on Cambridge, to express our regret that its illustrations should have been all but exclusively devoted to that Cambridge in its modern aspect with which the visitors of the May term are so familiar. We have now to call attention to a collection of very picturesque illustrations, not indeed of the Cambridge which has passed away, but of that which in too many instances is the Cambridge of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which is ruinous, tottering, and ready to be swept away (4). The artist is Mr. Farren, who has by these engravings established his reputation as a spirited and successful etcher, while he has been fortunate enough to secure the assistance of Mr. J. W. Clark for the letter-press. The collection illustrates not only the town itself in its civic as contrasted with its academic aspect, but also the neighbourhood, conspicuous as that is for possessing several fine churches.

It is evidence alike of the solid value, both of Rickman's *Gothic Architecture* (5)—of which the first edition appeared in George IV.'s days, and in a due course of years passed under Mr. Parker's editing—and also of Mr. Parker's own manual of architecture (6)—not to refer to Mr. Parker's own evergreen vitality—that new editions of both books should have appeared this year under the same veteran superintendence. Rickman's book, in its successive forms, is of course in ever-diminishing degrees Rickman's genuine production. Still, we are glad that the name of the worthy Quaker mystagogue of the ecclesiastical architecture of the Middle Ages should not have been allowed wholly to fall out, even if it is regarded in the more practical than dignified aspect of a dignified and ancient trade-mark of an established manual.

Mr. A. Capes and Mr. J. M. Capes, in their *Old and New Churches of London* (7), have struck out the good idea of representing in one volume specimens both of ancient and modern London churches. But it is a pity that the execution is not more careful; the illustrations might have been kept up to a more uniform level, and the descriptions worded with the technical accuracy of modern ecclesiology.

Mr. Bridgett, in his *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain* (8), collects a good deal of curious information, from the Roman Catholic point of view, upon the branch of religious archaeology to which he has directed his studies. But the work is not characterized by any very critical treatment. Mr. Bridgett will probably reply that he wrote in the spirit of faith and not of criticism, to which our answer would be that, as both faith and criticism are attributes of truth, so they are quite compatible with, and indeed complementary of, each other.

The Christian Knowledge Society was well inspired in planning for England a series of diocesan histories. Counties have, under the revolutionary influence of civilization, much lost, and are daily more and more losing, their status of organized communities and sinking into geographical areas. But the dioceses of the land have not only still within their attributes the elements of distinctive life, but have actually since the Church revival, and the consequent resuscitation of cathedrals, and the creation of diocesan societies, boards of education, organized *œuvres*, specialist schools and colleges, and finally diocesan conferences, reasserted an individuality which the waste that unhappily marred the Reformation and the consequent sleepiness of subsequent generations had gone far to obliterate. The series begins, as it is right and proper that it should do, with Canterbury (9), and for the metropolitan see a writer in all ways fitted for his task in learning, tastes, and acuteness was found in Canon Jenkins of Lyminge. Four hundred and twenty-two small pages is a very brief margin within which to write from Norman days (for Canon Jenkins is not content to begin with Gregory the Great's mission of Augustine), the history of the reciprocal action of the Christian system and of secular civilization upon the life, habits of thought, manners and institutions of the peninsula lying between the Thames and the Uchannel. It is therefore no little commendation to be able to say that the author has brought to his work accuracy, research, acuteness, as well as the advantage of an incisive and picturesque style. We must in passing express some surprise that Canon Jenkins, ranging as he does over so wide a field of ecclesiastical interests in and about Canterbury, and familiar as his pages show him to be with St. Augustine's Abbey and its mediæval fortunes, should have totally forgotten to notice the greatest event in the Church history of Canterbury for certainly this century—the restoration to religious uses of the ruins of the

(4) *Cambridge and its Neighbourhood*. Drawn and etched by R. Farren. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

(5) *An Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England*. By the late Thomas Rickman, F.S.A. Seventh Edition. With considerable Additions, chiefly Historical, by John Henry Parker, F.S.A. Oxford and London: Parker. 1881.

(6) *An Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture*. By John Henry Parker, C.B. Sixth Edition. Oxford and London: Parker. 1881.

(7) *The Old and New Churches of London*. By Alfred Capes and Mr. J. M. Capes. London: Bumpus. 1880.

(8) *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain*. By T. E. Bridgett. 2 vols. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

(9) *Diocesan Histories—Canterbury*. By Robert G. Jenkins, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1881.

(a) *The Churches of the Nene Valley, Northamptonshire*. By Edmund Sharpe, M.A., and J. Johnson and J. H. Keesey, Architects. London: B. T. Batsford. 1880.

(3) *The Priory of St. Mary Overie, Southwark*. By Francis T. Dollman, Architect. London: To be had of the Author. 1881.

ancient house of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Augustine by their dedication in a condition of most careful and conservative repair as the missionary College of St. Augustine on St. Peter's Day, 1848.

Mr. Jones in his *Diocesan History of Salisbury* (10) does not dwell so much upon the social relations of Church and State as Canon Jenkins, but he gives in a short compass a carefully digested body of information of the condition of the see of Sarum at the various periods of its existence.

Captain Douglas Jones's volume (11) contains somewhat ampler detail than an earlier one on the same subject by Captain Boughey. It will probably be patronized by young officers desirous of taking a short cut through the "Army Discipline and Regulations Act." What is more needed perhaps is a work which shall give all the necessary information conveyed in the Act, disencumbered of the verbiage which obscures the intentions of such documents for those in whom the lawyer instinct is not acutely developed.

Mr. Sell's *Faith of Islam* (12) is a minute exposition of the tenets and doctrines of a religion which has an immense importance for Englishmen. Familiar as the name of Islam is, the creed of the followers of Mohammed is but very imperfectly understood by most Europeans, chiefly owing to the abstruse and difficult character of the Arabic works in which it is expounded. This ignorance is especially conspicuous amongst the very class to whom it is most fatal—namely, to missionaries in Moslem countries. In the work before us the practical and speculative sides of Mohammedanism are so fairly and clearly discussed, and every detail of observance and doctrine so plainly set forth, that a diligent study of it will place the reader quite *au courant* with the ideas of Moslem theologians.

Dr. Wells's *Turkish Grammar* (13) is a useful manual of acquiring the Ottoman tongue as spoken in Constantinople, and contains numerous exercises for translation from English into that language. It is an improvement on most of the preceding grammars, inasmuch as it is written on the same lines as the most approved manuals for the study of modern European languages. Apart from the increasing necessity for acquiring a knowledge of the language of a people whose affairs enter so largely into the politics and commerce of the present day, Turkish possesses an extensive and valuable literature well deserving of study. The dialogues at the end of the work are very idiomatic and well arranged.

Mr. Hodgson (14) has committed the mistake of explaining his title, which is striking and attractive. The first two essays suffered, it appears, the not unusual fate of rejection by magazines. Although we can find nothing in them to make us pass a very severe judgment on this conduct of the editors, we are of opinion that Mr. Hodgson's writings deserved a better fate. The larger and better part of the prose in the volume is devoted to De Quincey, of whom Mr. Hodgson is obviously a student and lover. His critical examination of that writer's works is readable, and does not perhaps lose in interest by being inspired by a too ardent admiration. We may dissent from such estimates of De Quincey as Mr. Leslie Stephen's without being able to agree that "no one touches and lays bare the inmost heart of a subject" as he does. Among the essays is one on English verse, which Mr. Hodgson begins with the unanswerable statement that "Critics of poetry are often much at sea with regard to the principles of the art, the productions of which they criticize," and he then contributes his effort to define what is not susceptible of definition. At the end of his volume he illustrates his theories as to verse by his own practice in a series of translations from the classics. We cannot give them the praise of being more than bold. He has followed many other translators and attacked the "*Donec gratus*," giving a rendering which is inferior to many previous failures; neither can we accept "So black a crime lies at religion's door" as even an approach to the famous line of Lucretius.

Mr. Lauder has made a collection, obviously meant for children, of every species of tale, supernatural or not, long or short, which can in any way be attached to the Hartz Mountains (15). Some are undoubtedly legends, and have the usual family resemblance to other legends; some are mere anecdotes, and not a few are apparently historical tales of the writer's own invention. It is well, no doubt, to have as much local colour as possible in such stories; but it ought not to be done by keeping foreign words in the English text. The child who reads the Legend of the Rosstrappe will be severely puzzled by being told that the King of Bohemia "took a three days' *Bedenkzeit*" to decide whether he should allow the fierce giant from the north to marry his lovely daughter or not. For the rest, the child is to be envied who learns to read from such a collection.

Mr. Egan has written a sentence in the "observation" that

(10) *Diocesan Histories—Salisbury*. By William Henry Jones, M.A., F.S.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1880.

(11) *Notes on Military Law*. By Captain Douglas Jones. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited).

(12) *The Faith of Islam*. By the Rev. E. Sell. Madras: Addison & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(13) *A Practical Grammar of the Turkish Language*. By Dr. Charles Wells. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1880.

(14) *Outcast Essays and Verse Translations*. By Shadworth H. Hodgson, Hon. LL.D., Edin. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1881.

(15) *Legends and Tales of the Hartz Mountains*. By Toofie Lauder. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

stands as preface to his translation (16) which raises some doubt as to the style in which he has done his work. He says:—"I have left the translation nearly as I wrote it off, thinking that a certain smack of foreign idiom and construction lent a somewhat piquant flavour, which seemed likely to be lost when attempts were made to polish up too much." This looks at first as if he had dashed his work off, and trusted to bad English to represent Heine's German. On examination this turns out to be a quite unnecessary fear. Mr. Egan's English has an easy flow throughout. Here and there we meet a little slip—as, for instance, when "an old red-haired" woman in Frankfurt tells Heine "I live servant with Madame Wohl's mother"; but this may be the fault of the printer. The English readers who wish to get some idea of Heine's style and humour through some medium less likely to be false than a translation of his poetry may be recommended confidently to trust to Mr. Egan.

The Annual Register for 1880 (17) seems to us to be better edited and arranged than was last year's issue of this valuable record. Perhaps the space given to the fine arts may be thought somewhat scanty; but it is, no doubt, impossible to gratify every taste in a work of this kind.

Messrs. Ward and Lock's *Home Book* (18) seems worthy of its second title—"a Domestic Cyclopædia." The work is not only practical and useful, but is decidedly amusing as a book to dip into at odd minutes.

Messrs. Remington and Co. have published a translation of Mérimée's letters to Panizzi (19), carefully written by Mr. H. M. Dunstan, and edited by Mr. Fagan, who, it will be remembered, is the author of the *Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi*, which was not long ago reviewed in these columns.

Salt is doubtless as good a starting-point as another to take for a general assault on the "eccentric ideas" and "most unnatural and anti-healthy habits" of which this age is, in Mr. Boddy's opinion, "wonderfully productive" (20). However that may be, Mr. Boddy has taken it as his text for a sermon on these subjects, and written a book of nine chapters and an appendix to prove the truth of his motto, "Salt is good." We might be inclined to ask who abused it; but the writer has provided against that cavil by citing a temperance writer who has been characteristically guilty of the folly. When he has read Mr. Boddy's second chapter, showing that salt has been used and appreciated ever since the Indo-Germanic tribes entered Europe, he will perhaps have sufficient respect for evidence to change his opinion. Mr. Boddy's little book contains a good deal of interesting scientific information.

Mr. Geroldt is obviously one of the fatally numerous class who feel called upon, when accident has set them travelling over even the most beaten paths, to write their observations made in short glimpses of the surface of things in a style of feeble jocularity (21). Having gone round the world, he gives us an account of his journey, and threatens, if he is encouraged, to write again. It is to be feared that a very small amount of encouragement will be enough.

We have received a copy of Whitaker's excellent *Almanac* for 1881 (22), a work which is no longer in need of recommendation. Mr. G. Rose-Innes, junior, has published a handy pamphlet, bearing the title *Employers and Employed* (23), which gives the Employers' Liability Act of 1880 and the changes it has effected in the law.

A fourth edition has been issued of Mr. Braithwaite's useful manual (24) compiled for the use of Commissioners to administer oaths.

Messrs. Roberts and Wallace have produced a handbook (25) relating to the Liability of Employers, the laudable object of which—namely, "to weld its (the Act of 1880's) provisions into the prior law, and to give without unnecessary technicalities an intelligible sketch of the result"—has been well accomplished.

We have also to mention Mr. Macaskie's *Treatise on the Law of Executors and Administrators* (26) and Mr. Wilberforce's *Statute*

(16) *Ludwig Bürne: Recollections of a Revolutionist*. By Heinrich Heine. Abridged and translated by T. C. Egan. London: Newman & Co. 1881.

(17) *The Annual Register for the year 1880*. London: Rivingtons.

(18) *Ward and Lock's Home Book: a Domestic Cyclopædia*. Forming a Companion Volume to Mrs. Beeton's "Book of Household Management." London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(19) *Letters of Prosper Mérimée to Panizzi*. Edited by Louis Fagan. 2 vols. London: Remington.

(20) *The History of Salt*. By Evan Mariett Boddy, F.R.C.S., F.S.S. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox. 1881.

(21) *Nine Colonies*. By Fritz Geroldt. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.

(22) *An Almanac for 1881*. By Joseph Whittaker, F.S.A. London: Whittaker.

(23) *Employers and Employed: the Employers Liability Act, 1880*. By G. Rose-Innes, Junior. London: Edinborough Wilson. 1881.

(24) *Oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature*. By Thomas W. Braithwaite. Fourth Edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

(25) *A Summary of the Law on the Liability of Employers for Personal Injuries sustained by their Workmen*. By W. H. Roberts and G. H. Wallace. London: Reeves & Turner.

(26) *A Treatise on the Law of Executors and Administrators and of the Administration of the Estates of Deceased Persons*. By Stuart Cunningham Macaskie. London: Stevens & Sons.

Law (27), to neither of which it is possible even to attempt to do justice in a short notice.

Mr. Muir Mackenzie's handbook on Bills of Lading (28) supplies a distinct want, inasmuch as hitherto the subject had never been treated separately by any legal writer.

(27) *Statute Law*. By Edward Wilberforce. London: Stevens & Sons.

(28) *Bills of Lading. A Handbook*. By M. Muir Mackenzie. With an Appendix of Statutes and Forms.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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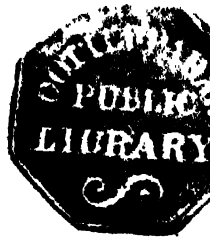
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THE LAND BILL.

THE first night of the resumed debate on the Irish Land Bill, of which Clause 1 has at length been carried, was a good deal more instructive than might have been anticipated or than a casual hearer or reader may have perceived. Mr. FORSTER's account of the state of Ireland as viewed through the most rose-coloured pair of spectacles that the policy of his Government, in conjunction with his own unlucky honesty, could allow him to wear, appears to have reassured—as probably any other account would have reassured—his own partisans. The disturbances in the city and county of Cork had, it seems, been much exaggerated, though irregularly armed mobs to the number of some thousands did actually collect, barracks were attacked, houses wrecked, telegraph poles torn down, railway metals torn up, marines and policemen stoned. With these exceptions, no evidences of disorder exist or have existed; and, although it may require a certain exercise of ingenuity and imagination to discover the symptoms which are lacking, the fact that some are lacking is doubtless reassuring. A House thus reassured as to the immediate condition of Irish affairs could proceed to the discussion of amendments on the Land Bill with a mind much quieted and appeased. Of these amendments, two were of particular importance, both from their character and from the character of the debate upon them. These were Mr. MACNAGHTEN's proposal for setting a limit to the competition price of tenant-right, and Mr. CHAPLIN's for defining the constituent elements of the money value of that right. Both these were argued vigorously, and in the latter case with not a little heat. On the other hand, the proceedings of Tuesday's debate were almost uniformly quiet, and the acceptance and rejection of the amendments proposed took place in a manner which showed their relative importance. The Opposition were divided in their attitude towards Mr. RUSSELL's proposal to omit the specific grounds on which a landlord may reject a proposed assignal of his tenant's right. Those who opposed the omission seem to have been somewhat less well counselled than those who accepted it. Generally speaking, the objectionable feature of the Bill in all its clauses is its tendency to tie down the owner in the exercise of his rights of ownership, and any omission of a limitation is to be welcomed. Such a proposal as this, however, stands on very different ground from those just mentioned, and from Mr. HARCOURT's amendment (the chief vital amendment of Tuesday), which proposed that the difference between the actual and the "fair" rent of low-rented farms should be capitalized in favour of the landlord.

All these three amendments were stoutly opposed by the Government, and the opposition throws additional light on the real nature and objects, as well as on the probable effect, of their proposal. The rejection of Mr. MACNAGHTEN's amendment shows perhaps more clearly than has yet been shown the difference between the weight and balance which are to be used in the tenant's case and the weight and balance which are to be used in the landlord's. The essence of the measure is that it refuses to allow the latter the benefit of competition value; the essence of it also is now fully shown to be that it accords that benefit to the tenant, at least to the fortunate tenant who is in possession at the time of the passing of the Act.

Certain persons, whose intelligence is not equal to their superficial acuteness, have imagined that these two competition values, if allowed to exist, would be mutually destructive. They would be nothing of the sort. The landlord would obtain the best price for what he has to sell and the tenant for what he has to sell, and we have Mr. GLADSTONE's own authority that these are quite distinct and independent quantities. If they are so, each is independently saleable without interfering with the other. But it is clear that, if an arbitrary limit is put on the price to be obtained for the one, the overplus of value must go somewhere. It is not to be obtained for the landlord—that the Bill forbids; it is not likely to be left by the outgoing tenant as a free gift to his successor; therefore it is given to the outgoing as a gratuitous bonus. Out of this argument there is absolutely no escape, and the consequence again and again urged is finally, except in the improbable event of resipiscence on a future clause, established. The whole of Ireland is to be rack-rented in perpetuity in the shape of rent *plus* interest on competition value of tenant-right. Mr. CHAPLIN's amendment was in itself of more dubious expediency than Mr. MACNAGHTEN's. The definition of tenant-right as the value of improvements added to the sum actually paid to a former tenant is open to no objection on the score either of justice or equity. But it would have the same effect, if applied universally, of unnaturally raising the total rent of land, and thus saddling the occupiers with an intolerable burden. As a matter of fact, however, it was a valuable proposition because it once more elicited from the Government, in the form of a fresh refusal to define tenant-right, a contribution to the solution of the interesting problem as to which they are so coy. It is clear that, unless a solid slice of what is now the landlord's is to be handed over to the tenant, the very utmost which the latter can fairly claim is represented in Mr. CHAPLIN's proposal. The Government, therefore, were bound to accept that proposal, at least as a *maximum*, with provision for reduction by the Court in case the sum so fixed be obviously too large. To do this, however, would have been not merely to let their cherished cat—the nature and origin of the tenant-right proposed to be created—out of its jealously guarded bag, but to kill the animal as well. The bonus to the existing tenants at the expense of the landlords, and of all tenants (succeeding otherwise than by inheritance), which is the bait they have to offer, though they refuse to acknowledge it, would have vanished at once. The concession was therefore not merely refused, but refused with some acrimony. The narrow majority which rejected the amendment of Mr. HENEAGE on Thursday night should serve as a warning to the Ministry to avoid a too ostentatious disregard of the interests of landlords.

Mr. HARCOURT's amendment did not, like the former of those mentioned, involve a question of actual or possible confiscation. It is perfectly true that even under the Bill a landlord who at present lets his land too low (as a vast number of Irish landlords do) can protect himself up to the limit of the proposed "fair" amount by raising his rent to that sum. But, whereas Mr. HARCOURT's amendment would have enabled him to continue his easy yoke, if he chose to do so, without the danger of losing beyond recall, the rejection of that amendment makes it absolutely necessary for him, in self-defence, to rack-rent to the utmost extent possible under the new arrangements. He is told by Mr. GLADSTONE, almost *totidem verbis*, that, if he does not, he is a

and for his pains. "He cannot expect to eat his cake and have his cake"—that is to say, to eat the cake of generosity and have the cake of ownership. The law will translate his gift for him into a right. Here, again, the curious mixture of injustice and improvidence which characterizes so much of the Bill appears conspicuously. The injustice, as has been said, is not of much moment, because the landlord is furnished with a shield against its sword. But the nature of that shield is the important thing. If the Government were deliberately planning the means of rack-renting Ireland, they could not go to work in a more business-like manner or in one more calculated to effect their purpose. Having already taken means to secure that the incoming tenant shall in all cases be burdened with the heaviest possible outlay on tenant-right, they now devote themselves to securing that the landlord shall always exact the utmost penny procurable in the form of directly paid rent. The incomer is to be squeezed by his predecessor and by his landlord till not a drop more is forthcoming, and this squeezing, which is now exceptional and mitigated in the cases where it exists, will be a matter of mere business, admitting no more sentiment than the actual arrangement of the price of stocks or of cotton. Such sentiment is expressly excluded by the Government speakers, and a landlord who lets at easy rents is placed on the same footing as a broker who sells at 90½ when the market price is 90½. It is his business, and *caveat venitor*. Considering the admitted importance of the Bill and the anxiety of all serious politicians to get the question settled now that it has been raised, this attitude of blindness and obstinacy on the part of Ministers and their supporters can hardly be too much regretted.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.

IT is fortunately quite unnecessary to balance against each other the qualities or defects of the Greeks and the Turks. Captain HOBART, better known as HODART PASHA, lately assured a Conservative meeting at Portsmouth not only that the Turks were a noble people, but that, if they were fairly treated, they would be able and willing to pay their debts. A dividend on Turkish bonds would tend to revive the political sympathy which was not without reason entertained a few years ago for the nation which was then dominant in South-Eastern Europe. In the meantime those who are sanguine enough to anticipate the future solvency of Turkey will probably display their enthusiasm by buying up depreciated bonds. Captain HOBART can scarcely be regarded, as an impartial witness, since he holds the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish fleet. When he first entered the service of the SULTAN he may probably have felt that he was justified in devoting his energies to the purpose of strengthening a Government which was united by common interests, as well as by positive compacts, with his own. After the misfortunes which have befallen his adopted country he may probably feel a generous unwillingness to abandon a sinking cause; but, as a general rule, it is inexpedient that English officers should engage in foreign service. It may sometimes become their professional duty to counteract the policy of their own country; and any successes which they may obtain are liable to be attributed by the sufferers to their nation rather than to their temporary employers. In the last century English admirals obtained the first victories which were won by the Russian navy. If in the late war an English commander-in-chief had defeated a Russian fleet, a dangerous resentment might have been provoked. That service under a foreign flag is not favourable to an impartial estimate of English interests and policy was proved by Captain HOBART's speech. According to his own account, he was wholly ignorant of several events, until he found on his journey from Constantinople that England was disgraced and baffled, to the great satisfaction of the statesmen of other European countries, from Prince BISMARCK downwards. If all the impressions which Captain HOBART had received, and which he reproduced at Portsmouth, had been absolutely just, it would not have been the part of a judicious patriot to publish a series of damaging confessions.

There was much truth in his political retrospect; but the intrigues of the former Russian Ambassador, the consequent Bulgarian massacres, and the partial dismemberment of Turkey are obsolete subjects of discussion. It may, as Captain HOBART says, be natural that the Turks should

resent the discontinuance of English support, and that they should have shown their irritation by disregarding Mr. GOSCHEN's advice; but it is with the Turkish Government in its present condition and temper that English statesmen have to deal. The history of the last five or six years has strongly confirmed the soundness of the policy which had been pursued by Conservative and Liberal Governments down to the time of the Bulgarian disturbances. The peace of the East was best secured by discountenancing Russian intrigues, which always tended to disturbance. The Turks were maintained in their sovereignty, not in recognition of their merits, but because they were there. They are now surrounded by hostile rivals; and peace must be preserved, if it is preserved at all, by new methods. The chances of war are diminished by the delimitation of the Montenegrin frontier, and by the reasonable arrangement which has been imposed both on Turkey and on Greece. It would seem that the SULTAN and his advisers have at last been convinced that it was better to submit to the combined pressure of the European Powers than to engage in a war with Greece, in which the stake deposited on one side would not have been balanced by any equivalent risk on the other. Greece would have retained conquests which might probably have been made; and in any treaty of peace which would have been likely to be concluded, Greece would have obtained some augmentation of territory. On the other hand, though the Turkish army might probably have been victorious, the restoration to Turkey of some part of the Greek dominions would not have been tolerated by Europe. The risk of additional complications in East Roumelia and Macedonia was perhaps also taken into account at Constantinople.

The expediency of founding political anticipations rather on intrinsic probability than on positive statements has been illustrated by the acquiescence of the Greek population in the peaceable settlement of the dispute with Turkey. In spite of repeated assurances to the contrary, dispassionate observers felt confident from first to last, that if the Turks could be induced to surrender Thessaly, the Greek Government would not hesitate to relinquish its pretensions to Epirus. The Ministers were threatened with penal consequences, and the KING himself with dethronement, if only they declined to insist on the execution of a supposed award which had been repudiated by the arbitrators. The people were supposed to be in a state of uncontrollable excitement, and the army was said to be bursting with martial ardour. It was more certain that the Opposition was prepared to supplant the actual Ministers, and that, as a preliminary step, it was anxious to goad them into irrecoverable blunders. When the Government was believed to have entered into negotiations it was accused of treason to the national cause; and if, on the other hand, it had precipitated a rupture, its adversaries would, with better reason, have held it responsible for an unnecessary war. It would be a serious imputation on the sound judgment of Mr. TRICOUPI and his political associates to express a doubt that they would have pursued the same course which they now denounce as disgraceful and ruinous. The alleged danger of popular insurrection seems to have been as chimerical as the warlike policy of the Opposition. The recruits who had swelled the ranks of the army will gladly return to their homes, and the idlers of the capital will content themselves with cheap boasts of the victories which might in other circumstances have been achieved. For the moment popular clamour is directed against the KING, who was in some degree to blame for his encouragement of warlike agitation. There can be no doubt that in his circuit of the Courts of Europe he did his utmost to obtain support for an ambitious policy, and it was by no fault of his own that he failed. Political malcontents now complain that they have derived no advantage from the influence of a King whom, as they say, the nation chose in the hope that his family connexions would promote the aggrandizement of Greece. It is not easy to understand what would be gained by transforming the kingdom into a Republic.

Attention is partially diverted from the signature of the Convention by a discreditable transaction in which some of the Ministers have been engaged. The funds of an institution bearing the ambitious title of the Bank of Thebes have been embezzled or misapplied to the amount of 30,000*l.*; and two members of the Cabinet, and some of Mr. COMMOUDOUROS's connexions or relatives, appear to have shared in the plunder. The Government endeavoured

to suppress all inquiry into the fraud; but it seems that the tribunals are sufficiently independent to institute a prosecution. The admixture of vulgar corruption with professions of passionate patriotism has many precedents furnished by the adventurers whom democracy brings into high places. In the present instance the malversation must have been contrived and executed at the time when credulous newspaper correspondents were thoroughly deceived by the apparent outburst of warlike enthusiasm. It is unlucky for the Greeks that the misadventure should have coincided with events which have directed general attention to Athens. They must console themselves with the reflection that greater States have not been always exempt from similar scandals. The character of the Greek nation has never been so remarkable for scrupulous delicacy as for general intelligence and mercantile aptitude; but it may be hoped that the culprits in the present instance are not fair specimens of the general morality. Their neighbours in Constantinople are not in a position to taunt the Greeks with their low standard of official honour. During the Russian war, which was a far more deadly struggle than any in which Greece is likely to be engaged, several of the SULTAN'S Ministers notoriously diverted to their own use sums which were urgently needed for the national defence. Some of them were probably in the pay of the enemy; and even the generals were bent rather on baffling and discrediting one another than on repelling the invader. According to the concurrent testimony of residents and travellers, the rural Turk is one of the most upright of men, while from policemen to viziers all his countrymen in authority vie with one another in dishonesty. The Greeks have not found equal favour in the eyes of English visitors to the countries which they frequent; but it is not improbable that even in Greece the ordinary farmer or rural trader may be honest and respectable. The manipulators of the funds of the Bank of Thebes probably entered the public service with the purpose of making their fortunes by the methods which they have now adopted.

THE TENURE OF LAND.

A SHORT debate on the tenure of land, arising on a resolution moved by Mr. W. FOWLER, was principally remarkable for a strong expression of opinion by Mr. GLADSTONE. It was already known that on this, as on all other questions, he inclined to the democratic doctrine; but he had not previously expressed in equally strong language his hostility to the existing practice of settlement and entail. Although the question is perhaps not yet ripe for Parliamentary action, it has long been a subject of discussion. As in all similar cases, sound theories become incensed with commonplaces and fallacies which sometimes create a mistaken prejudice against the original proposition. Mr. GLADSTONE defended Mr. FOWLER against the charge of triteness and repetition on the ground that a speech on such a subject ought not to be exclusively original or new; yet an economical reformer might advantageously dispense with arguments which have been a hundred times refuted. Lord DERBY must by this time regret that he ever made the misleading statement that the produce of land in Great Britain might be doubled by improved cultivation. If a large portion of the national wealth were diverted from more profitable occupations to the purpose of tilling the soil of England like a market garden, there is no doubt that the produce might be doubled or more liberally multiplied; but the process would be extravagantly foolish and wasteful, as it would enormously increase the cost of commodities which might be more cheaply obtained by importation. If Lord DERBY meant to say that the expenditure which might be required to double the produce would be a good investment, Lord DERBY was for once mistaken. The whole discussion is irrelevant, because there is no reason to suppose that a change in the tenure of land would encourage a large additional outlay in high farming. The Irish legislation of five-and-thirty years ago was recommended by the same assumption that the subdivision of landed property would promote agricultural improvement. The unhappy purchasers in the Landed Estates Court have not been remarkable for liberal expenditure, although they could not have anticipated that Parliament would disregard their indefeasible titles.

Mr. GLADSTONE expressed a reasonable doubt whether

the abolition of settlements would prevent the accumulation or retention of large estates. The result of a change in the law can only be ascertained by experiment; but, on the whole, the probability is perhaps in favour of subdivision. The social advantages of a large increase in the number of landowners would be considerable, but the economical benefit is more doubtful. Small estates would be tilled by small occupiers; and, until lately, it was universally admitted that agriculture, like almost all other kinds of industry, is most profitably exercised on a large scale. The further division of land among petty freeholders working with their own hands would perhaps increase the gross produce, with a large addition to the cost of cultivation. Mr. GLADSTONE contemplated a less complete revolution in recommending whatever scheme may give the greatest freedom in "the descent of land, the transfer of land, the holding of land, and the raising money on land." He may perhaps not have been aware that some of the numerous land-doctors who maintain an incessant agitation against landowners propose to prohibit the creation of mortgages and all other contrivances for raising money on land. Mr. GLADSTONE not unreasonably assumes that freedom of disposal consists in allowing men to do what they will with their own. Modern economists, notwithstanding a recent declaration of Lord DERBY'S, desire to establish the opposite principle of regulating by law every transaction of life. It may be admitted that the plan of abolishing mortgages is not a gratuitous or arbitrary device, though it involves grave interference with freedom of disposal. All modern projects relating to land affect to facilitate the outlay of capital by the owner for the improvement of the soil. As Lord SALISBURY long since pointed out, an immediate result of the suppression of settlements and life estates would be a great increase in the amount of mortgages, with the consequence of diminishing the income and resources of the owner. In the first instance borrowed money might perhaps be expended in improvements; but eventually the great majority of proprietors would be crippled by the payment of interest on debt. Small freeholders or permanent occupiers in Ireland, in India, and in almost all parts of the Continent of Europe, are painfully dependent on money-lenders. It is to prevent by artificial means the introduction of similar conditions in England that some theorists wish to prohibit mortgages. If they could persuade Parliament to adopt their views, the result would be to convert mortgage loans into ruinous transactions, where the money-lender would raise the rate of interest in proportion to the depreciation of security. It is not likely that sophistical arguments will prevail against immediate and general convenience.

There is a fundamental misconception in Mr. FOWLER'S assumption that "it is clearly our duty to get as much as possible out of our own soil." It is the clear duty, or, which comes to the same thing, the obvious interest, of every man to get as much as possible, not necessarily out of the soil of a particular country, but out of his own capital, labour, and opportunities. It is not the duty or the interest of a skilled artisan, who can perhaps earn three or four pounds a week by the exercise of his craft, to waste his time in ploughing a field or digging a garden; yet it is only by such labour on his own part or on that of some deputy that he can get the largest produce from the soil. It is not inconceivable that the whole population of a country or a kingdom might earn more by other pursuits than by agricultural labour. In a rich mineral district it might be good economy to leave the surface to itself, and to employ the strength and skill of the whole community in working the ore. In favourable circumstances a comparatively small part of the results of profitable labour would be sufficient to purchase the provisions which might have been more expensively raised by combined efforts on the soil. If the whole of England could be converted into mines, factories, and workshops, leaving a residue of labour for commercial navigation, industry and trade would be more remunerative than agriculture. In fact, more than half the population lives in towns, and never puts a spade into the ground. Farmers and farm labourers, if there were room for them in industrial occupations, might perhaps follow the same example. It is undoubtedly for the general interest that the land should be cultivated, not necessarily so as to yield the largest produce, but so as to return the greatest profit. But, for the cant of modern sophists, it might have been thought self-evident that preference for home pro-

duction is inconsistent with the doctrine of Free-Trade. A similar criticism would apply to Mr. FOWLER's simple-minded lamentation over the fact that land is, to a certain extent, regarded as a luxury. "Why," he asks, "should it be so?" and echo answers, why should jewels or pictures be preferred to more immediately useful articles? Land is treated as a luxury because it is a luxury. An owner who cannot afford luxuries is quite right in getting a fancy price for his land from his wealthy neighbour.

It is not easy to understand why Mr. GLADSTONE should sneer at Lord CAIRNS's bold and comprehensive measure for facilitating the transfer of land. He even condescended to reproduce the objections which Lord BATH was perhaps, from his own point of view, justified in raising, to Lord CAIRNS's summary mode of dealing with the rights of heirs and remainder-men. The main principle of the Bill is the power conferred on the life-tenant to sell land for certain defined purposes, on condition of subjecting the purchase money to the trusts on which the land was held. It is strange that the school of economists which habitually exaggerates the distinction between landed and personal property should object to a measure which would liberate land while it preserved residuary interests in the equivalent amount of money. The main impediment to the free transfer of land would be removed if there were in all cases a legal owner capable of giving a complete and valid title. Lord CAIRNS would, at least in many instances, supply the defect by his Bill; and if he is not sufficiently careful of the interests of heirs-at-law, it might be supposed that he was safe from the sarcasms of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is but a dull jest to taunt a Conservative opponent with being too much inclined to a Liberal doctrine. It is not to be regretted that the important controversy on the tenure of land should from time to time occupy the attention of Parliament. It is possible that prolonged discussion may tend to dissociate social motives from economic arguments. It would, perhaps, have been better that Mr. GLADSTONE should abstain from inquiries whether the proposed changes would be disadvantageous to the country. He cannot have been serious in the suggestion that the objections of the House of Lords should of necessity be met by the special creation of *majorats* in favour of peers; unless, indeed, he wished to endow hereditary legislators with a privilege so invidious that it would endanger their political existence.

THE SENATE AND M. GAMBETTA.

IT must be admitted that the defeat which the French Senate has inflicted on M. GAMBETTA has not, up to this time, had the results that seemed likely to follow from it. M. GAMBETTA has not even been able to make arrangements for a return match. He has tried to hasten on the elections, and has been conspicuously beaten in the Chamber, where he was thought to be all powerful. The means of dissolving the Chamber of Deputies provided by the French Constitution were not at his disposal. Neither the PRESIDENT nor the Senate is at all anxious to hurry on the appeal to the country; and, unless both are agreed in wishing a dissolution, a dissolution cannot be had. M. GAMBETTA's ingenuity devised a way of getting over this difficulty as regards the elections, though not as regards the meeting of the new Chamber. Though the dissolution could not take place, in the natural course of things, until October, why should not the elections be held in advance of the dissolution? The members of the new Chamber might be elected in July, though they could not enter upon their duties until October. The only inconvenience of this would be that, in the event of any sudden emergency demanding the convocation of the Legislature in the interval between July and October, it would be the old Chamber, not the new, that would answer to the call. So much, however, M. GAMBETTA was prepared to risk, and an attempt was accordingly made to get the proposal submitted to the Chamber. The different groups into which the Republican party is distributed have, one and all, declined to have anything to say to it. M. GAMBETTA had evidently reckoned without his hosts. By dint of great efforts he had got together a majority in favour of the *Scrutin de liste*. But his efforts had only given him a very narrow majority, and the vote of the Senate had furnished more than one reason why even

the members of this majority should be inclined to reconsider their decision. Somebody else had been found to take the first step in rebellion, and a refusal to enter upon a conflict with the Second Chamber is more natural, and therefore more excusable, than a refusal to pass a particular Bill. Then the apathy of the country upon the question is probably very much greater than the Republican deputies expected it to be. Either the electors do not care whether the elections are by departments or by arrondissements, or they are content to wait for the substitution of the department for the arrondissement until the new Chamber can meet in the ordinary course. Whichever of these interpretations is the correct one, the position of the majority in the Chamber is more favourable to freedom of action than they could have thought possible a fortnight ago. They may look forward to being returned once more under any circumstances, and to better things still if it should prove after all that the electors are willing to retain the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. They can have no motive, therefore, for hurrying on the elections. They may keep their present seats for another four months, and even indulge the hope that their present seats may then be exchanged for others in the next Chamber.

M. GAMBETTA is probably greatly surprised at this sudden manifestation of independence. To be beaten even in his own section of the party, and to be beaten by large majorities in every section of the party except his own, must be a new experience to him. Even now, however, it is not certain that the vote of the Senate was a wise one. The opinions held upon this point will naturally be influenced by the estimates which those who entertain them have formed of M. GAMBETTA and M. GAMBETTA's policy. In considering how the two act upon one another, it must be borne in mind that no one, except possibly a few extreme Legitimists, believes that M. GAMBETTA's accession to power can be permanently averted. Everybody holds that at some time or other, and in some way or other, he is certain to come to the front. It is conceivable that sanguine Royalists, or even sanguine Bonapartists, may fancy that their interests will be promoted by putting off M. GAMBETTA's triumph to the latest possible date. As they hope that it will bring to a close the historical drama of the Republic, they may reasonably be anxious to have their party as strong and as well organized as possible before the curtain rises for the last act. But the Republican Senators, by whose coalition with the Right M. BARDOUX's Bill was disposed of, can have no such motive for putting things off. Much as they may distrust M. GAMBETTA, they know perfectly well that he is the mainstay of the Republican cause, and that, if he were to be tried and found wanting, the hopes of the reactionary parties would be greatly excited, and the prospects of the Republic be proportionately gloomy. Now it must appear to all reasonable Frenchmen that M. GAMBETTA's chances of political success are closely bound up with the choice he makes as regards the objects at which he aims, and the allies by whose aid he strives to attain these objects. A Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who appears to be very well acquainted with French Radical politics, has lately written a very informing letter upon this subject. He rejoices at the vote of the Senate because, he says, it must have the effect of reuniting M. GAMBETTA to the Radicals. Of late years, this writer thinks, M. GAMBETTA has leaned too much to the Conservatives; they are not his natural auxiliaries, and it is a pity that he should ever think, or lead others to think, that they can possibly become so. The vote of the Senate, and the distrust which under the circumstances that vote implies, must have completely cleared his mind upon this point. It makes it plain that, however much he may strain his real principles in order to conciliate the Conservatives, he will be no nearer his end. They will accept such concessions as he likes to make to them, but when all is told they will feel no more confidence in him than before. If this alleged antagonism between M. GAMBETTA and the Conservatives is real, the Senate was probably well advised in rejecting M. BARDOUX's Bill. Assuming that M. GAMBETTA can never be the leader of the Conservative Republicans, it is important to lose no opportunity of teaching Conservative Republicans to realize this impossibility. If, on the other hand, this alleged antagonism is only imaginary, the vote of the Senate may be thought unfortunate. No matter how Conservative M. GAMBETTA may be

capable of becoming, there is no doubt that he is perfectly capable of becoming something which is the very opposite of Conservative, and the question for the Senate to consider was whether by rejecting the *Scrutin de liste* they were not deciding that it should be the latter quality rather than the former which should be developed in him. It is scarcely possible for him to treat the vote of the Senate as of no account without losing the prestige which has hitherto belonged to him. He is too deeply pledged to the *Scrutin de liste* to be likely to put up with its rejection. The Senate, if left to itself, is not likely to reverse its vote. It honestly dislikes the *Scrutin de liste*, and if it can continue to reject it without danger, it will probably go on doing so; consequently M. GAMBETTA will be almost forced to propose to the electors some modifications in the constitution of the Senate. Whether these modifications are in themselves good or bad, it is highly desirable in the interests of Conservatism that they should not be proposed. It is doubtful whether the affection which the Republican party generally bear to the principle of a double Chamber is strong enough to lead them to defend it if the attack should be led by M. GAMBETTA. At all events, he himself will be committed to this attack, and all chance of gaining him over to the Conservative side will be at an end. He may not mean to go very far with the old friends into whose arms he has again been thrown, but on a journey of this kind it is not always possible for a man to say at what precise point he will stop. M. CLÉMENTEAU is alleged to have said, on hearing of the Senate's vote, that M. GAMBETTA had fallen on the right side, and the danger is that for the future M. GAMBETTA may be reduced to contending with M. CLÉMENTEAU for the leadership of the Extreme Left. No doubt if this be all that he is fitted for, the Senate has done a service to France in making him appear in his true colours. If, on the other hand, it has merely driven a force which might have been Conservative in its action into the opposite camp, the service rendered to the country will be much more equivocal. It would be rash, of course, to assume that the Senate has rejected the assistance of another MIRABEAU, but it should not be forgotten that there is this side to the vote of last week, and that it is a side that may have more truth in it than the Conservative Republicans in the Senate are disposed to think. It is only natural to suppose that in his triumphal speech at Cahors, M. GAMBETTA appealed to the party with which in the future he meant to identify himself. His intentions may prove to have undergone a very great change now that the momentary representatives of this party have contemptuously rejected his overtures.

LOCAL OPTION.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON last year persuaded the House of Commons to pass a resolution in favour of giving local communities some power of "protecting themselves from the operation of the liquor traffic." This week he has persuaded it to pass another resolution stating that it is desirable to give legislative effect to the resolution of last year. For this resolution several members of the Ministry, including Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. FORSTER, voted, while Mr. GLADSTONE voted against it. Mr. BRIGHT, while voting for it, explained that it must not be understood that he thought it desirable to legislate in a measurable distance of time on the subject. Local option can only have its turn in legislation, and its turn is a very long way off. Nor did Mr. BRIGHT pretend to be able to explain what kind of power it may be expedient or possible to give to local communities to protect them against too much liquor. He candidly said that he detested the Permissive Bill, but he would not say that some protection might not be given to local communities of a kind totally different to that which the Permissive Bill was designed to give. If any one could devise a perfectly unobjectionable scheme, then Mr. BRIGHT was willing to allow that in the far-off future such a scheme might be properly clothed with the sanction of a law. It would be equally practical to say that, if any one ever invented a system of aerial navigation, it would then be desirable that Parliament should regulate the tariffs. The House of Commons for the best part of an evening was totally out of contact with real life. It was consciously beating the air, and wasting words and time. The resolution is so entirely without

meaning that the only kind of interest it can raise is that inspired by the strangeness of a considerable number of respectable members discussing it or voting for it. The simple explanation is that the discussion and the votes were meant, not for the House of Commons, but for the Liberal constituencies. The total interest went completely for the Liberals at the last election. To reward and maintain the support thus given, members who profited by it feel that they must do something. They cannot do anything definite without countenancing some absurdity which would make them ridiculous. They cannot seriously contemplate legislation, for they cannot conceive a law which would please their supporters and which they themselves would wish to see passed. But nothing can be cheaper or easier than to come down to the House and solemnly declare that some day or other some one ought to legislate in favour of a vague principle being carried out in an unascertained way. This may seem to be a farce; but farces are sometimes, though not often, amusing, and this particular farce appears to have the merit of amusing an important section of the Liberal constituencies.

Mr. GLADSTONE, who is quite independent of the support of any one section of electors in any one constituency, made use last year of language which Sir WILFRID LAWSON recalled with natural triumph to the recollection of the House. He said that some revision of the licensing laws was inevitable, and that in this revision room must be found for some form of local option. As he did not explain his meaning, it must be a matter of mere guesswork to explain his meaning for him. But there are some senses in which local option is harmless and even just. All questions of licensing must divide themselves into questions as to the licences of existing public-houses and questions as to the granting of licences to new public-houses. Sir WILFRID LAWSON admitted that existing public-houses are, as a rule, in the hands of respectable men who honestly try to repress disorder and extreme drunkenness. Under the licensing system as at present administered, a publican who has once obtained a licence has a recognized claim to have his licence renewed so long as his conduct gives no cause of complaint. A respectable man who has embarked his capital in a business which with good conduct he may regard as permanent has an incontestable right to compensation if he is prevented from carrying on his business by new legislation. There may be some towns where there are too many public-houses, where not only proper accommodation for the reasonable wants of the public is made, but where drunkards find a new public-house every fifty yards. It would be no hardship to any one, and would possibly make the population of the place a little more orderly and respectable, if some of these superfluous public-houses were shut up. If they are shut up, their owners must be compensated, and compensation must be provided by the locality which is to be benefited by the change. It would be a purely local improvement, as much as supplying the town with gas, or water, or building in it a new bridge. If the locality is to pay, it is only right that the locality should decide whether it will pay or not. It must vote the rate on the security of which the sum required for compensation will be raised. In this sense local option is the most innocent and natural thing possible; and, if ever a Government invents a machinery by which superfluous public-houses may be suppressed on the locality providing compensation to the owners, it may be taken for granted that the locality will be consulted before it has to pay the money.

Greater difficulties present themselves when it is asked who is to say what existing public-houses are superfluous and what new houses are to have licences given them. It must be assumed that every Government and every Parliament will adhere to the two leading principles that there shall be reasonable accommodation for the public, and that compensation shall be given to the owners of houses shut up because the measure of this reasonable accommodation has been surpassed. If these principles are accepted, there would appear to be no harm in giving the locality the power of taking the initiative, and asking that a given number of houses might be shut up, a pledge being given that compensation would be provided by the locality if its wishes were carried out. The number of localities that would be willing to burden themselves with new rates in order that the public-houses in the place might be reduced to the amount necessary for the reason-

able accommodation of the community would, probably not be very great, and those localities which displayed exceptional virtue ought to be encouraged rather than thwarted. New public-houses are ordinarily proposed to be established only in localities which are themselves new, where buildings have suddenly extended, or the population has suddenly increased, or in localities where reasonable accommodation has been withheld by the decree of the owner of the soil. The locality is very greatly interested in public-houses not being set up where they are not wanted or would be a nuisance, and in having public-houses where they are wanted and would not be a nuisance. There is no reason why a locality should not have some machinery given it by which it can bring to the knowledge of competent authorities its collective view as to the expediency of not having a new public-house where the locality would suffer by its being set up or of having a new public-house where it would suffer by its not being set up. In all these senses local option may be said to be either harmless or desirable. It is needless to say that they are none of them senses in which local option commends itself to Sir WILFRID LAWSON. But they are senses in which trembling Liberal members might think they could honestly support local option when they voted for Sir WILFRID LAWSON's resolution.

AMERICA.

THE framers of the State and Federal Constitutions of America may probably not have foreseen the delays and interruptions of business for which they provided opportunities; yet it may be admitted that the practical inconvenience which results from the oversight is, for the most part, reduced to minute dimensions. There is a permanent deadlock in the proceedings of the Senate of the United States and there is a special deadlock in the election of two senators by the Legislature of New York. The Americans are, fortunately for themselves, exempt from the craze for fresh legislation which affects the English House of Commons; and consequently obstruction, however obstinate and effective, causes no serious embarrassment. The Senate of Washington has not succeeded in electing a Sergeant-at-Arms; and, in the meantime, it has done little else. After long delay the leaders of the two parties consented to go into Executive Session to consider a number of appointments made by the PRESIDENT. Some of the nominations were uncontested, and the only serious dispute related to the office of Collector of the Customs at New York. The PRESIDENT, probably at the instigation of the SECRETARY OF STATE, had dismissed the actual collector for the purpose of making a vacancy and of filling it by the appointment of one of Mr. BLAINE's partisans, who was therefore an opponent of Mr. CONKLING. Since the time of the red and blue factions of Constantinople no party controversy has been more entirely and more avowedly unconnected with principle or opinion. Mr. BLAINE and Mr. CONKLING have been rival pretenders to the lead of the Republican party; and both were regarded as possible candidates for the Presidency. Eventually Mr. CONKLING cast in his lot with General GRANT, who was at one time thought to have the best chance of the Republican nomination. Mr. BLAINE, Mr. SHERMAN, and Mr. GARFIELD formed an adverse combination, and the result proved that they had chosen the winning side. As on many other occasions, the least conspicuous of the confederates was preferred, to the great disappointment of General GRANT and his supporters. Mr. CONKLING's resentment was openly displayed by his hesitation in canvassing for the Republican nominee against General HANCOCK. His scruples were at last overcome by intimations that Mr. GARFIELD would, if elected, consider his claims to a share in the disposal of patronage. The new PRESIDENT was supposed to have afterwards confirmed his provisional assurances; but Mr. BLAINE seems to have overruled Mr. GARFIELD's conciliatory intentions. Mr. ROBERTSON, for whose benefit Mr. MERRITT was dismissed from the New York Collectorship, had been an active opponent of the nomination of General GRANT. There could be no doubt that the creation and the disposal of the vacancy were intended as slights to Mr. CONKLING. The affront was thought to be aggravated by the appointment to certain minor posts of adherents or dependents of Mr. CONKLING, although he had made no application on their behalf. As the aggrieved Senator has

been a consistent opponent of Civil Service Reform, he was not in a position to complain that the PRESIDENT distributed his patronage exclusively on political grounds.

At one time Mr. CONKLING hoped to prevent the confirmation by the Senate of the appointment of Mr. ROBERTSON; but the equal balance of parties and the schism among the Republicans transferred the decision of the question to the Democrats; and consequently Mr. CONKLING's friends thought it inexpedient to take a vote in Mr. ROBERTSON's case. The appointment was confirmed without opposition, and Mr. CONKLING, against the wish of his party, unwisely appealed to his constituents, and persuaded his colleague Mr. PLATT to offer his resignation at the same time. The experiment was the more rash because the New York Assembly had already congratulated Mr. ROBERTSON on his appointment. Mr. CONKLING's precipitate step seems to have been suggested rather by temper than by calculation. Up to the present time, though many divisions have been taken, the late Senators have never obtained more than 34 votes out of about 160; but their partisans are strong enough to prevent the election of their Democratic and Republican competitors. The English plan of electing the candidate who has the largest number of votes seems, on the whole, more convenient than the American system; but every political community is the best judge of the institutions which suit it. Even if the Senators who resigned are ultimately re-elected, the effect of Mr. CONKLING's protest will have been destroyed by the prolongation of the struggle. It is evident that the PRESIDENT's attempt to assert his independence has excited no burst of indignation, even in the State of New York. It is notorious that the modern usurpations of the Senate have not tended to promote purity or regard to merit in the distribution of patronage. A President is more likely than a Senator to prefer the public interest to the gratification of his own partisans because his patronage is larger. It is not certain whether American opinion is in favour of Mr. GARFIELD against Mr. CONKLING; but either it inclines to the side of the PRESIDENT or it is virtually neutral. The concentration of political activity on a personal dispute produces no kind of uneasiness.

As popular attention has been diverted from general politics to the squabble of the Republican leaders, and from the Senate and Congress to the Legislature of New York, it is now devoted to a small collateral issue, involving the interest which always attaches to petty scandals. The CONKLING party professes to have ascertained that a member of the Assembly, named BRADLEY, has been offered the modest price of two thousand dollars to vote for Mr. DEPEW. One of the State Senators, Mr. SESSIONS, is accused of having paid the money, which was handed over by Mr. BRADLEY to the SPEAKER. SESSIONS admits that he canvassed BRADLEY, but he contradicts the story of the bribe, which is explained by his party as an ingenious plot devised by the CONKLING faction. There is something original and spirited in the supposed advance of a considerable sum in proof of a fictitious attempt at corruption. On either assumption the reputation for purity of the New York Legislature is not exalted by the transaction. It is nevertheless highly improbable that the result of the contest should depend on bribery. Mr. CONKLING's friends were at one time anxious to hold a caucus or meeting of Republicans, members of the State Senate and House of Assembly, to determine how the party should vote; but the supporters of the PRESIDENT naturally refused to be bound by the decision of the majority; and a conference or merely consultative meeting was proposed as a substitute for a caucus. General GRANT, naturally desirous to show his gratitude to Mr. CONKLING, expressed in a telegraphic message from the City of Mexico his hope that the outgoing Senators would be re-elected. Since his return to the States he has made a speech in favour of his friend and principal supporter, with the effect of producing the criticism that he would have done well not to compromise his reputation for silence. It may be doubted whether, since his defeat in last year's Republican Convention, General GRANT retains any political influence.

The contest at Albany is managed by Mr. CONKLING himself, with the assistance of his principal adherents, of whom Mr. ARTHUR, Vice President of the United States, is the most conspicuous. It is not a little curious that the possible occupant of the Presidential chair should be exerting himself on behalf of the principal representative of the paramount claims of the leaders of the majority

in the Senate. Probably no foreigner can thoroughly understand the issues which are involved in the present contest. The party of the Administration which is opposed to the re-election of Mr. CONKLING accuses him of dividing the Republicans with the necessary consequence, if not with the purpose, of transferring his control of affairs to the Democrats. It is remarked that the secession of Mr. CONKLING and of his humble follower Mr. PLATT has left the Democrats in the majority in the Senate, and decided in their favour the important contest about the appointment of a Serjeant-at-Arms. The same politicians suggest that Mr. CONKLING must be returned, if at all, by a Democratic coalition with his Republican supporters; and that he has therefore a motive for courting the party to which he has hitherto been opposed. There is probably no foundation of the charge of party infidelity. A politician of Mr. CONKLING's rank cannot afford to desert the organization in which he has obtained power and notoriety. He has apparently overrated his own importance and influence. His resignation was offered against the wish of a Republican caucus of the Senate, and the split which he has caused in the ranks of the party in New York is regretted even by those who think that he is justified in his opposition to the PRESIDENT. It seems probable that, if Mr. CONKLING is defeated, Mr. CORNELL, now Governor of New York, will be chosen in his place by the Republican party, but it is extremely difficult to calculate on the result of any similar election. The State Senate, and House of Assembly vote under nearly the same conditions with a Republican or Democratic Convention, except that they include both parties. After numerous trials of strength, sudden combinations are formed which give the necessary majority, sometimes to a candidate who seemed to the uninitiated to have had no chance of success. Careful students of the minute peculiarities of American politics will perhaps find that the Democrats of New York, who might otherwise secure a triumph for themselves by joining with one of the Republican factions, are in turn hampered by their own internal divisions. If Mr. TILDEN, the official leader of the party, were to declare for or against Mr. CONKLING, KELLY, the manager of the Tammany organization, would defeat the arrangement by throwing his strength into the opposite scale. The merit of American politics consists in their freedom from violence and passion, and in the complicated calculations which are necessary to ensure success at an election. The main business of active politicians in that happy country seems to consist in providing mild amusement for the rest of the community. Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. FORSTER, and their countrymen in general may well envy Mr. CONKLING and Mr. BLAINE.

SURREY COMMONS.

A LETTER from the Secretary of the Commons Preservation Society which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday may be usefully studied by any peers who have at heart the retention of the few elements of natural beauty which the advance of "civilization" has left uninjured near London. We called attention some time since to the danger which threatened one of the prettiest districts of Surrey at the hands of the South-Western Railway Company and of a Company then striving to get born and calling itself the London, Kingston, and Guildford Railway Company. When the second reading of the Bills promoted by these two bodies was opposed in the House of Commons, it was contended, with some show of justice, that, if they were sent to a Select Committee, any objectionable elements could be got rid of, and the House, at all events, put in complete possession of all the facts of the case. It now appears that a good deal more than this is involved in the reference of a private Bill to a Select Committee. When the Report of the Committee came on for consideration, it appeared that the particular feature which had suggested the objection to the second reading had been left untouched, and Mr. CHEETHAM proposed to take the sense of the House as to its omission. Thereupon Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT started the theory that the decision of a Select Committee, though technically subject to revision by the House, ought morally to be accepted as final, and appealed to Mr. CHEETHAM not to be guilty of the unpardonable sin of wasting a morning sitting. It must be assumed that the aspect of the House gave Mr. CHEETHAM no hope of carrying his amendment. At

least it is scarcely to be supposed that he was convinced by the reasoning of the HOME SECRETARY or by Mr. TILLET's assurance that the Enclosure Commissioners were friendly to the Bill. A sitting which had kept a Surrey common for Londoners would have been an unusually fruitful one; and the Enclosure Commissioners have always held that their function is to promote commons' enclosure. The treatment of this question has greatly suffered by Mr. FAWCETT's entrance into the Government. Had he been still a private member the House of Commons would have heard a good deal more about the commons which it is now proposed to destroy. As it is, all that can be done is to make the best use of the interval which remains before the second reading of the Bill in the Lords. The Secretary to the Commons' Preservation Society urges all who care for the protection of open spaces to "use their influence to defeat this threatened injury to the public enjoyment." A good deal, however, must depend upon the action of the Commons' Preservation Society itself. There is little doubt that if the working classes could be brought to understand that the South-Western Railway Bill, while providing them with greater facilities of getting to these Surrey commons, takes care to destroy the commons in the process of making them accessible, they would do all they could to protest against the passing of this portion of the Bill. It should be made clear beyond the possibility of mistake that what is desired is not to keep these commons inaccessible, but to keep them uninjured. There can be no necessity for making the proposed branch line from Guildford to Leatherhead intersect the commons lying between these two points. They are not so extensive that it is impossible to go round instead of through them. Consequently, the only conceivable reason for giving the line its present direction is that common land costs less than private land. When a Railway Company deals with an individual owner, it has to make him handsome compensation. When it lays hands upon a common, the injury inflicted is so distributed that there is no one to whom compensation need be made. This is a very good reason for taking common rather than private land—from the point of view of a Railway Company. But, from the point of view of the London public, it is no reason at all. A Railway Company cannot take common land without the consent of Parliament, and that consent may and ought to be withheld, if it can be shown that the public injury inflicted is far greater than can be made up by any increased facilities of travelling.

Mr. FITHIAN's letter sets out very succinctly the offence of which the makers of the proposed line will be guilty. Among the commons through which it will pass is "a very lovely open space known as Great and Little Bookham Commons. They contain several sheets of water, and parts of them are as beautifully wooded as a forest." The new line will cut this space in half. What the effect of this severance will be any one who cares to pay a visit to Wandsworth or Barnes Common may see for himself. To say that it does not hurt the common is like saying that an apple does not suffer by being sliced down the middle. A common through which a railway has been carried is no more one common but two, and though two halves make a whole in arithmetic, they do not make it in landscape. The charm of a common lies in its wildness, in the lie of the ground, in the sense of space and freedom which belongs to it. If it is cut in two by a railway cutting or a railway embankment, all these merits must disappear. Its wildness will have been swallowed up by what Mrs. RITCHIE aptly calls "the shabby tide of progress." There is no sense of seclusion to be gained from the contemplation of a signal-post. Freedom resolves itself into liberty to choose on which side of the line to remain. The lie of the ground becomes chiefly interesting as giving an indication where to look for the bridge or the tunnel which enables you to pass from one side to the other if you are so minded. This question is especially a working-man's question, because no other class is so directly interested in keeping the commons within easy reach of London just as they are. If they are allowed to disappear, the only country to which working-men can ordinarily hope to have access will more and more resolve itself into a network of roads. Every year more land is enclosed, and enclosed land is more strictly guarded against trespassers. So long as the commons are protected against encroachment the county of Surrey cannot

be spoiled by this process. They are so numerous and so extensive that they must always remain a principal feature in the landscape. But if the commons are destroyed by railways, the man whose rare holiday must be spent within an hour or two of London will find that nothing is left to him but to snatch a fearful joy by disregarding the notice boards which threaten him with the utmost rigour of the law. It may be worth the Lords' while to consider whether this method of spending a happy day will be likely to increase respect for the rights of ownership or a better appreciation of the sacredness of private property in land. The temper of a man who looks upon closed woods from the turf of a common to which they give half its charm will be very different from that of the man who gazes at them from the pitiless granite of a high road or the bottomless sand of a Surrey lane. Let the South-Western Railway bring the Bookham Commons nearer to London by all means, but let it do so by taking the holiday-maker to the commons without at the same time destroying the very features which make the holiday-maker care to be taken there.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.

THE German Parliament has come to the end of its uncomfortable and undignified existence. More fortunate than its predecessor, which was the victim of a penal dissolution, it has finished its legal term; but it seems to have enjoyed nothing so much during the whole period of its sittings as the announcement that its work was done, and that its members had no longer to bear the burden of being dragged from their homes to come to Berlin, and there listen, wrangle, and vote. Nothing can be more wearisome than the life of the bulk of members who come, not to support Prince BISMARCK or to oppose him, but only to support him as much as they are obliged, and to oppose him as much as they dare. On the whole, the Parliament which is now at an end has not been so subservient to the CHANCELLOR as his friends anticipated when they gloried in the results of the elections of 1860. It began by passing the Anti-Socialist law which it was called into being to pass; and eighteen months later it extended for three and a half years the operation of the law. But, even in the first flush of its enthusiasm, it was never a very pliant instrument in the hands of the PRINCE. The CHANCELLOR had always to secure the support of either the National Liberals or of the Clericals, and neither party would give its support except on conditions. The Socialist Bill was carried with the concurrence of the National Liberals, but it was stripped of some of the most stringent provisions proposed by the Government. The shops of booksellers were protected from police interference, Socialists were not to be banished from their own homes, the power of proclaiming a state of siege was limited, and electoral meetings were permitted, although Socialists attended them. The Parliament, too, has firmly endeavoured to protect its own Socialist deputies from prosecution and, to some extent, from annoyance. Still, the Bill as carried was a very strong Bill, and represented to the full the feeling of the vast mass of respectable Germans, who had been roused to indignation by the attempts on the EMPEROR's life, and were alarmed lest Germany should have to suffer what France had suffered from Communists and Russia was suffering from Nihilists. In the same way, and in accordance with the same national feeling, the Parliament willingly allowed Prince BISMARCK to obtain, in view of alleged dangers from France and Russia, a substantial increase in the German army. There has not been the slightest attempt on the part of the Parliament or of any party in it to question the foreign policy of the CHANCELLOR. When he told it to be friendly to Austria, it was friendly; when he told it to be afraid of Russia, it was afraid. The passing of the Socialist Bill and the increase of the army have been the two successes which he has obtained from the Parliament now dissolved, within the lines of the national feeling on which he has long relied, and with the concurrence of those to whom he was accustomed to direct attention as the real exponents of national feeling.

The most memorable Session of the Parliament was that of 1879, when the PRINCE broke with the National Liberals, and entered into an alliance with the Clericals in order to

set up a system of Protection. Prince BISMARCK had previously given very plain indications of what was coming. At the beginning of the year he had informed a deputation of distressed farmers, who said that they were being ruined by Free-trade, that they were perfectly right, and that he hoped with the aid of the Legislature to come to their relief. A little later, when the project of a Commercial Treaty with Austria was under discussion, the PRINCE stated that he had changed his views and was no longer a Free-trader. He privately arranged with Herr WINDTHORST the terms on which the Clericals were to give their support, and the formation of the new alliance was proclaimed by the election of an Ultramontane deputy as Vice-President of the Parliament. First a Corn Law and then a general Protection tariff were voted, after a long but ineffectual struggle on the part of the PRINCE's old friends, the National Liberals. When the final vote was taken, and a majority of exactly a hundred established a rigid system of Protection in Germany, Count von MOLTKE was seen to come forward and congratulate with unusual effusiveness the statesman who was the author of the change. Nothing could have shown in a more significant way why the PRINCE had ceased to be a Free-trader, and why Germany was added to the list of protectionist countries. In the eyes of Prince BISMARCK Protection is a purely military measure. The army costs more than Germany can afford to pay, and the Germans, as it is supposed, can be made to pay more taxes under a protectionist system than under any other. All the classes that think they are being hurt or would be hurt by Free-trade rush to Protection for its own sake, and those who have nothing to give as producers prefer to see revenue obtained from import duties, which they think they can avoid by not buying the articles on which a heavy duty is laid, rather than from direct taxes, which they must pay in any case. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that the Parliament misrepresented the wishes of the nation, or that the new elections will strengthen the Free-traders; and all over the Continent it may be seen that big armies and Protection go every year more necessarily together. The price of the alliance of the Clericals was paid in the Prussian not in the German Parliament. In face of a strong Liberal opposition it was not so heavy as had been anticipated. The FALK Laws were modified, but they were only modified in the sense that, within somewhat narrow limits, the Ministry was authorized, if it saw fit, to relax them. The Clericals were put on their good behaviour, and the laws were to be severe or lax according as the party pleased the CHANCELLOR or not. They were only very partially satisfied with the result; and, although they have not subsequently quarrelled with the CHANCELLOR, they have felt a pleasure in thwarting him so far as they could do so without making him an open enemy.

When once the Socialist Bill, the increase of the army, and the institution of Protection, have been enumerated, we have come to an end of the triumphs of Prince BISMARCK in his dealings with the Parliament. The main history of the Parliament has been a history of small quarrels with the PRINCE. The list of proposals made by the PRINCE, and either rejected or emasculated by the Parliament, is a long one. It would have nothing to do with his gagging Bill, with his tobacco monopoly, or with his strange project for setting up a German South Sea Company. It has nearly driven him wild, as he himself said, by its constitutional pedantry in criticizing his scheme for absorbing Hamburg in the Customs system of the Empire. Within the last few weeks it has positively refused to vote a farthing for the expenses of an Economical Council which he chose to invent and call together to form in financial matters a Parliament outside Parliament. It has taken the pith out of his recent semi-Socialist measures. It has made his device for resuscitating mediæval guilds harmless by making it optional; and his project for a vast central insurance office against accidents in which the State should pay for the poor has been turned into a scheme for an insurance office in each separate State, employers and employed being alike obliged to contribute; and the State giving no help to the poor. It might seem that a Parliament that has shown this amount of independence would at least have the satisfaction of respecting itself, and would take a pride in having shown that it had resisted pressure and striven to do its duty. But the members of the German Parliament do not find satisfaction or pride in anything. They simply

hate their life, and business is often at a standstill, because they will not come to Berlin. Their life is a life of incessant wrangling, party manœuvring, and exposure to bullying or menace. Sometimes Prince BISMARCK will not come near them; sometimes he treats them to a violent harangue, in which the mildest thing he ever says is that they cannot be so sick of him as he is of them; sometimes he amuses himself by walking away directly a member to whom he objects begins to speak; sometimes he threatens to carry off the whole pack of them to Hesse Cassel. On the other hand, they can sometimes prevent his doing all that he wishes. This is, no doubt, a consolation to them as honest men; but it is scarcely a sufficient consolation to compensate them for leaving their homes.

VACCINATION AND SMALL-POX.

THE Local Government Board have published a very useful Memorandum, by their Medical Officer, Dr. BUCHANAN, on the number of deaths from small-pox among vaccinated and unvaccinated persons respectively. It is not to be expected that any amount of evidence upon this point will convince the sworn enemies of vaccination. They have renounced the Public Vaccinator and all his lymph, vaccine and human; and they are probably happier in dying for their faith than in living by a cowardly denial of it. The class to which information of this kind is really valuable is that margin of indolent or unreasoning persons who have not made up their minds to let their children go unvaccinated, but who are willing to avoid the trouble of taking them to the doctor, and so listen, half-convinced and half-doubting, to any arguments which go to show that they had better keep them at home. The figures brought out by Dr. BUCHANAN are very well calculated to startle these people into common sense. If a million of unvaccinated persons were living on one side of the Thames and a million of vaccinated persons on the other, the number of deaths from small-pox during the last fifty-two weeks would have been in the former million 3,350 and in the latter 90. If the selected millions were made up of persons under twenty, the deaths from small-pox in the unvaccinated million would have been 4,520 and in the vaccinated 61. Limiting the comparison to children under five, the deaths would have been 5,950 per million among the unvaccinated and between 40 and 41 per million among the vaccinated. To put the same facts in a different shape, there are 37 chances that you will die of small-pox if you have not been vaccinated to one chance if you have been vaccinated. If you are under twenty, the chances are as 74 to 1, while with children under five they are as 146 to 1. In presence of these figures it is idle to complain that vaccination does not afford perfect protection against small-pox. Even the smallest proportion, 37 to 1, affords sufficient reason for taking the precaution which leaves you only one chance of dying by small-pox instead of 37. It would be well if the local authorities or the Government would take means to have these calculations made widely known. They ought to be given to every person who registers the birth of a child, scattered broadcast in house-to-house visitations, and have a conspicuous place found for them among parochial notices on church doors and elsewhere. If they were printed as leaflets they might be in the hands of every clergyman, every dissenting minister, and every district visitor. The greater the publicity secured for them the greater is the chance that they will take real hold of the class for whom they are intended.

There is another lesson which Dr. BUCHANAN's Memorandum conveys, and that is the tendency to decline which is apparent in the protective power of vaccination if it is not repeated after childhood. Supposing there has only been one vaccination, the security against small-pox is, as we have seen, very much greater in the case of infants under five, and considerably greater in the case of persons under twenty, than it is in later life. But this security can be regained in all its force by revaccination. The statistics relating to soldiers, sailors, postmen, and persons employed in small-pox hospitals fully bear out the inference which is suggested by Dr. BUCHANAN's figures. If it were possible to make revaccination universal, there seems good reason to believe that small-pox would become of almost as rare occurrence in England as the plague. Unfortunately this end can only be brought about by indirect means.

We have not yet succeeded in making the vaccination of infants really compulsory—in other words, we do not, as the anti-vaccination fanatics put it, snatch the infant out of its mother's arms and hand it over to the vaccinator to be operated upon. Yet where children are concerned the argument for vaccination is even stronger than it is where adults are concerned. The man who refuses to be vaccinated risks death from small-pox in his own person. If he is the sinner, he is also the sufferer. But when a man refuses to have his child vaccinated, the infant suffers for the parent's folly, and the law rightly holds that there are many dangers which a man may incur for himself and yet may not compel others to incur. Apart from this, the difficulty of enforcing vaccination in the case of adults generally would be practically insurmountable. The only thing that can be done in this direction is to extend the practice of making revaccination a condition in all cases where the State has something to give and may consequently demand something in return. Soldiers, sailors, and postmen are now revaccinated; and we do not see why this condition should not be extended to all Government employments whatever and to all recipients of poor relief. The community has a right to make its own terms in distributing its own money; and, if a man or woman cannot support themselves, they have no right to complain if the State stipulates, before taking their support upon itself, that they shall not become common carriers of a highly infectious disease. It seems vain, however, to hope for any advances in this direction while Boards of Guardians are so remiss, and are allowed to go on being so remiss, in seeing to the vaccination of children. In Bethnal Green, for example, a house-to-house visitation has shown that there are 828 unvaccinated children in the parish. The number could not possibly have been so large if the same care had been taken to carry out the law before the present epidemic began as is being taken now that the prevalence of small-pox has been forced upon public attention. In Hackney it is stated that a number of parents have refused to have their children vaccinated, and that the Guardians have resolved to prosecute one of them. This is not a case to which the principle of a test prosecution can possibly be applicable. The law is perfectly clear, and proceedings ought at once to be taken against every person found breaking it.

It is not often that we are able to sympathize with the managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, but they do at last seem to have got hold of a genuine grievance. At their last meeting Sir E. H. CURRIE gave a really piteous account of the difficulties they have had to contend with in connexion with the hospital ship offered them by the Admiralty. To most people it will seem that a ship moored in the middle of the Thames is about as isolated a place as can well be found in the neighbourhood of London. But nobody who has anything to do with the river seems willing to look at the matter in this light. The Port Sanitary Authorities and the Thames Conservancy, instead of helping the Asylums Board to get their ship ready, are doing all they can to put obstacles in their way. The directors of a Company which owns a disused pier have consented to let it to the managers, but another Company which has its premises near to this pier has declared that it will "move heaven and earth" to prevent the managers from using it. Moving heaven and earth will probably resolve itself into moving the Chancery Division to grant an injunction, but we shall be greatly surprised if any judge is found to sustain so unreasonable a request. The objection to gathering large numbers of small-pox patients together in an ordinary hospital is that the danger of infection which is inseparable from such a hospital ought not to be vicariously imposed on two or three districts. When the hospital is placed on the river this danger may, with proper precautions, be reduced almost to nothing. Every parish in London will gain from having its small-pox patients removed from its borders; while, as the Thames is, from a sanitary point of view, extra-parochial, no parish will suffer from patients not its own. We may be permitted perhaps to remark that Sir E. H. CURRIE unintentionally made an excellent point against the system of aggregate hospitals when he said that the small-pox patients removed from Hampstead to a hospital in some distant district were almost dead when admitted, owing to the long journey which they had had to take. Why should not this be equally true of small-pox patients removed from a distant district to Hampstead? It is one advantage of the system of hospital ships that

the Thames, at one part or other of its course through London, comes fairly near to a large part of the metropolitan area; and that, if patients were embarked in a steam-launch at the nearest point, their journey would be much less fatiguing than it can possibly be made in a land ambulance.

DULWICH COLLEGE.

A BEAR garden in Southwark and the Fortune Theatre in Whitecross Street laid the foundation of the fortune of Edward Alleyn the actor and pious founder of the College of God's Gift at Dulwich. With the same keen business instinct which had been the means of raising him from comparative poverty to wealth, he invested the money he had accumulated from these two sources in the purchase of the Dulwich estate. Even in those days, when London scarcely stretched southwards beyond the river's bank, and when Dulwich lay embedded between thickly wooded hills where gipsies and vagrants of all kind found undisturbed resting-places, the property was a valuable one; and to its shaded groves Alleyn was wont to retire when wearied by baiting bears for the amusement of the King, or by earning the plaudits of the citizens at the Fortune Theatre.

But while enjoying the quiet seclusion of Dulwich Alleyn did not shut his eyes to the wants of the poor about him, and he determined to build and endow a college on the spot, in which should be housed and fed six old men and six old women to be chosen from among the deserving poor of Camberwell, St. Saviour's, Southwark, St. Botolph Without, Bishopsgate, and St. Luke's, Middlesex, and where twelve scholars from the same parishes should be taught "writing, reading, grammar, music, and good manners." A master who was to be of the same blood and surname as himself, and who was to enjoy in virtue of his office passing wealth on 40*l.* a year, besides a table allowance and two hundred faggots of wood; a Warden, and four Fellows, were to constitute the staff of the College. With all the loving zeal of a founder Alleyn watched and superintended the daily growth of the College walls, and on the completion of the building, in 1619, he presided at the inauguration dinner at which the Lord Chancellor, Sir John Bodley, and a host of notable personages partook of the "neats tongues," "godwits," "felde pigeons," "Colley floreys," and other delicacies which were provided for their entertainment.

As long as he lived also he administered the affairs of the College himself, and at his death, in 1626, he bequeathed the estate, as it at present exists, for the support of the charity. For more than two hundred years the affairs of Dulwich College remained much as Alleyn left them on his death, except that the value of the property had in the meanwhile increased from 800*l.* a year to a sum more than twelve times that amount. It is obvious that this vastly increased revenue was far more than was necessary to provide for the moderate objects of Alleyn's charity, and it needed no great insight into such matters to be aware that "where the carcase is there will the vultures be gathered together." The case was eminently one for the consideration of the Charity Commissioners, and the attention of that body having been called to the matter, some four-and-twenty years ago, they pounced without hesitation on the abuse, and began their reforms by dragging their victim into the light of day. After much consideration and lengthy inquiries, they framed a scheme which, while preserving the lines laid down in the original bequest, provided for their enlargement in proportion to the elasticity of the income. Bearing in mind Alleyn's statute, that those scholars who were "unfit for the University" should be instructed "in their several manufactures"—in other words, be fitted for trade—they established a lower school for the poor and industrial classes, where, for a fee of 1*l.* a year, a thoroughly good, sound education was to be given, and to which was apportioned 720*l.* a year for exhibitions and gratuities for the most promising boys. By means of these exhibitions they linked the Lower school with an Upper school, which, according to their intention, was to become a first-rate public school, and to this they assigned 800*l.* a year for exhibitions, and about 2,000*l.* for scholarships tenable in the school. In both schools priority of entry, and of possession of scholarships and exhibitions, and a reduced scale of fees, were reserved for boys from the privileged parishes—that is to say, St. Botolph's, where Alleyn was born; St. Luke's, Finsbury, and St. Saviour's, Southwark, where during a quarter of a century he followed his profession as an actor; and Camberwell, where he lived during the last years of his life, where he established his charity, and where he died.

How completely this scheme was in accord with the requirements of the district is proved by the unqualified success it met with from its first adoption. No sooner were the Master, Warden, and Fellows pensioned off, and a Master, who was something other than a drone, with a working staff, appointed in their room, than boys poured in to both schools at such a rate that the old College could not hold them, and it became necessary to provide a new building for the overflow. The existence of a thoroughly good system of education both for those "fitted for the University" and for "poor scholars," to quote the words of Alleyn's statute, added an attraction to the natural charms of Dulwich, and the Governors were soon besieged with applications for building leases. Row after row of houses sprang up on the estate, serving the double

purpose of adding to the number of scholars, and at the same time of more than providing the additional means necessary for their education. Thus things went on until at the present time the limit of six hundred boys for the Upper school and two hundred for the Lower school has been reached, while the income of the estate has advanced from 10,000*l.* in 1857 to rather more than double that amount.

It might have been thought that the success of the scheme would have been accepted as a sufficient justification for its existence; but as a matter of fact its success has continually laid it open to attack. The wealth added to the estate by the settlement at Dulwich of parents desirous of sending their sons to one or other of the schools excited the cupidity of the vestries of the other privileged parishes, who began to clamour loudly for the partition of the Dulwich estate and for an appropriation to themselves of three-fourths of it. Of these claims the Endowed Schools Commissioners wrote:—"The vestry of St. Luke base their claims on the assumption that the four parishes have equal beneficial interests in Alleyn's foundation, and that this interest is for each parish one-fourth of the whole. The Commissioners desire to state that, in their judgment, this argument is not supported by the true interpretation of the instruments of foundation or by the facts of the case. There is, therefore, in the opinion of the Commissioners, no ground for the division of Alleyn's endowments into four equal parts—one for each of the four parishes—and in this opinion they are confirmed by the circumstance that, although this endowment has been many times subject to hot debate before the Archbishop of Canterbury as visitor, before the Court of Chancery, before the Charity Commissioners, and before Parliament, no one of these authorities has recognized such a view. On the contrary, their decisions and actions have been entirely inconsistent with it."

Notwithstanding this, however, the vestries were so persistent in their outcry that in 1872 the Charity Commissioners drafted a new scheme, in which they proposed to give to each of the three claimants a capital sum of 10,000*l.* for educational purposes and a capitation allowance of 1,000*l.* a year. Fortunately this scheme never got beyond the abstract stage of discussion; neither did one published in February 1874, by the terms of which St. Saviour's and St. Botolph's were each to have 10,000*l.* and St. Luke's 20,000*l.*; nor yet did one brought out later in the same year, by which 15,000*l.* was to be paid to St. Saviour's and 50,000*l.* to St. Botolph's and St. Luke's. In the years 1875, 1876, and 1878 fresh schemes of a somewhat similar tenour were proposed, and were all in turn withdrawn in obedience to law and common sense.

With a pertinacity, however, which is only equalled by that of the St. Luke's Vestry, the Commissioners have now again returned to the charge, and have drawn up an elaborate scheme for the administration of "Alleyn's College of God's Gift and the endowments thereof." It is possible that the uncertainty engendered by repeated attempts at legislation, and the personal animosities produced by the unfortunate "Dulwich Libel case," have made some new arrangements advisable. But the case is one to which the doctrine of *cy pres*, as followed by the Commissioners in 1857, is eminently applicable. Since that date nothing has occurred in the circumstances of the case to make it either necessary or reasonable to reverse the principle upon which they acted. The only changes which have taken place have been a considerable increase in the population of the parish of Camberwell as a whole, and the Dulwich part of the parish in particular, with a corresponding inflation of the revenues of the College, and a gradual decrease in the populations of the other three parishes. In 1851 the population of Camberwell was 51,000, in 1871 it had risen to 100,000, and is now probably not far short of 200,000; in 1861 the population of St. Saviour's, St. Botolph's, and St. Luke's parishes were respectively 19,000, 11,569, 57,000, as against 15,000, 6,100, and 54,000, in 1871. In view of these facts, the policy of the Commissioners should have been to strengthen the educational system existing on the spot, and to make it more effective and far reaching by linking together the Board and other schools of the parishes with the Lower school, and this again with the Upper school and the Upper school with the Universities by an enlarged system of scholarships and exhibitions. But what do they propose in the new scheme which they have drafted? Amongst other things, they propose to give to the three diminishing parishes a capital sum of 65,000*l.* out of the Dulwich estate, with an additional annual income of 1,500*l.*, to be applied to educational purposes, while Dulwich College is to be satisfied with a capital sum of 3,700*l.*, and an annual income of 3,900*l.* The Lower school is also to receive 12,000*l.* for new buildings, with an annual income of 1,000*l.*; and 6,000*l.* is to be appropriated for a girls' school, which is to be further supported by an annual grant of 500*l.*

These figures are sufficiently startling as they stand; but they by no means limit the liberal intention of the Commissioners towards the three northern dwindling parishes; for they expressly provide that in the distribution of any future accumulation of income arising from the Dulwich estate, regard shall be had "to the just claims of the four parishes of St. Giles, Camberwell; St. Saviour, Southwark; St. Botolph Without, Bishopsgate; and St. Luke, Middlesex." According to a Report published of the proceedings of a deputation from Camberwell to the Commissioners, this point was strongly commented upon by Mr. Grantham, M.P., who introduced the deputation; and the only answer vouchsafed by Sir Samuel Fitzmaurice was that "the present Com-

Commissioners had nothing to do with that, as the consideration of any such claims would be taken off their shoulders and put upon those of the Charity Commissioners of the future! It is to this happy-go-lucky principle of making things smooth at the moment, and allowing the future to take care of itself, that the strange provisions of the present scheme are probably to be attributed. On no other ground is it possible to explain the proposal to hand over 50,000*l.* to the already charity-gorged City parishes of St. Botolph and St. Luke. Mr. Bryce, in moving the second reading of the "London City (Parochial Charities) Bill," lately asserted in the House of Commons that the charity funds annually distributed in the City parishes average at the present time 2*l.* per head of the inhabitants. But, according to the recent Census returns, the population of the City is only a third of what it was at the beginning of the century; and, if it continues to diminish at the same rate, there would be at the end of fifty years, if the charities were left undisturbed, a very appreciable addition to the income of every resident derivable from the charity funds. Even now there is such a plethora of money that, to quote Mr. Bryce, a great deal is spent in the "payment of poor rates, to the relief of the great banking houses and public warehouses in the City."

But the time chosen for the transfer of the money is as unwise as the gift itself. The Parliamentary vultures are already hovering over the City preparing to pounce upon its charities; and yet this is the time chosen by the Commissioners to pay over 50,000*l.* into the doomed funds. Mr. Bryce has shown conclusively that, so far from wanting money, the City parishes, St. Botolph and St. Luke among the rest, are in need of depletion, and it requires no gift of prophecy to foresee that before long the surplus moneys, including the Commissioners' 50,000*l.*, if they should be permitted to carry out their scheme, will be scattered by Parliament to the four winds of heaven as occasions may arise for their distribution. In short, reason and fact point to the conclusion that the parishes of St. Botolph and St. Luke have no right to the money, and that they have no need for it, and further that, if it were given them, it would be immediately taken from them.

After what we have said, we shall probably not be thought presumptuous if we take it for granted that the Commissioners' scheme will not become law. But, as we have pointed out, it may in the circumstances be advisable to revise the scheme which has governed the College and its endowments for the last twenty-four years, and we have indicated the direction which the revision should take. Ample provision should be made to secure the permanent existence of the Upper school as a first-rate public school, and there should further be devised a liberal system of scholarships attached to the schools in the privileged parishes to enable those boys who are fitted for a higher course of study to enjoy the privileges of the best possible education.

SKIRMISHING AT LIVERPOOL.

ALTHOUGH there cannot be said to have been anything particularly novel about the attempt to blow up the Town Hall at Liverpool last week, it must be allowed a considerable position among like displays of Irish valour, forethought, and resolution. As usual, it is entirely impossible for persons in possession of minds of ordinary sanity to understand the exact object which the conspirators proposed to themselves. By placing a bomb or petard against a door you can certainly, if you manage properly, blow in that door, but you cannot do any very great damage of any other kind. You may kill a few passers-by, it is true; but passers-by at four o'clock in the morning are not numerous, nor, as a rule, are they either important or personally obnoxious by station or office. In the second place, the absence of personal valour on the part of the skirmishers was also, as usual, conspicuous. It cannot be too much urged on the managers of the Skirmishing Fund in future that the arming of their mysterious avengers with weapons of price and precision is an altogether useless expenditure of the money obtained from the housemaids of New York. The skirmisher's first duty is to run away, and that he does nobly; but he appears to consider that the principal object of carrying arms is to enable the carrier to allow himself to be disarmed. The mild and sheeplike demeanour of M'Kevitt and M'Grath does not of course in the least detract from the credit due to the admirable conduct of their countryman, police constable Casey. An unarmed man who captures one armed with a revolver, and possessing himself of that weapon makes a second scoundrel stand and deliver his weapon, performs what may be called with appropriateness a very pretty feat of arms. The policeman who dragged the infernal machine away from the door perhaps showed greater pluck still, and we are not disposed to cavil, as some very critical persons have done, at his discretion. Discretion is an admirable quality, perhaps rarer in its best form even than courage; but it has forms which are not its best, and which may be confounded with that best with great convenience to the individual but not to the advantage of society. It was very clearly the duty of police constable 884 (we are sorry that his name escapes us) to get the infernal thing away from the door first of all. In the words of Colonel John Hay, that duty was "a damned clear thing, and he went for it there and then." If all persons who have to do at the present moment with Irish scoundrelism saw their duty quite as clearly and went for it with quite as much decision, it would be a good deal better for them and for the public.

The story, however, commonplace as it would be but for the excellent pluck and judgment of the police and the successful capture they made, has a kind of *code* or afterpiece, which seemed from the first as if it must be legendary, but which might have been true (it is not stranger than the Chester Castle business), and at any rate is too picturesque to be lost. The captured scoundrels were brought before the magistrates, remanded, and placed in the borough gaol in one of the suburbs of Liverpool. About two o'clock on Sunday morning (so ran the legend) a body of some three hundred men, in marching order, approached the walls of that accursed bastille. It is observable that the practice of keeping step always figures prominently in Irish disaffection. Whether it is the chorus of the *Marseillaise* which is responsible for the idea, we cannot say, but all leaders of revolts in Ireland seem to imagine that, if some hundreds of men can be got to do "left-right" about the country (especially in the dark), the brutal Saxon will vanish from the land, and the days of Malachi with the Collar of Gold will return. So the forlorn hope of Liverpool marched. But when they came in sight of the gaol an unpleasant surprise awaited them. "The warders were armed," as Mr. Kinglake (with only one word altered) observed in the passage which grieved Mr. Matthew Arnold so dreadfully years ago, as a proof of the brazen and Corinthian character of English style. The rescue or two which was coming up, therefore, said to each other, like the counsellors of Frederick the Great's ancestors, "*Que faire ? ils ont des canons*," and made off in several directions. For a county constable had seen them marching, and it had struck him that two or three hundred people, evidently not in Her Majesty's service, had no particular business to march at two o'clock in the morning. So the mythical rescue failed, as, let us hope, it would have failed if it had been attempted, and M'Kevitt and M'Grath languish in prison, objects doubtless of the most fervent sympathy to the New York housemaids. It does not, however, appear that the employers of the New York housemaids feel exactly the same sentiments. Americans, despite the nonsense which is talked by some sentimentalists, are still not very fond of England, and would probably grieve but moderately at an English defeat in regular warfare. But they have no more affection for the skulking murderers whom by no fault of their own they harbour, and send back to us, than have Englishmen themselves. The reported utterances of O'Donovan Rossa are of course valuable only in so far as the reader has the wit to interpret them rightly. When Rossa says that he knows nothing of M'Kevitt and M'Grath, his denial is worth exactly the amount at which he sets his knowledge. When he, denying that the act is directly Fenian, admits that it grew out of the spirit animating the Fenian organization, the admission is so far valuable that it shows that Rossa knows unqualified denial to be useless. It is clear, however, that the skirmishing fund is not one of those American products of which America is most proud. The Americans, judging us by themselves, naturally think that this sort of argument is more likely to harden than to soften the hearts of Englishmen towards Ireland, and it is by no means clear that they have any interest, or think that they have any interest, in Irish discontent as such. The "Irish vote" is quite as much of a nuisance as it is of an advantage, and Americans proper resent the tendency of Milesian colonists to look on America merely as a place wherein to amass a little money to purchase a farm in Ireland. Also the shrewder inhabitants of the States know quite well the difficulties which they have before them, and anti-rent crusades and secret societies provoking to outrage are not things at all likely to conciliate them.

For us, however, the important thing is not the attitude of the Americans, but the probability of these abominable outrages continuing and the best means of dealing with them. Mr. O'Donovan Rossa was reported to have said that he knew all about the *Doterel* explosion, that infernal machines of some sort or other had been placed in her hold, and that Irishmen in the navy had undertaken more projects of the same kind. It has already been remarked that nothing acquires probability from the mere fact of Mr. Rossa having testified to it, but that things antecedently probable may be made less improbable still by his corroboration, provided that there is no other likely explanation. The official inquiry into the loss of the *Doterel* has not been held, and we are, therefore, under some restraint in commenting on that disaster. But Commander Evans's report frankly declines to give any but the most hypothetical explanation, and conjecture is, therefore, to a certain extent free. In Monte Video, we are told, they incline to the hypothesis of Chilean torpedoes—a not impossible, but somewhat unlikely, theory. The boiler theory, which official opinion is believed to favour, implies very bad management on the part of the engineers. The infernal machine explanation, whether it gains or not from the respectable endorsement of Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, was notoriously a favourite one at the time of the disaster, and certainly does not lose credit when it is taken in connexion with the repeated attempts (more clumsy, indeed, but made under more difficult circumstances) at similar atrocities on land. It would be altogether idle to pretend that any Englishman, except a Ministerial partisan who has resolutely stopped his eyes and ears, is at a loss to account for the abundance of this class of outrages. They were, it is not too much to say, indicated and trade-marked by Mr. Gladstone in his famous Midlothian crusade, as the special and infallible means of inducing Englishmen to change their minds on a political question. The very clearness and certainty with which this fact is known has been of some service to the Prime Minister's henchmen in their

attempts to discount the damaging inference. That inference was made known so early, has been pointed out so often, that it is easy to deride the repetition of it with the cry of "connu!" It may be submitted, however, with all submission to these ingenious reasoners, that after all it is no argument against an hypothesis that it constantly explains constantly recurring facts. In the Fenian outbreak of a dozen years ago the use of explosives was comparatively rare—in the present business it has been constant. The alteration cannot be explained by the progress of science, for the attempts made recently have not been by any means specially according to knowledge. It cannot be explained by any immediate and pressing object not to be obtained in any other way; for neither at Salford, nor at London, nor at Liverpool, nor in any of the other instances, has there been any such object to be aimed at. The simple fact is that the indiscretion of a prominent statesman, accustomed to ignore everything but the direct object at which he is aiming, has put into the heads of divers rather stupid and absolutely unprincipled persons the idea of bullying Englishmen into submission by doses of gunpowder and dynamite. What is more, the idea has been caught up by partisan journalists and speech-makers; and it is being urged on Englishmen that the only way to stop the gunpowder and the dynamite is to grant Irish demands without looking at the bill. Of course, the question for the constituencies and for the public generally is whether this system commends itself or whether it does not. A person of the exact type of the celebrated "man in the Peckham omnibus" was heard the other day to murmur that "in his opinion these two fellows meant murder, and he did not see why they should not be treated as murderers." This was, of course, shocking, and can only be set down to the incurable brutality of the English middle class. But, at the same time, it is quite certain that "when the Danes land" there are only two things to do. You may buy them off, in which case they will go on landing until your purse is empty and your throat has to pay the penalty of the emptiness. Another method is to meet controlment with controlment—to give seven feet of English rope to every rascal who is found endangering the lives of innocent men, women, and children in England by his clumsy scoundrelism, and seven volleys (though seven would hardly be required) of English lead to every gang of rioters whose operations in Ireland are intended to be aided and abetted by the said scoundrelism. The Danes have landed now in Thackeray's sense, and the question is what is to be done with them. All the nonsense talked about tyranny and repression and Continental precedents need not for one moment disturb any one who reflects that, in a political point of view, Ireland is absolutely free; that not one single vestige of what is called, in political slang, ascendancy remains; and that, if those who arrogate to themselves the title of Irishmen are fighting to-day, they are fighting only for the privilege to murder and maim, to shut up free markets and forbid the free exercise of personal rights, to refuse the payment of just debts, and enforce the obedience of illegal dictation.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY CHURCHES.

THE *St. James's Gazette* of Monday last favoured its readers with what it calls "a census-table of a rather remarkable character which will not be found in any official return," though it studiously omits to specify by whom or for what particular purpose this unofficial census was taken. Some conjecture however may be formed on both points from what is stated further on. This census was taken on Sunday, May 1, and professes to show how many persons of either sex attended morning service at the various Churches and Nonconformist Chapels in the City on that day exclusive of choristers and other officials, what number these buildings will accommodate, what is the income of the clergy attached to them—we are told nothing about the incomes of Dissenting ministers—as well as "some other detailed information of an interesting and surprising character"; not very surprising, we should imagine, to those at all familiar with the subject. On these "interesting figures" the *St. James's Gazette* proceeds to observe that "many good Churchmen" are discontented with the present state of things, especially when they come to reflect that the City population is rapidly decreasing, while "new populations are crowding the suburbs, where sufficient church accommodation can only be supplied by constant demands on their pockets;" and these good Churchmen would accordingly like to see all or most of these churches swept away, and their incomes and ministrants transferred elsewhere. But we are particularly requested to direct our attention "to the returns of attendance at the Nonconformist Chapels on the same day; from which it appears that the total general congregation in 15 chapels nearly equalled the congregations in the 57 churches." It would not perhaps be uncharitable to assume that the census was conducted under Dissenting auspices and with a view of establishing this "interesting" contrast, and it is obvious at once to remark that, as a test of the relative strength of Church and Dissent, it is open to all the same objections which have been repeatedly urged in our columns and elsewhere against the trustworthiness for that purpose of the official census conducted in the same manner throughout England by Mr. Horace Mann in 1851, which the Nonconformists have resolutely refused ever since to allow to be corrected by a more accurate system of computation. But there are still further objections to the suggested inference in the present case, and as the relations of Church and Dissent have very little to do with

the general scope of our argument, we may as well dispose of this aspect of the question at once. In the first place then it must be observed that, if these 15 Nonconformist chapels can secure an aggregate attendance nearly equal to that of the 57 City churches, it looks as if the small numbers at some of these last must be due rather to clerical neglect or some other accidental cause than to any want of people to come, and it can at best afford no better reason for demolishing the churches in the City than in many parts of Wales where at least three-fourths of the people attend Dissenting chapels. But in the next place "these interesting figures" show that of the total congregation of these 15 chapels a full third is monopolized by the City Temple, which not only stands at the very outskirts of the City, but from the peculiar style of preaching affected by Dr. Parker—on which we had something to say in another connexion not long ago—notoriously attracts a miscellaneous audience from all parts of London. Of the remaining two-thirds a good deal over half is absorbed by the Finsbury, South Place, and Weigh House Chapels, which are three of the largest and best known in the metropolis, the latter especially, where Dr. Binney used to preach. The only other Nonconformist congregation reported to exceed or nearly approach 300 is that of St. Mary Moorfields, formerly Cardinal Wiseman's Pro-cathedral, and the oldest Roman Catholic place of worship in London except the Ambassadors' Chapels. The rest range variously from about 100 to 21. The utmost therefore that can fairly be gathered from these Dissenting statistics is that the City clergy might with advantage exert themselves more actively than they sometimes do. Besides, if the City Temple is to be pressed into the argument on one side, Churchmen have a right to demand that the genuine original Temple Church, also just within the City line, and crowded as it deserves to be for its services and its sermons, should not be overlooked.

On the Church statistics we do not propose to dwell in detail here, first because those familiar with the subject will find nothing very new in them, secondly because we have no guarantee for their accuracy, and chiefly because it is not on these points that our contention against the destruction of the City churches mainly hinges. But one or two passing observations will not be out of place. The accommodation in St. Paul's Cathedral is stated at 3,600, whereas the Cathedral will hold, and not unfrequently does actually contain, some thousands more. Taking again three churches of which we happen to know something, St. Augustine's, St. Bartholomew's, Moor Lane, and St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, we note that the congregations in all three are rated at considerably under 100. There certainly often are, or used to be, much larger congregations in two, if not all three of them. And this leads us to notice the transparent fallacy of taking attendance at the Morning Service, at 11 o'clock presumably, as an exclusive test. It is notoriously a prevalent, however objectionable, habit among the classes who mostly frequent City churches for the men to lie in bed on Sunday mornings while their wives cook the dinner, and hence the evening services are much more largely attended than the morning. Roman Catholic churches again, like St. Mary Moorfields, have several early masses on Sundays, besides the High Mass at 11, and a similar custom prevails in several of the Anglican churches, including St. Paul's Cathedral. The 11 o'clock service therefore is an inadequate test, except at Dissenting chapels, even of the morning congregations. But the main objection to the reckless scheme of Sacrilegious Vandalism, which these cunningly concocted tables of sensational statistics are intended to promote, and which even Mr. Carlyle denounced as "a sordid, nay sinful piece of barbarism," does not turn on any wrangle over the detailed accuracy of "surprising and interesting figures." We have shown good reason for regarding these statistics as in many respects misleading, but there are far graver issues at stake. Two other objections, both important though hardly the most important, are just noticed by the *St. James's Gazette*, but noticed only to be disparaged or put aside, namely that "most of these churches are fine fabrics, some of them very beautiful"—which unfortunately applies to some already destroyed—and that a turn in the tide may some day bring back the population of the City—a point dwelt on with much force in a letter of Mr. Richards's to the *St. James's Gazette* of Wednesday last, where he calls attention to the acknowledged healthiness of the situation and the "thousands of unlet flats and chambers" which might, and not improbably will hereafter be utilized for dwelling purposes. And this consideration can the less be ignored with impunity, because if the churches were destroyed, the site of church and churchyard would at once be ruthlessly swept into the market, and could never be recovered. On the æsthetic or archaeological aspects of the question there is the less need to enter here at any length, because in "a Plea for Wren's Churches" we devoted a special article to that subject two years ago. But we then also intimated that there were grave objections on religious and practical grounds to the proposed scheme of demolition, and this side of the question, which is too apt to be altogether lost sight of, will bear a little further treatment. But it may be worth while first to note that what is called the æsthetic argument is by no means one that only concerns "æsthetes"—to use the rather questionable nomenclature adopted by disciples of the modern Renaissance—nor is it exhausted by merely enumerating the several beauties of Wren's churches taken apart, though it must be remembered that in many of them are to be found old monuments, old pictures, old decorations, and last, but not least, old customs, which it would be a grievous pity to lose. The churchyards too, with the trees or garubs which are, or may be,

planted in them, offer, it has justly been observed, a rest to tired eye and brain, none the less real because those who benefit by them are often unconscious of it. But we were going to observe that in rebuilding the City after the great fire Wren studied general effect as well as the appearance of the separate churches, and designed the various steeples to harmonize with his great work at St. Paul's. To destroy them would be to mar the beauty of what is still, in spite of some modern excrescences, a singularly beautiful town.

But important as are these considerations the moral and practical objections to the reckless scheme of destruction now so widely advocated appear to us even more decisive. They are excellently treated in an article contributed last year by Mr. Kegan Paul to the *Nineteenth Century*, of which we shall not scruple to avail ourselves as occasion serves. And his plea for "the proper use of the City churches" comes with all the greater force from one who does not write, or profess to write, as "a good Churchman," and indeed almost goes out of his way to remind the London clergy to whom he appeals that he "has deliberately abandoned the faith they hold." He addresses them therefore as an outsider from what may perhaps be called an Agnostic though not certainly an unfriendly or irreligious point of view, and reminds them in substance that, as men want some kind of religion, it is the duty of "the priests of a grand historic Church," which claims the exclusive right of supplying this want to do what lies in their power to utilize their opportunities and make their ministrations effectual; and he goes on to show what excellent use might be made of the City churches for this purpose; that is of course if the incumbents resided in their parishes. For it is in truth the non-residence of the clergy rather than the want of a congregation that has led to the desertion of the churches. The population, as he justly observes, has not left the City; "on the contrary there is no spot in the world where so many human beings are crowded together for the greater part of each week," and therefore no spot where "a wise clergyman would have so great opportunities of usefulness among the young, the active, the intellectual, the sceptical, and the curious—in fact among just those classes at whom the parson hardly ever gets." For it will not be gravely maintained, at least by the ministers of a Church which provides a form of daily prayer, that religion is simply a matter for Sundays. The writer goes on to speak of short services in the middle of the day, when almost every one employed in business in the City takes a full hour's interval of rest, and bears personal witness to the success of the experiment when tried at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, where "the church was crammed at every one of the services," till the whole thing was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the result of we forget which of the Ritualist prosecutions we have heard so much about of late. Similar experiments have been tried elsewhere with equal success, and we cannot but think the writer is somewhat unjust in his strictures on "the great metropolitan Cathedral," which, in spite of "the deadly shade of canonical hours," not only "ought to lead the way" but has actually led the way in this movement. No doubt the ordinary Cathedral services are performed there as elsewhere, and they are often largely attended, but we should be surprised to find that any Cathedral in England had rivalled the recent activity of St. Paul's in developing other besides strictly "canonical" functions. Certainly the Dome is often filled at the daily or almost daily services held at midday during Lent and Advent, and probably at other seasons also. Mr. Kegan Paul suggests other ways in which the City clergy, whether of the High, Low, or Broad School, might easily find or make opportunities for grappling with the sin, misery, and ignorance, which abound in their parishes; and he adds, truly enough, that it is not only the orthodox or religiously disposed who would value these short week-day services. His old Eton experiences of the daily College chapel and more recently of St. Ethelburga's, help to prove that a rest for the spirit is often to be gained where others are praying even by those who do not pray themselves. Nor would it be difficult to introduce into City churches the custom, very common abroad, where a congregation without a priest, led by the village schoolmaster or some other lay representative, recite hymns and litanies for themselves, or to open the church for private prayer or retirement. And for such purposes "the little out of the way churches which nobody can use"—as we often hear said—are just those which would be found most serviceable. But there is no need to go further into details, which would readily suggest themselves to those concerned, according to circumstances. Enough, and more than enough, has been said to prove that there are practical as well as æsthetic and antiquarian grounds for sternly resisting the threatened destruction of these ancient shrines, and we quite agree with the writer already quoted that the one practical argument urged with wearisome iteration on the other side completely breaks down the moment it is seriously examined.

We are told once more by the *St. James's Gazette*—for perhaps the thousandth time—that a new population is growing up in the suburbs, whose religious wants can only be supplied out of their own pockets, and accordingly the City churches should be demolished, and "their ministrants and incomes employed elsewhere." We fail to appreciate the summary logic of this modest proposal. Why cannot the population of the London suburbs, who are certainly not less wealthy as a rule than growing populations elsewhere, pay for their own new churches? Moreover there is much force in Mr. Kegan Paul's contention that what is wanted there is generally not so much the multiplication of churches as of services. In the City nobody has time to stir more than a few paces from his place of business; in the suburbs most people have plenty of time to walk a little way to church, and many would

prefer it, so that one central church with a staff of ten clergy and frequent services might do all or more than all the work of ten scattered churches with one or two clergy apiece. But in any case the "simple plan" of robbing Peter to pay Paul has neither honesty nor policy to recommend it. It will be quite time enough to talk of transferring ministrants and incomes to the suburbs when the City clergy have at least fairly tried the experiment of utilizing their churches, which too often stand empty where they are, not from any want of worshippers, but because the pastor has left his many sheep in this peopled wilderness and gone off to enjoy the dignified repose of a suburban home. We spoke in a former article of one distinct use of such churches, as "the religious centres of Guilds, Confraternities, and the like." It has now been shown that they may also subserve other and still more obvious needs. To argue from an ingenious calculation of the number present at certain City churches on a particular Sunday morning in May that the sooner churches and incumbents are improved off the face of the earth the better is about as reasonable, not to say religious, as to argue that a man need not say his prayers because he has no Sunday coat.

THE CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

WHAT critics have said about authors, and what authors have said about critics, is a topic that might be treated of with more learning than Mr. Jennings has displayed in a little work on the *Curiosities of Criticism* (Ohatto & Windus). He has written chiefly about modern and English critics. He has not gone back to the fine old quarrels in which Callimachus, Theocritus, and Apollonius Rhodius were mixed up. At the Court of the Ptolemies, poets and their rivals behaved much as they did at the Court of Louis XIV. They made fun of each other's legs, and verses, and compared each other to the scavenger bird of Egypt. Envy was then believed by Callimachus, as by Balzac, and by authors at large, to be the motive power of criticism. The quarrel in Greece was so old as to have become proverbial, and when Plato quotes the lines about "poets hating poets, and potters potters," he was doubtless thinking of feuds between the poets who succeeded and were popular and the poets who failed and said disagreeable things. The philosophers were no better. Several Platonic dialogues are really criticisms of the popular Sophists, by the Sophist whose unpopularity ultimately took the strong shape of a dose of hemlock. There are few better examples of the "candid friend" style of criticism than the passages in which Aristotle reviews the Platonic theory of ideas. Later criticism at Alexandria produced the exuberant spitefulness of Zoilus and the meddlesome activity of Zenodotus. Aristarchus became the patron of all sound criticism, and commentators preferred being wrong with him to being right with Aristophanes. French society, from the age of Boileau to that of Paul de St.-Victor, would have provided Mr. Jennings with abundance of anecdotes. Molière and his critics alone would supply material for a very curious and amusing chapter; and the quarrels of classicists and romanticists, of Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, of the critics who write and run away, and of the critics who cross swords, might have been made no less entertaining. The mere name of Pope suggests a whole literature, at which Mr. Jennings has glanced, of spiteful criticism. But he has preferred to deal, as a rule, with the feuds of our own century—with Keats and the *Quarterly*, Mr. Tennyson and the same censor, Mr. Gilbert and the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

In any active literary age it must needs be that offences come. In such ages criticism is a profession. Now all professions, from acting to medicine, have their jealousies; but it is not the business of other professions to be perpetually talking. This is the business of criticism, and so the troubled waters are constantly being stirred over again, and the mud is brought up to the top. Criticism is an art practised on the most sensitive of all human beings—poets, and men of letters. No other class is so ready or so able to cry out when it is hurt, and Mr. Jennings has made an amusing selection of the cries of injured vanity. Swift called "the true critic" "a dog at the feast." Ignorance, he said, is the father of criticism; noise, impudence, pedantry, ill-manners, are her offspring. Mr. Ruskin, that gentle critic who has scalped Guido, Salvator Rosa, Claude, and Mr. Whistler, is, in his milder moods, of the opinion that criticism is a piece of bad breeding. Goldsmith thought that "by one false pleasantry the future peace of a worthy man's life is disturbed." And this is the incessant charge against critics, that they poison the existence of authors, good and bad. The accusation seems to have very little sense in it. Authors are really engaged, voluntarily, in a kind of game. They throw down the challenge to the critic, they are miserable if he does not take it up, and they become half wild with rage if his verdict is not favourable. Experience, by this time, might teach even authors that critics have little power to make or mar.

Let a book be good or bad, if it has the element of popularity in it it will succeed, in spite of the righteous or unrighteous wrath of reviewers. And, if a book has not the salt of popularity in it, no amount of favourable or even of gushing notices will rescue it from neglect. Every great poet of the century—except, perhaps, Scott—was violently attacked in his beginnings. It was partly pedantry, partly dullness, partly political spite, that caused the *Edinburgh Review* to speak of *Christabel* as "a miserable piece of

concocting and shuffling"; while the thin and precious volume that contains *Kubla Khan* was "one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty. . . . With one exception, there is literally not one couplet in the publication before us which would be reckoned poetry, or even sense, were it found in the corner of a newspaper or upon the window of an inn." This blatant nonsense no more harmed Coleridge than Jeffrey's "This will never do" harmed Wordsworth. Though the world is weary of the story of Keats and the *Quarterly*, we are obliged to agree with Mr. Jennings that the Reviewer did harm the poet. The publishers of *Hyperion* (Taylor and Hessey, 1820) say "the poem was intended to be of equal length with *Endymion*, but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding," and thus a narrow and prejudiced criticism caused a heavy loss to literature. And yet even now a fair judge will admit that the *Quarterly* Reviewer did hit a number of terrible blots in *Endymion*. It would have been a misfortune if Keats's first work had been eagerly applauded, and if all contemporary versifiers had followed the worst examples of his bad early manner. There was a good deal of truth in the remark, "he wanders from one subject to another, from the associations, not of ideas, but of sounds, and the work is composed of hemistichs which, it is quite evident, have forced themselves upon the author by the mere force of the catchwords on which they turn." (Chapman had set the example of the same false method in his translation of the *Odyssey*.)

But, if Keats's energy was relaxed by the abuse of critics, we scarcely can remember another example in which malicious or just criticism stood in the way of a good book, or prevented a bad one from attracting its congenial audience. Of the latter process a rare example is Macaulay's crushing exposure of Robert Montgomery. Of the former we see a kind of trace when Shelley complains, after an assault by the *Quarterly*, "my faculties are shaken to atoms and torpid; I can write nothing." The real mischief which even sound criticism does is to check spontaneity. A writer may be warned of a fault and may accept the warning, but his natural power is abated for the moment; he thinks of his paces, and, if we may say so, is thrown out of his stride. But this sort of effect soon passes away, and the results of criticism may, in the long run, prove salutary. That righteous judgment does not interfere with a bad book's vogue we see every day in the illustrious example of certain novelists. To take an example of the other sort, a powerful critic long ago informed the author of *A Daughter of Heth* that, whatever he might succeed in, one field was closed against him—the field of fiction. But this prophecy has been eminently unfulfilled. Again, it often happens that a new book, novel or poem, is very much to the taste of the critics. The press is unanimous in its praise. The author's heart rejoices; he looks forward to many editions, and thinks that even on the system of "half-profits" there must be money for him. But the public has not agreed with the reviewers, and the publishers' books show a sale of some fifty copies, and an alarming deficit. Authors should reflect on these verities, and so learn to bear criticism without screaming aloud or writhing in silent anguish. And yet, though no one knows better than the critic the truths which we have advanced, it is probable that critics, next to really great poets, themselves suffer most keenly from unfavourable reviews. These are the amiable inconsistencies of human nature.

The ingratitude of poets has often left us mourning. Mr. Tennyson has altered or suppressed almost all the passages in his volume of 1833 which the critics pointed out to his notice. The "wealthy miller's mealy face" is no longer affectionately compared to "the moon in an ivy-tod," whatever an "ivy-tod" may be. His chestnut buds are no longer "gummy." "Then leaped a trout" has taken the place of "a water-rat from off the bank." The famous passage about

One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat
Slowly,—and nothing more,

which provoked the flippant inquiry, "What more would she like?" has been modified. An ecstatic address to "Darling room, my heart's delight," is omitted altogether, and, in short, Mr. Tennyson has usually accepted the advice even of unfriendly critics. Yet he has never shown any fervent gratitude, and even wrote fifty years ago an angry little poem on "Fusty Christopher."

We, in our humble way, are suffering from a want of kindly recognition. Two years ago we reviewed Mr. John Payne's privately printed translation of Villon's poems. While we found much to admire, we had to say that the version of the famous "Ballad of Old Time Ladies" was perhaps the worst ballade ever written. We did not like the expression "the middle modern air" from which Thais is supposed to hide. It did not seem a natural expression in Villon's mouth. "Heloïse the staid" seemed not to be well fitted with an epithet. We disliked "the queen whose orders were" to the effect that Buridan should be drowned. And we complained that "But what has become of last year's snow?" was a poor rendering of *Mais où sont les neiges d'autan?* Mr. Payne has just republished his Villon, in a form suited to a "squaresman's" modern taste, which dislikes the free filth of the Parisian burglar, when rendered, in cold blood, into English. The new volume deserves, and, we hope, will obtain, popularity. But while Mr. Payne has altered all but one of the peculiarities which offended us in his ballade, he does not seem the

more grateful. He accuses us of probably being familiar with only one text of Villon (M. Lacroix's, 1877), and of not having taken the trouble to make ourselves "adequately acquainted with the subject under review." This unkindness is just what critics must expect. But still Mr. Payne has tried to act on our ignorant advice. For "Hides from the middle modern air" he now reads "cousins german in beauty rare," which is much more accurate. For "where is Heloïse the staid?" he writes, "where did the learn'd Heloïse vade?" Vade is a charming word, though Webster says "it is obsolete or not used." Mr. Payne might have written "wade" or "fade," but "vade" is certainly more old fashioned. As for "the queen whose orders were," she has become "the queen who willed whilens." And, instead of making "where" rhyme to "were," "wear," "where" (repeated), Mr. Payne now calls our Lady, "virgin debonair." Thus criticism has had some effect on him (which is in itself a curiosity), but has not begotten a spirit of friendly gratitude. The critic must be satisfied, then, with doing good, careless of its recognition.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE.

THAT the English are at heart a law-abiding people is shown by the ease with which the police succeed in preserving order and in keeping in check the lawless elements of the population without any military support or parade. Of course isolated instances do occur of ruffians to whom the dark blue coat acts as the traditional red rag is supposed to do upon a short-tempered bull, and who regard the wearer as something to be kicked and otherwise ill-used whenever a favourable opportunity offers. As a rule, however, the rough succumbs at once to the representative of the law; the thief, when told that he is "wanted," comes quietly away with the officer, while his comrades look pensively on and wonder when their own turn will come; the street desperadoes, disturbed in the middle of a fight, put on their coats, and either "move on" or "come along" as the constable bids them; and even the drunken virago is content with throwing herself upon the ground and requesting to be informed what the officer means by "strikin' of a woman" and sarcastically asking "if he calls hisself a man." Nor are the criminal and disorderly classes alone amenable to police discipline; the mere presence of half a dozen constables is, as a rule, sufficient to overawe the most rampant political mob. The great Chartist agitation collapsed on the occasion of its culminating demonstration; for, although "the people flocked in their thousands" to Trafalgar Square with the avowed intention of carrying out the programme of "down with leverythink," they were completely checkmated when they saw their leaders and standard-bearers hand over the seditious emblems without a murmur at the bidding of a few resolute policemen. The rioting in Hyde Park, when the railings were thrown down, was not so much a case of resistance to the police as of mischievous resentment on the part of the mob at being prevented from using the Park for the purpose of a meeting, just as an unruly troop of schoolboys might resent being kept out of their playground. The reason for this respect for authority is, no doubt, to be found in the freedom of our institutions and the security which they give to life and property. The English police cannot, even to the most distorted imagination, represent any form of Government tyranny or oppression; while the criminal instinctively feels that he has no sympathy or support to hope for from honest or peaceful folk. Exceptional cases will arise from time to time in which popular feeling is excited, and the presence of the force ceases to exercise its accustomed moral effect; but they are seldom, if ever, of a character to cause any real apprehension. Such a case has just occurred in Southwark. It appears that an unfortunate boy was drowned on Saturday last while bathing in the Thames off Blackfriars; and, his body not having been recovered by the following Monday, a youth named Ellis undertook to search for it, and, divesting himself of his clothing, was swimming out for the purpose. As it was at an hour when bathing is prohibited, and a large mixed crowd was present, the police very naturally interfered in the cause of order and decency, whereupon the young man became violent. The mob did not reflect that the Thames police, with their drags, would be much more likely to recover the body than the somewhat officious swimmer; and, having apparently a notion that they were being defrauded of a gratuitous exhibition, "went for" the intervening constables and severely ill-treated them. The police behaved, as they generally do on such occasions, with great forbearance and resolution, and, after some difficulty, carried off their captive to the station-house. The affair was an unfortunate one, but we must confess our inability to see in it, as suggested by a contemporary, any signs of a decreasing respect for authority, or any necessity whatever for considering the question whether the police shall not be either increased in numerical strength or supported by military aid. There are, no doubt, exigencies which demand a slight modification of the present arrangements for the protection of individual constables. It is not perhaps desirable to arm the guardians of the peace with revolvers, but when burglars take to them, and shoot promiscuously at housemaids, postmen, and policemen, there is, after all, a certain *raison d'être* for revolver drill. Nor are there any signs in this incident that Celtic idiosyncrasies are being reflected in the mind of the London mob. The officers who were beaten,

buffeted, and stoned were not assisting a County Court bailiff to serve a summons on a wharfinger for refusing to pay rent; they were merely endeavouring to impress upon a too ardent young man the fact that absence of costume is inappropriate in public, and that officious philanthropy is no excuse for indecency.

A much more important and necessary reform in the Metropolitan Police Force has been already foreshadowed by the Home Secretary. Its administration has long left much to be desired, and the public would no doubt be glad if more efficiency could be obtained at less expense. The apprehension of a professional thief at his well-known haunts, the removal to the lock-up of a drunkard, or the dispersal of a disorderly crowd—although very necessary functions—are not the final cause of the existence of the police. Not long ago the detective department was found to be in a highly unsatisfactory state; some dishonest officers were sentenced to mild terms of imprisonment, and shown to be such sharp and unprincipled persons that their very punishment proved an excellent advertisement for them in the line which they subsequently took up of keeping "private enquiry offices." But a Director of Criminal Investigations was appointed, the whole department was reorganized, and we were led to believe that it would in future rival the Rue de Jérusalem in intelligence and efficiency, while preserving all the old-fashioned frank and constitutional English methods. Unfortunately these expectations have not been realized, and, whatever the gain in honesty may be, there does not seem to be much in the way of additional public security; great crimes are undiscovered, and persons who are "wanted" remain so still. The report of the Committee appointed by the late Home Secretary some two years ago to inquire into these and other abuses has not been as yet made public, but we are promised that some at least of its more important recommendations shall shortly have effect given to them. These will apparently include a thorough reorganization of the administration, which is certainly much needed. The staff at present consists of a Commissioner, two Assistant Commissioners, a Legal Adviser, the Director of Criminal Investigations, and four District Superintendents. Captain Harris, who was one of the Assistant Commissioners originally appointed in 1856, retires upon a pension, and is to be succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, who is now one of the District Superintendents. Another of the occupants of the last-mentioned posts has lately died, so that their number will be thus reduced to two; and as the Home Secretary does not propose to fill up the two vacancies, a saving of nearly 2,000*l.* per annum will be effected. The office of Director of Criminal Investigations is also one which might with advantage be dispensed with. If the detective department were organized upon as thorough and elaborate a plan as most of the Continental secret police systems, which we by no means either recommend or desire, there would be some reason for appointing such an officer, provided he were specially qualified by training and talents for his post. But to create a separate department, and place at its head a gentleman who, however estimable and talented, has not one of the special qualifications of a superior detective officer, seems a rather clumsy and expensive way of reforming an inefficient staff. It ought surely to be possible to select from the members of the force honest and intelligent men capable of conducting the more delicate and necessarily secret criminal investigations, and to place them under the control of one of the Assistant Commissioners who already exist, and whose duties cannot be so heavy as to make this a too severe tax upon their time.

But an unnecessarily large administrative staff is not the only fault of the Metropolitan Police service; its whole financial system requires a thorough overhauling. Since the death of Sir Richard Mayne the expenses have increased by more than seventy per cent., while the numerical increase of the force is scarcely a third of this. Either this extravagant expenditure should be reduced, or more efficiency should be had for the money; many people, indeed, believe, and not unreasonably, that both these ends might be simultaneously obtained. The general efficiency of the Metropolitan Police Force and the reasonable cost of its maintenance are questions of which the public is well capable of judging, and the effect of the changes which Sir William Harcourt announces will be carefully watched and criticised. If they are found insufficient, public opinion will demand further and more stringent measures of reform. The question, however, of the constitution of the detective department and of its workings must necessarily be left more to the discretion of the higher officials, only the ratepayers have a right to insist that the work shall be thoroughly well done. We have not, we are thankful to say, an elaborate system of *espionage*; honest and peaceable citizens have not their goings out and their comings in recorded in *dossiers* to be used against them in the event of their becoming criminal or political offenders; but for all that it should not be possible for a thief to get clear away with some thousands of pounds worth of jewelry, or for a murderer to commit a ghastly crime and leave no clue to his whereabouts or identity. Yet these things are happening every day and with even more frequency since we have had an officer whose sole business it is to see that they do not occur. A little more care in selecting and training the men required for more delicate and special services would, we fancy, achieve the desired object.

THE BANK OF FRANCE.

WE do not usually devote much space to the analysis or reports of financial institutions; but, for reasons which we hope to make clear as we proceed, we think it worth while to make an exception to our general rule in the case of the Bank of France, and to examine in some detail its Report for the year 1880. The transactions of the Bank last year exceeded the enormous sum of 400 millions sterling. In other words, the turnover of the Bank was about twice the amount of the indemnity exacted by Germany from France at the close of the late war. These figures will give some idea of the magnitude of the business done by this great institution, and consequently of the important part played by it in the economic life of the country. As further evidence of its financial importance, we may notice that at the end of last year the coin and bullion held by the Bank exceeded 70 millions sterling. The increase in the business last year was over 17 per cent., and the whole of this increase was in the discounts and advances. It was partly due to new activity displayed by the Bank itself in getting business. Previously the Bank had fallen into a course of routine, and its more enterprising competitors were beginning to take away the market from it; but last year it gave greater facilities to its customers, and consequently attracted a larger amount of business. The principal cause of the increase in its transactions, however, was the growth of speculation in France. In the summer of 1879 a great speculative mania set in, which has gone on increasing ever since; and, in consequence of this speculative activity, the business done by all the banks, and of course by the greatest of them—the Bank of France—has been greatly augmented. The bulk of the business consists of the discounting of bills. Last year, for example, the bills actually discounted amounted in value to the enormous sum of 348 millions sterling. It is to be borne in mind that, unlike the Bank of England, the Bank of France has branches in all the departments, and that consequently it is a country as well as a metropolitan bank. Indeed, the business done at the branches somewhat exceeds the business done at the head office in Paris. It is curious to find that at the branches the average amount of the bills discounted seems to be slightly greater than those in Paris. But, whether at the branches or in Paris, the Bank, vast as is the business done, chiefly accommodates small traders. It would seem to be much more than its competitors the bank of the retail trade proper. For example, the total amount of the bills discounted in Paris last year was a little over 164 millions sterling, and in number they were 4,436,168. The average amount of each bill, therefore, was 924 francs, or a little under 37*l.* At the branches the total number of bills was 4,749,409, representing a sum of nearly 184 millions sterling. Consequently the average amount of each bill at the branches was 968 francs, or about 38*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* The average amount for which each bill was drawn was thus slightly higher at the branches than in Paris, yet in both it was very low. We may further state, as showing to how humble a class this great institution affords accommodation, that at Paris there were as many as 11,289 bills of the value of 10 francs, or 8*s.*, and under; while nearly a quarter in number of all the bills discounted in Paris were of the value of 4*l.* and under. The fact illustrates the different character of trade in France and England, while bringing out the peculiar nature of the business done by the Bank of France.

The Bank, as we know, holds the ultimate reserve for the whole of France, and therefore it is of great interest to trace the movements in the coin and bullion held by it. During the year there was a loss of very nearly 8 millions sterling in the metallic reserve of the Bank, while in the gold proper the loss exceeded 7½ millions sterling. This was the loss at Paris and the branches taken together. But at Paris itself the loss amounted to as much as 9,348,000*l.*, and the loss has been going on for several years. In fact, the gold at the end of last year was in the proportion to the silver of only about 1 to 2½. And during the current year the drain of gold has continued. Even at the end of December last the gold at the head office in Paris had fallen below 8 millions sterling. As we have seen, the loss is exclusively at the head office. The reason of this is easily understood. The Government, not wishing to alarm trade or to ruin speculators, has discouraged the Bank from raising the rate of discount, as it should have done long ago, in order to stop the drain of gold. But, as it at last became alarmed itself at the magnitude of the drain, it undertook to order the Receivers-General throughout the country to pay into the branches of the Bank all the gold collected by them. Thus, while gold is being drained away from Paris and a few of the great cities, such as Marseilles and Havre, it is being paid in at the branches by the Receivers-General. In other words, the gold circulating in the hands of the public is gradually being gathered up by the officers of the Government, and paid into the bank; part of it remains there, but a large part also is drained away. If this continues, the result must be that the gold will disappear altogether from the circulation in France, and silver and notes will take its place. The directors of the Bank in their report for last year say, and say truly enough, that the drain of gold is chiefly caused by the succession of bad harvests with which France has been visited. France, which only a few years ago always grew enough of corn for its own consumption, and grew a large surplus of wine which it sold to other countries, as well as a large surplus of sugar, has during the past few years been obliged to import immense quantities of corn from the United States and wine from Spain and

Italy. And as, owing to the protective tariffs of these three countries, and the comparative poverty of the two latter, they did not buy from France as much as she bought from them, France has had to pay for her purchases in gold. But this is not the whole explanation of the matter. The extraordinary speculation to which we have referred above, and which has led France to purchase all sorts of Stock Exchange securities abroad, has given foreign countries a command over her markets, which they have used to drain away her gold. England has drawn upon the gold reserve of France to pay for the food imported from the United States, while the United States have drawn to pay themselves. If now a series of good agricultural years should succeed the bad years with which France has been visited, the drain would probably not only be stopped, but even reversed. France would then be able to recover part of the gold she has lost. But until the phylloxera is somehow overcome, France will have to import wine from Spain and Italy, and will have to pay for it with gold. As long, too, as the speculation that now prevails continues, she will have to pay for her purchases of securities by the export of gold.

Partly to displace gold, for the purpose of gathering the metal in, and partly in answer to the demand for increased circulation caused by the speculative activity, there was an increase in the note circulation of the Bank during the year, though not a very large one. At the close it amounted to a little over 90 millions sterling; the total number of notes somewhat exceeding 10,800,000. Of these as many as 189,000 were for 5 francs, or 4s., and under; while 283,000 were for 20 francs, or 16s., and 25,587 were for 25 francs, or 17. Thus in all, nearly 500,000 notes were circulating at the end of last year of the value of 11. and under, out of a total number, as we have said, of 10,800,000. The great bulk of the notes, however, were for 100 francs, or 4l., numbering, in fact, 7,555,345. During the present year, we believe, the circulation of small notes has increased very much. The Bank must depend almost entirely upon the issue of the small notes to replenish its gold reserve. It is only these small notes that can take the place of coin. Silver the public evidently will not receive in any large amount. They pay it in again as fast as they receive it. But small notes are handier even than gold, and are preferred by the people. The Bank, on resuming specie payments after the war, withdrew nearly the whole of its small notes, on the plea that the tax imposed by the Government made the small-note circulation unprofitable. The necessity of replenishing the gold reserve has, however, overruled this objection, and the small note circulation is now increasing. How far it will succeed in replenishing the gold reserve remains to be seen. While the depreciation of silver lasts, there is an evident profit in exporting gold from France and retaining silver. Silver is quite as effective at home to discharge obligations; but in many foreign countries it will not discharge a debt. Gold, therefore, will be exported until France ceases to owe money to other countries.

SCULPTURE IN 1881.

THE average of merit in sculpture at the Royal Academy this year is not quite so high as it was in 1880; but there are more decidedly interesting works, and the general arrangement is such as to bring into unusual prominence those few statues that are worthy of prolonged attention. It is well known that the same influences that watch over the hanging of pictures do not decide the placing of sculpture; but it really seems an amusing paradox that the same year should see the one work performed so unusually ill and the other more satisfactorily than ever before. The long series of busts, hitherto exposed upon a high straight shelf running round the Sculpture Gallery, are this year exhibited each on its own pedestal. All that is now required is that the bases should be drawn a little further into the room, so that the busts can be inspected from behind. In the Central Hall the centre-piece of flowers and shrubs has been done away with, and the extra space employed for the isolation of Mr. Lawson's "Cleopatra" and Mr. Brock's equestrian group. In the Lecture Room an honourable site has been secured for Mr. Calder Marshall's "Sabrina" and Mr. Thornycroft's "Teucer." There is still room for much improvement in the Vestibule, a gallery always given up to works in relief, which are positively distorted by the perpendicular fall of the light. But we chronicle with much pleasure the proof of an intelligent desire to do as much for sculpture as perhaps can be done without an entire remodelling of Sydney Smirke's unfortunate suite of galleries.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft has celebrated his election to the titular honours of the Academy by exhibiting in his "Teucer" (1495) a statue which surpasses all that he has previously produced. He takes as his motto six unusually vigorous lines from Pope's *Iliad*, in which the Homeric bowman pours out his splanetic rage at being unable, in spite of all his skill and cunning, to hit the body of Hector. Mr. Thornycroft expresses this savage malice in the head of his figure; with his large eyes, bent forehead, and sharp lips, the brother of Ajax seems to "live along the line" that his arrow has described; he scarcely breathes for excitement, hoping against hope. The legs are still rigid, the bow hardly sinks, the tension of the arms is only slightly relaxed. The modelling of this naked figure is singularly learned and courageous, erring, if it errs at all, in a slightly archaic treatment of the muscular forms. It is not quite easy to find a point of view in

the Royal Academy from which the head, which is particularly full of dramatic vigour, can be agreeably seen; and the back of the statue is in shadow. Enough, however, is visible to enable us to recognise in this figure, not merely the most important work of the year in sculpture, but such a work as is rarely executed by an English artist. Mr. Lawson's "Cleopatra" (1478), without being nearly so original or so finely modelled, is nevertheless a very interesting statue. The dying queen sinks back in her throne; the asp lies on her uncovered bosom; one foot is drawn sideways, the other is thrust forward; the right arm hangs helplessly over the rim of the throne. The forms of the figure are massive, and Cleopatra is represented as in middle life. In the action there is a good deal of dignity, and the conception of the statue is well thought out; but the work has been hurried, and is carelessly finished; the modelling of the arms and feet is particularly faulty. Of Mr. Calder Marshall's five ambitious works, the large bronze group of "Sabrina thrown into the Severn" (1496) is decidedly the best. We find little merit in the weak and etiolated figure in marble called "The Prodigal Son" (1498), which has been bought under the Chantrey Bequest. The "Noonday Idleness" (1445) of the same sculptor, a bas-relief of two girls, is very graceful. Among the other imaginative works in the room must be mentioned Mr. H. E. Leifchild's "Opportunity" (1482), a spirited male figure, with wild flying drapery, and with the traditional forelock well developed; and Mr. A. G. Atkinson's "The Angel binding Satan" (1537), a group which shows some vigour of composition, but which is badly balanced, and treated too conventionally to be interesting. Great praise is due to Mr. T. Stirling Lee for the progress which he shows this year in his very fine statue of "Cain" (1510), one of the most learned pieces of sculpture in the exhibition; Mr. Lee seems to have thrown off his extravagant fondness for Carpeaux without losing the effects of thorough French training. "Shielding the Helpless" (1484), by Mr. E. B. Stephens, represents a warrior, with shaggy hair and a heavy moustache, protecting a child which clings to him. There is grace in the modelling of the young figure, but the man reminds the spectator at once, and so closely as to seem a mere imitation, of Foley's celebrated statue of "Caractacus." Mr. Brock sends his fine equestrian group called "A Moment of Peril" (1486), in bronze, and it has been bought under the Chantrey Bequest. We described this group of a Red Indian spearing a python at length when it was exhibited last year in plaster. Mme. Desnard cannot be congratulated on her pretentious bronze of "Judith with the head of Holofernes" (1490); the action is ludicrously false. Mr. Henry Holiday's draped recumbent figure named "Sleep" (1539) is pretty, but weak and rather frivolous. Miss Canton deserves praise for her carefully-wrought bronze statuette of a "Maenad" (1553), tipsily loughing head downwards.

The present exhibition is remarkable for the number of works in low relief which it presents. Mr. Armstead's "The Ever-reigning Queen" (1448) has so much beauty, not only of imagination, but of workmanship, that we doubly deplore one accident, which is as a dead fly in the sweet ointment. Nothing could be more beautifully modelled than the body of the goddess, than the wanton amorette, than the lazily plunging dolphins, or the calm perspective of the sea. But all this is lost to the casual spectator through the startling ugliness and coarseness of the face. As a presentment of Aphrodite this might have satisfied an artist of the most archaic age in Greece, but it is hardly admissible in the work of a modern sculptor. We believe that Mr. Armstead has obtained this unfortunate result by persisting in disregarding the rule to which we have drawn attention in these columns before, that in very low relief the face must always be treated in profile or fully in front; the features of the goddess are drawn here midway between the two, and the result is positively ugly. "The Obedience of Joshua" (1469), by the same accomplished artist, is even more Ninevite in character than "The Courage of David" last year. Here, also, the sculptor has attempted certain experiments which have been but partially successful, and here again, outside these experiments, the workmanship is beyond praise. Mr. Thornycroft's "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought" (1462) is an alto-relievo of a girl's head; the mouth is open as though singing and sobbing; this is a decorative work, lightly but poetically touched. Mr. George Tinworth sends a terra-cotta panel to the Royal Academy every year, and it is always placed, as by a tradition, in the same corner. We do not think that the "Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem" (1444), though of course full of cleverness, is quite up to Mr. Tinworth's average; it is over-crowded with figures, tier behind tier, and the faces present a needless brutality. Mr. Adams Aetons's "Angel of Patience" seated by a sick man's bed (1532) is an alto-relievo curiously treated, but not without a certain poetic charm. It would undoubtedly be effective in a church.

In iconic sculpture there is much this year that is good, not very much that can be praised without reservation. The two best busts are Mr. Boehm's "Mr. Gladstone," in marble (1497), more delicately finished than any work by this fluent sculptor with which we are acquainted, and Mr. Percival Ball's "Miss Mabel Gell" (1475), an exquisitely modelled head in terra-cotta. Hardly inferior to these, and of a very high order of merit, is Signor Amendola's "Miss L. Lehmann" (1447), the best work of this promising sculptor which we have seen. Mr. Roscoe Mullins also shows considerable advance in two excellent marble busts (1450 and 1471). Mr. Brock, on the other hand, scarcely supports his reputation with his marble head of "Mr. Guest" (1459), and dis-

tingly disappoints us with his bronze bust of Sir Frederick Leighton (1559). His "Marchioness of Westminster" (1493) is better than either of these. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's marble bust of Professor Owen (1487) is a striking and effective study, not carried very far. Mr. Pinker has succeeded fairly well with his bust of the late Duke of Portland (1467). Miss Henrietta Montalba has scarcely reached her ordinary high level of excellence in her terra-cotta of Miss Du Maurier (1473). Another lady-sculptor, Miss Georgianna Bulley, has modelled a very clever head of a Hindoo, and has called it "One of Her Majesty's Subjects" (1528). Her "Contadina" (1530) is hardly so successful, perhaps because it is more ambitious. Among busts which deserve commendation we must not omit to mention Mr. Birch's "Miss A. M. Bruce" (1466), Mr. Boehm's "Carlyle" (1481), Mr. Onslow Ford's "Dr. Forrest" (1529), and Mr. Hubert's "Dr. T. Gordon Hake" (1540). Nor must we neglect to point out, as specimens of all that a bust should not be, Mr. Bell's grinning head in terra-cotta (1549), and the smooth, characterless portrait (1560) by Mr. G. Simonds. This latter is a miracle of fatuous effort.

One or two miscellaneous works at the Royal Academy still call for notice. Mr. Birch's colossal figure of the Maharajah of Bulrampore (1500) is a stately and solid monument, which may be compared, greatly to its advantage, with Mr. Bruce Joy's singularly dull and poor statue of "Harvey" (1474). Herr Julius Haebnel exhibits a large bronze statuette of a "German Wild Boar" (1516), which is remarkably vigorous and well composed. Mr. George Simonds has caught something of the early Greek severity in his "Medusa" (1547), but, as in the bust we have just mentioned, he has spoilt the surface by tasteless elaboration. In the "Panther" (1522) Mr. Lawes has attempted one of those incidental works which test well the temper of a sculptor's mind; the verdict of the spectator is not a favourable one.

The show of sculpture at the Grosvenor Gallery is inconsiderable. Mr. Thornycroft exhibits a charming decorative panel, in basso-relievo, of a "Huntress" with her hound beside her (217), and a bust of "Professor Ella" (226). Miss Henrietta Montalba has a very refined portrait, in terra-cotta, of "Mrs. Comyns Carr" (222). Mr. Boehm is represented by a beautifully finished marble bust of "Mr. Ruskin" (250), destined for the Drawing School at Oxford, and by a statuette in terra-cotta of "Carlyle" (317), reduced from the large statue in possession of the Earl of Rosebery. Signor Amendola sends a small plaster group of two "Sisters" (316), one seated, the other standing beside her; and Mr. Roscoe Mullins a small marble group (318) of a child resting in its mother's arms. All these sculptors, it will be noticed, are also prominently represented at the Royal Academy.

THE OPERAS.

AT the first representation of *Mignon* at Her Majesty's the title rôle was played by Mme. Christine Nilsson. Of her representation of the character it is almost unnecessary to speak, as we have often before drawn attention to the delicate rendering of it which this great artist gives. As to the singing and the dramatic nuances, it is well known that Mme. Nilsson comes as near perfection as possible, and it might almost be said that, were it not for this, the opera, which at best is but poor, would not hold its own on the London operatic stage, so wholly dependent is the work upon the dramatic rendering of the chief parts. Mr. Maas sang the part of Wilhelm very well, and showed some improvement in his acting powers, which we regret to say are not of the highest; yet his pure tenor voice is always welcome, and he seems to have devoted much study of late to its development. Mlle. Lilli Lehmann was Filina, and Signor Rota appeared as Lotario. To those who have been accustomed to the Federigo of Mme. Trebelli at this house, that of Mlle. Anna de Bellocca must have been somewhat disappointing; but it is not given to every artist to raise a secondary part to a position of importance, and Mlle. de Bellocca should not be censured for failing to do so. Signor Ardit's conducting was, as we have had occasion before to notice, of a flabby and unsatisfactory kind, and the chorus was not as good as it might have been.

The first semi-novelty of this season has been performed at Covent Garden. After an interval of fifteen years *Il Seraglio* has been revived on the London operatic stage. This, one of the earliest of Mozart's comic operas, was written one hundred years ago. It was completed in July 1781, but was not performed until a year after, and came next in point of time to *Idomeno*. Curiously enough, it was mainly due to professional opposition that *Il Seraglio* was not performed soon after its completion, although Mozart had avowedly written the chief part for the favourite soprano of the day at Vienna, Mlle. Cavalieri, of whose powers the composer had the greatest admiration, and it was only, as might be said, by the will of the Emperor that it was at last submitted to the public. The real reason that this charming comic opera is a stranger on our operatic stage is that it was written for the exceptional voice which Mlle. Cavalieri possessed, and it is only when a singer with the powers of Mme. Sembrich presents herself that it is possible to produce it with success. A contemporary suggests that Mozart wrote the part of Costanza in remembrance of the fine voice of his old love Aloisia Weber, but there is documentary evidence to prove that Mlle. Cavalieri, who first sang the part, "was a singer of whom Germany might well be proud," and that the Costanza music was expressly written for her. The work, according to the traditional manner of Ger-

man comic opera of that date, is written as a dialogue opera. In the version performed on Tuesday last the recitatives have been supplied by Sir Julius Benedict, who has done his work with great judgment. The success of the work on production was at once evident, and Mozart in one of his letters wrote that the opera was performed on one occasion at the express desire of the veteran composer Gluck, who was very complimentary to him about it. Greater praise Mozart himself could not have looked for. *Il Seraglio* was written shortly before his marriage with Constance Weber, not perhaps at the happiest time of his life, for his stern father was averse to his marriage, and, as we have said before, professional jealousy dogged his path; but nevertheless his freshness and genuine humour never forsook him, and the result was as charming a comic opera as has ever been drawn from his prolific pen. The plot of the opera is as slender as most of those which he has written, but it may be as well to indicate it. Two girls, Costanza and her companion Bionda, having been captured by pirates, are sold as slaves to the Pacha Selim, who falls violently in love with Costanza, and hands over Bionda to his gardener Osmin. Of course their respective lovers, Belmonte and Pedrillo, his attendant, come in search of them, and, finding them, plot their escape. This is frustrated by Osmin, who, although he has been made very drunk by Pedrillo, is apparently sober enough to turn up at the very moment he is wanted. Finally, the most nobly sentimental of Pachas confers freedom and "happiness ever after" on the two pairs of lovers. Absurd as the libretto is, it is wedded to some of the most charming music that Mozart has ever written.

It is only, as we have said before, when a singer of Mme. Sembrich's calibre presents herself that the production of this opera is possible; and she fully sustained the character for extraordinary vocalization which she has already gained on the London operatic stage. With the surprising compass of voice which she possesses, it seemed that she had no difficulty in overcoming the exceptional music which the composer has allotted to her part. Her rendering of "Che pur aspro al core," which was enthusiastically encored, was really remarkable in the annals of Italian opera. Added to this, her acting is worthy of praise, especially in the quartette in the second act. Mlle. Valleria took the part of Bionda, and showed considerable ability in her delineation of it. Her rendering of "Con vezzi e lusinghe" was tender and artistic, and her joy at the prospects of escape in the quartette in the second act was as good a piece of acting as we have lately seen on the lyric stage. M. Vergnot's Belmonte was but tame, though he sang the music of his part in a creditable manner; whilst M. Gailhard as Osmin, a part of no ordinary difficulty, deserves praise for his representation. His acting in the drunken scene with Pedrillo is one of the most comic situations of the piece, and his performance in this shows him to be an actor of considerable power. The Pedrillo of M. Soulaçroix is perhaps one of the best we have seen. Signor Scolaro was the Pacha.

Great care has evidently been given to the production of this work, with a desire to make it as pleasing to the audience at Covent Garden as was possible; but we cannot see the necessity of interpolating the "Rondo alla Turca" of Mozart's Sonata in A by way of attraction. Indeed, the action of the piece is greatly impaired by it as it stands, for, instead of the procession of the Pacha being greeted with the celebrated chorus, "Al Bascia" (the only chorus in the opera), the whole action is stopped to give place to a senseless ballet, which is danced to a not particularly well-orchestrated version of Mozart's Pianoforte Rondo, which was never intended to find its way into the opera of *Il Seraglio*. M. Dupont conducted with his usual ability.

Don Giovanni has been revived at Covent Garden, the main object of the performance being to introduce M. Bouhy to the English public in the part of Don Giovanni. His illness, however, prevented his appearance, and Signor Cotogni took his place. The interest of the evening then was in the performance of Mme. Fursch-Madier in Donna Anna, in which part she again showed that she possesses a fine, well-cultivated voice, of more than usual power, and further displayed much intelligence and dramatic musical feeling. Her acting is not so satisfactory, though she is evidently thoroughly accustomed to the stage. However, she had much to contend with in her surroundings, and might, perhaps, show more power as an actress were she playing with other artists who could give her more support. We have before expressed our opinion on the Don Giovanni of Signor Cotogni; and it seems to us that his performance of that part has, if anything, deteriorated. On this occasion he played it all through in a buffo style singularly unsuited to the character. M. Gailhard was the Leporello, and if it be admitted that this part should be played as a pure piece of buffoonery, his performance is entitled to great praise; but we are of opinion that for Leporello the Commandatore at Don Giovanni's supper-party in the same way in which a clown in a Christmas pantomime expresses his terror when caught by a policeman is dramatically wrong. Signor Marini did his best with Don Ottavio, and sang "Il mio tesoro" very fairly well. Signor Scolaro made a very good Masetto; he has a fine voice and some skill as a singer, and played the part with strict attention to tradition. Mme. Patti was the Zerlina, and made her usual impression on the audience. The stage management was as faulty as it too often is at this house, and one of the most impressive situations in the opera was made ridiculous. When Donna Anna fainted on her father's body Don Ottavio beckoned to a stalwart retainer at the back of the stage, who

solemnly advanced, and produced a small smelling-bottle, which he handed to the distressed lover; and, when the lady had recovered, the retainer again came forward and received it back again with a low bow. The old tradition at Covent Garden of the statue releasing Don Giovanni and leaving him to the mercy of a crowd of comic pantomime demons still survives. This curious piece of stage business may be the germ of the malignant malady which of late years has been devastating the first act of *Faust* when it is performed at this house.

The general performance was by no means good. It may be that Signor Bevnigani imagines that coldness and dullness are liked by the admirers of Mozart, and will be considered to be strictly classical; but be this as it may, we have seldom heard this splendid music so tamely rendered, whilst the concerted pieces showed great want of rehearsal; the trio of Minks, which otherwise was extremely well sung, being almost spoiled by the uncertainty of attack in the singers; and, further, to our taste Signor Bevnigani's tempi were often faulty. Whilst the early part of the overture and some other passages were perceptibly dragged, Don Giovanni's air, "Finche dal vino," was taken so fast that no living singer could hope to articulate the words, and the meaning of the music was completely lost. We may, in conclusion, give a few words of praise to the very graceful dancing of the minuet, danced at first by two figures only, the usual modified minuet being done afterwards by the whole corps de ballet.

Mignon has been performed again at Her Majesty's with Mme. Marie Roze in the principal part instead of Mme. Nilsson, whose time, it is announced, is fully occupied by the rehearsals for the reproduction of Boito's *Mefistophelo*. Mme. Marie Roze's performance of this character has been often praised, but it has much improved; the artist's progress, both as a vocalist and an actress, being more than sufficient to compensate for the very slight deterioration of voice which years of hard work have induced. She is wise enough to give a reading of her own of the part, which—without any straining after originality—is entirely different from those adopted by other singers, and this reading is throughout carried out with skill, judgment, and good dramatic feeling, the result being an impersonation which is charming to the general public and to those of her audience who have any knowledge of the difficulties and details of the dramatic art, astonishing as a *tour de force*. On this occasion Mlle. Emma Juch made her first appearance on any stage; we believe that she is of American or Canadian origin, and has received some part of her musical education at Vienna. It at first appeared a very hazardous experiment for an artist who had no stage experience to make her *début* in such a part as Filina, which belongs almost to the artificial comedy of the last century—a part which requires skilful technical treatment, and being entirely without opportunity for the display of deep emotion, cannot be represented even tolerably by mere untrained impulse. But Mlle. Juch triumphed over all difficulties. Though she is yet young, her florid vocalization gives evidence of great training, carefully and industriously followed up, whilst her expression in singing shows a true artistic nature. Her voice is a pure light soprano, of beautiful quality, and has the great charm of perfect freshness; indeed, she has every possible natural gift, a pleasing appearance, singular natural grace of movement, and a decided talent for acting. She represented the admiration-loving coquette perfectly and with singular refinement, and had thrown herself completely into her part, carrying it out in every detail of byplay as carefully as in the more important scenes. In the first act there were at first some signs of nervousness in her singing, but these soon wore off; the coldness, however, of the audience, who can never be led to applaud a new singer until some isolated air has been sung, seemed somewhat trying; and it was not until she had sung the air "Io son Titania" that she obtained the full success which she deserved. This was a most brilliant piece of bravura singing. And, on the whole, we think that Mlle. Juch is the most promising *débutante* that has appeared for many years. If Mlle. Juch were to take some pains to acquire a better pronunciation of the Italian language, she would remove the only blot on an admirable performance. It is to be hoped that she will not be led away by early success into a neglect of training or into overtaking a young voice.

THE THEATRES.

BY the choice of plays for the second week of their visit to London the Saxe Meiningen company have given us an opportunity—not likely to be afforded us again—of comparing the two extremes of Schiller's dramatic work. For *The Robbers* his biographers have commonly felt called on to apologize as a crude production of his boyhood, as something which was atoned for by such mature work as *William Tell*. His reputation is supposed to be based on the latter, or on such kindred work as the *Wallenstein* trilogy. Judging them, as Carlyle did, from a purely literary point of view, this estimate of their relative value is doubtless the correct one. *William Tell* has its own faults. It is much too didactic for one thing; but it is free from the rant of the *sturm und drang* period, and its characters are human beings, not vices and virtues made flesh. But, if they are to be judged as acting plays, the order of merit would seem to need to be reversed. *The Robbers* has an abundance of absurdities, and moments of terrible tedium; but it is full of striking scenes,

and it has a coherent dramatic action, which is carried steadily forward. After seeing Herr Nesper as Karl von Moor, we can learn from his very deficiencies what it was in the piece which attracted actors like Emil Devrient. We can guess what the part would be in the hands of Herr Barnay. Even with the help of this brilliant actor *William Tell* is far the more tiresome play of the two. Schiller maintained—and nobody will quarrel with him for it—that it is not the business of the dramatist to teach history; but he would seem to have considered that this applied only to the facts, and that the philosophy came within his jurisdiction. And so he aimed at giving a complete picture of Switzerland's heroic epoch, and of every class of its people. As a natural consequence, the unity of his plot is utterly lost. There are really three separate stories in the play, which either run parallel, or interfere with one another, while the hero is perpetually thrust into the background.

In estimating the acting of the first of these two pieces it is not easy to avoid being unjust to the performers. When a situation not only gives an opportunity for great acting, but also requires it to cover the faults of the dramatist, we are inclined to be unduly severe on merely respectable actors who do not come up to our conception of what might be done. Now, the interpretation of the chief parts in *The Robbers* stood in need of much kindly consideration. The best was undoubtedly Herr Kober's rendering of the incredibly villainous Franz—his terror being particularly good. It would be unjust to blame Frä. Werner for not contriving to make such a boyish conception of a female character as Amalia interesting; but she was certainly less pleasing than in any other she has yet appeared in, and was throughout too hard. Her Bertha, in *William Tell*, could only be an echo of the character of Gertrud; but it was better played, in spite of a certain monotony in the smiling expression of this actress, which scarcely ever varies, and re-appeared in her declamation of the lines of the chorus in *The Winter's Tale*. Herr Nesper played Karl von Moor so as to prove that in a melodrama, where the situation is everything, and no fine rendering of character is expected, he would be a sufficient actor; but he was somewhat below the traditions of his part. The smaller parts were played with spirit, and in one of them, that of Roller, Herr Teller contrived to produce a great impression in the forest scene of the third act, by a fine mixture of pathetic and comic acting.

Although this versatile actor gave the death agony of Gessler in *William Tell* with a realistic force not likely to be forgotten by those who saw it, and although Frä. v. Moser Sperner, who had been so lively as Maria in *Twelfth Night*, showed she could be haggard and fierce as Armgard, yet the most enduring impression made was by the acting of Herr Barnay. This actor, who had been so polished and dignified as Anthony, represented the rough Swiss huntsman with equal sympathy. He was dignified here also, but in a quite different way, with the untaught natural dignity of a peasant who is also a brave and able man. The half-suppressed growl of rage with which he answered Gessler's question as to what he intended his second arrow for almost justified the tyrant in keeping him in prison. Indeed, throughout the famous shooting scene his acting was admirable, and reached its highest point in his hurried rush through the crowd to find his child. There are few actors who can mingle in a crowd without being lost in it for a moment as he can. The beautiful quality of the actor's voice was well shown in his fine and subtle interpretation of every phase of Tell's emotion. Of the numerous other actors, we can only remember that their elocution was uniformly good, though it had the fault which had been too prominent in the performance of *Julius Caesar*. It was too mechanical in its cadence, and uniform to the verge of monotony. The only exception was Master G. Godeck's acting of Walther. The young player not only repeated the words and gestures of his part like a well-taught boy, but showed distinct traces of an intelligence of his own. It is needless to say that the grouping of the supernumeraries was excellent.

The management of the crowds, the beauty of the scenes and the dresses, are what will be remembered as the most brilliant features of the performance on Monday last of *The Winter's Tale*. In putting this piece on the stage the management of the German company have boldly accepted the position that the story passes in an ideal poetic world. The oracle of Apollo has not been considered as requiring classic surroundings, and the Sicily put before us is the Sicily of the Norman kings. We consider this decision as very happy, as affording opportunities for beautiful artistic effects. It is somewhat startling to see the answer of Apollo carried in in a most mediæval-looking chest, painted with quaint figures of saints, and announced by the trumpets of heralds in tabards. But the scene of the trial was so wonderful in itself that such details could be overlooked. And there can be no doubt that in Shakespeare's own time this dressing of a classical scene in mediæval robes would have seemed strange to nobody. It is in keeping with this bold accepting of the unreality of the world of the play that the scene-painter has put the sea-coast of Bohemia as a background to the sheep-shearing scene. In the Sicilian scenes the only traces of classic times are the ruins, and the houses show a most effective mixture of East and West. In the dresses we have a fine variety of splendid Italian costumes, not too strictly tied down to one period, picturesque furred robes of a Polish character, and traces of Oriental attire. Of the acting we can speak less favourably. Herr Görner's Clown was far better indeed than his Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Herr Teller made a lively Autolycus, but the

other minor parts had nothing to call for notice. The fine parts of Hermione, Perdita, and Florizel were but poorly rendered. Frl. Haverland, who had failed to confer the proper poetic dignity on Stauffacher's wife in *William Tell*, did not rise to the height of Hermione, though her movements were dignified and her elocution fair. Frl. Schweighofer failed to show the Princess under her rustic disguise, and was ill supported by her Florizel, Herr Nollet. In the statue scene Frl. Haverland began to move so gently that it was impossible to detect her first movement. This was, perhaps, due to a respectable desire to avoid a mere stage surprise, but is, we think, a mistake, as diminishing the general effect of the scene.

It is inevitable that comparisons should be drawn between the acting of *Coralie* at the St. James's and the rendering of the same play by the French company at the Gaiety. There is happily no reason for making such a comparison a weapon of offence to either company in the present case, and it will therefore be the more instructive. The English company is certainly not inferior to the French in the power of its actors or the finish of its acting, and yet their performance is on the whole less satisfactory. We believe this to be largely due to the fact that the piece cannot be made to look natural in English society, and that Mrs. Kendal in particular has not the same freedom as Mlle. Teissandier in her representation of the character of Coralie. But it is equally due to the fact that our actors seem to think themselves bound to indicate every phase of emotion a little too emphatically. We doubt, for instance, whether any gentleman would allow a woman to drag herself round the room after him on her knees as Kelson Derrick does at the St. James's. We do not desire to see such characters as Coralie become common on our stage, and it is perhaps better that they should be largely idealized; but a lifelike representation of what such a woman would be must be sought for rather from Mlle. Teissandier than from Mrs. Kendal.

In the case of the *Dame aux Camélias* we have to thank Mme. Sarah Bernhardt for not giving us a realistic picture. No Marguerite Gauthier could by any possibility look or speak as she does at the Gaiety. She is there from first to last a high-bred lady, animated by a great passion. She thanks Armand Duval for the interest he showed in her during her sickness as a princess might. But, leaving likelihood and study of manners out of the question, we find the acting admirable. It is restrained and controlled by perfect good taste, without one unmeaning gesture or inflexion of the voice, till the moment comes for the great outbursts of passion, which are given with a fire and sincerity that almost burn out the absurdities of the play. The pathetic ring of her voice in uttering the words "Allons, voilà un rêve évanoui! C'est dommage" was infinitely touching. But it would be impossible within the space at our disposal to cite even a few of the passages of her acting which are like revelations of character. And it would be unjust could it be done. The performance must be judged as an artistic whole. It is unfortunate that Mme. Bernhardt should be so poorly supported. M. Landrol played M. Duval firmly and delicately, and the Prudence of Mme. Duchesne was equally satisfactory; but there was little to notice in the acting of the rest of the company. M. Angelo played Armand Duval as such a part deserves to be played. We gave last year a detailed criticism of Mme. Bernhardt's admirable performance of Frou-Frou.

In view of the rivalry to which it was certain to be exposed, the production of *Frou-Frou* at the Princess's cannot be said to be wise. Mr. Wilson Barrett has the advantage of possessing an excellent adaptation, which is a happiness not always granted to those who produce copies of French plays; but in one respect the very qualities of the translation militate against the company. Mr. Comyns Carr has very properly refrained from transporting the story to England, and confined himself to the more difficult achievement of turning it into good English. But by leaving the scene of the play in France, the necessity was imposed on the actors of appearing French; but this none of them are. Mme. Modjeska indeed fulfils this necessary condition so far as not to seem English, but we do not think she goes any further than that. The Brigard of Mr. Anson may also be another exception, but it is not a very happy one. His acting gave an air of mere vulgarity to the heroine's foolish father. The fault of the whole company is, indeed, want of breeding, which is painfully prominent in Mr. Forbes Robertson's Paul de Valroas. In trying to be gay he only manages to swagger, and in his parting with Frou-Frou in her husband's drawing-room and presence, he shows a noisy emotion which destroys the whole probability of the scene. Mme. Modjeska plays with greater variety than we have yet seen her show, and in the latter scenes with real power. Her acting in the death scene was touching and, for a moment, powerful; but the earlier part was very inferior. She totally failed to suggest the youthful frivolity of Gilberte, and her gaiety is never spontaneous. As a matter of course the tragedy of her fall is almost lost.

Die Ahnfrau is one of those old-fashioned melodramas which "Monk" Lewis made so popular in his time on the English stage. The story is briefly as follows. An ancestress of the noble house of Borotin, having been stabbed to death by her jealous husband, is unable to rest in her grave until the entire race is destroyed. The old Count Borotin has had two children, a son and a daughter; the first is supposed to have been drowned while a child, and the second has grown up to be a beautiful young woman, and is introduced to the audience at the rise of the curtain. With a view

to removing the curse that rests upon the house the Count consents to his daughter marrying a young man of obscure origin who has once saved her life and with whom she has fallen in love. At this moment the proposed bridegroom himself appears, and seeks shelter at the castle from an attack of robbers. He is closely followed by the captain of a troop of the King's soldiers, who are in pursuit of the band, and have reason for believing that the robber chief is concealed in the castle itself. The old Count, after allowing them to search the castle, accompanies them in quest of the marauders. The guest, and Bertha's would-be lover, turns out to be not only the bandit chief, but the Count's son, who had been supposed drowned, but really enticed away from his home for the sake of a valuable diamond which he wore, and thus thrown into the fatal companionship. The rest of the plot tells how he slays his father without knowing of the relationship, how Bertha poisons herself, and how the unpleasant ancestress, who bears a striking likeness to Bertha, after appearing at various inopportune times throughout the piece, ultimately rises from her tomb for the last time, discloses the dead body of Bertha to her brother, and kills him with the shock, thus consummating the doom of the family. The play, which is written in verse, is couched in beautiful language; and the manner in which it is played and put upon the stage makes what would otherwise almost verge upon the ridiculous a really fine picture of the extreme romantic school. The general effect is something like that of a well-conceived rendering on canvas of *Tam o' Shanter* or the *Walpuris Night*, the careful and harmonious working out of the details atoning for the want of human interest in the original idea.

In the first place, every performer spoke the words well and expressively, completely overcoming the difficulties of the peculiar short metre in which the play is written. And also no single artist was ever led away by the temptation of the enormously long speeches which many of them had to deliver into the too common vice of "stepping out of the picture" for the sake of addressing the audience. Even in this romantic, conventional, melodramatic play the "picture plane" was always supposed to be well behind the proscenium, and every figure was kept well within it. The doomed Graf von Borotin was well played by Herr Richard, the part of Bertha, his daughter, being taken by Frl. von Moser-Sperner. This was perhaps the best performance of the whole cast. This artist, who appeared so few nights ago as a merry mischief-making *soubrette* in *Twelfth Night*, now became a true heroine of melodrama. If her pathos and tears were not quite so natural as her merriment, they were nevertheless artistically expressed; whilst the scene in which Bertha is overcome by supernatural terror when she finds herself alone in the haunted castle—a scene which, in its motives and expression, somewhat resembles the "potion scene" of *Romeo and Juliet*—Frl. von Moser-Sperner showed that she possesses very considerable tragic powers. The Jaromir of Herr Nesper was very good, though a certain stiffness of style was hardly suited to this kind of play; and his almost feminine expression of the emotions of grief, despair, and repentance would scarcely be accepted by an English audience as consistent with the character of a melodramatic robber. The other parts hardly call for much notice, with the exception of the soldier of Herr Busse, which was admirably played, and formed a good example of the usefulness of good actors taking subordinate parts. His excellent acting in the situation in which the soldier so describes his encounter with the robber that Bertha discovers that her lover and the outlaw are one and the same person was not only valuable in itself, but was of the utmost service to Frl. von Moser-Sperner in her performance of the scene. The supernatural appearance of the Ahnfrau (Frl. Stangeberg) was admirably managed entirely without mechanical or optical effects. The spectre merely walked in at one door and out at another; but by skilful use of the ordinary stage lights the effect was always impressive.

At the Haymarket *Masks and Faces* has been withdrawn, and the late Mr. Robertson's *Society* has been put on the stage. It is needless now to dwell upon the faults of a play which has been for a long time familiar to frequenters of theatres; but it may be not out of place to point out that it is a mistake to attempt to correct some of the absurdities of the piece while others are left untouched. So is it, also, a distinct artistic blunder to sweep away the clever lines which Mr. Robertson wrote for the "Cock-a-doodle-do" song and to put in their place some "topical" verses of very meagre merit. As we have said, it is now needless to dwell upon the obvious faults of Mr. Robertson's play, but it was still more needless to make a vain pretence of giving reality here and there to what is, in fact, an essentially unreal piece. It must be admitted that mistakes of this kind are to a great extent redeemed by the excellence of the acting. Mr. Arthur Cecil's Lord Ptermigant is a singularly fine and studied performance. Mr. Conway's Daryl is spirited, if somewhat conventional. Mr. Kemble's Old Chodd is humorous and unexaggerated. Mr. Brookfield throws a new light on Young Chodd, who in his hands becomes the exact type of a vulgar rich young man, who, in spite of his vulgarity and absurdity, has a certain force of character which asserts itself, especially in the last scene. Mr. Bancroft has burlesqued the make-up of Tom Stylus and seems to us to have lost very much of the *verve* which he some years ago imparted to the character. Mr. Teesdale attempts without much success to play an Irishman. Mr. Dawson's performance of the fighting-man is handicapped by his ridiculous get-up. The play is supposed to be more or less written up to date, and nowadays fighting-men do not dress

as Mr. Dawson dresses "The Lamb." Mrs. Canninge plays Lady Ptarmigan with discretion, and Miss Cavalier plays Maude Hetherington with good intentions. *Society* is followed by *Good for Nothing*, in which Mrs. Bancroft plays Nan with a perception, a spirit, and a tenderness which can hardly be too highly praised. Upon her, in fact, rests the whole burden of the piece, and she carries it off with a naïveté and a vigour that cannot be surpassed. The performances of Messrs. Cecil, Conway, and Bancroft are interesting as giving proof of a versatility which might not have been expected. Mr. Kemble gives a very funny, if not very probable, rendering of young Mr. Simpson. On Wednesday last *Othello* was played for the last time for the present with its recent exceptional cast at the Lyceum. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Booth, and Mr. Irving have never played better during the season. We have already given detailed criticism of their performances, and it only remains to add that Mr. Booth, in a few well-chosen words, made a most graceful reference, not only to the manner in which his performances had been received by the public, but also to the pleasure which he had in acting with Mr. Irving and in Mr. Irving's theatre.

REVIEWS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF TALLEYRAND.*

THE English version of M. Pallain's valuable publication is idiomatic and fluent. In some passages errors of the press have escaped correction; and the force of diplomatic phrases has not always been accurately rendered. Sir Charles Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay, is designated in the English text by the odd title of the Chevalier Stuart. By a strange confusion, a letter from Jaucourt to Talleyrand of the 4th of April, 1815, is printed twice over in different versions. At p. 122 the writer says that if the King had stayed in Paris "the troops would have fired upon us." At p. 271, in a more correct translation, Jaucourt declares that "he will never believe that the troops would have fired upon us." The fault would seem to be in the editor, who has unfortunately referred to inconsistent versions of a document which he can scarcely have intended to publish twice over. Nevertheless, the book will be welcome to all readers who are interested in one of the most important transactions of modern times. Although the Correspondence has not been previously published, it was largely used by Thiers in his account of the Congress of Vienna. His references to the narrative which it contains are generally accurate and fair, although he dissented from the policy of Talleyrand, for whom he also entertained a personal dislike. The historian had the additional advantage of examining the official correspondence of the French Embassy with the Foreign Office, and the private letters which passed between Talleyrand and Count Jaucourt, who occupied his post as Foreign Minister in his absence. M. Pallain has inserted in his notes extracts from M. Jaucourt's correspondence, which rather stimulate than satisfy curiosity. Both Talleyrand and his representative at the Foreign Office appear, as might be expected, to have disapproved of the reactionary policy which was pursued under the influence of the Count of Artois and his sons, through the agency of such Ministers as the imbecile Blacas. In his letters to the King down to the time of Napoleon's return Talleyrand but occasionally hints at the errors which he perceived and deplored. In quoting the language of the Duke of Wellington on his arrival at Vienna from Paris the Ambassador discreetly reminds the King that he had, in the Duke's language, Ministers, but no Ministry. The experience of many countries has shown that an independent Cabinet is the most effectual check on absolute power. Louis XVIII. was sincere in his purpose of reigning as a constitutional sovereign; but, at least in the beginning of his reign, he insisted on making his Ministers severally responsible to himself. The extraordinary folly committed by the Emperor Alexander in placing Napoleon at Elba would in any case have insured a military restoration of the Empire; but, if the King had been guided by Talleyrand in domestic as well as foreign policy, the nation would have been on his side against the usurper. It was not till Louis was a fugitive at Ghent that Talleyrand addressed to him an elaborate remonstrance on his exclusion from power of all but the emigrants and Legitimists and on his weak subservience to the princes of his family. In the same letter he communicated the disposition of the Emperor Alexander to substitute the House of Orleans for the elder branch; and he warned the King that the interest which Europe might take in his person and cause by no means extended to his brother or his nephews. It was not surprising that on the second restoration the King took the earliest opportunity of getting rid of the most sagacious of his counsellors. The influence of the Emperor of Russia, who had become at Vienna bitterly hostile to Talleyrand, was also exerted in the same direction.

During the negotiations at Vienna the King and his Ambassador constantly agreed in their policy. Louis XVIII., satisfied with the recovery of his kingdom within its ancient boundaries, was anxious to avoid any disturbance of the peace. Amongst his new allies he was most inclined to rely upon England; and the only

change which he strongly desired was to expel Marat from Naples, both as a member of the Bonaparte family and as the upstart occupant of a throne belonging to the Bourbons. Heartily agreeing with the King on the Neapolitan question, Talleyrand was primarily anxious to re-establish the participation of France in the councils of Europe. With this object, and also on account of the principle of legitimacy which he seems to have invented for the occasion, he undertook to prevent the annexation of the kingdom of Saxony to the dominions of Prussia. Louis XVIII. took a certain interest in the cause of the King of Saxony, who was a relative of his own; but throughout the Correspondence he seldom expresses himself strongly, except when there is a question of dethroning Murat. He was pleased and flattered by the partial success of the famous diplomatist, who was, as Thiers says, the inevitable representative of France in the Congress. On his arrival at Vienna, Talleyrand found that the four Great Powers which had overthrown Napoleon still regarded themselves as allies, though their quarrel with France was ostensibly terminated by the Restoration and by the Treaty of Paris. It had been arranged that France and Spain should only be consulted after Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England had in each separate case arrived at an agreement; yet it was notorious that Russia and Prussia had a separate understanding between themselves for purposes which were on different grounds obnoxious to England and to Austria. It was for the purpose of widening the disruption and of introducing France to a share in the controversy that Talleyrand declared himself the champion of the rights of the King of Saxony. The first result of his movement was to conciliate the minor German Princes, who unanimously opposed the destruction of one of the ancient States of the Empire. England and Austria contended longer against the necessity of concerting measures with France, but Metternich and Castlereagh were at last compelled to recognize the right of France to join in the common opposition. Talleyrand's haughty assertion of the claims of his Sovereign to equality had already embarrassed the plenipotentiaries of the four Powers, who were compelled to repudiate their exclusive alliance by Talleyrand's threat of leaving Vienna if their pretensions were maintained. The conclusion of the treaty of January 3, 1815, by which England, France, and Austria agreed to a defensive alliance against Russia and Prussia, was not unnaturally regarded by Talleyrand as a triumph of diplomatic skill. He had successfully asserted the claim of France to resume her former part in European politics; and he had checked the ambitious schemes of Russia and Prussia, though he had obtained no definite advantage for his own country. Before the opening of the Congress, the Emperor Alexander and King Frederick William had agreed that the Kingdom of Poland should be reconstituted in the limits which it had possessed before the first partition, with the exception of the Austrian province of Galicia. The Emperor had persuaded himself that in gratifying his own ambition he was making reparation to the Poles. He proposed to bestow on the kingdom a Constitution of the modern type, which would, as the event afterwards proved, depend on his own pleasure for its continuance. In return for the sacrifice of Posen and of a claim to the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, Prussia was to receive Saxony as a forfeit from the King, who was then a prisoner at Berlin. His crime was that he had been the last to separate himself from Napoleon, who had counted all other German States except Austria as his vassals, and the two Imperial Courts as his deferential allies. As Talleyrand told Alexander, who affected moral indignation against the captive King, adhesion to Napoleon or abandonment of his cause was a question of time. When Talleyrand, with the sanction of Louis XVIII., first attempted to form a combination against the annexation of Saxony, he seemed almost to stand alone. Lord Castlereagh cordially approved of the aggrandizement of Prussia in Germany, though he was irreconcilably hostile to the Polish projects of Alexander. The English Government would have heartily supported the restoration of Polish independence, but no serious politician could be deluded by the establishment of Poland as a dependency of Russia. The interests of Austria were almost equally affected by the proposed annexation of Poland to Russia and by the inclusion of Saxony in the dominions of Prussia. The two arrangements would have placed Bohemia and Austrian Silesia between the territories of two formidable, if not hostile, neighbours. Nevertheless Metternich offered but a feeble resistance to the confiscation of Saxony, and he allowed Alexander to believe that his Polish scheme would encounter no effective resistance. He probably relied on England to defeat the Emperor of Russia's designs on Poland, foreseeing that the claim of Prussia to Saxony would be fatally weakened by the failure of the Russian project of acquiring Posen. Lord Castlereagh ultimately found that the demands of Russia and Prussia were inseparably combined; and Metternich, who had perhaps only affected indifference, became an active promoter of the triple alliance which placed an impassable barrier in the way of the Russian and Prussian policy.

In his elaborate review of the negotiations of Vienna, Thiers arrives at the conclusion that the policy of Talleyrand was fundamentally erroneous. Faithful to his system of French aggrandizement, the Bonapartist historian holds that France ought in preference to have concurred in the ambitious projects of Russia and Prussia. It was not, in his opinion, the business of Louis XVIII. or of his Ambassador to protect Eastern Europe against Russian ambition, or to secure Austria against the dangerous vicinity of Prussia. The aggressive Powers would, he

* *The Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna.* With Preface, Observations, and Notes by M. G. Pallain. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1881.

think, have paid a high price for the aid of France, extending perhaps to the restoration of Belgium, if not of the German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine. There can be little doubt that Talleyrand had fully considered the various combinations in which he might have joined. His judgment was probably sounder than that of his brilliant and prejudiced critic. The march of a French army into Germany for the purpose of aiding Russia and Prussia against Austria would have caused universal alarm and indignation. Such a policy would have produced immediate war with England; and the Prussians themselves would have been shocked by the unnatural alliance. There is more plausibility in Thiers's contention that, if the French plenipotentiary had been less eager, England and Austria would have solicited his support; but, if the criticism implies that he might have successfully stipulated for a price for the alliance of France, Thiers is probably once more misled by his inveterate sympathy with French aggression. England, at least, would assuredly not have consented to enlarge the liberal conditions of the Treaty of Paris. One more respectable apology for the Prussian claim to the acquisition of Saxony was probably unintelligible both to Talleyrand and to Thiers. German patriotism, as it was understood by Stein, by Gneisenau, and by Niebuhr, had only an incidental connexion with the interests of Prussia. Some of the chief sharers in the war of liberation would not unwillingly have seen a powerful North German kingdom constituted under another dynasty. Approximation to German unity and security against French ambition furnished better reasons for the union of Saxony with Prussia than the supposed right of the King. Many Saxons would have preferred complete annexation to the division of the territory which was ultimately effected. It was not unnatural that the English Minister should support the cause of Germany against France, and also against the petty German Courts which had no share in the patriotic aspirations of their subjects.

After the return of Napoleon from Elba, Talleyrand rendered the King a final service of great importance by obtaining with difficulty the consent of the other Powers to the execution of the final Act of Treaty, including the signature of France. He perhaps scarcely regretted the declaration of all the Governments, including that of England, that they were fighting, not for the re-establishment of the Bourbons, but for their own protection against the usurping Emperor. If the restoration was not insured by a diplomatic guarantee, Louis XVIII. was to some extent relieved from the odium of allying himself with foreigners against his own subjects. It was eventually to the unhesitating decision of the Duke of Wellington that the King owed the recovery of his crown. When, soon afterwards, Louis XVIII. dismissed Talleyrand from his councils, he may perhaps have regretted the loss of personal intercourse with the most acute, the most sarcastic, and not the least courtly of Ministers. In the Vienna Correspondence the veteran diplomatist combines graceful flattery of the King with careful and subtle insinuation of his own political opinions. It is probably not without design that he consults the King's well-known taste by the satirical tone of his descriptions of the sovereigns and statesmen with whom he has to deal; but his contemptuous criticisms are at the same time probably congenial to his own character, and perhaps his uncomfortable position during the earlier part of his stay at Vienna may account for some unfavourable criticisms. He represents Castlereagh as sensible and upright, but as ignorant of diplomacy and Continental politics; yet the English policy of controlling the turbulence of France by the establishment of the kingdom of the Netherlands, and by the consolidation of the Prussian monarchy, was not a subject for ridicule. Both Louis XVIII. and his Ambassador refer with undisguised amusement to the zeal of the English plenipotentiary for the suppression of the slave trade. Talleyrand humoured Lord Castlereagh's philanthropic propensity by aiding his efforts in exchange for more substantial concessions with respect to Saxony and Naples. Of Metternich he invariably writes with contemptuous dislike, which is explained in part by divergence of policy. He frequently attributes the refusal of the Austrian Government to concur in the dethronement of Murat to the passion which Metternich felt or affected for the Queen of Naples. In her Memoirs Mme. de Rémusat declares that Murat owed to Metternich's sentiment for his wife his continuance on the throne for several years. She had evidently exaggerated statements which she must have heard from Talleyrand, who probably intended rather to circulate scandalous gossip than to convey serious information. In January 1814 the Austrian Government, with the assent of England, detached Murat from the cause of Napoleon by a recognition of his title. Down to the meeting of the Congress he had done nothing to forfeit the Austrian alliance; and Metternich was quite right in assuring Talleyrand that Murat, if he were only let alone, would insure his own destruction. It was not while Russia was massing a vast army on the frontiers of Austria that Metternich could have afforded a rupture with Murat, who had eighty thousand men at his disposal and who was known to be in close intercourse with Elba. As Murat only survived the treaty with Austria for less than a year and a half, Mme. de Rémusat's story almost exceeds the just limits of ladylike inaccuracy. The Correspondence, including an admirable State paper addressed by Talleyrand to Louis XVIII., who was then on his way from Ghent to Paris, is full of interesting matter. That the two volumes are issued without an index, and even without a table of contents, is probably due to the hurry or to the ill-judged parsimony of the publisher.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.*

THIS book is an extremely honest and, we believe, correct account of the Murri of Australia, as far as they fell under the notice of one of their best friends among the settlers. Mr. Dawson, aided by his daughter, a lady well acquainted with the native languages, has made a serious attempt to collect information about the traditions, customs, and beliefs of the Australians. Any authentic statements on this subject must be welcomed, because the Australian blacks are about as pure an example of a *Natur-volk* as we can now expect to find. Mr. Dawson has only accepted evidence when it was well supported by the joint testimony of several intelligent witnesses. They were proud of being asked to contribute to the book; and, when any native was succumbed to the temptation of punning on words, and so of deceiving his white friend, "the sedate old chief Kaawirn Kuunawarn at once reproved him, and restored order and attention to the matter on hand." Mr. Dawson has a high opinion of his native collaborators. They knew four dialects of Murri and English. On native law, natural history, and rudimentary savage astronomy, they were well informed. If kept away from drink, the black fellow has plenty of modesty, humour, common sense, and integrity. But whisky means with him selling his soul, his wife, his real estate, his health, and everything that belongs to him.

Starting with what may be called the political state of the Murri, we find them divided into local tribes, each tribe taking its name from some local object, hill, or river, or from some peculiarity of speech (like *Langue d'oc*, in modern France). In old times as many as twenty of these tribes would assemble at the common meeting, or *Amphictyony*, as the early Greeks would have styled it. Four dialects, or rather four languages, would be spoken at these assemblies, besides many minor dialects. The older blacks had usually a sufficient diplomatic knowledge of all the varieties of lingo. Mr. Dawson reckons that as many as two thousand five hundred and twenty people would be present at a time. Such numbers must almost have overtaxed the natural supply of food in the district.

The most singular political fact, and the one which we find it most difficult to credit, was the authority of the chief. Almost all travellers represent the Murri as chiefless men. The elders, the braves, the wizards, or medicine-men, are credited with varying powers, but hereditary chiefship seems an institution of a richer and more settled race. We have regarded the Australians as on a par, in the matter of political government, with the Eskimo and Fuegians, as commonly described. This opinion is strengthened by the evidence of Mr. Brough Smyth's large work. But the experience of Mr. Dawson has led him to take the contrary view. "Every tribe has its chief, who is looked upon in the light of a father, and whose authority is supreme. He consults with the best men of the tribe, but when he announces his decision they dare not contradict or disobey him." If this be true, at least of the savages of Victoria, their society is, so far, on an equality with that of heroic Greece. They have even a *noblesse*, which exists, we know, among the New Zealanders, but which we had supposed to be unknown to the more unpolished Murri. "No one can address a chief or chieftess without being first spoken to, and then only by their titles as such, and not by personal names, or disrespectfully." Again, the nobles have a power equal to that of taking any object they desire to possess. "Should they fancy any article of dress, opossum rug, or weapon, it must be given without a murmur." Mr. Brough Smyth says that "the principal man of a tribe acts only in such a manner as the old men and the sorcerers and the braves have agreed to approve." "He has no one he can call servant." But Mr. Dawson says:—"They can command the services of any one belonging to their tribes; as many as six young bachelors are obliged to wait on a chief, and eight young unmarried women on his wife," while the children are of superior rank, and "chiefs and their sons and daughters are married only with the families of other chiefs." It is evident that we cannot afford to dismiss the Australians as a race without distinction of ranks. Future students of the Murri, where they still survive, and are not greatly corrupted, should give particular attention to this point. What we need to know is the qualities which originally acquired for a family hereditary rank. Mr. Dawson distinctly says, "The succession to the chieftom is by inheritance," but an assembly of other chiefs elects the successor out of the descendants of the deceased leader, with a preference for the eldest son. The nature of real property in Australia should not be overlooked by the believers in a primitive communism. As in New Zealand and New Caledonia, community of landed estate is unknown. Equal partition among children of both sexes and the widow is the rule on the death of the father of a family. The chief appoints guardians for minors. These are advanced customs for a race so uncivilized that it actually possesses "no pottery or materials capable of resisting fire."

The Australian marriage laws have caused much discussion among students of the evolution of society. In reviewing Messrs. Howitt and Fison's work, we recently took occasion to point out that the evidence as to certain rules of restriction was extremely precarious. It is an ascertained fact that many Australian tribes have the Totemic law—that is, that men and women who carry

* *Australian Aborigines: the Languages and Customs of several Tribes of Aborigines in the Western District of Victoria, Australia.* By James Dawson. Melbourne: G. Robertson. 1881.

the same crest and abstain from the same animal or plant may not intermarry. This is the common rule also in America and some parts of Africa and Asia, while traces of it may be found in the history of civilised laws of prohibited degrees. But the Australians, or many of them, have another system of prohibitions, called "classes" by Mr. Fison, and by him supposed to justify the theories of Mr. Morgan. These theories require either a spontaneous moral reform by very early races or a divine interposition. The evidence is still far from sufficing to justify either hypothesis. Behind both lies also the unexplained origin of Totemism, for the "classes" appear, in many examples, to be merely forms of that widespread institution. On these points we quote Mr. Dawson's own words, though they do not quite succeed in making the matter clearer:—

As has been shown in the first chapter, the aborigines are divided into tribes. Every person is considered to belong to his father's tribe, and cannot marry into it. Besides this division, there is another which is made solely for the purpose of preventing marriages with maternal relatives. The aborigines are everywhere divided into classes; and everyone is considered to belong to his mother's class, and cannot marry into it in any tribe, as all of the same class are considered brothers and sisters.

There are five classes in all the tribes of the Western District, and these take their names from certain animals—the long-billed cockatoo, kuurokeetch; the pelican, kartporapp; the banksian cockatoo, kappatch; the boa snake, kirtuuk; and the quail, kuunamit.

According to their classes the aborigines are distinguished, as—

Kuurokeetch, male; kuurokaheear, female.
Kartporapp, male; kartporapp heear, female.
Kappatch, male; kappahheear, female.
Kirtuuk, male; kirtuuk heear, female.
Kuunamit, male; kuunamit heear, female.

Kuurokeetch and kartporapp, however, are so related, that they are looked upon as sister classes, and no marriage between them is permitted. It is the same between kappatch and kirtuuk; but as kuunamit is not so related, it can marry into any class but its own. Thus a kuurokeetch may marry a kappahheear, a kirtuuk heear, or a kuunamit heear, but cannot marry a kuurokaheear or a kartporapp heear. A kappatch may marry a kuurokaheear, a kartporapp heear, or a kuunamit heear, but cannot marry a kappahheear or a kirtuuk heear. A kuunamit may marry a kuurokaheear, a kartporapp heear, a kappahheear, or a kirtuuk heear, but cannot marry a kuunamit heear.

Here we get into the usual difficulties of terminology. It seems, from Mr. Dawson's account, that marriage within the local tribe of the father is forbidden. This is a novel kind of prohibition. Then marriage (as in the Totemic system) is forbidden within what Mr. Dawson calls "the mother's class," which we prefer to call "the Totem-kindred." That is, no man can marry a girl of his mother's crest, which he inherits, whatever the girl's local tribe may be, even though the pair are in no way related according to modern ideas. That the "classes" are Totemic Mr. Dawson proves by giving the names cockatoo, pelican, boa-snake, and quail, which answer to the wolf, boar, and turtle of the Iroquois. The women of the kindred simply add a feminine termination to the name. But we are quite thrown out when we come to the "sister-classes," as long-billed cockatoo and pelican, which may not intermarry, while the quail has no sister-class, and may intermarry with cockatoos, pelicans, and boa-snakes. This statement somewhat resembles one of Mr. Ridley's, which afterwards proved to be erroneous. The institution of "sister-classes" and of one "class" of especial privileges remains a mystery to us. Mr. Dawson would do a great favour to students if he would examine the facts again after reading through the works of Mr. Morgan, Mr. McLennan, and the rest of the controversy. It is a rather weary piece of work; but, as Mr. Dawson seems still unbiassed, and has means of observing facts, no one appears better fitted for the labour. As to the origin of prohibited degrees, the natives believe that the first father of the tribes was a long-billed cockatoo, who married a banksian cockatoo. Most savages trace a similar pedigree. The children were banksian cockatoos. They might not intermarry, and sought "fresh flesh"—that is, exogamous connexions. The sons got wives from a distance. And thus pelicans, snakes, and quails came in; but how the "sister-classes" were formed, tradition, as reported by Mr. Dawson, does not inform us. These most exogamous of black fellows will not marry a woman who speaks their own dialect. Commoners are limited to one spouse at a time. Chiefs may have as many wives as they think proper. Children are betrothed, to secure observance of the laws. As soon as a girl is betrothed, her mother and aunts are forbidden to speak to the lover. When they speak in each other's presence they use a special sort of slang, called in English "turn-tongue." Here is the manner of marriage, a ceremonial more distressing than aught that civilization tolerates in the same kind:—

The newly-married pair are well fed and attended to by their relatives. The bridesmaid, who must be the nearest adult unmarried relative of the bridegroom, is obliged to sleep with the bride on one side of the fire for two moons, and attend her day and night. The bridegroom sleeps for the same period on the opposite side of the fire with the bridesmaid, who is always a bachelor friend, and must attend him day and night. The newly-married couple are not allowed to speak to or look at each other. The bride is, during this period, called a tirok meetnye—"not look round." She keeps her head and face covered with her opossum rug while her husband is present. He also keeps his face turned away from her, much to the amusement of the young people, who peep into their wurn and laugh at them. If they need to speak to one another they must speak through their friends.

As is common among all savages, the mother-in-law and son-in-law resolutely "boycott" each other. There can be little doubt

that these rules of etiquette were originally devised to make unlawful amours impossible. But why a sin between a man and a woman of a kindred into which he might lawfully marry was so universally condemned is not an easy question to settle. We, of course, look on any criminal relation between a husband and his wife's aunts or mother as utterly abominable. But as all these women belong to a kindred into which a man might legally marry, we fail to understand the extreme precautions of the savage to prevent a crime which he might have almost been expected to tolerate. Infanticide is believed, by one of the best authorities, to be connected with the origin of prohibited degrees. Women were scarce, because they were murdered, and had to be looked for outside the family circle. It is a support to this theory that Mr. Dawson remarks, "girls are generally sacrificed." Mr. Fison, holding another theory, tried to prove that girls had quite as good a chance as boys. Husbands and wives always address each other in separate dialects, as the Caribs are said to do.

Mr. Dawson's remarks on the superstitions of the natives are less elaborate and valuable than the collection of Mr. Brough Smyth. But his whole work is so candid, so unbiassed by current speculations, and contains so many unexpected observations, that we heartily recommend it to the attention of students of the evolution of society. If Mr. Dawson had studied this topic more widely he might have modified some statements, but he could hardly have escaped the contagion of controversy and of theory-making. His philological appendix must be useful to people interested in the languages of Australia.

TWO PRETTY GIRLS.*

THE title of this novel accurately describes its subject. Two girls, both pretty, and one of them beautiful, arrive in London on the same day with the result, and in one case with the purpose, of being happily married either before the end of the season or in the following autumn. One of them has in the meantime had two admirers, and the other three; and both have for a time hesitated in their choice; but they ultimately select the proper candidates. The story is, as may be supposed, neither complicated nor extraordinarily exciting, but it is pleasant, cheerful, and readable, and it contains both agreeable conversations and natural sketches of character. An attentive critic might perhaps collect some indications of the writer's personal opinions. Miss Lewis attributes to her most intelligent personage the sound reflection that a person brought up in solitude would be much more fit to live in the world if he had read nothing but novels than if his studies had been confined to history. More ambitious inquirers into the nature of useful knowledge have formed the same conclusion. Few students of character and manners can have commanded in actual society the range of observation which is provided in the boundless variety of modern fiction. It is true that the picture of life presented in novels is incomplete and often inaccurate; but genuine impressions reproduced by scores or hundreds of more or less original writers must contain a considerable amount of truth. Many novelists have but an incomplete claim to the character of artists; but art, when it is not wholly wanting, is more readily understood than the nature which it undertakes to interpret. An actor who has any trace of histrionic faculty brings out some meaning in his text which would escape the notice of a prosaic reader. The great masters of fiction exhibit a similar faculty in a higher degree. Ordinary readers are scarcely aware of the help which they derive from their skilful instructors. They might themselves in real life have seen in Dugald Dalgetty a mere mercenary adventurer, and they would never have discovered that Mr. Shandy was a man of genius. The skill with which thoroughly commonplace characters are brought out in full relief is not less admirable. Of all the personages in *Vanity Fair*, with the exception of Becky Sharpe, George Osborne, the selfish, dull, well-dressed walking gentleman, is perhaps the most remarkable product of creative skill.

Miss Lewis deserves credit for her successful treatment of a commonplace and unattractive character. Of her two "pretty girls," the first heroine is well born, well principled, well-mannered, and endowed with a competent fortune. Possessing, as becomes her condition in society and in the story, every virtue and every grace, she makes but one temporary mistake in encouraging a suitor who had been notorious as a scamp before he was discovered to be a swindler. The judicious reader watches the risk which she incurs with little anxiety, because he perceives that she was eventually destined for an objectionable young gentleman, whose typical name of Sir Walter Grenville implies his position as first lover. The other and prettier girl is ill-educated, not delicately scrupulous, and penniless; and her chief anxiety is to escape from a home of which the coarseness is unpleasantly and extravagantly caricatured. Ladies who write novels are for the most part like other ladies familiar with only one kind of social experience. Some of them blunder strangely in their representation of the manners and customs of the classes which belong to so-called society. Miss Lewis is evidently not less dependent on vague conjecture when she describes a needy professional home in a country town, or the gorgeous establishment of a rich London stockbroker. If she had the opportunity of con-

* *Two Pretty Girls*. By Mary A. Lewis. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.

suiting competent authorities, she would learn that the middle class, whether rich or poor, is not necessarily quarrelsome and rude at home, or offensively hypocritical in its intercourse with the outer world. Respectable matrons, struggling to bring up families on narrow means, are probably not in the habit of ejaculating "My!" nor would one of their daughters betray to a suitor the secret that her sister had been at one time ready to accept him. Exclusiveness is perhaps unavoidable in the present state of society; but there is no reason why the inmates of a privileged circle should cultivate animosity and contempt for their less fortunate neighbours. The mistrust which has in different parts of the world identified savages and frontier tribes with demons seems still to survive among separated classes. The vicious outcasts from aristocratic society in the *Two Pretty Girls*, of whom nevertheless one family possesses 15,000*l.* a year, are scarcely more true to nature than the tyrannical earls and profligate baronets who are said to adorn the pages of plebeian fiction. In the particular case of the second heroine, daughter and sister of the townspeople who say "My!" Miss Lewis is more tolerant, more observant, and, therefore, more true to nature. Christine Ransome, who had at the beginning of the book all but accepted one of the demon tribe who kept a provincial shop, at the end of the third volume makes a not wholly unsuitable marriage with a clergyman of good family and fortune. The change is effected, not by any conversion to higher principles, or by any important modification of character; but Miss Lewis allows the young woman's manners to improve, and teaches her to conceal her defects by the operation of exclusive intercourse for a short time with good society. A quick and clever girl may, perhaps, acquire an appearance of refinement the more quickly because her attention is not distracted by troublesome processes of moral reformation. Christine's distant connexion, Lady Loder, had asked her to London in consequence of the well-founded report of her beauty, and her guest had the good sense to profit by her lessons and hints, even when they were most uncomplimentary. After a rebuff on their first interview, she understood that she must not boast that her father and mother knew many county people, or that they had the year before dined with the Lord-Lieutenant. At the first ball, Lady Loder, an eminently sagacious woman, cautioned her to listen to women, but to say little, lest she might betray her unhappy training. She was at liberty to talk to her partners, because, as Lady Loder wisely observed, men never find such things out. In a month or two Christine had acquired so much of the rudiments of civilization as to be shocked at the manners of her rich cousin, the stockbroker's wife, and of her odiously vulgar son. After some hesitation she has the good taste to prefer the well-bred clergyman, Mr. Carew, to the young stockbroker, whom his happy rival not unjustly condemns as a "cad." Mr. Carew's sensible sister-in-law and chief adviser regrets his preference for Christine over the first heroine, Maud Loder, but she judiciously acquiesces in a choice which might not improbably have been made in real life. The external improvement which takes place in Christine is the best part of the book, though Miss Lewis, with judicial severity, frequently directs attention to the continuance of her moral defects. It is to be hoped that Lady Loder's moral apophthegm applied to intimate companionship as well as to the relation of partners at balls. In that case Mr. Carew, like men in general, "would never find these things out." Indeed, the impartial bystander spends his life in wondering how some husbands can tolerate their wives, or some wives their husbands. It is possible that Mrs. Carew, having completed her course of external improvement, may have gradually acquired some of the qualities which she had learned to appreciate and to assume.

The course of true love runs tolerably smooth in the case of the more refined and more estimable heroine. The villain of the story, whom she had too hastily encouraged, unlike the ordinary villains of fiction, disappears into outer darkness in the second volume. She is herself for some time unconscious of her own liking for the amiable young gentleman who had in the first page or two clearly intimated to the experienced reader his future fortune as the destined winner of the prize. For the purpose of delaying a final explanation, and perhaps also to mark the date of the book, Sir Walter Grenville has to be shot through the arm by an Irish tenant, who had first murdered the agent and then tried to set fire to the landlord's house. The interval is occupied by the settlement of Christine's affairs, and by reports of balls, parties, and conversations, which, as Mr. Carew says, would be better adapted than history to qualify a hermit who had always lived in wilds remote from public view for polite society. Miss Lewis is much more at home among gentlemen and ladies than in the humbler circles which, as she imagines, are abandoned to hopeless vulgarity; and ugly objects, even when they are not fabulous monsters, ought always to be avoided by artists. That Miss Lewis has studied books to some purpose as well as character and manner may be inferred from the quotations which serve as mottoes for her chapters. It would be too much to hope that Longfellow should be wholly avoided. Many well-chosen passages from authors of a higher order indicate, both in their selection and their application, sound taste and solid judgment.

NEW COLORADO.

"THE extraordinary development of the mineral resources of Colorado during the last three years," writes Mr. Hayes, "has rendered most of the books useless which have been previously written about that region. This volume," he goes on to say, "may therefore be held to supply a manifest need." While he thus seeks to lessen the value of the works of earlier travellers, we cannot believe that, with the ordinary reader, at all events, he takes the right way to recommend his own. Books of statistics, no doubt, are superseded with great rapidity in a rising country; but books of statistics are only meant for a certain class of students. "Bunkum"—if we may borrow a piece of Yankee slang—gets out of date even faster than statistics. In the fast-growing States of the interior of America it must want renewing at least every year. Thus the passage in which Mr. Hayes sets forth the great glory of Kansas will have lost its force as soon as the next Report is issued of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. "In 1866," writes our author, quoting from that document, "Ohio produced 10,200,000 bushels of wheat, and Kansas 260,000; in 1872 Ohio produced 18,200,000, and Kansas 2,100,000; in 1878 Ohio produced 32,000,000, and Kansas 32,300,000." The repetition of the word "produced"—especially if the reader reads it aloud with a Yankee twang—has a certain solemn effect. But it is an effect that cannot outlive the publication of fresh statistics. The same fate awaits another passage, in which is set forth the spread of vegetables. "In 1845," Mr. Hayes says, "vegetables could not be grown at Topeka . . . in 1870 they could not be grown at Newton; in 1872 they could not be grown at Larned. In 1879 they could be grown at Dodge City." Our knowledge of geography, we confess, is not extensive enough to allow us to feel the full surprise of the climax. But we feel sure that the next generation will look down with contempt on the boast about Dodge City. The limit of the growth of the cabbage and the onion will have been extended to districts as yet unnamed that are now known only to the tribes of wild Indians. If, therefore, books are to be set aside by the extraordinary development of resources, whether mineral or vegetable, the work before us can count only on a very brief life. In another three years it may have reached the extremity of decrepitude. Mr. Hayes in one passage seems to be aware of this, yet when he records the doings of the Colorado troops in 1862, he says that the account is "given in permanent form as a contribution to the history of the country." But what form can be permanent in a land where only one three-years' development of mineral resources sweeps away a whole literature, and where vegetables which a short while ago would not be grown at Larned can now be grown at Dodge City? Even the Female Seminary which is at present one of the glories of Topeka will some day or other be looked upon with contempt, though, "for strength and thoroughness of building and convenience of arrangement, it surpasses many of the most pretentious ones of the East." It was in Topeka that, so late as 1845, vegetables could not be grown. Does Topeka boast of its vegetables now? Does it regard a potato with any feeling of triumph, or does it glory in a radish? In another thirty-five years will it boast of its Female Seminary? Long before that time its females will have developed into ladies, and its Seminary into a University.

Full, no doubt, of such sad thoughts as these, and impressed with the overwhelming force of the growth of statistics and the spread of vegetables, Mr. Hayes has done wisely in seeking to keep his volume a little longer afloat by adding to its lightness. He not only indulges in jokes himself, but he makes use of a humorous companion, who adorns his book with a series of sketches. The artist has one great advantage over the author. His comicality—whatever it may be worth—can be enjoyed at a glance. No wading has to be gone through in order to reach it. Now Mr. Hayes's jokes, on the contrary, lie scattered about, and are often found somewhat widely apart. He would have done wisely had he printed them in a different type, or had he in each case shown his readers by a side-note where one was to be found. As he has not done this, it is only too likely that many will break down in the attempt to reach the first of them, just as many an emigrant has broken down on the wide and dull prairie in his attempt to reach Colorado. Mr. Hayes's natural style is uncommonly heavy, and seems in many places to have been founded on a careful study of the advertisements of auctioneers. It is after the following fashion, for example, that he begins his description of Colorado:—

This whole unique domain, of 106,475 square miles, may, with the exception of the extreme south-western corner, in which are the curious ancient ruins and cliff-dwellings of the Mancos Cañon, be called essentially a new country; since its white inhabitants (whom, pending the new census-taking, we will estimate as numbering 200,000) have all either been born, or immigrated, within some twenty years.

In describing the town of Colorado Springs, he writes:—"It lies on a little narrow-gauge railroad, . . . destined and confidently expected, say its friends, to establish its ultimate terminal station in one of those 'halls of the Montezumas' of which we so often hear." He praises the life of a cattle-ranchman as possessing "the utmost fascination for men thoroughly accustomed to the

* *New Colorado and the Santa Fe Trail*. By A. A. Hayes, Junr., A.M., Fellow of the American Geographical Society and the Royal Geographical Society of London. Illustrated. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

resources and habits of the highest and most refined civilization, and presumably liable and likely to greatly miss them." Our readers will allow that it will require a great deal of light matter to reward them for going through many pages written in such a style as this. He who shall try but a very few pages of it will be presumably liable and likely either to fall sound asleep or to lose his temper.

Mr. Hayes had scarcely started on his travels before he found himself promoted to the rank of Colonel. In the Western States "the traveller," he says, "should make up his mind to accept without demur such military or judicial rank and title as may be conferred upon him." By the following story he shows the mode in which titles are given and altered:—

"I don't half like," once remarked a Scotch fellow-traveller of the writer, to a friendly group at Denver, "the promotion backward which I receive. East of Chicago I was Colonel; at Chicago I was Major; at Omaha a man called me Captain, and offered me dinner for thir-r-ty-five cents!"

One of the group, after a careful survey of the face and figure before him, the kindly yet keen expression, and the iron-gray whiskers, replied: "You ain't Colonel wuth a cent. I allow that you're Judge!"

And "Judge" he was from that time forth. Nobody called him anything else. Newly made acquaintances, landlords, stage-drivers, conductors, all used this title, until his companions began to feel as if they had known him all his life in that capacity.

While our author was thus made a Colonel, his companion, the artist, became a Commodore. The sketches of the gentleman who was thus enrolled in the navy form by far the best part of the book. In themselves, though they are lively and now and then pretty, they are not of any very great merit. But, set as they are in the midst of a dull narrative, they are found to have unusual attractions for the reader. The two friends travel from place to place, and while one has his pen in his hand the other has his pencil. Early in their journey they come to an arid plain, and the Colonel enlarges on "the power of that great beneficent agent, Water." A dignity, it will be noticed, is conferred upon it by giving it a capital letter. In England, where it is an intolerable nuisance, it is never similarly honoured. The artist, by the way, forgets to give a sketch of the great beneficent agent. They arrive at the house of a cattle-farmer, and they see "an æsthetic phase of the ranchman's life." This is a subject which admits of easy illustration, and so we have the picture of three gentlemen, one in his shirt-sleeves, listening to a sentimental lady playing on a guitar. But surely when the travellers had once crossed the Missouri they might have well left "æsthetic phases" behind them. Such language, ridiculous as it is anywhere, has a doubly ridiculous sound in a description of the wild life of a Colorado cattle-breeder. They presently hear of some very great men. One had begun fifteen years ago with a capital of 100 dollars, and his estate is valued now at 1,500,000. The Lieutenant-Governor of the State was once a small storekeeper. "He 'grub-staked' some prospectors," and is now "credited with indefinite millions." Such men as these—and there were more than one of them—"are doubtless competent," to quote Mr. Hayes's words, "'to give a reason for the faith that is in them,' and amply support the wisdom of their choice of location." Mixing on friendly terms with these illustrious Americans may be found "gentlemen who will talk, with faultless Piccadilly accent, of the last gossip from London." Has Piccadilly an accent of its own? We confess we did not know it, but then we have never travelled in Colorado. Some of these Piccadilly gentlemen—scions of the nobility and aristocracy of Great Britain, as Mr. Hayes calls them—do not, we regret to learn, conduct themselves with perfect propriety in Colorado. A gentleman from the Eastern States, calling on a lady "to whom the conveniences of life were traditionally dear, apologized for the absence of his companion, whose clothes suitable for such an occasion had been delayed by the expressman." We may wonder, by the way, what is the costume which a gentleman ought to wear who pays a call in Colorado. It is clearly something different from the dress in which a man goes a journey by railway. But to return to the lady of the traditional conveniences. "Only hear that!" she delightedly cried. "Why, I have been meeting the sons of dukes and earls with their pantaloons tucked in their boots." This is a melancholy and a humiliating picture. These scions of the nobility and aristocracy might at least have worn knickerbockers, and then they would not have been even tempted to put their boots to so very improper a use. We could have wished that the artist had given us an illustration of one of them. He might have headed it "An Unæsthetic Phase in Colorado; or, the Boots and Pantaloons of the Son of a Duke." In one passage Mr. Hayes compares his country very unfavourably with ours. A Republic, he says, treats its soldiers with ingratitude. For the battle of Gettysburg Meade was only made a brigadier-general, while Wellington was rewarded for Waterloo with a dukedom. As our author is praising us we must not find fault with his history; but surely there are two sides to the question. Gratitude in a nation is a fine thing, but if there were no dukes there would be no dukes' sons; and if there were no dukes' sons there would, likely enough, be no rude young men to call on a lady in Colorado with their pantaloons tucked into their boots. Let him therefore judge his own country more kindly, and remember that in a Republic, if there are no exalted dignities to reward gallantry, on the other hand there are no scions of aristocracy and no boots with pantaloons tucked into them to be seen in a lady's drawing-room.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that.

But it is above his might to make a man wear his boots and his pantaloons in a way that shall satisfy a lady to whom the conveniences of life are traditionally dear. The United States are seen, therefore, to be wise in their apparent niggardliness; and Mr. Hayes, even when he compares Wellington and Meade, may well be proud of the Republican institutions under which it is his happiness to live. We could wish, however, that, while his manners are so good, his book were not so uncommonly dull. We can recommend it heartily to the sons of dukes and earls; but all others, from viscounts downwards, will be able to get little from it by way either of instruction or amusement. Those, however, who are thinking of going to Colorado for their health—and as a health resort it seems almost unrivalled—will find a useful chapter at the end of the volume. In it Mr. Hayes gives a good deal of medical information. He has, moreover, drawn up a table of the various routes from New York which will, no doubt, be of considerable service to the traveller.

OLDFIELD'S NIPÁL.*

THESE two volumes contain a large mass of valuable information, acquired during a residence of fourteen years at the capital of Nepal. As Residency Surgeon, the late Dr. Oldfield enjoyed opportunities of observation little if at all inferior to those of the civilian or military officer of high standing who usually fills the post of Resident. But the materials are somewhat disjointedly put together, and would have been better for rearrangement and revision. The want of maps is positively heartbreaking. The earlier chapters are devoted to a minute physical description of the country, and, to say nothing of obscure provinces and inaccessible divisions, there are enumerations of numberless rivers, passes, and *dhums* or valleys at the foot of the Himalayan ranges, which are perplexing and unintelligible from this mere omission. The work is, however, full of facts intelligently observed and faithfully recorded. Dr. Oldfield's profession placed him on terms with Jung Bahadur and his family almost approaching to social intimacy. The peculiarities of Buddhist architecture are brought home to the reader by coloured illustrations; and there are happily no pungent remarks at which any of the most sensitive and jealous of Indian potentates could take offence. An account of a people and country governed by a ruler who still retains his inviolate independence of British authority in all internal affairs could not fail of interest; and in the whole two volumes, with the exception, perhaps, of an account of the rise of Buddhism in India proper, there is little or nothing taken at second-hand.

Nepal, which the author derives from two words, signifying "under the protection of the Deity," is a mountainous kingdom extending about five hundred miles along the southern slope of the Himalayas, and averaging in breadth about a hundred miles. Its population is variously estimated at from four to five millions. The kingdom is much cut up by lofty ridges. Part of it is covered with dense forests, and there is no lack of malaria which generates a deadly fever locally known as the *aval*. The scenery in many places is picturesque and grand, and the climate at Katmandhu, some 5,000 feet high, is enjoyable. The revenue of Nepal has been estimated at rather less than half a million of our money, but for this there are no reliable data. The commerce is insignificant, and is in the hands of some fifty traders, who reside at Katmandhu and the neighbourhood. The blankets of Nepal have been renowned from the earliest Hindu times; and gold dust, precious stones, rock salt, and Yak tails, are brought down from Tibet on the backs of sheep. Originally the kingdom was possessed and governed by Newars, who were Buddhists though the Newar reigning dynasty was Hindu, and claimed descent from Rama. But the modern history of Nepal dates from little more than one hundred years back. In 1769 the Goorkhas came down from the district of Gorkhali, some fifty miles from Katmandhu, under Raja Prithi Narayan, drove out the Newar dynasty, and established themselves as rulers of the country. Our first attempt at intercourse with Nepal was purely commercial; but neither Lord Cornwallis nor Lord Wellesley was able to negotiate a lasting treaty or to retain an English Resident at the capital. The attitude of the Nepal rulers was for years marked by the most intense distrust and suspicion of our proceedings. This culminated in the Nepal war of 1815; and it is only owing to the delicate management and forbearance of our successive representatives that this jealous feeling has at all been overcome. With their eastern neighbours the Goorkhas have not been very fortunate. The Goorkhas had to endure numerous insults and injuries from the Tibetans; and every five years presents for the Emperor of China are sent to Peking via a Nepalese Embassy, the members of which are invariably subjected to divers slights and inconveniences at the hands of Celestial mandarins and Governors. At the close of the last century a Chinese general actually came within a few miles of Katmandhu with a victorious army and there dictated to the Goorkhas the terms of an ignominious peace.

Dr. Oldfield appears to have left behind him an essay on Budd-

* *Sketches from Nipál, Historical and Descriptive; with Anecdotes of the Court Life and Wild Sports of the country in the time of Maharaja Jung Bahadur, G.C.B., and an Essay on Nepalese Buddhism.* By the late Henry Ambrose Oldfield, M.D., many years Residency Surgeon at Katmandhu. 2 vols. With Illustrations. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

ism, which had no necessary connexion with his other experiences, but which the editor has judiciously published as throwing light on the social history of the country. Into the rise of Buddhism in India, into the reformation of a degraded Hindu faith under the preaching and example of such a reformer as Sakya and such a monarch as Asoka, into the revival of the Brahminical power, and the corruption of the purer and higher morality which had annihilated caste and discouraged sanguinary rites and coarse idolatry, we shall not enter. But the contact of Hindus with Buddhists in Nepal has produced such curious consequences that we desire to give some prominent notice to this portion of the second volume. Whether Sakya the saint or Asoka the king ever visited Nepal in person is comparatively immaterial. What is quite certain is that Nepal is full of mound-temple, of images of the Buddhist triad known as the Tri-Ratna, of the five or six divine Buddhas, of a long train of eminent saints and ascetics, and of sculptures representing the thunderbolt, the bell, and other mystic emblems. The religion which these symbolize is the Theistic as distinguished from the Materialistic Buddhism; but though this is obviously the higher and more spiritual belief, it is being gradually undermined and corrupted by the worship of Shiva and other Hindu deities. Caste has reappeared. The Hindu Newars retain the fourfold division of ancient castes, and the Buddhist Newars, who form two-thirds of the population, have created orders or divisions which correspond to the priestly, the mercantile, and the agricultural classes. These castes, again, have their sub-divisions. The Banhras, who answer to the Brahmins, follow nine different callings; monks and ascetics no longer exist; monasteries have become guilds; and a class of heterodox Buddhists has arisen which performs service at Hindu temples and adopts Brahmanical ceremonies and forms. Buddhists have even got so far as to excommunicate some of their own faith who follow monial and degrading occupations, and with such they will neither intermarry nor eat. It is so far creditable to the partisans of these rival and contradictory creeds that they live together in the same cities without intolerance and animosity. We hear nothing of those fanatical outbursts which are so common in India, under the very eyes of policemen, magistrates, and Commissioners, and which nearly always originate with the slaughter of a bullock close to a Hindu temple, or the defilement of a mosque with the carcase of a pig. Buddhist Newars have their great religious festivals, of which Dr. Oldfield gives a list at page 292, vol. ii., but we own that it seems to us difficult to make out how they differ from Hindu performances. In some of them honour is paid to Bhairava, an incarnation of Shiva; in others, to Devi as Bhairavi; in some, to the Lingam; and in others, again, to the cow. This last the author actually divides into two distinct portions, alleging that the cow is worshipped by Hindus for one day in the public streets, while the Buddhist devotion is paid afterwards inside the Vihars. All the above seem to be quite distinct from the well-known Hindu festivals of which we hear so much on the plains—the Ram Nabbomi, or birthday of Rama; the festival in honour of Narayan, a form of the god Vishnu; the Dewali, with its illuminations, gambling, and worship of dogs and cattle; the Dassarah and its hecatombs of slaughtered buffaloes; and the Hooli, with its red powder, vulgarity, and obscenity. Somehow, we regret to observe, Hinduism manages to debase everything material or moral with which it is closely allied. *Nihil tetigit quod non fœdavit.* Its sculptures are hideous, its stories sensual, its pictures indecent, and its ceremonies dictated by lust or by cruelty. Dr. Oldfield gives a graphic but repulsive account of the sacrifices of buffaloes, at which dancers, called “Dharmis”—literally “religious persons”—drink copious draughts of the warm blood of the reeking victims. A purer faith, based on the equality of all persons, on purity of intention and thought, and on meditation on the attributes of the Divine intelligence, has, in Nepal at least, no chance against one which depends for its success on costly sacrifices, pride of birth and position, and gorgeous display. We are not disposed to question the accuracy of the author's prediction that in one hundred years' time Buddhism, as a separate religion, will cease to exist in the Nepal Valleys. Nor can we have reason to complain if mere outwards forms are not to survive the extinction of all that was sound, elevating, and ennobling in the doctrines of Gautama.

Accounts of the character, habits, and general policy of the remarkable Minister who for thirty years dictated the policy of the Katmandhu Durbar will for most readers have greater attractions than the mere enumeration of castes and festivals or the description of intricate valleys and lofty ranges. And in these volumes the late Jung Bahadur stands out as a strong character, disfigured indeed by several of the Oriental failings, but far-sighted, vigorous, and inclined to temper despotism with more mercy and forbearance than we might expect. The father of Jung Bahadur rose to distinction in one of those conspiracies of which we hear so much at intervals. He cut down a man named Sher Bahadur, who had attacked the Raja, and for this “act of gallantry was permitted ever afterwards to wear his shield at Court in the Raja's presence.” Up to 1843 Jung was biding his time in retirement, but in that year he made his appearance at Court under the protection of Martabar Sing, his uncle. In 1845 Martabar, like so many other Prime Ministers of that country, was murdered, and Jung was accused of complicity in the murder. Sir Henry Lawrence, our Resident at the time, seems to throw the blame on Gaggun Sing and four others. If Jung, who began by denying all knowledge of the crime, ended by boasting that he had fired the first shot, his

boast may have been prompted by a wish to frighten others, or else by the feeling that led old John Gudyill to give out that he and not Oddie Headrigg had shot Basil Ollivant in *Old Mortality*. It is at least certain that in Vol. II. of Sir H. Lawrence's *Life the Queen* is stated to have been in the plot, and Jung is only mentioned as “riding out in a buggy with the murderers of his uncle”; and he may have done this afterwards from sheer caution. How Jung became supreme is very clearly told by Dr. Oldfield. There were three parties in the State about the year 1846. The Queen, backed by Gaggun Sing, wanted the Regency for herself and the succession for her son. The Raja—that is, the titular king—a weak and vacillating creature, relied on a chief named Futtah Jung, who was nominally Premier. Jung himself was inclined to support the heir apparent. This state of things could not evidently last long, and disputes came to an end by the murder of Gaggun Sing at the hands of an intriguing Brahman, and by that of Futtah Jung at the hands of Jung Bahadur's followers. The excuse for Jung's conduct is that, in all human probability, he would have been shot himself if he had not anticipated his opponents. His ascendancy, his overthrow of the King, his conduct during the second Sikh war, his reception of the famous Rani Ohunda Kunwar of Lahore, his visit to England in 1850, and the insight which he gained into our power and resources, are more or less known. It may be said that the latter event was the turning point in Jung's life and materially influenced his conduct in the Mutiny. He knew the boundless capacities of England, which the Sepoys, the Nanas, and the Moulavis did not. A politician of his extreme sagacity saw, too, that one who had been received and fêted by the Queen and the aristocracy must not be cruel or excessive in retaliation. When some misguided opponents gave out that he had lost caste in England and plotted his assassination, he arrested the criminals, refused to resort to the axe or to the blinding needle, and politely requested Lord Dalhousie to confine the plotters at Allahabad. He discouraged Suttee and abolished the punishment of mutilation; he ordered a salute to be fired on Queen Victoria's birthday and minute guns on the death of the Duke of Wellington. Numerous instances of his skill and coolness in field sports are given by Dr. Oldfield. He could track elephants almost as well as his own mahouts, and fast for hours while in pursuit of game; and his manoeuvres for enclosing elephants in a stockade or for beating the forest for tigers and deer were planned with a foresight and carried out with a carefulness that would do credit to any general commanding at a Volunteer review. He has been known to confront leopards on foot with no other weapon than a very sharp sword, and, though cautious and reserved on public questions, nothing could be more kind and considerate than his manner to Englishmen whom he liked and respected. Once Dr. Oldfield had gone out very early with the Prime Minister after leopards, and had incidentally remarked that he had started without breakfast. Nothing was said, but a horseman was quickly despatched to the palace, and in a short time a carriage met the sportsmen with a capital hot breakfast—pilaus, cutlets, stews, grilled pheasants, cracknels, and fruits. Jung's conduct during the Mutiny, though somewhat criticized at the time, ensured for him the graceful recognition of Lord Canning. He was made a G.O.B., and a tract of territory on the frontiers of Oudh, highly valued for sporting purposes, which had been taken by us after the war of 1815, was restored to Nepal. Yet it must not be imagined that behind all this courtesy and the hospitality which he showed to the Prince of Wales, there was any real desire for a closer social and commercial union with that mysterious Power, of whose progress from the Jumna to the Indus he had been no unconcerned spectator. To the last year of his life Jung had the strongest aversion to any measure that tended to “develop” or “open up” the country. Nothing would persuade him of the virtues of coal or cotton, minerals and mining, or would make him look on commerce as anything but a prelude to empire. Consequently the road from the capital to the plains of Tirhoot is still a mere track. No invitation is held out to independent Englishmen to settle in the country. The movements of the Resident are carefully watched, and it is only by tact and dexterous management that he is enabled to see anything of the interior, and to scan the condition of the people while he is apparently intent on jungle fowl and deer. It is perhaps not unnecessary to add that this state of things can never be amended by despatches and communications of a high-handed and violent kind. Nepal sends no tribute to the Indian Treasury; is internally independent; and, beyond engagements to surrender criminals, not to place more than certain duties on a long string of exports and imports, and not to employ any Englishman, American, or European in its service, it pays none of those marks of feudal obedience which we are so familiar with in the cases of numerous potentates anywhere in India between the Himalayas and the sea. There is not the smallest necessity for discussing the difference between suzerainty and sovereignty as regards Her Majesty and the Nepal Durbar. The country is “*Nec pecori opportuna sages, nec commoda Iaccho*”; commerce is uninviting and inexpansive; and if picturesque tracts, dense forests, literature and language, and the curious admixture of Buddhist and Hindu customs, are ever to become better known to us, that knowledge will only be available by the labours of such men as the late Dr. Oldfield and Mr. Brian Hodgson, who can collect facts without exciting surprise. Any attempt to dragoon the successors of Jung Bahadur into a change of policy would only end in irritation, discredit, and failure. For-

fortunately our negotiations with the Court at Katmandhu are now in the hands of a gentleman who graduated in statecraft and the management of Indian princes under such Viceroys as Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo.

GOMME'S PRIMITIVE FOLK-MOOTS.*

ON the subject of "The Primitive Folk-Moots of Britain" Mr. Gomme has written a laborious work, which, he bids us observe, "chronologically . . . holds a place prior to any existing works on English History, because it treats of a period of history prior to any that has been yet undertaken." After this announcement, the reader, on glancing over the pages, may perhaps be surprised at finding himself among the familiar scenes of the Icelandic Thing, as described in Dantsen's *Burnt Njal*; the Free Court of Corbey, as described by Sir Francis Palgrave; the Northumbrian Witenagemót of 627, as described by Bæda; the folk-moot on Penenden Heath, described by Mr. Freeman and others; and the meeting of John and the Barons at Runnymede, which is recorded, we believe, in all histories except Shakspeare's. When at last the reader lights upon the Berkshire widows riding into court upon black rams, as recorded in Nos. 614 and 623 of the *Spectator*, we may well ask if this too belongs to "a period of history prior to any that has yet been undertaken." If, moreover, he has skipped the preface—a wrong, but not an unusual, course—he may find it difficult to make out what the author is driving at. Mr. Gomme has compiled a mass of information, often curious and valuable, about folk-moots and local courts, but he has not the art of so disposing his facts as to show what their bearing is. The preface, however, makes it clear that Mr. Gomme has a theory, and to some extent it explains what that theory is, and how the evidence he has collected bears upon it. We will let him speak for himself:—

Now, from the long series of instances of open-air assemblies in Britain, I have built up an historical theory concerning the Primitive Folk-moots of Britain. This theory is based, I believe, upon the strongest possible foundation; it is an induction drawn from a very wide circle of facts. But in every instance I have sought to keep my facts as complete as possible—topographically, historically, and politically. My first care has not been the proof of my historical induction, but the collection of all the known or possible instances of the open-air assembly in Great Britain which I could come upon during a long period of research. And if, with these fragments of antiquity, I have endeavoured to build a fabric which, as I submit, gives us an important picture of primitive times; if my argument throughout is that these open-air assemblies are survivals of primitive open-air assemblies, I am dependent for proofs of this argument upon the evidence given by the collected examples as they stand in English history or tradition at this present day, instead of the more strictly scientific data afforded by an archaeological arrangement of the primitive features only of each example.

Mr. Gomme's theory, in short, appears to be this:—That the distinctive feature, or at least a distinctive feature, of the primitive assembly is the meeting in the open air under the light of heaven, and that wherever we find trace of an open-air assembly we see before us a survival of the primitive assembly. Against this view we have nothing to object; all we remark is that Mr. Gomme hardly makes good his claim to be the historian of a period "prior to any that has been yet undertaken." He deals with survivals of a primitive period, not with the primitive period itself. There is moreover a haziness in his method of treatment which renders it difficult to form any opinion on his work. He tells us that "sociological science requires a sociological medium, through which to observe the institutions of civilized countries in their primitive condition." If we do not always understand him, it is probably because we are not accustomed to look through "a sociological medium," which would seem to be something akin to smoked glass. He talks of "the primitive history of Britain" without satisfactorily explaining whether he means Britain in the geographical or in the historical sense. His "primitive political institutions" in many cases seem to be, not British, but English. But when he observes, with reference to Mr. Freeman's *Comparative Politics*, "his researches with regard to Britain . . . are less comprehensive and less satisfactory than those with regard to Teutonic countries," it is clear that here Celtic Britain must be meant. We gather that Mr. Gomme, while rejecting "the theory of the exclusive Roman origin of English history," yet does not wholly accept that of "an exclusive Teutonic origin," but believes that "an early Celtic occupation and a Roman conquest" must be taken into account in the history of English institutions. Further on, he expresses himself more decidedly with regard to Rome. "Her civilizing influences not only varied the primitive institutions of the Celtic Britons, who preceded her, but also the primitive institutions of the Anglo-Saxons, who followed after her." But it is not always plain whether Mr. Gomme is thinking of the material influence of the Romans as conquerors of Britain, or the later moral influences of Rome upon the English. Take the following passage:—

All these Roman influences upon the central governing authority—upon the Teutonic-founded Witan and upon the new kingship and the new ceremonial—left the local communities to do almost as they would have done in old times, and to develop almost as they would have done if no Roman power had swept over them.

Now no Roman power had ever swept over the English local

communities, simply because the Romans had swept themselves out of the land before the English tribes came into it. From this passage we can only conclude that Mr. Gomme holds that the English local communities were evolved out of the Celtic local communities which had preceded them—a view which we need hardly say is rejected by our foremost historical scholars.

Thus much of the author's theory; we now turn to consider how he has worked it out. At first sight it seems somewhat unreasonable that Kemble and Mr. Freeman should be blamed by implication for stepping on to German and Swiss ground, and that Mr. Freeman's favourite Swiss institutions in particular should be said to "usurp the place which ought to be occupied by English examples," when Mr. Gomme himself goes to the Jews and the Red Indians for analogies. But then he sets them in the proper sociological light, which we suppose Mr. Freeman has failed to do. When we come to Mr. Gomme's English examples, we notice one case—that of the Northumbrian Witenagemót of 627—in which the zeal of the theorist has carried him beyond his authority. He assumes that it was an open-air meeting, remarking that "The Saxons"—we pause to observe that in this case they were Angles—

did not assemble in the great city of the Romans [York]—they met outside its walls, and for a purpose which would not certainly brook the restraint of a building. No less important business was discussed there than the desertion of paganism and reception of Christianity by the people of Northumberland. The whole story is told by Bæda (*Ecc. Hist.* ii. 23): the stirring address of the Bishop Paulinus, the conversion of Eadmund [sic] the king, and the vigorous onslaught there and then made, in sight of all the assembled people, upon the sacred altars of the pagan faith by the high-priest Coef.

Now Bæda does not tell us whether the meeting was out of doors or in, or indeed where it was holden. The only distinct geographical indication is that from it Coifi rode to the temple of Godmundingaham, "non longe ab Eburaco ad Orientem, ultra amnem Doruventionem"—presumably Goodmanham, near Market Weighton. Mr. Gomme assumes that the people were assembled in sight of the temple—in which case they must have been about sixteen miles from the walls of York—but this again, Bæda does not say. Nor is it quite certain that it was a vast popular assemblage, such as Mr. Gomme conceives. Without further entering into the question debated between Mr. Freeman and Canon Stubbs as to the democratic or aristocratic constitution of the Witenagemót, we may say that this passage in Bæda on the whole makes in favour of the aristocratic theory. At any rate the *populus* is never mentioned, and it is clear that the *vulgus*, who thought that Coifi had gone mad, knew nothing of the decision arrived at by the Witan in council. In describing a later, and undoubtedly an open-air, Northumbrian Gemót—that in which Bishop Walcher was slain—Mr. Gomme lays stress upon its being held at the accustomed place, words which he italicizes. But, on turning to his authority, Roger of Wendover, we find in the corresponding passage "ad placita consueta," which is a very different thing. Had Mr. Gomme extended his researches to Florence, or to Symeon and the Durham History, or to the fourth volume of the *Norman Conquest*, where all the authorities for the scene are cited and compared, he would have learned the name of the place of meeting—Caput Capræ or Gateshead—and that the place, as well as the day—"locum et diem quo convenire"—had been fixed by previous arrangement between the Bishop and the aggrieved persons, which is rather against the notion of there being any "accustomed place." For purposes of accurate historical inquiry, it is useless to pick out "a story which Roger of Wendover relates" and to reason upon it as if it was the only existing version. In Roger's story the cause of offence given by the Bishop differs altogether from that assigned by Florence, an earlier and better authority. This Gemót at Gateshead is an important one for Mr. Gomme's purpose, because it is distinctly said—though not by Roger of Wendover—to have been held *sub divo*, although the foreign Bishop, shrinking, as well he might, from confronting the fierce Northumbrian crowd, retired with his party into the neighbouring church, at the door of which he was finally cut down. As we have in some instances criticized Mr. Gomme's treatment of his materials, we must say on the other hand that he has done good service by directing attention to the frequency and importance of open-air meetings. There is also some force in his argument that the presumption, when there is no direct evidence, is rather in favour of a meeting being held without than within doors:—

For, of course, as the folk-moot is nowhere described in any of the codes of laws, or in any of the early chronicles, the open-air meeting was not a feature to be any more specially noted and recorded, than any other primitive features which belonged to it. It was no more to these early historians or legal scribes to see a great meeting upon a plain or a hill, or by the banks of a famous stream, than it is to modern historians to see and hear of our great meetings, in Parliament and elsewhere, under the roofs of halls, specially built for the purpose.

This is well put; but Mr. Gomme rather spoils its effect by going on to prove too much. "It falls in with this general view of the case to observe that special mention is made of such a meeting as that in the upper floor of a house at Calne." The real reason why "special mention" is made of the Calne meeting is not far to seek. It was because the floor fell in, to the great hurt and damage, and in some cases to the death, of the Witan there assembled. Perhaps Mr. Gomme will say that it was a deserved judgment on them for leaving the ways of their forefathers, and the free air of heaven.

By far the most valuable part of the book is the mass of infor-

* *Primitive Folk-Moots; or, Open-air Assemblies in Britain.* By George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A., Honorary Secretary to the Folk-Lore Society, Author of "Index of Municipal Offices." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

mation which the author has collected as to the procedure and customs of local, and especially of manorial, courts. There is no doubt that these obscure local institutions are the right place in which to search for survivals and traditions of the distant past. Such a tradition we come upon in the forfeiture for non-payment of the "wroth silver" due to the Duke of Buccleugh's court at Knightlow Cross—"a white bull with a red nose and ears of the same colour." This carries us back to the days when the Ohillingham wild cattle were tame. We do not wonder at hearing that "the fine has not been paid within man's memory." Much of Mr. Gomme's information is, as might be expected, and as he modestly owns, compiled from books; but as he has the great literary virtue of naming the sources of his knowledge, the reader can judge for himself what it is worth. In one case, that of the manor-court of Enborne, already mentioned, the author might have taken the trouble to refer to the authorities from which the *Spectator* derived whatever there may be of fact in its account. Mr. Spectator's correspondent, it should be remembered, took up the subject of the Enborne court, not out of interest in primitive history, but simply as a peg whereon to hang one of those elaborate jests on female frailty which never failed to tickle our forefathers. Mr. Gomme solemnly repeats as authentic history—"The steward of the Enborne manors adjourned to 'Buznabybright' [sic] that they might have a day before them"—a detail which, till it is pointed out to us in some more serious authority, we shall continue to regard as a mere joke. From the way in which Mr. Gomme speaks of "the curious custom" "as recorded in the *Spectator*," one would almost think that he really believed that "my friend, the love-casualist," had, as he professed, searched into the authentic records of the court. But it must not be thought that all Mr. Gomme's facts are of this kind. A considerable amount of information has been obtained from private and local sources; and this, of course, is more valuable than excerpts from books. Altogether, the student of early institutions will find much to interest him in *Primitive Folk-moots*, although it may fairly be described as the work rather of an antiquary and collector of historical fragments than of an historical scholar.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE OF SALDANHA.*

IN these two large and closely printed volumes the Count of Carnota has told everything about the life of his hero and brother-in-law which a sympathizing admirer could wish to tell, and has only omitted what was necessary to make his career and surroundings intelligible. The author is properly anxious not to swell his biography to an excessive size; but he has been very unfortunate in his suppressions. Saldanha's comings and goings, even of the most insignificant character, are told at length, but the revolutions in which his life was passed are dismissed as too tedious for telling. The brave, wise, and patriotic Marshal (we speak in the sense of the Count of Carnota) goes into exile, for instance, in 1837, after an unsuccessful attempt to "restore the Charter of 1826"; and all that the Marshal's biographer thinks proper to tell us about the attempt in question is that "It would be difficult to ascertain with certainty to whom should be ascribed the failure of the attempt at Belem." To be sure the paragraph ends with the interesting statement that Saldanha "retired from Belem disgusted with what he had witnessed." When this is taken in connexion with the fact that, in the opinion of "those in circumstances to form a correct judgment" (as nobody is named we conclude that this means the Count of Carnota), "Saldanha alone came out of the affair with honour and dignity," it is plain that some persons behaved very badly; but who they were, or what they did, the reader is left to learn from other sources. Indeed, he must find even the sources for himself, as the Count is very chary of citing authorities. This is how the biographer of the chief actor of the struggle of 1837 gives its history:—

The plans for this purpose (the restoration of the charter of 1826) were very carefully prepared, and afforded reasonable hope of success; but, through unfortunate misunderstandings on the part of some of those who held subordinate commands, the orders of the Marshals were not effectually carried out. It would be impossible to enter into the details of this struggle without extending this biography to far too great a length to satisfy the English reader. We will therefore only say with respect to the battle of Chão da Feira, at which the author was present, that the too much good faith of the Marshals Terceira and Saldanha at the moment of victory allowed that victory to slip through their hands, in consequence of the urgent request of the losing party for a cessation of hostilities in order to spare the further effusion of Portuguese blood.

Yet immediately afterwards the author can find space for a long proclamation, in the usual magniloquent Peninsular style, by Saldanha and his brother-in-arms, Luis da Silva Mousinho d'Albuquerque, setting forth their own surpassing patriotism, disinterestedness, and humanity. Had this been referred to in a note, and the gist of it given in two lines of the text, which would be amply sufficient, the space economized might have been usefully employed in giving a few explanations. But this is the course followed by the author throughout. Notes of the Marshal's to his wife and children, mostly of no interest; letters from him to the author, and letters to him from various illustrious obscure rival intriguers, are printed literally by the dozen; but, with the exception of Saldanha's own despatches to

Dom Pedro, there is scarcely a line which can be really considered as illustrating the actions of the writers. The Marshal's notes to his family are such as any affectionate father might write; but the others are merely the pompous, self-laudatory froth which everybody familiar with the politics of Spain and Portugal has heard *ad nauseam* from innumerable greedy intriguers. Meanwhile, in the Count's own narrative the events follow one another "like geese." This was the case with the author's *Life of Pombal*, in which he appeared to take for granted that his readers already possessed such an accurate knowledge of the history of Portugal as would render his own work quite superfluous to them. Two-thirds of the proclamations and letters printed, and a goodly portion of the narrative, might well have been exchanged for a coherent account of the condition of Portugal and the beliefs and aims of its people. Saldanha himself would have profited by the exchange.

The faults of the book are, we imagine, largely due to the fact that the Count of Carnota has no real interest in the historical and political aspects of his subject. He has written the *Life of Saldanha*, as he wrote the *Life of Pombal*, because he admired the men with that helpless sort of hero-worship which is content to admire their actions without trying to understand them. Towards Saldanha his feelings were those of personal friendship, which began with boyish admiration in the "cheerless month of November 1827," in Sussex Place, Regent's Park. The Count of Carnota was then Master Athelstane, and the Liberal heroes of Spain and Portugal were a very general object of admiration to boys with a healthy love of adventure. The friendship then formed continued until Saldanha's death. In 1856 the author and his hero became connected by marriage. Saldanha had lost his first wife, a Miss Hogan, and being determined to marry again, came to England to propose to Mrs. Binns, a widowed sister of the author's. The Duke did not leave Portugal unconditionally resolved on this bold step. When asking the King's permission to travel and to marry, as the Portuguese law requires the nobles to do, he informed Dom Pedro that he should only marry the lady if she were not so changed as to be "found wearing a wig." We have the Count of Carnota's word for it that this announcement caused "the stern Dom Pedro," who had never been seen to laugh, to writhe with laughter. We wonder what the Duke's heirs did when they read it in print. Fortunately, as the author says, "There was no wig to mar their happiness!" and Mrs. Binns became Duchess of Saldanha. There are a great many personal details of this nature scattered about the book, and mixed with them much profound moral reflection of the kind which consists in pointing out that everything would have been settled much more nicely if all parties concerned had been better men.

The true interest which attaches to the career of the Duke of Saldanha was admirably put by Lafayette in a letter addressed to him in 1833. He says, "Votre affaire portugaise est devenue européenne. C'est un commencement du cinquième acte, qui j'espère terminera la tragédie de '89, au profit de la liberté de cette partie du monde." During the latter years of Ferdinand VII. of Spain, and before the necessity of finding some support for his daughter Isabel had induced him to seek reconciliation with the Liberals, the friends of constitutional liberty in the Peninsula were compelled to fight their battles in Portugal. In both countries the real cause of dispute was the determination of a minority of the people, mostly inhabitants of the towns, to secure better government than they could hope for from the old absolute monarchy, supported as it was by the Church and the rural population. These latter, again, supported the absolute King because any attack on the Church or on their rooted habits roused them at once to armed opposition. Don Carlos or Dom Miguel, on one side, and the various Constitutions on the other, were simply pretexts. Constitutional government has seldom been taken seriously in the Peninsula. There can be little doubt that, had either Ferdinand VII. or Dom Miguel been able men capable of governing well, they might have ruled with absolute power, supported by the steady loyalty of their subjects, to the day of their death. Perhaps fortunately, their rule was of a kind which would not have been tolerated at any period of their country's history, and Ferdinand was compelled by interests of his own to seek the alliance of the Liberals. The latter became also the pets of the more aggressive Liberal parties outside of their own country, and were patronized (with a strict regard for his own interests) by Louis Philippe, and by the restless activity of Lord Palmerston. Whatever interest Saldanha's career may have beyond his own country is due to the part he played in that struggle.

Without going all the length of the Count of Carnota's admiration, which is far beyond the utmost allowed to biographers, it is only just to acknowledge that that part was honourable. Saldanha was by no means indifferent to his own interest, but he had also a sincere regard for the interests of his country, and when the two directly clashed he was capable of sacrificing his own. He was at any rate conspicuously above the ordinary low level of Spanish or Portuguese public men. His abilities as a soldier appear to have been respectable. The Count habitually writes about him as if he had been a Napoleon, and in one passage he establishes a perfectly ridiculous comparison between his operations against the Miguelites in Santarém and Wellington's campaign against Massena over the same ground. The same tone is maintained throughout. In giving an account of the siege of Oporto, in 1833, the author indulges in a great deal of somewhat puerile satire against Solignac, the French general first placed in command by

* *Memoirs of Field-Marshal the Duke de Saldanha; with Selections from his Correspondence.* By the Conde de Carnota, Author of "Life of Marquis of Pombal." London: John Murray. 1880.

the Liberals, who was guilty of the unpardonable offence of standing in Saldanha's way. His failure to raise the siege and his final retirement are exulted over with much glee. Colonel Badcock (of the 7th Hussars), who was present as agent of the English Government, very sensibly attributes the French general's failure to the fact that the Portuguese habitually disobeyed his orders and caballed against him. Saldanha, who succeeded him, showed both energy and personal courage; but it is plain from Colonel Badcock's narrative that he owed as much to good fortune as to merit. According to that officer, a Peninsular veteran, the Miguelite generals committed "every sort of blunder," and actions swollen into great battles by our author and the judiciously vague despatches of Saldanha shrink in his sceptical narrative into mere skirmishes. Yet, if Saldanha was not a great general, he was not improbably as good as Bourmont, the French chief of the Miguelites (who was doubtless hampered by intrigue as Solignac had been), and certainly better than any of his Portuguese rivals. The great service he did his party was to supply it with a native leader of sufficient energy and ability to end the war by a complete surrender of the enemy, and not such a compromise as the Convention of Vergara. He thoroughly appreciated the fighting powers of those ragged foreign (mostly British) adventurers, the Oporto grenadiers, "who fought and were flogged, and were not paid," and he trusted them to bring him off safe when, as for instance, at Almoester, his tactics were at fault. As a politician, Saldanha habitually supported the Charter of 1826, a moderate compromise which left the central Government strong enough to suppress mere anarchy. Although he was probably not spotless, he was doubtless as sincere in his principles as any of his contemporaries. What the realities of his political career were, it is impossible to learn from this life, and it may be safely asserted that Saldanha took good care that it always should be impossible. The Count of Carnota seems to consider his own unsupported assertion sufficient, and indeed his book contains abundant proof that he was never trusted with the real secret of what was going forward. We conceive we pay him a compliment in saying so.

In one respect Saldanha differed very widely from contemporary Spanish generals and politicians. He was by birth and education a gentleman. On his mother's side he was a grandson of Pombal and descended from the Austrian house of Daun. His father's family was, like those of most of the Portuguese nobility, a branch of an ancient Castilian house, and was besides connected by marriage with the Rohan-Chabots. Saldanha received a good education in one of the schools established by Pombal, and attained in particular to a thorough knowledge of English, which he wrote well. His despatches, especially those written to persuade Dom Pedro to come from Brazil and put himself at the head of the Liberal party in Portugal, are clear and able. His biographer informs us that in his boyhood Saldanha took Sir Charles Grandison for his model, and he seems to think that he acted up to it. The Marshal was not quite so immaculate a hero as that; but he can still be respected, and, if compared with the average Spanish or Portuguese politician, may be highly respected. In private life he was apparently kindly and considerate of others.

TWO NOVELS.*

THE first of these two stories is of considerable merit, and will well repay the trouble of reading. Of the second we shall have something to say presently. Mr. Caroli is the son of a Genoese sea-captain, who in the course of his voyages comes to London and falls in love with the sister of a merchant with whom he has dealings. The brother views the match with the antipathy of a thick-headed domineering man, fond in his way of his sister, and suspicious of the iniquities which he supposes to be concealed under the imposing presence and attractive manners of the foreign suitor. The lover, however, after standing the test of a year's absence and of the most searching inquiries, succeeds in marrying the girl, and takes her away with him to his own country. Mr. Caroli, the hero of the book, is born at Genoa, and educated during his earlier years at Venice. He is thence, at the time when the independence of Venice was threatened and afterwards destroyed by Napoleon, transferred to London. The boy's life in London, where he grows up, and his warfare with his unsympathetic English relatives, are described with a good deal of cleverness and humour. One of his chief enemies is a certain Miss Potts—a "family connection" who, after the death of his uncle's wife, undertakes the management of the household. She is a sour, vindictive old maid, the terror of children, whose portrait is capitally drawn. To this home the mother and child return, while the father continues his seafaring pursuits. He is soon lost sight of, having been captured, as appears later on, by the Algerian corsairs, who at that time followed their trade with comparative impunity; and his wife and two children are left to the tender mercies of their English relations. As year after year goes by without any news being heard of the father, the strangers sink more and more into the position of poor relations, and have to undergo all the indignities and humiliations which such a position is apt to carry with it. The sister dies early, and

the boy, after a couple of years' schooling, is put to a trade. His early friendships are described with much grace and feeling, especially his relations with a family of French emigrants named Dufour. Just as his relations with his own kindred are fast becoming intolerable, he is saved by the appearance of a Genoese uncle, with whom he and his mother start on their return to Italy. The voyage is marked by two events of importance. First, Mr. Caroli, then a young man of twenty years of age, falls in love with Angela Rocco, the daughter of the captain of the vessel; and secondly, all his hopes are cut short by the capture of the ship by Barbary pirates. The second volume and the greater part of the third are taken up with a description of slave life in Algiers. The subject has the advantage of novelty, and is treated with a picturesque liveliness, and at the same time with a freedom from all sensational effect, not often to be met with in recent novels. But there is undoubtedly too much of it, or rather of the reflections and dissertations which are mixed up with it. Mr. Caroli succeeds, by his own labours and by the interest of friends, in ransoming Angela at the end of a considerable time, but has himself to wait for his release till the famous bombardment by Lord Exmouth put a final end to European slavery in Algiers. He comes back to England to find Angela married to his cousin and boyish enemy Augustus Maitland, and to console himself at last in the love of Antoinette Dufour, his early friend and playmate.

There is much in this book that is attractive and interesting. It is pleasant to read, and leaves a pleasant impression behind. Its moral tone is blameless; and, indeed, if we wanted to find fault, we should say that it contains rather too many obvious and threadbare reflections on moral and religious themes. The sketches of childish life and character at the beginning are excellent. The development of character and of the story as the hero grows up is less successful; and the hurried and huddled style of the conclusion, where fifty pages describe a number of the most decisive events of the hero's life, cause one to regret the length to which the Algerian part of the narrative had been extended. Had we been spared some of the moralizing in that part of the book, not only would more space have been left at the end for a fuller development of the plot, but the Algerian experiences would have formed a picturesque series which could be read without "skipping" or effort of the attention.

We wish we could say as much in favour of *Dr. Victoria*. It is just one of the books which are an affliction to the reviewer. There are a great many novels which, without being conspicuously silly or objectionable from a moral point of view, are so flat and empty, so destitute of point or of any reason to exist, that it becomes a problem not only who reads them, but who could possibly take the trouble and undergo the manual labour of writing them. The mass of good books now existing is so great, and the time to read and digest them so short, that a bad book or an inane book ought to be pointed out as a public nuisance. In some respects a simply inane book is even more of a nuisance than a positively bad one. For out of a bad one there is often some amusement to be got. It is easy to say that nobody is bound to read a book which he does not like. But so nobody is bound to buy an article that he does not like in the market. It is not the less true that it is a bad thing to have the market glutted with worthless or spurious articles. They diminish the chances of those people who do good work, and they tend still further to lower the taste of the idle and half-educated persons of all classes to whom only such books appeal. There is, however, one point on which something is to be learned and some amusement to be got from this otherwise uninteresting and unentertaining narrative. Let the reader go through it, and correct the bad French with which it is plentifully sprinkled, and he will have sharpened his recollection, if it is rusty, of the elements of French grammar, while he will have derived some amused astonishment from the question why a writer should deal so freely with a language of which he has still the simplest rules to learn. We read of a *mauvaise quart d'heure*, of *avec mille amitiés*, of *Que tu es heureux* addressed to a woman, of *Ah, c'est honteux*, and so forth. We find Italian like *pappalini* for *papalini*; *Si, Signor, e vero* for *Si, Signore, è vero*; *Vittorio Emanuele* for *Vittorio Emanuele*. We have in German *Brautigam* for *Bräutigam*, and we have a word like *figurantes*, which belongs to no one known tongue, though it may be a compound of two. To quote the author's own words, "Let fools scoff as they will, knowledge is a power"; and we might suggest that a slight knowledge of the languages one writes in or quotes from may serve as a shield and buckler against the mockery of the irreverent reader. As to his own language, the author escapes from many of the difficulties which beset composition in it by adopting what may be termed the interjectional style, of which the following is a specimen:—

Not an hour, not a minute, not a moment, in which she could call herself free. Yet every hour, every minute, every moment dedicated to herself. Inventing new combination of colours for this dress and that; shopping; sitting for her portraits in many styles; riding in the park, driving in the park; morning calls; daily services in fashionable churches; morning concerts and daily kettledrums; dinners, dances, theatres, drawing-rooms—all following each other unceasingly, unendlessly. Moving from one point of vantage to another. Admiration, here, admiration there. Somewhat of satiety at last. Something else to seek for. Something more lasting, more real—for the reign of the belle of the season cannot last; the worshippers of beauty need change. It is for this season. But for the next—who can tell?

So much for the style, native and foreign, of this book. The story runs as follows. It opens with an unpleasant death-bed scene, in which a betrayed and forsaken girl leaves behind her, to the care of an aunt, the child who afterwards turns out the hero's

* *Mr. Caroli: an Autobiography*. Edited by L. G. Segula. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 1881.

Dr. Victoria. By Major-General Alexander, C.B. London: Tinsley & Co. 1881.

of the tale. To summarise her story, she studies medicine and marries nobody. She is wooed by one of the heroes, Sir Francis Hawthorne, "a dark, sunburnt young man, with an air of quiet determination which showed itself in everything he said or did, and would have caused him to be recognized in any part of the world as an Englishman." The author's patriotism seems here to lead him to take too unfavourable a view of the other nations of the earth, among whom we can recall several persons of our acquaintance who are not without this "air of quiet determination." Yet his frequent quotations from other tongues indicate that it is in no spirit of blind hostility, but rather "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations," that he claims for us a monopoly of this imposing personal quality. Victoria accepts Sir Francis, but hardly has she done so when she attains the age of nineteen, and the secret of her birth is then, according to the wishes of the aunt, revealed to her in a document handed her by a certain Dr. Pringle, who acts as a sort of guardian to her; whereupon she breaks off the match, and sets to work for her profession. Victoria is closely united with the Yorke family, the two daughters of which, Geraldine and Eva, are bosom friends of hers. Geraldine marries a duke whom she does not care for, and it is of her that the interjectional passage quoted above is written. Sir Francis, failing in love, tries to get into Parliament, and fails in this also. Victoria goes to Zürich to study, and Sir Francis to Italy to improve himself in other ways. Of the really interesting student life in Zürich, which would have fitted in admirably at this part of the story, the writer gives us, whether from ignorance of it or not, no picture at all. Sir Francis betakes himself to Rome, but what he does there it is hard to make out. He certainly moralizes a little, and does so after this fashion:—"Rome! that city in which the Past looms out of the dimness of time in proportions which dwarf the Present, stand out as the Present may in all the gloss and glitter of its modish garb!" with more of a like sort. He bewails at much length, and in a similar strain, the evils which superstition has inflicted on the human race. "The Rome of tourists and guide-books"—in other words, all the treasures of painting and sculpture which are to be found in Rome—Sir Francis did not "care to see"; neither does he care to see the Pope and our good friends the "pappini." So he leaves Rome and moralizes again on the bad cultivation of the Campagna. Surely if this rising young politician was above seeing the Vatican because "tourists" go there too, he might not have been above studying the social and political life of modern Italy, and might have returned to England a trifle fuller of knowledge and a trifle less devoted to aphoristic wisdom. In Florence, however, his taste for art awakes or revives. "His days were spent in her galleries, in her churches, and he marvelled at the genius, the patience, the life-long assiduity, which had left such a lasting record of loving labour." He objects, however, to putting pictures together in large numbers, and thinks that the artists would be grieved at finding so many people looking at them. The churches please him less still, because of the candles which stand on the altars and hinder the spectator from seeing them properly. A trifle given to the *custode*, if only Sir Francis had known it, would have caused every candle to vanish with marvellous speed. Instead of offering this, however, Sir Francis moralizes yet again, this time on the end of art. "To what extent had art performed its mission as a teacher?" But here we must give up the attempt to follow out the subtle workings of Sir Francis's logic. "Man," he says, "has no innate idea of beauty." "The answer came," we read, "but Sir Francis was not satisfied with it." "What!" he again asks, "is this true?" And so, finding no solution of his doubts, he begins to moralize once more. The rest may be told in a few words. Sir Francis joins the Alpine Club, gets into Parliament, and, let it be hoped, leaves off the practice of the *sage Mambres* of Voltaire, *qui faisait toujours des réflexions*. Victoria turns out to be the daughter of Mr. Yorke and sister of Geraldine. She also turns out an excellent oculist, and performs a skilful operation by which sight is given to a blind girl. Sir Francis marries Geraldine after all, her husband having opportunely betaken himself to another world; and the minor characters of the book mostly turn out well and end happily. The author delivers himself shortly before he concludes of an oracular utterance, with which we, too, will draw to a conclusion:—"This book is not intended to be 'realistic,' in the modern sense of the word; if it were, we should ask the reader to put it into the fire at once." We do not know what is the distinction between "realistic," in the ancient and modern sense of the word, as applied to novels, nor do we in any case suggest to the reader that he should treat the book so impolitely; he will do better to leave it uncut.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE Albanians (1), having contributed their mite to the general embroilment of the Eastern question, have fairly earned the privilege of having a Special Correspondent among them to make Europe understand, if possible, who they are and what they want. The peculiarity of their language renders intercourse with them no easy matter, and the advantages enjoyed by Herr Spiridon Gopčević in this respect, and from his general

familiarity with the affairs of the Balkan peninsula, are more than a compensation for his strong political preconceptions and a flip-pant style of writing more becoming a representative of the press than an ethnographer and historian. In the former capacity Herr Gopčević writes very amusingly; but has not much to describe, except landscape scenery and his own sufferings from vermin, bad coffee, and the lack of small change. The really valuable portions of his work are his elucidation of the obscurities of Albanian ethnology and history, and his sketch of the manners of the people. The Albanians are, he thinks, the representatives of the ancient Pelasgian population of the Greek and Italian peninsulas—a theory for which he himself assigns no conclusive evidence, but which may be deemed to be countenanced by the curious fact that the only vestige of the old Messapian language originally spoken on the opposite coast of the Adriatic is an Albanian word. The name by which the people call themselves, Skipetar (rock-people), in itself condenses the history of a race driven from the plains and maintaining its independence in the most inaccessible districts. There, however, the Albanians have not merely entrenched, but extended, themselves; for Herr Gopčević shows by the evidence of local names that the northern districts of Albania must have been occupied by Servians in the mediæval period. At present the people are divided into two chief tribes—the Gëgi of the north and the Toski of the south—whose dialects differ as widely as High and Low German. It is quite in keeping with the general history and character of the country that the mountaineers should be generally Christians, while Mohammedanism prevails in the more level districts. The most important Christian tribes are the Mallisori and the Miredita, both virtually independent of the Porte. It is scarcely to be expected that independence of all foreign control can be long maintained, and, according to Herr Gopčević, the country is even now the theatre of an underhand struggle between Austria and Italy. Much perturbation, he says, was recently occasioned among the Austrian authorities by the discovery that the Italian Franciscans, upon whom they had relied as political emissaries, were secretly agitating on behalf of their own country. The influence of the Catholic clergy upon the Christian population is very great, and, as it is used rather to discourage than to promote education and civilization, the condition of their people in these respects, equally with that of the Mohammedans, is very low. It must be borne in mind, however, that Herr Gopčević who is probably a Servian, has no affection either for Austrians or Catholics, and his dislike for both is continually breaking out. On the whole, it seems difficult to anticipate any satisfactory destiny for this interesting people, and it is much to be regretted that ecclesiastical differences should, to all appearance, estrange them completely from the Greek kingdom, to which they naturally belong, and to whose population they would contribute a very valuable element.

The interest of a publication which we may safely attribute to Herr Julius Eckardt, "Nicholas I. to Alexander III." (2), is somewhat diminished by the greater part, if not the whole, of the contents having already appeared in periodicals, and by its consisting of a series of detached papers, which, however attractive in themselves, afford no comprehensive view of the period of transition through which the Russian Empire has been passing. They cast, nevertheless, numerous side-lights upon some interesting though minor phases of this great historical drama. Their especial value, perhaps, consists in the number of private official reports of which the author has contrived to obtain copies, which bear every internal evidence of genuineness, and which, having been originally published in the *Rundschau*, would have been already contested if there were any room for controversy. Among these are two elaborate memoirs on the foreign relations of Russia in the years 1864 and 1869, remarkable for the frankness with which other Powers are spoken of, and involuntarily suggesting the conclusion that Russia's interests are so adverse to those of all other European States that durable alliances are impossible for her. Another memorandum relates to the Polish insurrection; another secret document, and an exceedingly curious one, is a withering rebuke addressed by Marshal Paskewitch to Prince Gortschakoff for his mismanagement of the Crimean campaign. Paskewitch takes the greatest blame to himself for having dissuaded the Emperor from dismissing Gortschakoff, to whom he imputes disasters which were evidently felt as extremely severe at the time, whatever attempts may since have been made to extenuate them. "The Russian Emigration in London from 1852 to 1864" is an entertaining account of the relations of Alexander Herzen with Kossuth, Ledru-Rollin, Bakunin, and other leading exiles. These seem to have been, for the most part, anything but brotherly. A postscript to the work declares revolution in Russia to be inevitable, but intimates that there is yet time to prescribe and control its course. Parliamentary institutions are pronounced wholly unsuited to the country.

Herr Geffcken's political history of the Crimean war (3) is made up of a series of separate studies, some of which have already appeared in periodicals. It is chiefly intended to present the subject in the new light thrown upon it by such important recent publications as the diplomatic memoirs of Baron Jomini and the French history by M. Rousset; the Life of the Prince Consort is

(1) *Oberalbanien und seine Liga*. Ethnographisch-politisch-historisch geschildert von Spiridon Gopčević. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Von Nicolaus I. zu Alexander III. St. Petersburger Beiträge zur neuesten Russischen Geschichte*. Leipzig: Duncker and Humblot. London: Kolckmann.

(3) *Zur Geschichte des orientalischen Krieges, 1853-1856*. Von F. H. Geffcken. Berlin: Paetel. London: Williams & Norgate.

also laid freely under contribution. The author's criticism is remarkably judicious and impartial. He fully admits the abnegation of international duties by Austria and Prussia during the contest, and the pernicious consequences of this apparently crafty policy for the former State; he also recognizes the substantial advantages gained by England, notwithstanding her numerous deceptions and mortifications, while pointing out how these were again sacrificed by the weakness of English policy at Constantinople since Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's time. Lord Beaconsfield is blamed for having lacked the courage to act upon his own sound judgment, and stop the late war at the commencement, as he afterwards acknowledged he could have done. History will ratify the censure, but chronology will not bear Herr Geffcken out in asserting that the Congress of Berlin was influenced by the Russian mission to Candahar. For the future Herr Geffcken looks confidently to the alliance of Austria and Prussia as a bulwark against further Slavonic aggression, and predicts that it will ere long be joined by England.

The history of the Margraves of Meissen (4) is, no doubt, of considerable local interest, but presents nothing attractive to general readers except the light incidentally thrown upon the Germanization of the Slavonic tribes, which, at the time of the Teutonic conquest, inhabited the district between the Saale and the Oder. The process appears to have been very gradual; and, after the complete subjugation of the country, very peaceful, being effected chiefly by missionaries, and the general superiority of civilization over barbarism. One possibly unwelcome corollary seems to result from Herr Posse's data, that the eastern half of Germany must be deeply leavened with Slavonic blood.

Herr Carl Frey (5) treats of an important and curious chapter in German history—the alienations of the Imperial domain under Philip, King of the Romans, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Philip appears to have been driven to this course by absolute necessity, and his policy was justified by success so far as he was personally concerned, but the diminution of the sovereign's private resources greatly contributed to bring about the long paralysis of the central authority in Germany. Another curious question, the relation of the kingdom of Arles to the German Empire, is the subject of an essay by Dr. R. Sternfeld (6).

Dove's miniature biographies of the Forsters, father and son, and the brothers Humboldt (7), are reprints from that exceedingly valuable work, the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*. The lives of the Forsters, although perfectly adequate as contributions to a biographical dictionary, hardly merit reprinting; and Herr Dove is less at home with Wilhelm von Humboldt than with his more celebrated, but perhaps not really more eminent, brother. His account of the latter is very good, duly appreciative, but impartial, and, like the other articles, free from the patriotic exaggeration which might have been expected and excused in a dictionary of national celebrities.

The minor writings of Wilhelm Grimm (8) form an acceptable counterpart to the similar collection of the miscellaneous remains of his more celebrated brother Jacob. So far as indicated by the first volume, they consist principally of studies in early German literature and folk-lore, including some reviews of works by Achim von Arnim and other members of the Romantic school. By far the most extensive is an essay on the origin of German poetry, first published in 1808. The volume is prefaced by a short autobiography, written in 1831, and highly characteristic of the simplicity, candour, and unpretending desert of the writer.

The Codex Wirzburgensis, the most important of the Irish MSS., edited by Herr Zimmer (9), contains a very copious gloss, partly Latin and partly Irish, upon the Epistles of St. Paul. It is rather an abridged commentary than a mere glossary, and is of considerable philological, though of no other, value. The date is probably the ninth century. Herr Zimmer has added a number of other fragments from various MSS., including some very curious incantations, and has accompanied the collection with an elaborate preface.

Dr. Steinthal's (10) standard work on the science of language appears in a new edition, with improvements. The first part, which is all at present published, is devoted to the general theory of language, and strives to elucidate the problem of its origin by research into the psychological aspects of the phenomenon. It is very ingenious, but chiefly serves to establish how very short a way such research will take us, and how essential in every investigation are the actual observation and experiment which are unfortunately impracticable in this.

Peter Martyr's letters (11) are well known as a valuable source for contemporary history, especially the history of Spain and Italy, at the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century. In some instances, however, Martyr's prognostications display so much of the spirit of prophecy as to justify a suspicion that they have been interpolated, or at least revised after the event. Dr. Heidenheimer, the author of an interesting and useful monograph upon this body of correspondence, seems to think there can be little doubt on the subject. Enough of undoubted genuineness nevertheless remains to render the collection exceedingly valuable, and Dr. Heidenheimer satisfactorily proves its general trustworthiness by its undesignated coincidences with other sources. He has further done much to recommend it to the reader by an analysis of Martyr's most important references to public affairs, and a list of the most remarkable persons to whom his letters are addressed or who are mentioned in them, as well as a biographical introduction and a sketch of Martyr's performances as a diplomatist and writer on geography. One of the most curious points in Martyr's writings is their testimony to the penury of Spain, even at the time of her greatest influence upon European affairs, and the general aversion of her people to commercial or industrial pursuits.

The German Society for the Relief of Shipwrecked Persons has published (12), in aid of its funds, an album of facsimile autographs and drawings by eminent contemporaries, from the Emperor downwards, although Prince Bismarck does not seem to have contributed. Some of the autographs are of considerable length, and possess much interest for those able to decipher German handwriting.

The centenary of Voss's translation of the *Odyssey* (13) is appropriately celebrated by a republication of this noble work in its original form, the alterations which it has since undergone not being invariably regarded as improvements. Herr Bernays, the editor, has prefixed a long and interesting preface on the history of the work and of Homer's translation in Germany before the time of Voss. The Germans seem to have been very slow to discover the peculiar adaptation of their language for the reproduction of the Homeric hexameter and the Homeric compound epithets. Bodmer, the Swiss translator of Milton, first showed that it was feasible; but long after Bodmer no less a poet than Bürger was still trying heroic blank verse—a metre which German poets have never learned to write. Stolberg responded with a practical demonstration of the superiority of the hexameter; and, while Bürger and Stolberg were contending for the crown, Voss stepped forward and carried it off.

"Sword and Pen" (14), by Count Adelmann, is a pretty story, rather sentimental, but not deficient in power. The military scenes are particularly lifelike, and the trouble in which the hero involves himself by writing a pamphlet is characteristic of the present state of affairs in Germany. The preface is sensible and patriotic.

It took twenty-one years for the First Part of *Faust* (15) to make its way to the stage as a complete tragedy, although specimens and adaptations had been presented some years before, one in England. Klingemann, whose own version of the legend is so unmercifully ridiculed by Carlyle, was the manager on the first actual representation, and was presented by Goethe with an amethyst ring, whose genuineness is much questioned by the *cognoscenti*. The first part is now fully recognized as a stock piece. The Second Part is still struggling to establish itself, and will, Herr Orizenach thinks, scarcely obtain more than a *succès d'estime*.

Goethe's pretty little operatic trifle, *Jeri und Bätely* (16), is printed for the first time in its original form, from a MS. in the ducal library at Gotha.

The "Hungarian Review" (17), published under the patronage of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, is a continuation and extension of the "Literary Reports from Hungary," addressed more directly to the general European public. The first number contains several articles of considerable importance, among which a reassuring view of the mutual relations of the Germans and the Magyars is the most important, and the sketch of Galeotti Marzio, an Italian scholar and adventurer, who found his way to Hungary in the latter part of the fifteenth century, the most entertaining.

This month's number of the *Rundschau* (18) is very good. The contribution of most importance is perhaps a secret memorandum, addressed to the Russian Government, on the progress of Nihilism in 1873, which, early as the date is, refutes the notion that

(4) *Die Markgrafen von Meissen und das Haus Wettin bis zu Konrad dem Grossen*. Von Otto Posse. Leipzig: Giesecke & Devrient. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Die Schicksale des königlichen Gutes in Deutschland unter den letzten Staufern seit König Philipp*. Von Carl Frey. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Das Verhältnis des Arelats zu Kaiser und Reich vom Tode Friedrichs I. bis zum Interregnum*. Von R. Sternfeld. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Die Forsters und die Humboldts*. Von Alfred Dove. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

(8) *Kleinere Schriften*. Von Wilhelm Grimm. Herausgegeben von G. Hinrichs. Bd. 1. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Glossa Hibernica e codicibus Wirzburgensibus Carolingensibus aliis edita* M. Zimmer. Berolini: apud Weidmannos. Londini: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Abriß der Sprachwissenschaft*. Von Dr. H. Steinthal. Th. 1. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Nutt.

(11) *Petrus Martyr Anglerius und sein Opus Epistolarum*. Von Dr. H. Heidenheimer. Berlin: Seehegen. London: Nutt.

(12) *Aus Sturm und Noth. Selbstschriften-Album des Deutschen Reiches*. Berlin: Schorer. London: Nutt.

(13) *Homer's Odyssey*. Von Johann Heinrich Voss. Abdruck der ersten Ausgabe vom Jahre 1781, mit einer Einleitung von Michael Bernays. Stuttgart: Siegle. London: Nutt.

(14) *Schwert und Feder*. Roman von Alfred Graf Adelmann. Jena: Costenoble. London: Nutt.

(15) *Die Bühnengeschichte des Goethe'schen Faust*. Von W. Creizenach. Frankfurt: Rütten & Loening. London: Nutt.

(16) *Jeri und Bätely. In der ursprünglichen Gestalt zum ersten Mal herausgegeben*. Leipzig: Velt & Co. London: Nutt.

(17) *Ungarische Revue*. Herausgegeben von Paul Hunfalvy. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

Nihilism is the creation of a mere knot of desperadoes. It rather appears the result of general dissatisfaction, accumulating dangerous elements for which no safety-valve has been provided. Another very interesting paper is Count Scher Thosz's reminiscences of the Hungarian insurrection of 1848. The Count served under G6rgey, for whom he has an enthusiastic admiration, and whose surrender to the Russians certainly seems less extraordinary when we hear of the contemptuous feeling of the latter towards their Austrian allies. G6rgey, it appears, had actually offered the crown of Hungary to the Duke de Leuchtenberg, but the overture led to nothing. Count Thosz is a plain, straightforward soldier, and ignores the political jealousy and envy which are usually supposed to have influenced his general's conduct. Dr. Brandes writes a very fair analysis of Gustave Flaubert; the Prussian officer's journal of the events of 1848 is continued, and an article on Tunis contributes something to the comprehension of the situation. The writer considers that the financial embarrassments of the Bey necessitated European intervention in some form. The State, it appears, was on the verge of bankruptcy some years ago. Khairaddin Pasha rescued it for a time; but since his disgrace the old condition of affairs has returned.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE LAND BILL.

IT was easily seen by those conversant with politics that the division on Mr. HENEAGE's amendment was a moment of great importance in the history of the Land Bill. The course of measures which, without enlisting the sympathies of Parliament or the nation in a pre-eminent degree, are eagerly forced along by a powerful Government against determined opposition is almost always uniform. In the earlier stages the mere weight and volume of the ordinary majority carry them on. But the multiplied divisions of Committee break and spend this force. Individual members begin to allow themselves liberty on points which do not seem vital, and sometimes end by extending that liberty very considerably. The strange attempt of the Birmingham Caucus to dictate to the Liberal party is not likely to check this disposition. In such cases a Government must be very strong or very lucky if it escapes compromise or disaster, and it can hardly escape the latter except by accepting the former. The name of Mr. HENEAGE may not be destined to the same immortality as that of Lord DUNKELIN; but his amendment, unsuccessful as it was, was accepted by the Government as a warning to shorten sail. Their majority was saved only by the dangerous and doubtful assistance of the Irish irreconcilables; and, if the immediate followers of Mr. PARNELL had abstained from voting, the victory would have been with the Opposition. No one who was acquainted with Mr. GLADSTONE's idiosyncrasy could doubt, when the PRIME MINISTER spoke of the rock which had so nearly wrecked him as "a point of the smallest importance in the opinion of HER MAJESTY's Government," that HER MAJESTY's Government would very shortly express their practical opinion in a different way. The point might be of very small importance, and indeed the number of English managed estates in Ireland is not asserted to be very large by anybody. But the sense of the House on the point was of very great importance, and the Cabinet appreciated it with an alacrity which is almost their first symptom of recovery from the somewhat dangerous condition of confidence and complacency in which they have rested since their accession to power.

The concessions which Mr. GLADSTONE announced on the day after the division were hardly of more importance than the general change of attitude towards amendments which he discovered, not merely then, but during the discussions in the earlier part of the present week. It has frequently been pointed out that opposition to the Bill arises not merely from the sense of the injustice of parts of it to Irish landlords, nor merely from the conviction of the harm which it may do to the general prosperity of Ireland. The cause of quarrel lies, almost as much as in either of these things, in the attitude which the Government have taken up in their obstinate refusal to explain where explanation was requested and in the overbearing fashion in which they have used their majority to rebut, without a hearing and without an argument, proposals obviously containing much that was reasonable and just. Their weapon nearly broke in their hands on Thursday week, and since that day they have been much more careful in the use of it. The two great concessions made at the end of last week relate to matters which formed a principal part of Mr. GIBSON's powerful criticism of the measure at the very beginning of the discussion. The argument that the landlord, as well as the tenant, ought to have direct

access to the Court, and that it was in the highest degree impolitic, as well as unfair, to throw on the owner the odium and the risk of raising his rents on his own responsibility and at heavy penalties, had been again and again advanced, only to be pooh-poohed and ignored. The argument that the directions to the Court in Clause 7 make it almost certain that a slice of the landlord's property would be awarded to the tenant had been even more frequently urged, and had met with even less respectful treatment. This is the more surprising as it is now known from Mr. GLADSTONE's own account that the Cabinet had not originally intended to insert the obnoxious words, and that the construction placed on those words was not that which they intended. In such a case it might have been thought that the earliest opportunity would have been taken to remove an obvious and useless stumbling-block. But it would appear that Mr. HENEAGE's amendment was a more convincing and illuminating force than all the objections of the Opposition critics. A third important concession was the omission of the penal directions in Clause 3; and this, too, might with advantage have come earlier, though it is perhaps unwise, as well as ungracious, to criticize too minutely in such matters. Of greater importance indirectly, though not of such direct moment, was the distinct admission of the PRIME MINISTER that a tenant's improvements, even if made by himself, cannot be considered as exclusively and entirely his own property. It is no wonder that this provoked not a little grumbling from the Irish members, inasmuch as it is a distinct return to the saner view of the relations between holder and owner, as compared with that which the Bill generally displays. So, too, in regard to the vexed and difficult question of the distinction between present and future tenancies, the indication of a preference for the retention of the latter as a possible road to the re-establishment of free contract in Ireland is a mercy small indeed, but still to be accepted not without thankfulness. It is true that the intimation lays the Government open to a damaging attack on the general policy of their Bill. It is true also that there is weight in the objection made by Mr. CLARKE and others to the establishment of an invidious and damaging distinction between two classes of tenants in a country where distinctions of any kind are so eagerly resented as in Ireland. But the prospect of a return to the principles of reason as opposed to those of the "present tenant" clauses of the Land Bill is perhaps too tempting to be readily abandoned, though some persons may think that this return is more likely to be effected by the failure of the measure than by its success. The uncertain and vacillating utterances of Mr. GLADSTONE as to the question of arrears were almost the only unsatisfactory points in a series of discussions which, if its results are not subsequently reversed, will have done much to modify the mischievous parts of the measure as it originally stood.

If the same attitude of compromise is maintained during the discussion of the rest of the earlier and more contentious parts of the Bill, it is obvious that its passage will be very materially facilitated. Tenant-right is, it is true, still undefined. The composition of the Court, upon which so much depends, is still unknown, and the obstinacy of the Government on Clause 1 has given sanction to several minor and incidental provisions tending to the injury of landlords and not too consistent with the subsequent modifications which have been, or are to be, intro-

duced. But what a short time ago seemed impossible has now come within the range of possibility. A great and not obviously deserved dead lift will be given to the present generation of tenants in Ireland, at the expense, indeed, of the landlords, inasmuch as every such dead lift must be at the expense of somebody, but not so unjustly at their expense as would once have been the case. Artificial arrangements will prevent the eagerness of the occupier from putting large sums into the pocket of the owner. The same arrangements will secure that these sums shall still be paid, but to the present tenant, not to his landlord, and (if the Court acts fairly) the actual rents of Ireland will on the whole be very largely raised. A considerable exodus of present tenants with the bonus secured to them by the Bill has even been prophesied with some plausibility. The relations of confidence between landlord and tenant must cease altogether, and a purely business relation precluded by the law from passing into that of tyrant and slave, but also precluded by the law from passing into that of patron and client, must take its place. A few cases of great hardship and injustice to proprietors must almost certainly occur; absenteeism is likely, in the nature of things, to become common, and a considerable peasant proprietary heavily burdened with debt may arise. This is, on the face of it, the probable result of the Bill in its present shape, and whether it is a result economically desirable or politically satisfactory must be left to individual opinion to decide. The effect of the measure on Irish agitation is less dubious, but the discussion of it is hardly in place at this particular moment. Behind every Irish demand there has hitherto sprung up at its satisfaction a new demand, less reasonable than the preceding. There is no reason to doubt, but on the contrary every reason to believe, that the successor to the "Three Fs" is perfectly ready to take its place.

THE TRANSVAAL.

IT is not to be regretted that the Commissioners in the Transvaal are out of reach of directing telegraphic despatches from Downing Street, as during the much more important negotiations at Washington, the Cabinet would probably solve every difficulty which was reported by the easy method of communicating immediate submission. The English representatives will probably be less flexible, especially as one of them has at his disposal the means of enforcing an equitable settlement in the contingency of an absolute rupture. There is no reason to fear that Sir EVELYN WOOD will recur to force except under the pressure of necessity. Since his protest against surrender was overruled, a new contest would not atone for the timid policy of the English Government. As the negotiations have not hitherto been discontinued, it may be presumed that the English Commissioners are satisfied with the credentials of their Boer colleagues. The doubts which have been expressed as to the intention of their constituents to be bound by agreements concluded by the leaders will only be solved by experience. Unless the successes which were unfortunately obtained by the insurgents in the late petty war have inspired them with undue confidence, it is difficult to believe that a body of prosperous farmers would willingly incur the risk of an unequal struggle. The Boers appear to have drifted into rebellion through the negligence and inconsistency of the English Government; for the present leaders had, with one or two exceptions, both submitted to the annexation and taken office under the English Government. They will probably be satisfied with the restoration of the form of government which they have persuaded themselves to admire since it ceased to exist, and to regret because they had lost it.

It may be hoped that a report of negotiations supposed to be instituted by the Boers with the Portuguese of Delagoa Bay is unfounded, though it is not improbable that some of the adventurers in the country have been guilty of officious intrigues. One of the few direct instructions which were addressed by Lord KIMBERLEY to the Commissioners prohibited them from conceding to the Transvaal Government the control of foreign affairs. The leaders had themselves more than once offered to submit themselves to a restriction which is obviously reasonable. The Portuguese in the mother-country are at present in a state of groundless irritation with England on account of the treaty for the establishment of a naval station at Lorenzo Marques, in the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay. It is not impossible

that mischief-makers may have taken advantage of the trivial outburst of temper to attempt some interference with English interests. It was mainly for the benefit of the Transvaal that the English Government sought to acquire a port on the South-Eastern coast; but the Boers can hardly contemplate the conversion of their little pastoral community into a maritime State. The introduction of European politics and diplomacy into South Africa would be an intolerable nuisance. The genuine landowners of Dutch or Huguenot descent are profoundly ignorant of international affairs; but foreign agents might not improbably cultivate their jealousy, and keep alive hostility to the English Government. The representatives of Boers will probably not insist on any pretension to the right of making alliances and treaties. On the other hand, Lord KIMBERLEY cannot have intended to raise the native tribes to the conventional equality which belongs to civilized foreigners. It will be more invidious to retain a protectorate over the coloured race than to claim the right of exclusive intercourse with European States. The absolute control of their own domestic affairs which has been promised to the Boers is practically incompatible with an English protectorate of the natives within their borders. The Transvaal farmers have never affected to share the philanthropic sentiments which are popular in England. An article in the constitution of the neighbouring South African Republic expressly provides that the natives shall not be admitted to social or political equality.

The best security for the good treatment of the coloured subjects of the revived Republic is to be found in their formidable numbers. They outnumber the white inhabitants, including the loyal English settlers, in the proportion of twenty to one. The same considerations will prevent the Boer negotiators from agreeing to Lord KIMBERLEY's suggestion that the relations with the natives should be superintended by the English Resident under the directions of the High Commissioner. It is still doubtful whether the Boers will assent to the appointment of a Resident if he is to be invested with any but ceremonial functions. They will certainly refuse to confer upon him powers which would bring him into constant and, perhaps, successful collision with the local Government. The intended provisions against war with independent tribes will present complicated difficulties to the negotiators. If the rare communications of newspaper Correspondents may be trusted, the Transvaal leaders and the people in general vehemently oppose the scheme of detaching strips of territory thickly inhabited by natives from the restored Republic. It is not to be expected that their objections, however unreasonable, will be overcome. It is, indeed, absurd that a community of forty thousand men, women, and children should think itself aggrieved by the surrender of districts occupied by hostile and warlike aliens, when it would still leave the Boers in possession of a country larger than the United Kingdom; but in modern times geographical generalizations have almost as much influence as still more new-fangled ethnological speculations. M. JULES FAVRE's patriotism was at least intelligible when he refused to cede a foot of French soil or a stone from a French fortress. The claim of a handful of settlers to a large patch of the map of the world is less respectable, but it may perhaps be more obstinate. Only a few years ago the colonists of New South Wales and Victoria threatened rebellion because convicts were, with the assent of the local Government, transported from England to the province of West Australia, a thousand miles off.

It is possible that in some of the discussions both parties may unintentionally contend for arrangements which would be respectively injurious to themselves. It is not for the interest of the English Government to enlarge beyond necessary limits the nominal powers of a Resident who will have no means of enforcing his decisions. Although Pretoria is less barbarous than Cabul, the English representative might in imaginable contingencies be treated as a hostage. He would at the best be exposed to the constant mortification of finding his counsels and his remonstrances neglected. The responsibilities which may be incurred by stipulations on behalf of native tribes within and without the Transvaal will almost certainly involve serious liabilities to the Boers, or to the coloured race, or to both. Lord KIMBERLEY may be right in holding that the Boers ought to recognize the independence of the Swazis, and to assent to the positions assigned to the

Zulus after the recent war; but the Boers formerly claimed some kind of sovereignty over the Swazis, and they will probably reassert their pretensions. Of the feelings of the natives within and without the Transvaal there appears to be no doubt. Many of the chiefs during the short war offered their services to the English authorities; and they were probably disappointed by the order that they should remain at peace unless they were first attacked. Nothing would be easier than to promote a general rising against the Boers; but a civilized Government cannot connect itself with barbarous allies. On the whole, it will be expedient to interfere as little as possible in the quarrels which are almost certain to arise. The English Government ought to keep aloof from disputes with the natives; but it is bound to use all possible efforts for the protection of English residents and loyal Boers. As the Dutch appear never to have competed with the English settlers in commerce or in other urban occupations, there seems to be no reason why they should now ask to drive the English, who form about a seventh of the population, from the towns which they inhabit.

MR. BRIGHT'S PROGRAMME.

IN the debate on Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S temporary substitute for the Permissive Bill, Mr. BRIGHT, after explaining that the Government attached no special meaning to the phrase of local option, sketched out, as a member of the Opposition justly remarked, three or four future QUEEN'S Speeches. Most of the measures to which he pledged himself and his colleagues seem to be, in their opinion, more urgent than the suppression of retail dealing in fermented liquors. They all partake of the nature of organic changes, and they are almost all of doubtful expediency. Mr. BRIGHT took occasion to restore to Colonel PEYRONET THOMPSON the credit of the not very recondite illustration of the dozen omnibuses which cannot be driven side by side through Temple Bar. It is not to be taken for granted without inquiry that it would be desirable largely to increase the number of legislative vehicles. There is, indeed, always useful and unambitious work for Parliament to do, as, for instance, at the present day a change is by general consent required in the law of bankruptcy; but it was not with matters so uninteresting that Mr. BRIGHT proposed to concern himself. The constitution of the House of Commons had to be altered, the tenure of landed property was to be remodelled, and London was to be provided with a municipal government. It would seem that Mr. BRIGHT is not for the moment prepared to engage in the abolition of the English and Scotch Establishments, though he concurs with his colleague Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in his opinion of their demerits. Some time since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN told his Club or Federation that it mattered little whether efforts were first directed to the demolition of the Church or to the readjustment of landed property. The institutions of the country are to be destroyed in detail; and the choice of a point of attack is of secondary importance. The leaders of the subversive party may console themselves for the delay which is caused by the disquisition of the Irish Land Bill. When the measure is passed, they will find that the precedents and the habits of mind which it will have introduced are likely to operate far beyond the limits of Ireland.

One of the most dangerous measures in Mr. BRIGHT'S list will probably, whenever it is introduced, be carried with faint opposition. As Mr. BRIGHT said, the Liberal party is, with few exceptions, unanimous in its purpose of establishing a uniform suffrage, and of giving further effect to the change by a large redistribution of seats. Many Conservatives have from time to time professed to assent to a scheme which will reduce their party and their natural allies, the moderate Liberals, to political impotence. It was understood that Lord BEACONSFIELD was inclined once more to lower the franchise after the temporary and partial success of his former experiment. Few of his surviving adherents share his strange delusion that there is a Conservative stratum underlying the lower middle class with which he had never heartily sympathised; but some of them have a taste for political symmetry; and county members are reasonably unwilling to alienate their future constituents. There is little doubt that the measure will be passed by the present Parliament, though it may probably for obvious reasons be adjourned to the last Session before the next general election. Con-

servatives and moderate Liberals, including the majority of landowners, will submit to necessity without deceiving themselves as to the consequences of the measure. It may be allowed to contemplate with prospective amusement the disappointment of the tenant farmers who have been successfully converted by the present Ministry. They have superseded their landlords in the political control of the counties; and they are disposed to use their newly acquired powers for their own exclusive benefit. Household suffrage will at once transfer their political influence to the labourers, as it has already given the artisans supremacy in the boroughs. A less important class, consisting of a small and well-meaning section of Liberals, will also regret the exclusive preponderance which will be given to numbers. The advocates of extended suffrage and of redistribution have the same object with the French partisans of the *Scrutin de liste*, which is to disfranchise and silence minorities. When there are no small constituencies, and no constituencies of special and exceptional character, the recipients of weekly wages who think and act in masses will be politically supreme. It is uncertain whether they will pass a Permissive Bill; but they will certainly not be restrained by any respect for the rights or opinions of their neighbours.

The establishment of a metropolitan municipality would be a comparatively insignificant innovation, nor is the scheme demonstrably inexpedient; but Mr. BRIGHT'S arguments in its favour are neither conclusive nor practical. London, as he truly said, has a population which bears to that of Ireland the proportion of four to five; yet the vast multitude of four million residents has no corporate government of its own. He might have added that, although the Lord Mayor is almost as gorgeous a dignitary as the Lord-Lieutenant, London is not restrained from insurrection by an army of 30,000 men, and by a police with military organization. The metropolitan members are not sent to the House of Commons to talk sedition or to obstruct Parliamentary business. Householders, who seldom own the freehold of their dwellings, pay their rents at the appointed term. There is, in truth, no great city in the world which is better or more smoothly governed. The police, including the small City force, is in the highest degree efficient; and in times of disturbance it would be much more conveniently administered as at present by the Government than by a municipal body which might possibly be disaffected. It must be remembered that since the establishment of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S political system of monopoly and exclusion, the whole powers of municipal government may be placed in the hands of one political faction. In Birmingham Conservatives are subject to disabilities as sweeping and unjust as those from which Roman Catholics were relieved half a century ago. A London Corporation constituted on the Birmingham type would be at the same time an instrument of irritating tyranny and a dangerous rival to the national Government. The municipality of Paris, representing only extreme opinions, is always attempting to encroach on the functions of the Legislature and the Cabinet. A London Corporation would probably not imitate the Commune; but it might become troublesome and formidable. It will not be a universal evil if the block at the Parliamentary Temple Bar impedes for the present the passage of the municipal omnibus. The best result which could follow from its advent would probably be that the streets would be as well lighted and paved and perfectly as safe as at present. Sooner or later the experiment will be tried; and possibly it may do no harm; but the arguments which Mr. FRETCH and others urge against the maintenance of the City Corporation are conventional and unsound. It is to be regretted that Sir W. HARCOURT pledged the Government to a civic revolution.

The abolition or modification of settlements and entails of landed property will be undertaken by the present Government in the probable contingency of its retaining office for three or four years. The change, which is inevitable and perhaps expedient, will be effected against the wish of most of those whom it will in the first instance concern. There may indeed be some life tenants who, like Lord CARRINGTON, think themselves aggrieved by the limitation of their estates to a life tenancy with remainder to direct or collateral heirs; but the advocates of strict primogeniture, applicable only to their own cases, seldom have the candour to proclaim their dissatisfaction. It is for the benefit of aspirants to the possession of landed property, and not of the actual owners, that it may be advantage-

ously relieved from some or all of the impediments to the easy and frequent transmission of ownership. The collateral agitation of farmers who, with or without reason, persuade themselves that owners in fee-simple may perhaps be more liberal than their present landlords will contribute to the same result. When Mr. BRIGHT's measures have successively become law, and when Parliament is at last at leisure to investigate the meaning of local option, England may perhaps still be great and prosperous; but it will not be the country which is familiar to the present generation. All the proposed changes are in the democratic direction; and they are indeed promoted or desired mainly because they tend to augment the power of numerical majorities. Some prejudiced minds are not anxious to see in England a reproduction of American institutions without an American abundance of land and of material resources. The best part of Mr. BURTON's programme is the definite postponement of the Permissive Bill. It is much to be wished that the measures which are to be preferred to local option might encounter similar impediments.

TUNIS.

M. ST.-HILAIRE has written another Circular in which he once more goes over the ground he has traversed so often in recounting what has happened in Tunis. There is not, and there could not be, much that is new in it. M. ST.-HILAIRE still believes in the Kroumirs, and still speaks of the wonderful benefits the French are going to confer on Tunis. He is as far as ever from wishing for annexation. Nothing, as he says, could be more imprudent than for France to add two millions more of disaffected Mussulmans to the three millions she already possesses in Algeria. The task of France in Tunis is different from that which she has undertaken in Algeria. She is not going to rule Arabs, but to work Tunis to the profit of Tunis, of herself, and of foreign Powers. And she will be likely to do this easily, and she believes she has made an excellent start. She is pursuing everywhere a pacific policy, and nowhere has she shown this more conclusively than in Tunis itself. France, M. ST.-HILAIRE says, never quarrelled with the Bey. It never thought of declaring war against him, and he was not slow to comprehend the friendly intentions of his visitors. He signed a treaty whence nothing but blessings can spring to his country, if only it will receive them as they come. A pacific patient benefactress is the character in which France has really come forward, if only the world will but recognize what has really taken place. If M. ST.-HILAIRE likes to write in this way, no one can stop him; and it must be assumed that there are persons to whom his Circular is addressed, and who are expected to accept it as an accurate exposition of his policy. In very remote parts of France there may be electors who know little and think little, who have a dim sense that peace benefits them, and who will believe that it really is a pacific and benevolent proceeding to bombard the forts of a foreign prince, to collect troops round his palace, to present to him a treaty by which he gives up his independence, and allow him a couple of hours in which to sign it. Elsewhere this new Circular can provoke nothing but amazement and regret. French diplomacy has gone back into the worst of its old bad ways. It has relapsed into the fulsome style of the First NAPOLEON, whose profound contempt for mankind always impelled him to believe that no statements could be too audacious for fools to swallow. Why cannot M. ST.-HILAIRE describe in plain language exactly what has happened? Whatever he says, the facts remain precisely the same. By the exercise of overwhelming force France has made the Bey accept a protectorate to which he was extremely averse. France has had her own way; no one has interfered with her. She has thought it in her interest to establish this protectorate, and no one has thought it necessary to say a word against this very high-handed, and even brutal, treatment of a little potentate. She has no reason to conceal what she has done, for it is impossible to conceal it, and her acts have passed without remonstrance. It is not that the French have established themselves as masters in Tunis that her neighbours resent. It is the mode in which they got what they wanted; and, above all, the absurd mystifications and misrepresentations in which M. ST.-HILAIRE thinks it advisable to wrap up

the simplest facts that disgust and distress the best friends of France.

Out of such an act as the establishment of a protectorate by surprise and force there are sure to grow difficulties on difficulties, each of which may be small, but all of which require much tact, forbearance, and good temper to overcome, and any of which may some day have grave consequences. The animosity provoked by recent occurrences between the French and the Italians has taken the form of most serious disturbances at Marseilles. There are said to be 50,000 Italians at Marseilles, and in so large a number there are sure to be many turbulent spirits who are much too ready with their knives, and who, if excited, are very unpleasant neighbours. Whether the Italians began the rioting is doubtful, but very serious rioting broke out, which the authorities were unable to suppress; Frenchmen and Italians were wounded or killed; and the French mob, when it had got the upper hand, treated the defenceless Italians with insolent brutality. Both the French and the Italian authorities have exerted themselves strenuously to restore peace, and the Italian Government has suppressed with creditable firmness mob meetings at Genoa and Naples intended to stir up the spirit of the Italian nation against France. The Italian Government has recognized that it cannot afford to quarrel with France, and that, if it is not going to quarrel openly, it would only make itself ridiculous by sulking and getting up small controversies in which it did not intend to persist. The French protectorate in Tunis exists; and, as the Italian Government cannot undo an accomplished fact, it must make the best of a protectorate which it very much dislikes. It wants, too, to bring out as soon as possible its great loan, which is to restore Italian finance to its proper footing, and for success in this cordial relations between Italy and France are indispensable. The Government, therefore, very properly says that it will not at such a moment allow the conduct of the national policy to be taken out of its hands by irresponsible agitators, and will, if necessary, use its troops to put down any movement which endangers the friendship of Italy and France. But no Government can prevent the memory of what has taken place in Tunis and the treatment of Italians at Marseilles ranking in the mind of the Italian people. Probably Frenchmen will think that Italian indignation will soon blow over, or that, if it does not, it cannot much hurt France. It is quite true that Italy single-handed cannot hope to encounter France on equal terms. But so many changes and chances may happen in European affairs, there are so many elements of disturbance stirring, there are so many difficult questions unsettled, that it is impossible to say that the increasing feeling of hostility towards France which animates Italy may not some day bear unexpected fruit. By its latest exhibition of a pacific policy France has set the ball of commotion rolling, and it is a ball that may roll a long way before it stops.

There are also difficulties of a very different kind to which the French protectorate is giving rise. If France overwants a pretext for quarrelling with the Porte about Tripoli, it is sure now to have one always at hand. It is not only that the Tripoli Arabs may be accused of stirring up the Tunisian Arabs and the Tunisian Arabs of stirring up the Algerian Arabs, so that the French have got a new set of Kroumirs perpetually ready for them whenever it suits France to discover their existence; but France has already a dispute with Turkey about Tripoli, which is of a very curious kind. By the treaty with the Bey, the French exclusively represent Tunis, and protect Tunisians in every part of the world. The French Government has accordingly notified to the Porte that Tunisians in Tripoli will be protected henceforth by French diplomatic representatives. But, in the eyes of the Porte, Tunisians are subjects of the SULTAN, and, therefore, his subjects are to be represented in his territory by a foreign Power. It is scarcely possible that in the ordinary course of things there should not be Tunisians in Tripoli who will ask for French protection, and whenever the question is practically raised, France will have no choice but to insist on its right to represent those who claim its protection. To fail to do this would be to abandon the ground so vehemently taken by France, that the Tunisians are not, and never were, in the time of historical memory, Ottoman subjects. If France insists, the Porte must give way, but it will only give way under the pressure of extreme necessity, and because the French will

threaten to occupy Tripoli if it does not give way. The annexation—or, to use M. ST.-HILAIRE's euphemism—the civilisation of Tripoli will some day be found to be the logical consequence of the pacific policy of France in Tunis. There is, also, a more immediate cause of difficulty—the irrepressible M. ROUSTAN. He has made the BEY appoint him Tunisian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he has notified to his diplomatic colleagues that they are to do all business through him. There appears to have been some confusion as to the position occupied by M. ROUSTAN, and it was supposed to alter technically the status of the diplomatic representatives of other Powers. But in name, at least, this is not so. The English Consul-General retains all his immunities. He can ask to see the BEY as much as he ever could, and is as sure to see him, and as sure to be told that the BEY will think over what has been said and will consult his Ministers before he gives an answer. What is altered is not the relation of the diplomatic representatives of other Powers to the BEY, but their relations to each other. They are no longer on an equality. There are now two M. ROUSTANS—one who is their colleague, and one who is to give them the answer of the Power to whom they are accredited—and they will never know which M. ROUSTAN they are addressing. Diplomatic representation would be impossible if such a double character was recognized in the person of one of the body, and the precedent is so dangerous that the English Government had no choice but to point out, as Lord GRANVILLE says it is doing, to the French Government the inconveniences of the course taken by M. ROUSTAN. It is not, however, the preponderating influence of M. ROUSTAN that we can object to. If he remained Foreign Secretary and had a friend who was another self as Consul-General, his influence would be undiminished, but there would be no good ground for objecting to the arrangement when once we have accepted the French protectorate. It is only the precedent of inequality among diplomatic representatives that is a cause of serious remonstrance.

FREE-TRADE.

IT is to be regretted that for the first time in nearly forty years the principles of Free-trade should become subjects of controversy in England. The vindication of reciprocity or retaliation is passing from mere blunderers and simpletons into the hands of ingenious champions of paradox, who habitually, and often not without reason, suspect the soundness of popular commonplaces. Experience has shown that in almost all civilized communities the concentrated selfishness of producers prevails over the diffused interests of consumers. The profit to be obtained by a comparatively small number of vendors is more intelligible or more visible than the advantage conferred by cheapness on the multitude of consumers. Manufacturers in many countries succeed in persuading their customers that the national wealth is augmented when a profitable market is provided for native industry. It would seem that either an exercise of imagination or a faculty of generalizing is required to apprehend the simple proposition that it is wasteful to pay more for any commodity than it is worth. Americans, Frenchmen, Russians, and Australian colonists agree in the policy of subsidizing, at their own expense, the producers whom they suppose to be identified in interest with themselves. When for special reasons England remained exempt from the general fallacy, it was proved in many elementary treatises that it would be cheaper to pension off privileged manufacturers than to buy their goods at an artificial price; but the belief in sound doctrines really rested not on conclusive arguments, but on casual circumstances. The educated classes became convinced at the time when the masses were converted by appeals to their social prejudices. The accidental alliance of democracy with political economy alone caused the triumph of Free-trade.

The old system of colonial monopoly was not in itself wholly irrational. The sovereign community made no pretence of consulting the interest of its dependencies when it required them to confine their purchases to English produce. The converse preference which was given in the home markets to colonial sugar or rum was an unconscious sacrifice on the part of the mother-country. The total or partial exclusion of foreign corn from English markets had

a more plausible excuse than almost any other instance of Protection, though it was both pernicious and unjustifiable. In conceivable cases it might be advantageous to rely for the necessities of life on domestic supplies, for the exclusion of foreign imports by a combination of enemies who might acquire the command of the sea would now produce severe distress. Nevertheless, it was on the whole worth while to run the risk of a remote risk for the sake of removing a chronic grievance. It would probably have been impossible to abolish the Corn Laws, if land had been subdivided in England as in France. Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT had the great advantage of directing their attacks against a small privileged minority. Those who were contemporary with the Corn Law League remember the animosity which its leaders expressed against the aristocracy, which, as they said, took advantage of its political power to tax the community. It was no part of their contention to remind their disciples that a larger and more powerful body of landowners would have been more formidable opponents. Mr. COBDEN was a sound economist as well as an effective agitator; but the tradition which represents him as a disputant who relied wholly on commercial arguments is altogether fictitious. Fortunately for his purpose, it happened that the majority of English manufacturers cared at the time but little for Protection. Except in certain articles of luxury, they were not liable to be undersold at home, and in neutral markets no tariff could help them. The victory of the Corn Law League, culminating in the conversion of Sir ROBERT PEEL, determined the opinion of the general community for a whole generation. The most considerable survivor of the Corn-law agitation is not yet tired of fighting over his early battles on all possible opportunities. Not long since Mr. BRIGHT publicly gloated over an imaginary picture of landlords who, in his judgment, might have had to fly for their lives if they had persisted in their opposition to the League. It is perfectly true that they were fortunate and well advised in recognizing like the less powerful combatants in the Iliad and the Paradise Lost, the rising scale which indicated the futility of further struggle.

It would be unjust to blame Mr. COBDEN for the partial failure of his later enterprise. His anticipations of the result of the French Treaty have been particularly disappointed; but he is more open to criticism as an economical heretic than as a false prophet. In concert with the Emperor NAPOLEON he deliberately countenanced a popular delusion when he balanced reductions of the English tariff against corresponding, though unequal, concessions on the part of France. If a sagacious ruler thought himself obliged to deal with his subjects as children, the negotiator on the other side hoped not unreasonably that they would learn by experience how far their representatives and teachers had been wiser than themselves. It now appears that the curriculum of economic study has not been long enough, though it has extended over twenty years. Republican France has not advanced as far as the Imperial Government of 1860. French newspapers affect with foolish bluster to resent the surprise and irritation which have been caused in England by the discovery that Continental communities and Governments have, like the restored BOURBONS, learned and forgotten nothing. On this side it is undoubtedly true that, according to the current and questionable figure of speech, a wave of reciprocity is beginning to rise and to spread. It is not even impossible that, if the French Treaty now in process of negotiation fails, attempts will be made to increase the duties on French wines and spirits, and perhaps on silk manufactures. The country will not be ruined either by an addition to the price of claret or by the increased cost of fashionable dresses; but the change, as far as it operates, will be injurious, and the angry feeling which it will excite will confirm the belief of Frenchmen that England has been converted to the doctrine of Protection. The community would be more prosperous than at present if foreign countries would have consulted their own advantage by a rational system of commercial intercourse; but comparative penury is not a reason for making bad bargains or creating a factitious dearth. Nearly a hundred years ago PITT, according to the statement of Lord GRANVILLE, had formed a plan for the total abolition of Customs duties. If he had not been prevented by the war of the French Revolution from executing his design, he might perhaps have induced all other nations to follow the example of England. They are now engaged in a servile imitation of an ob-

solite English stage of progress; and perhaps, if they are let alone, they may ultimately prefer the more modern example. It is in any case not desirable to turn back to meet them.

If the more enlightened apologists of retaliation will consider the details of any possible war of tariffs, they may satisfy themselves that any increase of Customs duties which would be tolerated at home would be far too insignificant to coerce foreign monopolists. It is admitted on all hands that the vast amount of imports which consists of articles of food must remain wholly exempt from taxation. Raw materials of manufacture form another exception to the possibilities of fiscal experiment. There remain such articles as wine and silk, of which neither is exclusively a French production. Increased duties on claret and champagne would operate as gratuitous boons to Spanish and Portuguese wine-growers, unless the general rate of taxation were increased. If all wines were made artificially dearer, brewers, who have not lately been favourites of legislation, would perhaps obtain a share of the profit. The annual trade returns, though they might be more satisfactory, indicate no considerable or permanent decline in commerce and industry. It is a hardship that great and rich markets should be wholly or partially closed to English produce; but the amount of exports is enormous in comparison with the totals of twenty years ago. It is true that the Free-trade propaganda has not been brilliantly successful; but it is possible that, if one great commercial nation continues to consult its own interests, other countries may in turn follow its example. If not, there is no reason for copying their wasteful ignorance. Even in France there seems to be a perceptible reaction against the policy which has dictated the General Tariff. Some Chambers of Commerce have represented to the Legislature that the failure of negotiations for a commercial treaty will be injurious to some classes of French manufacturers. It would have perhaps been injudicious to suggest that the consumers or the French people in general are also entitled to consideration. The unusual coincidence of popular opinion with sound principle, which has been produced in England by special causes, ought to be carefully cherished.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

THE controversy about the Channel Tunnel has advanced a stage. At a meeting of the South-Eastern Railway Company last week Sir EDWARD WATKIN took occasion to describe the position in which the experiment now stands. The shafts already sunk have shown good reason for thinking that there exists underneath the Channel a stratum which water cannot penetrate. In the course of the year it is hoped that two miles—one on each side of the Channel—of an experimental tunnel, seven feet in diameter, will be constructed. When this has been accomplished, Sir EDWARD WATKIN intends to propose that the English and French promoters shall each carry this experimental tunnel nine miles further. If they can meet beneath the middle of the Channel, the whole question, in Sir EDWARD WATKIN's opinion, will be settled. Until that day arrives, neither the French nor the British investor will be asked to embark his capital in the venture. The expense has hitherto been borne by the heroic proprietors of the South-Eastern Railway Company. Theirs has been the sacrifice, and theirs will be the reward. When the tunnel is made, the South-Eastern Railway will be part of a direct line extending from the North of Scotland to the extreme South of Europe, and will not that be a pretty property to set before a railway shareholder?

Sir EDWARD WATKIN no doubt thinks it strange that any one can be found to deal discouragement to so promising an enterprise. But the day after the report of the meeting appeared the *Times* made the cruel suggestion that the project of a Channel Tunnel has two faces, and that the uses to which it may be turned in time of war are not equally attractive with those to which it is proposed to turn it in time of peace. "The tunnel, with both ends in hostile hands, would be a safe passage ready made for the invader." The French end will certainly not be in our hands, and conceivably therefore it may be in hostile hands; and "will it be possible for us so to guard the English end of the passage that it can never fall into any other hands than our own?" At all events, whether it were ever

turned to the account of an invader or not, the country would never be free from fear that it might be so turned. The tunnel can be had, but it can only be had at a price, and that a price which must be paid by others than those who will profit by the shortening of the journey to Paris or by the higher fares which may be charged for the accommodation. To this objection Sir EDWARD WATKIN has two answers, one moral, the other material. The moral answer is that "every civilized country, knowing that the means of attack, if any, would be mutual, if not equal, would be ready on the demand of England to make the tunnel sacred ground in time of war." The material answer is that "a pound of dynamite, or the opening of a well-devised sluice, would render the tunnel impassable." As regards the first of these contentions, it does not give us anything like the comfort which it seems to give Sir EDWARD WATKIN. We are not sure that every civilized country would be ready even to declare the Channel Tunnel sacred ground in time of war. A great many civilized countries might be willing to do this much, but then everything would depend on who the recusants happened to be. We might secure the desired declaration from Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Greece, Sweden, and Roumania, and Sir EDWARD WATKIN might thereupon remark, with perfect truth, that a majority of the Continental Powers had consented to neutralize the tunnel. But if Germany and Russia had merely observed that it was no affair of theirs, Sir EDWARD WATKIN would probably find that the impression made on his countrymen by what he calls the hobgoblin argument was not greatly lessened. Supposing, however, that all the Continental Powers had conceded our demand, what would be the security that the concession would be effective? What usually happens is that, as soon as it becomes convenient to any Power to disregard an arrangement of this kind, it is disregarded, and each of the guaranteeing Powers then considers for itself whether it is worth its while to keep its promise. If it is not worth its while, it writes a few strong despatches, and warns the offender that, though no harm may come to him this time, he must not presume upon any similar impunity in the future. After this, perhaps, a Conference is held, in which it is agreed that the understanding shall hereafter be regarded as suspended in all cases in which any one of the guaranteeing Powers shall decline to be a party to enforcing it.

Sir EDWARD WATKIN's material answer is more to the purpose. The probability that the tunnel could be used by an invader in anticipation of a declaration of war is very small; and, as soon as war had been declared, the pound of dynamite or the well-devised sluice might at once be called into play. Sir EDWARD WATKIN forgets, however, that to make the tunnel useless before we had ascertained whether it would be protected by the neutral Powers would, with reason, be regarded as showing distrust of their intention to remain neutral, so that it is conceivable that a daring invader might turn the tunnel to some account even after a declaration of war. Supposing, however, that the dynamite or the sluice had done its work, how long would be needed to undo it? This is really a more important consideration than any other, because it bears upon the real use to which the tunnel would be put by an enemy if it should ever be used at all. There is not much reason to fear that an invading army will march through the tunnel, and establish themselves at Dover. But there may be real reason to fear that an invading army, having effected a landing on our shores, might seize the tunnel, repair it if injured, and then use it as a means of maintaining its communications. This is admitted, curiously enough, by a writer signing himself M.P., who is nevertheless of opinion that "as a practical matter the only question which either the promoters of the tunnel or the public need ask is 'Will it pay?' not 'Will the French invade?'" "Of course," he says, "if our supposed enemy had the command of the sea, and were in a position to land 100,000 men upon our shores, the possession of the tunnel would give him an immense additional advantage." We should think it would. The possession of the tunnel would destroy the value of our second line of defence. It cannot be thought impossible that an enemy having secured, by deception or force, the temporary command of the sea should land 50,000 men upon the English coast. But what hitherto has been thought impossible is that these 50,000 men should be able to advance far inland without being annihilated by a defending force greatly superior in

numbers, though not in training. Now this impossibility will count for nothing if successive armies of 50,000 men can be passed through the tunnel. The whole advantage of our insular position would then be lost. After once the landing had been effected, and the tunnel repaired, the process of invasion would be reduced to a mere crossing of an imaginary frontier underneath the sea.

It is essential, therefore, to the security of the tunnel from a military point of view, that it should be capable at a moment's notice, not merely of being rendered unusable for a time, but of being virtually destroyed. Even then its existence would be a source of just uneasiness, because we could not feel certain that the natural unwillingness of the Government to destroy so costly an undertaking might not lead them to delay giving the order for destruction until it had become impossible to execute it. The question which Parliament will have to consider when the experiments have been concluded, and the possibility of constructing the tunnel demonstrated, is this. Is it worth while to run any risk at all in a matter of such inestimable importance merely to save travellers from sea-sickness, to place English newspapers on the breakfast-tables of the people of Paris on the morning of publication, and to make the South-Eastern Railway a magnificent property? That Parliament will say No to this question in the end is not perhaps improbable; but in that case would it not be well to spare the promoters of the tunnel the cost and trouble of making further experiments?

OPIMUM IN BURMAH.

THE use or abuse of opium has done so much harm in Burmah that the authorities find themselves compelled to place new restrictions on its consumption. Whatever could be done to lessen the consumption by artificially increasing the price has been done. There are very heavy import duties on opium, and still heavier duties on the sale in the shape of taxes for licences to keep opium houses. In one way or another the selling price in Burmah is ten times what the drug costs when it reaches a Burmese port. It was thought that by thus enhancing the cost, the general consumption of opium would be checked, while there would be enough to meet what is termed in the Report of the Chief Commissioner a *bonâ fide* demand, and that the revenue would gain all that could be gained for it without provoking a system of illegitimate supply. But in one respect these expectations have been signally disappointed. The revenue has largely profited, and the *bonâ fide* demand has been amply provided for, but the general consumption has not been checked. On the contrary, the consumption in 1879 was double what it was in 1869, and the consequences have been most lamentable. To the Burmese opium was a novelty, and it had all the attractions of a novelty and of a thing which it was at once pleasant and wrong to enjoy. A race physically weak, having no personal or hereditary power of bearing the ill effects of opium, ignorant of the consequences of indulgence, or reckless of those consequences when placed beyond doubt, was sure to exhibit in the shortest possible time all the worst evils that excessive use of opium can engender. What these evils are is summed up tersely and effectively in the Report. Among the Burmese, it is officially stated, the habitual use of the drug saps the physical and mental energies, destroys the nerves, emaciates the body, predisposes to disease, induces indolent and filthy habits of life, destroys self-respect, is one of the most fertile sources of misery, destitution, and crime, fills the gaols with men of relaxed frame, predisposed to dysentery and cholera, prevents the due extension of cultivation and the development of the land revenue, checks the natural growth of the population, and enfeebles the constitution of succeeding generations. There are one or two touches in this dismal picture which betray the special hand of an official, such as the complaint that prisoners are not as healthy as the State ought to have them, and that opium interferes with the land revenue. But there can be little doubt that the general blackness of the picture is not overcharged. One Commissioner, indeed, says that he looked in vain for the victims of opium. He everywhere heard of them; but he everywhere heard that they were to be found in the next village. The balance of testimony is, however, very strongly the other way. Commissioner after Commissioner

reports that in his district, wherever opium is used, material prosperity is going rapidly backwards. A sufficient case is made out for the interference of the Government. It is proposed that opium shall still be sold, but that it shall be sold in much fewer houses, and that it shall only be consumed in licensed houses. It might seem that this latter provision would be very difficult to enforce practically; but those who propose it know perfectly well the people to whom it is to be applied, and they evidently think that the Burmese will not venture to evade what they are told is to be the law. Less opium will, it is calculated, be sold, and the revenue will suffer; but, as it will only suffer to the extent of 50,000l., the loss is one that may easily be borne.

What is chiefly interesting in the Report is the general attitude of the English officials towards opium, on the one hand, and that of the more respectable natives on the other. The officials have no kind of prejudice against opium, and they have a very tender care for the revenue. When we read the long list of awful evils which the abuse of opium entails, we might expect that the officials who testify to the existence of these evils, and who seem out to the heart by the tale of woe which they themselves unfold, would curse opium altogether, desire that no opium should be sold, and would rather lose the whole revenue which opium provides than allow the people to go on suffering another day from evils which the Government could stop if it pleased. As the Government can now ensure that all opium brought into Burmah shall pass through the Custom House, and as the authorities think that they can so watch over the population that henceforth no one shall use opium in private, it is obvious that the Government could, if it chose, stop the use of opium altogether. But the officials are not at all in the temper of heated philanthropists. This, in fact, is a temper to which officials in all parts of the world are the last of men to give way. The Burmese officials fully recognize that there is such a thing as a *bonâ fide* demand for opium, and are very pleased that the revenue should gain by the demand being adequately supplied. This *bonâ fide* demand means the demand of persons who can take opium without its doing them much harm. In Burmah there are many Chinese, to whom opium is a necessary of life, and the Chinese, as the officials assure us, are not hurt by opium. They do not make themselves offete with opium, they do not lessen the stream of healthy prisoners, they do not check the wholesome growth of the land revenue. They have learned by long practice how opium ought to be taken. If they stupefy themselves, they only stupefy themselves as much as their practised and hardy frames can bear. This is, in many ways, instructive and satisfactory. We may hope that when we grow opium in India for China we are not only getting a handsome revenue for ourselves, but are giving a harmful product to people who do not get much harm from it. Some people, as the evidence from Burmah shows, can take opium and some cannot. What is true of the Chinese in Burmah may be true of some natives. The evidence of the Commissioner who could never find the supposed victims of opium may at least be taken to show that in some districts some Burmese take opium without harm. These natives and the Chinese are those whose anxiety to buy the drug constitutes the *bonâ fide* demand for it. Their wishes are to be gratified. Total abstinence is not to be imposed on them because other persons are not so prudent or so hardened as they are.

The respectable part of the Burmese population is very strong in its denunciation of the evils of using opium, and would be delighted to see the Government take more extreme measures than those now proposed. They look on the use of opium as a distinct contravention of their religion. They are taught to think that so mischievous an indulgence is sinful, and the sin of using opium is one from which they have not to wean themselves, but one which is unknown to them, and is a novelty in their country. There can be no doubt that, if British Burmah ruled itself, it would altogether prohibit the use of opium, and it is the English Government that refuses them the local option which they would quickly exercise if they were permitted. Nor in their eyes does this legalization of a sin stand alone. It is a part of a new order of things before which the old order is crumbling away. In countless ways the population is feeling the shock of Western ideas, and the influences of ancient custom, tradition, and religion are fading away. If Burmese of the old school cannot stop the tide of inno-

vation, they can mourn over it and make their wailings heard. To them it means the end of all they know, trust in, and believe in. When men in whose minds a peculiar system of ideas and belief has been ingrained are looking on at a general decay and collapse of all that they are accustomed to and venerate, the legalization by conquerors of what they held to be a sin seems especially awful and monstrous. They see in it the handwriting on the wall which plainly foretells their doom. In the case of opium they have the advantage of being able to point to consequences the gravity of which is conspicuous, whether using opium is treated as a sin or not. They can ask the Supreme Government whether it can endure that the population of which it has charge shall wither away under its eyes. Very naturally they make the most of such evil consequences of using opium as they can point to; and they can point to many as to which those to whom they appeal have no doubt. But the natives of the old school and the Government, although they are working towards the same end in restraining the use of opium, are working on very different lines. The natives wish to arrest that invasion of Western ideas which brings with it the legalization of what to them are sins. The Government merely wishes to save those who are not fit to take opium from taking it. It is scarcely possible to suppose that the invasion of Western ideas will be at all checked by the action of the Government, and it may even be said that the persistence of the Government in offering the natives opium under conditions that will lessen the evils of its abuse is itself a fresh step towards that dissolution of the ancient fabric of Eastern society which, when completed, will be one of the most momentous changes that mankind has ever witnessed.

DESERTION.

LORD GALLOWAY has good reason for saying that desertion is a subject that no one seems inclined to take up. The existence of this steady drain on the small nominal strength of the army is not denied. The means by which it may be checked are pretty well known; indeed, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF seldom makes a speech without mentioning one or both of them. Still the subject is not "taken up." Lord GALLOWAY will perhaps ask how he can take it up more energetically than he does, and it is not easy to answer the question. The conditions which make a subject pressing as well as important are hard to specify, and, until they exist, the most energetic apostle will commonly find that he is preaching to deaf ears. The only comfort that can be given him is that his seemingly neglected sermons may be among the causes which will one day bring the subject to the front. Lord MORLEY contended that there is no foundation for the connexion which Lord GALLOWAY wished to set up between desertion and short service. The fault of Lord GALLOWAY's argument was that in seeking for the explanation of desertion it went too far afield. There will always be, as the Duke of CAMBRIDGE said, a certain percentage of men who, after they have joined the army, will find that they do not like it. As soon as this discovery has been made, one inducement to desertion will come into play. Whether a man will resist it or yield to it will depend on his character, his temperament, and on his calculation of his chance of being able to desert without being brought back. If he has no sense of military obligation, is willing to run a good deal of risk to get what he wants, and has noticed that very few of those who have deserted from the same regiment have troubled the military authorities again, he will probably be off on the first opportunity. There is another motive, however, which seems to be more operative still. To a considerable number of recruits the process of receiving and spending the bounty is so agreeable that, as soon as it is over, they are anxious to begin it again. A great proportion of the desertions from the army, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE states, is owing to the same men repeatedly deserting. It frequently happens that one man will desert half-a-dozen times, and one hero had deserted eight times in the course of his military career. Neither of these forms of desertion is, perhaps, specially associated with the short service or the linked battalion system. In tracing them to these causes Lord GALLOWAY may be thought to overlook the causes that lie at his feet—dislike of the service and a wish to make money without working for it. But, if Lord GALLOWAY did not handle the subject in the most effective way, he

deserves praise for handling it at all. It is true, no doubt, that the question is not one which can be discussed to much purpose in Parliament. But frequent discussions in Parliament help to keep a question before the minds of those who have to deal with it, and in this way the little debate of Monday may be of more use than appears. We do not mean, of course, that the military authorities are indifferent to the evil of desertion. But they know that the real remedies for it are not popular, and unless the subject is occasionally forced upon them from outside, they may not unnaturally be tempted to give the question up as hopeless.

Repeated desertion would be more easily checked than desertion for the first time. All that is needed to put an end to it is that each recruit shall be marked on joining in a way that it shall not be possible to efface. If a man who had once been a soldier could be known as a soldier for the rest of his life fraudulent re-enlistment would be at an end. It used to be thought that vaccination, if performed in a particular way, left a mark which could always be recognized; but, according to Lord MORLEY, out of every 100 recruits who were revaccinated in 1879, only 38 were permanently marked. "To mark the men in any other way" would be likely to excite prejudice, and so to cause a diminution in the number of the recruits. Some people might like to know upon what evidence Lord MORLEY rests his belief that the marking of recruits would excite prejudice. Why, it might be asked, should a man dislike wearing the QUEEN's mark on his arm when he does not dislike wearing the QUEEN's coat on his back? It is plain enough that the man who proposes to make a trade of desertion would dislike it, and in this way the marking of recruits would probably tend to lessen their numbers. But a loss of this kind might conceivably be a gain. A recruit is wanted for service, not as a means of stimulating the secretion of bounties. It may be contended that the strongest reason why a well-disposed recruit should dislike being permanently marked as a soldier would be his thinking that the fact would tell against him after he had left the army. If there is any foundation for this fear, it either points to the existence of serious defects in military discipline, or it is merely a survival from a time when to be a soldier was taken as a pretty fair indication that a man was not steady enough to be anything else. Lingering prejudices of this kind are not to be got rid of by humouring them. If there is any reason to think that they are something more than prejudices, and that the army is a bad school for civil life, additional pains ought to be taken to make it a better school. At all events, the objection to marking recruits is one that may have to be faced. Why should a man dislike being known for the remainder of his life to have served the QUEEN? It is conceivable that if only privates were marked the practice might be objected to. A man who has become prosperous might perhaps not care to have it known that he was once a private soldier. But, it may be rejoined, if officers and privates were marked alike, the existence of the mark would tell nothing as to the rank in the army which a man had held. It would simply indicate that he had served the QUEEN in the capacity of a soldier.

As regards the other cause of desertion, the dislike which a recruit finds that he feels to the service, the only thing that can remove it is to make the life of a soldier more attractive. Men do not usually abandon trades which are either pleasant or profitable, and in an army recruited by voluntary enlistment, recruits will be gained and kept in proportion as the service satisfies one or both of these conditions. The ideal perfection of an army such as ours would be that membership of it should be an object of brisk competition; and the least we can do is to make membership of it a rather better thing than is ordinarily open to men who are not skilled workmen. Here the question of money comes in. We lose recruits for the same reason which makes it difficult to get them—the reason that the army does not seem to them worth entering or worth staying in. When a man is free to enlist or not as he chooses, he naturally sets to work to consider the prospects which enlistment and non-enlistment severally hold out to him. He weighs the wages and the food which he will get as a soldier against the wages and the food which he may hope to get in such other capacities as may be open to him. No doubt this process is not always gone through consciously. But when a man is about to take up an employment which he will be bound to follow for some years, it is almost always gone through

unconsciously. As regards the immediate advantages held out, the army has no cause, probably, to fear comparison with other trades. But there is this serious drawback to it, that it has ordinarily to be given up in the prime of life, and that when it is given up, a means of livelihood has again to be looked for, and to be looked for under less favourable circumstances than those in which the search was first made. A discharged soldier is not unlikely to find the ordinary avenues to employment closed against him. His old companions have found work years before, and have already gained the expertness which makes them worth employing. If he wishes to enter himself for the race upon anything like equal terms, he must be willing to take the work and the wages which he would have taken at eighteen. The remedy for this state of things is to be looked for partly in deferred pay, which may counterbalance, at least in the imagination of the recruit, this inability to work as well as other men of the same age, and still more in the removal of the inability itself. There seems but little reason why every soldier should not be taught another trade than that of fighting. He cannot be always in the drill-ground; and it is a common complaint of commanding officers that they do not know how to keep him out of mischief when he is not in the drill-ground. If some of the time which it is found so difficult to dispose of harmlessly were disposed of usefully, a soldier might find himself at the end of his time with the colours a fairly good workman at the trade which he proposed to follow in civil life.

THE TELEGRAPH CLERKS.

THE telegraph clerks have been chastened even in the hour of victory. They have found a champion in Mr. O'DONNELL, and it is one of Mr. O'DONNELL's peculiar characteristics that those whom he befriends are always seized with a passionate longing that he had been their enemy instead. Whatever may be the result of the searching questions which he is about to address to the Government, his clients cannot possibly be the better for his aid. The Treasury will look with increased suspicion on an agitation which gives telegraph clerks such very strange associates; and, when the Treasury gives its mind to a conflict with the subordinate members of the Civil Service, it commonly gets its way. This is to be regretted because, though the attitude of the telegraph clerks is very far from being irreproachable, there is no doubt that in several respects they have been hardly used. Mr. FAWCETT avows as much in his letter of the 13th of June. He has satisfied himself that "substantial grievances" exist, and upon all but two of the complaints put forward he is willing to make concessions. A new scale of wages is to be introduced, which will involve an increased immediate charge of 44,000*l.* and an eventual increased charge of 128,000*l.* a year. Overtime is to be more highly paid, especially when it has to be given on Sundays, Christmas-day, or Good Friday. This change will cost the country 15,000*l.* a year additional. Night attendance is to be reduced to seven hours, which will necessitate an increased expenditure of 9,000*l.* a year. Besides these changes, which require the co-operation of the Treasury, Mr. FAWCETT is considering how to give one month's leave in the year to those who now have only three weeks, and three weeks to those who now have only a fortnight. The points upon which he is still at issue with the telegraph clerks are the rate of payment during illness, and the right of telegraphists to be paid on what is known as the PLAYFAIR Scale. Mr. FAWCETT does not propose to increase the present allowance of half-pay during illness, the reason, no doubt, being that in a large staff the possibilities of malingering are so numerous that nothing short of a very material difference between the rate of pay when they are well and when they are ill will keep the health of the clerks at anything like its normal standard. As regards the application of the PLAYFAIR Scale, Mr. FAWCETT and the Treasury alike hold that the telegraph clerks have not a leg to stand on. Many thousands of persons, says Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH, who are equally with these telegraphists officers and clerks in the Permanent Civil Service of the Crown, receive less than they would receive under the PLAYFAIR Scale; and there is no apparent reason why the complaining clerks should take the PLAYFAIR rather than any other scale as an index to what justice would give them.

In their answer to Mr. FAWCETT the Treasury, while consenting to all his specific proposals, proceed to read the clerks a severe lecture upon the offence they have been guilty of in trying to better their condition by agitation. It is this part of the letter that has so shocked and so startled Mr. O'DONNELL. "My Lords" are "not prepared to acquiesce in any organized agitation which openly seeks to bring its extensive voting power to bear on the House of Commons against the Executive Government responsible for conducting in detail the administration of the country." If Mr. O'DONNELL will allow us to say so without essaying to bring us to the Bar of the House of Commons, the Treasury are only using the language of strict common sense. It is impossible to argue a question of this sort without some regard to consequences. Mr. O'DONNELL contends that the Treasury, or, as he prefers to put it, "a Secretary to the Treasury," is seeking to deprive the telegraph clerks of the common constitutional right of appealing to Parliament for the redress of grievances. He forgets that the grievance of which these clerks complain is one of a kind with which the Legislature does not ordinarily concern itself. Why should Parliament interfere between employer and employed merely because the employer happens to be the Government? The telegraph clerks are not compelled to sell their services for less than they think them worth; they are free to give the customary notice and to go about their business. The Executive Government may properly consider with itself whether the pay is good enough to attract the right kind of clerks or to make those it does attract sufficiently contented to do their work well. But this is simply the kind of attention which any prudent private merchant would give to the demands of his clerks; and the fact that it is due from the Government to the telegraph clerks does not make the House of Commons a proper Court of Arbitration between employer and employed. If the kind of agitation which the telegraph clerks have sought to set on foot becomes a recognized instrument of raising the wages of Government servants, we shall be confronted by this singular state of things. In all other employments the rate of pay is fixed partly by the supply of labour and partly by the employer's estimate of the nature of the work to be done. In the Government service it will be fixed by the amount of influence which the members of that service can bring to bear on the House of Commons. When the branch of the service which thinks itself aggrieved happens to be well represented in the electorate, its complaints will at once be listened to. Almost every constituency will include some of the clerks, and in some, at least, the balance between parties may be decided by the action of a small body of voters who have agreed to treat politics as subordinate to business. The condition of the labour market would no longer have any meaning where the Government service was concerned. The pay would depend, not on the supply of clerks and the amount of work to be done, but on the degree of pressure which the clerks could bring to bear on the House of Commons. Under any circumstances this would be a formidable prospect. If Parliament were once to betake itself to the task of determining the rate of wages, the length of the working day, and the amount to be paid for overtime, it might not so easily abandon it. The great body of the electorate belongs to the class which live by manual labour, and when they had grown accustomed to the discussion of these questions by their representatives, they might not unnaturally ask why clerks should be more favoured than artisans, and why, if it is right to compel a Government department to pay more than the market price for labour, it should be wrong to compel a private employer to do the same thing. This would be a formidable prospect, we repeat, apart from all considerations as to the source whence the wages in question are to come. But it is all the more so when, as the Treasury point out, the wages are found by the community. The Executive Government is the agent of the taxpayers, and in this capacity its first duty is to take care that their money is spent so as to get good value in return. But the Executive Government must do the bidding of Parliament, and if the voting power of the Civil Service is judiciously used, Parliament may be induced to order that the clerks first in one department and then in another shall be paid higher wages than they would otherwise be in a position to obtain. It may be said that Parliament is also the agent of the taxpayers, and that, if it is not to their interest that Government servants shall be better

paid, Parliament will give no such orders. It is constantly found, however, that a small but organized body, which knows what it wants, and is greatly concerned to obtain it, has an immense advantage over an inert and indifferent mass. No individual taxpayer is appreciably the worse for any particular increase of pay in a Government department. He is the poorer for such increases in the aggregate; but then they are not proposed in the aggregate. The only chance, therefore, of saving him from what in the end will be a serious burden is to take the line which the Treasury have taken with the telegraph clerks, and to make a resort to organized agitation a barrier to any improvement in pay. It is the more important to do this in the present case, inasmuch as the telegraph clerks have tried to combine two inconsistent methods of action. In the character of Government servants they have pressed Parliament to take up their cause; in the character of labourers having their labour to dispose of, and being free to sell or to refuse to sell it, they have threatened to strike work. If they are members of a service, they have no right so long as they remain in it to refuse to abide by its rules. If they are ordinary workmen, they have no right to ask Parliament to interfere on their behalf.

FATHER CURCI'S NEW BOOK.

IT would surprise nobody to learn that Father Curci's recently-published work, *The New Italy and the Old Zealots*—like his *Modern Dissension between Church and State* issued four years ago—has already been placed on the *Index Expurgatorius*, within a few weeks of its appearance, even if the Roman telegrams for some days past had not contained repeated intimations of its approaching fate. Whatever reverence may be professed by orthodox, or at least ultramontane, Roman Catholics for the decisions of the august tribunal charged with drawing up the *Index*, neither its origin nor its method of procedure is such as to inspire any confidence in—we do not say the infallibility, for it does not even claim to be infallible—but in the soundness or honesty of its judgments. Instituted about the time of Alexander VI., more for the purpose of screening the scandals of a Court exceptionally scandalous than for maintaining the purity of faith or morals, it has applied a hundred other tests besides that of heresy, even in the strictest Tridentine sense of the term, to the works which have incurred its censure. On the other hand, the gross immoralities of Boccaccio's *Decameron* were easily condoned, on condition they should no longer be attributed to monks and nuns. Some ten years ago there was published a curious pamphlet, noticed at the time in our columns, giving an account of the treatment which the author had experienced at the hands of this singular tribunal, and the impression left on the reader's mind was certainly not one very creditable to those concerned. But perhaps the strangest illustration in recent times of the casual and crooked methods of procedure by which obnoxious works are brought under the lash of this mysterious Congregation of the Index—which judges secretly without allowing the author opportunity of explanation or appeal—was afforded at the beginning of the reign of Pius IX., when a book published not only with the sanction but by the express direction of the Pontiff himself was shortly afterwards placed on the *Index*, while its author was publicly disgraced by the authority of the same Pope. Rosmini's *Cinque Piaghe della Santa Chiesa*, exposing various practical corruptions of the Church in Italy, appeared to Pius IX., to whom the author had submitted it in manuscript in his early reforming days, so useful and excellent a work that he ordered it to be printed at the Papal press at Perugia. Rosmini was far the most distinguished Italian ecclesiastic of this century, was an intimate friend of Gioberti and Manzoni, the founder of a new Order, and a voluminous writer on theological and philosophical subjects; the Pope had formally intimated to him his promulgation as Cardinal, and this work of his, which deals trenchantly enough with several practical abuses in the Church, created a far greater sensation at the time than anything Father Curci has published. But at the critical moment came the Revolution of 1848, the flight to Gaeta, and the forcible restoration of the Temporal Power and of Austrian rule in Italy. Rosmini was a Piedmontese, and therefore an Austrian subject, and was odious as a Liberal ecclesiastic alike to the Jesuits and to his own Government, who demanded the censure of the book and the exclusion of the author from the Sacred College. The Pope, who had been rudely awakened from his Liberal dream, and was thoroughly frightened, yielded—we may hope not without some reluctance—to both demands. The *Cinque Piaghe* was placed on the *Index*, and by an unprecedented interposition at the last moment, which virtually inflicted a public stigma upon him, Rosmini, who had actually purchased his scarlet robes in readiness for the State investiture, was struck off the roll of Cardinals. Father Curci, who has received much private encouragement from Leo XIII., is a less conspicuous victim. But he may console himself with the reflection that, if his new work is placed on the *Index* by a decree which has received Papal sanction, that does not at all prove that the present Pope may not agree with him. He has indeed him-

self, as we shall presently see, supplied a plausible and probably correct explanation of the conduct of the Pope in the matter, and can afford to smile at the verdict pronounced on him by the *Tablet*, as "a noisy, turbid, and restless spirit in the field of religion, who does not properly know his own mind." It is true, we believe, as the same writer goes on to observe, that he was some years ago the leading editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*—the Jesuit ultramontane organ specially authorized by the late Pope—but if "in 1876 he founded the *Voce della Verità*," it can hardly have been in order to "advocate the restoration of the temporal power." For in the following year only he published the work already mentioned, which openly denounces the temporal power, and had before that, and while still a Jesuit preacher, advocated in the pulpit and the press what the *Tablet* charges on him as a novel discovery now, "that all Catholics should recognize the finger of God in the dethronement of Pius IX., and believe that it was brought about by Divine Providence for the good of religion." The publication of the *Modern Dissension*, written while he was a Jesuit, led to his expulsion from the Order. And here it is worth noting that the two Italian priests who have come forward to condemn the temporal power—Passaglia and Curci—both spent the greater part of their lives as Jesuits, and are the two most illustrious members of that Society in Italy during the present century.

It is natural, of course, that ordinary Italian readers should regard Curci's new work chiefly in its immediate bearing on political questions of the day; and we find it noticed accordingly in connexion with the Election Reform Bill by the Roman journals. Thus the *Opinione*, for instance, fully endorses the author's view that the Clericals should go to the poll and throw themselves generally into the public life of their country, partly in the hope that their doing so would tend to reunite the broken ranks of the Liberals in opposition to a common foe. On the other hand, one of the bitterest complaints of his ultramontane assailants is that Curci argues for the immediate participation of Catholics in parliamentary elections without waiting for permission from the Pope. But they must be themselves aware that it is very generally suspected, to say the least, that Leo XIII. is personally in favour of such a course, though he may, as Curci intimates, feel obliged, in this as in other and still graver matters, to surrender his own judgment to the urgency of the unwise counsellors who surround him. The following passage, in which Curci sketches the attitude of the Pope from his own point of view, accords closely with the estimate we had ourselves formed from the first, and which is constantly receiving fresh confirmation from the most various quarters. It should be remembered, too, that within a few months of the accession of Leo XIII. Father Curci, with his condemned work just fresh from the press, and while expressly declining to retract or disavow it, was invited to the Vatican, where he spent about a week in constant intercourse with Cardinal Pecci, the Pope's brother, who was an old friend of his, having, as was believed, several private interviews with the Pope himself, as well as with Cardinal Franchi, then Secretary of State. It would of course have been impossible for him in a published work to make any distinct mention of this confidential intercourse, but it is hardly needful to read between the lines to discern in the guarded references to what he is "told" by intimate friends of Leo XIII., what he "has good reason to believe," and the like, the echoes of information derived from a still higher source. And it is specially noteworthy that he emphasizes a point more than once dwelt upon in our columns, viz., that his too strict fidelity to constitutional principles of government, in the teeth of all precedents of the last reign, is what mainly hampers the Pope in any attempts at practical reform. Leo XIII. has always loyally adhered to the declaration made soon after his election, that he would govern the Church, according to ancient custom, in concert with the Cardinals who are the proper advisers of the Pontiff. The principle may be an excellent one, and after the arbitrary vagaries of the previous thirty years there seemed to be an obvious reason for putting it on record in this public manner. But when it is remembered that the College of Cardinals has been filled up twice over by Pius IX. during a pontificate of unprecedented length with creatures of his own—this application of the term to the Cardinals created by a particular Pope is a recognized one—the enormous difficulty of securing the sanction of such a body for any effectual reforms, and especially for reforms which may touch its own dignity and prerogatives, becomes manifest at once. With these preliminary comments our readers will be at no loss to appreciate the full significance of the following description of Leo XIII. in Father Curci's book:—

From what he wrote when in a humbler station, from his public acts in his present high one, from what I am told by most worthy personages who know him intimately, Leo XIII. in many respects, and not of the best, forms a marked contrast to his predecessor. He ponders well before resolving, does not act by caprice, as Pius IX. often did, and defers to the opinion of the majority to the point of sacrificing his own inspirations. This pliable disposition rendered him the prey of the atmosphere impregnated with adulation and fanaticism created at the Vatican by Pius IX. On receiving for the first time the Sacred College of Cardinals, he expressed his intention to govern the Church according to ancient custom, setting due store by their counsels, not perceiving that the system of abuses introduced arbitrarily and strengthened by time could only be eradicated as arbitrarily. The evil effects of this noble defence showed themselves in his first Encyclical as Cardinal Bishop of Perugia. Whilst deploring the great evils which mar modern civilization, he recognized its good elements, and thought the best remedy for the former was to encourage the latter. Nor does he appear to have changed his mind. He is determined to sanction no usurpation against the Church, maintaining her sacred immortal rights in the sphere of justice; but

practically he cannot but wish all good to New Italy, and chiefly the cessation of the strife which has now lasted twenty years between Church and State, the source of inestimable evils to both. I have good reason to believe he had not only harboured but elaborated these views, intending to set them forth in his first Encyclical. This felicitous and sacred inspiration, which would have given peace to Italy and a new impulse to her religious life, remained without effect for the above reasons.

In another part of the volume Father Curci dwells, as Rosmini had done before him in the *Cinque Pagine*, on the decline of theological and Biblical studies among the clergy. He also advocates, like Rosmini, a revival in some form of the primitive method of electing Bishops by the clergy and people of the diocese; and this partly as a check on the vicious system of centralization which has been gaining ground in the Church, whereby "the bishops, who are set by the Holy Ghost to rule over the Church of God, are reduced to mere lifeless instruments, and all their vitality is absorbed in the supreme head." There is nothing, it is argued, heretical or savouring of heresy in insisting on the need for reform. How should it be so, when the great Council of Constance grew out of a long accumulating demand for "the reform of the Church in her head and in her members," and from that time forward Councils and Popes and Cardinals—notably the Council of Trent—have laboured to effect salutary reforms? Within living memory Cardinal Sala published a work on reform, which was indeed condemned and suppressed by the Curia, but not till it had been greedily devoured by the present Pope, then a student in the Ecclesiastical Academy, to whom the author had shown it in manuscript. Two chapters of the book are devoted to that final separation of Church and State, which Curci regards as the future designed for the Church by Divine Providence, and for which she ought to prepare herself beforehand. There is nothing, he thinks, in modern democracy alien to her true character, inasmuch as her Divine Founder dwelt among the people, holding aloof from the kings and great ones of the earth, and always showed Himself austere towards the rich. As to the fate of Church property Father Curci appears to be very indifferent, viewing it rather as a hindrance than a help to the spiritual work of the Church, and he appeals to his own experience, as for fifty years a member of a Religious Order under vows of poverty. But on this it might be observed that the Jesuit Order, to which he belonged, is enormously wealthy, though its individual members have nothing they can call their own; nor is it by any means clear that a Church without any endowments would be less obnoxious to his righteous warning against "the ministers of Christ paying court to rich men, still more rich women, for their money, and thus incurring the rebuke addressed by Him to the Pharisees who devoured widows' houses." There is a touching force and pathos in the concluding chapters of this little volume—which, like the author's last brochure, comprises only about 250 pages—where he narrates the trials he has himself undergone at the hands of the "zealots," against whose views it is directed, and who are still so powerful that none of the clergy who share his views dare openly avow what they think. One of the revisers of the proof sheets, he says, erased a passage mentioning merely the name of the town he lived in, not his own, with the marginal note, "Useless and compromising." The clergy, even under such a pontiff as Leo XIII., like the Pope himself, are heavily handicapped, but the laity at least are free, if they choose to call their souls their own. And Father Curci accordingly closes with an eloquent appeal to the Catholics of Italy to shake off this incubus, and devote themselves heart and soul for the service at once of their country and of their Church. He is an old man and has been sorely tried; whether he will live to see the fruit of his labours it is impossible to say. But there can be little doubt that the earnest testimony of men like Dollinger and Rosmini and Curci and Passaglia, who have indeed "learnt in sorrow" what they teach, not exactly in song but in weighty words of protest and admonition, will sooner or later exert an appreciable influence over the future of their Church.

A CONGRESS OF DOMESTIC ECONOMISTS.

IF the world could be saved by the multitude of Congresses, no period would seem more hopeful than the present. The friends of social science, not content with their usual performances in autumn, are having a kind of by-day at the Albert Hall. Here ladies, a few clergymen, and Sir Henry Cole discuss the best manner of teaching the orphan girl to sew and to cook potatoes. The proceedings are recorded by a reporter in the *Daily News*, who, we regret to say, does not seem quite in sympathy with the meeting, and writes, so to speak, "with a horrid worldly laugh." That the condition of the lower, middle, and professional classes in this country is squalid, miserable, shiftless, mirthless, and disorganized we know, not only from experience and observation, but from the repeated complaints of Mr. Matthew Arnold. We are ill dressed, ill fed, ill looked after in every way; our houses are unswept, and, when garrisoned, they are garrisoned in bad taste; while the plumber, as soon as he has gone forth, returns with seven other plumbers worse than himself. We do not know how to enjoy ourselves. Our earnest working-men find that their partners, like the man in the old song, "can eat but little meat," and care still less to take trouble in cooking it, while they "can drink with any he that ever wore a hood." The police reports are full of the hideous cruelties inflicted by drunken and disappointed husbands on wives ignorant and reckless of domestic economy. The whole

prospect is so miserable that one must either weep or laugh at it, and the worst of it is that the Congress of Domestic Economists seems to have no remedy for the national distress. The suggestions in the papers read are contradictory. All sorts of schemes of teaching and inspection are spoken of and rejected. Sir Henry Cole says that the Education Department "has so far yielded" to pressure as to spend three millions yearly in doing something, yet that something they had not hitherto learned to do." And, as far as the reports of the Congress go, the Congress seems not likely to instruct them.

By way of showing the general indifference to the momentous topics discussed by the Congress, the Gentlemen of England stayed away from the first meeting. Only half a dozen of them were present. A gloom was then thrown over the meeting by the handwriting of Lady Stuart Hogg, who had prepared a paper "describing in dark colours the ignorance of our working people in matters of domestic economy." But, as Lady Stuart Hogg was not present, one of the six gentlemen, Mr. Newton Price, tried, pluckily, but without any marked success, to read her essay aloud. This he did, "as well as he could decipher the MS." The misery of hearing a gloomy paper read aloud in fragments, with stops in the middle of clauses, and with conjectural emendations by the reader, may readily be imagined. The paper advised "making compulsory the teaching in State schools of all subjects of practical utility." Writing, we believe, is already taught in State schools. When this paper had been deciphered, with almost the same success that attended the early readings of Babylonian cylinders, "Sir H. Cole tried his best, but in vain, to induce the ladies to get up a discussion." But the argumentative element in the character of the ladies present was damped for the moment, and Sir H. Cole in vain threw the apple of controversial discord into the midst of the assembly. He trailed his coat, if we may say so, but no lady would oblige him by treading on the tail of it. Then various people advised systems of inspection to be managed by South Kensington, because White Hall is still in a state of economic darkness. Mrs. Cooper pointed out that hundreds of working-girls are eager to learn domestic economy, but have no one to teach them. The fact is, that to teach housekeeping you need to have a house. Some one drew on a black-board a spirited sketch of sweeping a room. But a few hours with a broom are worth a wilderness of black-boards. Take the case of a working-man's family, with three or four big girls already employed in manufactories, three or four brothers equally busy, and two or three little girls, whose energies are overtaxed by the baby of the moment. All the members of the family have their own independent habits, hours, and income. All meals are moveable feasts. The mother is probably an exhausted person, who "lets things slide," and occasionally makes impetuous but unsuccessful forays against the dirt and disorder. How are girls in this class to learn housekeeping and domestic economy? Women are notoriously indifferent to their food. If a European community could be deserted, for a year, by the men, we verily believe that the women would slide back, first into a custom of having tea and a chop at every meal, next into pecking at some bread and butter at any hour when they felt the pangs of hunger, lastly into the condition of savages who live on casual roots and the gum and bark of trees. It is man, proud man, who keeps woman up to the civilized mark in the matter of eating and drinking. Now woman, in the poorer classes, has so many calls on her time and attention, and man is so much absent from home, that cookery has become a lost art. It is not so in France, of course, and we only wish it were so in Germany, where the existing school of cookery is destitute of a pure ideal, and rests on a greasy and rapacious empiricism. Our populace and our Philistines must have more civilized conceptions of life before they can learn to cook, and they must learn to cook before they can understand the enjoyment of life. We are involved in a vicious circle. More space, more air, less dirt, less work, less worry are needed for the well-being of both sexes. But our private and mournful impression is that people will never have the leisure to be happy, to keep decent houses, and to dress and dine like human beings, till the commercial prosperity of England has vanished quite away like her warlike supremacy; till we are a small, contented, pastoral people, without an empire, or commerce, or manufactures, or anything but our native fields and the population they will suffice to support. Then people will have leisure to enjoy themselves, and all the world will not be working like slaves to put money in the pockets of Sir Gorgias Midas. If this view seem cynical, or illiberal, it has, at all events, the support of Mr. Mill's authority, for that Radical and economist saw nothing but human misery in the multiplication of money and manufactures. He looked forward to a stationary time, when wealth should reach its limits, all markets be glutted, and no nation compelled to make haste at the expense of leisure and the decencies of life. But these long views, in which alone we see much hope for the future of popular domestic economy, must not longer detain us from recording the performances of the Domestic Economists.

Miss Andrews, a Guardian of St. Pancras, thought children were taught habits of waste in the workhouse. We had imagined that it was otherwise, and that an almost overstrained economy made it useless for Oliver "to ask for more." But the process of "pampering parochial paupers," though elsewhere unknown, may be familiar in the parish of St. Pancras. It is an awful charge that "pauper children are indoctrinated into habits of waste," and learn

to turn up their little noses (as we suppose they do) at wholesome hashed mutton. Somewhat *à propos des bottles*, Sir Henry Cole, seeing Lady Stanley of Alderley in the room, asked her "whether she was of opinion that a child of three years old might be taught habits of domestic economy." Sir Henry Cole was apparently "blue-moulded," like the Irishman, for want of a discussion. He had become reckless, and capable of putting Boswell's famous question, and asking Lady Stanley what she would do if she were shut up with a baby in a tower. Lady Stanley of Alderley expressed an opinion that children of three might safely be left in ignorance of domestic economy, and that four years of age was early enough for tuition in this science. In the dark ages of the past, few children read Miss Edgeworth's *Waste not, want not*, before they were six. The lesson of that economic treatise is that string is a rare substance, which can only be obtained from the outside of equal parcels, and that you should never cut the string of a parcel, but untie the knot and put the cord in your pocket. We can imagine no lesson in domestic economy which appeals more forcibly to childhood, and we are still unable to resist the temptation offered to the thrifty soul by a good long piece of string, without too many knots in it. Another manual of domestic economy for the young to which we would earnestly call the attention of Sir H. Cole is the didactic poem of "Struwwelpeter." Children, even of three years of age, will learn to finish their food, and not to waste it by neglecting to consume it, from the affecting tragedy of Adolphus.

Adolphus was a chubby lad ;

but he neglected his dinner, and a painfully realistic set of illustrations shows Augustus waning away with a rapidity which would surprise American fasters. These things are more to the point than an attack by Mr. Hay Hill on what he called the aristocratic "idiotcies" of fancy fairs. Miss Becker, who is a grim woman, rather crushed the Economists by protesting against the leading proposals of the promoters of the Congress. Make a girl intelligent all round, said Miss Becker, and then she will need no college to teach her how to cook or sew. We doubt this theory of Miss Becker's. Most undergraduates learn a little cooking, being taught of necessity, but we are not sure that the classical pupils of Girton and Somerville Hall can make omelettes by dint of their general cultivation. Shelley was a very intelligent man, but he spoiled the oysters on a celebrated occasion.

Looking at the needs of the opposite sex, many ladies declared that boys should be taught knitting. Lady Airlie's coachman, the Congress was informed, knits all the stockings for his family. There was once a man at Cambridge who did crewel-work. Here are two historical examples for the imitation of youth. Passing from this topic to that of the dress of servants and teachers, the ladies began to discuss with a spirit which must have made Sir H. Cole feel that he was not without his reward. A shocking incident, the appearance of a teacher in a black velvet dress, was commented upon with emotion. Why do Economists always rank velvet and lace among the deadly sins? These commodities point the moral in all economical books, from the days of Adam Smith to those of Mrs. Fawcett. The Congress next reverted to what a lady sweetly called "the culinary preparation of food." An affecting anecdote was told of a lady who wept on tasting an egg poached by her own daughter. Perhaps this lady knew that there goes wit to the poaching of eggs, and was overcome on recognizing in her daughter a person likely to obtain ennuiee as a humourist. But, though we have not actually shed scalding tears over them, the poached eggs of woman, as Wordsworth says of "the gratitude of man," have "often left us mourning" and even resentful. The value of the deliberations of the Congress would, we think, be overstated at the price of one well-poached egg.

"THE ELECTRIC STORAGE OF ENERGY."

SOME few weeks ago a letter appeared in the *Times*, signed "F.R.S.," describing a "box of lightning" which the writer had brought over from Paris for the purpose of submitting it to Sir William Thomson. Since then a long discussion has taken place on the subject of the invention and its usefulness. To begin with, we fully share the regret of Professor Tyndall, who has written a letter on the matter, that so much loose nomenclature has been introduced into the subject. The term "electric storage of energy" appears to us to be singularly unhappy. What is known as a condenser, or a Leyden jar, is truly an instrument for the electric storage of energy, because, when charged, its parts are in a condition of molecular strain, which is recognized as an electrical phenomenon; and the release of this state of strain invariably produces at first some of the phenomena of electricity in motion. But in the case of M. Faure's secondary battery, which is the invention under discussion, although it is charged by a current of electricity and gives out a current of electricity, the form of the store of energy which it contains is not that of electrical stress or strain, but that of chemical separation—a form of potential energy which can be caused, under certain circumstances, to become kinetic energy in the form of heat. However, the term has now become established, and, being convenient, will probably survive. But it is to be hoped that the real state of things will be thoroughly and publicly explained by our leaders of science, so that the use of this form of words may not cause a confusion in scientific ideas.

From the ease with which secondary batteries can be constructed of very low resistance, so that they will give for a short time what practical electricians call a quantity current, they have been for some time in use for certain special purposes, principally for heating the wire of the galvanic écraseur in surgical practice. By a secondary battery is meant a galvanic battery which, as at first put together, has no tendency to give a current at all; but, if a current of electricity be passed through it of sufficient tension to decompose the fluids which it contains, will give a current in the opposite direction, due to the recombination of the separated parts of the decomposed fluid. The older forms consisted of two plates of platinum, preferably coated with spongy platinum immersed in a weak mixture of sulphuric acid and water, the action in this case being that the charging current decomposes the water (either directly or as the result of a chemical action set up by decomposing the acid first) into oxygen and hydrogen, which gases are absorbed by the platinum plates, the oxygen by one and the hydrogen by the other. When the charging battery is removed, the secondary battery will give a powerful current until all the oxygen and hydrogen absorbed by the plates are re-combined in the form of water. It was afterwards found that satisfactory results could be got from plates of lead treated in the same way. Their employment, of course, reduced the first cost of the apparatus. M. Planté then produced his secondary battery, in which he obtained great surface, and consequently low internal resistance, and large current, by rolling into a spiral form two lead plates separated by pieces of insulating material placed between them at intervals. He further succeeded in greatly increasing the time for which the battery would give a given current, or its capacity, by adopting an elaborate process for the "formation" of the plates, which consisted of charging the battery and discharging it, varying the direction of the exciting current, and leaving the battery undisturbed between the charging and discharging for gradually increasing intervals of time. This process added enormously to the expense of the apparatus, which was also too bulky and heavy.

M. Faure, however, has succeeded in increasing the capacity of the battery, and getting rid of the long and delicate process of formation. His battery, like M. Planté's, consists of two plates of lead rolled together into a spiral, but he coats each plate with a thin layer of red lead (one of the oxides of that metal), kept in its place by a piece of absorbent felt, which also keeps the two plates from touching. This felt is saturated with the weak acid. The effect of the exciting current in this case is to deposit spongy lead on one plate and to convert the red oxide on the other into puce-coloured oxide which contains more oxygen than the red form; no doubt, also, the spongy lead at a late period of the charging becomes saturated with hydrogen. When the battery is now set in action the spongy lead becomes re-oxidized to red lead and the puce-coloured oxide reduced to the same salt.

Sir William Thomson early in this month wrote to the *Times*, pointing out the great advance which this invention had made in the practical and economical storage of energy. His letter was answered by Professor Osborne Reynolds, who, with the intention of preventing the public from being astonished at the storing of so much energy as one million foot-pounds in apparatus occupying a cubic foot of space and weighing about 72 lbs., proceeded—somewhat irrelevantly as we think—to discuss the energy contained in a pound of coal, and also to complicate the now inevitable controversy by referring to a totally different problem, the transmission of energy by electrical means. The controversy thus started has gone on, Sir William Thomson, Professor Osborne Reynolds, Professor Ayrton, and Professor Tyndall taking part in it.

The question, as far as the public are concerned, is a purely commercial one. As yet, of course, the data of the cost of the battery and its durability are not yet ascertained; but, in any future discussion on the subject, the question of convenience, as well as that of absolute expense, will have to be taken into consideration. At present we know that at some expense, probably not too great, we can utilize a source of energy of feeble power for many purposes by allowing it to act for a long time, collecting its energy, and using it quickly, and that the loss in the process will be but small; and that, further, if it be desired to use the electric light temporarily, it can be produced conveniently, if not economically, by the use of M. Faure's invention. Sir William Thomson in his first letter points out many practical uses for the new invention; we may supplement them by pointing out how the new secondary battery may be applied conveniently for many purposes. Three ordinary Daniell's cells will charge an element of the new battery easily, so that if there be plenty of time for preparation, we can, by the aid of Faure's batteries, use this cleanly apparatus, which gives off no noxious fumes and needs but little attention, for all the purposes for which up to the present time we were obliged to employ the costly and troublesome Grove's or Bunsen's batteries, which contain violent caustic poisons, and give off irritating and unwholesome fumes.

The whole discussion about the mechanical value of coal seems to us mistaken; neither Sir William Thomson nor any other physicist proposes to use the new battery universally, and at present our cheapest way of charging it is by the use of a dynamo-electric machine, driven by a steam or gas engine—i.e. by making use of the mechanical power of coal and the oxygen of the air; setting aside, of course, the exceptional cases where water power is to be obtained. Sir William Thomson himself gave, we think, the *coup de grâce* to any attempt at comparing the

relative values of transmitting electric currents through conductors from the source of energy to a distant station where energy is wanted, and conveying energy by exciting Faure's batteries at the one place and conveying them to another, when he wrote in one of his letters of "Professor Reynolds's disappointment with M. Faure's practical realization of electric storage, because it does not provide a method of *portage* superior to conduction through a wire." This is "like being disappointed with an invention of improvements in water-cans and water-reservoirs because the best that can be done in the way of moveable water-cans and fixed water-reservoirs will never let the water-carrier supersede water-pipes wherever water-pipes can be laid." If we may venture to extend the great electrician's metaphor, it is like finding fault with the Great Eastern Railway Company's service of sea-water brought to London in cans, on the ground that it is just possible to obtain sea-water by a large main laid down to the coast, and that such a scheme is now under consideration. Another valuable property of the new battery is pointed out by Sir William Thomson. If it were to be used either at a fixed station to work an electric railway, such as the firm of Siemens have already brought into practical use, or to be carried on an ordinary carriage to drive it—the energy developed by the vehicle in running downhill would be stored up ready to be used for its propulsion when it again reached a level or an ascending incline.

In the course of the correspondence Professor Ayrton has again mentioned the experiments which he and Professor Perry are carrying out with the view of using coal or coal gas instead of zinc in a primary battery. Should he succeed in doing so, we should obtain a source of energy about ten times cheaper in working than the best known steam-engine, and M. Faure's invention may very likely be the means of making it a commercial success; for should Messrs. Ayrton and Perry or any other physicist succeed in making a coal or coal-gas battery giving a good proportion of the theoretical energy of the coal or gas, should it have a high internal resistance, it would be difficult to use it in practice; but by the aid of Faure's batteries, in cases where work was only wanted to be done for a few hours a day, as in the case of electric lighting, the comparatively feeble current of the primary battery might be collected and stored for fifteen or sixteen hours, and then allowed to run out again in the eight or nine hours for which the source of energy is practically wanted.

The subject of this new secondary battery is one of great scientific importance. As the writer of a leader in the *Times* points out, it is by no means unlikely that a similar piece of apparatus may be made of some metal, and its appropriate salt, which shall be cheaper and lighter than one of M. Faure's form of similar powers; at all events, the invention and its results are pretty sure to turn the attention of inventors and investigators towards batteries both secondary and primary—a branch of inquiry which has for so many years been quite thrown aside in favour of endeavours to improve the dynamo-machine. Now a primary battery is theoretically the most economical artificial source of energy, and it is only the comparatively high cost of the fuel generally used in these—zinc—which prevents them from being practically useful. A galvanic battery gives out very nearly the whole energy due to the chemical combinations which take place in it; so that it is hardly too much to say that, were a battery to be employed to drive an electro-motor, under suitable conditions, we could obtain at least 60 per cent. of the chemical energy, whilst the best known steam-engine will only give about 10 per cent. of the chemical energy of the coal and air consumed in its furnace. There is thus a large margin for first cost of the substance to be consumed in the battery.

THE LINCOLN ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY AT SLEAFORD.

THE Architectural Society of the diocese of Lincoln has just held a pleasant and successful meeting. Sleaford, the central place from which the excursions branched, is a bright attractive little town, thoroughly *bourgeois*, but enviably comfortable in its *bourgeoisie*. Here and there an arched doorway, or a stone-mullioned oriel, or heraldic escutcheon tells us of the antiquity of the town, but its general aspect is modern, yet not too modern to be interesting. The scale and mass of the church—deservedly celebrated as one of the noblest of the many noble Lincolnshire churches—is sufficient to dominate and give character to the whole town, and to impart a very striking aspect to the wide well-built market-place, terminated by its singularly ornate, though somewhat confused, west front, carrying more architecture than it comfortably bears. The names of the four streets diverging from the market-place—Northgate, Southgate, Eastgate, and Westgate—have a medieval sound, with which their general character is fairly in keeping. Considerable dignity is given to the south entrance of the town by a tall, well-designed memorial cross, rising in a lofty spirelet from a canopied upper story. The lower story, enshrining the statue of Mr. Handley, formerly M.P. for South Lincolnshire, is less happy.

The historical memories of Sleaford, though slender, are sufficiently interesting. Like most of our old English towns, it has been from time to time visited by historical personages, and witnessed historical events. Given under its denomination of "Ectaforde" by the grateful Conqueror to Remigius, the first Norman prelate of the Great Bishopric of Mid-England, the manor with the castle subsequently erected upon it by Bishop Alexander

"the magnificent," though every now and then taken into the King's hand when the loyalty of its episcopal lord appeared suspicious, remained in possession of the See of Lincoln until the miserable Bishop Rands of Holbeach, the great despoiler of the bishopric, obsequiously alienated it "for a personal consideration" to Protector Somerset when glutting his greed with the last spoils of the impoverished Church. From Lord Clinton, to whom, after the attainder of Somerset, it had been granted by Queen Mary as a reward for his share in suppressing Wyatt's rebellion, the manor and castle were bought by "old Robert Carr," one of a Northumbrian family, from Hetton, in Glendale, whose name is conspicuous at Neville's Cross, Tewkesbury, Flodden Field, and other great historical battles. This "proper gentleman," as Leland terms him, born in the old religion, nephew to the Prioress of Brinkburne, was, we are told, "a close observer of the Reformation," with an especial view to the purchase, on easy terms, of the monastic property, which the Crown had taken to itself. He had also a sharp eye for property forfeited by attainder, much of which, having the ear of the sovereign, he secured on very easy terms. Among these were the estates of his fellow-townsmen, Lord Hussey, of the Old Place, some remains of which are still to be seen at the north end of the town. Old Place is described by Leland as the great ornament of the town; but after being garrisoned and fortified by the Parliamentary troops under Cromwell in 1644, it was burnt to the ground by them on their departure. It was from this house that, two months after the battle of Marston Moor, September 6 of that year, the future Lord Protector, then only a Lieutenant-Colonel, wrote to his old neighbour, Colonel Valentine Walton, lamenting his inability to hasten to the relief of Essex and his forces in the Western counties. In the great religious insurrection in Lincolnshire for the maintenance of the old faith and the restoration of the monasteries under the Abbot of Barlings and the so-called Captain Cobbler in 1536, Hussey, unwilling to join the rebels, equally unwilling to oppose them, and, at last, fairly running away when the insurgents threatened to bring him by force into their camp, was finally compromised by the action of his wife in sending provisions to the Lincoln forces; and in spite of his assertion that he "was never traitor nor of none counsel of treason against his Grace," was tried by his peers, found guilty, and executed in front of John of Gaunt's Palace in the High Street of Lincoln. The tale that Carr betrayed his old friend and received his estates as the price of his perfidy is probably a slander. It is at variance with the fact that they became his, not by grant, but by sale. By these discreet purchases and "by the death of three rich wives"—two of them very well-dowered widows—Carr became one of the wealthiest and, for a commoner, one of the largest territorial owners in the kingdom. He survived to aid Queen Elizabeth with a loan in her preparations against the Spanish Armada in 1588, and died at an advanced age two years afterwards, September 11, 1590. He lies buried with his three wives under an altar tomb at the north angle of the chancel arch in the parish church. At the opposite angle is another much more elaborate Corinthian monument, supporting the alabaster effigy of Sir Edward Carr, Robert Carr's fourth son, who was eventually his heir, and his second wife. Both are much mutilated, probably by some of the various parties of soldiers who at different times, both in the Great Rebellion and subsequently in the Revolution of 1688, were quartered in the sacred edifice. The last male heir of the Carrs, Sir Edward, whose well-executed bust, in a full flowing periwig, stands under the great north transept window, died in his nineteenth year, twelve months after his father, and the estates then passed to his sister Isabella, who married John Hervey, Esq., of Ichworth, afterwards Earl of Bristol.

To return to the Castle, the most remarkable historical event connected with it is the visit of King John, October 14, 1216. Hurrying from Lynn to the relief of Lincoln Castle, then besieged by the adherents of the Dauphin, his forces had been surprised by the tide as they crossed the sands of the estuary of the Wash, and he reached the Abbey of Swineshead on October 12, with the loss of his baggage-waggons and the royal treasure. Fever and dysentery seized the miserable man. His illness was aggravated by a gluttonous debauch, and he reached Sleaford Castle, the episcopal lord of which, Bishop Hugh of Wells, had joined the ranks of his enemies, borne in a litter, sick in body and still more sick at heart. The intelligence of the certain fall of Dover Castle, unless relieved, added to his misery. He was bled by a local leech, but his fever increased. But, ill as he was, he could not rest. The next day he started for another of the Bishop of Lincoln's castles, also built by Bishop Alexander, that of Newark-on-Trent. He rested awhile at the prison of Hough-on-the-Hill, passed through Brant Broughton, where one of his rare silver pennies, perhaps dropt on this journey, was picked up a short time since, and reached Newark, where he died on the night of October 18. Sleaford Castle was also the place of the death of Bishop Fleming, the first founder of Lincoln College, Oxford, the exhumed and burner of Wycliffe's bones in obedience to the decree of the Council of Constance, in whose case the attempt of Martin V., in 1423 to thrust a papal nominee on an unwilling Chapter by translating him from Lincoln to York was so signally defeated. Bishop William Alnwick, the spiritual counsellor of Henry VI., resided much here, and gratified his taste for building, of which the old palace at Lincoln exhibits remarkable proofs, by large additions to the Castle. Henry VIII. and his Queen Catherine Howard were twice here in 1541—August 8 and October 14—on their way to and from the North. As Longland, the then Bishop, was the King's confessor, and we know from Leland's account

that a few years later the Castle was still "very well maintained," the Royal party would probably be received within its walls as the Bishop's guests. Within a few years Somerset began the work of demolition, and the Castle soon became a stone quarry for the neighbourhood. In 1604 Robert Carr speaks of it as "the late fair Castle at Sleaford," and at the present day only an up-turned fragment of the north-western tower, with walls five feet thick, and the grassy mounds which mark while they conceal the foundations, remain to testify to its former grandeur.

The churches visited in the two days' excursions formed a series which few parts of England could rival, and certainly none surpass. South Lincolnshire is pre-eminently the district of fine bell-towers, and though the two queens, the spires of Louth and Grantham, fell outside the circle, it would be difficult anywhere to find a succession of more magnificent steeples. Their dignity, due chiefly to their admirable proportions and graceful details, is much enhanced by the quality of the fine-grained Ancaster stone of which they are built, which after more than five centuries shows hardly the slightest mark of decay. The soft grey tone it has acquired, warmed here and there with a blush of golden lichen, is charming in its contrast with the fresh green of the trees which usually fringe the churchyards. Eleven of the twenty-two churches visited have spires any one of which would be an object of admiration in a less favoured county. Of these, that of Sleaford is the earliest and least admirable. The tower is low, and the spire of the broach form is stunted. The whole steeple is of transitional date, passing into Early English, and is of much value from the rarity of these earlier spires. Ewerby, Aunsby (a good example of careful rebuilding, stone for stone), Walcot, and Anwick (a lovely little gem, with a horribly mutilated chancel), have excellent spires of the broach form, which to many eyes is less pleasing than the more usual arrangement where the spire rises within the parapets, as at Heckington, Asgarby, Quarrington, Silk Willoughby, Billingborough, and Hellingham. The variety of outline and proportion of these spires was very noticeable. In some cases, as at Asgarby and Heckington, the spire is not well set on the tower. It is too small in diameter, and gives the idea of part having slipped down into the tower like a candle into a socket too big for it. As a broach, Ewerby is unrivalled both in proportions and execution. But it is almost too severe. Some one has called it "the old maid among spires," tall and dignified, but prim and almost Quakerlike in its simplicity. At Silk Willoughby the spire is well set on; but the angle pinnacles, as in some other cases, are low and mean, and the flying buttresses, connecting them with the spires, which we could usually, except at South Hellingham, wish away, are so thin and fragile that they look almost like tapes tying the tower and spire together. At Asgarby and Walcot the dignity of the spire is lessened by lines of crockets running up its edges; and in other cases, notably at Anwick, it is overloaded by gabled towers, injuring the soaring conical outline. Of all the spires seen, we are disposed to give the palm to that of Hellingham. The proportion between spire and tower is admirably maintained. The pinnacles, square in plan and panelled, hit the happy mean between excessive tenuity and heaviness, and the flying buttresses are sufficiently pronounced without obtrusiveness. The crocketed edges are a slight blemish. The whole west end, with its sloping aisle roof, flamboyant windows, and richly-moulded west door—the only west door, with the exception of that of Sleaford, seen in the excursions—stately tower, and soaring spire, is one of rare excellence.

Great Hale was one of the towers of pre-Norman style, with perfectly plain, thick rubble walls, without buttresses or turret stair, the double belfry window having a mid-wall shaft. Unhappily four late pinnacles have been added. Howell has a very good example of a double bell-gable, a very unusual feature in Lincolnshire. Falkingham has a truly noble pinnacled western tower of Perpendicular date, of much better proportions than that of Newton, where the uppermost of the four stories is almost a superfluity. Horbling and Swaton are cruciform churches with central towers. That of Horbling, originally Norman, from faulty construction at the first, has been crushing the whole of the church for the last seven centuries, and more ominous cracks opening since the last restoration, show that, in architect's language, the building is still "alive," and we fear that the only remedy will be to take the whole tower down, and re-erect it on more sufficient foundations. The church, with its Norman chancel, a fragment of Norman intersecting arcade on the west front, and Norman work in the transept, is of so much interest, as showing the scale and character of a village church in the middle of the twelfth century, that any downfall which might at any time happen would be a grave architectural calamity. Heckington, though cruciform in plan, has no central lantern, and the transepts only range with the aisles. They thus lose their *raison d'être*, and both externally and internally have a feeble look, which is anything but pleasing, and is here increased by the nave wall being carried beyond them, with windows in two tiers, the aisles being omitted. Indeed, admirable as Heckington Church is as being, in Mr. Sharpe's words, "the most complete example of a parish church of the curvilinear period in the kingdom, designed and erected throughout in one style," and unrivalled as it is in the tracery of its windows, the elegance of its mouldings, and the richness of its sculptured decorations, as a whole, especially within, it is somewhat disappointing. Indeed the designers in the Decorated style are open to the charge of "turning all their best architecture out of doors," far more care having been bestowed on the exterior than on the interior of their buildings. Internally

these churches are usually plain; the arcades, though lofty, and well proportioned, are excessive both in height and width, and deficient in richness of moulding. The walls are plain and unadorned, and there is an absence—except in special features "*purpurei panni*," such as piscinas, sedilia, and Easter sepulchres—of carved or moulded work. The effect of the vast and nobly proportioned interior of Heckington is certainly bare and naked; nor is it improved by the walls having been subjected to the vile scarifying process which has laid bare all the articulations of the skeleton, and to make them more obvious, accentuated them with dark mortar. Indeed, so much in love has the restorer been with his evil work, that he has even carved dark lines across some larger stones, indicating a seam where none exists. In other respects this noble church has been fairly restored. The flat chancel roof awaits funds for elevation to its original pitch. The lovely tower is as little improved by the addition of a new clock-face of the brightest blue as the south aisle wall of Falkingham is by a projecting chimney, of the meanest brickwork, recently erected. We had hoped that at this period such deformities were impossible.

Most of the churches visited had been well and carefully restored and appropriately seated. Others—such as Silk Willoughby, Ewerby Hale, Billingborough, and Kirkby Laythorpe—have their interiors encumbered with vast square pews, lined with fusty green baize, and are deformed by rude barn-like roofs, contrasting painfully with their lovely arcades. At Billingborough the chief obstacle to the much-decried restoration is in the Office of Woods and Forests. The Crown is unhappily lay improprator; and when, a few years since, an appeal was sent from the parish for the substitution of a suitable roof for the uncouth timbers—really, we believe, brought from a neighbouring barn—which now encumber the Early English chancel, the reply was that the roof was watertight, and so fulfilled its purpose, and that any alteration was needless. The condition of Silk Willoughby Church is altogether unworthy of a building which Mr. Sharpe has pronounced to be "an admirable model of a small parish church." The church still boasts of the almost extinct three-decker, with a ludicrous little box for the parish clerk at the base, and the altar arrangements are of the meanest. The altar-stone, with its five crosses, lies in front of the south door, to be trampled on by all who enter. Dembleby and Burton Pedwardine are small new churches, well designed, especially the latter. The former retains a Norman chancel arch, and a holy water stoup of the same date now serves as a font. The latter, once a large cruciform church, only preserves a side chapel, with some interesting monuments and brasses. On the eastern wall is a blocked doorway, some feet from the ground, once approached by steps, with a platform outside, probably for the exhibition of relics. A lovely square piece of iron scroll-work of the thirteenth century may have formed the open front of a *chaise* containing a holy skull, or other wonder-working remains. The queerest church visited was that of Kyme. Though now a mere oblong room, with a flat ceiling, without chancel or tower, it is a fragment of a once noble cruciform priory church; and, in its gabled buttresses, flamboyant windows, and rich Transition south door, preserves remnants of its former magnificence. The church is vaulted up out of the south aisle and a narrow longitudinal slice of the nave of the original church. On the north wall a mutilated brass records the burial-place of the mother of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, base-born son of Henry VIII. The fair frail one who bore this promising boy to her Royal lover was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Blount of Kinlet, in Shropshire, and wife of Gilbert Taylboys, lord of Kyme. Those who were present at the meeting of the Archaeological Institute at Ripon, in 1874, will not easily forget the touchingly plaintive dirge on the death of this hopeful prince, entitled "a lyttel ballett made of y^e young Dukes grace," discovered in the Chapter library, which was then performed by the Cathedral choir. The existence of such a dirge proves the affection felt by the nation for the poor lad and their grief at his premature death. He was born at Blackmore, in Essex, in 1519. In 1525, at the Court of Bridewell, he was created Earl of Nottingham and Duke of Richmond and Somerset. He was married to Mary, daughter of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and died *sine prole* 1536. It is curious to think, if he had lived, how different the whole course of English history might have been. Henry's imperious will which illegitimized his daughters Mary and Elizabeth would hardly have scrupled to legitimize him, and the throne of England might have been his. Of the Kyme manor-house, a noble four-storied square tower remains, evidently built as a place of refuge in case of siege, of which and of the adjacent priory an excellent account was read by Mr. Charles Kirk on Thursday evening.

SIBERIA TO SWITZERLAND.

DURING the last week there has been a decided run on run-aways—a godsend to the unfortunate journalists, who are forced, contrary to their habits in June, to see all things in the Land Bill. Several artillerymen have run away from Plymouth Citadel, and a distinguished Russian irreconcilable has run from Irkutsk to Geneva. The last run, it is hardly necessary to say, was not accomplished in a day, or in a week; but its interest is more considerable than that of most slow races against time. The incident has naturally set most instructors of the public on rubbing up their memories of Trenck, Latude, Casanova, and the other

hence of remarkable escapes. It may be noted, by the way, for the instruction of the curious, that a large number of documents bearing on the Venetian imprisonment of the agreeable scoundrel mentioned last on our list have just been unearthed by a scholarly critic in the new French bibliographical publication *Le Livre*. So Jacques de Seingalt was not such a liar as he has sometimes been thought to be, a diminution in the list of his gentlemanlike or ungentlemanlike vices which still leaves him plenty to repent of. We owe, however, something of an apology to Mr. Mokrievitch for comparing him to the three persons just mentioned. He was not an incorrigible coxcomb like Trenck; nor a libeller, real or supposed, of ladies, like Latude; nor a corruptor of the pure and virgin morals of Arcadian Venice, like Casanova. He was a Russian Revolutionist, which is a profession "surprising by himself" a good many classes and varieties. At the time when Mr. Mokrievitch had to "come down" to the Russian police, the Nihilists had not taken to skirmishing with nitro-glycerine, at least not as a regular thing. Mr. Mokrievitch assisted at an irregular printing-press, such as erst our Bolingbroke loved to unearth and persecute. Even two hundred years ago, however, the English law had an irrational tenderness for the instructors of the public which made the game of Police v. Press not less exciting, but much less sanguinary. The complaints of the greatest English man of letters of that day show that the quarry had plenty of "law," in the favourable sense, given to them. "We take them, and they get out on bail; we take them again, and they get more bail," laments Swift in effect, if not in words (for we quote from memory). Mr. Mokrievitch played the same game for much higher stakes. The sanctity of the editorial chamber was invaded by the myrmidons of power, and some vigorous shooting took place. Luckily, Mr. Mokrievitch was not present at the moment; and so, while his collaborators were hanged, he was only sentenced to a fourteen years' "stretch" in Siberia. The narrative which the Geneva Correspondent of the *Daily News* gives of Mr. Mokrievitch's escape is in many ways curious. It reveals (not, indeed, for the first time) a remarkable laxity in the arrangements for the safeguarding of Siberian convicts. And yet it is said that Mr. Mokrievitch is the first State prisoner actually convicted and condemned who has now escaped from Siberia for a century. Perhaps the two statements are not so irreconcilable as they look. De Quincey, in that remarkable essay on the Cæsars which perhaps shows him at his very best, accounts for the general habit of suicide on the part of convicts or suspects under the Roman Empire by supposing a simple feeling of inability to escape from the very moderate exile to which they were condemned. The Empire was everywhere, and the facility of evasion from Tomi, or Pantelluria, or Gyarus, was compensated by the certainty that wherever the fugitive went the Empire would be also. The Czar of all the Russias is not quite so omnipotent as the original Cæsars. But he holds something like the half of two continents, and it is a very far cry from any central part of his dominions to the regions of neutrality and independence.

There are, however, compensating circumstances. An island is naturally a more difficult place to escape from than any part of the mainland, and various prisoners, from the Count of Monte Cristo to Marshal Bazaine (by the way, might not English writers think twice before throwing mud in obedience to the dictates of French political animosity?) have found their account in the presumed security. So, too, the apparent impossibility of a prisoner traversing the enormous length or breadth of European and Asiatic Russia seems to have imposed limits on the watchfulness of his appointed guardians. Fortunately, too, Russians are always venal and almost always good-natured. The corporal in charge may have that ill-regulated love of the stick which children and young Bachelors of Arts fresh from the University and appointed to schoolmasterships frequently display. But it is a case of "j'aime Bacchus, j'aime Manon," and it is even pleasanter to put money in one's purse than to put weals on the back of an accidental and not specially obnoxious fellow-creature. The benefit of these truths Mr. Mokrievitch quickly found. The conveniences of civilization in the shape of railways and steamers foiled himself and his companions somewhere east of Nijni Novgorod, and they did the rest of the distance "on foot and in chains." Fifteen miles per day, which seems to have been the usual stago, is not much on foot, but we own to a want of experience in the matter of chains. The resting-places were verminous and destitute of civilized arrangements, but it might be well to suspend inordinate compassion on this head. The "companionship with vermin," which a frequently-quoted libeller of the crusading age has assigned to the constituents of Mr. Gladstone and their compatriots generally, is now more characteristic of the ordinary habits of the Czar's subjects than of any other European people. Once in Siberia Mr. Mokrievitch began to enjoy the privileges and benefits of the situation. Some of those benefits and privileges Dostieffsky's famous book has made known, and they savour a little of Norfolk Island and Tasman's Peninsula. Others, however, are strictly moral. You (being a political prisoner) give an ordinary convict certain roubles, and he changes names and dresses with you. The advantages to him are, besides the roubles (of which he probably thinks most) a shortening of his sentences; to you the avoidance of extraordinary surveillance. Very soon afterwards Mr. Mokrievitch and two of his companions who had made the same exchange "sloped." One was caught; of the other the Siberian wolves are supposed to have taken cognizance.

It is thus obvious that escaping from Siberia is not a proceeding altogether without its dangers and difficulties. Mr. Mokrievitch, however, had greater skill, or greater luck, or both combined, which is most probable. Like an intelligent person, he made first for Irkutsk itself, knowing that the sweet security of towns is to no one more sweet and more secure than to the man who wishes to avoid observation. Then he bore away, for many a hundred miles, towards the Chinese frontier. There, on the face of it, would seem to have lain his best chance of escape. But possibly the frontier is strictly guarded, and travelling through Northern China is notoriously difficult, while the officials are inquisitive and quite capable of handing back a prisoner whom they had nothing to gain by keeping. So Mr. Mokrievitch imitated the tactics of the artful hare and doubled back towards Russia in Europe. Everybody seems to have befriended and protected him, and though he met with many "hardships" and "adventures" which, if he be an intelligent person, he will put in black and white, and sell to Bacon or to Bungay, his evasion appears on the whole to have been little more than a long and exciting walking tour, performed (for he can hardly have had much money) at very trifling expense.

Considerations already given show that it would be illegitimate to infer that Siberia is an altogether insecure place of detention. Mr. Mokrievitch appears to be one of the rare exceptions which really do prove a rule. Still there are features about his story (which seems to be quite modest and trustworthy) deserving the attention of the very unfortunate Sovereign who is, by his own will, immured at Gatchina or Peterhoff, and who is, let us trust, rather more carefully looked after than Mr. Mokrievitch. According to trustworthy accounts, the Russian prisons are simply crammed with prisoners, and the only possible gaol delivery is in the direction of Siberia. If it be true, as a Correspondent of the *Times* asserts, that a foreign sailor for a drunken "spree" in port, which in any other country would have earned him a trifling fine or a few days' imprisonment, has recently been packed off to Asiatic Russia, it is quite clear that a good deal will happen before long. Such things can only occur when the authorities have completely lost their heads. Siberia is supposed to be a safe pound, and all wandering cattle are driven into it without ceremony. But Mr. Mokrievitch has shown that its safety may be easily exaggerated. The country people, it is said, and the expression seems to apply equally to European and to Asiatic Russia, are noted for their kindness to fugitive convicts. That kindness is not likely to be diminished by the knowledge that an increasingly large proportion of those convicts have been sentenced only for trifling political offences or for other more trifling offences of the non-political kind. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Dawson Burns may think the sailor rightly served; but persons not averse to vodka will scarcely agree with them. The more convicts there are in Siberia, moreover, the more easy will it be for them to escape. Meanwhile, Mr. Mokrievitch has, as we have suggested, the materials of a very promising Yellow-book, which, no doubt, any of the Geneva booksellers will be proud to bring out. It is unfortunate for him that the lively pen of M. Tissot has got the start of a month or two with a story of Siberian escape, in which there is an interesting young woman, and a penitent *gendarme*, and many fights with furious beasts, and other such like attractions, which may possibly be wanting to Mr. Mokrievitch's over-true tale. But, whereas the hero of M. Tissot's (and his collaborator M. Amérou's) tale only had to go to the Arctic Sea, where a convenient imitator of Professor Nordenskiöld picked him up and took him to regions of safety, Mr. Mokrievitch, as has been said, "did" Siberia thoroughly, and European Russia as well. In the latter country he of course had to get "false papers." Does anybody know the reason of the remarkable ease with which false papers are always to be procured? It has been suggested that this reason is to be found in the fact that, every set of papers being a source of revenue to somebody, the somebodies naturally consider your false man's money just as good as your true man's. What with false papers, friendly peasants, arrangements for exchanging identity, and so forth, it cannot be said that Siberia is altogether an unexceptionable receptacle for troublesome persons. On the other hand, Geneva appears to be rapidly becoming a kind of foreign St. Petersburg. For some reason, not wholly obvious, Russian exiles do not favour London nearly so much as most other outcasts. Germans, Frenchmen, "Polen aus der Polackei" flock to us when they are in trouble. But all good Nihilists, when they escape, go to Geneva or Zürich. The women have the opportunity to become Dr. Sophia and Dr. Vera; what the men have it is hard to say. Perhaps cigarettes are cheaper than with us; perhaps the youthful reformer of the universe likes to feel himself like Voltaire. But, however this may be, Geneva is evidently on the way to become the place where Siberians, with a self-given ticket-of-leave, do not report themselves to the police.

FRANCO-AMERICAN GRAPES.

THERE is hope for toppers yet, and it is a lady of high degree who bids them be of good cheer. At the present moment the minds of those who drink not merely for the day, but look forward to the morrow, are full of disquietude. The phylloxera is growing fonder and fonder of France and French vine-roots. Hard winters he seems to enjoy, and chemical applications, for the most part, he apparently likes. Every season there comes the same sad story of more vineyards destroyed, more land which formerly produced

grapes given up to corn and oats. It has been said with some appearance of truth that one reason for the indifference which the French have shown latterly to commerce with England is to be found in the fact that their supply of wine is scarcely sufficient for themselves, and that the diminution of export is not therefore viewed with any dread. Of late dark rumours have been afloat that more tricks than ever are played with claret, and that large quantities of coarse Spanish wine, after passing through Bordeaux, where there is as much baneful dexterity as there is at Chteau, come to England as the product of French vineyards. There has been lately, incredible as it may seem, an increased boldness in the utterances of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his followers, which is probably due to a belief that nature is aiding them. Greatly, therefore, will those who have the interests of wine at heart be elated by the news that at last there seems to be a chance of the phylloxera being successfully combated. These glad tidings are brought to suffering humanity by the Duchesse de Fitz-James, who, in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, tells how the detestable parasite may be resisted.

Apart from the interest of the subject, the article, which is called "La Vigne Américaine," is well worth reading, as the Duchesse is an excellent writer. She begins her dissertation with a description of the strange mixture of apathy and terror which the French vine-growers have shown in the presence of the calamity that has assailed them. It is generally thought in England that the highest possible science is applied to the cultivation of the grape in France; but this is not by any means the view of the Duchesse, who is herself the proprietor of large vineyards. At the time of the advent of the phylloxera, she says, "les traditions les plus étranges, les théories les plus fausses, n'empêchaient pas la vigne de produire à elle seule le quart du revenu total agricole de la France." If there was so much ignorance, it is not surprising that the cultivators should have shown no great skill or energy when the enemy invaded them; but it is singular that they should have exhibited such imbecility as the Duchesse describes. They have been, she says, for the most part, first of all confident that their vineyards would not be attacked, then inert and helpless when the rapid death of the plants showed that the enemy had come. In consequence, "les vignobles disparaissent sans autre acte défensif qu'un décret déclarant envahi un département de plus." The advance of the phylloxera has been looked upon as being like the advance of the sea, something that may not be stayed. This, according to Mme. de Fitz-James, is the mistake of cowardice and indolence. The success which has attended the effort of some energetic proprietors shows that there is a remedy not very difficult of application, and not so expensive as to make it useless for all but the most valuable vineyards. This remedy she describes fully and carefully, though, as we shall endeavour to show, her description is not free from ambiguity. Before examining it, however, it will be best to give, in the Duchesse's own words, a description of all the methods at present in use for combating the phylloxera, premising that the insect shows a distaste for certain American vines, which is not a little remarkable, seeing that he comes from America. The Duchesse says:—

Les moyens de défense connus aujourd'hui sont palliatifs ou définitifs, — palliatifs pour prolonger l'existence de ce qui végète encore, définitifs pour constituer des vignobles résistants aux atteintes du phylloxera. Le premier, le plus durable des palliatifs, c'est la submersion; le second, encore à l'état expérimental, est l'emploi des insecticides partout où le revenu de la vigne peut suffire à la surcroît de dépense. Les moyens définitifs sont : 1° la greffe, pour transformer des vignes françaises en vignes américaines résistantes; 2° la plantation de vignes françaises greffées sur racines américaines résistantes; 3° la plantation de vignes françaises dans le sable.

Of these methods, grafting is the only one which is likely to be of general use, though the others may advantageously be employed in some districts. Submersion destroys the parasite, and the vines remain alive until a fresh crop of phylloxera appears on the scene of action. For obvious reasons, however, submersion is practicable in but comparatively few cases, and even where it is practicable, there are peculiar difficulties in the cultivator's way. If the soil is light and permeable, the water rapidly invades the land of neighbouring proprietors, who naturally enough object. If, on the other hand, it is heavy, the water remains on it too long, and in consequence the vines suffer. Planting in sand is successful, as the phylloxera cannot live in it; but the sand must be perfectly pure, as, if there is any admixture of earth, the objectionable insect manages to keep alive. Most insecticides appear to be worthless, and the use of those which are efficacious is liable to the great objection of being too expensive for the cultivators who grow the grapes from which cheap wine is made. Although this method of preserving the vines is still, as Mme. de Fitz-James says, in the experimental stage, a fairly effective agent for destroying the obnoxious parasite has, it seems, been discovered. The discovery is due not to any of the great men of science who have investigated the subject, as they have one and all failed, but to a M. Fichet of Versailles, who furnished the Duchesse with an insecticide which was successfully tried in one of her vineyards. The expense of applying it was, however, great, and the Duchesse observes that, to keep down the phylloxera the insecticide must be applied three or four times a year, and that poor grapes require it oftener than rich ones. Clearly, therefore, it cannot be used for the former, and must considerably increase the expense of making high-class wines. Also, it remains to be seen whether some effect on the flavour of the grape is not produced by the chemical preparation which destroys the parasite.

We come then to grafting, which, according to the Duchesse, is thoroughly effective against the phylloxera, and is the one really efficacious remedy likely to be of general use. As has been said, the insect originally came from America, and, unlike that later importation, the Colorado beetle, achieved at once a marked success. There has been considerable controversy respecting its origin in France, and some unfortunate men who innocently enough planted American vines have been execrated as having caused the ruin of numbers of their fellow-countrymen. That they have been unjustly blamed seems clear; but, though the American origin of the phylloxera has been denied, it also seems clear that he was brought from that country, having possibly been bred there by the totalitarians who are so powerful in the United States. If, however, America has caused the ill, she has also provided the cure. Some American vines the phylloxera absolutely refuses to touch, preferring apparently death by hunger to living on them. Replanting the French vineyards with American vines would, therefore, get rid of the insect; but there are difficulties in the way of doing this, and unfortunately the phylloxera may be right in the views to which he adheres with uncompromising tenacity. The French vine may be, and probably is, superior to that of America, and the parasite which is so justly loathed may be showing that he, at all events, possesses unerring taste. In order, no doubt, to preserve the characteristics of the French grape, grafting has been tried, and, according to Mme. de Fitz-James, the experiment has been completely successful, so that there is every hope of the progress of the phylloxera being stopped if only cultivators will show some energy. As appears from the extract from her article, printed above, two kinds of grafting are practised. A French vine may be grafted on an American stock, or an American vine may be grafted on a French stock. At first sight it seems probable that, when the latter operation is practised, the phylloxera will continue to live on the roots which he has found so much to his taste; but the Duchesse avers that there is little danger of his being able to do this, and that he will most likely be starved, as he deserves to be. Speaking of this process, she says:—

Le seul inconvénient sérieux, c'est la présence de la vigne française et le danger que ses vieilles racines phylloxérées constituent pour la jeune vigne indienne. Mais les avantages sont si grands qu'ils contre-balaient cet inconvénient, déjà très atténué si le greffon est d'espèce très résistante. L'entretien dominera cette situation, à laquelle succomberait infailliblement le labrusca. La racine française nourrit le greffon avant de mourir, et cela assez longtemps pour qu'il s'affranchisse et se crée des racines résistantes.

It is to be observed that these words, positive and clear as they seem, are not altogether consistent with what the Duchesse says later on in her article. While discussing the other method of grafting—to wit, the attaching a French vine to an American root—she speaks of the apprehensions of those who have said that the roots would be affected by the graft so as to become vulnerable, and declares that these fears are unfounded. She bids the timid ask the first gardener they meet about the effect of grafting, and then goes on to say:—

La réponse n'est pas douteuse; le porte-greffe restera ce qu'il était, même nourri de la sève descendante d'une autre espèce que la sienne. L'as plus dans le règne végétal que dans le règne animal, la nourriture n'influe sur l'espèce; la viande d'un bœuf et celle d'un cheval, nourris de même, garderont chacune leurs caractères distinctifs, quoique l'abondance et la qualité de la nourriture influent sur l'abondance et la qualité de la viande.

We trust that the writer's view is correct, but this statement is not altogether consistent with that quoted above, and, moreover, it seems scarcely in harmony with what is said in another part of the article. From the passage referred to it might be thought that the Duchesse was in favour of the process of grafting American vines on French stocks, but it seems that it is the other process which she prefers. Her description of grafting begins as follows:—

Parlons de la greffe. Tout d'abord toutes les greffes possibles et impossibles! L'année dernière, M. Champin s'est joué au milieu d'elles-toutes pour agréablement avec l'esprit d'un Français; M^{me} Ponsot les a étudiées dans un traité bref, sobre, utile, s'attachant à la soudure parfaite d'un greffon français sur une racine américaine. Après avoir lu et relu son traité, après avoir vu ses plants greffés et bien soudés, j'aurais voulu écrire au-dessus de la porte des Annereaux, ce temple du succès mérité: "Chi va piano, va sano; chi va lontano."

Now, if she is right in her views about the effect of the root, it is clear that the grape produced by the process which Mme. Ponsot loves must be American, and not French, and surely the Duchesse cannot view this result with indifference. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the grape of the New World is inferior to that of the Old. Possibly, however, the Duchesse is somewhat over-positive about the effects of grafting, and it may be conjectured that both systems will result in a hybrid fruit, not equal perhaps to the true French grape, but decidedly superior to the American. As the phylloxera insists on having pure French roots, his perfectly correct taste will result in his extinction.

The slight inconsistencies which we have pointed out are such as might naturally be expected when a subject concerning which there has been much controversy is dealt with; and they detract but very little from the value of the Duchesse's excellent article, which will doubtless be as widely read in England as in France, since it contains cheering views for claret drinkers, who are now so many and so fervent. The writer is clearly well acquainted with the matter of which she treats, and there is every reason for thinking that she is right in her cheerful assertions. The orthodox will probably sigh over the possible deterioration of claret and

Burgundy, but most men will think this a small evil compared with total deprivation, and will rejoice in the knowledge that, if cultivators will be energetic, an abundant supply of sound wine from Franco-American grapes may be procured.

THE TRADE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

THE opinion grows stronger day by day that the negotiations for the renewal of the Treaty of Commerce between this country and France will fail. The commercial community feels that, unless more liberal duties are agreed to, it would be better to have no treaty at all; and the division on Mr. Monk's motion shows that Parliament shares in the feeling. On the other hand, there is no appearance of yielding upon the side of France. Too little is known of the negotiations to speak with any confidence on the point; but, as far as one can judge from semi-official utterances in France, there is no inclination to yield much. Some, indeed, of the papers supposed to reflect the views of those who guide the policy of France complain of the action of the Chambers of Commerce in England as unreasonable, and as throwing difficulties in the way of a satisfactory conclusion of the treaty, and even go so far as to tell us that threats will not influence their Government. But, on the other hand, it is admitted by the French Free-traders that France has much more to lose than England in this matter. The exports of France consist very largely of articles of luxury, and would therefore suffer more from the imposition of duties. The perception of this fact may possibly influence French public men, and induce them to make concessions when they find that English opinion is resolute. We are not without hope, therefore, in spite of foolish action on the one side and foolish talk on the other, that a satisfactory treaty will be concluded, but we have at the same time to face the probability of the failure of the negotiations. It may be worth while, therefore, to inquire what is the magnitude and what is the nature of the trade carried on between this country and France.

If no commercial treaty were to be concluded, it is not to be supposed that the trade between England and France would be put an end to. There was a considerable trade between the two countries before 1860, and since then the wealth of both has enormously increased. Besides, it is to be borne in mind that the new General Tariff of France is much more liberal than the tariff in force when Mr. Cobden negotiated his treaty with the late Emperor. Before 1860 the duties in France were, in many cases, actually prohibitory, and in very many more were nearly so; but the new General Tariff, though considerably heavier than the duties arranged for in Mr. Cobden's treaty, is still very much more liberal than those which prevailed before 1860. It is certain, therefore, even if the new General Tariff should regulate the trade of this country with France, that the trade itself would continue to be considerable. Still, it is equally certain that the trade would suffer a check. Enhancement of duties means enhancement of prices, and the dearer an article becomes the less is its consumption. This is the case even where the article is one of the necessities of life; but it is more especially the case where, as in France, the articles are, to a large extent, luxuries, and where France has not a monopoly of them. We may assume, therefore, as a matter admitting of no doubt, that, were the General Tariff to come into force against us, the exports of France to England would fall off, and that in return our exports to France would also dwindle. If we found a smaller market for our goods in France we should be obliged to turn elsewhere for our own purchases. But, if this be so, it is certain that France would suffer much more seriously than we should. Speaking roughly, the trade of the United Kingdom with France last year amounted to 70 millions sterling, while the total trade of the United Kingdom with the whole world amounted to nearly 698 millions. The trade with France was, therefore, but very slightly more than one-tenth, or 10 per cent., of the total foreign trade of the United Kingdom. On the other hand, the trade of France with the United Kingdom for the ten years ending with 1879—we have not by us the returns for last year—amounted to 625½ millions of francs, while the total trade of France with all the world exceeded 2,850 millions. For the ten years, therefore, the trade of France with the United Kingdom averaged a little under one-fifth of her total foreign trade; in other words, the trade of France with the United Kingdom is about 20 per cent. of her total foreign trade. Consequently, if the trade between France and England were to be entirely extinguished, England would retain 90 per cent. of her existing trade, whereas France would retain but 80 per cent. of hers. France, therefore, would lose twice as much as England, and as the French trade is very much smaller than the English trade, the loss would be proportionately even greater than these figures imply. Of course, as we have already said, there is no fear of the total extinction of the trade between the two countries; but, whatever may be the amount of loss in case no treaty is concluded, it follows from what we have just been saying that the loss to France would be much heavier than the loss to England; and as the foreign trade of France is smaller than the foreign trade of England, the loss would be even proportionately greater still. From this point of view, then, it will be seen how foolish is the conduct of France in placing impediments in the way of a satisfactory treaty between the two

countries. Our readers do not need such statistics to be convinced that unshackled intercourse between all the countries of the world is desirable in itself; but still it may be worth while to show how foolish, even from their own point of view, is the conduct of the Protectionists in jeopardizing the trade which they profess themselves so desirous to encourage. Analysing in a little more detail the nature of the trade between the two countries, we find that the imports from France into England consist to the extent of about 40 per cent. of articles of food, about 41 per cent. of articles of clothing, and the remainder—between 18 and 19 per cent.—of miscellaneous articles. Of the articles of food sugar stands first in value, if we take a review of the last ten years; but if we confine ourselves to the last two years we find wine the most valuable. Amongst the articles of clothing silk stands for nearly half the total imports—last year, for instance, exceeding 10 millions sterling out of a total of articles of clothing of less than 21 millions sterling. The only other of any great magnitude is woollen manufactures, amounting to 4,630,000*l.* The miscellaneous articles are all small individually, and are very numerous. Of exports of British manufacture and produce to France woollen manufactures are the most valuable, amounting last year to 3,650,000*l.* Cotton manufactures stand next, representing 1,770,000*l.* Coals, &c., stand for 1,550,000*l.*, and metals for 1,380,000*l.* All the other items are small in amount. Exports of foreign and colonial produce bought in England by French manufacturers are considerable, wool, for instance, representing last year the very large sum of 6,950,000*l.*

As regards the effect of the treaty in stimulating the trade between the two countries it is very difficult to speak. The treaty undoubtedly did very considerably develop the trade; but so many other influences were at work that it is impossible to say how much was due to the lowering of duties, and how much to the other influences. For instance, the rapid increase in wealth in both countries naturally stimulated the trade between them. So, again, did the improvement of the means of locomotion. So did the extension of telegraphs, and so did the improvements in the organization of credit. Another circumstance, too, has to be taken into account—namely, that France is a country of transit. A considerable portion of the trade between this country and Switzerland, for instance, passes through France, and so does a portion of that between Spain and England, as also of that between Italy and England. It would require a very minute analysis of the French commercial statistics to determine how much of the trade which is set down to the credit of France really belongs to that country, and how much to her immediate neighbours. It is noteworthy, however, that of late years the French trade with this country appears to have fallen off. This is contrary to the general impression here in England, where it is supposed that France has benefited more largely by the Cobden treaty than England—that is to say, that her trade has expanded much more than ours under its stimulus. However that may be, it can clearly be shown that of late years the French trade with England has been falling off, or, at least, has not been increasing. For instance, the imports into France from the United Kingdom amounted to 26 millions sterling in 1876, and in 1879 were under 24 millions sterling. So, again, the exports from France to the United Kingdom, which in 1877 exceeded 42 millions sterling, in 1879 had fallen to 33 millions sterling. It is to be borne in mind, however, that a large part of this fall is nominal only. In the interval the prices of all commodities fell immensely, and naturally, therefore, the total values of the imports and exports must have fallen also. It is quite possible that the amount of the trade may have been diminished but very little, although this large reduction is shown in the value. Another point to be borne in mind is that the years from 1876 to 1879 inclusive were years of depression and discredit, more particularly here in England; that there were universal complaints of loss of trade; and it is only natural that the trade of France should have fallen off as well as that of all the rest of the world. Lastly, it is not to be forgotten that the past ten years have sorely tried France. War, insurrection, agitation, unsettled government, failure of crops, have all visited her in succession, and sometimes in combination. She has also had to bear an enormous increase of taxation. And, furthermore, she has had to face a very severe competition with some of her Continental neighbours. For example, while her sugar crop has twice within the past few years been a partial failure, the Austrian manufacturers have immensely improved their processes of sugar-making, and are gradually gaining a stronger hold of the English market. It would not be safe, therefore, to assume that there has been any real diminution in the trade between the two countries. But it seems, at the same time, clearly established that there has been no increase. One other point is to be borne in mind, that there has been an increase in the duties upon English goods imported into France of late years. The Cobden Treaty was the first of the commercial treaties concluded by France, and the treaty with Austria was one of the last. By the treaty with Austria the duties were reduced considerably below those of the Cobden Treaty, and England, in virtue of the most favoured nation clause, benefited by this reduction. But when the treaty with Austria came to an end the duties of the Cobden Treaty revived, and this doubtless had an effect in checking the growth of the trade between the two countries.

ARCHITECTURE IN 1881.

WITH the painful exception of the death of Mr. Burges, the year which has been completed by the recurrence of the Royal Academy Exhibition has been an uneventful one as far as architecture is in question. Goths, Classicists, and Queen Anne's men are still loading revolvers for their perennial triangular duel, and no definite success can be scored on any side. The Law Courts are growing apace, scaffold poles are modestly extending themselves upon the Embankment, while St. Paul's gives neither sight nor sound of those wonderful innovations which we were told—we forget how many years ago—were in certain and speedy prospect so soon as the malign personality of Mr. Burges should have been banned from the sacred precincts. So we have to go back to the annual task, so eminently calming to a restless mind, of noticing the contents of the architectural room of the Royal Academy. The first thing which strikes us there is that, of all the architectural members of the Academy, only Mr. Street and Mr. Waterhouse put in appearances. Mr. Pearson and Mr. Norman Shaw are absent, while the privilege of the posthumous year has not been taken advantage of by Mr. Burges's representatives. Mr. Street appears with several designs. The glimpse which he offers of the nave of Bristol Cathedral, seen crossways, is very picturesque (1109), but not more picturesque than the reality. The interior of his new church at Kingston, in Dorsetshire (1101), built for Lord Eldon, is well thought out, dignified in the mass, rich in material, and complete in appointments. The monument about to be erected in the south transept of York Minster to the late Dean Duncombe (1093) deserves great praise. It is clearly a composition carrying out in Middle Pointed the general idea of the famous canopied tomb in Early English of Archbishop Gray, which stands in the same transept; accordingly it bears a considerable, but we are sure quite unintentional, resemblance to the monument designed thirty years since with a similar motive, by R. C. Carpenter, for Marshal and Lady Beresford, which stands in the churchyard of Kildown, Kent. We fear that Mr. Street's English Church in the Via del Babuino, at Rome, will prove to have either borrowed too much or not enough from Southern in contrast to Northern Gothic. Mr. Waterhouse's Central Institution of the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, which is to rise in Exhibition Road, South Kensington (1884), is the visible embodiment of a great scheme which has mightily perplexed the benevolent souls of Philosophical Radicals who have long felt the assurance of the cock that the City and all its guilds are merely one huge residuum of jobbing and guzzling. As the scheme is big, so is also to be the building, which is to be planted on the west side of the Exhibition Road at right angles to the British Museum of Natural History, so as to mask what still survives of Lord Palmerston's favourite sheds. The material is red brick, and the style upon the whole that of Queen Anne, varied, however, by a strange proclivity in the window heads and elsewhere to assimilate forms resembling those of Mr. Waterhouse's Neo-Romanesque Museum adjoining. The architectural activity so rife at both Universities is hardly at all represented in this exhibition. We observe, however, the Master's Lodging, University College, Oxford, lately built by Messrs. Bodley and Garner (1078), and can speak well of it as a quiet and graceful composition in that phase of Jacobean which has not cast off Gothic feeling. This is a style very appropriate to Oxford from the associations both of history and of art which belong to it.

Mr. Penrose has turned awhile from his vigilant care of St. Paul's as it now is to give a perspective picture, seen from the east, of the old Cathedral as it looked in the days when its spire was still intact, and including Paul's Cross, the foundations of which have of late years been discovered and laid bare (1060). A glance at this drawing is sufficient to show how little ground Dean Milman had for his depreciatory estimate of this Cathedral in comparison with other mediæval minsters. Mr. Bayoks's special manner in church-building is one which borrows as much from Early French as from the First Pointed of England, and as may be inferred from his choice of style, massiveness has been wont to be a favourite characteristic of his treatment, and one which has generally served him well. But we think that he has for once overshot the mark with this specialty in his Lewisham Mission Church (1047). Height and colour are satisfactory features about Mr. Alfred A. Hudson's Church of St. Peter at Southsea (1055). But the perspective, which is all the architect offers, is too crowded to enable us to judge if the proportions of the building will be successful.

St. Mary Church, Hammersmith, by Mr. Arthur Baker (1130), is a large cruciform building, which has evidently been thought out with the intention of its posing as a minster. But an odd defect in the knowledge of the fitness of things displayed by its architect in some conspicuous features defeats his good intentions. The eastward portion of the eastern limb is just so much lower than the westward one as to destroy the dignity which a sufficient choir possesses, and yet just so little lower as not to mimic a lady chapel; while the central steeple is a reproduction on an exaggerated scale of an idea which has its appropriate home in the rustic churches of Surrey and Sussex. What Messrs. Dunn and Hanson call St. Cuthbert's Church at Ushaw College, near Durham (1105), is really a stately apsidal college chapel, arranged as college chapels should be—as being, in fact, choirs in contrast to the naves of parish churches—namely, with longitudinal stalls. We should think that the acknowledged failure of the

attempt at Kible College Chapel to seat such a chapel transversely would make a repetition of the experiment impossible. Lahore Cathedral, by Mr. J. O. Scott (1127, 1131), is a cruciform cathedral in Early Pointed, with apse and procession path, apparently exhibiting but little endeavour to accommodate the arrangements to climatic considerations. We cannot praise the composition of the western steeples, made up as they are of attenuated fleches springing from intersecting saddlebacks. Mr. Crossland's vast design (1138), in a showy variety of Late Italian, described as the entrance to the students' stairs from the east quadrangle of the Holloway College, Mount Lee, Egham, Surrey, *mole ruit aud.* The tavern built at the Royal Albert Dock by Messrs. George Vigers and J. R. Wagstaffe (1104) seems successfully to grapple with the picturesque resources of the domestic style of James I.'s and Charles I.'s days. But we do not think Mr. Vigers has been happily inspired in his National Hospital for the Deformed in Great Portland Street and Bolsover Street (1120). The system of composition belongs to that late period of the seventeenth century in which the narrowness of the window bays is made conspicuous by a crowded line of pronounced pilasters. This is a thing which should be observed only to be avoided by architects who claim for themselves to have all ages and all countries to choose from. Mr. West Neve offers some Offices at Cranbrook, in Kent (1045), carried out simply and unaffectedly, and therefore effectively, in that characteristic rural Kentish of the seventeenth century which has grown out of the use of tile facings to the walls. In his Hove House, Chiswick, "a painter's home" (1040), Mr. Maurice B. Adams has unfortunately had recourse to the features of a later period of the seventeenth century, so that a pleasing outline is allied to details which are not worthy of the general idea. Messrs. Carpenter's and Ingelow's St. Oswald's College, Ellesmere, now in the course of erection (1095), one of Canon Woodard's surprising creation of schools, is a grave and practical composition in Perpendicular.

THE OPERAS.

HERR ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S opera *Il Demonio* was produced on Tuesday last at Covent Garden for the first time in London, when the opera was conducted by its composer. Herr Rubinstein does not appear among us as a novice. His works have been performed, with more or less success, at a great many concerts; but it is only now, for the first time, that he appears as a dramatic composer. Everything that could tend to secure a success was at hand, and he, at least, cannot complain that his opera has not had a fair chance of attaining that success. In one particular alone he had cause of complaint—namely, with regard to the chorus. With splendid stage appointments, gorgeous dresses, the best of singers, and a most enthusiastic and appreciative audience, it was hardly possible for the most fastidious composer to be dissatisfied. Nor can we think that Herr Rubinstein can have been dissatisfied. How much, however, of the plaudits was due to his popularity as a pianoforte player or how much to the worth of his work is a nice question which we will not here endeavour to solve, and which may be left open to public opinion. The opera, we are told, has sustained great success in St. Petersburg, and it may do so in London. It must be conceded that Herr Rubinstein has laboured under the disadvantage of having one of the most colourless of libretti to work upon. M. Lermontoff may be a Russian representative of the "Welt-schmerz" school, as we are elsewhere told, but judging from his work in *Il Demonio* he must be but an indifferent one, for his conception of the character, if character it can be called, of the Demon is that of a shadowy Bertram and Manfred rolled into one, without the dramatic strength of either. He is a tame uninteresting demon, prone to do mischief if you please, but not doing it with any zeal. It is indeed very difficult to find out whether he is a good or a bad demon; and if it were not for the fact that an angel in the beginning of the opera demonstrates with him, and urges him to give up his evil ways, we should be rather inclined to take part with him, so uninteresting are all the surroundings.

After a short orchestral introduction, the curtain rises upon a scene among the clouds; while choruses of more or less uncertain intonation, supposed to be sung by evil spirits, the winds, waters, fountains, trees, flowers, rocks, and an occasional zephyr, occupy the time. During the choruses a rift in the clouds discloses various phantasmal forms, and a kind of Guy Fawkes meant for the Demon is swung across by two very large ropes. When this is ended, the clouds rise, and present a scene of much beauty. On the left is the castle of Gudal, and on the right a rock, on which stands the Demon, and at the back is the river Aragua. The Demon on his rock denounces things in general, when an Angel appears from another rock, and a debate ensues, in which the Demon appears to get the better of his antagonist. When these immortals have disappeared, the maidens appear, singing a joyous chorus; and, shortly after, Tamara, the daughter of Prince Gudal, and betrothed to Prince Sinodal, appears on a terrace. Why Herr Rubinstein should introduce his heroine so unnaturally it is impossible to say; but Tamara appears singing a long meaningless cadenza. A pretty chorus accompanies Tamara until the Demon appears upon his rock. Tamara alone sees him, and is terrified at his words and appearance. He at once falls in love with her, and asks her to

go with him and be mistress of the world. Tamara, though frightened, is evidently fascinated, as is evident from the way in which she repeats the words of the Demon after he has disappeared:—

Là del mio cor avrai l'imper,
Là regno avrai sul mondo inter.

The scene then changes to a rocky pass in the Caucasus, which has been chosen by Prince Sinodal, the betrothed of Tamara, as a resting-place for himself and his troops. After the Prince has delivered himself of a most intricate air in praise of Tamara, whom he has evidently not yet even seen, he retires to rest; and while all are sleeping the Demon appears and determines to rid himself of his rival. This is effected by a surprise by a troop of Tartars, who come on the stage and miraculously slay the sleeping men, for they none of them know the use of the sword. This feeble fight over, it is found that Prince Sinodal is wounded, and finally he dies, and the curtain falls.

The second act begins with a bridal festival, which would have been complete had the bridegroom only been present. A messenger arrives, and states that Prince Sinodal is coming, but that fatigue and night have overcome him. Tamara is not happy at the news, but nevertheless the festivities continue, and a ballet is performed. Suddenly the news arrives that Prince Sinodal is killed, when mirth gives place to consternation, and shortly after the body of the unfortunate Prince is brought in on a bier. Tamara overwhelmed with grief makes towards it, and throws herself upon it. Her father, Prince Gudal, attempts to soothe her, but with no avail. Suddenly the Demon appears on an eminence evidently arranged for him, and Tamara, who alone sees him, is awe-struck. After the body has been removed, Prince Gudal and the others leave her to compose herself, when the Demon again appears, and to her questions as to who he may be returns the most evasive answers. Prince Gudal and the others return to find Tamara almost driven mad, and with a strong desire to enter a cloister. This her father at first will not hear of, but at the urgent request of those around him, he at last reluctantly gives his consent. With the retirement of Tamara into a convent it would be thought that the act might well come to a close, but the librettist thinks otherwise; for while the Prince Gudal is mourning the double loss of daughter and son-in-law, his retainers rush in and demand revenge for Prince Sinodal's death, which gives an opportunity for Herr Rubinstein to introduce a chorus in which the words *guerra* and *vendetta* are drowned in a wild confusion of noise.

In her seclusion in the convent, in the third act, Tamara finds no rest on account of the relentless Demon, whose mean character somewhat discloses itself in this act. He shows himself to her in his true colours, and declares his love, promising all that the world possesses if she will accept him and free him from the fate that heaven has ordained shall be his. At the critical moment, when he is just about to embrace her, the Angel appears, and she, dying in his arms, is carried in the orthodox fashion up to heaven, whilst the Demon takes an opposite direction.

To this libretto Herr Rubinstein has chosen to compose the music. Of this on a first hearing we can but say that that which is not steeped in the profoundest dullness is disfigured by simple noise. His Asiatic allusions are pretty enough in his songs for the pianoforte, but dragged through the weary length of such an opera as *Il Demonio* they pall upon the listener. We are inclined to think that, had the libretto been worthy of the artist, we might have had better work from his pen; but, as it is, we cannot speak with praise of the opera. Indeed our general impression is one of ugliness and loudness unredeemed by dramatic feeling. The part of the Demon has no character, either dramatically or musically considered, and the interest of the piece is further marred by the death of the leading tenor in the first act, while some of the music which Herr Rubinstein has given to the various parts, especially Sinodal's song, "Oh potessi almen volar," is most exacting to a singer's powers.

Mme. Albani took the part of Tamara, and sang and acted as only a first-class artist can do. At the best there is but little for her to do, but that little she accomplished with all the art that she is now justly famous for; while Mme. Trebelli sustained the unthankful part of the Angel with skill remarkable even in her. Signor Marini, as Prince Sinodal, sang the part with credit; and Signor de Reszke's Prince Gudal was a distinct feature in the opera. Signori Silvestri and Manfredi were respectively the Servant and Messenger to Prince Sinodal. With M. Lassalle, who played the Demon, we sincerely sympathize; for the part is not an enviable one for any singer to undertake, and he is much to be praised for having made as important a figure as he did in it on Tuesday last.

It is a relief to turn from *Il Demonio* to Signor Boito's *Mefistofele*, with its really fine scoring and exquisite melodies. The work has the not too common merit of growing upon one by repeated hearings. Its performance at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday night was, as a whole, admirable. Signor Nanetti showed, it is true, an unhappy tendency to the tremolo in his first scene; but he shook this off as the opera went on, and sang and acted with all his old skill and fire. Signor Campanini, who was in exceptionally good voice, sang, especially in the last scene, with rare beauty and taste, and acted with considerable spirit. Mlle. de Belocca may be congratulated on her fulfilment of the difficult task of taking up a part associated with the name of Mme. Trebelli. We speak last of the performance of Mme. Nilsson, for which no praise can be too high. Never has Mme. Nilsson given with greater force and beauty her part in

the garden quartette, with the strange and touching suggestion of tragedy underlying the ringing notes of laughter, and never, indeed, have her acting and singing both in the First and Second Parts seemed nearer to perfection. The stage-management was on the whole capital, especially in the *Walpurgis Nacht*; but there was a dangerous likeness in the working of the flying mantle of the first scene to the notorious pantomime effect attempted in the first scene of *Faust o Margherita* at Covent Garden.

JUNE RACING.

THE Manchester Cup is becoming one of the most important handicaps of the year, and it is already the most valuable. Even when the gambling on the Derby was at its height there was considerable speculation on the Manchester Cup, and as soon as the great race of the year was over, the betting men gave their undivided attention to the important handicap of the Manchester meeting. Fernandez was the first favourite. Last autumn, as a three-year-old, with 8 st. 11 lb. on his back, he had only been beaten by half a length for the Cambridgeshire, which was won by a four-year-old to whom he was giving exactly a stone. Two lengths behind him was Cipolata, who had once beaten Robert the Devil. At Ascot, Fernandez had run Bend Or to a head at even weights, and although he ran badly in the Two Thousand, he had won the Craven Stakes in a canter. He was now to carry the heavy weight of 9 st.; but this, at weight for age, was considerably less than what Isomony had carried to victory in this very race last year. The second favourite was Peter, who was a year older than Fernandez, and yet had 1 lb. less to carry. Contrary to expectation, Fernandez was hopelessly beaten long before the end of the race, and as the horses came up to the stand, Peter was leading. Just at this point, however, Archer, who has so often upset hopes when they seemed certain to be realized, came rushing up on a twenty-five-to-one outsider. This was Captain Macchell's Valour, the winner of the first race at the late Epsom Meeting. Hitherto his career had not been by any means an unvarying success, but he had occasionally won races, and although he is six years old, his victory in the Manchester Cup with 8 st. 9 lbs. on his back was a highly creditable performance.

The Grand Prix de Paris was scarcely so interesting a race this year as usual. The French Derby had been won with great ease by Albion, and this horse was to run for the Grand Prix. Tristan also belonged to a Frenchman, but all his performances had hitherto been over English racecourses. He had shown some form as a two-year-old, but he had run wretchedly in both the Two Thousand and the Derby. Scobell had been an uncertain performer, both as a two-year-old and as a three-year-old; but he had run like a racehorse of high class on several occasions. His last race had been for the valuable Epsom Grand Prize, which he had won very cleverly under a heavy weight. But the best public form was that of Foxhall, a colt that had been bred in America. In the City and Suburban he had run second to Bend Or, many good horses being behind him at something like weight for age. Last year he had been beaten once, but he had won a couple of creditable races. The result of the Grand Prix was a tremendous race between Foxhall and Tristan, ridden respectively by Fordham and Archer. Foxhall won by a head. Albion was third, some four lengths behind the leading pair. The stake was more valuable than that of the Derby. Foxhall's victory was a great triumph for the Americans; if the same horse had won both the Derby and the Grand Prix, they would have had a great deal to boast of; how much more proud, therefore, ought they to be when the greatest English and the greatest French race have been won in the same year by different American horses belonging to different American owners.

Before proceeding to notice the racing at Ascot, we will observe that the sale of the Mardon Deer Park yearlings, which took place at Sandown Park on the 11th instant, was a great success. Twenty yearlings were sold at an average very little short of 300 guineas apiece. The highest price realized was 1,050 guineas; but no other single lot went for more than 500, and only eight out of the twenty fetched less than 200, so the prices were unusually even. Only two lots went under 100 guineas, and the lowest price taken was 65 guineas. This speaks far better for a stud than if a couple of yearlings had brought in 2,000 guineas each, while a large number had been 20 or 30 guinea weeds.

The racing on the Tuesday of the Ascot week was below the average. In general, the racing on the first day of the Ascot meeting is about the best of the season. But, although the sport of Tuesday week was not what it might have been, there was plenty of excitement. Weight-for-age races are supposed to be far less risky things to bet upon than handicaps. Indeed, there are Turf moralists who look upon gambling on handicaps as a sin, while they regard betting on weight-for-age races as one of the duties of man. Such people had a nice opportunity of putting their principles into practice in the race for the Gold Vase. Three horses were to start, Peter, Monarch, and Ambassador, and, on public form, the backers were perfectly justified in laying 3 to 1 on Peter. There seemed to be no doubt about Peter's powers to win, but, unfortunately for his backers, "he had other objects in view." He gal-

loped away beautifully until he reached the part of the course which was nearest to his stables, when he determined to go home and leave Monarch and Ambassadors to finish the race by themselves. He stopped short, and when urged on he kicked and bucked in a highly reprehensible manner. The most energetic of his backers, perceiving that their champion had failed them, hastened immediately to lay 6 and 7 to 4 on Monarch, in order to recoup themselves; but this was only throwing good money after bad, for Ambassadors, a four-year-old that had never won a race previously, came away and won in a canter by four lengths. So much for the certainties of weight-for-age races! It had been expected that the winners of the Two Thousand and the Derby, who had also been the first and second in each of those races, would have fought their battles again in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. Unfortunately Peregrine had a slight cough, and did not start, and the race was considered almost a foregone conclusion for Iroquois; but, although he won the race, he had to gallop as fast as his legs would carry him in order to pass the winning post in front of Geologist, to whom he was conceding the considerable weight of 9 lbs. The Ascot Stakes was an unsatisfactory affair, for as Retreat and Teviotdale were running in together, the former managed to bump heavily against the latter; so, although Retreat came in first, the race had to be awarded to Teviotdale, who had won it last year. There was a good race among some two-year-olds for the Biennial. Purple and Scarlet won by a head, then came Amali, and a head behind him were the Zee colt and Haverhill, who ran a dead heat for third place. All four were carrying the same weight. It may be remembered that in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom Dunmore had beaten Purple and Scarlet by a neck only at even weights. These two races must be carefully borne in mind by students of two-year-old form, for whatever difference there may be between those five colts in the future, they were presumably within a very few pounds of each other at one time. Archer and Cannon rode a beautiful race, in a match, on two fillies by Wrenlock, the half-sisters running a dead heat.

After Peter's misbehaviour on the first day of the meeting there were great differences of opinion as to the desirability of backing him for the Royal Hunt Cup on the Wednesday. Nevertheless he became a strong favourite, and he was backed at starting at 100 to 30. He seemed to be in a bad humour again, for on the way down to the post he stopped so short that even the famous Archer suffered some "displacement" for a moment. The brute then set to work to get rid of his jockey. In this, however, he failed, and although Archer had a very unpleasant ride, he reached the starting-post on his horse's back. There again Peter gave some specimens of his vagaries. He bounced about like an india-rubber ball, and he excelled the mechanical horse in the variety of his movements. When the field of twenty horses at last got off, Peter started with the rest, but he had not proceeded far when he stopped short and kicked as viciously as a mule. All hopes of his winning now seemed to be at an end, for even a bad start is generally irremediable in the Hunt Cup, and now the body of the field had got a long way ahead. But Archer was resolute, and taking his wrong-minded charge by the head, he started in pursuit. Finding that his nose was turned towards his beloved corn bin, Peter now took it into his head to go home as fast as he could, and passing his opponents one after the other, he eventually gained the lead, and won the race by three-quarters of a length. Considering the heavy weight he was carrying (9 st. 3 lbs.) and the ground that he lost early in the race, this performance of Peter's ought ever to be memorable in the annals of Ascot. Well as Archer had ridden in the Hunt Cup, he showed his skill still further in the Biennial a little later in the afternoon. Limestone had beaten Scobell, and was apparently winning when Archer swooped down upon him with Voluptuary, and just won the race by a head. Sir Charles, who had been such a hero at Ascot a year ago, was fourth. Scobell had been the first favourite, with odds laid on him, and he ought to have run better. In the Epsom Grand Prize he had given Voluptuary 4 lbs., and beaten him easily, and now that they were running at even weights, Voluptuary galloped past him as if he were standing still. His excuses must be that he had only arrived from Paris the day before the race, and that he had got a cough. Many trainers were complaining at Ascot of the prevalence of coughing among their horses. Both in England and in France, horses of all kinds have been suffering lately from a bad type of influenza, which has proved fatal in many instances, and it is said to have been worse on the other side of the Channel than on this.

The Thursday was but a dull day's racing. It was a mere form for Robert the Devil to canter in five lengths in front of Petronel for the Gold Cup, and although Iroquois only beat Léon by half a length for the St. James's Palace Stakes, he could evidently have galloped right away from him if his jockey had wished it. Count Lagrange won the valuable Rous Memorial Stakes with Poulet, and Lord Rosebery won the New Stakes for two-year-olds, with his filly Kormess, who finished a couple of lengths in front of Kipgdom and four lengths in front of Shrewsbury, two colts which are considered far above the average. In the New Biennial Stakes there was a terrible upset of a strong favourite. The long odds of 7 to 2 were laid on Golden Eye, but she never looked formidable during the race, and finished third only to Skipetar. This sort of thing generally happens at least once or twice during every Ascot meeting.

It was a great pity that Bend Or was unable to run against Peter in the Hardwicke Stakes. Chippendale, Geologist, Preston-

pana, Poulet, Bonnie Doon, Cumberland, and Sportaman composed the field that opposed Peter, but they had no chance with him, and he came in eight lengths in advance of the nearest of the party. Altogether, Peter was quite the hero of the Ascot meeting, although he distinguished himself as much for wickedness as for speed. The Alexandra Plate was a mere exercise canter for Robert the Devil, and he came in as he liked, Exeter and Reveller following at a very respectful distance. Backers are likely to remember the Queen's Stand Plate. They laid 5 to 2 on Charibert, who was ridden by Archer. The great jockey made one of the rushes for which he is so justly famous, but even Archer is mortal, and for once, instead of winning by a head, he lost by a head, to the intense chagrin of the plungers; but in the next race, which was the last of the meeting, he showed that he had not lost his cunning, for he brought Lord Bradford's Sword Dance up in the last few strides, and won by a head in his most brilliant style. After Ascot races there is generally some discussion on the question whether the meeting has been most favourable to backers of horses or to fielders. During the late meeting, a backer who put the same sum on the first favourite for every race would have won rather more than two and a half times that amount in the course of the week.

The yearlings of the Cobham Stud were sold on the Saturday after Ascot, when good prices were realized, twenty-one yearlings averaging nearly 300 guineas each. Twenty-six other yearlings were sold (or bought in) in the course of the same afternoon, and these averaged over 200 apiece. The yearling sales, thus far, have been more successful this year than for some time past.

REVIEWS.

WHEELER'S HISTORY OF INDIA.—VOL. IV., PART II.*

IN this half volume Mr. Talboys Wheeler completes his history of the Moghul Empire. It is chiefly occupied with the reign of the Emperor Aurangzeb; and Mr. Wheeler gives the briefest of brief notices of that monarch's successors, but these notices may be said to be valueless. In our review of the first part of this volume, on April 22, 1876, we expressed an opinion unfavourable to that portion of Mr. Wheeler's history, and on reading this part we see little reason to give another opinion of the continuation. This part is a valuable contribution to history, but is too one-sided and incomplete to rank as a history. In the former part of this volume Mr. Wheeler showed his contempt for the native Mahomedan historians; and it is but too clear that he knows little about them or the language in which they wrote. He seldom fails to seize an opportunity of disparaging them; and, although his animadversions are sometimes reasonable, they as often show an incorrect and prejudiced apprehension. For many centuries we are entirely indebted for our knowledge of Indian history to the native authors who wrote in Persian, and their works deserve a most careful and candid sifting. No one can claim for them strict impartiality, full details of events, or accurate statements of dates and concurrent circumstances. But it is the business of the true historian to carefully compare and examine their statements, and to arrive, if possible, at some definite and plausible result. Mr. Wheeler's method is short and simple. He applies to them in particular what Sir R. Walpole said of history in general, and dismisses them with contempt and undisguised dislike. This volume, so far as it relates to Mahomedan history, is derived almost exclusively from European travellers in India. In collecting the evidence of these writers Mr. Wheeler has rendered an inestimable service. One of them, the Venetian physician Manouchi, resided in India forty-eight years; and his elaborate work, founded on personal observation and from diligent examination of the Persian chronicles and registers preserved at Delhi, is a most valuable contribution to the histories of the reigns of Shāh Jahān and Aurangzeb. His memoirs were written in Portuguese—why it does not appear, but perhaps when he was residing at Goa—and were adorned with portraits of the Emperors and many of the great men of the time. A French history of the Moghuls was published at the Hague in 1708 by the Jesuit father Catrou, which was based on the memoirs of Manouchi, and an English translation of Catrou's work appeared in London in 1826. Notwithstanding this, the work has remained unnoticed until it was unearthed, as Mr. Wheeler states, for his use by his publishers, Messrs Trübner. Manouchi's original work appears to be lost, or buried in oblivion upon some obscure book-shelves, but Mr. Wheeler has made full and good use of Catrou's version. The published English translation of it seems to be entirely lost, but a full publication of the whole work, in whatever form it may be accessible, is much to be desired.

The Emperor Aurangzeb with whom Mr. Wheeler deals in this volume, is a congenial subject for his mode of treatment. He can find little to say that is favourable of the best of the Musulman monarchs, and here he has one for whom little that is good can in honesty be said:—

By craft, hypocrisy, and bloodshed he had gained the empire of Hin-

* *The History of India from the Earliest Ages.* By J. Talboys Wheeler. Vol. IV. Part II. Moghul Empire, Aurangzeb. London: Trübner & Co.

dustan. His three brothers had perished in the fratricidal war. His eldest son had suffered death as a punishment for rebellion. His father Sháh Jahán was still alive, imprisoned in the fortress at Agra. The vision of Sháh Jahán was a constant terror to Aurangzeb; it poisoned his pleasures and paralysed his ambition.

This is a somewhat weak and incomplete way of representing the facts. One brother perished, or rather disappeared, in a rebellious campaign, but he was often asserted to be alive. The eldest brother died by an iniquitous public execution, and the third succumbed to slow poison in a government fortress. The father died in confinement a few years after Aurangzeb's accession. "How he perished is one of the many mysteries of the Moghul régime," says Mr. Wheeler, but he inclines to the general belief that the old monarch was poisoned. As to the punishment by death of the eldest son we shall have something to say hereafter. Mr. Wheeler has a just and hearty detestation of Aurangzeb's hypocrisy. Some writers have been blinded by the glamour of his religious professions, and have attributed to him a true feeling of religion and a hearty repentance of his crimes. But when the crafty monarch made a display of his penitence he was only one of the miserable sinners of the world, and had no word to say about his own especial crimes. His religious persecutions were in strict accord with his own gloomy and remorseless fanaticism; but, like all his public actions, they were greatly influenced by political considerations. He was a man of unbounded vanity and self-conceit. He condemned the system under which he had been brought up and educated, and had little regard and no affection for those around him, excepting so far as they were subservient to his political schemes. To secure a more perfect submission to the laws of his religion and to cement a more united body of Mahomedans he abolished the use of wine, and allowed the use of it only to Europeans, who were restricted to the use of it in their own houses. All Mahomedans who drank it were subject to the amputation of a hand or a foot, and the sellers of it to imprisonment or the bastinado. But it was all in vain; no edict could suppress intoxication, and the use of wine was universal. Aurangzeb remarked that there were only two men in the Empire who abstained from the use of wine, the chief Kázi and himself. Even there he was deceived. Every morning the Court physician carried a flagon of wine to the chief Kázi, and the pair emptied it together. Other great officials continued to indulge secretly in the same vice; and the bulk of the people, who were unable to obtain the strong drinks they so dearly loved, took to intoxicating preparations of a more dangerous character. One of his whimsical edicts was a prohibition of long mustachios, which he pretended were an obstacle to the distinct pronunciation of the word Allah. Mr. Wheeler sees in this an affront to the Shiáhs. However it may be, men were appointed who ran about with scissors to clip the mustachios of the passers-by to the proper shape. He had a hatred of music, and abolished singing and dancing. The public trade of the dancing-girls, the courtesans of India, was gone; and he ordered them all to be married—a somewhat strange punishment for such people—or to go into banishment. As might be expected, the trade which was formerly public became still more rife in privacy and concealment.

Notwithstanding all his defects Aurangzeb was a man of vast energy and determination. His iron hand alone could have kept the discordant elements of the Empire under control, and have struggled with success against the wars, internal and external, which continually assailed it. He lived to an old age, and he had the bitterness of seeing his sons, who were of ripe years and anxious for power, rebelling when they found an opportunity; each striving to secure his own succession, and paying little regard to the commands and feelings of their father. For all his personal faults, his hypocrisy, bigotry, and ruthlessness, he is still looked upon with admiration by modern Mahomedans in India as the greatest of their monarchs, or, at least, as second to none. His reimposition of the *jizya*, or poll-tax on infidels, and his consistent persecution of them, were more agreeable to the professors of an intolerant creed than the tolerance and genial spirit of Akbar. His wars with the Rájputs, over whom he claimed sovereignty, were not always successful, and cost him much anxiety and much blood and treasure. The great scene of his warfare was the Dekhan, where he subdued, as much by craft as by power, the Mahomedan kingdoms of Bijapur and Golkonda, and where also he had a life-long struggle with the "mountain rat," the Mahratta Sivaji and his successors. Mr. Wheeler, as he was bound, tells the story of Sivaji's murder of the Bijapur general, Afzal Khan, whom he had invited to a parley. Sivaji wore concealed in his hand a small weapon called *wag-nakh*, or tiger's claws. With these he unsuspectingly clutched the unfortunate general in the abdomen, and then despatched him with his dagger. There can be no doubt as to the nature of the weapon, for Grant Duff in his history has published a sketch of one; yet Mr. Wheeler, writing from imagination and not from authority, says, "He then drove the tiger's claws to the Musulman general's heart," a feat difficult of accomplishment and inconceivable to any one less confident in his own supposed knowledge than Mr. Wheeler. The arduous struggle in the south would have worn out a man of less vigorous determination and unshaken resolution than Aurangzeb, but he succumbed at last, and died in the eighty-ninth year of his age and the fiftieth year of his reign. The Moghul Empire is frequently represented as having attained the zenith of its glory in his reign, and no doubt it extended over a larger expanse than it had ever before reached. But the orb of empire was cracking and crumbling in his grasp, and when death relaxed

that tenacious and determined hold, the whole fell to pieces, and the country became the prey of fratricidal and internecine wars. The two elder brothers hastened from opposite extremes of the Empire, and settled their pretensions in a great battle near the Chambal, in which the second brother fell. Another, the fifth son, a rash and unmanageable soldier, who spurned all the kind and liberal terms of his eldest brother, met a soldier's death. The third son, Akbar, had rebelled against his father, but the fickleness of his Rájput allies lost him a battle, and he fled to the Mahrattas, by whom he was courteously received; but he was disgusted with their idolatry and coarse mode of life, and went to Persia, where also he was well received, and died some years afterwards in Garmair. Aurangzeb opened negotiations to get him back, but failed. There is doubt about the eldest son, Mahomed Sultan, who died when very young, and never makes any prominent appearance. He would seem to have died a natural death, but Mr. Wheeler unhesitatingly says he was poisoned. We should like to know his authority. Perhaps he has found it in one of the European travellers, or perhaps he has evolved it, as the phrase runs, from the depths of his inner consciousness.

Mr. Wheeler's summary of the contents of the writings of the European travellers is most interesting and valuable. These travellers vary in their acuteness and breadth of observation, but they all add something that throws a fresh light upon the state of affairs in different parts of India. Bernier and Della Valle are especially valuable, and the former has always found readers, from the liveliness of his style and his interesting details of the doings of the Imperial Court, where he was physician. A publication of a series of these travellers would probably be profitable; it would certainly render service, and give pleasure to the student of history. Catrou's version of Manouchi is especially desirable.

Mr. Wheeler has his prejudices and hobbies, to which he holds with desperate tenacity. In his plan of the Mahomedan history of India he divides it into four parts, the third of which, beginning with Aurangzeb, he named the "Sunni Revival," and under it he classed all the remaining monarchs of India. He here confesses that Bahádur Sháh, the successor of Aurangzeb, had the Shiáh form of the creed read in the great mosque, but that he was obliged to retract the innovation by the violent opposition of the religious world. Mr. Wheeler also returns to his hypothesis that the Aryans and the Moghuls are of the same stock. This brought down upon him some ridicule in this and some other periodicals. He here brings forward a number of circumstances in support of his theory, which are yet weaker than what he had formerly advanced. One alleged proof is remarkably inconsequential, even among the other trivial and worthless statements:—

The Moghuls are the so-called Children of the Sun, and to this day they carry a peacock on their standard. A peacock of gold and jewels blazed over the throne of the Moghul Emperor Sháh Jahán, and a peacock is still the standard of the Moghul Kings of Burma.

Now Sháh Jahán was not a Moghul, but a Turk, as Mr. Wheeler has himself taught in the body of his book; but, even if he had been a Moghul, this could have no bearing on the statement that the Aryan Hindus are of Moghul origin. Mr. Wheeler, as we have seen in previous notices, is very weak in his spelling and the use of accents, and his deficiencies would have received no notice here but for a note at the beginning of the work, which seems to be intended as a veil for this weakness:—"Throughout the following pages the names of 'Aurangzeb' has been altered to 'Aurangzeb,' and that of 'Rajpoot' to 'Rajput,' to suit modern orthography." Modern orthography has nothing to do with it. The words have always been spelt in the same way in their original languages. Aurangzeb is the most scientific form of rendering, which has always been more or less used; and Rajput, not Rajpút, has been the correct form for countless generations.

ENGLISH GARDENS.*

A PLEASANT and unpretending little volume by Mrs. J. Francis Foster, sets up "a plea for English gardens of the future, with practical hints for planting them," and the plea is, in fact, a plea for the revival of the past. In all projects or attempts for such revivals there is something fascinating and attractive; but the measure of resulting success is apt to prove very meagre and disappointing. The shadow will not go back on the sun-dial of life. We may build our houses externally in the style of any country, century, or dynasty we please; but we have not the slightest intention of making their internal arrangements, or our own manner of living within their walls, correspond with the period. The English garden, and its uses, are essentially associated with English domestic life; and it is only possible to reproduce a fourteenth or sixteenth century garden in the way in which the costumes of the time may be reproduced; the result being a sort of floral fancy-ball, as pretty, perhaps, but as unreal, as such an entertainment must be. Indeed, Mrs. Foster's little book *On the Art of Gardening* seems to be based on this very principle; for it is itself a kind of manual of costumes, drawn up for the use of the privileged and comparatively small class who possess, in time, abundance of leisure; in space, abundance of pleasure ground; and in establishment, abundance of available labour. It is addressed, in fact, to the very people who,

* *On the Art of Gardening: a Plea for English Gardens of the Future, with Practical Hints for Planting them.* By Mrs. J. Francis Foster. London: W. Satchell & Co. 1881.

when they are so inclined, entertain their guests at a costume ball. Not the less is it a pleasant kind of reading to the less favoured multitude which stands by on the pavement, and looks on.

There are two acknowledged grievances in the experience of every one who possesses a garden, of which it may be said that the greater contains the less, so that the two resolve themselves into one, the total inability of the owner of the garden to have his own way in its arrangement. The minor trouble which is involved in this general misfortune is that all personal associations and preferences, and all traditions of past gardens, are sacrificed and scattered to the winds in obedience to the laws of some fashion always as ephemeral, and often as hideous, as those which are imposed on the form of woman and the eyes of man by the tyranny of dress-makers. It is a pleasing thought, however delusive, that by restoring the garden of the past we can set ourselves free from the fetters of this bondage. The first step, or almost the first, which the reformer of the garden would find himself taking is an evidence of the altered system under which he is living. After reading the ample "Directions for planting a Chaucerian" or "an Elizabethan Border," he would make out a list of the seeds and plants required, and address it to the great nurseryman who presides over his district, and whose catalogues reach him regularly once a quarter.

In the beauty and sweetness of flowers there has always been a refreshment and delight for human life. Women have prized and cherished them, and men have valued them for women's sake, if not for their own. Admitting this to the fullest extent, and premising it in anticipation of its being alleged against us, we think that it must be taken for granted that the relation of the garden to English domestic life in former days was in the main utilitarian. Mrs. Foster quotes from Sir William Temple's Essay on Gardening a sentence which is directly in point:—"Four or five to seven or eight acres is as much as any gentleman need design, and will furnish as much of all that is expected from it as any nobleman will have occasion to use in his family." For the more immediate purposes of the household the garden would supply fruit, vegetables when they came into general use, and still earlier, herbs used for the "seasoning" which is said to have been the original form of vegetables as served with meat. But, besides these, the supplementary uses of the garden were many, in connexion with the simpler, more self-contained, and more home-keeping life of country houses in the past. All the old botanical works, and books as recent as the beautiful series of Sowerby's *English Botany*, published at the close of the last and beginning of the present century, are full of the medicinal and other uses of the commoner of our wild plants; and for these uses both native and foreign flowers were cultivated in gardens. Old ladies, till very recently, all unknowing of the existence and virtues of arnica, would barbarously strip the splendid white lily of its flowers in order to preserve the petals in brandy for exigencies commonly met by a brown paper vehicle or a raw beef-steak, and which, as we learn from a delightful passage quoted by Mrs. Foster from one of the old herbalists, have supplied the cause for retaining in our gardens the struggling weed known as "Solomon's Seal." An experiment which we once tried, but never repeated, and which we cannot recommend any one else to attempt, proved fatal to the hypothesis that it might be a substitute for asparagus, which it slightly resembles in its early shoots; and Sowerby has omitted to notice how "its bruised roots will take away blacke or blew spots gotten by fols, or women's wilfulness in stumbling upon their hasty husbands' fists."

The ladies of a country house in old times were more of house-keepers, as well as more of homekeepers, than they can be now. Their cosmetics, or "washes," as well as their scents, were to a large extent home made; and for these, as well as for the "cordials" prepared in still-rooms, the garden was made to supply the materials. They had their sweetmeats and "conservees" as well, provided from the same source; and of the herbs which they used for the production of these luxuries it may be hoped that the horrible vegetable called Angelica, a sort of gigantic parsley with hollow stems, is not a fair specimen. The uses of the garden in all these particulars have entirely passed away, although the old herb-doctoring still lingers in country districts, where traditional salves for burns, said to be more efficacious than anything to be had at the druggist's, are still compounded by old women from receipts orally received and handed down. The merely ornamental flowers in a garden were probably but an adjunct to their more useful fellows; and the name of the "border" in which they grew seems to indicate this supplementary position. The roses combined use and beauty in one; and the fading flowers were not consigned to the wheelbarrow and the rubbish-heap as they are now. Here and there a lead-lined urn or vase may still be found which retains, or seems to retain, the fragrance of their departed petals.

But the garden was the resource of leisure, as well as the repository for housewifely simples and luxuries. It was a place of meditation and conference for the master of the house and his friends, and not less the scene of graceful labours and gentle interests for the mistress and her daughters, in days when leisure was less hurrying than it is in our generation, and when as yet "garden-parties" were not. The personal care and tending of individual plants and flowers and trees was not unknown; and it is perhaps in this personal association with special growths that the difference between the garden of the more recent past and that of the present chiefly consists. Any one who, like Gilbert White of Selborne, should enter in his diary, or communicate in

society, or write to his acquaintances, the dates at which the apricot on his south wall flowered, or the golden-crested wren began to sit, would, unless he were known as an observer collecting his facts for purely scientific purposes, be set down as a recluse or a prig. He may certainly discuss the relative character of the peach and the almond-blossom, yet not in association with their comparative beauty as spring-flowering trees, but strictly as bearing on the question of development from the ideal or original berry, in the one case of a tough skin, and in the other of a fortified kernel.

The garden of an earlier age, with its uses and its interests, has become extinct more completely than its companion, the fishpond. The latter may, and even must, survive in the shape of ornamental water, or, if it seem fit to do so to talk about things on a more magnificent scale, as "the lake." It is required for skating-parties; it is convenient for the indulgence of a taste in fancy waterfowl; and it may be useful in a dry summer. But, as a fishpond, it is seldom wanted; and the fishpond, in the old monastic gardens at least, was a very important domestic institution. In much later times, and until the railway could be depended upon for the daily needs of the table, it proved a convenient and habitual resource, and the humble sport of bottom-fishing in it was far removed from its present level of contempt. It is now partly obsolete; and as the water has faded, so fades the land of the pleasure-ground. A modern garden-party neither knows nor cares anything whatever about the garden. Its day is over, and if the old rose-border interferes with free passage for the "gallery" of the tennis-ground, the rose-border must go. The garden was for the few; the garden-party is of the many. The garden was an adjunct of the house for the owner's friends; the house is an adjunct of the garden, or rather of the lawn, for the hostess's acquaintances. And, accordingly, the arbour or summer-house of the past, with its little rough table in the middle, comfortable for two and pleasantly crushed with half-a-dozen, has given place to a wilderness of chairs and rugs, with their familiar accompaniment of a stampede in a thunderstorm. Not that it is absolutely prohibited to take any interest in flowers, or to ask the hostess for permission to inspect her roses; but that the subject must be approached without the slightest breath of enthusiasm, and that appreciative criticism of the "collection" must not be spoiled by any folly of sentiment or poetry. The one unpardonable offence is to mistake the "Duchess of Connaught" for the "Duke of Edinburgh," or a "Pactole" for a "Céline Forestier."

It is impossible that the garden of a home-living society should retain its traditional hold on a society which scarcely ever looks upon it. Mrs. Foster's question admits of a ready answer:—"Why should we, who might have flowers from Epiphanytide till Christmas comes again, prefer to have them only for two or three months of the year?" In the first place, "we" do not "prefer" anything of the kind. "We" give our orders to the nurserymen and the florists, and we expect them to keep us properly supplied with window-gardens and table decorations, to say nothing of bouquets and buttonholes. And if we did take care that there should be no "brown, bare earth in flowerless borders" at our places down in the country "from Epiphanytide" (this year, at any rate) till the close of the season, *cui bono*? Who would see them, except the gardeners and the housemaids? In the social customs of the day, most likely, lies the real origin and the *raison d'être* of the "bedding out" system, which Mrs. Foster, with the true gardening instinct, detests, and would fain exterminate.

But there is an economical side whence some reasonable defence may be offered for that kitchen-dresser style of horticulture, in which the flower-beds on the lawn and elsewhere are regarded as so many plates and dishes to be filled with various kinds of food at stated times and washed and put aside in the intervals. The permanent flower-border requires a great deal of continuous labour to keep up in anything like presentable show, and in the heavier soils is almost impossible to be kept free from weeds. It cannot easily be dug over, and, except on a very small scale, it cannot be properly treated with manure. For gardens where the supply of labour is not abundant, and especially for those in towns, where dependance must be placed on the nursery-gardener to attend to each in its turn, the existing system probably provides the greatest amount of neatness and beauty at the least expenditure in time and cost. A Chaucerian or Elizabethan garden was in all likelihood a very untidy and weed-grown spectacle.

Mrs. Foster's pretty vision of the lawn planted with apple and cherry-trees, and the pink or white petals falling upon the children as they play, is, we fear, hardly reducible to the prose of practical life. Many years ago there was seen in the Academy a charming picture of a young lady in a thin dress lying at her graceful length amidst tufts of primroses, and bluebells, and "wind-flowers," and fresh grasses, and all sorts of glories of the spring beside a stream. There may perhaps have been a departing youth in an ill temper and the middle distance; for this memory does not serve; but the motto was concerning the "little rift within the lute which by and by will make the music mute"—a result manifestly not at all improbable as far as the "music" of the lady's voice was concerned. The painter, we trust, is by this time an R.A., and above any such materialist criticism; but Mrs. Foster's apples and cherries will be much better gathered in the future where they are at present, in the kitchen-garden and the orchard. The "peach-tree" and the "golden-drop plum," and the "purple perdrigon," which she would have us, on æsthetic grounds, "train upon the house-walls according to aspect," are, we think, open to several sound objections, among which we will

only mention window-thieves and earwigs; and we are generally disposed to prefer the formula with which a long-departed matron, a gardener after Mrs. Foster's heart, used to dismiss her summer tribe of grandchildren from the old-fashioned early dinner-table:—"My dessert is in the garden, my dears."

MRS. GEOFFREY.*

THIS story might be very fairly described as twaddle interspersed with quotations, or as quotations interspersed with twaddle. Whenever the author writes in her own person, the reader is irritated almost beyond measure by the feeblest nonsense. Whenever she quotes he is scarcely less irritated by the ridiculous display of her reading. He passes therefore through the book in a constant state of annoyance, and though he may for a brief time be amused by the author's silliness, nevertheless long before he reaches its last chapter he sinks into a state of hopeless misery. We have read far worse books than *Mrs. Geoffrey*, but for downright silliness—pretentious silliness too—it carries off the palm. Just as dealers in strawberries often fill the inside of the basket with worthless cabbage-leaves, and make a brave show of the fruit outside, so the author of *Mrs. Geoffrey* tries to hide the poverty of her thoughts by a display of quotations gathered from many an author. In such a case as hers we can see how much mischief is done by the *Manuals of Literature* with which our book-stalls are flooded. By half an hour's study or so the most ignorant person can learn how to speak with an air of assurance of some great writer whose name even hitherto had been unknown to him. Any one who is gifted with a fairly good memory and a large measure of effrontery could, we venture to assert, with a fortnight's reading pass muster as a prodigy of learning in any ordinary company. All the greatest authors have been reduced to *Manuals*, and in the forms of *Manuals* they are within the digestion of even the feeblest. Thus the novelist whose story lies before us brings Aristotle on to her title-page. Never before, we may feel sure, has the old philosopher found himself in an equally strange place. In a few pages after the opening scene we come upon the description of a farmhouse on the west coast of Ireland. Here an observation of Cicero's is given with an evident air of satisfaction. By the fortieth page the time has come for describing the beauty of the heroine. But beauty in particular must be first prefaced by a dissertation on beauty in general, and so in one short passage of three lines Ovid, Theophrastus, and Shakespeare are all dragged in—shovelled in, we might with full propriety say. As, however, "her nose was pure Greek," we do not feel that our author keeps the balance at all true in the writers whom she quotes. From Greece at least two out of her three authorities should have come, and not only one. It is not only she who quotes, but she makes all her characters quote also. From Aristotle to Longfellow their range of reading lies. Even the villain from Australia, who turns up to break into a house and steal a will, is as ready as the rest. There is now and then a want of accuracy in the citations, as, for instance, when the heroine is described as being "cribbled, cabined, and confined," or where the well-known line from *Richard II.* is given as—

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground.

It is somewhat too bad, moreover, of "an intrepid young man" to open an attack on his worldly mother by saying "the world may be 'given to lying,' as Shakespeare tells us." There is surely some little difference between a writer of plays and his characters, and not all the maxims that Falstaff lays down are to be brought in with the weight of Shakespeare's authority.

Of the story itself we find it by no means an easy task to give any clear account. In fact, however fast we tried to read it, we were not able to reach the end of each volume in time for us still to retain in our memory the beginning. A young lady of our acquaintance who picked up one of the volumes fairly enough described the book by saying that the characters seem to do little but quote, drink afternoon tea, and propose. She, however, was rather fortunate in the passages on which she lighted. The same degree of interest is not kept up throughout. The villain, as a villain, is far duller than even the quoters, the tea-drinkers, and the proposers, though in all these three capacities—for in all he figures, we believe—he is about up to the rest. Though we at once forgot, as we have said, almost all of the story that we were successful enough to make out, nevertheless, finding how the matter stood, we were prudent enough to take somewhat full notes as we read on. Thus, by turning to them, we find that not only had the heroine a nose that was pure Greek, but, moreover, that "her beauty was too great to be deniable." Her mouth, if large, was gracious; while the colour of her eyes grows black and purple as doth the dome above us. Let not the reader for one moment imagine that this strange change in the colour of her eyes was in any way due to the disturbed state of Ireland. The scene of the story is indeed laid at the present time and in the disturbed districts, and both she and the hero have pistols and guns pointed at their heads. Nevertheless, purple and black though her eyes grew, it was not from the blow of a shillelagh, or even of the fist of a Land Leaguer. These wonderful eyes later on are described as being "sombrous," whatever that may mean. It is not an English word; possibly it may pass muster

in Ireland. In another passage we read that her lips lose their lachrymose look. The hero, we believe, has a description of his own somewhere or other in the book, but at this moment we cannot lay our hands on it. Let our readers rest assured, however, that he looked very much as the third son of a baronet who had a nice little independent estate of 1,500*l.* a year of his own would look and should look. He falls in love with Mona, the heroine, and she falls in love with him. The reader detests them both equally long before the love-making is done. At first the hero plays the part of the Lord of Burleigh. He does not let the farmer's daughter suspect that his eldest brother is a baronet. "Some inward feeling prevents him." The sillier the novel the more, by the way, are the characters troubled by these inward feelings, this instinctive knowledge, and these intuitions. "Tell me about your mother," Mona one day says. By that question she strikes a chord, we read, that presently flings harmony to the winds. When she hears that her lover's father had been a baronet, she grows quite pale, and slips off the stilo on which she had been sitting. A quarrel begins, and many pages of fresh twaddle are straightway written. The lovers separate, but meet again the next day. She is engaged in making up pats of butter in the dairy. They show at first signs of a reconciliation, but she suddenly becomes obstinate. He rises, "and moves towards the door with 'pride in his port, defiance in his eye,' as Goldsmith would say." This second quarrel, we strongly suspect, was simply brought about in order to give the author a chance of her quotation. At all events, with the quotation the quarrel at once closes, and the young people fall to kissing. We wonder, by the way, whether a sombrous eye that grew black and purple could ever have defiance in it. Probably not, and hence, no doubt, the reconciliation was much more speedily brought about. He exclaims, "Now let us talk no more nonsense," which certainly was very unfair towards the author, who has still more than two good volumes on her hands which must be filled somehow or other. A mysterious will, however, goes a good way in helping out the story. Where it fails there are a few Irish ruffians and the villain from Australia. Moreover, as an attempt is made to murder the heroine, the hero at once marries her, and then has to make his wife known to his much-dreaded mother, the dowager baronet's wife. This lady is thus introduced to us on the day on which the news has reached her of her son's marriage.

The urn is hissing angrily, and breathing forth defiance with all its might. It is evidently possessed with the belief that the teapot has done it some mortal injury, and is waging on it war to the knife.

The teapot meanwhile is calmly ignoring its rage, and is positively turning up its nose at it. It is a very proud old teapot, and is looking straight before it in a very dignified fashion, at a martial row of cups and saucers that are drawn up in battle array, and are only waiting for the word of command to march upon the enemy.

But this word comes not. In vain does the angry urn hiss. The teapot holds aloft its haughty nose for naught. The cups and saucers range themselves in military order all for nothing. Lady Rodney is dissolved in tears.

It takes our author many pages of hard writing before she can fairly get her heroine into the presence of this awful owner of the teapot with the haughty nose. For such a scene a great deal of preparation is needed. At last, however, the bride reaches the brilliantly lighted hall of the ancestral mansion. The footman goes forward to announce their arrival, and her husband takes advantage of the moment to examine her critically beneath a central swinging lamp. At all events, on this important occasion her eyes are all that eyes should be. They are neither sombrous, nor purple and black, but simply great and blue. Her hair, if a little loose, was eminently becoming. But the owner of the haughty-nosed teapot, a very tall statuesque woman, in spite of her sweet silvery voice chilled the girl's heart. However, she presently picked up a little spirit, for a young lady clad in some soft pale shimmering stuff—what in the name of Heaven is shimmering stuff?—gave her a warmer welcome, though her voice was *trinitite*. Still her life was not at all happy, so much was she snubbed, till at length, we are told, like a timid snail she recoiled sadly into her shell. There she might have stayed had not a Duke and a Duchess appeared on the scene, and taken her part. On one occasion when she was snubbed "the Duchess with a grave expression looked at Lady Rodney," the cruel mother-in-law, who owned the teapot that held aloft its haughty nose for naught. The Duke went still further, and bestowed on the heroine all the attentions which a virtuous Duke could properly bestow.

"Give you my word," said the Duke afterwards to a select assembly, "when she looked at me then out of her wonderful Irish eyes, and said all that with her musical brogue, I never felt so small in all my life. Kerp'lar went into my boots, you know, and stayed there. But she is, without chaff or that, she really is the most charming woman I ever met."

The heroine before long discovers the long-lost will, and successfully defies the villain, who first threatened her with a pistol and then threatened her husband with a dagger. Everything goes smoothly in the end. The villain shoots himself, and a proper number of young people get married. Even Lady Rodney melts at last, and as the reader takes leave of her and the story he sees a remorseful light kindle in her eyes. Why could she not, by way of peace-offering, have made her daughter-in-law a cup of afternoon tea out of her own famous tea-pot? What a fine contrast, as the curtain fell, might have been seen between its haughty nose and the pure Greek nose of the heroine on the one hand, and the eyes, with the remorseful light in them, of the dowager-baronet's wife, and the sombrous, black and purple, great blue eyes of the Irish farmer's daughter, the favourite of a Duke and a Duchess!

* *Mrs. Geoffrey*. By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," &c. 3 vols. London: Smith Elder & Co. 1881.

TWIXT GREEK AND TURK.*

IF any one is so sanguine as to think that the question of the future of Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus is simple and readily to be solved, and if he wishes to remain in a condition of ignorant bliss, we advise him not to open Mr. Chirol's book, *'Twixt Greek and Turk'*. But whoever desires to have a brief, intelligible, and amusing account of the state of these distressful countries will scarcely find a better exponent than our author. He seems perfectly disinterested and impartial. He is not a Philhellene, or a Bulgarophile, or an ardent adorer of the Wallachs, and, if he recognizes good qualities in the Turks, he has little pardon or pity for their Government. Mr. Chirol is, to be sure, a great hater of Mr. Gladstone. But his dislike of that statesman seems partly to be due to the fact that the Naval Demonstration was unpopular with official Turks, and so Mr. Chirol could not obtain a *Bouyourouldu*, or passport, from the Porte. He therefore attached himself to a not unspeakable travelling Pasha, a very good fellow, though a poor sportsman, and in his company went from Volo to Larissa.

The northern provinces of Turkey in Europe are, according to Mr. Chirol, in a state compared to which chaos is orderly. The last embers of the old wars of religion are glowing hotly, and not less fiercely burn the first flames of the new wars of science. Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus are the homes of broken clans, ready to cut each other's throats about a creed, and equally eager to do some fighting for a new semi-scientific theory of race. It is a country of brigandage, cooked statistics, excommunications, vampires, archbishops, and pashas. On every one of the marches the more enterprising natives have taken to the hills. There are brigands of every caste and class; but the Greeks are the most pious, the most truculent, and the most inventive in abominable combinations of lust and bloodshed. Civilization has just reached the point at which Greeks, Turks, Bulgarians, Albanians, and Wallachs have learned to produce fraudulent returns of population, for the purpose of proving that members of their own race and religion are in the ascendant, and have the best claim to the consideration of Europe. We shall endeavour briefly to explain the confusion of creeds and nationalities. In Macedonia you find Turks, Greeks, and Bulgars, Jews and Wallachs. The pretty little city of Monastir, "at the foot of the defile which leads from Macedonia into central Albania," is a good typical illustration of the blending of races. "With a population which certainly does not exceed 35,000 souls, and which some put down at little over 25,000, it boasts nearly a dozen different communities, with separate aspirations, separate interests, and separate hatreds." There are Bulgarians who have joined the Bulgarian schism, and this schism is the great trouble of the Greeks and their Church. The pliant and tenacious Greeks, during all the years of Ottoman sway, managed to keep on some sort of terms with their tyrants, while they never absolutely lost hold or hope of liberty and of education. Thus the Greeks were the leaders of all the non-Mussulman peoples, and though probably outnumbered by Bulgars, managed to keep the Bulgars within the fold of the Orthodox Church. This state of things lasted till the Bulgarians were informed by professors, or discovered in their own consciousness, that they, too, were members of an ancient race, and of an oppressed nationality. The "pride of race" awakened in them, and it shows how vain a creature is man, that persons should be proud of being Bulgars. They resolved to keep as much of orthodoxy as they could, and so "hedge" as regarded their valuable souls, while, in all spiritual and temporal matters, they broke with the Greeks and their Church. This is the Bulgarian schism, which, according to Mr. Chirol, is waxing rapidly. In vain do orthodox Greek brigands, the most devout of men, threaten Bulgarian villages with fire and sword if they desert the Church. In vain do Archbishops multiply excommunications. The Bulgars have found out that, as in the famous case of the Jackdaw of Rheims, "nobody seems a penny the worse." Nay, the impotent excommunications of the Orthodox prelates have even caused vampires to be spoken of with scepticism and derision. The notion used to be that excommunicated people became *Vrykolakas*, or vampires, and wandered about sucking the blood of men. There were families in the village which claimed descent from vampires, and could mediate between their living neighbours and their dead relations. But so many people have been excommunicated in Perlepe, for example, because they have joined the Bulgarian schism, that vampires have grown familiar and nobody fears them. When threatened with excommunication a Bulgar now merely grins, and says, "Ah, well, I suppose we shall all be turned into *Vrykolakas* some day. The more the merrier." So the *Vrykolaka* is exploded, and the unlucky families who claimed connexion with him gradually give up their sackcloth and ashes, their dishevelled locks, their nocturnal spells, and all the rest of their stock in trade, and sink down from their supernatural estate to the dull level of common labouring humanity.

Here, then, is one element in the political and spiritual chaos—namely, the Bulgarian schismatics. Next you have people, Bulgarian by race and by political sympathy, who still fear becoming vampires, and therefore still cling to the Orthodox Greek Church. But it is probable that this class will rapidly

diminish in numbers and importance. Next, there are Bulgars who "Hellenize," speak Greek rather than Bulgarian, and throw in their lot with that of the Greeks. But this is a very small section of the population. The pure-blooded Greeks are still more rare. Then, many of the Wallachs speak Greek, but others are Wallachian in sentiment, and wish Greeks, Turks, and Bulgars at the devil. They say "We are Wallachs, *Roumounoi*." Some thirty years ago the Moldo-Wallachs had a very bad reputation in Western Europe. In a French play, or novel, a young man of this interesting race proposed for the daughter of a Parisian *bourgeois*. The old gentleman asked the would-be son-in-law about his country and kin, and then sighed, "*Si jeune, et déjà Moldo Valaque!*" But now the Northern Wallachs are called Roumanians, have proved they can fight, and have a king, and everything handsome about them. The Southern Wallachs, also *Roumounoi*, and descended in some way from Roman colonists, look lovingly at their kinsfolk across the Danube. They do not see why Greeks or Bulgars of either rite should inherit the lands that are slipping from the grasp of the True Believers. Meanwhile the True Believers themselves are by no means united, even in a little town like Monastir. There are Albanians among them "who still hold with the Porte, but the greater number look only to its support as the means to an end—the vindication of their own independence." The Albanians have read or heard of M. Benloew and his famous, and we venture to think funny, book, *La Grèce avant les Grecs*. M. Benloew's arguments remind us of those by which Chinese are proved to be Chaldeans; New Zealanders, Egyptians; Niobe to have been a Hittite; the Irish to be Phœnicians; and the English—Jews. "The philologists settle everything," as Sir William Jones grumbled long ago, and M. Benloew has settled it that the Albanians are Pelasgians. The cry "Pelasgia for the Pelasgians!" if successful would give the Albanians the south from the Pyrenees to the centre of Asia Minor. But at present the Albanian League would be content with a smaller award. Meanwhile, we have four or five interesting little nationalities, without government, education, money, or anything but confidence, squabbling for a territory still in the hands of a decadent Power, and surrounded on every side by nations both vigorous and hungry—land-hungry. Land-hunger is a noble appetite, and should be gratified in any one but an Irish landlord; but who is to gratify all these various claimants? How can the Balkan peninsula possibly be divided among its populations? Is every town and village to fall, after a quadrangular duel, into the hands of the stronger and pluckier section of its inhabitants? That would not suit the Greeks, while the aspirations of the Wallachs seem unlikely to be satisfied, and just at present the most patriotic Bulgar might think twice, or even thrice, before throwing in his lot with Bulgaria.

Mr. Chirol has travelled among all these queer tribes and studied them at home. He has seen how readily people take to liking each other, in spite of differences of creed and race, when priests and agitators leave them to their natural impulses. He has found Greek bishops and Turkish pashas of the right sort on the most friendly and even affectionate terms, while Christian lasses danced with Turkish officers at the ball which followed a bridal ceremony. But the Greek priesthood, as a rule, make religion the stalking-horse of political ambition. Mr. Chirol's sketch of Yanina, which the Greeks so ardently and naturally desire, and which the Turks are so loth to part with, is perhaps the best chapter in his book. Yanina is the daughter of Dodona, of the oracle of the Pelasgian Zeus, the seat of the Selli, whom Mr. Gladstone supposes to have preserved that famous "primitive tradition" in which the Christian Trinity and the Virgin Mary are mixed oddly up with Apollo, Athena, Zeus, and Leto. "There is little doubt," says Mr. Chirol, "that, when religions and political revolutions wrought the destruction of Dodona, it was the inhabitants of the sacred city who, driven from their homes, founded the town of St. John (*Ioánnina*), on the fertile banks of the lake which now bears its name; and during the five centuries of Turkish rule, when Athens and Corinth were mere Turkish villages, the descendants of the Hellenes have never ceased to resort to the schools and colleges of Yanina, even as their ancestors had flocked to the national shrine of Dodona." Even the Mussulmans in this district have little Asiatic blood. But they, like the intelligent people everywhere, dread Greek bureaucracy almost as much, or even more, than the impotence and greed of Constantinople. That impotence and greed permit anarchy and cause provincial bankruptcy by draining Thessaly and Macedonia of men and money. Mr. Chirol has no doubt that "the old Ottoman Empire—the Mussulman theocracy—is doomed, on this side of the Bosphorus at least." We quote, as a proof of Turkish decadence, Mr. Chirol's description of the financial condition of Thessaly:—

Thessaly, as I before stated, is one of the richest provinces of the empire. In good years its crops of wheat, barley, Indian corn, and tobacco alone represent more than a million sterling. The tithes and muttons (as the tax on live stock is called) bring in 200,000 *liras*, and the local expenditure has been cut down within such narrow limits that the provincial revenue shows an annual surplus of 250,000 *liras*. Yet withal, the province is practically bankrupt. Constantinople devours all its wealth, and leaves to it only the burden of its debts. The sale of Crown property has been going on briskly since last summer. The principal purchaser has been Abram Pasha, the agent of the ex-Khedive at Constantinople, who is rapidly becoming one of the wealthiest landowners in Turkey. Large estates have also passed into the hands of native Greeks, as well as of Greeks from the Hellenic kingdom. Nearly half a million has been paid by the purchasers, but the provincial exchequer remains empty as heretofore, for the Porte swallows up every farthing of the purchase money. To Government con-

* *'Twixt Greek and Turk: Jottings during a Journey through Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus in the Autumn of 1880.* By M. Valentine Chirol. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1881.

tractors alone the authorities at Larissa owed in October last 150,000 *liras*; and so absolutely had the uncertainty of the political situation and the unscrupulous financial measures of the present Grand Vizier destroyed the last vestige of local credit, that, instead of selling, as usual, the proceeds of the tithes (which are collected in kind), the Government was obliged to keep them in store in order to have wherewithal to feed the troops. Already maize was being served out to them in lieu of rice, because the contractors refused to renew the supplies on any terms save cash, and cash there was none to give.

In addition to its political and economical interest, Mr. Ohiorl's book contains many pleasant pictures of travel. But we wish he would not talk of *bond fides*, and he may mislead the *Daily Telegraph* into its old celebrated blunder if he speaks of "Milo's Venus." Milo was not a sculptor, but an athlete.

THE OCCULT WORLD.*

IT is the proud privilege of the present age that we are emancipated from all the childish superstitions of our forefathers, and that we can laugh at the fairies, elves, witches, imps, familiars, demons, genii, and other *bizarre* creations of old-world fancy. It is true that an impartial outsider might be somewhat chary of accepting this statement, and might point to the existence of beliefs concerning supernatural agencies, which bear a most suspicious resemblance to those which make our ancestors appear so foolishly credulous in our eyes. But this is only a coarse and unscientific manner of viewing the matter. The fact is, we are assured, that the hitherto undeveloped or hidden powers of nature are now becoming better understood, and what was once necromancy or magic is now magnetism, odic or psychic force—something scientific, in fact, which learned doctors may investigate in their intervals of leisure as a relief to the monotony of physiology and deep-sea exploration. This is all very satisfactory, because it would really be a cause for regret if the leaders of modern thought still hankered after visionary wonders of the alchemy type, or, worse still, if they were the willing dupes of unprincipled adventurers, and were induced to regard the three-card trick as "a curious phenomenon of unconscious cerebration in a hypnotic patient," to use the favourite jargon of such discussions. Being ourselves scientifically unregenerate and unable to see anything but clumsy imposture and fatuous credulity in the exhibitions—we beg pardon, experiments—of modern thaumaturgists, it gives us all the more pleasure to be able to call attention to the last new phase of "occult" research, and to put the learned observers to whom we have referred upon the track of the true nature of the mysterious forces in question—to send them, in fact, to headquarters for their information. The new light comes from the East, and the torch-bearer is Mr. A. P. Sinnett, a gentleman well known to Indian journalism. We will first state his case without comment, reserving our remarks upon the alleged facts.

The averment is that there is a school of philosophy still in existence of which modern culture has lost sight; and that, while modern metaphysics and modern physical science "have been groping for centuries after knowledge" occult philosophy has enjoyed it in full measure all the while. The natural tendency, as Mr. Sinnett allows, has been to conceive that the occult philosophers of old—Egyptian priests, Chaldean magi, Essenes, Gnostics, theurgic Neo-platonists, and the rest who made a mystery of their knowledge, did so because they knew very little and there was consequently very little to conceal. The researches of M. Lenormant and others, and the decipherment of ancient Egyptian and Assyrian magical formulae, certainly favour this idea, for Chaldean magical hymns and the like read like arrant nonsense; but Mr. Sinnett knows better:—"Men of science in former ages worked in secret, and, instead of publishing their discoveries, taught them to carefully selected pupils," and the wonderful "mysteries" of ancient times have been transmitted by secret initiation to men of the present day. Magic, in the ordinary sense of the word, does not exist, but magic in the sense of the science of the Magi is, we are told, quite a different matter, and we ought to have no hesitation in accepting its wonders. It was already a complete system of knowledge that had been cultivated in secret and handed down to initiates for ages in the days of ancient Egypt and Greece, and the adepts of "occultism" are even now able to perform miracles surpassing those recorded of the wonder works of antiquity, and proving them immeasurably further advanced than modern science in comprehending the laws of Nature.

But it is not merely in physics that "occultists" have made such startling progress. "Modern science has discovered the circulation of the blood; occult science understands the circulation of the life-principle. Modern physiology deals with the body only; occultism with the soul as well"; the existence of the soul adepts prove by the simple experiment of parting it from the body and examining it as a separate entity. On this "projection" of the soul Mr. Sinnett grows eloquent, bringing in by way of argument or exposition references to St. Paul, chemistry, and captive balloons. Occultism will have "no connexion with the establishment over the w.y." Spiritualism; it certainly does manifest its mighty powers in much the same futile manner—by the familiar "rap," the sixpennyworth of cut flowers, and the "direct writing"; but these are not brought by spirits; they are

"precipitated" by a "brother," who generally takes the trouble to leave his hermit retreat in the Himalayas in order to be present, "in astral body," at the meetings of the Theosophical Society—not *demons* be it observed—in order to show these little conventional courtesies of the supernatural world. The author of *Zanoni* and *A Strange Story* appears to have had more than a cursory knowledge of occultism, and the sublime personage in the background of the first-mentioned story is clearly a great Eastern adept of the science. Though, why Lord Lytton should have cast his information in the form of a novel, rather than of an authoritative statement, Mr. Sinnett cannot understand. The same distinguished writer, in his *Coming Race*, also incidentally reveals another secret of the art—namely, the potent force called *wil*, which is identical with *akas*, the force employed by "occultists." These occultists form a mysterious brotherhood, or secret association, which has branches all over the East, but has its chief seat in Thibet. Anybody may apply for admission to the order, with a chance of being received into it; but he has first to find out one of the mysterious brethren, to whom to apply; then he has to go through a probationary course of years of trials and asceticism; and, lastly, he must submit to an initiation, the perils of which are so appalling that Mr. Sinnett considerably refrains from any mention of their nature.

There is, however, a means by which the inquirer can obtain access to the mysterious brotherhood, and that is through the Theosophical Society of India, whose foundress and president, Mme. Blavatzky, is, though not an adept, an advanced neophyte in "occultism," and is on "astral" speaking terms with all the principal adepts, and even with the great head-centre himself. It was through this lady—a Russian by birth, but an American citizen—and through her assistant, Colonel Olcott—also an American—that Mr. Sinnett made his first acquaintance with the occult world. In order to demonstrate the existence of the "brothers" and the miraculous powers which had been conferred upon herself by them, she exhibited several very edifying feats, which appear to have impressed our inquirer in an extremely solemn manner, but which do not seem to us either very new, or even, as told by the thoroughly mystified writer, very extraordinary. They consisted chiefly of producing raps on tables and on bell-glasses, of sending cigarettes on journeys round the room, and of producing missing articles from odd places at odd times. A crucial test which Mr. Sinnett asked for was the production in India on any given date of that day's London *Times* newspaper; but it was "precisely because it would close the mouth of sceptics" that the test was declared inadmissible. It always is! The world is not ready for such displays at present, and must be content with raps and cigarette papers as indications of the working of higher powers. It appears, then, on a careful perusal of the evidence adduced by the writer, that his acquaintance with Oriental adepts in occult science was entirely second hand, and that the mediums in this case, as in that of most spiritualistic manifestations, hailed from America. They placed Mr. Sinnett, it is true, in correspondence with one of the mysterious Thibetan brotherhood, named Koot Hoomi Lal Sing (which, by the way, may be roughly translated "Magic-circle-sacrificial-Jack"), an occult hermit of the Himalayas, whose epistles are given in full. They are written in very choice American, and the Oriental lore which they contain is exclusively derived from a perusal of Lord Lytton's novels, and of a mystical jumble entitled *Isis Revealed*, published some years previously by Mme. Blavatzky. It is curious to observe how much of their knowledge departed or sublimated Eastern spirits owe to European literature. We remember reading the autobiography of a Persian Prince of the Sassanian dynasty which was revealed to the "Prophet Harris." The deceased fire-worshipper, who lived a century or so before Mohammed, called himself Hafiz, which means "one who knows the Koran by heart," and which, by a strange coincidence, is also the name of the Arab-hating, anti-Mohammedan Persian patriot of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

Following Oriental custom, we will ourselves relate a little apologue appropriate to the subject, which has the additional advantage of being true. Two merry undergraduates who were in town at the time of the University boat-race found themselves in Regent Street at early dawn, when that thoroughfare was tenanted only by a hand-cart and an intoxicated billiard-marker. To put the latter into the former and run him swiftly along was the natural act of impulsive youth; but the apparition of a policeman upon the scene caused them suddenly to abandon this congenial amusement. The cart, having acquired considerable momentum, overturned upon the pavement, and shot the drunken person out at the constable's feet. "What are you doing in that cart?" sternly demanded the officer. "Cart, yer stoopid!" replied the other, "I never see no cart!" This is precisely the frame of mind of your enthusiast in occult phenomena. He is hurried along by mischievous impulses from outside, while his own mental faculties are so obscured that he cannot perceive the tricks of which he is the victim. The experiences of such persons are very pernicious when related, for as they fail to see or will not acknowledge the obvious explanation of the phenomena they describe, their accounts of the "miracles" which have converted them often lead others astray. The real "scientists" of the present day are not without blame in the matter, for when the unlearned public hear of men whose learning they have been taught to look up to and respect condescending to investigate the tricks of common charlatans, they are apt to think there is something, after all, in any "occult"

* *The Occult World*. By A. P. Sinnett. London: Trübner & Co. 288s.

doctrine, however extravagant it may be. Mr. Sinnett writes in perfect good faith, and *The Occult World* contains much that is curious and amusing; but we trust the credulity of the public is not to be gauged by his own as exhibited in the book.

ART AND ARCHEOLOGY AT OXFORD.*

ALMOST all English students of art are familiar with the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. It is easy to run down from London by an early train, and return the same day, having seen the object or class of object you are engaged in studying, without fatigue or delay, whether it be pictures, or sculpture, or prints, or illuminated manuscripts. The things are all arranged, and are all together in one place. Unfortunately there are few similar examples in England; for though a great improvement has taken place in this respect of late years, few things strike the inquiring foreigner more than the absence of public collections in provincial towns. All Italian, most French, and many German cities have their galleries, their museums, their collections of works by local artists, and, in general, a statue or two commemorating some painter or sculptor whose fellow-citizens are proud of him. But in England not many years ago you had no chance of seeing a picture, or a statue, or an antiquity except by visiting some show place and examining its private collections. Now there are excellent museums and galleries in several large towns, such as Liverpool and Sheffield. Archaeological Societies have preserved local remains and formed museums, as at Warwick and Canterbury and Maidstone. Newcastle-on-Tyne is famous in this way; and so is Nottingham. Even at Colchester there is a museum. Picture-galleries are rarer, and it is only at Cambridge that we can remember to have seen a gallery of exhibited prints. There, owing to the exertions of a single individual, the collections of every kind in the University have been brought together, catalogued and arranged, supplemented and weeded, labelled, and, above all, exhibited. The result is eminently satisfactory to the visitor, and creditable to the University which has thus fulfilled its public duty, and strengthened the hands of a competent, enthusiastic, and energetic professor. Were it not that in a sister University there is a remarkable example to the contrary, one might have thought it strange that the achievements of the Fitzwilliam syndicate needed any notice. Prior to experience, it might be supposed that what has been done at Cambridge would have been done also at Oxford; and that the University would only need to know what was its duty in order to ensure its fulfilment. It cannot be doubted that Oxford possesses somewhere great treasures of art and antiquity. It has pictures and prints and illuminated manuscripts, and old marbles and Egyptian bronzes and ceramics. But where are they? Presumably they are in the Taylor Building and the Ashmolean. Some years ago there was a great fuss made about a new Museum in the Parks. But, so far as the outside public or the foreign visitor is aware, neither art nor archaeology has a place there; and, though some say there is art in the design of the building and its embellishments, others strenuously deny it. That the Ashmolean Museum building is picturesque nobody has ever denied, but it is absurdly small for its purpose, and has, moreover, been encroached upon for other purposes than those for which Wood designed it. The Taylor Building, which in many respects superficially resembles the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, is not very pretty as an architectural work, and though the Raffaele and other drawings are shown, the greater part of the contents of its shelves and cupboards is absolutely unknown. The story is told of a print collector who, after long and at first futile inquiry, discovered a brown paper parcel containing a priceless but uncatalogued collection of Little Masters, and other suchlike treasures are probably in the same peaceful and undisturbed abiding place.

Mr. Greville Chester, formerly of Balliol, has appealed, in a pamphlet before us (Oxford: Shrimpton), to the authorities of the University to remedy the existing state of things. Mr. Chester expresses himself no doubt too warmly, but it is easy to understand that, in common with other eminent archaeologists, he should be betrayed into bitterness of spirit at what he sees. On nothing, he asks, be done to consolidate the various collections? "Not even the most bigotted admirers of the *status quo* can think that their present condition is creditable to Oxford as a place of learning, while all archaeologists must regard it as simply disgraceful." This is the text of the whole pamphlet. It will not further Mr. Chester's case to have stated it so strongly; the case itself does not need such treatment. The mere facts, temperately put forward, should bring a blush upon whatever may be held to answer for the University cheek. It is useless to expect gifts of objects or bequests when little which the University contains is at present exhibited, and, according to Mr. Chester, nothing is arranged. The archaeological collections are five in number, or, to speak more correctly, the ancient objects are divided into five collections, "to the great injury of each." The largest and best is on the ground-floor of the Ashmolean Museum, "erected, at the charge of the University, to contain the collections of Elias Ashmole, given to the University on that condition." In a vaulted room under the Ashmolean, besides the remainder of its proper collection, is a part of "the once celebrated and highly prized Arundelian Marbles, whereof the

rest remain in a small chamber in the court of the Schools." Lately, continues Mr. Chester, the directors of the Natural History Museum—we presume he refers to the New Museum in the Parks—"have commenced a rival collection of antiquities," but they are arranged in so small a space as not to be available for purposes of study. The marbles of the Pomfret collection are "stowed away out of sight and out of mind in the desecrated vaults of the Taylor Buildings, or incongruously stuck about amongst the casts of the Chantry statues." Mr. Pitt in plaster jostles a Roman senator in marble, and a muse in stucco looks down on two Ninevite slabs. "In the Atrium below a white marble bust of 'T. Woodburne, Esq., by Behnes,' surmounts the sarcophagus of a Roman child." Some years ago Chevalier Castellani presented some Etruscan antiquities to the Ashmolean, and a little later the University purchased a further collection of a similar character from the same learned gentleman. It might, of course, have been supposed that the two collections would be brought together into the same place; "but no such thing," exclaims Mr. Chester. "It seemed good to some learned persons in authority to separate what a common origin, epoch, and locality had joined together, and so the second portion is placed in the Taylor Buildings," where it can only be seen afar off, through a glass door, and is unarranged. In the same place are some Oyprian vases, presented by Mr. Ruskin; and the rain was freely dropping in through the skylight when Mr. Chester saw it. "Lastly, there are a certain number of antiquities scarcely suited to a library, but which, with the almost inaccessible cabinet of coins, are preserved in the Bodleian." Besides these things, which are the property of the University, there is, in the Library of Queen's College, a "secret and rapidly perishing collection of Egyptian antiquities," and a cabinet of coins at New College, of which Mr. Chester says that, as they are only to be seen in the presence of the Warden, they are as accessible for the purpose of study as they would be "if buried in the mud of the Tiber or Isis."

Such is the general statement of Mr. Chester's case against the University of Oxford. He adds a large number of examples of the confusion which reigns among the different places of deposit. Thus, while a portion of the Anglo-Saxon remains is in the Ashmolean, another portion is "in the new and rival collection in the Parks." There is similar separation between two parts of a collection of gold earrings and necklaces from Greece. No donor's name is appended to these last; but a card sets forth that they came from "Gurgan." Where is Gurgan? In the Ashmolean are some Egyptian remains, brought, we believe, by Mr. Chester himself, from a mound in the Delta. They are partly concealed by slabs of wood on which are laid photographs of Roman sculpture. The pictures which formerly hung in this Museum have been taken down and packed away in boxes, stored in the Clarendon Building. The most interesting object in the Ashmolean is, of course, the stela, which bears the name of Senda, an Egyptian king who reigned among the Pharaohs of the second dynasty, at a period so remote that some have placed it three centuries before Oration. Will it be believed, asks Mr. Chester, that the other day the written description appended to this venerable monument contained two instances of false spelling? The crowded state of the Ashmolean is caused by the appropriation of the upper chamber for an examination hall, an appropriation which is probably illegal. The vault in which the Arundel marbles are deposited also contains some zoological and other specimens, including a stuffed bullock and some castor-oil beans. A number of valuable objects in silver, amber, agate, and other precious materials, from the celebrated Tradescant collection, which have long been packed away in an outhouse, have been made "the subject of a painful correspondence." The keepership of the Ashmolean, which seems to have been an honorary office till lately, has been endowed by the munificence of Mr. Parker with 100*l.* a year, out of which the assistant keeper and a boy have to be paid. Mr. Chester suggests that the keepership should be annexed to a professorship of archaeology, and complains that the Commission has done nothing in regard to this subject. But before such an arrangement is made for the Ashmolean the University has to endow a chair of Egyptology, which, in common with Cambridge, it still wants. The question of the catalogues also exercises Mr. Chester's mind, and the statement he makes that Mr. Parker has himself, at his own expense, had to get some of them printed, will cause surprise, and, we may hope, shame. Mr. Chester finally recommends the purchase of a few glass cases, the resumption by the museum of the upper chamber, the restoration to light and air of the abstracted pictures, the combination of the various kinds of antiquities, the removal of stuffed beasts from the already overcrowded Ashmolean, and the chronological arrangement of the works of art in the Taylor Buildings. These are not unreasonable requests. The real difficulty is to find some one sufficiently public spirited to sacrifice time and trouble to put things in order. It is likely that a rigid enforcement of laws already in existence would be sufficient. There are probably conditions attached to many of the gifts and bequests from which the collections have been most largely recruited, which, if carried out, would give a reformer great power. A very moderate expenditure would remove from the University what is, even to people who do not go so far as Mr. Chester, a scandal and shame. The treasures in every branch of art and antiquity hidden away at Oxford are probably unrivalled, and it is the manifest duty of the authorities not only to make them accessible, but by their stores of learning to elucidate and illustrate their meaning.

* Notes on the Present and Future of the Archaeological Collections of the University of Oxford. By Greville J. Chester, B.A. Oxford: Shrimpton.

SOME CLASSICAL TEXTS AND NOTES.

MR. PAGE, in his edition of the Second Book of Horace's Odes, keeps as well in view as in the First Book his scope as the editor of an elementary classic; while never wittingly shirking a difficulty, he purveys also food of the simplest shape, enabling the teachable and observant tiro to acquire familiarity with Horace as he proceeds, noting curious uses of words—e.g. in Ode i. 5, "crucioribus" (rare in the plural, but see Verg. *Æn.* iv. 687, "atros siccabat veste cruores," "she kept trying to staunch the stream of blood which kept bursting out afresh"). In that passage, says Mr. Page, the force of the plural is obvious. Here it refers to the several spillings of blood—e.g. at Pharsalia, Thapsus, and Philippi. Elsewhere it is pointed out that in "jam fulgor armorum fugaces Terret equos, equitumque vultus," *fugaces* is proleptic—the sudden flash of weapons in front of them frightens the horses so that they take to flight. Something might be said on the effect of assonance here, but it is more notable that Mr. Page impresses the poet's design to bring vividly into his picture the pale panic-stricken faces of the men he had seen flying for life at Philippi. In the Second Ode, v. 5, "extento ævo" is explained, with an eye to the connexion of "ævum" with *alei*, as not "through long ages," but "with his span of life extended beyond the grave"; and in v. 6 Horace is pronounced to use "animi" as a simple genitive of quality; "Proculcius notus animi paterni" being a short form for "Proculcius illustris" (as being a man) "of fatherly affection." In ii. 22 he hits the certain sense of "propriumque laurum" in seeing that the reward of virtue is a crown "that fadeth not away," and parallels this use by Sat. ii. 2, 134, Ep. ii. 2, 170-6. In Ode vii. 6, "Cum quo morantem sepe diem mero tenei," Mr. Page discards the far-fetched explanations of Wickham and Orelli, and rests on the simple interpretation, "with whom oft have I crushed, or broken the back of, a lagging day by aid of wine." Space is wanting to pluck all the simple flowers of this brief common-sense scholarly commentary, and we have dwelt on it too long already, to do more than notice the sound illustration of Ode xiv. 19, "Damnatusque longi Sisypheus Æolides laboris," where Mr. Page notes the discrepancy between this construction and the genitive of the charge, explained by "crimine" understood. Here "Longi laboris" is the sentence not the charge, as Livy has *damnatus voti*, "condemned to pay the thing vowed" (Cicero, *Verr.* ii. 3, 11.) We can assure our readers that the more they study these lucid notes, the sounder will grow their scholarship.

It is a labour of love which Messrs. Rivington have accomplished in their neat-typed reprint of the *Bucolus, Georgica*, and *Æneid* on the basis of Ribbeck's text, on a scale for eyes past their first keenness of vision. Open it where we will, each page exhibits some discrepancy from other variant readings—e.g. in the Second Book of the *Æneid*, this text places a period after "dolorem"—at the end of v. 3 "Infundum—dolorem"—and so connects all between "ut opes" and "magna fui" with "quis talia fando Temperet a lacrimis." Again at v. 75 this text retains, in place of "Quidve ferat, memoret" (Heyne's reading and pointing), Ribbeck's conjecture, characterized by Conington as "unhappy," "Quivo fuit, memores quæ sit," &c. At 138 of the same book "Nec duplices natos" is adopted by Ribbeck for *dulces* as a reading mentioned by Servius, and found in Pal. a. m. p., and once more, at v. 346, where Cœcilius is described as

Infelix qui non sponsæ præcepta turentis
Auduit!

we are glad to find that Ribbeck's sympathies are with the *subjunctive*, though several MSS., and among them two of his cursives, have *auduit*. The edition will be valuable in a textual point of view, and charmingly handy.

We cannot find in Mr. Litting's *Myths from the Metamorphoses, told in English*, anything novel in idea or execution. The author has seemingly taken fifteen of Ovid's mythic tales, tacked a moral to each, and then gone about to imply that others are understood beside those expressed. Deucalion and Pyrrha, Phaethon, Pyramus and Thisbe, Atlas, Andromeda, Orpheus, Andromeda, Atalanta, Orpheus, and half a dozen others, are the tales which Mr. Litting has set before uncritical readers *currente calamo*, and without much research or much indebtedness

* *Horatii Flacci Carminum Lib. II.* Edited for use of Schools by T. E. Page, M.A., Assistant Master at the Charterhouse. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

The Bucolics, Georgics, and Æneid of Virgil. Based on Ribbeck's Text. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivington.

Myths from the Metamorphoses, told in English. By the Rev. George Litting, M.A., LL.B. London: Newman & Co. 1881.

Ovid—The Pontic Epistles. Book IV. Notes for Schools, by W. H. Williams, M.A., formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Newman & Co. 1881.

The Fasti of Ovid. Edited, with Notes and Indices, by G. H. Hallam, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, Assistant Master at Harrow. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

Pitt Press Series.—Anabasis of Xenophon. Book VII. with English Notes, by A. Pretor, M.A., Fellow of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1880.

M. Tullii Ciceronis pro Gnaeo Plancio Oratio ad Iudices. With Commentary and Introduction by the Rev. Herbert A. Holden, M.A., LL.D., Head Master of Ipswich School. Pitt Press Series. London: Cambridge Warehouse. 1881.

Clarendon Press Series.—M. Tullii Ciceronis de Oratore ad Quintum Fratrem Liber II. With Introduction and Notes by Augustus S. Wilkins, M.A., Owens College, Manchester, Professor of Latin in the Victoria University. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1881.

to the Latin. The venture strikes us as superfluous, when the young reader has already such preparatory helps as Blackwood's *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, and Professor Church's *Stories from Homer, Horace, Virgil, the Tragic, and Herodotus*, which furnish a faithful reflection of the Greek and Latin masters. Although where in X. Orpheus, pp. 67-71, Mr. Litting diverges into poetry, and varies his prosaic rôle by a set of stanzas imitative of Pope's Ode on "St. Cecilia's Day," he to some extent enlivens his matter, we cannot say that he is equally successful when he prints for the finale of the myth of Phaethon the inscription of the Hesperides on his tomb:—

Phaethon lies buried here;
Of sun-god's car the charioteer
He needs must be;
In vain the mighty feat he tried,
For in the great attempt he died
Lamentably.

A far more practical and distinct help to modern scholarship is given in the other volume which comes to us from the press of Messrs. Newman and Co., and presents the etymologic notes of Mr. Williams, a former Scholar of Trinity, on the Fourth Book of Ovid's Pontic Epistles. With a tenacity highly creditable, he follows Mr. Roby's lead in explaining all the more noteworthy phases of the subjunctive mood, and according to his limits deduces from his text the principles of comparative philology. Those who have not studied Ovid's Pontic Epistles will recognize the wisdom of the selection of the Fourth Book for thus illustrating, and find in the Epistles of Ovid to Sextus Pompeius (i. iv. v. xv.), to Severus (probably the epic poet named by Quintilian, I. O. x. i. 89), and to an anonymous faithless friend (Ep. iii.) ample field for gathering fresh proofs of Ovidian variety and easy versatility. In the First Epistle (17-8), "Da mihi, siquid ea est, hebetantem pectora Lethen"—"Grant me, if there be such a thing, 'a Lethæ steeping breasts in oblivion, still, I cannot forget thee.'"—Mr. Williams points an instance of the current unbelief in the old mythology among the educated Romans of Ovid's day, and later on, at v. 28, "Quod fecit, quisque tuctur opus," the poet is shown to compare his own connexion to Sextus Pompeius, his patron, with that of their respective masterpieces, to the famous artists of antiquity, and imply (as in v. 2, "debitor vitam") that he owes his existence as much to Pompeius as they theirs to their makers. On i. 29, "Artificia Cui" is of course Apelles, though strictly perhaps a native of Colophon, and in the reference to his Venus Anadyomene "Arcis Actææ," in 31, stands for the Acropolis at Athens, where, as Mr. Williams shows from Wordsworth's "Greece," were three statues by Phidias of Minerva, one of ivory and two of bronze. In vv. 33-34 the context points the right sense of the second line—

Vindictæ Calamis laudem, quos fecit, equorum;
Ut similis veræ vacca Myronis opus.

"As Calamis" (a famous sculptor, contemporary with Ageladas, the master of Phidias) "claims the praise of the horses he wrought; and as the life-like cow is Myron's work, so I," says the poet, "not the least part of thy property, regard myself as the work and task of thy protection." In the Second Epistle the poet shrinks from replying in poetry to Severus, because poetry, so far from being a gain to him, had been the source of all his trouble, and "because to write a poem which you can read to no one is the same as dancing in the dark"—cf. v. 33. In the 26th verse of the Third Epistle the first word, "venisset," is rightly explained as "venire debuit," the passive subjunctive of Roby, § 1604. In all but its attention to comparative philology, however, Mr. G. H. Hallam's edition of Ovid's *Fasts*, the work of a Harrow master educated at Shrewsbury, is the completer book of the two. Written for young boys, it is accommodated also to the uses of elder readers. Grammar difficulties have been carefully dealt with, as well as those of mythology and antiquities, and in the appendices Mr. Hallam has acted on Professor Mayor's hint, and collected a number of instances of the less common constructions and grammatical usages found in it. Using generally for his text Merkel and for his work Herig, Keightley, Paley, and Professor Ramsay's selections from Ovid, he has produced a work handy as Paley's, and, it seems to us, more copious, if less critical. Without seeking further than the poet's conversation with the early deity Janus (62-310), we glean an insight into the store of various erudition with which these notes are replete—e.g. on i. 75, "Et sonet accensis spica Cilicis focis?" "How the pistil of the saffron plant (best grown in Cilicia) crackles if thrown on the lighted altar, and so is a good omen"—a bit of folklore applied to nuts in Burns's "Halloween." The white oxen of Clitumnus are quoted from Macaulay for the "Herba Falsica" of 84. The patent derivations of Patulcius and Clusius are traced in note to v. 129; and in that on 136 we see why, according to Ovid, Janus, like every *janua*, has two faces, one looking at the outer world (*populum*), the other (*Larem*) the household god (136). In 165, &c., we are taught why New Year's Day is not a holiday, and get the exact sense of *deibat*—gets a taste of work by practice; and at v. 189 find the ancestry of New Year's gifts in gilded date palm, fig, honied sweets, and the small brass coins which the Romans called *strenæ*, and the French *étrennes*. As might be expected, the poet's derivation of Latium from "latente Deo," because Saturn in exile lay hid there, is set right by the philologist's connexion of the word with *πλατὺς*, the broad plain, π having dropped out. We can promise an agreeable guide to the poet's teaching and its setting right in Mr. Hallam's pages.

A favourable opinion has been already pronounced on Mr. Pretor's careful editing of the earlier books of the *Anabasis*, and he

has evinced his wonted acumen and critical skill in the Seventh Book, which concludes the work. The prefatory analysis may be consulted with advantage, as too may Grote's "Greece" (vol. xi.) and Sir Alexander Grant's "Xenophon for English Readers" in Blackwood's Series.

Dr. Holden's co-operation with the German editors, Wunder and Köpke, to arm English students and public schoolboys with a thorough edition of Cicero's oration for *Gnaeus Plancius*, deserves warmer approval than our space can accord. With but one or two marked exceptions it is one of the most interesting of the specimens preserved to us of Cicero's oratory, and its bearing on canvassing, electioneering, political tactics, and the use of the ballot at Rome should have justified long ago its edition in the Pitt Press Series, by a scholar as great with Cicero as he is with Aristophanes. Dr. H. A. Holden will be found to have fulfilled his task in such wise as to have slurred no difficulty, left no authority unconsulted, called to aid a sound choice of grammars, and furnished his introduction with all the information on "ambitus," "sodalicia," "coitio," and similar technical terms as have to be continually recurring in the course of this most attractive oration. In p. xxxvi. it is clearly defined that "sodalitates" or "collegia sodalicia" as would be the title in full, were brotherhoods for feasting and sacrifices belonging to the same temple-worship, and "collegia" associations of experts to maintain the traditions of their calling, or of the lower ranks to propagate their political views. Dr. Holden makes it plain in § 24 what was the *crimen sodalicii* which formed the *actio d'accusationis* of *Gnaeus Plancius*, and we need but direct the student to the commentary on the chapters of the text, to introduce him to an exhaustive and lucid account of the whole action before the Indices, and make him fully acquainted with all the points and niceties of the case. Without attempting an analysis of Cicero's speech, which is said without any certain ancient authority to have procured Plancius's acquittal, we may draw attention to a *locus classicus* in c. ix., illustrating the orator's high-flown compliments to the Publicani, or "farmers of the public revenue," of whom Plancius's father was one, and who as a body were convertible terms with the *Equites*; and a little after, in the latter half of Chapter x., Cicero's eloquent comparison of the honourable remembrance of the people of Minturnæ with the shelter they gave to Marius in his exile, with the honourable desert of Plancius for according shelter, succour, means of restoration from banishment to himself, Cicero, on the occasion of his exile. An honourable notice should be made of the chronology of Cicero's life (xlvi.-lix.), a valuable appendix on the text; and two indices, one geographical and historical, the other *rerum et verborum*.

For the last volume on our list, the second volume of Cicero's *De Oratore libri tres*, of which the date was the autumn of B.C. 91, we are indebted to the Clarendon Press, which will no doubt have reason to be proud of the work of the Professor of Latin in the Victoria University, when it is completed. The original presents the form of a dialogue between two of the greatest orators of the pre-Ciceronian age—namely, Licinius Crassus and M. Antonius; and the subject deals in the First Book with the studies required for an orator, in the Second with the treatment of the subject-matter, and in the Third with the form and delivery of a speech. Judging by the book before us, we are impressed by Cicero's grasp of subject, ease, and vivacity; and consider his treatise, though lacking the art of a Platonic dialogue, at once attractive and instructive. As, however, the commentary on the First Book, which would have contained Professor Wilkins's introduction to the whole subject, is not to our hand, it must suffice to say of Vol. II. that it quite realizes, what might have been inferred from Professor Wilkins's further undertakings on Latin literature, his copious collateral research, his thorough acquaintance with his *dramatis personæ*, and his steadfast rule of leaving no critical or grammatical question unsifted. A thorough edition of the *De Oratore* would be a boon of price to the scholar and the rhetorician.

BOOKS ON RIDING.

THE simultaneous appearance of three practical treatises on riding is a somewhat strange coincidence. Undoubtedly riding is a subject of great interest to English people; and all the three books, which are more or less complementary to each other, may be studied with advantage. Any visitor to the Park or frequenter of the hunting-field must be satisfied that there is ample room for improvement even among those who may fairly be considered the flower of English equestrians. It is clear that the education of the *manège* must either have been altogether neglected or conducted upon principles that are radically vicious. Ungraceful seats are only too common; heavy hands are the rule rather than the exception; many riders visibly trust themselves to the training and steadiness of well-broken horses, and would be all abroad did their horses show an excess of light-heartedness or indulge in any ugly tricks of temper. And we are persuaded that many people who can ride tolerably well are grossly ignorant of

horseflesh and of stable matters generally. They have always been in the habit of leaving everything to their grooms; they know nothing of the philosophy of shoeing, biting, or even saddling; and, having learned to mount and sit fast in the saddle, are content to trust everything else to Providence. To riders who have never exercised their brains the study of scientific riding literature is much to be recommended. Doubtless there are many things that can only be taught by practice, or which are only likely to be seriously laid to heart when explained by *visd voce* instruction. But, on the other hand, a readable book on horsemanship may be usefully suggestive in many ways, when it has given the spur to the dormant intelligence; and some of its most useful directions, though they seem to be truisms or self-evident, may nevertheless come as revelations to the ignorant novice. On one point these volumes are harmoniously discouraging—namely, that there are confirmed habits fatal to fine riding, of which it is next to impossible to break oneself. Both Mrs. Power O'Donoghue and Captain Hayes are agreed that it is by no means necessary to learn the art when very young. Indeed, it is Mrs. O'Donoghue's opinion that girls had better not be taught to ride till in their sixteenth year. Before that age, their frames, she thinks, are too feeble; they are apt to acquire an ungainly seat, and may even do permanent injury to the spine. Captain Hayes asserts that some of the straightest gentlemen riders he has ever known never crossed a horse till they were twenty-three or twenty-four, though possibly their seats were scarcely so assured as if they had been accustomed to the saddle from boyhood. But if, for example, the rider is once habituated to steady himself by his unfortunate horse's mouth, the odds are greatly against his ever being cured, although his eyes may be opened to the folly of the practice. Instinct will still be quicker than reflection; and at each movement that threatens to shake his equilibrium, he catches nervously at the support he has become used to. The secret of a secure and graceful seat, and of the light hands as well, which are indispensable to fine horsemanship, is riding from balance. And every beginner would do well to lay to heart Captain Hayes's recommendation to practise without stirrups. Once independent of those useful aids to equitation, the confidence when you feel them under the feet is sublime; and, moreover, it makes you independently indifferent to the accidents to leathers and buckles which might otherwise spoil many a "good thing" in the hunting-field.

Both Mrs. Power O'Donoghue and Captain Hayes are recognized authorities, whose knowledge of their subjects is beyond question, and whose opinions may be accepted with reasoning confidence. On some minor matters they differ, such for example as the best methods with a rearing horse; but on the whole they are very closely in agreement, and Captain Hayes repeatedly quotes the lady with approval. Mrs. O'Donoghue's book is addressed to ladies and will be found the lighter reading for both sexes. She enlivens it with anecdotes and her personal adventures; and introduces besides those personal and feminine touches which give us the sense of her individuality pervading her pages. We have one of these, and a rather amusing one, in the beginning of the first chapter. She pays a tribute to the Empress of Austria, which we do not doubt is very well deserved, as "not only a perfect woman, but an angel of light and goodness." If all ladies rode like the Empress and Mrs. O'Donoghue, there could be little objection to their riding to hounds. But for ourselves, we hold the ungallant opinion that ladies, as a rule, are out of place in the hunting-field, and that their presence is a somewhat selfish encroachment on the pleasures of the rougher sex. "Nimrod," in the famous run in the *Quarterly*, tells how the flyers declined to trouble themselves about the fallen, because "the pace was too good to inquire." But, if a lady goes down, she must be picked up, should the excitement of the chase be at fever-heat; and, even should she be landed in less serious embarrassments, she looks for the attentions a man is constrained to render. Now we take it that, short of an actual catastrophe, the simple and selfish motto of the hunt should be, "every one for himself and Providence for us all." Nor do we consider that questions of precedence ought to crop up in the hunting-field, as in the drawing-room or any ground that is common to the sexes. Mrs. Power O'Donoghue quotes with approval the chivalry of the huntsmen who had been won over by her diplomatic civilities. "Many a time, when I have been holding a good place in a run, we have come across some dangerous fence which it would be death to ride in a crowd, and the huntsman's shout of 'Let the lady first!' has secured her a safe jump, and a maintenance of my foremost position." The lady being where she was, the courteous huntsmen were right. But we are misogynists enough to sympathize with those who are checked in such circumstances. If all ladies went like Mrs. O'Donoghue, the office of pilot might be a pleasure and almost a sinecure. But her recommendation to novices to provide themselves suitably with those masculine guides and guardian angels seems to speak volumes for the good nature of gentlemen. As she reminds them, they will probably get into scrapes, and in any case will need careful looking after. But if young ladies will go out hunting and get off the roads, it is to be hoped they may benefit by Mrs. O'Donoghue's counsels. It is impossible to do more than refer to her instructions, which are exhaustive and embrace everything, from the young girl's introduction to her first pony to the treatment of the fagged hunter in the stable when he has come home from a hard run. The chapter on dress is, of course, especially valuable; it is written with the authority that comes of

* *Ladies on Horseback*. By Mrs. Power O'Donoghue. Allen & Co. 1881.

Riding on the Flat and Across Country. By Captain M. H. Hayes. Thacker & Co. 1881.

How to Ride and School a Horse. By Edward L. Anderson. Allen & Co. 1881.

varied experience, and shows excellent taste and some humour as well. Captain Hayes pays it the compliment of borrowing from it. And few things in her volume have pleased us more than the way in which she advocates kindness to horses. She makes friends of her own animals, and has her reward in their gratitude and affection. She tells us that her favourite hunter follows her like a dog, and has carried her through three successive seasons "without one single display of sulk or bad temper." Yet nobody else can do anything with him, and "he simply refuses to be ridden."

The books by the gentlemen are more exclusively technical, and intended chiefly for men. Captain Hayes handles his subjects methodically like Mr. Anderson, but he goes into more minute detail and is far more comprehensive. His lucid directions for handling the reins, &c., are accompanied by clever little illustrations, which make them still more easily intelligible. He imagines cases of horses with various tricks and vices, indicating the most approved manners of dealing with these. He and Mr. Anderson are at one as to the qualities which are indispensable to making a first-rate horseman, who ought to have nerve, patience, and firmness, with good temper beyond all. Servants are inclined to be rough, and easily fly into a passion; in their ignorance they treat high spirits or timidity as faults, and accordingly many good animals are irretrievably spoiled. Mr. Anderson gives a useful suggestion as to a nervous horse, with a habit of shying, when he advises the rider to seem to pay as little attention as possible. When the rider excites himself, the horse is confirmed in the idea that there is really danger in the object that alarms him. And in the matter of stumbling Captain Hayes goes into its theory, drawing distinctions that may be very serviceable. He explains that there are two kinds of stumbling. One is really dangerous, when the horse is either weak in the forelegs, or cramped in the action, or with the physical defect of too straight shoulders. But when stumbling arises from the knee being insufficiently bent or the toe unduly depressed, thereby catching upon any inequality in the ground, it may be safely disregarded, unless the animal is intended for show rather than use. We may add, for ourselves, that we have ridden excellent horses with this failing; that, frequently as they might trip or stumble, experience told us that they were absolutely sure-footed; but that what we chiefly objected to was that, in cases when they were nervous, each trip led almost invariably to a succession of others. That such stumbling comes of a slovenly manner of going there can be no doubt. It happens comparatively seldom in exhilarating weather or when the horse has been brought fresh out of the stable; but when listless and languid, or when fatigue begins to tell, then you are quickly made aware of his condition by his blundering. Captain Hayes's chapters on flat-racing, steeple-chasing, and training will be read with interest even by amateurs. He backs up his own opinions and experiences on those subjects by communications from well-known trainers and jockeys. As to giving "orders" in a race, his ideas seem to us very sensible. With a young hand instruction may be necessary; but if the jockey be a fairly good one, the riding should be left to his discretion. It is impossible to foresee all possible circumstances, and decisions must be taken on the spur of the moment. As for starting, he calls attention to the necessity for "getting off" as quickly as possible—a matter in which, though it is obviously of paramount importance, some people would appear to be strangely indifferent. As he says, "whatever distance is lost at the start must be made up when the horses are galloping, at which time the effort to regain the lost lengths may very possibly be equivalent to throwing away an advantage of as many pounds." Necessarily we have only skimmed these books, nor was it possible to do more within the limits of an article. But we hope that even our somewhat desultory observations may be sufficient to direct attention to their merits.

VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.*

IN this book an interesting story is made out of painful and unpromising materials. The title, indeed, does not lead one to expect an enlivening narrative. Nor is the tale relieved, as a melancholy tale often is, by much wit or humour in the telling. The dialogue however, though not witty, is sufficiently pointed; and the writer has the good judgment to let the characters show themselves in their speech and conduct, and not to show them by means of long dissertations about them. The plot is good enough to keep the reader's curiosity alive till the end of the third volume, and the writing is, on the whole, very fairly good. We find now and then faulty English, as in the phrase "he might be relied on to do that much"; and faulty French, such as *on revient toujours à ses premières amours*; but it is only fair to say that these sins are not frequent, and that the style is, on the whole, accurate and readable. It is only when the writer attempts the high tragic strain that it becomes absurd or meaningless, and happily the general tenor of the writing is modest and unpretentious. The story opens with a prologue, which serves, not to explain the succeeding incidents—for the full explanation does not come till the end of the book—but to arouse the reader's curiosity about them. We are shown a death-bed scene in a little cottage in St. John's Wood, where a young girl lives under the charge of a certain Dr. Hamilton, a rising light of the medical profession. The girl has been brought there by him, and is supported and tended in

her illness by him. She dies, and her death and the doctor's grief at it are witnessed by the young wife of the latter, who has received information of her husband's visits to the girl, and contrives to steal in unobserved upon the scene. The natural inference which she draws turns out at the end of the story not to be the true one; but, nevertheless, the facts prove to be not such as are likely to promote domestic happiness; and between the doctor and his wife there is thenceforward an estrangement. She quits the scene, as the author says in the tragico-mysterious style to which we have referred, "wearing that same white mask pressed down upon her face as though death itself had branded it there, the sign manual of some unhallowed act never to be taken away or obliterated on this side the grave; and—we shall meet her again years after—it never is."

Years after a certain Mrs. Dysart, with her two daughters, Sybil and Jenny, appear in a village to the south of London, where they take a cottage and live in the strictest seclusion. Their means are slender; and the mother, though understood to be well connected and able to command any society in the neighbourhood, does all she can, first to avoid it altogether, and afterwards, when this proves impracticable, to limit as far as possible her relations with it. This line of conduct is resented by some of the newly enriched families of the neighbourhood, the ladies of which—as the author says with a not uncommon confusion of a famous battle-field with a famous milliner—get their dresses from Würth. It is not till Sybil has reached the age of twenty and Jenny of eighteen that the Dysarts have much contact with the outer world. By this time the girls, both pretty and attractive, can no longer, in the nature of things, be kept in seclusion; and a ball at a Lady Ashleigh's, sister-in-law to the Rector's wife, and one of the few acquaintances whom Mrs. Dysart has consented to make, brings Sybil forth into the society of the district. Sybil, the heroine of the story, is interesting, in spite of her want of strength of mind and character, partly by her pathetic fate, and partly by the ardent and unreasoning affection which she bestows on a worthless scamp who afterwards deserts her. She first, however, is engaged, soon after her appearance in society, to Lionel Ashleigh, nephew of Lady Ashleigh, and son of the Rector. He is a curate in the neighbourhood, and behaves from first to last in the most exemplary manner. Possibly it is for this very reason that he fails to fix the affections which he seems at first to have won, and is eclipsed in Sybil's thoughts by Gareth Vane, a man of the worst character, an unscrupulous trifler with the feelings of all fair and accessible ladies, and one against whom wise matrons caution foolish virgins, with the natural result of stimulating the interest and curiosity of the latter.

Gareth Vane, the wicked hero of the tale, is the brother of Mrs. Hamilton. Among the many ladies about whom he hovers is a Mrs. Beverley, a young, handsome, and wealthy widow, much in love with him, but willing to wait her time and too clever to frighten away, by premature attempts to fix him, an admirer who could easily console himself elsewhere. Gareth happens to be visiting in the neighbourhood of the Dysarts, and one evening has a chance meeting with Sybil, whose beauty and *maîtress* charm him and make him eager to know more about her. His ardour increases in the chase, and he ends by being partly in love, partly ambitious to rob Lionel Ashleigh of his promised wife, and partly interested in the game he is playing. Sybil is in no such mixed state of mind. She falls over head and ears in love with Gareth, will believe nothing to his discredit, and after one or two critical interviews with the two admirers, dismisses Lionel on the plea that she did not know her own mind when she accepted him. She naturally has to pay the penalty of this breach of her engagement in the estrangement, not of Lionel, who continues to act a generous and unselfish part by her, but of Lionel's relations, and of her own mother, who declines even to speak to her. Sybil's isolation, her clinging trust in Gareth, and Jenny's fidelity in not forsaking a sister whose blindness she deplores, are prettily described. The more Gareth's worthlessness is proved to her, the more she seems to idolize him. Gareth has impulsively pledged himself to her, but hardly has he done so when he feels the constraint of his new ties, and the competing fascinations of Mrs. Beverley. At the end of the second volume the sort of mystery which has surrounded the Dysart household is dispelled in a confession which Mrs. Dysart makes to Lionel Ashleigh, the jilted lover. It turns out that Mrs. Dysart is the sister-in-law of Amy Dysart, the girl whom we see on her death-bed in the prologue. When she first marries, her husband's sister lives with them, and the husband's affection for his sister arouses the jealousy of the wife. He was at first Consul at Genoa, but his removal to the consular post at Fiume is turned to account by the wife in order to get rid of the young girl. She prevails on him to send his sister to a school at Brighton, and intercepts the letters which Amy writes to him complaining of her new life. The girl at last, receiving no answer to her many letters, imagines herself forsaken, and one day the news reaches the Dysarts at Fiume that she has left the school, leaving no traces behind by which she could be found. The next news, after an interval, that they get of her is the anonymous announcement that she is dead, and her death is followed before long by that of her brother, after which Mrs. Dysart returns with her children to England. In the glow of her penitential confession, Mrs. Dysart consents to forgive Sybil, and goes to her daughter's room to tell her so, only to find her gone away.

Gareth in London has come once more under the charm of Mrs. Beverley, and regrets more and more the choice that he has made.

* *Visited on the Children*. A Novel. By Theo Gift. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.

In this mood and resolved to bring matters to a crisis he writes to Sybil, bidding her meet him in the evening in a wood near the railway station on a particular day. There is a mistake as to the day, and Sybil, after waiting vainly for her lover, falls into a pit in her attempts to find her way home. This is the night on which the reconciliation between mother and daughter would otherwise have taken place; and when the daughter returns the next morning, after being helped out of the pit by an ill-conditioned quack doctor of the neighbourhood, she finds that the mother has herself died, and that the reconciliation can never take place. Trouble now accumulates on Sybil. Her mother is dead; Gareth, not meeting her on the wrong day, uses her absence as a pretext to throw her off heartlessly and with insult; and the events of the night in question naturally give something for slanderous tongues in the neighbourhood to take hold of. Sybil herself falls ill, and through her illness still nurses the belief that somehow or other Gareth is not to blame, and will come back to her at last. He, meanwhile, has gone off on a yachting excursion to Norway with Mrs. Beverley and other friends. Lionel Ashleigh, in the meantime, exerts himself to make his own family forgive Sybil, which he succeeds in doing, and to clear her reputation from the slur which her nocturnal adventure had left upon it. His object is to prove an *alibi* for Gareth, now in Norway, on the night in question; and, in order to do so, he has occasion to call on Dr. Hamilton, Gareth's brother-in-law. The visit leads to the result Lionel aims at, and also to a disclosure of Dr. Hamilton's own past history, which is connected with that of the Dysarts. In his younger days, when a doctor beginning practice at Brighton, he had casually met Amy Dysart, then at school, and in a forlorn state of mind at leaving her brother; and the two fall in love with one another, or rather, perhaps, she falls in love with him. Dr. Hamilton had been a popular visitor at the house of the Vanes, and rumour had coupled his name with that of Miss Vane, whom he liked and esteemed, without loving her. Feeling partly bound in honour by these reports, and partly led on by the advantage which it is to a doctor to have a wife, especially a rich wife, he engages himself to her; and at this critical time Amy Dysart, finding her life at the Brighton school unbearable, flies to him for protection. Without breaking with either, he secretly has Amy taken to London, and marries Miss Vane. Too honourable to wrong Amy, and too cowardly to tell the story frankly to his wife, he continues to take charge of the girl, and to tend her through the fatal illness into which she gradually falls. It is only at Amy's death-bed that the wife knows for certain that her husband loves another woman, and then the time for any acceptable explanation is past. Mrs. Hamilton interrupts the interview between her husband and Lionel, and notwithstanding years of estrangement is led at last to believe that her husband, whatever other blame might attach to him, had nevertheless, in perplexing circumstances, been faithful to her. The book closes with the death of Sybil, with the marriage of Gareth Vane in Norway with Mrs. Beverley, and with the betrothal of Lionel to Jenny.

The main fault of the book lies in the monotonous melancholy which pervades it. The women are more lifelike than the men, and the conversations of the latter when they are alone together are suggestive of the sex of the writer. It appears that "Egad" is a favourite oath with Englishmen of the present day. Why not "Zounds" or "Zooks"? There is, in spite of its faults, much in the story that is graceful and pretty.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IT is somewhat late, sixteen years after its apparent termination, to publish a history of General Grant's military career (1). A hostile critic might suggest that the lapse of time has contributed not a little to General Badeau's breadth of assertion and license of comment. What is not so easily explained is why the subject of the memoir should have permitted its publication. Perhaps, were General Grant formally to repudiate a particular history dedicated to his own renown, it might be held that silence gave his sanction to another. But General Badeau's relations with his chief are sufficiently notorious as, in the field, at the White House, and subsequently perhaps the most intimate of his personal *entourage*; and such a work will hardly be regarded as uninspired and independent. It will be universally assumed to contain nothing that in its author's estimation would seriously displease his patron; and, while such an assumption might easily be carried too far, the mere fact that General Badeau should be permitted to put himself forward as in some sense the authorized military biographer of his chief is, to say the least of it, unfortunate, the more so because there is no chapter in this work that will not give great and just offence to men the equals in social and almost the equals in military position of General Grant himself. Moreover, General Badeau grossly depreciates both the Confederate leaders and the Confederate troops, and where we have been able to test his statements we have found them untrustworthy. We venture to say that the author himself would hardly have dared ten years ago to publish what he has now said of General Lee. The qualities denied to Lee by his present assailant were precisely those in which by the universal testimony of friend

and foe he most signally excelled; that the faults imputed to him are precisely those most conspicuously absent from his character. If on several occasions General Lee failed to follow up by an effective offence a splendid defensive victory, so did every Southern leader without exception. And the reason is obvious. General Badeau studiously ignores or falsifies the comparative numbers of the armies; but in nearly every great battle the Federals actually on the field outnumbered their opponents by three to two. They could always within a few days have outnumbered them by three to one. At Chancellorsville 130,000 men were routed, crushed into utter helplessness and dismay, by 50,000. This, by the way, affords a crushing refutation of General Badeau's assertion that the Confederates would not fight except behind entrenchments. Victories gained at odds like these are almost necessarily fruitless. Honour enough has been conceded to General Grant. A panegyric like this provokes the most patient critic to remind his admirers that when he first attacked Lee, it was with threefold numbers; that he was beaten in half a dozen pitched battles—in truth, in almost every pitched battle he fought on Virginian soil; and that his victory was gained at last solely by force of overwhelming numbers, enabling him to surround and cut off alike from reinforcement and from supplies an army which, when it entered the lines of Richmond, numbered 45,000 all told against 150,000 actually mustered on the same ground; that the six days' retreat was the retreat of 28,000 sabres and bayonets in face of a pursuing army of more than 120,000. A thoughtless reader might suppose from this work that General Grant was the only really able commander on the Northern side, and that his successes were achieved against an enemy as strong in numbers and resources as himself.

Mr. Lodge confesses in his preface (2) many, we might say most, of the faults of a book which, notwithstanding these, is likely, we think, to become a standard work of reference for those who wish to obtain within moderate compass a tolerably accurate idea of the fortunes and development of the English colonies in America prior to the War of Independence. It has over many of its competitors the advantage of giving due importance to the Southern plantations. The historians of the colonial period have been, for the most part, New Englanders or men of Puritan sympathies, and have written, if not intentionally, yet from natural bias and party prejudice, in a manner which has led their readers utterly to misconceive the comparative importance of the different colonies. Mr. Lodge gives out of 476 pages 211 to the six colonies south of Mason and Dixon's line; and, on the whole, treats the various political and historical issues involved in his subject with as much moderation, if not impartiality, as can well be expected from an American historian of a period whereof there are but few English histories, and few of those that do justice to the position and purposes of the mother country. Statistics, descriptions more accurate than lively, and a mass of information rather valuable than entertaining concerning the industrial progress of each separate colony, load the work with a quantity of somewhat heavy reading, and will, we fear, somewhat interfere with its general popularity. But, within such moderate compass, there is perhaps no work that gives a more correct view of the actual career, the general and comparative importance of each American settlement while they remained ours. Perhaps the most interesting individual feature of the work is the map showing the condition of the several States at the moment of the Declaration of Independence. How different was the America of a hundred years ago from the present is visible at a glance. That part of Massachusetts which has since been formed into the State of Maine may not show truthfully the real boundary of the country; but this is of the less importance because at that period the disputable territory was almost utterly uninhabited. The whole region, equal in extent to all the rest of New England, contained four towns of sufficient importance to be marked upon this map, and all of them on the sea-coast. The same may be said of New Hampshire. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut were settled, if somewhat sparsely, throughout their limited extent, while New York practically consisted of two or three strips of country, the most important of which was the Valley of the Hudson and Lake Champlain, with the country between these and the Connecticut River; the next in value the much more thinly-settled region along the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario. New Jersey, with that part of Pennsylvania which lies east of the Susquehanna, Maryland, and Delaware, were the whole inhabited part of what has been since known as the Middle States; while Virginia, claiming a vast territory north of the Ohio, practically consisted almost exclusively of a part of what is now called the coast or seaboard country, the eastern part of the region whereof the Blue Ridge forms the western boundary. That State, then the most important of all, as well as North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, nominally extended west to the Mississippi; but practically the country west of the 82nd parallel was inhabited only by roving tribes of Indians. Florida was Spanish, and the whole country west of the Mississippi under the name of Louisiana was nominally a French possession. Unless these facts are constantly borne in mind, the whole history of the war of independence must be totally misunderstood. It was not what we call the United States, not even the thirteen colonies as delineated on the map, that England undertook to conquer, but simply a strip of land along the sea coast for the most part accessible to attack from a

(1) *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant, from April 1861 to April 1865.* By Adam Badeau, Brev. Brig.-Gen. U.S.A. Vols. II. and III. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(2) *A Short History of the English Colonies in America.* By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881.

Power commanding the sea, of which the widest portion was probably that between Boston and Albany; a country which, though still the most densely peopled portion of the United States, and containing the greater part of their manufacturing industry, and necessarily including the principal outlets of their foreign commerce, might be submerged to-morrow without materially reducing the greatness or impairing the power of the Union.

Mr. Boyd's elaborate treatise on the resources of South-West Virginia (3) is but an especially complete, and perhaps a somewhat exaggerated, specimen of a class of literature whereof we have for some years past endured something like a surfeit—the glorification, not so much from local vanity as for practical objects, of the material advantages offered, whether to emigrants or to capitalists, by each several State of the Union. Of the older States along the Atlantic seaboard, it is true probably that none boasts greater natural wealth than that which till the late war still claimed, and on the whole, though with many verbal denials and in spite of many rival pretensions, was acknowledged to be the foremost State in the Union. Historically she has no rival but Massachusetts. As a home she presents to English settlers such attractions as certainly no other part of America can proffer. The Virginian people seem to have inherited all the best characteristics of their English ancestry, while their aristocratic pretensions, well or ill founded, have done much to maintain among them a high tone of honour, a courtesy at once scrupulous and frank, a cordiality of demeanour, and a general refinement which are very striking. Virginia has undoubtedly great mineral wealth as well as agricultural resources still undeveloped, and but superficially exhausted here and there by the reckless culture characteristic, not so much of slavery as of a state of things in which labour was especially costly and land especially cheap. But it is only in the beauty of her scenery and the character of her society that she can pretend to rival or surpass the States that have come into being since she began to decline from the culminating point of her fortunes. Her plantations are less promising than those of the South-West, her pastures less abundant than those of the prairie lands she surrendered on the formation of the Union; her mining possibilities far less developed than those of Pennsylvania. At the same time, it must be remembered that Virginia is not, like her sisters further South, by nature and obvious destiny a semi-negro State. There is no part of her territory wherein Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen could not cultivate the soil and preserve their health as perfectly as at home. Slavery was to her a resource, but never a necessity. Slavery alone retained a large negro population upon her soil; and there can be little doubt that in another generation the bulk of her labouring population will be as exclusively European as that of Massachusetts or Illinois. We hear, moreover, of discoveries of knolin and other invaluable materials in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, which have encouraged capitalists to found a china manufactory there, and which, should they realize their present promise, may create a new and valuable industry. Nor can we see why the valley of the Shenandoah should not one day rival that of the Rhine in the growth of wines for half the world. Its winter is not more severe, its summer even more genial. But the difficulty, the disadvantage of Virginia, the practical answer to works which, like the one before us, set forth in detail her varied and vast resources, is to be found in the similar promises, equally true, and yet more amazing, issued by nearly every one of her sisters to the West and South.

The collection of the *Anniversary Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History* (4) celebrates the jubilee of that body. It contains not a few papers of considerable local and scientific interest, and is illustrated by portraits of the President and principal members of the Society.

A much more interesting work, a valuable monograph, though but in pamphlet form, is Colonel Mallory's treatise on the sign language of the North American Indians (5), published by the Smithsonian Institution. It has been a favourite theory of many American ethnologists that the tribes speaking a variety of mutually unintelligible languages or dialects had a common and universal gesture language, by which Hurons and Sioux, Delawares and Mandans, might understand one another with absolute certainty. This idea has been confirmed by the constant use of significant gestures by Indian orators at the council fire, gestures which it seems have more than once enabled a stranger to the language, but familiar with the gesticulation of other tribes, to make out at least the outline of the address. This is not Colonel Mallory's view. He gives in detail the different gestures and technical signs employed by various tribes, and shows that those in use among remote peoples are often entirely distinct. All are, of course, more or less arbitrary, though the significance of many is easily understood even from the description, and would probably be more intelligible still to the eye. Colonel

Mallory believes that the extent to which the gesture language is employed as an actual means of conveying, and not merely of enforcing, ideas is greatly exaggerated. In his belief, a full knowledge and facility in the use of these signs is possessed only by a minority; but, these being specially employed as interpreters and guides, and being, moreover, often leading orators and politicians, their knowledge has made a greater impression on white observers than the ignorance of the silent majority with whom they were less familiarly acquainted. The author's theory rests the extension and universality of gestures among the Indian tribes on the limited number of each particular race, and the frequent contact between tribes whose language was mutually unintelligible. He ascribes to the same circumstances, and not to their more passionate temperament, the frequent use of gesticulation among the races of Southern Europe, especially in oratorical or other excitement; and gives as an instance an alleged address by King Ferdinand of Naples to a crowd, which, making too much noise to hear an articulate word, yet understood distinctly the gesture language of their sovereign.

Mr. Henry George publishes a pamphlet on the Irish land question (6) which has the merit of being a little more extravagant, of going a little further in the direction of universal revolution and Communistic immorality, than the recommendations of the Land League itself. Mr. Bourinot's little book on the intellectual development of the Canadian people (7) contains a good deal of interesting information respecting the progress of education, journalism, &c., in the Dominion, somewhat incoherently put together. Mr. Barnard's treatise on Co-operation (8) contains a collection of familiar and comparatively unknown facts regarding the present extent to which the system, first fully and successfully developed by the Equitable Pioneers of Rochdale, has spread and taken root in Europe and America. The different chapters relate the story, and set forth the accounts of a number of Societies that have already achieved a considerable position; but, familiar as it is, the most interesting chapter in the history of Co-operation is still the first. Few stories of human progress are comparable in the significance they possess for the present generation to that of the twenty or thirty working-men who started the little store in Toad Lane some forty years ago; whose capital, then amounting—if we remember aright—to some ten or fourteen pounds, now reaches nearly two hundred thousand; whose tiny shop, with its sack of flour and small selection of groceries, is now represented by innumerable branch stores, by more than a dozen libraries and reading-rooms, and by factories and wholesale warehouses.

The most interesting part of the Report of the Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York for the year 1880-81 (9) is that which deals with the bankruptcy laws of the United States, or, rather, with the absence of anything deserving of that name. The Chamber unanimously recommend that in any future attempt to establish an effective Federal law on the subject America shall adopt the principle of English bankruptcy statutes, by which the Courts are entitled, under certain circumstances indicating the culpability or recklessness of the bankrupt, to withhold his certificate, and even to render his after earnings for a prolonged period liable to the claims of his creditors. Dr. Kane's *Drugs that Enslave* (10) deals with an evil familiar enough, and we fear greatly on the increase. Miss Goodale's *Journal of a Farmer's Daughter* (11) describes the varied graces and beauties of the seasons in New England. Miss Green's *Sword of Damocles* (12) and the anonymous *Nameless Nobleman* (13) are novels of an average quality; and the same qualified commendation may perhaps be allowed to Mr. Stuart Sterne's poems (14).

(6) *The Irish Land Question; What it Involves, and How alone it can be Settled: an Appeal to the Land Leagues.* By Henry George, Author of "Progress and Poverty." New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(7) *The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People: an Historical Review.* By J. G. Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada, Author of "Canada on the Sea," &c. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. 1881.

(8) *Co-operation as a Business.* By C. Barnard. New York: J. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

(9) *Twenty-third Annual Report of the Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York for the year 1880-81.* New York: Press of the Chamber of Commerce. 1881.

(10) *Drugs that Enslave: the Opium, Morphine, Chloral, and Hashish Habits.* By H. H. Kane, M.D. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(11) *Journal of a Farmer's Daughter.* By Elaine Goodale, one of the Authors of "Apple Blossoms," &c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

(12) *The Sword of Damocles: a Story of New York Life.* By Anna K. Green, Author of "The Leavenworth Case," &c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

(13) *Round Robin Series.—A Nameless Nobleman.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(14) *Giorgio; and other Poems.* By Stuart Sterne, Author of "Angelo." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(3) *Resources of South-West Virginia.* By C. R. Boyd, F.R.S. Illustrated. New York: Wiley & Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(4) *Anniversary Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History.* Published in Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Society's Foundation, 1830-1880. Boston: Published by the Society. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(5) *Introduction to the Study of Sign Language among the North American Indians, as illustrating the Gesture Speech of Mankind.* By G. Mallory, Brev. Lieut.-Col. U.S.A. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

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THE BOERS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

MR. GLADSTONE'S answer to an address from a body of loyal English and Dutch inhabitants of the Transvaal exhibits his habitual faculty of imagining facts which may happen to support his opinions or his policy. The ease with which he deceives himself diminishes the confidence which would otherwise be placed in his arguments and in the statements on which they are founded. It may be assumed that Mr. GLADSTONE really supposes the rebellion in the Transvaal to have been connected with the rejection by the Cape Parliament of the scheme of Federation. Less fanciful reasoners will remember that the Boers never desired Federation, and that they had no motive for taking an interest in the party squabbles at the Cape. The decisive vote of the Assembly was given some months before the outbreak of the insurrection, and it was never urged as a grievance or an excuse. Still more characteristic is Mr. GLADSTONE'S suggestion that the restoration of the independence of the Transvaal only fulfils the promise that the inhabitants should be allowed to manage their own local affairs. Shortly before the beginning of hostilities he had formally declared that the QUEEN could not be advised to relinquish her sovereignty. After three defeats of English troops, he suddenly invented the relation of suzerainty, with the avowed purpose of claiming some indefinite dignity of which it can only be said that it is less than sovereignty. An Englishman who may have invested money in trade or in land with the assurance that the QUEEN should still be his sovereign, is greatly wronged by being not only made a citizen of an alien Republic, but by probably being subjected to permanent disabilities, if not to the loss of his property. As long as the Transvaal continued to be English territory, the Dutch would not have been allowed to disfranchise or to maltreat colonists of English descent. The Government has never explained what it was fighting for down to the time of the capitulation. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, its object seems to have had something to do with the abortive project of Confederation, and also to establish a form of government which, as he strangely asserts, is indistinguishable from complete independence. Settlers in South Africa are probably more puzzled than observant English politicians by Mr. GLADSTONE'S peculiar mode of reasoning. His intellectual constitution has produced an inveterate habit of first building up practical conclusions, and then, as it were, underpinning them by materials independently collected. His apologetic explanations are generally remote from his original motives. When he determined on a policy of surrender his action was probably explained by a morbid horror of resort to force. The theory that independence is the same thing with the control of local affairs is almost certainly an afterthought. It may be hoped that there is no foundation for the rumour of the transfer of Mr. COURTNEY to the Colonial Office. Although his abilities entitled him to office, his appointment to the Colonial Office would at this moment be in the highest degree offensive and improper.

If the negotiations result in a peaceable settlement, it will no longer be useful to recur to the patched-up peace of trace which was to be settled both in principle and in detail by the Commission. In the meantime it is proper to remark on the impediments to a just compromise which were created by the hasty decision of the Government. The possibility that the Boer leaders might agree to conditions

which would not be performed by their constituents was left out of the calculation. The restoration of the guns taken at Potchefstroom and the punishment of the perpetrators of two or three murders were promised by the representatives of the insurgents, but neither undertaking has been fulfilled. It seems that Sir EVELYN WOOD vainly insists on material proof both of the good faith of the Boer delegates and of their representative character. The restoration of the guns may perhaps be a mere form, but it would serve as a pledge of adherence to more important stipulations. The reservation to the English Government of a portion of the territory formerly claimed by the Transvaal is more unpalatable to the Boers than the restitution of the guns which had been improperly acquired. According to one account, the negotiators have, with much simplicity, declared that they only agreed to the sacrifice in the belief that it would never be exacted. It has been fairly remarked that the Boers have little opportunity of making their opinions or purposes known. It is possible that they may in some instances have been misunderstood or misrepresented; but the accounts of newspaper Correspondents have been, for the most part, apparently dispassionate and fair. It is also probable that some of the Boer leaders have communicated with their many and zealous friends in England. Nevertheless, they are entitled to the benefit of a doubt whether their conduct has been obstinate or unreasonable. If Sir EVELYN WOOD'S urgent advice had been followed by the Government, a reasonable settlement would have been more easily accomplished.

Whatever may be thought of the past policy of the Government, it would now be a great misfortune that the negotiation should fail. It is desirable to be firm on such points as securing the rights of English residents, and the definite abandonment of any claim to maintain relations with foreign Governments. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether it is for the interest of the paramount power to demand large powers for the Resident. It would naturally be his duty to protect his own countrymen if they were subjected to oppression; but it would be difficult to enforce a protectorate of the natives except by incessant interference with domestic policy. It is possible that the conduct of the Boers may have been unfairly judged. Bishop COLenso, who has always been an advocate of native interests, has come forward to vindicate the character of the Boers, though rather by inference than with a minute knowledge of facts. He argues that a vast body of natives would not have remained in the Transvaal if they had been habitually ill-treated, inasmuch as they might have at once obtained relief, if it was required, by migrating into the neighbouring province of Natal. If the Bishop's reasoning is not conclusive, his opinion is entitled to consideration, though it must be remembered that he has seldom agreed in the political views of the representatives of the English Government in South Africa. The chief objection to the assumption of any kind of protectorate is that it would, if it were actively administered, lead to frequent disputes and collisions. To a certain extent similar difficulties may be expected to arise if the tribes on the eastern frontier of the Transvaal are formally declared to be independent. Their rights must hereafter be vindicated if they are ratified by any convention or understanding; and yet an alliance with Zulus or Swasias

against the Dutch Republic will be in a high degree invidious and embarrassing. The evil effects of the unfortunate Zulu war are felt in the course of the present negotiations, as in every political transaction which has occurred since the peace. It is plausibly contended that the disarmament of the conquered Zulus, and their distribution into petty clans, imposes on the English Government an obligation to defend them against the possible encroachments of the Boers. It will probably be judicious to defer the consideration of their claims until the case arises in practice.

If any section of politicians in England still feels an interest in the welfare of the Boers, they may congratulate their friends on the great and unqualified advantage which they have derived from the annexation and its consequences. They were saved from more than one collision with native enemies which might probably have been disastrous; and the virtual revocation in their favour of the territorial award relieved them from the necessity of making a painful sacrifice. When CETEWAYO, their most formidable enemy, was supposed to resist the apparent injustice, he was punished for his assumed discontent, by the invasion and conquest of his dominions. The Boers have from that time no longer had any Zulu enemy to watch; and soon afterwards the less powerful chief, who had defeated them immediately before the annexation, was reduced by the English forces to submission. Foreign sympathizers, if not the Boers themselves, ought to appreciate the domestic improvements which have been effected in two or three years by a regular and civilized government. The revenue has been largely increased; useful public works have been commenced; and, for the first time since the original settlement of the country, justice has been regularly administered. It is probable that the advance of civilization will be discontinued; but perhaps some traces of an orderly system of government may remain. The Boers are, perhaps, more likely to congratulate themselves on the interest which their cause excited among English philanthropists and Continental busybodies. For the first time the existence of their country was recognized in Holland and in Germany, and they suddenly became the favourites of all the numerous foreigners who entertain for any reason ill-will to England. The Boers have also had the opportunity of inflicting humiliating defeats on English troops, and of forcing or inducing the Government to surrender the claims which had immediately before been asserted in the plainest language. Their involuntary benefactors can scarcely hope for gratitude; but the consciousness of unmixed success ought to qualify the ill-will which may probably be cherished.

THE LAND BILL.

THE facility with which the House of Commons granted to Mr. GLADSTONE the almost unprecedented privileges which he requested on Tuesday seems to have, for the moment, shaken the confidence even of his blindest supporters in the belief which they have hitherto affected as to a factions and malignant obstruction on the part of the Conservative Opposition. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S demand for at least a verbal pledge that the Government would not misuse their opportunities was accepted by all parties and almost by all persons as just and reasonable, and it was recognized as such by Mr. GLADSTONE himself, though, as usual, his assurance was couched in terms susceptible of more interpretations than one. One of the Government organs has reproachfully referred to the baseness of doubting the intentions of a Minister so scrupulous as the present PREMIER. The answer is obvious. No one in his senses considers Mr. GLADSTONE unscrupulous; no one in his senses ignores the extraordinary fertility of interpretation and expedient which enables him to explain his own words exactly as it may be most convenient to him. Every one, for instance, after the compromises which were brought about by Mr. HENRIAGE'S amendment, supposed that the Irish landlord was to have a right of access in the first instance to the Court. Mr. GLADSTONE'S recognition of that right, it now appears, presupposed the fact of the landlord having previously attempted to raise the rent on a recalcitrant tenant. The instance is not one of the first importance, perhaps, but it illustrates not unaptly the difference between the exegesis of Mr. GLADSTONE himself as applied to his words and the exegesis of impartial as well as partial outsiders.

A more remarkable occurrence was the PREMIER'S startling relapse on Thursday from the conciliatory position which may have been suggested by the division on Mr. HENRIAGE'S amendment. However this may be, the facilities which the Government sought were, as has been said, granted to it with hardly any hesitation. The woe of private members in consequence of this complaisance have been more than sufficiently bewailed. Actually, counts out on Tuesday and Friday night have been the rule, except when, as on Friday week, it suited the purpose of the Government to make the private member a stalking-horse for their own ends. The postponement of the Transvaal debate is so obviously to the advantage of the Ministry that they cannot be blamed for utilizing the presumed necessity of the Land Bill to lengthen it at their pleasure. A question has been raised which is at once natural and innocent (two words which in different forms of dialectic English have an identical connotation) as to the reasons which induce Parliament to put itself to these extraordinary pains in order to secure the passing of a measure which, if members voted untrammelled, would probably have been rejected on the second reading by an immense majority. The Circular (now in print and undeniable) of the National Liberal Federation explains part of the difficulty; the patriotism and statesmanship which still distinguish some members of the Parliament of Great Britain explain the rest. The fear of the "Hundreds," and possibly some lingering remnants of the intoxication of the General Election, assure Mr. GLADSTONE of a certain majority from among his own followers. The knowledge of the state of things which his misgovernment has brought about in Ireland prevents his opponents from opposing the measure as obstinately as they might otherwise be inclined to do.

Although the critical Clause 7 has now been reached, the comparatively conciliatory attitude which the Government adopted after their warning of Thursday week has been fairly maintained. The limitation of Mr. GLADSTONE'S concession as to the right of the landlord to approach the Court is much to be regretted, because it reascitates one of the most objectionable features of the Bill—the odium thrown by it on the landlord who wishes to let his land at a fair rent, but not more or less than a fair rent, while he is unwilling to injure his family by permanently diminishing the value of the property. The struggle between Mr. SMITH and the Ministry on the proportion of compensation to rent was decided as far as the principle went in favour of the Opposition, though on points of detail the Government enjoyed and availed themselves of the advantages of their majority. The upholding, however, of the provisions of existing leases is a favourable sign, and may be thought to augur fairly of the intentions of the Government as to a very momentous question—the question of arrears. Some of the changes which were effected in the Bill during the earlier part of the week were for the most part improvements, though not many of them were of great importance. The opposition which the Government made to proposals whereby the landlords might have been enabled to benefit farm-labourers without exposing themselves to a heavy mulct was not so unreasonable as it may have seemed. The present agitation has not biased itself with the labourers, and in their grievances a valuable focus of future disturbance may perhaps be foreseen. Besides, the whole tendency of the present legislation is to dissociate the landlord from any interest in a fellow-feeling with the dwellers on his estate. It appears to be thought by the Government or their advisers that the best thing that can be done for Ireland is to convert the present landlords into absentee holders of a moderate rent-charge, the payment of which will excite no more unpleasant feelings than the payment of a ground-rent by a householder who enjoys a long lease excites at present. Improvements on the part of the landlord, interest in the labourers, gratuitous lowering or abatement of rents, and other features of "English management" are therefore distinctly to be deprecated, and any provisions which have them in view are consistently opposed. The probable effect of this policy on the future of Ireland is not doubtful to experienced and dispassionate observers; but the logical and consistent upholding of it cannot be justly made a ground of complaint against those who have committed themselves thereto.

This policy which, though persistently enough pursued by the Ministry, has never been openly announced or ex-

ained by them, is enunciated almost without any disguise some of their supporters. The theory of an ancient partnership between landlord and tenant in Ireland, unsupported as it is by the slightest historical evidence, and directly as it is contradicted by an unbroken *catena* of evidence of the legal kind, finds much favour with some advocates whose ignorance may possibly excuse their audacity. Mr. GLADSTONE contents himself for the most part with the safer but equally useful hypothesis of a right in the holding, created intentionally or unintentionally by the Act of 1870. But both those theories and some others reduce themselves in the long run, and have sometimes been explicitly reduced by courageous reasoners, to the simple proposition that the landlord is the sleeping, the tenant the active, partner in an ordinary business concern, the profits of which, for some reason not given, ought to be assigned at intervals between the *societates* by a publicly instituted tribunal. This idea finds a stammering and imperfect expression in the Land Bill itself; but it is openly enunciated in one form or another by all defenders of that measure. The thought is not unnaturally suggested that some simpler means, similar to those now in use in the matter of tithes, might accomplish the end. But this suggestion ignores the fact that the object thus nakedly stated might not commend itself even to a Parliament sufficiently subservient not to resent the dictation of the busybodies of Birmingham. Nor should it be forgotten that, though public attention has naturally been concentrated on the confiscatory portion of the Land Bill, it has other portions which are of far greater, if of equally debatable, moment to the future of Ireland. The creation by State interference of a peasant proprietary, the reclamation of waste lands, the carrying out of great engineering works, the promotion of emigration, and the distribution of the people to new centres are proceedings very questionable in the eyes of some English critics, but questionable in a way entirely different from the questionableness of the earlier clauses. They may be unwise; they cannot be said to be unjust. They may be impracticable or doomed to failure; they cannot be said to be demonstratively certain, if successful in their working, to be productive of harm and not good to the country. It has been evident all along that the Government attach much less importance to these clauses than to the clauses crippling and mulcting the landlords in respect of the rights which in many cases Parliament has induced them to purchase within the present generation. But they are ostensibly pledged to the whole Bill, and it would be somewhat unfortunate if advantage were not taken of the pledge such as it is.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

IT is not known whether any formal remonstrances have been addressed to the American Government on the subject of the Fenian plots and outrages which are organized without interference in the States. It will, perhaps, not be judicious, by urging demands which cannot be enforced, to furnish Mr. BLAINE with opportunities of courting popularity. The American papers generally anticipated the answer, if not the question, by contemptuous statements that their Government would not undertake to do the work of the English police. The case of the *Alabama* is perhaps not forgotten, but it is regarded only as a one-sided precedent. A claim of some hundreds of millions was advanced against the English Government for not doing the work of the American police; and ultimately a penalty amounting to double the proved amount of damage was exacted by means of the Geneva arbitration. It was rightly contended, on behalf of the United States, that no Government can excuse dereliction of an international duty by any defect in its own municipal law; but in this respect also there are two weights and measures, varying with the real or supposed pugnacity of the litigants. It can scarcely be lawful in any civilized country to organize assassination or arson to be practised in foreign territory. When it was found many years ago in England that there was doubt as to the efficiency of the existing law, the statute under which the German criminal Most has recently been convicted, was passed to correct the omission. A public law, the promotion of civil war or of criminal

the authorities. It is not denied that the subscriptions are in part applied to incendiary enterprises such as the attempts to blow up the Mansion House and the Liverpool Town Hall. It is more doubtful whether the mendacious ruffian who lately claimed for his accomplices the merit of the *Doterel* explosion on that occasion deviated into truth. The bulk of the fund probably passes into the hands of the Land League, which derives almost all its resources from the United States. General GRANT does himself some credit by deprecating the wanton and brutal outrages of which the Fenian ringleaders boast. The American Government will probably share his opinion that it cannot interfere except on legal proof of complicity in some definite crime.

A reason for not too strongly resenting tolerance of criminal agitation may be found in the habitual indifference to violent language which is a respectable characteristic of the American people. It is only when declamation results in disorder that demagogues are forcibly reduced to silence. The outrages of the Fenian conspirators are perpetrated at a distance from the places in which they deliver inflammatory harangues. It may be added that respectable Americans neither frequent Fenian meetings nor read the papers which are circulated among the Irish rabble. It is not without surprise that they learn from English reports the atrocious schemes which are devised by the conspirators who live in their midst. The perversity and folly of the Fenian enterprises probably diminish the feeling of indignation which they might otherwise excite. Attempts to destroy a few public buildings, with the incidental slaughter of casual passengers or bystanders, seem to have no political tendency. The Manchester murder and the Clerkenwell explosion were undertaken for the definite object of releasing criminals; but there were no Fenian prisoners in the Mansion House or the Liverpool Town Hall. It is not advantageous to Irishmen living in England that they should be associated in public estimation with incendiaries and assassins; but Americans are mistaken if they assume that extreme folly is incompatible with serious mischief. The irritation which is caused in England by the impunity accorded to the ringleaders ought to be known and understood. Not many years have passed since the Fenian conspiracy was officially encouraged by Federal authorities. A Fenian invasion of Canadian territory in General GRANT's time was neither prevented nor punished; and on one scandalous occasion the ostensible managers of the organization were formally received and welcomed by the House of Representatives. The disregard of decorum and good feeling is now much less conspicuous. The remaining indulgence which is shown to the conspiracy may probably be explained by the expediency of not alienating Irish votes at elections.

The intended visit of Mr. PARNELL and other Land League agitators to the United States will excite a certain amount of curiosity. If they hold exclusive intercourse with their Irish allies, including O'DONOVAN ROSSA and the other Fenian leaders, they may perhaps collect considerable sums of money; but their proceedings will be devoid of political interest. It remains to be seen whether any section of American politicians will profess sympathy with the faction which seeks the disruption of the United Kingdom. If it were possible to require any kind of consistency from political parties or communities, Americans of all denominations are bound to sympathize with those who are resolved to maintain national integrity and unity. The civil war of twenty years ago was conducted to a successful issue by the Northern Americans on the principle that neither positive laws nor ideal aspirations should be allowed to prevail against the principle of the indivisibility of the Republic. The separation of Ireland from Great Britain would be more ruinous than the permanent establishment of the Southern Confederacy. That the enemies of England should openly solicit and occasionally receive foreign aid is not a little offensive. There seems to be a certain reaction in American opinion against the Irish demagogues, and they will be embarrassed by the necessity of using violent language to suit the taste of their own special partisans. Scrupulous advocates of the supposed interests of Irish tenant-farmers will not venture to disavow the doctrine that private war is to be waged with England by means of "the resources of modern science," which is another name for dynamite and infernal machines.

It is sometimes difficult to avoid a shock to the susce

bility of American patriotism in criticizing the working of institutions which are perhaps not thoroughly intelligible to foreigners. The feud between the PRESIDENT and the late leaders of the Republican party in the Senate seems slightly ludicrous to those who perhaps imperfectly appreciate the sound political condition which it indirectly denotes. No great country could afford to indulge in disputes so apparently trivial, if it were exposed to a risk of grave political disturbance. When Americans consider any issue to be of vital importance, they are neither timid nor weakly scrupulous in correcting what may be amiss. Neither the Union nor any separate State within its borders would have tolerated, in deference to cant and prejudice, the disorder which has prevailed in Ireland during the last year. If one form of coercion had proved insufficient, more stringent remedies would have been applied, and murder and outrage would at all hazards have been repressed. Not many months have passed since a kind of Land League, which had been established by gangs of Irish miners in a county of the State of Pennsylvania, was effectually dissolved by the process of trying and hanging twenty or thirty of the ring-leaders. Two or three years ago a more formidable organization in the same State was reduced to obedience by the employment of a sufficient armed force. At the same time, there is no country in which verbal sedition enjoys more complete immunity. The language of the priests and lay agitators who conduct the Land League in Ireland might be safely reproduced in any part of the United States; but, when it was found that denunciations on the platform were habitually followed by acts of violence, the promoters of outrage, as well as their instruments, would be promptly punished. It appears that the Fenians in America have lately deprecated attacks on English authority in Ireland, on the ground that they would be met by forcible repression. They profess to incline rather to explosions and other employments of modern scientific discoveries in England; but such outrages, if they are often repeated, are not likely to promote Irish interests. The immigrants who profess unqualified hostility to the country in which they earn their livelihood are already not universally popular with their English fellow-workmen. If they openly profess sympathy with the destruction of English life and property, they may perhaps find that the consequences are not advantageous to themselves. It is probable that future elections in large towns will disabuse Liberal candidates of the belief that it is for their interest to court the Irish portion of constituencies by affectation of partial complicity with the Home Rule Association or the Land League.

ARMY REORGANIZATION.

THE three points to which Colonel STANLEY confined his criticism of Mr. CHILDERS'S Army Reorganization Scheme are the points in which the non-military public is chiefly interested. A measure of this kind necessarily involves a certain amount of change in the status of various classes of officers, and the army is well enough represented in the House of Commons to ensure the claims of each of these classes full, if not satisfactory, consideration. They do not, however, evoke any emotion outside the army beyond a general desire that individuals shall be properly compensated for any disadvantage inflicted on them for public ends. What civilians want is simply adequate protection against external dangers, and an adequate return for the money spent in obtaining this protection. So far as the army is concerned, this adequate protection means the possession of enough good soldiers to defend an immense frontier, and to make an effective attack in those occasional cases when attack is really the best or even the only means of defence. But a commercial people may be forgiven for wanting something more than this. They want to be assured not only that they have as good an army as they need have, but also that it does not cost them more than it need cost. It cannot be said that on either of these points the public feel or ought to feel very confident. The possible demands upon the army are easily reckoned up, but in the calculation how they are to be met, a great deal has to be left to chance. We know that at a time to time a sudden call is made upon us in India, South Africa, and that by immense and costly efforts we contrive more or less imperfectly to make answer

to it. Happily these calls have never coincided with any similar summons in Europe, but it is impossible to contemplate the contingency of their doing so without grave misgiving. At present neither of the main objects for which the English army exists is completely attained. We have neither a very small but very good army, nor a moderately good but very large army. If 20,000 picked soldiers could be sent at a moment's notice to any part of the world, it would count for something. If 200,000 moderately trained soldiers could be gathered round the colours within a short interval from the day when war was declared, it would at least ensure safety against sudden surprise. A long service system is the natural way to give us the former advantage, a short service system might be made to give us the latter; and, considering how much may depend upon our having both, seems obvious that the two systems ought to be maintained side by side. Instead of this, we have hitherto tried them one after another, and now we are going to try them in combination. The French and German war startled us out of long service; Zulu and the Afghan wars startled us out of short service. The one showed that, if we should ever be engaged in a European war, the drain upon the army would be far greater than could be borne without a proper reserve; the others showed that the conditions of Indian and African warfare could not be satisfied except by a permanent supply of thoroughly seasoned troops. We are now going to make the term of service with the colours a little longer than it has been under short service, while leaving it a good deal shorter than it was under long service. Where is the guarantee that under this combination either of the ends the military authorities are supposed to have in view will be secured? The probability we fear is that the years a soldier will now have to serve will make recruiting more difficult; while they will not make the recruits we get very much more efficient.

The principle which underlies the new territorial organization of the army is clearly the right one. The more closely particular regiments are associated with particular districts the more likely it is that recruiting will go on briskly, and that the recruits will bear themselves bravely. The regiment will not be a strange world to the newly-joined soldier. In peace he will mix with men who speak the same dialect and have the same local knowledge. In war he will go into action under the eyes of men who have come from the same county, perhaps from the same parish, and who equally with himself will go back thither when they leave, or when their term of service is over. The association of the regulars, the Militia, and the Volunteers in each district will help on the same good result. Volunteers and Militia will be familiar with the regiments with which they are linked, and if they have a genuine turn for soldiering they will be the more likely to exchange the less for the more exacting form of service. But these undoubted gains might surely have been secured with less of outward and visible change than has actually been introduced. What was really wanted was simply that particular regiments should be recruited from, and have their depôts stationed in, particular districts. There was no need that the name of the regiment should be made local as well. There is nothing, of course, in a numerical designation apart from the history which has grown up round it; but when a history has grown up round it, it ought to be preserved with as much care as though it were an old family name. It may be highly desirable that the "50th Regiment" should take East Kent for its recruiting ground, but the young men of East Kent will be no more eager to enlist in the East Kent regiment than they would have been in the 50th. The same argument holds good of such slight distinctions as are given by the colour of the facings. The Buffs, for example, are to retain their name, but their facings are to be altered to white. There may be good reason for clothing a whole army in cloth of the same colour, because it marks the unity of the entire force serving under the same standard. Even this consideration, however, has been rightly passed over in the case of the Highland regiments, and the exception to uniformity might innocently have been extended from Scotch tartans to English facings whenever there was cause to do so. The fact that the colour of the facings has given a name to a regiment certainly seems to supply such a want. The Buffs has hitherto been an appropriate name, and will hardly remain so when the name is derived from a colour.

A more difficult problem is connected with the question of compulsory retirement. This is a remedy for which there is absolutely nothing to be said unless it can be shown that it is the only medicine which will cure the disease. It is either indispensable or foolish. The two most obvious objections to it are that it deprives the army of the services of a large number of qualified officers in the prime of life, and that it prevents a poor man from regarding the army in the light of a permanent career. If an army were being created on paper, every officer would get his promotion just when he attained the proper age. There would be no delays to vex or dishearten him; each step would come precisely when he had served the right number of years to qualify him for passing to a higher rank. In the actual army things go very differently. Instead of a constant and well-graduated movement upwards, there is a hopeless block. Nobody makes way for anybody else, and as there are no vacancies to be filled no one can be appointed to fill them. In future this state of things is to be dealt with in a very thoroughgoing way. As a rule, every officer will be compelled to retire on reaching a prescribed age, unless he by that time holds a prescribed rank in the service. In this way the requisite number of vacancies will be perpetually created, and the requisite flow of promotion maintained. It will be maintained, however, at a very heavy cost—a cost which may conceivably be fatal to the end for which this cost is incurred. No doubt the knowledge that a man may remain a captain all his life is not calculated to make the army a popular profession. But is the knowledge that a man may arrive at the rank of captain, and then be thrown upon the world with nothing to do and only his half-pay to live upon, any better calculated to make the army a popular profession? That is a question to which the answer seems exceedingly doubtful. Even if it be conceded that compulsory retirement is the only expedient that has yet been suggested for securing a due flow of promotion, it must still be regarded as an expedient which simply substitutes one evil for another.

THE STATE TRIAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE State trial at Constantinople has ended earlier than had been expected. It cannot be said that the proceedings or the result are satisfactory. It is not necessarily to the discredit of Turkish justice that it is administered on principles which are not recognized in England, if only the truth is with approximate correctness ascertained; but it may be worth noticing that the evidence against the principal persons who are charged with participation in the murder consists wholly on the declarations of professed accomplices. The two MUSTAPHAS who, according to their own account, were the actual assassins, had not, if their story was true, held direct communication with the Ministers who are said to have plotted the murder. Even if their testimony had been more positive, they were accusing accomplices who were not inculpated by independent testimony. It is perhaps not incredible that vulgar ruffians should be hired by Oriental courtiers and statesmen to kill a fallen sovereign; but, on the other hand, it is equally probable that the SULTAN or his present advisers should by questionable methods seek to rid themselves of possible enemies and rivals. Nothing would be easier than to induce two disreputable adventurers, such as the self-accused murderers, to include formidable personages among the perpetrators of a crime which they professed to have themselves committed. According to their statement, they murdered ABDUL AZIZ for a payment to each of 100*l.*, and a small pension charged on the civil list. Turkish ways are not always intelligible; but the inscription of a name on the pension list seems an odd way of rewarding a murderer. If a pardon has been secretly promised to the wrestler and the gardener, it may perhaps also be accompanied by a pension. The three palace attendants who saw the transaction are not exempt from suspicion. It would seem that during five years they have not divulged the story of their crime, and they are suddenly forthcoming just as their evidence is wanted.

A main part of the story is that a Commission, appointed for the purpose, determined that ABDUL AZIZ should not be allowed to survive his deposition. However, the Commission deny that any such Commission was appointed, and it is probable that in such authority

even to a Committee selected amongst themselves. It cannot be denied that they might be impelled to commit the crime by intelligible motives. It was not impossible that ABDUL AZIZ might recover his throne; and it was certain that, if he had the power, he would revenge himself on the agents of his dethronement. In times when the state of European society perhaps resembled the present moral condition of Turkey, the saying that dethroned kings were not destined long to survive almost passed into a proverb. The conclusion that it was for the interest of a man to get rid of a dangerous enemy may perhaps be accepted by a Turkish tribunal as sufficient proof that the object of his fear and hatred died by his contrivance. It is not a little surprising that although the Court has not condemned the ex-Sultan MURAD as an accomplice in the crime, he was inculpated by the same evidence on which the prisoners were convicted. In the abbreviated report of the trial there is no special mention of the charge against MURAD, but it was probably considered that he would have fallen a victim to ABDUL AZIZ's revenge if a restoration had been effected. It follows, according to a certain kind of judicial logic, that ABDUL's successor must have shared in the crime which offered him a certain security. According to all previous statements, MURAD was so much alarmed by his sudden elevation and by the circumstances which preceded it, that from the moment of his accession he became incapable of discharging even ceremonial functions. MIDHAT and his associates, who had the strongest motives for keeping their nominee on the throne, were obliged once more to change the succession by substituting for the imbecile SULTAN a Prince who has since displayed considerable ability of a mysterious kind. It would therefore seem probable that MURAD is innocent, though the charge of assassination may render him incapable, if he recovers his faculties, of disputing the succession with the present SULTAN. If, again, the Court has convicted MURAD on mere conjecture, or in deference to superior order, its judgments against the other prisoners are open to suspicion.

MIDHAT PASHA and his associates in the deposition of ABDUL AZIZ cannot but have known that the position of a king-maker is in the highest degree perilous. The reigning Sovereign is not likely to forget that his patron has once disregarded a title as sacred as *his own*. ABDUL AZIZ was dethroned or forced to abdicate because his misgovernment was dangerous or ruinous to the Empire. ABDUL HAMID may not have felt confident that similar imputations might not at some time be brought against himself, with a like result. It was in this frame of mind, according to SHAKESPEARE, and perhaps according to more prosaic historians, that HENRY IV. regarded the PERCYs who had substituted BOLINGBROKE for RICHARD II. The reasons of State which may perhaps have justified MIDHAT's bold enterprise are not likely to affect the judgment of the present SULTAN. ABDUL AZIZ had during the latter part of his reign fallen wholly under the influence of General IGNATIEFF, who for well-known purposes encouraged him in every act which could endanger his own position and the prosperity of the Empire. It was known that the suspension of payment of interest on the debt was instigated by the Russian AMBASSADOR, who was at the same time encouraging the insurgents in Herzegovina, and preparing the outbreak of the Servian war. It has been frequently asserted that the SULTAN had been persuaded by his insidious counsellor to invite a Russian army to occupy Constantinople. With a deadly enemy preparing for a decisive blow, Turkish statesmen kept or believed that their own Sovereign was purposely unconsciously in league with Russia. In these circumstances MIDHAT determined both to change the occupant of the throne and to remodel the institutions of the country. When MURAD became Sultan, the absolute government was modified by the institution of a Parliament. The scheme was at the time exposed to not unlaughable ridicule; but the Turkish Assembly displayed untiring patriotism and public spirit. When, at the end of the law, the Russian Ministers and Generals had Turkey at their knee, one of their first demands was the abolition of the autocracy. On the whole, the deposition of ABDUL AZIZ may have been expedient and justifiable; but a law that enterprise may possibly be consolidated by a crime. Two MIDHATs were probably right in deposing ABDUL AZIZ, but a conclusive proof that he was innocent of a such crime. Act of

The real facts of the case will probably always

doubtful. The short trial has added little to previous knowledge or conjecture. In such countries as Turkey circumstantial evidence is more satisfactory than many kinds of positive testimony, including confessions by alleged accomplices. Of eyewitnesses the most respectable are the European physicians who at the time certified to the probability that the ex-Sultan had committed suicide. It has, indeed, been stated that they were not allowed to see the body uncovered; but, if they had any regard for their professional character, they would have withheld their certificate until they were allowed to use all proper means for ascertaining the truth. As the attendance of some or all of them might have been secured, the failure of the prosecutor to call them implies a belief that their testimony would have been favourable to the prisoners. Nevertheless, it cannot be affirmed that the accused prisoners are innocent, though the balance of probability inclines against their guilt. It seems probable that the immediate occasion of the inquiry was not the unexplained self-accusation of the alleged murderers. The SULTAN, who is prone to be habitually apprehensive of personal danger, was not unnaturally shocked and frightened by the atrocious murder of the Emperor of RUSSIA. He may probably have resolved to make a conspicuous demonstration of the vengeance which awaits regicide for the purpose of terrifying domestic enemies who might possibly meditate designs against his own person. The supposed disclosures of the parties to the tragedy of ABDUL AZIZ's death furnished the needed opportunity. The trial and the sentence on the former Ministers and their supposed confederates will have impressed the dullest Turkish imagination. One of the convicted prisoners is the SULTAN's brother and predecessor; two of them are his brothers-in-law, one of the two having long been his most confidential adviser and favourite. MIDHAT is better known in Europe, and perhaps in Turkey, than any of his countrymen; and he has for some years held one of the most considerable provincial governments. His bearing at the trial was worthy of his rank and reputation; and his conviction will satisfy no impartial person of his guilt. Ambitious revolutionists or reformers have now received full notice that Sultans are not to be dethroned with impunity. ABDUL HAMID himself is the only person in the Empire who has derived advantage from the deposition of ABDUL AZIZ, without incurring the penalty which is to be paid by those who placed him on the throne.

M. DUFAURE.

THE long and honourable career of M. DUFAURE has come to an end; and, although he has retired from public life since M. GRÉVY became President, his death reminds France that she has lost a most valuable servant and protector of the State. M. DUFAURE was always ready to serve when he could serve usefully and conscientiously, and always vigilant when he saw danger threatening the constitutional liberty to which he was pertinaciously devoted. He served under LOUIS PHILIPPE, he served under LOUIS NAPOLEON when President, he served under Marshal MACMAHON. He was a resolute opponent of the Liberals who got up the Reform banquets of 1848, of the Government of the *Coup d'état*, and of the Government of the Fourth of September. He had no predilection for Monarchy or against it, for the Republic or against it. All he asked was that the government which cited him to join it should be a government that kept itself within the law. His commanding position at the bar, his homely direct oratory, his gift of scathing epigram, his incorruptible integrity, even the simplicity of life which kept him apart from the pleasures, passions, and the scandal of Paris, made him a man whose name and co-operation gave strength to the Government after government which happened to wish to move in a modest and constitutional direction. He constantly disappointed those of his friends who expected that he would never league himself with rivals whom he and they had been opposed, and those of his friends who predicted that when he had gone one step in the expected direction he would take two. Such a man, whose long enough to give the impression of perfect rectitude, may be respected, but he cannot be widely followed. It was no special perversity in the fact that made them always speak and think of M. DUFAURE as a politician of the second rank.

man without initiative, without originality, without sympathy, is not a statesman at all. M. DUFAURE was every subordinate and secondary sense. He escaped reproach because he never faced difficulties. He neither felt the aspirations nor would assume the responsibilities of a chief. He was always the colleague—the respected, the useful, the high-minded colleague—of some one else. Such men are naturally, and perhaps deservedly, more honoured when they die than when they live. They have been so useful, and their usefulness is for ever ended. But it is more sentimentalism to speak as if they ought to have been more honoured in their lives, and as if it is only through ignorance and blindness that a nation does not lean on them with implicit confidence. There is not enough in them for a nation to lean on. They are excellent guides when the question of the moment is what ought not to be done. But, when the question is what ought to be done, they retire into the background, and leave the front of the stage to those who can play a higher and more difficult part.

M. DUFAURE entered the Chamber in 1834 as deputy for an arrondissement of the Charente Inférieure. He was already in good practice as an advocate at the Bordenaux Bar, and before many years had passed he was offered and accepted the post of Minister of Public Works. He was, perhaps, as much in harmony with the somewhat pedantic and formalist constitutionalism of M. GUIZOT as with the principles and tendencies of any of the numerous governments he was destined to join. While he held office the railway system of France was planned and its execution begun, and no one had more to do with the general design of this system and with the creation of the peculiar legislation which controls it than M. DUFAURE. He was quite satisfied with the state of things that existed in the latter days of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and believing that the essentials of constitutional government had been secured, was not only indifferent, but averse, to all demands for further reforms. When told that the Ministers ought to be impeached for prohibiting the Reform banquets of 1848, he replied that they certainly would have deserved impeachment if they had not prohibited them. Of all men in France, he least desired to see a Republic established; but, when it was established, he had no kind of objection to place his services at the disposal of General CAVAIGNAC. He did what he could to support the candidature of CAVAIGNAC, thinking him, not only honest, but more likely than any rival to keep within the bounds of legality and to refrain from all schemes of personal aggrandizement. France decided that LOUIS NAPOLEON should be President. As M. DUFAURE said at the time, it preferred a name to a man. However much he may have regretted this decision, M. DUFAURE could not but recognize that LOUIS NAPOLEON was legally elected; and, until the legally-elected President did something wrong, he felt no scruple in accepting office under him. When the President showed that he was going to walk in a new and very unconstitutional path, M. DUFAURE retired; and, joining the constitutional Opposition, was one of the victims of the *Coup d'état*. He was imprisoned in Mont Valérien; but, having peculiar family reasons for desiring liberty for a few hours, he applied for and obtained permission to absent himself under an engagement to return. At the appointed hour he came back, but was told that he was not to be readmitted. Furious at this attempt to cheat him out of imprisonment, he went off to the Duke de MORNY, and insisted that he must be allowed to fulfil the engagement into which he had entered. The DUKE, however, was equally polite and firm, assured him that he was not thought in the least dangerous, and declared that the Government had been only too delighted to see him walk of his own accord out of a prison in which it was very embarrassing to the DUKE and his friends to have had to place him. Nothing could have better shown the character of the man. His first thought at every critical moment was what it was right for him personally to do. It shocked him that he, as a man of honour, should not be allowed to prove that he always kept his word. Dreadful to him as a constitutionalist as was the calamity which was befalling France, it was still more dreadful that he should seem to be escaping by the connivance of the Government from sharing the fate of his friends.

During the Empire he attained to a high position in the Paris Bar, where his unrivalled knowledge of law and his

and in 1862 he was admitted into the Academy. The ground of his admission was his oratorical power, and M. PAIN, who pronounced the customary discourse on his reception, gave one of those laboured and analytical descriptions of M. DUBAURE's style which would be wearisome to an English audience, but which commend themselves to French taste. The gist of the criticism was that the eloquence of M. DUBAURE was totally devoid of ornament, that it was closely and rigidly logical, and that the reason why it impressed those who listened to it was that it was so obviously the utterance of an honest man. After the war M. DUBAURE became the colleague of M. THIERS, and was the only colleague of M. THIERS over whom that impetuous and meddlesome statesman did not dare to tyrannize. He alone would not allow M. THIERS to intrude into the affairs of the department, that of the Keeper of the Seals, with which M. DUBAURE had been entrusted. He positively refused to let M. THIERS name a magistrate, and as he did no jobs on his own account, he would allow no one else to do them in his name. He was so sensitive to any accusations of favouritism, that it was a common remark at the time that applicants for posts had to give away had no chance if they had ever spoken to him. When the struggle with the Commune broke out, no one was more vehement than M. DUBAURE in insisting that no idea of a compromise should be entertained, and that the most rigorous measures should be taken with the insurgents after they had been defeated. He abhorred saviours of society who went beyond the law, but within the limits of the law saviours of society were men after his own heart. When M. THIERS was supplanted by Marshal MACMAHON, M. DUBAURE was as usual as ready to serve under the new man as the old, quitting the MARSHAL when the very unconstitutional Government of Combat was formed, and returning to the MARSHAL's side when this Government was defeated, and the MARSHAL submitted himself, and once more came back to legal and constitutional ways. When the MARSHAL finally retired, M. DUBAURE retired also, not because he had any antipathy to M. GREY, but because he was eighty years of age, and saw that the time was come for new men. An end must come some day to the process of joining and quitting every successive government, and the peculiar glory of M. DUBAURE is that he continued this process for forty years, and that at every stage public opinion recognized that, whether he joined a Government or quitted it, he was always actuated by the purest motives. He had at once a pliability of conduct and a tenacity of principle, the union of which is rare in France, as it is in every country, but is known there as much as it is known elsewhere. He presented a type which has long existed among Frenchmen, which is to be found in many walks in private life, and which is still as likely to endure in France as it ever was. At bottom the virtues and merits of M. DUBAURE were the virtues and merits of the best of the French *bourgeois*. In many country towns of France there live honoured and do lamented men of inglorious DUBAURE's, men known as adroit, pliable, patient, laborious, always to be found, and always available when wanted, ready to go up to a certain point with one neighbour or another, and yet personally scrupulous, and punctiliously avoiding, from high motives, everything that could entail dishonour or impose perilous responsibility.

SAUNDERS v. RICHARDSON.

THE case of SAUNDERS v. RICHARDSON, which was decided in the Queen's Bench Division on Monday, will take a high place among the curiosities of educational jurisprudence. The plaintiff represented the School Board of Belgrave, in Leicestershire; the defendant was the ingenious father of a child named AMY, whom, as was alleged, he did not cause to attend school as required by the by-laws in force in the parish. The defendant contended that this allegation was false. There had indeed been a time when he had not caused the child to attend school; but, under the gentle pressure of an attendance order from the magistrates, he had mended his ways, and from the 21st of August, 1880, down to the time of the information being preferred against him, he had regularly sent her to the Board School, with a request that she might be admitted and instructed. On each such occasion, however, the child was refused admission, on the ground

that the rules of the school required the school fee to be prepaid, and consequently that it was not enough for the child to present herself unless she also presented herself with the money in her hand. In the first instance, the offence charged against the defendant was disobedience to the attendance order issued by the magistrates. To this charge he pleaded that he had sufficiently obeyed the order by sending his child to the school. To pay the fees was out of his power; but all that he could do he had done, and the law does not require impossibilities. Mr. Justice LINDLEY and Mr. Justice LORES held that this constituted a good defence, and the case was dismissed. Thereupon the School Board raised the question afresh in a slightly different form. Instead of charging the defendant with disobedience to the order of attendance, they charged him with disobedience to the by-laws providing that every child within school age shall receive instruction for a specified number of days in each year. Even if attendance at school could be accomplished by sending the child to the school door, receiving instruction, they argued, required that she should come and remain inside; and, as the defendant had not taken the necessary steps to cause her to come and remain inside, he was guilty of a breach of the by-law. The magistrates held, however, that the two offences were substantially identical, and that their action in the second case must be governed by the decision of the Queen's Bench Division in the first case. They accordingly dismissed the summons, but again stated a case for the decision of the Court. On Monday five judges sat to hear the arguments. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who appeared for the School Board, contended that the decision in the former case was wrong. The Education Acts impose upon a parent the duty of seeing that his children receive education. If he chooses to perform this duty by sending them to school, he must do all such things as will ensure their admission when sent. One of these necessary things is to pay the prescribed fees, or, supposing payment to be impossible by reason of poverty, to have them remitted. The defendant had done neither of these things, and he consequently could not be held to have obeyed the law, which, since the Act of 1876, requires that every parent shall cause his child to receive instruction. On the other side it was argued, with much ingenuity, first, that the case ought not to be reheard, since the Judicature Act expressly provided that the decision of the Divisional Court should be final, and this decision had been given by Mr. Justice LINDLEY and Mr. Justice LORES. When this contention was overruled, on the ground that all that the Judicature Act meant was that the decision in the particular case was to be final, the counsel for the defendant next urged that the Education Act of 1876 was not the statute on which the information proceeded. The defendant was charged with the breach of a by-law made under the Education Act of 1876, and the provisions of the later Act ought not to be imported into the controversy. The charge was not that the defendant had not caused the child to receive instruction, but that he had not caused the child to attend school. Moreover, the by-law said nothing about the prepayment of fees, and if the omission to prepay them was to be made a criminal offence—as in effect it was now sought to make it—the obligation ought to be specifically stated. The provision enabling the School Board to remit the fees pointed out a method in which a father, desiring that his child should receive instruction, might get what he wished when he was too poor to pay for it. But the statute did not compel a poor parent to adopt this method, and consequently the defendant was not criminally liable for omitting to adopt it. He had done what he had been ordered to do by causing his child to attend school. If he had been wrong in not causing his child to receive instruction as well as attend school, he ought to have been proceeded against under the Act of 1876 and not under the Act of 1870.

This last argument infers the counsel's belief that the defendant had clearly broken the law, though there might be some doubt whether he had broken the precise law which he was accused of breaking. It would have been a momentary victory if the School Board had been convicted of carelessness in their selection of the statute, under which to proceed, and there was at least the chance that they might give up the contest in sheer disgust at two successive defeats. Unfortunately for this theory the Court held that the Acts of 1870 and 1876 must be construed together, and that attendance under the Act of

1870 must be taken as defined by the Act of 1876. Thereupon the fabric ingeniously raised for the defence came at once to the ground. "The attendance order," said Lord COLERIDGE, "was an order for the child to attend the school to receive the required instruction, and the duty of the parent was to cause the child to attend to receive such instruction." No doubt the performance of this duty may be excused by the magistrates if they are of opinion that there is a reasonable cause for the child's non-attendance. But when once the order has been made the parent is bound to satisfy the magistrate that he has obeyed it, or has at least made reasonable efforts to obey it. In this case the defendant had done neither. He had not caused the child to attend school to receive the required instruction, because the payment of the school fees was a condition precedent of so doing, and he was too poor to pay them. He had not made reasonable efforts to obey the order, because he had not made proper application to have the fees remitted. In the opinion of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, therefore, the decision of Mr. Justice LINDLEY and Mr. Justice LOPES was a wrong decision. They had held that an attendance order was obeyed by sending a child to the school door. He held that attendance meant effective attendance, and, consequently, that a father was bound to do what was necessary to ensure that the child would be admitted when sent. With this definition the other Judges concurred. Mr. Justice DENMAN held that in the Act of 1870 the words "cause to attend" were used in a sense different from the ordinary sense, and that they meant sending the child with the school fee in its hand. Mr. Justice WATKIN WILLIAMS described the act of the defendant as causing his child to make an abortive attempt to attend school, whereas what the law requires is that he shall cause it really to attend. The case was, therefore, remitted to the magistrates to see that the defendant obeys the law for the future.

If the decision of the Court had gone the other way, it might have been found necessary to have passed an Education Act Amendment Act during the present Session. The payment of the school fees is usually the least point of the causes which prevent a parent from sending a child to school. If he is really poor, he has seldom any difficulty in getting the fees remitted; what he cannot get remitted is the loss of the child's services or the trouble of seeing that it goes to school when it is sent. Had it been held that a parent could not be compelled to apply for remission of the fees, and that he had sufficiently complied with the law by regularly sending his child to the school door without them, an order of attendance would have meant nothing at all. Whenever a parent found it more convenient to keep his child at home, he would have taken care to obey the law by sending it every morning to demand a free admission. When this amusing and not burdensome ceremony had been gone through, the child would have been sent or put to work, and its wages, or the value of its services, would have been duly credited to the parent's account. Even in such a Session as the present, so odd an interpretation of the whole drift and intention of recent educational legislation could hardly have been allowed; and the House of Commons may be congratulated on being spared a troublesome piece of business when its hands are already over-full.

BULGARIA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Standard* has succeeded in obtaining from the Prince of BULGARIA a full exposition of what the PRINCE wishes to be understood as his case in his present struggle with his subjects. The PRINCE appears to have been delighted at being "interviewed," and thought himself very lucky in having a really good opportunity of telling all his long sad history to Western Europe. On no point was he more earnest than in his own profound reluctance to accept the post which was forced on him. Directly he heard he had been elected, he told the German EMPEROR that the Bulgarians might ask him to come, but that nothing would induce him to go. His chief cause for shunning the proposed honour was the absurdity of the Constitution to which he was to be asked to swear. It had been drawn up by a Russian Prince with vague democratic leanings, and had received its final touches from a group

of Bulgarian democrats at Tirnova. He saw that such a Constitution would never work, and that it necessarily placed all power in the hands of cliques of needy adventurers who had no real influence, and no other ambition than that of gaining petty personal advantages. In such a scheme there was no tenable place for an honest German Prince. But he was not his own master; and when the Czar insisted that he must become a Prince, and swear to a Constitution, whether absurd or sensible, he went and swore. Russia was bound to find a Prince for the Bulgaria she had created, and Prince ALEXANDER of Hesse was the only Prince that Russia would name and Austria would accept. The PRINCE felt that he had been born under an evil star. He alone of all the millions of men was the possible Prince of Bulgaria. It was his doom, and he had to bear it. The brand of Bulgaria was on his brow; and, like CAIN or the Wandering Jew, he had to leave his once happy home and roam in the arid deserts and fetid marshes of Bulgarian Constitutionalism. Nor can he escape from his curse. It is always hanging over his head. After the death of the late Czar he made a tour to Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, explaining how very unhappy he was, how he loathed his Bulgarian Ministers, and how he must put an end to the ridiculous Constitution to which he had sworn. Everywhere he met the same answer. He might swear and unswear as he pleased; he might accept, break, or invent constitutions according to his fancy, but he must remain the Prince of Bulgaria. People who are cursed from the cradle must realize their position. There is no use in their whining over their lot, and all the three EMPERORS explained to the PRINCE that he had no kind of choice in the matter, and that stay he must. Sad and dejected, the doomed one went back to his detested Principality, and resolved that, if he had to stay on in such a place, he would at least see if a military *coup d'état* would not lessen his misery, and make life in Bulgaria more endurable.

His provisions as to the evils that would come upon him when he was left alone with the Bulgarians and their Constitution were more than realized. The mass of the people did not raise in him any peculiar feelings of aversion, and he thought the country full of natural resources and capable of improvement. But he had to deal, not with the mass of the people, but with the crowd of needy, greedy, ignorant, fanatical adventurers, with grand phrases on their lips and sordid aims in their hearts, who always come to the top in a country new to political life, and the PRINCE found that men like these cared about as much for the improvement of Bulgarian soil as they cared for the improvement of Jupiter. He tried a Ministry of the Right, and thought that he had got hold of the worst Ministry the world could furnish, until he tried a Ministry of the Left, and found that he had been wrong, and a worse Ministry was possible. Wrangles, intrigues, and jobs occupied all the time that should have been given to the service of the State. And there was one thing in the leading Bulgarians that shocked his honest German soul more than anything else. They were one and all such prodigious liars. They told him orders had been carried out that had not been carried out; they lied about everything; they lied about him, and said that stones ordered for the roads were being used for his palace, and that new taxes were imposed only to be wasted by him on his own personal luxury. And, then, every one was so corrupt. He could not find one righteous man in this new city of the plain. The administration was corrupt, the Courts were corrupt, the gendarmerie were corrupt to a man. If the PRINCE had attempted to introduce purity by dismissing the impure, he would have had to dismiss everybody; and how, as he piteously asked, could he possibly do that? When he tried to show those who surrounded him that the Constitution was a farce; that the mass of the people knew and cared nothing about it; and that they really looked to their PRINCE as they had looked to the SULTAN, his unpleasant friends replied that they had no objection to his use of any amount of personal power, so long as he used it to promote the jobs in which they themselves took an interest. There is no reason to suppose that the PRINCE was not speaking the truth. The Bulgarian Constitution was an absurdity. The Bulgarians were as unfit for democratic liberty as the Russians would be if it was given them now, or as Spanish colonists were when, half a century ago, they set up their Republics. Europe made the same mistake

in giving the Bulgarians more liberty than they could use, as it made in awarding Greece more territory than they could secure for her. If Bulgaria was left to itself, and the PRINCE went away, there can be little doubt that Bulgaria would rapidly pass through the stages of a republic, a military dictatorship, and a foreign protectorate.

But the clue to all that is now taking place in Bulgaria is that the PRINCE will not, and cannot, go away. He may affect to ask the Bulgarians whether they would like to keep him or to let him go; but he knows that in any case he has to fulfil his doom. He must stay, and therefore the Bulgarians must answer that they wish him to stay. Anything like freedom of election is quite incompatible with such a situation. Accordingly, the elections are being held after the approved fashion when princes ask for plébiscites. The polling is under direct military supervision, the ballot-boxes are in the hands of partisans, the returns are made as the returning officer thinks proper. Opponents who are too noisy in their opposition are seized and imprisoned. The Government manages the elections as it manages the elections in Spanish Republics, and as it has managed them in Spain itself, and used to manage them in France under the Empire. An appeal to the people always ends in favour of those who make it, for they have the means at their command of getting the result they wish. When it is remembered that a plébiscite showed that the Italians of Nice wished their territory to become French, it will be easily understood that plébiscites will show anything. It is very possible, too, that plébiscites, although they can have but one result, may really show the real feeling of the majority of the people. Nothing could have been more rigorous and oppressive than the interference of the Government when the plébiscites were taken by which the acts of LOUIS NAPOLEON were confirmed; but there can be no doubt that the mass of the peasantry at that time wished for the Empire. The PRINCE is confident that the vast majority of the Bulgarians care much more for him than for the Constitution, and there is nothing improbable in his assertion. Then the Russian officials who surround him take almost as leading a part in the election as he does, and the peasant who might hesitate to obey the wishes of a PRINCE is anxious to do what he thinks the great CZAR would wish him to do. Russia does not officially interfere in the matter. The Constitution was her contrivance, and she can hardly in decency proclaim its futility; and the Russian Government is too prudent to interfere openly in a matter the inevitable end of which is what she would desire. But the Russian officials in Bulgaria know that the PRINCE is not to be allowed to leave his Principality, and therefore they lend their countenance to all the steps which he is taking to make his stay there more satisfactory to him. There can be little doubt that he will have his way now, and then he will have an opportunity of showing what he can do for the land of his enforced adoption.

JEWIS IN RUSSIA.

THE representatives of the English Jews are not agreed as to the cause to which is to be attributed the persecution which their brethren have lately been undergoing in Russia. Serjeant SIMON, whose opinion we only know from the account given of it in Mr. GREEN's letter to the *Times*, appears to set down the sufferings of the Russian Jews to "their general rapacity, and to the crime of 'usury in particular.'" This, however, is only true of the poorer Jews, and even their sins are in part due to the neglect of their "richer brethren, who are selfishly 'heedless of the education of the masses.'" This is to us a wholly new view of the effect which attendance at school will have upon the poor. That education should encourage thrift and industry is intelligible, since it naturally quickens the scholar's sense of the value of money, and thrift and industry are obvious ways of making money. But why education should discourage usury is not equally clear. It would rather seem that, as lending on usury is an obvious and easy means of making a little money, more education should rather suggest usury than suppress it. The miserly boy who reaps a handsome profit out of his schoolfellows' necessities when

he knows their pocket-money to be exhausted is not an unfamiliar personage in stories of school life, but he is never either the idlest or the most stupid boy of the lot. If he despises the graces of language, he is at least quick at figures, and knows the value of being in the master's good books. Nor is it probable that the wickedness of taking interest for loans would be greatly insisted on in Jewish schools. Such teaching might seem to reflect upon names very eminent in the persuasion, and would have the additional disadvantage of setting the master at loggerheads with half the parents with whom he has to do. If Serjeant SIMON were to set up a school in Russia and try the experiment of giving the lessons which he wishes his co-religionists to lay to heart, he might soon find that the Jews were not above indulging in a little persecution on their own account.

Mr. GREEN traverses the SERJEANT's whole case. He denies that the Russian Jews are badly taught; on the contrary, they are much better taught than other Russians, and, indeed, than most Christians in other countries. The Jewish poor speak Russian Polish and an interesting language called Judeo-German. French is taught in their schools, though Mr. GREEN prudently does not say whether they speak it, and "they know Hebrew almost as a mother-tongue." Instead of their misfortunes being the result of want of education, it is their education that has helped to bring their misfortunes upon them. They are so exceptionally well taught that they fill rich Christians with jealousy and poor Christians with envy. It is sad, of course, that Christians should not be superior to these mean sentiments; but when Mr. GREEN tells us that Jewish education in Russia is so good that "it fits the 'poorest of my gifted race to compete with the most favoured classes, and to distance altogether the less cultured,'" it is impossible to feel any wonder that they are not. The vast majority of the Russian people are in a mental condition which it would be an extreme form of politeness to describe as "less cultured." Consequently the vast majority of the Russian people are "altogether 'distanced' by the poorest Jews." Mr. GREEN's explanation of the ill treatment suffered by his race is thus as nearly as possible the reverse of that given by Serjeant SIMON. Without attempting to decide an issue of fact upon which two such distinguished witnesses give conflicting testimony, we may say that Mr. GREEN's theory seems by far the more probable of the two. An unpopular race is almost always unpopular by reason of its virtues rather than of its vices. Vice, in the long run, seldom leads to wealth; and, whatever else may be uncertain, there seems to be no doubt that the Russian Jews are wealthy—at all events, wealthier than the Christians of the corresponding class. If the Jews would only get drunk and spend their money recklessly, there would be very little temptation to persecute them. It is when there are no pleasant vices which can be trusted to provide the correcting whip that the neighbourhood thinks it necessary to make good the want. The detailed exposition which Mr. GREEN gives of his brethren's merits fully confirms the argument drawn from analogy. The Russian Jews, he says, "are industrious, thrifty, sober, and intelligent." If it were possible that these virtues should co-exist with a total absence of any desire to succeed in life, their possessors might conceivably be popular. But the Russian Jews are not exceptionally deficient in this quality. They know how to make their virtues minister to their temporal prosperity. They deserve to get on and they do get on. They become, Mr. GREEN assures us—and we have no difficulty in believing him—"by sheer moral force of 'character the compeers of all, the masters of their employers, and the patrons of their would-be betters.'" If this is at all a true account of the Jews in Russia, the wonder is, not that they are persecuted, but that there is a single one of them left alive. They may be the salt of the commercial earth, but when their savour is so exceedingly pungent, the salt becomes as likely to be trodden under foot of men as if it had lost its savour altogether.

The two Jewish employments which Mr. GREEN singles out for special mention are the keeping of spirit shops and money-dealing. As regards the former, the Jews are completely and vexatiously proof against the temptation to be their own best customers. "They never get drunk nor 'become brutalized—sins of omission,'" as Mr. GREEN very justly says, "not forgiven by the peasant." It is easy to imagine in what light this unnatural moderation is regarded by those who are never able to leave a tavern sober. The

Jewish publican is believed to be continually on the watch for opportunities of adding to his customer's score without his customer's consent. He keeps sober, not because he dislikes getting drunk—that is an eccentricity inconceivable to a Russian peasant; not because he thinks drunkenness wrong—that is an affectation of morality which would be extraordinary in a Christian, and must be wholly unattainable by a Jew; but simply because, when the sober man makes out the bill of the drunken man, he can arrange the items to his taste. The point at which a man ceases to remember what liquor he has ordered is not necessarily the point at which he has ceased to order liquor, and however sceptical he may be of the amount charged to him, he has no means of disputing it. Mr. GREEN says that, of the three millions of Jews in Russia and Russian Poland, "a few are stated to be usurers." As he goes on to explain that they are "created by the necessities of the peasantry," since the peasant's "own kith and kin and creed will not lend them a rouble to save them from starvation," we will frankly say that we should be greatly astonished if many more than a few are not usurers. If it is followed with judgment, usury is a very profitable trade, and where a single race has from circumstances the monopoly of it, the demand for its exercise must be great. The fact that usury lends itself more than most legitimate industries to extortion and cruelty does not get rid of the fact that it is an industry without which a community cannot very well exist. The Russian Jews are not likely to be disciples of Mr. RUSKIN, and if they are not, they can hardly be blamed for remembering that, if their backs are to show a profit, bad security must mean high interest.

The one thing that does seem strange in the whole business is that the Russian Government has not interfered with greater decision to put down the persecution of its Jewish subjects. The virtues we have been dwelling on may be very irritating to the peasantry, but they are undoubtedly profitable to the country. It is the more incumbent, therefore, upon the authorities to take care that these unpopular virtues shall be guarded against the periodical attacks which they are certain to incur if their possessors are left to the protection of their own wits and their own hands. The Czar may possibly love the Jews no better than his subjects love them; but a man who has to receive taxes, instead of paying them, can hardly be ignorant that the wealth which is the head and front of a Jew's offending makes him as valuable to Russia as he is hateful to Russians.

A CHAPTER OF NEW ENGLAND HISTORY.

IT is sometimes imagined or assumed that a free profession of Protestantism in its extremest form, whatever may be thought of its theological merits or demerits, is at least a sure guarantee against the medieval horrors of superstition, bigotry, and intolerance. Those who so reason cannot indeed have very adequately mastered the first century of Protestant history and theology in Europe. But it is to another and more remote region that we would now direct their attention, partly under the guidance of a writer in the July number of *Good Words*, who in a paper on Sir Henry Vane gives some details of New England life which may stirle many even of those who have a general acquaintance with the early experiences of the Pilgrim Fathers. To ordinary English readers the name of Sir Henry Vane is probably most familiar as the hero and victim of that strange scene at the dissolution of the Long Parliament, when Cromwell marched two files of musketeers into the House, and, in reply to Sir Henry's indignant protest, "This is not honest, yea it is against morality and common honesty," as we are told, "fell a-singing, crying out with a loud voice, 'Oh, Sir Henry Vane, Sir Henry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane.'" They will remember, too, that the same vigour and independence of character, which made him resist the tyranny of the Protector in 1653, rendered him obnoxious twenty years later to the first Parliament of the Restoration, and led to his execution for high treason, though he had taken no part in the death of the King. He was then only fifty years old, but his public career began very early, and we are concerned with one of the first and least familiar chapters of his biography when he was seeking in the new world "to enjoy the blessing of a pure gospel," which, under the rule of Charles I. and Laud, he had found unattainable at home. He complained bitterly, we are told, that in England no clergyman would administer the Communion to him standing, which, however, he must have known was expressly forbidden by the Anglican Prayer-book. Some years before the colony of New England had been founded by a body of Puritan settlers, who received a Charter from the Crown, with power to elect their own magistrates, and who professed the

innocent and seemingly liberal design of "letting the Non-conformists, with the grace and leave of the King, make a peaceable secession, and enjoy the liberty and exercise of their own persuasions about the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ." They proceeded at once to establish a system, of which the leading features were a rejection of episcopacy, of the use of "Common Prayer," and Church ceremonies. Each congregation of worshippers was to form a separate and independent "Church," bound to other "Churches" by no ties but those of mutual charity, though for some reason they carefully eschewed the name of Independents, and at first—rather unintelligibly—declared that "they did not separate, and were not separate, from the Church of England." In October 1635 three notable strangers from England landed at Boston, Massachusetts, to join the New England colony, John Winthrop, afterwards Governor of Connecticut, who is called by Mather the "New English Nehemiah"; the notorious Hugh Peters, afterwards Chaplain to Cromwell, who preached in favour of the murder of Charles I.; and Sir Henry Vane, who within three months of his arrival was "admitted a member of the Church of Boston," and in the following spring was elected first a freeman of the Company of Massachusetts Bay and then Governor, being just twenty-four years old. He had already signalized himself, in conjunction with the Rev. Hugh Peters, by procuring a public admonition to Winthrop for his "over leniency in dealing with evil doers," which he humbly promised to amend by "taking a more strict course" for the future.

But more serious difficulties than this awaited the new Governor, which curiously illustrate the standard of religious sobriety and tolerance recognized among those who had rebelled against the milder yoke of the State religion in England. The first great question, which was indeed in train two years before Vane became Governor, is one that it is difficult for a modern reader to hear of without a smile, though at the time it threw the whole colony into a blaze and set every one by the ears. This was the great red flag question. In 1634 a certain zealot of the name of Eudicott tore the red cross out of the flag at Salem, and justified his act on the ground that "it was given to the King of England by the Pope as an ensign of victory, so a superstitious thing, and a relic of Antichrist." After mature deliberation on this knotty point it was resolved that the red cross should be expunged from all the flags except the one at Castle Island, but the exception somehow was ignored, and hence Thomas Miller, the mate of the *Hector*, an English ship in the harbour, complained to the new Governor that all the people of Massachusetts were traitors and rebels since the King's colours were not hoisted on the fort. Vane was very angry and Miller was forced to apologize, but it was not thought pleasant to have such stories carried back to England, and the Governor accordingly summoned the masters of the fifteen English vessels in harbour, and explained to them that unfortunately no royal flag could be found in the Colony; he probably omitted to give as the reason that they had all been purposely defaced. On this two of them offered to present a flag, which the Governor accepted, after first protesting that the settlers thought the cross on it idolatrous. And thus the red flag was at last hoisted in spite of the emphatic remonstrances of both magistrates and clergy. But when soon afterwards the Parliamentary Army in England also adopted this same idolatrous banner of St. George, the General Court of Massachusetts at once replaced it on all their ensigns "till the State of England shall alter the same, which we much desire." But their desire was not gratified, and in their exultation at the triumph of civil and religious liberty—as the Puritans understood the term—at home, they appear to have quite forgotten themselves, and the idolatrous emblem was thenceforth quietly retained.

The next dispute was not so easily settled, and in fact led eventually to Vane's return to England in the following year. The year before he landed at Boston there had come from England a certain Anne Hutchinson, "a woman (according to her admirers) of such admirable understanding and profitable and sober carriage that she won a powerful party in the country." But she used this power to "weaken the hands and hearts of the people towards the ministers," and denounced all fixed rules of faith or conduct on the plea of herself possessing "a new rule of practice by immediate revelation," though she disclaimed any miraculous aids. She moreover took to preaching, or at least to delivering public addresses to assemblies of women, criticizing the sermons preached on the previous Sunday, which the ministers, not unnaturally perhaps, did not quite appreciate, especially as she not only added instructions of her own containing some very queer, and not very intelligible heresies, but also gently stigmatized them as "Baal's priests, Popish factors, Scribes, Pharisees, and opposers of Christ," which they thought "very hard to bear." Governor Vane supported, while Deputy-Governor Winthrop vehemently opposed her, and in spite of the Court ordering a general fast to be kept, he informs us that "the difference in the said points of religion increased more and more." A denial of the personality of the Holy-Ghost and of heaven and hell appear to have been among the points mooted by Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends, but their grand offence consisted in their charging the ministers with teaching the deadly doctrine of "a covenant of works." As neither fasting nor argument availed anything, the civil and ecclesiastical authorities determined to adopt more efficacious remedies. For they had already decided—not very consistently with their original professions and protests—that "it is impious ignorance to say men ought to have liberty of conscience," whereas "religion admits of no

eccentric notions," and "for the security of the flock we pen up the wolf." Archbishop Leard and the Star Chamber—or the Spanish Inquisition, for that matter—could have said no more. Mr. John Grossmith, who had preached against three persons who were under a covenant of works, was fined 40*l.* and ordered to make public confession of his fault in every church. Mrs. Hutchinson herself and her brother-in-law, Mr. Wheelwright, being convicted of sedition and contempt, were excommunicated and banished. She went first to Rhode Island, and after her husband's death removed to Long Island, where she perished miserably in a massacre of colonists by the Indians, who were making reprisals for a treacherous slaughter of their own people by the Dutch settlers. The news of her death was welcomed with undisguised satisfaction at Massachusetts, where the Rev. Thomas Welder, who had taken a prominent part against her, after observing that it was doubtful whether the Indians had burnt her alive, proceeds to improve the occasion in the following moral and Christian strain:—

But alain it seems she is, according to all reports. I never heard that the Indians in those parts did ever before this commit the like outrage upon any family or families; and therefore God's hand is the more apparently seen herein, to pick out this woeful woman and make her, and those belonging to her, an unheard-of heavy example of their cruelty above all others.

Meanwhile the rival parties represented by Vane and Winthrop, who succeeded him as Governor, did not get on very comfortably together, and at last it was resolved to take more rigorous measures for the extirpation of heresy. Vane, who disapproved of persecution on all sides, wisely determined to return to England, but during the remainder of his life always used whatever influence he had at home for the benefit of the colonists of Massachusetts, who, under the rigid Puritan supremacy which followed on his departure, went on from bad to worse. He was himself shamefully persecuted by Cromwell, as a consistent opponent of every form of arbitrary government. In New England proscription, fine, banishment, and capital punishment became the order of the day for Anglicans, Quakers, Anabaptists, Adamites, and other such "unhappy sectaries and enigmatics." Not only did the "Blue Code"—so named apparently as seeming to be written in blood—strictly forbid "reading the Common Prayer, keeping Christmas Day or saints' days, making mince pies, or playing on any instrument except the drum, the trumpet, and the Jews' harp," which were supposed to have a kind of Biblical flavour about them; it also forbade mothers to kiss their babies on the Sabbath day, and enjoined that no one should run or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting. Readers of *The Scarlet Letter* will readily understand the moral results of this sort of legislation. As to religious toleration, "If," says one of their leading writers of that day, "after men continue in obstinate rebellion against the light, the civil magistrate shall still walk towards them in soft and gentle commiseration, his softness and gentleness is excessive large to foxes and wolves, but his bowels are miserably straitened and hardened against the poor sheep and lambs of Christ. Nor is it frustrating the end of Christ's coming, but a direct advancing it, to destroy the bodies of those wolves who seek to destroy the souls of those for whom Christ died." It is a curious satire on human weakness and inconsistency that the hideous system of persecution enjoined in New England by the very men who had fled, as they elegantly expressed it, from "those proud Anabaptists, the tyrannous bishops, and their proud and profane supporters and cruel defenders" under Charles I., was at last brought to an end after the Restoration by a peremptory order from Charles II. There are no crimes like those that are wrought in the name of liberty.

THE COMET.

THE appearance of a large comet in the northern heavens, though sudden, was not unexpected by astronomers. Telegrams from Cordoba, Brazil, and the Cape of Good Hope had warned them that a bright comet, first seen in the Southern Hemisphere on May 26, was wending its way northwards. The exact day when it would first show itself above the northern horizon was a little doubtful; but the substantial accuracy of the telegram announcing that it would be near the prominent star β Aurigæ on June 26 has been verified by the event. The publication of this prediction in the newspapers appears to have escaped the notice of the public; and thus the comet has been treated as one of those unexpected visitations which were formerly believed to portend wars, pestilences, and famines, and which are even now supposed to have some unexplained connexion with "phenomenal" weather. A glance at the present state of our knowledge with respect to comets may serve to dispel some of the illusions to which a certain class of the public still clings.

It has long been known that the mass or amount of ponderable matter, even in the largest comets, must be exceedingly small in comparison with the mass of any of the planets. But the possibility of a collision was sufficient to terrify the nervous; and it was not till the discovery of the intimate relationship, if not absolute identity, between a swarm of meteors and a comet that these fears were really shown to be groundless. We can only briefly refer to the steps by which this connexion was established between two classes of bodies differing so much in the aspect which they present to us.

In the year 1866 there occurred, on November 13, a very remarkable shower of meteors or shooting stars, and these exceptional displays were found to have recurred at intervals of 33½ years. It was shown by somewhat abstruse calculations, into which we cannot here enter, that if a meteor swarm revolved round the sun in an oval path in exactly 33½ years, the disturbing effect of the planets would be exactly such as had been observed. Hence it appeared that these meteors must perform their revolution in 33½ years, and it was then inferred that they must be moving in the same path as a comet observed in the year 1866, a few months before the display of shooting stars. Further evidence was supplied by the discovery that the path of the well-known August meteors was the same as that of the great comet of 1862, and that a shower of meteors annually observed in April followed the track of the great comet of 1861, through the tail of which the earth is believed to have passed. But it was in 1872 that the most interesting facts in connexion with the relation between comets and meteors were brought to light. Towards the end of 1872 astronomers were eagerly expecting Biela's periodical comet, which had excited their attention in 1846 by its splitting up into two distinct bodies; but it was sought in vain. In its place, however, appeared, at the end of November, a striking display of meteors, and subsequently, on the 2nd and 3rd of December, a comet was observed in the track which the meteor-stream might be supposed to have taken. It has been inferred, with some show of reason, that the earth actually passed through one of the heads of Biela's comet on November 27, 1872, and that the only effect was a shower of shooting stars. At a little distance the meteor-swarm would seem to have presented the ordinary appearance of a comet. The chain of circumstantial evidence which connects comets and meteors is still further strengthened by the examination of their spectra. By the help of the spectroscope it is found that the light of comets is derived to a great extent from glowing vapour of carbon in some form or other, and it has also been shown that meteoric stones which have fallen on the earth give off, when heated in a vacuum, vapours producing the same spectra as those observed in comets.

It would seem probable that the nucleus of a comet is neither a solid nor a gaseous body, but a mere cluster of discrete meteoric particles through which the earth might pass without experiencing any effect beyond that of a startling shower of shooting stars, and that the head is composed of gases evolved from these meteors under the combined action of the sun's heat and the rarefaction of space. With regard to the formation of the tails the most plausible theory appears to be that they are due to a repulsive force, emanating from the sun (possibly electrical), which acts on the gases evolved from the nucleus, and generates tails in different directions according to the molecular constitution of the gases.

Having thus briefly sketched the general history of comets, we may refer to one or two points connected with the present comet. The first point that calls for remark is the circumstance that this comet is moving along the same track (approximately) as that of the comet of 1867. Now, it is to be remembered that the great comet which was seen last year in the Southern Hemisphere was found to be travelling in the same path as that of the comet of 1843. In both cases it appears difficult to account for the return of the comet within such a short time. And if the comet had regularly reappeared at short intervals, it ought to have been seen at former apparitions of which there appears to be no record. The conclusion seems to be thus forced on us that there may be two or more comets travelling in the same track. This would quite accord with what we know of meteor-streams, there being decided evidence of aggregations of these particles at different parts of their orbit.

Another important matter is the application of photography to the invisible portion of the spectrum of this comet. Mr. Huggins has succeeded in obtaining a photograph showing two bright lines in the ultra-violet region, which appear to belong to the spectrum of the vapour of carbon (in some form). At Greenwich Observatory bands were observed in the green, the blue, and the violet corresponding to bands in the spectrum given by carbon in the blue part of the flame of a candle. It has hitherto been somewhat doubtful whether the comet-bands indicated carbon in this form or in that exhibited by a vacuum-tube containing a carbon compound in a highly rarefied state. In this connexion it may be mentioned that Professor H. Draper of New York has obtained a photograph of the comet, though he has not yet succeeded in photographing its spectrum as Mr. Huggins has done.

With regard to the physical appearance of the comet, it may be mentioned that by July 3 the light will have diminished to one-third and by July 16 to one-tenth of the brightness, when the comet first appeared on June 22. Such calculations, however, are necessarily subject to some uncertainty, as we are still imperfectly acquainted with the causes which determine the brightness of comets. The northward motion of the comet also has a great effect on its visibility in raising it above the mists of the horizon and in clearing it from the effect of twilight. Under these circumstances we may expect this comet to remain a conspicuous object to the naked eye for some little time to come. In the telescope it is likely to prove even a more interesting object than the comet of 1874.

THE BALCOMBE TRAGEDY.

IT is natural enough that the circumstances of the murder which took place on the Brighton line at the beginning of this week should have suggested to the industrious journalist the famous Briggs-Müller transaction at Old Ford. That murder is famous not merely in history but in literature. For Mr. Matthew Arnold, as all men know, endeavoured to prove, not merely by written but by spoken words, to the British Philistine that it was well that things should be so. The British Philistine did not see it; but it is the prerogative of the British Philistine not to see it. Now, the tunnels of the Brighton Railway have acquired a historic celebrity not inferior to that once possessed by the very unromantic piece of line which passes the place where matches which "strike only on the box" are made. The *Newcomers* had already assured these tunnels their place in literary memory; it is only to be regretted that a real and not a fictitious drama should give them additional celebrity. They (or one of them) have demonstrated, or helped to demonstrate, yet once more (we wish it could be for the last time), the almost inconceivable stupidity of the English police. There is probably not another country in the civilized world where such a thing as happened on this occasion could have happened. There was a time when we had, properly speaking, no police. We had political spies paid *ad hoc*; we had thieftakers whose morality was doubtful, but who managed when it pleased them to take thieves. But it was borne in upon us that we ought to have a police, and a police we have with a vengeance. "Do not adopt our institutions *à demi*, my friend," said the Prince Montecour. That is exactly what we have done. We have several Commissioners of Police, an elaborate county and borough force, a Director of Criminal Investigation, and everything handsome about us. But the two chief functions of a regularly constituted *agence des mœurs*—the suppression of scandals which may affect the innocent, and the detection of crimes which can only concern the guilty—we have not, at any rate, in a state of performance. A short time ago a trumpery and obviously impossible case of alleged fraud on a Co-operative Society was brought before a magistrate, and was reported in full, with the name of the victim. Our *agents provocateurs* are instant in the fabrication of affecting stories whereby to tempt unhappy chemists to supply deleterious drugs for the relief of too-confiding damsels, in inducing casual tobaccoists to book 10 to 1 bar one on suburban races, in prevailing on good-natured publicans to supply half-a-pint of beer to thirsty souls five minutes before or five minutes after the sacred hours prescribed by an all-wise Legislature. But when a real and terrible crime presents itself they are, like the American carter, "not equal to the occasion." They reverse the lesson often taught in childhood; they can make a stone, but can by no means break one. It is easy to manufacture a crime; hard and troublesome to detect one. And yet anything more simple than the circumstances of this murder on the Brighton Railway it is absolutely impossible to conceive.

We take the facts as they are reported, with insignificant differences, by a large number of independent authorities; and we may observe that the recapture of the man Lefroy, or even his demonstrative innocence, does not affect that part of the question which is really important to the public in the very least. On Monday last, when the afternoon Brighton express reached Preston, the outlying station for Brighton where tickets are taken, a person was noticed either in, or leaning out of, a first-class compartment in a condition of much dilapidation. The carriage itself was in a still more suspicious state, being covered with blood. The dilapidated person gave himself out as a journalist, by name Arthur Lefroy, and by domicile an inhabitant of Wallington, a suburb of Croydon. He proceeded to what on the face of it must be described, in the language of fiction, as "a story of a cock and of a bull, and of an elderly gentleman and of a countryman, and of a pistol shot." We need not recite this story, which everybody has by this time read. The suspicions of the police were, we are told, aroused, but they were aroused in a most astoundingly inefficient fashion. While they assigned the doctor, whom he demanded, to the wounded person, they had ample time to find out whether that wounded person's story of a business errand to Brighton was true, whether any trace of the elderly gentleman and the countryman was to be found on the line, whether the nature of the interesting victim's wounds corresponded to the account he gave of the audacious countryman's maleficence. All this could have been done very speedily, very effectively, and without exciting the least scandal as to Mr. Arthur Lefroy's precious reputation. We dismiss the story of a watch and chain having been found in Mr. Lefroy's boot as incredible, for even a British policeman knows that watch-pockets in that portion of the attire of a gentleman have not yet been introduced. The one glimmering of reason which the conduct of the police displayed only serves to illuminate their darkness still further. They submitted with a childlike docility to Mr. Lefroy's demand to be taken home without doing his errand in Brighton. They did not ask the surgeon as to the nature of his wounds or impertinently discuss the presence of a coin known as a "Hanover medal" in some numbers in his pocket. They could not bring themselves to wait for the result of the idle formality of a search along the line. But they did send a detective with him to his home. This promising member of the profession of M. Claude, according to one account, "left his companion and returned a little later." According to another, he allowed him to change his clothes, but did not observe the precautions of Mr. Samuel Weller on a much

less momentous occasion. The result might, one would think, have been predicted by a tolerably intelligent child of the age of five years or thereabouts. The policeman inquired of the persons of the house, "Ubi est ille Toad-in-the-Hole?" and he received the traditional answer, "Et responsum ab omnibus, 'non est inventus.'" The Feast of the Invention of Mr. Lefroy ought to be a green-letter one in the police calendar. It need scarcely be said that we do not assume the guilt of this polyonymous journalist and dramatic author. It need scarcely be said, also, that we do not vouch for the correctness of the facts as reported. There may be no murder in the case. The unfortunate Mr. Gold may have overbalanced himself and dropped out of the window. The countryman may be a real countryman, and may, not content with shooting Mr. Lefroy, have subsequently scratched him, torn off his collar, and generally maltreated him out of pure exuberance of conscious and maleficent power. The police may not have had half the facts to go upon which industrious *reportage* has amassed for the benefit of newspaper readers. But when the amplest allowance has been made for these possibilities, the conduct of the Brighton police remains utterly inexplicable. Had they feared to cast inevitable suspicion on a possibly innocent man, their feelings would have been at least respectable. But, as has been sufficiently pointed out, no such suspicion need have been cast. A certain period of rest and medical care was most reasonable to prescribe to the victim, according to his own statement of a murderous outrage. During this period every material inquiry might have been completed. The authorities may, indeed, urge that they could not anticipate the imbecility of their delegate. But it has got to be shown, first, whether the orders given to that delegate were such as to guard against any mishap, and, secondly, what was the reason for running the risk which the police ran. An innocent man in Lefroy's position could have no motion for evasion, which could only give him trouble in the long run. A guilty man should have been allowed no chance of attempting it.

With a wonderful, if not altogether intelligent, unanimity the newspapers have been recommending, as they recommended nearly twenty years ago, the adoption of the American system of no compartments and continuous carriages. This is a point on which it is somewhat superfluous to offer advice. The general public will, no doubt, finally express its opinion, and that opinion will be followed with the decent reluctance which Railway Companies always show. The advantages of the two systems can be very easily contrasted. Pullman cars have now run for some years on English lines (including the very one on which this disaster happened), and public saloon carriages on many others. The Pullman or the saloon does not, it may be remarked, offer a complete security against such proceedings as those of Müller and the "countryman," though that security is very considerably increased. Only the genuine and complete gangway system, with no difference of classes, could altogether allay the fears of the timid, which will certainly not be lessened by Mr. Chamberlain's light-hearted answer to Mr. Sheridan on Thursday night. Now there are not many murderers, and there are a very great many objectionable companions. "Take my life, but spare my collar," said the traditional dandy to the highwayman. According to Mr. Lefroy's story, the malefactor in this case was equally hostile to life and to collars. But ferocity of this kind is rare; and, as a rule, the traveller would have to choose between a possibility of being very unpleasantly murdered and a practical certainty of draughts, neighbourhood of persons whose command of the minor refinements of manner is limited, and an infinitely increased danger of the abominable nuisance of forced conversation, unless he is prepared to show his distaste for that amusement in a decided and churlish manner. It is for English taste to decide which is best worth having, the probability of privacy and the possibility of meditation, or the freedom from the off-chance of murderous or criminal assault. The rapid improvement of the tricycle perhaps offers an alternative to those finical persons who, not being able to afford post horses, would rather travel with a murderer than with one who insists on talking without h's on a subject he knows nothing about. But, without prejudicing the new demand for a further Americanization of our institutions, it may be pointed out that the danger of things as they are may be immensely modified "with brains." Ropes and electric bells are capital things, though they are suitable rather for accidents than for crimes. But the difficulties and dangers in the way of a railway criminal would be enormous if they were not smoothed away by contributory idiocy on the part of the guardians of the public safety. The possibility of getting rid of a body from a carriage could be avoided by a very simple system of checking the inmates of compartments on long-distance journeys. The possibility of escaping from a train in motion involves so great a risk that few criminals are likely to chance it. In any case of suspicious appearance at the terminus or any station, the police and officials have the game in their own hands. It is, of course, possible to throw that game or any game away, and unless gross injustice has been done to the authorities in this instance, it is a case in point. But against such superhuman stupidity as that of which we are asked to believe that the Brighton officials were guilty, gods and men are alike powerless. All the saloon carriages, all the guards, all the electric bells, all the through-train gangways and outside platforms in the world, will not guarantee us against that.

LITERATURE AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE "Representatives of Literature" met at the Mansion House last Saturday evening to receive the hospitality of my Lord Mayor. They mustered three hundred strong; they included poets, preachers, novelists, dramatists, journalists, and publishers, not to speak of noble lords, Indian princes, City sheriffs, aldermen, deputies, and ambassadors. It might at first sight appear difficult to get together so many men of genius at one table, but literature is fortunately a word which covers a wide area; every one, for instance, who contributes to a paper, even in the advertising or the paste and scissors department, may consider himself a representative of literature. We should, it is true, be inclined to draw the line above the office boy; but it cannot be denied that he, too, has much to do with the production of his journal. The difficulty is not, it would seem from the published list of the guests who presented themselves, so much to fill the tables as to persuade the men who, by common consent, stand in the front rank of literature to accept the invitations sent to them. Of course we confidently assume that invitations are always sent to those illustrious writers, who on this, as on previous occasions, have been conspicuously absent. For example, the names of Messrs. Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, and Morris would occur to an outsider as the most truly representative of living English poets; but these authors having been unfortunately unable to attend, one cannot feel that their loss was altogether supplied even by Lord Lytton and Mr. W. M. Rossetti. Again, every one was glad to see the author of *Lorna Doone* in a place of honour; but one would have liked also to see those veteran novelists, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. Wilkie Collins, and Mr. George Meredith, who, we are obliged to suppose, had engagements elsewhere. Of scholars there seemed hardly any; yet surely at the end of Term the great scholars of Oxford and Cambridge, to say nothing of those in London, one might think, would have been free to accept the bidding of his Lordship. Nor do we think that Mr. Justin McCarthy was altogether adequate to represent single-handed the department of history, in which we missed certain writers, perhaps more solid, if not so brilliant, as, for instance, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Froude, Mr. J. R. Green, Professor Seeley, Mr. Lecky, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Leslie Stephen. It was really unfortunate for the dinner that all these writers, the "representatives" of so many departments, were previously engaged. Could they, one wonders, have been having a little literary dinner at Greenwich all by themselves, with the press excluded? But if the leading men in the "higher walks" were mostly absent, the department of journalism was most fully and thoroughly represented. Everybody seemed to be invited; those who were privileged to know the great men by sight could point out London correspondents by the dozen; there were those who are suspected of "doing" the reviews; those who, it is darkly rumoured, write leading articles; even those who cut out the funny stories from American papers. As regards the list of journalists who should be invited, it had evidently been drawn up in a most friendly and comprehensive spirit, so as to avoid the creation of jealousies, and to remove any opportunity for indulging in the hateful spirit of envy. We would not wish to exclude one of these writers; the genius of a Shakespeare may lie, dormant as yet, in every one; yet, we repeat, we cannot but regret that so many, so very many, of the men known outside Fleet Street were unable to accept the invitations which, we are sure, were sent to them. And it was, doubtless, through the fear of wearying his guests that the host forbore to speak of his many disappointments.

A dinner at the Mansion House, especially for those who assist at it for the first time, is an imposing and magnificent spectacle. It is pleasant to march into the Egyptian Hall past a row of fiddlers dressed in red, who scrape with enormous zeal, and somehow remind one of King Cole's Three Fiddlers, according to the rendering of Mr. Crane; it is pleasant to sit opposite to a person who is going to make a speech after dinner, to mark his intervals of reflective silence, and, as his turn approaches, the contortions of his countenance; it is pleasant to have an excellent band discoursing throughout the banquet; it is delightful, if one is so placed as to be able to see these glories, to let the eye rest upon the Lord Mayor's Trumpeter in green and gold, with his hat on, as becomes a Trumpeter. He stands behind the chair, and does not disdain occasionally to hand a plate. But why does he not blow the trumpet, which ought to be in his hand? Surely the City Trumpeter was your first City toast-master; and the original Harker, instead of calling "Sit—lence, gentlemen, for the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor!" blew a melodious blast which hushed the revellers and recalled them to the serious business of the banquet. Then one may behold the gold mace. Lastly, one may gaze upon the Lord Mayor himself, and reflect upon the transitory nature of all human glories, and especially of this civic presidency.

The speeches which followed the dinner of last Saturday were remarkable, with one or two exceptions, for their surprising badness. Now, at a dinner of representatives of literature one expects something out of the common; the very presence of so much genius should give rise to a spirit of emulation among the speakers; before the assembled poets, novelists, dramatists, journalists, philosophers, historians, and reporters of England, one might expect, if not bursts of florid oratory, yet graceful speeches, epigrammatic utterances, and things which might be remembered. It is true that the themes are threadbare; but what is the use of

genius unless it can adorn even a threadbare topic with flowers of fancy? The greatest artists do not disdain the commonest objects. The usual loyal toasts were given and received with the usual enthusiasm; they were followed by the patriotic toasts responded to by one gallant officer who seemed, like Balbus, ready to think, though it would not do to say so, that it was all over with the army, and another who permitted himself only to praise our soldiers' goodness of temper. Then there were toasts to the Houses of Lords and Commons. After this came the real business of the evening, which was opened by the reading of a telegram from Berlin. In this document the Chairman of the *Concordia* said he loved the British nation for having produced Shakespeare, and invoked the protection of Heaven upon the Lord Mayor. Here some of the frivolous laughed, and were rebuked by the toastmaster. The Lord Mayor then proposed the health of his guests, and divided Literature, for oratorical purposes, into Poetry, Fiction, History, Classical Literature, and Journalism, calling upon various people present to respond. Now, if there were one thing which a literary craftsman should understand, one would think it would be the manner in which a speech, like a leading article, should be turned. It must be within certain limits, not greatly in defect or in excess; it must have in it a few distinct points; it should turn upon one leading thought, treated freshly, even if it be a commonplace; it should be bright; it should, in fact, please. All the "representative" speakers had received due notice—rumour said a fortnight's notice—yet, with one or two exceptions, upon which we will immediately remark, not one had come prepared with a speech at all worthy the occasion. Lord Houghton, of course, was one of these exceptions. His speech was cheery, short, epigrammatic. He understands how to say good things, and to say them in the happiest manner. Unfortunately, Lord Lytton, who followed him, seemed to think that a poet, like the brook, was entitled to go on for ever, in an even current, undisturbed by any sparkles or wavelets of wit or epigram. No one, again, can object to Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Black being called upon to respond for fiction; but we were truly disappointed when Mr. Blackmore mournfully confessed that he had nothing at all to say, and when Mr. Black could find very little more to say than that he was once, while in America, taken for Mr. Blackmore. Why cannot Englishmen speak on such occasions? A Frenchman would have found for such a toast a thousand pleasant compliments for his host and his fellow-guests; an American would have replied with fluency and dignity; an Irishman with ease. And if these two writers had been set down to a table with paper and pen and told to write a speech in reply, they would have written a short chapter of thanks, without premeditation, in good style and nervous English. As there seemed to be no other scholar present, Dr. William Smith responded alone for "Classical Literature." This was very much as if the shepherd should respond for the sheep. Lord Sherbrooke and Mr. Edmund Yates, who spoke, and "spoke up" for Journalism, were, with Lord Houghton, the pleasant exceptions. Lord Sherbrooke was incisive, ironical, and slightly contemptuous; Mr. Yates was short, bright, and clever. By some remarkable accident, the Drama was omitted altogether, yet all the dramatists—they are few indeed—were present, and most of the dramatic critics. Then the dinner came to an end, and the guests came away. The moral of the story is that, although a good many clever men were got together, the scholars, historians, and philosophers who make up the serious literature of the period were all absent; most of the leaders in every literary department were also absent; one department was overwhelmingly represented; and it was proved to everybody's satisfaction that the art of after-dinner speaking is one little studied and rarely acquired.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

THE result of the University Match was accepted by the friends of Oxford much as the result of the general election was welcomed by most Liberals, in a temper of devout thankfulness and scarcely suppressed amazement. Cambridge looked invincibly strong on paper, and Mr. Steel, like Mr. Kinglake's dragoman in *Eothen*, "struck terror and inspired respect." Cricketers knew, though the cricket reporters of some newspapers did not, that it was absurd to say that Mr. Steel's right hand had lost its cunning. The analysis of the performances of University bowlers shows that he has got 48 wickets in this season to Mr. Evans's 28 and Mr. O. T. Studd's 31. He has been more expensive than usual, but that is because the year has been warm and dry, and the grounds true and lively. His bowling in the University match, though less successful than of old, was as remarkable as ever for variety of pitch, pace, curve, and work. That this would be so was well understood beforehand, and it was still more disagreeable for Oxford men to reflect on the batting strength of Cambridge. Cambridge could afford to discard a meritorious old Blue, just as Mr. O. U. Lane was once left out of the Oxford Eleven. Is it not written in the book of the Chronicles of Lillywhite? Cambridge even felt strong enough to dispense with the services of a bat like Mr. Miller, while illness deprived Oxford of two good bats and a slow change bowler. Though the trial match with M.C.C. at Lord's was tolerably satisfactory, the performance of Oxford against Middlesex had shown that their bowling might be loose and that second-rate opponents might get their wickets. All that the

most hopeful could say was that, "if Evans was on his day, and Leslie came off, Oxford had a chance." Mr. Evans was "on his day"—his three days rather—and Mr. Leslie did "come off."

When Monday appeared, in a blanket of mist and soft rain, things looked worse than ever for the Dark Blue colours. It seemed just the sort of day that Mr. Steel likes; fishing, rather than cricket, weather; a slippery wicket, and a bad light. Oxford had a piece of luck (they were lucky all through) in winning the toss. For the three years of Cambridge victories "tails" had always been the successful choice. Should a judicious captain follow the run, and call "tails" again, or trust to the reappearance of "heads"? This is one of the questions on which the greatest minds have ever been divided. We are for backing the *série*. Mr. Bligh was otherwise minded. He called "heads," but "tails" were still in the ascendant, and Oxford went in on the fresh wicket. Mr. Patterson and Mr. Trevor opened the batting, while the early bowling was entrusted to Mr. Steel, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Wilson. The two latter bowlers are fast medium and fast; neither of them was very successful. Mr. Patterson showed great steadiness, and Mr. Trevor played, as usual, in the most attractive and manly style. In spite of good fielding, they ran the score up to about 50, when Mr. Trevor retired from the wicket, apparently either caught by wicket-keeper or "leg-before." It seems that he had anticipated the umpire's decree, for he was given "not out" and walked back again. But here the luck was broken. Mr. C. T. Studd began to bowl from the Nursery end, and Mr. Trevor was caught at the wicket for what proved to be a longer innings than any Cambridge man attained, an excellent 41. Disaster followed disaster. The two slow bowlers seemed quite unplayable, as their deliveries twisted very variously, and the balls on the off rose up sharply and almost perpendicular. The Oxford batters could not leave these off balls alone. Mr. Patterson gave Mr. Ford, at short slip, the first of four catches which he secured in the innings. Mr. Leslie, playing unlike himself, ran in to a ball of Mr. Steel's and slipped in trying to regain his ground. Many of the lookers-on, of both parties, were of opinion that he did recover himself in time, but the umpire gave his decision for Mr. Hone, the wicket-keeper. This should be set against the decision (not, we think, mistaken) which saved Mr. Leslie in the second innings. He only made 4 runs; and one of the panics which have so often ruined the cause of an Eleven followed his fall. The bowlers puzzled and beat the batsmen at least twice in every over. Mr. Evans prevented his rival short-slip with a catch. Mr. Thornton was not less generous. Mr. Bligh, extending himself in a miraculous way like a telescope, caught Mr. Peake at point. This is as good a place as any other for saying that Mr. Bligh's fielding throughout was worth a visit to Lord's to see. He stopped the most impossible-looking cuts with perfect grace and ease, returning the ball in the same action. Six wickets fell after the score was at 58, and only 18 runs were added to the account of Oxford. Mr. Whiting managed to amass 9, and fell immediately after luncheon, which festival was favoured by half an hour of dry weather. Then Mr. Kemp and Mr. McLachlan got together. Neither of these players seems to have any "nerves"; both batted with the utmost pluck, like men "incapable of their own distress," and they hit up 50 runs by fine driving and cutting. Mr. McLachlan was caught off a good drive from Mr. Ford; Mr. Harrison, the slow bowler, was run out, partly, we fancy, from a moment's inattention; and Mr. Robinson played "a regular bowler's innings," leaving Mr. Kemp not out with a spirited 29. The score was 131. The throwing in of Cambridge was particularly accurate, the wicket being repeatedly thrown down; and the running of Oxford between wickets was not very decided or judicious. The bowling of Mr. Studd and Mr. Steel had deserved and commanded success.

In a bad light, and on a wicket so wet that the bowlers slipped and made much use of sawdust, Mr. G. B. Studd and Mr. Bligh faced Mr. Evans and Mr. Harrison. Mr. Evans's first ball, which rose very swiftly, about mid-wicket high, scattered Mr. Studd's stumps and bails as if a small charge of dynamite had been exploded under them. Mr. C. T. Studd and Mr. Bligh then played almost the best cricket of the match. The former hit with such force that the ball scarcely left his bat before it reached the ropes. Mr. Leslie saved many fours at long leg, and often received the meed of a melodious cheer. Mr. Robinson (left hand), and Mr. Peake (fast with a very high delivery), were tried in vain. Mr. Thornton, sometimes so deadly, bowled a very lucrative over, and obviously could not find firm ground for his feet. Mr. Evans was bowling very fast and straight, and his balls rose dangerously. About sixty-five runs were on for one wicket, when the sky became ominously light, the rain from the south fell heavier than ever, and play was stopped. This was Oxford's chief piece of luck. The batters were interrupted just when well set. The rain lasted for more than an hour, and the populace kept howling "play." As usually happens nowadays, popular agitation prevailed, and the men went out at twenty minutes past six in a funeral light. Mr. McLachlan bowled from the Nursery end, with the utmost accuracy. His object was to keep down the runs, and maiden over after maiden over was applauded. Now, too, it became manifest that the "day" of Mr. Evans had dawned. He bowled Mr. Bligh for an excellent 37. He hit Mr. C. T. Studd on the arm, and struck the top of his middle stump with the next ball. He gently removed Mr. Steel's leg-bail. Time was now up, and four good wickets down for 81 runs. Tuesday brought excellent light and a sound wicket, but Mr.

Evans was not to be denied. He caught Mr. J. E. K. Studd, and bowled Mr. Wilson. Mr. Ford, as always, played a sound innings, and, aided by Mr. Whitfield, took the score above that of Oxford. But Mr. Evans scattered his bails, and bowled Mr. Whitfield. Mr. Rowe, a left-handed bat, gave some trouble, and Mr. Spencer was just beginning to hit, and to delight the ring, when Mr. Robinson jumped up, and caught in his left hand a ball that, next moment, would have reached the ropes. This was the catch of the match. Mr. Harrison's patient merit was rewarded by a shooter that beat Mr. Rowe, and the Cambridge innings ended with 48 runs to the good.

The performances of Mr. Trevor and Mr. Patterson, in the second innings, seemed a repetition of the events of Monday. But this time they passed the fatal 58, and it was not till after luncheon that a fine ball of Mr. C. T. Studd's bowled Mr. Trevor for another beautifully hit 40. He thus secured the second best, and certainly the prettiest, score of the match. Mr. Leslie again seemed a little unhappy at first. He played a ball back to Mr. Ford, when he had made 9, and left his wicket. To ourselves there seemed no doubt at all that the ball touched the ground after leaving his bat. This was a common opinion, and cries of "ask it" came from the Pavilion. Mr. Patterson "asked it," and Mr. Leslie stood forlorn, like Eurydice when Orpheus looked back at her, on the debatable land between the Pavilion and the wicket. After a pause he returned, the decision being in his favour, and he began to score in earnest. Every possible change of bowling was tried, except that the Cambridge captain did not bowl slow underhand, which all captains of all ages have done in straits like these. Mr. Patterson's finger was split open by a ball from Mr. Wilson, and he retired to have it sown up. This accident did not abate his success. Mr. Whitfield was tried, and Mr. Steel and Mr. Studd kept changing ends. At last, when Mr. J. E. K. Studd was put on (the score being about 180 for one wicket), Mr. Leslie failed to get hold of a leg ball, skied it, and was caught by Mr. Rowe. He had made 70 in his usual style of defence, so sure that it seems almost contemptuous, and of determined hitting. A fine drive for 5 to the most open part of the ground was his largest hit. Now came Mr. C. T. Studd's opportunity. Bowling as well as ever, he proved fatal to Mr. Thornton, Mr. Evans, Mr. Kemp, and Mr. McLachlan. These two "glittering Diogenes" of the first innings failed to score. Mr. Peake, however, amassed 24, and there were some fine hits in Mr. Whiting's 22. Meanwhile Mr. Patterson's steady attention to business was rewarded by 100 runs, and when the Oxford change bowlers had fallen at seven o'clock, he carried out his bat (having gone in first) for a faultless 107.

Neater bats, or neater to our mind,
May drive or cut, more sure we shall not find.

to parody Mr. Swinburne. Through the whole long innings of 307 the Cambridge fielding had never slackened, save when Mr. Leslie might have been run out, nor had the bowling become loose.

Wednesday seemed a perfect day for run-getting, and we scarcely think it was 6 to 4 against Cambridge, who had to acquire 259 runs. The Oxford bowling, except that of Mr. Evans, was not absolutely first-rate. But the captain was intent on victory. Mr. Bligh was caught off him (a most difficult catch, run for by Mr. Trevor), and Mr. G. B. Studd was well taken at wicket by Mr. Kemp off Mr. Harrison for 11. Mr. C. T. Studd and Mr. Steel now got together, and for a while looked like repeating the performance of Mr. Leslie and Mr. Patterson. Mr. Steel had been driving with wonderful vigour when Mr. Evans caught him at slip. Mr. Studd was immediately caught in a very unlucky way; Mr. Whitfield only got a single; and, if Mr. Ford and Mr. J. E. K. Studd (both of whom have this year got a hundred in an innings) failed, it was all over with Cambridge. One of Mr. Peake's fast balls (he was now bowling very well) beat Mr. Studd; and, after luncheon, a rout followed. Mr. Evans secured the last two wickets in two consecutive balls (it was good judgment to send a sure catch, Mr. Heale, fielding for Mr. Patterson, to the limit of the ground to lie in wait for the hard-hitting Mr. Spencer), and the innings ended for 123. Out of twenty wickets, Mr. Evans bowled, or caught, or had caught off him, sixteen, a feat that rivals the great exploit of Mr. Butler. No one ever worked harder for success. On the whole, the fielding was good throughout. Long-leg at the southern end made one or two slips on both sides, and there was some weakness at mid-off in the second innings of Cambridge. Mr. Kemp's wicket-keeping was often brilliant. Could the match be played again, the chances would be almost even.

THE THAMES IN MIDSUMMER.

THE English climate leaves much to desire, and it might be an advantage if the Metropolis consumed more of its smoke; but Londoners, at all events, are fortunate in their river. If we desired to give a foreign friend an idea of the pleasures and humours of English holiday life, we should take him a trip up the Thames above town in what ought to be our finest season. Henley week should be as good as any for the purpose, always supposing the weather to be favourable. It is towards the end of June that the meadows and the wild bits of common, the sloping lawns and gardens and the hanging woods, are dressed out in their freshest green and wearing their richest foliage. The bottom of

the Thames Valley in the depth of the winter must be the very abomination of damp and desolation, and we pity the occupants of low-lying tenements who are bound to inhabit them all the year round. The turbid stream overflows its banks, turning flower-bedded meads into dismal swamps and breaking back into stretches of stagnant water. Dense fogs envelop the shivering landscape; the turf in the gardens becomes sodden as sponge; a fine growth of mosses and unwholesome fungus is fostered on the slates and the roofs of the verandahs; and windows must be kept hermetically sealed against air that is laden with the pungent rawness of earth-odours. We always imagine that prudent residents in those circumstances, with the terror of the doctor and undertaker before their eyes, must fall into the fashions of amphibious Dutchmen; betake themselves to systematic smoking and spirit-drinking; lay down pipes of sound old port in their half-submerged cellars and order quinine powders from the chemist by the gross as articles of regular family consumption. But with the glowing lights of a beautiful summer, when the Londoner is tempted out for boating and water parties, everything is changed, as it were, by enchantment. The wet that has been soaking in through the last six months is vivifying nature under the power of the sunshine. Can anything, for example, be more delightful than the delicate shades of colour in the garden of that singularly picturesque cottage? There is a faint flush of scarlet over the geraniums that have only lately been bedded out for the season. The standard roses are breaking into crimson bloom, and the "Gloires de Dijon" on the cottage-walls are showing like so many strawberry-tinged snowballs. The rhododendron and azalea blossoms have begun to pass away; but the clumps are covered like the hedges of laurel with strong young shoots of the tenderest green, and the climbers and creepers that drape the verandah are already interlacing themselves in networks of tendrils. The swallows that go flashing and dipping over the stream have been busy building everywhere under the eaves and gables, and the call of the cuckoo is still occasionally to be heard; nor are the nightingales and our native songsters as yet silenced in the shrubberies. We own to a predilection for nature unadorned, nor do we greatly care for the brilliant formalities of Cockney gardening. Yet we must acknowledge that a "warm man" might do worse than retreat from the sorrows and excitements of City life to the staidier mansion that rises round the corner. It stands, in the language of fashionable house-agents, "in its own well-timbered grounds," and looks down upon the river over its terraced lawns. When the sun is waxing warm, and any sort of shade would be welcome, there is something refreshingly luxurious in the sight of these variegated sunblinds contrasting with the gleam of the stuccoed balustrades; while the rippling sounds of music and laughter stealing softly down to us through the open windows are pleasantly suggestive of merry luncheons, with siestas, flirtations, or lawn tennis to follow, according to the ages and tastes of the guests. With the striped pavilion pitched upon the lawn on one side, the roomy boat-house in the creek under cover of the willows, it seems the very place where people "in society" might give garden parties, and be sure that their friends from the Park and Piccadilly will be only too glad to put in an appearance.

But ninety-nine Englishmen in a hundred naturally detest the notion of frockcoats in association with the Thames, and most of the younger and more active generation prefer the looser of flannels to any other wear. There is nothing pleasanter than a voyage in a steady pair-oar, with stowage for a small bag or two under the seats, when the party can consult their own sweet will and pleasure as to where they may halt and when they should go on. The waterway is always lively enough, not only with what you see on either shore, but with the merry parties that meet you in all manner of craft. Paddling quietly up a gentle reach, you hear the measured plash of oars in quick time, and a four-oar outrigger comes swinging round the corner. Or it is the peal of musical laughter that falls yet more agreeably on the ear, and you meet a cushioned and commodious "tub," yawing to the irregular strokes of a crew in light summer dresses and sun-hats, and scattering the stately swans that sail contemptuously clear of it. At each turn the changing landscape breaks upon you in a variety of fresh beauties. It is not only the "crack" scenery you admire—under the hanging woods from Hedsor to Taplow, or in the amphitheatre of beech-covered hills that backs up the Abbey of Bisham. It is rather the combined effects of light and air, sunshine, shadow, water, and heat-haze, that make up an infinite succession of pictures, whose charm is in their graceful composition rather than in the actual details. There is nothing specially quaint about that flat-roofed lockman's cottage, nor in the group of pollard willows at the side, nor in the black gates of the lock, nor in the weed-grown embankments of the weir. But take them in their ensemble in the flood of sunshine, with the fleecy clouds reflected from the water and the shadows of the dancing leaves flickering upon the grass beneath, with the chirp of the birds and the hum of the bees and the flutter of butterflies and dragonflies among the meadow wild flowers, and what can be more picturesque or more inspiring to the genuine artist? For once you feel a certain sympathy with the patient angler on the bank, who poses like patience on a monument behind the drooping rod, which he certainly cannot be said to ply, as he stands watching his float in solemn expectation—a touching embodiment of hope deferred. Were you less agreeably employed yourself, you might almost envy the well-conditioned old gentleman, hung up in his punt between a couple of "typers," with his luncheon basket, his beer-

jar, and his cans of bait. But, by way of change from those placid studies of still life, here we are arrived at the river-side "public," where there is sure to be noise and bustle enough. It has long been a notorious house of call for boating men, fishing men, and cricketers; and the ale and the good old English commissariat arrangements have always been renowned far and near. "Long-shore loungers in blue jerseys and loose trousers are ready on the little landing-stage to lay hold of the bow of the boat, and obsequiously offer you their shoulders for disembarkation. On the gravel sweep above, between the open door and the pole with the swinging sign, are lively groups in flannel of fantastic cut and colour. The doorway is veiled in a light grey haze of smoke from men who are standing before the bar in the passage within, chatting and hob-nobbing over foaming pint-pots, and pulling at everything, from cigarettes to "church-wardens." Should you be somewhat sharp-set after the pull, a glance at the larder cupboard, with the display behind the glass doors, is singularly appetizing. There you see arranged, shelf over shelf, the quarters of lamb and the salads and the cold sirloins and salmon, with a luxury of fruit tarts according to the season. Chops and steaks are of course specialties of the establishment, though you may find the weather somewhat warm for such serious eating. Notwithstanding the turmoil of vociferous customers, the ruddy-faced landlord, stripped to his shirt-sleeves, presses forward to do the honours to the last arrivals, and in all probability he is an old acquaintance of yours. And the barmaid is bustling about in smiles and blue ribbons, with the pretty daughters of the host, who are by no means above their business. Those bright, neat-handed Phyllices may be less ingenious than they affect to be, but there can be no question that their attendance is infinitely more agreeable than that of the normal waiter in rusty black, who appears to hold in abhorrence the water by which he lives. And then if you have the luck to find a table in the open bow-window, you draw in your chair towards the lamb and the gigantic cheese, the crisp lettuce, and the golden butter. And, as you sit looking out on the road and the river over the blooming geranium beds, you fortify yourself against the coming toils of the afternoon, giving yourself over either to chat or placid contemplation.

Some people may think that Hampton Court on a Monday is objectionable; when the tilted vans are drawn up on the green, like so many South African waggons in *laager*; when mobs of excursionists, *en garçon*, in loving couples, and by families, have taken the gardens and the long galleries by storm; when the pairs of turtle-doves in the most gorgeous of raiment are billing and cooing everywhere in the chequered shade; when everybody wears an aspect of flushed festivity, though the sun and their exertions may be chiefly answerable for that; and when the merry games of kiss-in-the-ring are going forward outside the Palace grounds to the general chorus of jokes and laughter. And we have no doubt that the popularity of the place with Cockney excursionists may bring down the value of house property in the neighbourhood. Yet, as a philanthropical onlooker bent on pleasure for the day, we confess to finding pleasure in the pleasures of other people. At all events, the sight is eminently characteristic, and although there is sure to be a good deal of horse-play going on, and though the joviality may be somewhat lacking in refinement, still we have never remarked that the holiday-makers are given to breaking bounds. The presence of their "young women" and "good ladies" seems to exercise a softening influence on the rougher sex; and though certain of the males may have dipped somewhat deeply in the pewter, tea appears to be almost as popular as beer. These worthy folks having started on their return betimes are already far advanced on their dusty journey homewards when, as the shades of evening begin to settle down, you are thinking of dropping down the river yourself; and when, congratulating yourself on having passed a satisfactory day, you resolve to renew its enjoyment on an early opportunity.

BOWS AND ARROWS.

OF that archery which for centuries made English bowmen so formidable in battle, little remains now but its reputation; and though modern archery stands forth its respectable offspring, the features are very different. When the long bow was the principal weapon of our infantry, and when the enemy used to advance so as to present an inviting target to their assailants, the latter shot into the mass, not at individuals; and, therefore, precision was of less importance than a strong pull and a quick loose. Now everything depends on precision. If a man shoots an arrow into the wrong target, he is liable to a fine, and is not allowed to score the hit, even if it happens to be in the centre of the gold. When the object was to disable as many of the foe as possible, rapidity of shooting became a necessary element of success; but now there is no need to hurry; and the target, being no longer of human material, continues stationary, and every arrow should be discharged with care and deliberation. History amply testifies to the efficiency of English archers in actual warfare; but, from its comparative silence as to their doings in time of peace, it can only be surmised whether they ever voluntarily practised at marks or kept their hands in by shooting hares and rabbits. It is probable that they did neither, since legislation was constantly required to encourage or enforce the use of the long bow, one statute decreeing that every father should provide a bow and two arrows for his son when he reached the age of seven, and another obliging every one ex-

cept the clergy and the judges to shoot at butts. Those in power were well aware of the importance of familiarizing the population with the handling of a bow; and knowing that, when once properly trained, there were no troops in Europe who could stand against our yeomen archers, they not only compelled them to practise archery during their spare hours, but, when war was threatening, ordered the sheriff of each county to furnish suitable bows. In these degenerate days the liberty of the subject could not be interfered with in such an arbitrary manner, and consequently the want of practice is as much the failing of modern archery as of its prototype. It is this inertness, or rather the disappointment of failure caused by need of training, that renders lawn-tennis so dangerous a rival to archery just now. That entails neither solitary toiling, nor a succession of blank targets as the possible result of a morning's work; in fact, it is an admirable game, full of healthful exercise and social intercourse, and will not die out, as some imagine, like croquet and skating-rinks; but, in spite of its descent from *le jeu de paume*, it can hardly claim historical equality with archery.

It is curious to find how ignorant people in general are of what they call "playing at bows and arrows." They know literally nothing about it, its antecedents, or its present achievements, and they learn with surprise that it is firmly established all over the kingdom, and has its headquarters in the Regent's Park. They regard the exploits of their ancestors at Agincourt or Towton, and the ideal performances of Robin Hood and his merry band, with a similar complacency, and are more ready to believe that the hero of Sherwood Forest could split a willow wand at 100 yards than that a lady of our day could shoot three arrows in succession into the bull's eye at 60 yards. The fact that the *Times* only briefly refers to archery once a year may be regarded as an unfortunate proof of the little interest it excites beyond its own circle. There can be no question as to its growth during the last five-and-twenty years, not merely in the springing up of new societies, but in a knowledge of the real principles of shooting; and though it may not show any strong signs of development at the present moment, who knows but what it may some day become fashionable? The tastes of our forefathers are in vogue, and if old houses, old furniture, and old china are found to harmonize with modern enlightenment, archery may take its turn among the revivals. It may lack the bustle and excitement that attend other amusements, but sooner or later people may realize the hollowness of much that they now worship; and when the London season shall have been curtailed, and the freer country life made more of, they may be glad of the quiet exercise and healthy rivalry to be found in the "witchery" of archery.

As a recreation it dates from the close of the last century, when the Royal Toxophilite Society came into existence, and during the interval between that period and its discontinuance in battle, archery all but expired. A century ago it showed signs of life, and after its long sleep awoke in a new sphere, i.e. it had risen from the ranks, and has since remained in the particular set that inaugurated its second career. Literary and scientific men find in it a soothing antidote to the troubles of the brain, and also that thorough, but at the same time unfatiguing, exercise of which their bodies stand in need. All sedentary workers who care for any exercise at all value it as a midway restorative between labours done and labours to come, those living in London being additionally grateful for the glimpse of country it affords. None but archers can understand the real pleasure and enjoyment to be got out of the mere sight of green lawns and tempting targets, or out of the music of the twanging bow. They may be physically unfit for more violent exertion, and therefore gladly welcome a friendly bout in which all the attractions of amusements beyond their powers are combined with less effort; but it is not all plain sailing, though the "labour they delight in physics pain." A York Round will occupy two or three hours, according to temperament and temperature, and the archer knows he has his work cut out for him and must do it all himself. A companion is no doubt an acquisition, but he is not a partner who can, as at lawn-tennis, help to raise the score; nor, on the contrary, can that companion divide the honour and glory of the score. The archer soon warms to his task, his powers are called forth for sustained effort, and no arrow is let go until its order of release has been thoroughly considered. If in the result he beats his best previous performance, he is supremely happy; if otherwise, he has the consolation of feeling or hoping that on the very next occasion he will at least outdo that day's work. Unfortunately, many find this a drudgery, and only undergo it as the necessary prelude to or preparation for the pleasanter ordeal of a prize meeting.

Ninety years ago a great public archery gathering had a more national significance than now. It was more numerously attended, and every competitor felt a proper pride, as well as a personal pleasure, in what was as much a tribute to the past glories of English archery as a contribution to its present progress. He might not hit the target all the afternoon, many did not; but he was helping by his presence to perpetuate a pastime associated with the proudest memories of his country. The scene, too, was more glittering and picturesque. Tents were plentiful, and were brightened up with banners of the different societies; there was a greater variety in, and more attention paid to, the uniforms of the shooters; and generally more pomp and ceremony were observed. *Tempora mutantur*. Now the occasion wears a more serious and businesslike aspect. Men study comfort rather than appearance in their shooting garb, and dispense with all unnecessary trappings. They mean to make big scores, and, with "centrum peto" never out of their thoughts, there is no room or inclination

for any reflections but those of present success. Shooting has improved to such an extent that, with half the number of competitors, the gold is struck as often as the target was before, and an officer's time is wholly occupied in measuring the distance of such hits from a pin-hole centre. Country archery clubs vary considerably in their constitution. Some are limited to a few members who own country seats, and who take it in turn to be hosts, and organize the meetings, and these, it is to be feared, regard archery as merely an adjunct to the social success of a garden party. Other clubs have their regular grounds, where practice meetings are held once a week, and prize meetings once a month, during the archery season. One large and flourishing club near London is managed almost entirely by a committee of ladies, and the members—male and female—are classed together, according to their capabilities. By this means, and by a system of percentage deductions, regulated by previous scoring, the chances of success are equalized.

With individual shooting, the best style does not always appear to meet with the best result, and it is unsatisfactory to see how successful a tricky style may be for a time. An experienced archer may suddenly find himself at fault, when his form and loose are apparently perfect, and when, after several weeks' successful practice, his precision seemed a matter of absolute certainty. His precision vanishes unaccountably, and the score hardly moves. It is then that his superior knowledge comes to the rescue, and his advantage over the superficial archer becomes evident. The data upon which, one by one, he has built up his archery lore stand him in good stead, and he is able to test each in turn. The intricacies of aiming, alteration of position, judgment in loosing, allowance for wind, command of temper, may all have a share in helping him to discover how his hand has lost its cunning. The bowstring striking the left arm and drawing it out of the true line with the bow, his getting his head unconsciously too far forward or back, not pulling up each arrow uniformly, or some other trifling irregularity of that sort, may have caused the mischief. But if the tricky archer fails in any of these respects, and gets baffled, he has no resources to fall back upon, and his previous disregard of the rudiments of aiming, drawing, and loosing will probably cause him to aggravate his fault. Some people shoot with very light tackle, and can do nothing in a high wind; whilst others shoot with bows beyond their strength, and the end of the round finds them fagged and unsteady. Standing just behind each shooter in turn, an outsider would certainly marvel that arrows, all of which are intended for the bull's-eye, should have such different manipulation and so many starting-points. He might notice, too, that some people never look at the target they mean to hit; that some have no aiming-point at all; that some shut one eye, and so weaken the general vision; that some keep both eyes open, and see two targets instead of one; and he might, but we trust would not, come across a specimen of that archer of whom it is recorded that when his arrows flew towards Islington his eyes went clean towards Pimlico.

At all public archery meetings ladies shoot at separate targets, but alongside those for the men. There is, however, no rule to keep the sexes apart, and consequently between the ends the men frequently stray into the neighbouring camp. A husband goes to see that his wife is shooting up to her usual form; a father to ascertain the state of his daughter's score; a young man in attendance on some fair beginner to tighten up her bow, splice the bowstring, or buckle her arm-guard; while others are on the prowl for a little prattle, or to render some such service as searching for a lost arrow, pinning up a refractory sleeve, or informing a near-sighted damsel whether her arrows fly over or under the target. Those who watch an archery meeting for the first time cannot be otherwise than gratified at the novelty of the scene, and the eccentric positions of the various shooters will perhaps add a relish to their gratification. But in archery, as in many things, the delight of the spectator is nothing to that of the performer; and the only way in which he can retain and heighten the interest aroused by his first impressions of what archers may do is to take up his bow and arrows and go and do likewise. They may not yield the exhilarating thrill of those pleasures which are wooed only when life is at its strongest and the pulse fullest; but, when joints stiffen and muscles relinquish their first youth, archery will not fail to supply all that is desirable in the way of health and enjoyment.

THE CHEAPNESS OF MONEY.

SINCE the end of April the Bank of England rate of discount has been 2½ per cent.; but, low as is that rate, the Bank has been doing no discount business proper. When the fortnightly Stock Exchange Settlements come round, those who have good credit and who wish to use it for the purpose of lending money on the Stock Exchange, discount bills at the Bank of England, and then advance the proceeds at a much higher rate to speculators on the Stock Exchange. But of real commercial bills there are none worth speaking of discounted at the Bank. The real rate in the open market for bank bills is only 1½ per cent., and even for really good commercial paper the rate is barely 2 per cent. Even on the Stock Exchange itself, much as we hear of the magnitude of the speculation which is carried on there, the banks have lent at the Settlement this week at an average rate of about 3½ per cent.; and it is to be remembered that this week being the last of the

half-year, money has been exceptionally scarce. In Paris, again, in spite of the continued drain of gold for so many years past, and of the wild speculative mania there prevailing, the Bank of France rate is only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the outside rate is lower still. So, furthermore, in New York the rate for prime commercial paper varies from about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent.; yet the United States are enjoying a prosperity which, perhaps, has never been exceeded in any age or country. How is this extreme cheapness of money to be explained, while trade is so prosperous in the United States, and has decidedly improved here in Europe, and while speculation is rampant all over the world?

The first and most general cause is the change that has taken place in the conduct of business, owing to the extension of telegraphic communication all over the world. Formerly when a person wished to remit money—say, from Calcutta to London—he went to one of the Indian banks, and obtained there a draft upon the head office in London, or on some other London institution, on which the Indian bank was authorized to draw. He then sent this draft, usually running for four or six months, to the person who was to be paid in London, and by the receiver the draft was discounted at his own bank. That is to say, the person receiving the draft, which was not payable for several months afterwards, wishing to obtain the money at once, went to his banker, or to a discount house, and sold the draft for a price somewhat less than its nominal value. What was done in this ideal case by the person in Calcutta was also done by people all over the world who wished to remit money to England and by people in England who wished to remit abroad. In this way there was constantly afloat an enormous volume of bills, all of which had to be discounted by those who desired to obtain the value represented by them sooner than the bills themselves fell due. And, consequently, there was a steady and a very large demand at all times for discount—that is to say, for the advance of money by banks on the security of these bills. Now, however, that every important town in the world is connected with every other by means of the telegraph, this manufacture of bills has been immensely reduced. A person in Calcutta who to-day wishes to remit to London usually goes to his banker there, and, instead of obtaining a draft as formerly, he pays the money into his banker which he wishes to have remitted to London, and instructs the banker to order it by telegraph to be paid by his correspondent in London to the person entitled to it. The whole proceeding is now completed, so far as the sender and the receiver of the money are concerned, in the course of a day or two at the outside. No bill need be manufactured at all, and very often no bill is manufactured; and there is, consequently, no discounting. In this way alone there is an enormous reduction in banking business. The banker now, in fact, gets only a commission for the service he performs in receiving the money abroad and paying it at home, or *vice versa*, instead of, as formerly, receiving the money and having the use of it for several months to run, while there is no need for accommodation from the second banker, who formerly discounted on its arrival the bill which was not payable till these months had elapsed.

This extension of the telegraph has had a great influence in another way, in dispensing with the services of the middleman and economizing money. Formerly, when a voyage from the East occupied several months, it was necessary to keep on hand a large stock of all kinds of commodities. The business of importing and exporting consequently was monopolized by merchants with large capitals or great credit, and these merchants had to maintain immense warehouses, and to keep ready for their customers vast stocks of goods. But now a message may be sent from London to Calcutta, Shanghai, or Melbourne in the course of a few hours, and goods may be ordered from any of these places. By means of steamships, and by the opening of the Suez Canal, the voyage home is greatly reduced; and, consequently, instead of taking several months or perhaps more than a year to order and get home goods, it now takes only a few weeks, or at the outside a couple of months. In this way the stocks of goods required to be kept on hand are much less than they used to be, and consequently a merchant requires a very much smaller capital invested in his business. A capital, let us say, of 100,000*l.* is turned over again and again several times in the course of a year now, whereas formerly it was not turned over more than twice, or perhaps even not more than once. To do the same amount of business, therefore, two, three, or it might be four, times the capital now necessary was formerly required. Moreover, there were required much larger warehouses and a much larger staff of *employés* of all classes. This economizing of capital enables the merchant to dispense with the aid of the banker much more than formerly. It is clearly a displacement of the middleman, and it works to the advantage of the small trader and to the disadvantage of the great capitalist. It will be seen immediately how it helps the other causes we have already mentioned in cheapening money, in so far as it dispenses with the locking up of capital. The extension of the telegraph and the improvement of locomotion, in fact, have tended to mobilise capital, and therefore to dispense to a very large extent with the banker and the discount house.

In still another way it has done this, for it has cheapened in an extraordinary degree the prices of commodities. The prices of commodities now are not higher than they were before the great gold discoveries in California and Australia. To some extent, no doubt, the fall in prices during the last seven years is due to a diminution in consumption. And to some extent also, perhaps, it is due to the growing scarcity of gold. But, above all, and

mainly, it is due to the lessened cost of production. As we have just been saying, a very much smaller capital is now required to conduct business than formerly was, and consequently smaller profits are required. The smaller the capital the smaller the return necessary to give a fixed rate of interest. Again, by this lessening of the amount of capital required to carry on business, merchants are able to dispense with the aid of the banker, and consequently have not to pay as much interest as formerly upon the money they have invested in their business. Furthermore, not being obliged to keep the immense stocks which they formerly had to keep on hand, they have not to charge interest for all the time their money is lying idle, locked up in the goods in their warehouses. The merchant who had to convey goods from the East, and to keep them in his warehouse for months, had necessarily to charge higher prices than the man who now is able to dispose of them in half, or perhaps a quarter, of the time. Moreover, the diffusion of capital all over the world has reduced the rates of interest. The constant investment of English capital in India, China, Australia, and America has brought down the rates of interest in these countries, and consequently the farmer who grows grain, or cotton, or silk, or tea has not to pay the enormous sums which he formerly did, and therefore is able to sell for a lower price. In all these various ways, and in others which it is not necessary to trace in detail, the cost of producing commodities has been immensely reduced, and, as a consequence, the prices of these commodities have likewise been reduced. But the lowering of prices still further lessens the amount of capital needed by the merchant to carry on his business, and therefore dispenses to an additional degree with the aid of the banker.

These causes are general and permanent in their action, and we might add to them the growing scarcity of sound investments; but there are other causes, local and temporary, which aid in cheapening money. One of these is the disappearance of the houses which formerly lived upon the credit to which they were not entitled, and carried on an immense business by means of accommodation bills. To take the most notorious case, that of the City of Glasgow Bank. It will be recollected that for years that institution lived by the manufacture of bills. It gave credits to its customers all over the world, and kept them going by means of bills drawn upon itself. These bills circulated all over the East, in India, China, and Australia. They were eagerly competed for by the Eastern banks, and they were discounted to enormous amounts in the London market. The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank alone removed from the market bills to the amount of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions a year, and the various houses which came down with that bank removed also another large volume of paper. So in the same way the Colliers, who failed two or three years previously, had carried on a large business in the same way, and their bankruptcy removed from the market another vast amount of bills. Altogether, perhaps, it is within the mark to say that five or six years ago there were in circulation 10 or 12 millions of bills which have now ceased to exist, and of which there are no counterparts. It may be said that these bills represented nothing, and to a large extent, no doubt, it is true they did not; but they were at the time supposed to be valuable, and they were eagerly competed for. They therefore gave employment to large sums of money, and helped to keep up the value of money in the discount market.

There is one other cause of great potency which is influencing the money markets of Europe; that is, the agricultural distress. In the United States, as we have already said, there is and has been for the last two or three years extraordinary prosperity, and that prosperity has given a stimulus to trade in Europe; but the long succession of bad harvests and the extreme distress which has thus been brought upon the agricultural classes here have prevented that improvement from increasing as had been expected, and have kept the whole community poor. Even now agriculture is the greatest industry in the United Kingdom, and upon the Continent it is not only the greatest single industry, but it is greater than all the other industries put together. Distress, therefore, among agriculturists weighs upon the prosperity of all other classes. It has prevented the stimulus to trade which was imparted by the prosperity in the United States from developing and increasing even in England, and until it comes to an end we cannot expect to see real wellbeing. Trade undoubtedly is improving, but the improvement is still in an incipient state, and will not become marked and general until we have had at least one really good harvest. But this comparative dulness of trade keeps down the demand for money, and consequently prevents its value from rising.

THE THEATRES.

ALTHOUGH their courage did not suffice to give more than one performance, it is creditable to the Saxe-Meiningen company that they should have given Goethe's *Iphigénie auf Tauris* on Saturday, the 18th, at all. As their strength is supposed to lie in the presentation of crowded scenes, and the uniform good drilling of a large company, it was courageous in them to play a piece in which only five actors are required, but in which all those actors must be good, and that in the most delicate branches of their art. The poet's intention was to write a classical play, and that was supposed to require, according to the critical canons of his time, a careful suppression of emotion and an avoidance of stage effects, carried to the length of almost making the play

unfit for the stage. He seems to have thought, in common with all the critics of the time, that what it is the proper tradition to call the repose of Greek dramatic art was due to deliberate choice, and not to the necessity of writing for actors who performed on stilts and shouted through speaking trumpets fixed to their masks. Influenced by this theory, he sacrificed the propriety of dramatic action throughout to the verse, and was guilty of such clumsy passages—if that word may be allowed of the work of so great a man—as the one in which Iphigenie discovers that the captive whom she is about to sacrifice to Diana—a modern poet would say Artemis—is her brother Orestes. It is contrary to nature and to the perspective of the theatre to allow Iphigenie to stand silent through a long speech, and then deliver an address to the gods herself before she tells Orestes who she is. It is really equally contrary to the example of the Greeks. But, however little the long speeches of Goethe's play may be in place, they are all beautiful in themselves, and, with fine elocution and delicate rendering of character, can be listened to with pleasure throughout. Unfortunately the Saxe-Meiningen company, as a whole, appeared to less advantage in this than in any of the plays they have as yet given. The impression produced should have been artistically complete, but, in truth, everything depended on Herr Barnay as Orestes. What he did was excellently done; the other parts were not done at all. Herr Nesper's Thoas, Herr Arndt's Pylades, Herr Richard's Arkas were marked by all those faults of unmeaning gesture and unobtrusive diction which we have already noted in these actors. Frl. Haverland, in Iphigenie, justified the opinion we have always expressed about her. In certain forms of the domestic drama she would, we have no doubt, be a good actress, but she wants the poetic faculty to play such parts as this or as Hermione. In her movements she "rings the changes" on certain stock gestures, and her elocution, though clear, is unintelligent in the placing of the accents. She increases and diminishes the stress of her voice with very little regard for the meaning of the words—a fault which entirely spoiled her declamation of the beautiful lines which close the first act.

We have expressed our opinion of the worth of Herr Barnay's performance of Orestes; to describe it is less easy. It is indeed an artistic interpretation of the highest order, finished in detail, but with the details kept in proper subordination, and not allowed to fritter the work away. As his fellow-actors seem all to have been formed by one master, we can only regret that it cannot have been Herr Barnay. He could not have given them his voice, at once so sweet and so powerful; but he could show them how to use what voice they have with intelligence, and how to make their gestures free and graceful. His own movements had these qualities, controlled by a perfect taste. He was sober in his use of gesture, and yet was always acting, even in repose. He showed the terror—such terror as even the Furies can make an Orestes feel—as much when looking in desponding silence out to sea as when he tells Pylades how he hears his persecutors howling round the grove of the Tauric temple.

Die Verschwörung des Fiesco zu Genua was better fitted to show the qualities of the company. The splendid Italian life of the sixteenth century lends itself admirably to the making of great stage pictures, and Schiller's play requires good melodramatic vigour rather than delicacy in the acting. As a whole, the drama is incoherent, the scenes follow but do not produce one another. Fiesco is a stage conspirator, who plots unnecessarily and for the obvious purpose of making a confusion, and, as in *William Tell*, there are different plots which are not properly combined. But the scenes in themselves are most effective, and the minute directions given by Schiller show how profoundly he felt stage effect. The play was put on the boards with the almost dazzling brilliance of scenery and dresses for which it affords such ample opportunity. There is not a scene in it which does not pass either in some magnificent interior or in a romantic street full of picturesque figures. Even if the company were less well drilled than it is, many of the scenes would be worth seeing and remembering for the sake of the scene-painting. The curtain rises on one of the most beautiful of all, the masked ball in Fiesco's palace, crowded at times with magnificently dressed figures, and the play is continued on the same key. The effect produced when the curtain is drawn back from the window of Fiesco's palace in the third act, and Genoa is revealed in the moonlight, and later again in the gradually increasing light of dawn, is overpowering. It certainly overpowered Herr Nesper, who played the Count of Lavagna, and who shrank into insignificance amid his gorgeous surroundings. The furious passions of the *dramatis personæ* are fully worthy of their showy trappings. Their love, hate, and ambition are all in the superlative degree, and find expression in appropriate language. The actors were unhappily not able to resist the temptation thus afforded them to be merely loud. With the exceptions we shall mention, their "Jealous pangs and desperation, Fury, frantic indignation, Depth of pains and height of passion," were expressed in one almost continuous shout. Of the actors, Herr Teller, who played the villainous and comic Moor, was, as he always is when Herr Barnay is not on the stage, by far the best. His abject appearance, and the defiance produced by his very despair when he falls into the hand of the master he has betrayed, remain on the memory as one of the few pieces of real acting to be seen in the whole performance. Herr Kober was striking, and withal firm and self-controlled, in his rendering of the small part of Rafael Sacco. The female parts reached a better average. Frl. Werner was indeed somewhat disappointing, owing to the marked contrast between her wild gestures, the agonized tone of her voice,

and her unvarying smile. Her best scene, at the end of the first act, but her impersonation was intelligent in conception. Frl. Moser-Sperner played the part of Leonora with spirit at all times, and in the comedy passages with delicacy. Frl. Habelmann, however, is due the praise of having given the brightest and most original impersonation seen in the evening in the part of the insolent and luxurious Julia Imperiali. It is perhaps on account of the anti-star system of the Saxe-Meiningen company that we have seen so little of this excellent actress.

We do not envy the man who could not derive unmixed satisfaction from Heinrich von Kleist's "großes historisches Ritter-schauspiel," *Das Käthchen von Heilbrunn*, as done by the Saxe-Meiningen company. Wherever and however it was done, it would be full of the charm which is conferred by the unexpected and the perfectly inexplicable, and at Drury Lane it is splendid into the bargain. It begins with the tragic and mysterious Vehmgericht which all know, or at least ought to know, well from *Anne of Geierstein*, and it tails away into a farce. There is a wicked and beautiful Kunigunde von Turneck, who, apparently from what the American language calls "pure cussedness," spends her leisure in setting all Swabia by the ears, who is carried off and rescued, makes plots and unmakes them, and wishal wears a wig, and poisons innocent maidens who have seen her bathing. Then there is the innocent maiden who has committed this indiscretion quite involuntarily, and who by some happy accident turns out not to be poisoned after all. This is *Das Käthchen*, the heroine, a damsel who has been shown her future husband on New Year's Eve by an angel, and who, when she meets him, not only breaks a great deal of crockery in her emotion, but follows him about "wie ein Hund," in spite of his resistance, with an "empfindsamkeit"—the virtue can only be adequately expressed in German—which is proof against not only scolding, but even the birch-whip. This *Käthchen* is the daughter of one Theobald, an armourer of Heilbrunn, during four acts, but then is shown to owe her existence to no less a person than the Holy Roman Emperor. The young person not only triumphs over the wicked Kunigunde, but proves that she, at least, owes none of her charms to art by taking off her stockings on the stage. At a critical moment of the drama they are waved in ecstasy by the faithful squire of her true love, the same who corrected, or threatened to correct, her with the whip, and is ultimately rewarded by marrying her. The angel who visited *Käthchen* on New Year's Eve does her the further service of bringing her safe out of the ruins of a burning house, into which the valiant German knights present have allowed her to go to save a picture. The picture is that of Friedrich Graf Witter vom Strahl. This Graf vom (not von) Strahl is the hero shown to *Käthchen* by the angel, and who devotes all the time he can spare from fighting to lamenting his inability to marry *Käthchen*, and making effective love to Kunigunde, till he is disabused by seeing that artful woman without her back hair. These three characters are supported by a long list of squires, knights, grafes, a bishop, and a kaiser. With the help of German the play is delightful; but to enjoy it thoroughly the spectator should have to depend on the sketch in English published in the little yellow book of the play issued as an "offizielle Ausgabe" by the company. Then he will enjoy the unexpected and the inconsequent in all their purity.

The acting of this play strikes us as being perhaps the best as a whole, with a doubtful exception in favour of *Twelfth Night*, which we have yet had from the Saxe-Meiningen company. Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that we did not expect anything very much like nature, but it is certainly also owing to the real merit of the performers. Frl. Habelmann made as good a Kunigunde as she had a Julia Imperiali. Frl. Schweighofer was an excellent *Käthchen*. It is a matter of course now bordering on the tedious to say that the drilling of the company was beyond praise; but there is one point which we think particularly worthy of mention, the admirable way in which armour was worn by them all. It must be long since our stage could show such a crowd clanging about in mail as if they had worn it from boyhood. Herr Nesper as Graf vom Strahl, and Herr Teller in the insignificant part of the Rheingraf vom Stein, wore heavy suits of plate armour nearly all through the piece, and the latter performed the striking gymnastic feat of kicking a vassal, with all this weight on him, in an easy and natural way. For this and other excellences in the acting of his villainous, though small, part he was deservedly called before the curtain. We feel bound to make particular mention of two of the actors in minor parts. Herr Arndt, of whose Pylades we were forced to disapprove, delivered a long monologue as Kaiser, with intelligent elocution and just emphasis. Herr Heine, as Georg von Walddetiden, of course armed *de pied en cap*, gained loud and well-deserved applause by rolling about in a burst of hearty and spontaneous laughter—a thing too rarely heard on any stage.

After a revival of her very successful part of Ninon, Miss Wallis has been playing Juliet for a series of nights at the Olympic. It is perhaps a consequence of her long performance of a melodramatic character that the best passages of her impersonation should be the harder and more tragic ones. In the lighter parts her comedy is apt to be trivial; while the passionate love scenes are wanting in delicacy, notably in the most difficult of all—that of the balcony. Her acting here was destitute of tenderness and of the high poetic feeling without which the situation almost becomes absurd and the language seems

suggested. With the worse her acting is too childish; and, moreover, their little quarrel and reconciliation is dragged out by a long period of almost byplay, which borders on farce. Her despairing appeal to Friar Laurence and the famous soliloquy were much better. There was even considerable power in her representation of Juliet's horror and doubt. It would be unreasonable to expect a high level of acting from a "scratch" company such as Miss Wallis has to support her, and we should not have been disappointed if it were worse than it is. Mercutio (Mr. E. F. Edgar) we do not feel called upon to describe, but the minor parts of Friar Laurence (Mr. Ryder) and of the Nurse (Mrs. R. Power) were well done. Mr. R. B. Mantell's Romeo, without being either original or powerful, shows promise. He was generally graceful and well-bred, acting with good artistic intention, although he is not able to avoid the temptation to be loud in the passionate passages. We must protest against the stagey and melodramatic nature of some of the scenic arrangements. It is unnecessary and in very bad taste to show us Romeo and Juliet kneeling at the altar in a flood of rose-coloured light, and there are many other such tricks in the performance.

The revival of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum is interesting in several points. Miss Ellen Terry's Ophelia has, if anything, gained in beauty and tenderness; and Mr. Irving's Hamlet is in some not unimportant points a proof of his unremitting thought and study. The character seems now informed with a deeper tenderness; as an instance of which we may refer to the delivery of the words "Am I not i' the right, old Jephtha?" At the same time the irony appears finer and the passion more concentrated. The scenes in which we have least liked Mr. Irving's impersonation are the ghost scenes; and here, with the restored speeches to the "old mole," we find a closer approach than was before attained to the hysterical gaiety which, to our thinking, belongs to the passage. On the whole, Mr. Irving's Hamlet may be said to have gained both in power and in fineness. Mr. Terrie's Laertes is worthy of his Cassio until the rebellion scene, in which he seems to fall somewhat short. Mr. Howe's Polonius is the best we have seen. He presents the chamberlain as an old gentleman whose fine manners and knowledge of the world are consistent with the estimation in which he is held by the King and Queen, and with the wisdom of his advice to his son; and he also indicates Polonius's fatuity without a touch of burlesque or exaggeration. This is especially apparent in his announcement of the players' arrival. Mr. Tyars shows us a far more plausible king than is generally seen. The stage management has been greatly improved by a variety of changes, small in themselves, but important to the whole effect of the play.

REVIEWS.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS'S RISE AND FALL OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.*

FEW events, in all probability, occurring in a foreign country more profoundly stirred, not merely the political, but the personal feelings of Englishmen, on the one side or the other, than the struggle, now nearly twenty years old, between the United and the Confederate States of America. Not only did it cleave English political associations with a clean cut across all its strata, but it was the ever-fresh subject of never-ending argument over every fireside and in every coffee-room. Foreigners, for the most part, cast in their lot with the North. Those who thought themselves Conservatives could not or would not understand where the basis of sovereignty was found in America. To Liberals, again, the deplorable inheritance of slavery concluded the matter; and in their estimation any inhabitant of the Old Continent who could venture to drop a word of sympathy for the struggling South was a rebel against light and a conspirator against liberty. The verdict of these friends of mankind was irrefragable, for it was based upon those inalienable rights of humanity, which are never so precious, or so clearly blaze out upon the great page of the open world, as when they happen to come handily into the keeping of some terribly earnest majority whose interests and whose principles may happen to combine in the mandate to irritate, to crush, and to insult an inconvenient minority.

Of course the cause of the Southern States stood condemned, prejudged, unheard, and with no hope of appeal, by those men who could not conceive that there was any power for good—we are too tender to their susceptibilities to say any Providence—in the world before the revelation of the immortal principles of 1789. In this country, however, which knows not 1789, the South could advance a claim which was largely conceded as deserving of candid consideration by constitutional Englishmen who can appreciate that liberty is the growth of positive law, of solemn compact, of respect for property, for tradition, and for reciprocal confidence.

The old familiar designation "United States" presented itself to the reason of Englishmen as one which possessed a definite meaning. But this plural phrase involved ideas differing from

those which must have grown up if the appellation "United people of America" had been the title which had been brought into formal use to designate the same community; so it was evident that to use the expression which did exist, as leading to the same conclusions as those which would have arisen out of the one which did not exist, was to beg the question. If there were States which had been organized and which had acted as States before they had by some voluntary and reciprocal action united—and which could, therefore, upon the same hypothesis, continue to be States after they might by any accident have found themselves disunited—then the necessity would follow that each of these States counted for something within the so-called Union beyond merely a given area of soil and a given unit of population. The State must have rights of some sort or other, which could only be ascertained by reference to the teachings of history and the interpretation of documents. The analogy of the Scotch and Irish Unions was worth nothing unless it could be proved that the agglutination of Virginia and Massachusetts—consummated as that was upon the condition that each of them preserved its internal framework of commonwealth, and had to combine for the outside regulation of reserved questions in a Congress of restricted capacity, which was itself the result and product of the alliance—could be the same thing as the fusion of the Parliaments of Edinburgh and of Dublin with that of Westminster into one Imperial Parliament, in which the traditions of the respective factors were concentrated. In short, a section of English political society, sufficient by status, by character, and by general respect to claim and to hold its own opinions, refused to accept the verdict of popular clap-trap, and protested against stigmatizing as rebels men whose rebellion simply consisted in believing that their allegiance was primarily due, not to a partnership called a Union, which, as they contended, existed under conditions presupposing the possibility of its dissolution, but to that sovereign State of which each one might be a citizen, and in so being alone belonged also to the Union. The controversy as seen with Southern eyes and in reference to the treatment of the crushed Confederacy by the exultant North is referred to with much pathetic dignity by Mr. Jefferson Davis, once President of the seceded States, in his lately published *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*.

The plea of necessity could, therefore, no longer exist for hostile demonstration against the people and States of the deceased Confederacy. Did vengeance, which stops at the grave, subside? Did real peace and the restoration of the States to their former rights and positions follow, as was promised, on the restoration of the Union? Let the recital of the invasion of the reserved powers of the States, or the people, and the perversion of the republican form of government guaranteed to each State by the Constitution, answer the question. For the deplorable fact of the way for the cruel manner in which it was waged, for the sad physical and yet sadder moral results it produced, the reader of these pages, I hope, will admit that the South, in the forum of conscience, stands fully acquitted. Much of the past is irremediable; the best hope for a restoration in the future to the pristine purity and fraternity of the Union, rests on the opinions and character of the men who are to succeed this generation; that they may be suited to that blessed work, one, whose public course is ended, invokes them to draw their creed from the fountains of our political history, rather than from the lower stream, polluted as it has been by self-seeking place-hunters and by sectional strife.

Slating slavery, as Englishmen righteously continued to do, the more impartial antagonists of that detestable institution were candid enough to admit that the existing generation of Southerners were the victims of circumstances, of the origin of which they were guiltless. Towards the slave trade—the most loathsome feature of African slavery—the Southern States had in the years which had elapsed since its abolition become implacably hostile, and in regard to the social condition of the black population, while there were undoubtedly most deplorable incidents, the real facts did not carry out the sensational assertions of fiction, and New England romances were no longer accepted as indubitable history. It was certainly a sharp disappointment to those who were looking for a satisfactory settlement that no indication had been given of the determination to lay the axe to the root of the tree so soon as the sword could be exchanged for the axe. Practically, however, it was appreciated that men engaged in a life-and-death struggle for existence were not in a condition to enter on social changes, compared with which the Irish Land Bill is a light bagatelle. The friends of the South, at all events, were convinced that, if the Confederates won, a more workmanlike scheme of emancipation was in all probability in store for the future than that which was likely to emerge out of the success of the other side, controlled as it would be by politicians to whom the vote of the negro would be of more importance than his education or salvation.

The cynical outrage upon international rights on board the *Trent* of course intensified the feelings of a people who had not yet been educated at Geneva and in the Transvaal to a due contempt of that which nations used to deem most precious. The heroic deeds of leaders such as Beauregard, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Lee, was no doubt the most efficient factor in creating a public feeling favourable to the South; but there were political thinkers who had before the name of Bull Run had emerged from its natural obscurity convinced themselves, by the study of the legal arguments of Mr. Davis, Mr. Benjamin, and other Southern leaders, that, at all events, the secession of so many sovereign States was not a purposeless and indefensible rebellion, but the solution—rough and ready, but in the ideas of those who were responsible, the only possible solution—of a question which had at least an ostensible legal justification that had hitherto been too much overlooked by those on this side of the Atlantic, who were apt

* *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.* By Jefferson Davis. 6 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

unconditionally to accept statements prepared at New York or Boston for the English market. One instance of many may be given to show how clean and sharp was the cleavage that separated English society upon this particular topic. Out of the two earnest Liberals who then stood forward as members for Birmingham, not yet a unicorn constituency, Mr. Bright made himself conspicuous for his active zeal on behalf of the North, and Mr. Scholefield of the South.

This drift of sympathetic feeling was intensified by Mr. Gladstone's unexpected declaration that Jefferson Davis had made a nation. Rapidly explained away as was this declaration which had been thrown off by the most impulsive of orators, it could not be wiped out by any amount of ingenious explanation; it was the word that had indeed flown abroad, irrevocable, to the vexation of the friends of the North and to the comfort of their opponents.

Then, as was natural, considerations of a less disinterested character asserted themselves, and Southern sympathy very frequently meant money staked upon the Cotton Loan. With the waning fortunes of the Confederacy its popularity among fair-weather or self-interested friends naturally waned in a like degree. But its hold upon the respectful sympathy of independent and educated Englishmen of all political opinions was too reasonable to be lightly shaken; and, if Mr. Jefferson Davis could have brought out his apologetic narrative close upon his loss of power, the history, written by the prime actor in the events which it chronicled, would, in all probability, have made an appreciable sensation. But the prisoner, treated with rigorous cruelty and placed upon his trial for his life on a charge of high treason, was not in a condition safely to vindicate actions and words which, in the eyes of his prosecutors, were the very corpus of the indictment. Many things had to be done and undone, many truths to be learned and many delusions forgotten, before the President of the Confederate States could with safety or decency address a nation, to the majority of whom he had lately been a felon, in the position of advocate at the bar of history for the *raison d'être* of that which, if not justifiable separation, was treason and rebellion.

To drive time back is, however, not given to man, and in the years which have passed since Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House, the world has been travelling at a bewildering pace. Great wars have raged, and deafening rumours of wars have thundered. France and Mexico, Prussia and Austria, Germany and France, Russia and Turkey have measured swords, and the political map of Europe has been revolutionized. At home such changes as Irish disestablishment, general primary education, purchase abolished, the Universities secularized, the judicature reconstituted, household suffrage, and the Ballot have agitated society. Meanwhile a generation is growing up to whom not only the picturesque incidents of the American struggle are ancient history, but even some of the events which have happened nearer home, and since the collapse of the Confederacy.

It could hardly be expected that general students of history who had not hitherto had their thoughts arrested by that special episode would have their time and their minds sufficiently disengaged to commit themselves to mastering a long calm detailed narrative of that particular chapter of the world's progress drawn up so as to appeal to the judgment rather than to the feelings of its readers. A rapid rhetorical sketch of the events between the first shot fired at Fort Sumter and the capture of the outlawed President might even now secure that general popularity which an interesting tale—unknown to many, half forgotten by the rest—is likely to win if only signed by a distinguished name. But it would have been incongruous and hardly decorous for Mr. Jefferson Davis, after seventeen years' silence, to appeal to the reading public merely as a rhetorician. Official responsibility has its obligations, and it dictated that, if he should feel it his duty to speak at all to the Epigoni, he should do so in language which only the President of the Confederate States could efficiently employ, as vindicating, and not pleading for, the policy and actions of that which was during several years, in spite of non-recognition, for all practical purposes, one of the Powers of the earth. But this necessity, coupled with the effluxion of time, was a restriction which cannot fail seriously to limit the number of those readers in England—of whom we are now exclusively thinking—upon whose intelligent attention Mr. Davis could confidently reckon. His volumes are emphatically addressed, in the first place, to his countrymen, Northern and Southern, many of whom, and chiefly those in the most prominent positions, were actors or sufferers in the terrible war; and, in the second place, to the select, serene, but comparatively limited students of political history everywhere, who will prize such a record for the matter contained in it, as much as for the style in which that matter is worked out. To these, and therefore to the cause of historical research in general, Mr. Jefferson Davis has, in his honoured retirement, with much dignity and simplicity of purpose, offered a contribution of solid value, and for this we tender to him our sincere acknowledgments.

THE FREE LANCES.*

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID seems to be as lively a writer as he ever was, and if *The Free Lances* causes any less thrill of excitement and delight than was wont to be aroused by *The Scalp Hunters* or any other of the books which have delighted

more than one generation of boys, the fact must be due to a change in the reader rather than in the author. Captain Mayne Reid's latest fiction opens (and there is a certain pleasure in finding it so begin) exactly as two or three of his former stories opened, with the sudden appointment of an adventurous young stranger to the captaincy of a band of guerillas. In this particular case the adventurer is an Irishman, by name Florence Kearney, who is discovered reading on the Levee of New Orleans an advertisement for "Volunteers for Texas," which sets forth "the treachery of Santa Anna and the whole Mexican nation, recalling in strong terms the massacre of Fanning, the butchery of Alamo, and other like atrocities; ending in an appeal to all patriots and lovers of freedom to arm, take the field, and fight against the tyrant of Mexico and his myrmidons." Having read it, he exclaims out loud, as the hero of a novel should, "I'll go!" and is answered by a man "who stood full six foot six in a pair of alligator leather boots," and who says, "So ye're goin', air ye?" The hero proceeds to insult him grossly, and of course the giant responds, "I likes yur grit," and then reveals himself as the celebrated Cris Rock, who "at Fanning's massacre war shot dead, and kim alive agin." In the course of the conversation which follows, Cris, learning that Kearney has had some military training, resolves that he is the right man to take command of the Texas volunteers or filibusters. In the next chapter we learn that Kearney is desperately in love with Luisa Valverde, daughter of a refugee Mexican gentleman, who gives Spanish lessons, and that he has a rival named Carlos Santander. It is only to be expected that Santander should also turn out to be a rival candidate for the captaincy of the filibusters, and that after his defeat he should take an early opportunity of insulting Kearney in the presence of Luisa and Don Ignacio Valverde. Here follow three engaging chapters which describe the duel that ensues, and which bring with them a pleasant savour of Marryat, Lever, and of the author's own earlier works. An added charm is found in Captain Mayne Reid's exposition of a theory of fencing which will be entirely novel to most followers of the art. We have first a description of Kearney's drive to the place of meeting, accompanied by his second, Lieutenant Orittenden, and by the devoted Cris Rock, who sits on the box of the carriage, and who has come to see that the fight is all "fair and square." He had formed a bad opinion of Santander and his second; and, "with the usual caution of one accustomed to fighting Indians, he always went armed, and usually with his long 'pea' rifle." There is also a surgeon; and a third person, "no doubt a doctor, too," also accompanies the hostile party when they arrive. To reach the place of meeting they have to leap a ditch, and this feat Santander performed "somewhat awkwardly, dropping down upon the further bank with a ponderous thud. He was a large, heavily-built man—altogether unlike one possessing the activity necessary for a good swordsman." What is to prevent "a large, heavily-built man" from being a good swordsman Captain Mayne Reid does not condescend to tell us; but, as has been before said, his theories as to fencing altogether are peculiar. This is more plainly seen in the following chapter, which describes the actual circumstances of the duel. This begins by the antagonists standing "confronting one another in the position of 'salute,' both hands on high, grasping their swords at hilt and point, the blades held horizontally." At the word "engage" they "both came to 'guard,' with a collision that struck sparks from the steel, proving the hot anger of the adversaries. Had they been cooler, they would have crossed swords quietly." This reminds one of Mr. Burnand's admirable Victor Hugoism, which we quote from memory, in *One and Three*:—"The old man advanced a step. This brought him nearer." But to return to the duellists. "When the instant after they came to *tierce*," which Captain Mayne Reid apparently believes to be the opposite of "guard," they seemed "more collected, their blades for awhile keeping in contact, and gliding around each other as if they had been a single piece." This is a pretty enough beginning, but there is something yet more strange to come in this remarkable duel. Santander, we are told, was an accomplished swordsman; but he had at last met his match, for Kearney possessed a power which, with its effects, will seem more surprising to fencers than even to Captain Mayne Reid—"the power to keep his arm straight," and the author has some excuse, if not for dropping into blank verse, at least for representing this as a possible occurrence, inasmuch as there are various legends of tolerable fencers being baffled by a complete novice whose fencing-master has taught him the only thing that can be taught in one lesson, which is to perplex his adversary by an unusual and not too easily overcome defence. A really fine fencer, however, will find many ways of defeating such a resistance as this, and here we are asked to believe that, while Santander was a first-rate swordsman, Kearney was something more than first-rate, since he puzzled Santander at "his first encounter with an adversary who could keep a *straight arm*." The italics are Captain Mayne Reid's, and serve to show how much he is in love with his utterly preposterous theory. What follows is certainly not less amusing, and may be told in Captain Mayne Reid's own words:—

But Florence Kearney had been taught *tierce* as well as *carte*, and knew how to practise it. For a time he was prevented from trying it by the other's impetuous and incessant thrusting, which kept him continuously at guard, but as the sword-play proceeded, he began to discover the weak points of his antagonist, and, with a well-directed thrust, at length sent his blade through the Creole's outstretched arm, impaling it from wrist to elbow.

* *The Free Lances: a Romance of the Mexican Valley.* By Captain Mayne Reid. 3 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1891.

After this Santander, the admirable fencer who had been baffled by a straight-armed adversary, demands a duel to the death, and when his point becomes entangled in Kearney's braccs, then "first since the fight began, his (Kearney's) elbow was seen to bend. This to obtain room for a thrust sent, to all appearance, home to his adversary's heart." Apart from the gross blunder of drawing back the arm before a lunge, it is too obvious that what Mr. Kearney did at this point was to play upon his adversary the old, and not very creditable, trick known as the *coup de gendarme*, the most primitive form of which is employed by the melodramatic villain, who bids his adversary "observe the flight of yonder bird." Kearney's sword when it touches the other's breast snaps short off, and Santander is in his turn about to try the *coup de gendarme*, when Cris Lock, emulating and surpassing the courier in *A Shabby Genteel Story*, cuts him short with a rifle bullet in the arm, after which it is discovered that Santander has been wearing a shirt of mail which explained "why, when leaping across the water-ditch, he had dropped so heavily upon the further bank. Weighted as he was, no wonder." Santander is unluckily allowed to escape, and we immediately afterwards find Kearney and Cris prisoners in his power in the city of Mexico. In the same city are Don Ignacio and his daughter, and Santander takes an opportunity of securing a mean revenge by ordering some of the prisoners, among them Kearney, to turn out for the loathsome duty of scouring the sewers at a time when he knows Doña Luisa will be by. Santa Anna himself is introduced, and we hear a good deal of his artificial leg and his "wicked passions." But Santander's plot turns to his own discomfiture. Not only has Luisa a lover in prison in the person of Kearney, but also her friend the Countess Almonte's lover, Ruperto Rivas, is imprisoned in the character, which he does not deserve, of a brigand. The two women lay their heads together, and plot a scheme which is in its way ingenious, although the fact of its not being suspected or discovered by the wicked authorities goes to show that villains may sometimes also be singularly credulous and silly. The scene of the escape is, however, not the less exciting; and the subsequent movements of the fugitives, hampered by having to take with them a scoundrelly and malicious dwarf, who happens to be chained to them, will interest all people who have a healthy taste for melodrama.

The first hiding-place of the fugitives is "El Pedregal," a strange locality, which is described as "a field of lava vomited forth from Adjusco itself in long ages past, which, as it cooled, became rent into fissures and honeycombed with cavities of every conceivable shape. Spread over many square miles of surface, it renders this part of the valley almost impassable. No wheeled vehicle can be taken across it, and even the Mexican horse and mule—both sure-footed as goats—get through it with difficulty, and only by one or two known paths. To the pedestrian it is a task; and there are places into which even he cannot penetrate without scaling cliffs and traversing chasms deep and dangerous." This was no doubt a capital place for the escaped prisoners to hide in at first, but it was not enough for all purposes, and they finally had to betake themselves, under the guidance of Rivas, to a mysterious monastery on the top of an almost inaccessible hill, the occupants of which seem, to borrow a phrase from the immortal librettist of modern opera, "to combine the avocation of religious with that of bandit." They are not, however, so much bandits as "Free Lances" in what the readers of the novel are expected to sympathize with as a great and glorious cause, and any irregularities which their leader has committed in appropriating other people's cigars or provisions are as happily accounted for as are the raids of Robin Hood in Peacock's delightful *Maid Marian*. It might be thought that the adventures of the hero and his friends had been striking enough up to their arrival at the mysterious monastery; but Captain Mayne Reid's skill in devising adventures seems to take a new start from this point, and what follows is, if possible, more thrilling than what has gone before. The immediate results of the dwarf's treachery, the manner in which this is counteracted, and the final settlement of everything, we do not propose to relate. To do this would be to discount the pleasure of readers who are still happily capable of being pleased with work which, if highly melodramatic, is at the same time pleasing and harmless. To criticize Captain Mayne Reid's style would be at least superfluous. It may be enough to repeat what we have already hinted, that *The Free Lances* has a not ungrateful savour of such works as, for instance, *La Maison du Pont Notre Dame*, and that any one who has a taste for variations upon the good old themes of Captain Mayne Reid's earlier productions may safely take up his latest production with the certainty of having his old impressions agreeably recalled to him, and of admiring the unflinching liveliness of a veteran and popular author.

PICTURES OF INDIAN LIFE.*

A LARGE portion, if not every one, of these pictures was drawn on the spot. The writer, at the time of composition, had not only his books and a plentiful store of knowledge to

refer to, but a copious supply of official erudition and all the living panorama of social and village life. Macaulay, who while Legal Member of the Supreme Council in India, had never been beyond Barrackpore, has in a well-known passage ascribed to Burke a knowledge of the people and country hardly surpassed by civil and military servants who have passed their lives in Indian Courts and camps. Mr. Cust has evidently seen much more of Hindustan, Upper India, and the Punjab than Burke could ever have imagined, and could have enlightened Macaulay on many other objects besides what that picturesque writer had taken in in his morning drive to Rallygunje and Garden Reach, and what he very cleverly wove into one of his long and polished sentences, as the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa-tree, the rice-field and the tank, the huge trees older than the Moghul Empire, the devotees, the maidens, the pitchers, and all the rest of it. Yet even such a practised official as the author of these pictures admits at times that the reality of Indian life becomes less vivid, and that in the matter of this rearrangement and republication it might be desirable, were it possible, to go back to those hot and dusty plains for a few days "to clear up some doubt, to ask some question, to talk to some friend in a language never more to be used." In other departments of literature this want is less felt. However important it may be to a Roman historian to survey with his own eyes the field of Pharsalia, or to compare Livy's description of Hannibal's transit of the Alps with the various Alpine passages which have perplexed critics, modern writers can bring most of the latest discoveries to their own libraries without having to go to foreign lands for them. The research of Germany, the critical spirit of Oxford and Cambridge, the acumen of French Academicians, continue to shed light on disputed classical questions and to remove false impressions about Cicero and Cæsar. All this can be read by the lamp without going to Rome or Naples. With a writer on Indian social characteristics it is somewhat different. Classic India and its modern life are strangely mixed. Some characteristic old proverb has escaped the memory; a story illustrative of some local custom, feeling, or proclivity has lost half its point; the photograph of men, manners, and feelings once vividly impressed on the mind has been dimmed by time; and an Anglo-Indian who every year spent three months in tents, and hardly spoke anything but polished Urdu or the rustic Hindi and Braj Bhakha dialects, longs to listen again to the animated pleading of grey-bearded Mussulmans or Jat cultivators under the spreading trees or at the door of his magisterial tent. Still, it must not be imagined that in this volume we can detect any failing of Oriental knowledge. Rather are we perplexed and overwhelmed with a profusion of material. Then there is an unfortunate similarity in several of the titles, though this was unavoidable; and it is rather an effort to recollect that by the first invader of India is meant, not Mahmud of Ghazni but Alexander the Great; that the Indian Hero is the mythic Itana; that Asoka the Buddhist Monarch represents the Indian King; and that the Indian Reformer is Baba Nanuk, the founder of the Sikh religion. Several of the pictures have been worked up out of incidents within the actual experience of the writer, and one or two, we must say, are rather painful. Death in India records the loss from a fever or tropical complaint of a young civilian of considerable promise; and in Miriam the Indian girl, we have the story of a foundling child which, had it lived, would, like many orphans in the famines of more recent date, have been handed over to the missionaries to be brought up as a Christian. The Indian gallows-tree will recall to many a retired official the calm unflinching determination with which a ruffianly Dacoit or a cold-blooded murderer meets a fate to which, as some great authorities maintain, he feels much less aversion than he does to transportation across the dark water to Singapore or the Andamans. In these and others, the Indian village, the Indian district, the festival, the box of letters, the arrival of the Indian mail at Southampton just after the departure of the outward-bound steamer, there is an intelligent observation, a mastery of Indian detail, a sharp critical touch, an abundant experience, very different from the disjointed scraps and the exploded stories that often form the staple of such works as "Our Year in the Hills," or "Our Six Months' Tour to the Great Cities of the East."

Yet the author ought to admit that there are some odd contrasts in his pages, and that he has recorded some slashing and cutting remarks which his old masters and colleagues would have some hesitation in endorsing. In the preface and again in one of the chapters, we are told about the "good and gentle people of India," and we are encouraged to work for their well-being and to win their love. To one who has set a district in order immediately after the Mutiny there must come recollections of scenes and characters with which goodness and gentleness had nothing to do. Certainly, as a rule, the masses of India are governed by half-a-dozen resolute, just, and practical Englishmen with a success and a completeness to which the annals of conquered races afford no parallel. But no one knows better than Mr. Cust how unexpected some occasion may draw forth all the latent elements of Asiatic devilry and disorder; how every district officer can quote scores of instances where these wild and obedient subjects can compound "all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud"; and can display, on the least provocation, exquisite cruelty, conscienceless vengeance, and reckless prodigality in sacrificing life for trifling objects. To do Mr. Cust justice, he is at times a severe censor of this inoffensive people, and he does not spare warning, chastisement, and reproof. In two essays, expressly written for the instruction of the natives and translated into the

* *Pictures of Indian Life, sketched with the Pen, from 1852 to 1881.* By Robert Needham Cust, late of Her Majesty's Indian Civil Service, Hon. Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society, Author of "Modern Languages of the East Indies," and "Oriental and Linguistic Essays." London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

vernacular, the Hindu is taxed with credulity, and the silly stories of the pundits are derided. An elderly village official named Dil Sukh Rai pleads, quite innocently and truthfully, for the retention of such gentle and amiable practices as Suttee, the burial alive of lepers, and female infanticide; all very deeply rooted in the native mind, and no doubt proceeding from "obliquity of vision and moral blindness," but hardly entitling their holders to the appellation of "good and gentle." For gheesed and obese Rajas, corrupt parasites, and impure dancing women the author has no tolerance. They are the scum of Indian politics when the pot boils over. Englishwomen are plainly told that they are not to touch the hands of such reprobates, to "bow down to Rimmon, and to eat food offered to idols," which means, we apprehend, that the wife of the magistrate or the Commissioner is not to see a display of fireworks given by a loyal Raja who has just been made a C.S.I., or to sit down at an entertainment in the English style provided at a house-warming by the millionaire of the locality, who has just built himself a new brick residence, constructed a bathing ghaut, bridged a river, excavated a tank, and repaired a temple. The climax of strong language is perhaps reached when the author analyses a monstrous and bloated Raja, and finds him to be "pure silex of ignorance, the alumen of depravity, the stinking faces of some antediluvian monster." Something of this vehemence we take to be due to the fact that these unwieldy Rajas are often tyrannical, unscrupulous, and extortionate; that they cringe and yet obstruct all reform and progress; and that all strong Indian administrators, from Thomason and Munro to Lawrence and his subordinates, have given the best portion of their active lives to remove the grievances and to secure the agricultural rights of the masses against such tyrants. But, on the other hand, we must not be oblivious of the fidelity and valuable services of Sikh founders and of landholders in Bengal and Behar, during 1857-8, in spite of their predilection for a diet of ghee, curds, and milk, and their infantine delight in that most tedious of public ceremonies, a *durga puja nautch*.

There are several other rather petulant remarks or sweeping conclusions to which a rejoinder could be given. Why are young Englishmen at the deathbed of a companion to be credited with "a hardened heart"? Why should innocent endeavours to amuse society in large cantonments in the plains, where the residents have much to endure, be termed "sickening bustle and hollow gaiety"? and why should no real friendships be formed there, say, at Umballa, Meerut, or Lahore? A cultivated classical scholar who in the midst of district work can turn to the "majestic lines of Homer," or be "lost in the beauties of the Italian poets," is surely guilty of extravagance in turning the Ramayana "the grandest epic in the loftiest and most godlike strains that the world ever knew." Nor are we disposed to consider that remarkable poem, the Bhagavad Gita, as "the grandest effort of unassisted human intellect." This episode of the Mahabharata is a philosophical dialogue between the god Krishna and the hero Arjuna, spoken when the rival armies of the Pandus and the Kurus were drawn up in battle array. Professor Monier Williams has described it ("Indian Wisdom") as imbedded like a pearl in the huge folds of the Mahabharata. It is an attempt to weave the several discordant threads of Hindu philosophy into a consistent plan, with due predominance for the tenets of the Vedanta school, and is marked by great skill of arrangement, and as much perspicuity and beauty of language as this Lucretian subject admits. Indeed, no reader of the "Divine song" can fail to recall analogies to the *De Rerum Naturæ*. But we are hardly prepared to say of either Hindu epic poet or dramatist

Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite Græci;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

On the whole, we prefer the essays which illustrate the author's familiarity with Eastern languages and his mastery of that region which joins tradition and history, to the recollections of domestic incidents, partings and deaths, Indian scoundrels who are hanged, and unwieldy potentates who seem to deserve hanging. The great Proconsul is a graphic sketch—not of Lord Dalhousie to whom this term was first applied but of Lord Lawrence—and it will, no doubt, commend itself to the biographer in whose hands the materials for the life of that statesman have been placed. His vigour, justice, rapid perception and quick despatch, his native unspoiled by elevation, rewards, or honours, are well and graphically described. But the papers from which the Indian student will learn most are those on Nanuk, on Asoka, on caste, and on the religions of India. For the compilation of the short life of Nanuk, the author, from his long tenure of office in the Punjab, had peculiar facilities. Stories of Nanuk's miraculous gifts are still current; the tree where he lay concealed, the shops where he used to trade, the weights which he used, are still shown; travellers at Hassan Abdul may look on the impression of a hand in marble religiously believed to be his; while of his real goodness, of the purity of his motives, of the excellence of his life, and of the moral effect of his teaching, there can be no question. We must remind Mr. Caut that one anecdote of Nanuk's view of the omnipresence of the Deity has been told in more pointed and pithy terms than he has given. The Sikh Reformer was reproved at Mecca by zealous Mohammedans, for daring to turn his feet towards the Kaaba or sanctuary "where God is." "Turn them if you can," was the immediate answer, "where God is not." We could almost wish that this paper had been followed up by a sketch of the progress of the Sikh religion, and of the change from mildness

and gentleness to the warlike theocracy of Guru Govind and Har Govind, though doubtless some of this is available in Cunningham's *History of the Sikhs*. The essay on Asoka, though only twelve pages in length, summarizes very happily the conclusions at which a race of scholars has arrived regarding the edicts of this mighty monarch. Pillars and stone slabs have been compelled to reveal their contents; and if we may search in vain for evidence to show how India relapsed into idolatry, revived caste, and drove away the reformers to Ceylon and Burmah, we have abundant proof of the simplicity and excellence of the Buddhist Code as propagated by its most powerful secular supporter. Animals were not to be eaten as food, nor offered as sacrifice; wells were to be dug, and trees planted by the sides of roads; men and animals were to be tended in illness; and missionaries were to be sent into divers countries to convert the people. The appointment of informers and of public guardians may be questionable in practice, but this idea is deeply fixed in the Asiatic mind. Later on the Mohammedan sovereign had his *mohataib*, who was both adile and consor, examined weights, and put down gambling and intemperance; and the late Yakub Dey Khushbagi of Yarkand and Kashgar appointed men who sent the faithful or faithless to prayers by the strokes of a whip. Equality of rank, uniformity of religion, and a preference for virtue over carnal pleasures and mundane glory, are features of which every religion or reformer may be proud.

The essay on caste, which is styled "the great Indian custom," will probably strike some Anglo-Indians as taking too favourable a view of the working of a social code more elastic and yet more durable than laws and enactments graven on pillars and walls. We agree in a good deal that is argued about the uses of caste. It favours cleanliness, preserves purity of birth and descent, and has never, either in our own or we may say in any previous régime, prevented men of real capacity from rising to public eminence. It does not engender a state of social dissatisfaction, but the reverse; a low-caste man, a Chamar or a Dosadh, thinking as much of his rights and privileges as a Mir, a Mukarji, or a Kashmirian Brahman. Then caste has wonderfully adapted itself to the wants of society. Though men may not eat and drink together, nor intermarry, nor smoke with other castes, yet Brahmans and Sudras can drink at the same tank, wash at the same bathing place, and purchase rice, pulse, and sweetmeats at the same shop. Long ago Manu laid it down that the hand of a shop-keeper was pure to all. It is no bar to associations for good or evil. Natives have been partners in great commercial houses with Englishmen; Hindus and Mohammedans can join a landholders' association in Oudh or Bengal. Riyots have formed a very mild sort of Land League for the protection of their several rights and properties; and bands of Dacoits have found it politic to enlist a Brahman or two in their troop, on the ostensible ground that his presence impairs the keen vision of police officials, and throws an air of respectability over dark enterprises. But there is a bad side to caste of which too little account is taken in this essay. Boatmen able to swim like ducks will look on heedlessly while a fellow-creature is drowning; no one stirs hand or foot while the house of a neighbour is in flames. "He is of a different caste" is heard every day as an unanswerable argument why a man should not be helped in a difficulty or warned of a danger. Caste meets the philanthropist and the statesman as an obstacle to the most reasonable alterations, and no one with such experience as the author will deny that it deadens the sympathies, warps the intellect, and narrows the heart. The paper on caste is followed by two papers full of information as to the non-Arian tribes, the religions of India, and the condition of Indian women. We are told that in legal language the three most prolific sources of litigation are chattels, women, and lands. We wish that the author had given us his version of the native couplet to this effect, which in some parts of India runs as follows:—

Zan [woman], Zamin [land], Zar [gold],
Tinnu kazyali ka ghar.

The last line means that these three are the "house of quarrel." We may say, in conclusion, that though we find no offensive or injudicious comparison between the new race of civilians and that older generation which saw the extension of our Empire and the death of the East India Company, it will be well if those who are now governing Hoshiarpore, Banda, Benares, and Lahore will try to combine the scholarship of the author with his sense of duty and his unquestionable regard for the people.

THE POLICE OF PARIS.*

THE Paris police has long been considered the most perfect organization of the kind in existence; and the chief of the detective branch of the service is regarded as a being of almost preternatural sagacity, wielding an all-seeing and far-reaching power. Gaboriau's hero, M. Lecoq, is the portrait of a typical functionary of this class. When a mysterious crime has been committed, the slightest indication is sufficient to set him on the right scent; he performs marvels of induction in following it up; and his untiring patience enables him to unravel the most intricate plots, and bring the real delinquent to justice. When it

* *Mémoires de M. Claude, Chef de la Police de Sécurité*. 2 vols. Paris: Jules Rouff. 1881.

was announced that the memoirs of M. Claude, Chef de la Police de Sûreté, were about to be published, everybody expected revelations which would throw the ingenious stories of the great criminal novel-writer into the shade. In a certain sense these expectations have been realized, for M. Claude's revelations are of a most startling character; but they by no means confirm the view, to which we have referred, of the efficacy of the Paris Secret Police as an organization for the repression and discovery of crime; nor do they give a very exalted idea of the ingenuity of the chief himself. M. Claude was, indeed, in the opinion of those qualified to speak with authority, not only a very clever detective, but the actual original of the portrait of M. Lecoq. Yet, no doubt from natural modesty, he represents himself in his memoirs as an amiable, conscientious, official, struggling to perform his duty under difficulties, and generally owing his great *coups*, when he made any, either to accident or to information derived from the spies of another agency than his own. But what we do learn from him is the frightful corruption of society and dishonesty of the governing classes under the Second Empire. There can be little doubt that M. Claude has taken for history some of the numerous *canards* invented by the anti-Bonapartist factions; but there is enough left, after making every allowance for error and scandal, to form a crushing indictment against Napoleon III. and his *entourage*. The reign of Louis Philippe, under whom he served as Commissioner of Police, was corrupt enough, and society was even then undermined by disloyalty and immorality; but it was a perfect Arcadia in comparison with the picture which M. Claude gives us of Paris under the Empire. The fall of the Citizen King was heralded by a vulgar crime in high life, the brutal murder of the Duchesse de Praslin by her husband, which, though it had no immediate connexion with State affairs, sufficed to excite the populace, and led indirectly to the Revolution. Amongst the anecdotes of this period related in the Memoirs is the ridiculous incident of Raspail, the demagogue, who was decorated in spite of himself. Louis Philippe, believing the cross of the Legion of Honour to be a sovereign remedy against disaffection, ordered this distinction to be offered to the dangerous Radical; but the latter, after a long struggle with the authorities, who insisted upon gazetting and congratulating him, refused the proffered honour, and was imprisoned for his pains. M. Claude hints that, like many another demagogue, Raspail would have vainly accepted the ribbon, but dared not do so.

En effet, des chefs des sociétés secrètes comme Raspail ne s'appartiennent pas. Au nom de l'indépendance, ils sont les hommes les plus dépendants du monde. Ils obéissent, en dehors de la société légale, à une consigne inflexible. Ils rassemblent à ces gens qui, après avoir rompu les liens de mariage, deviennent l'esclave d'une maîtresse ombreuse, dont les liens sont bien plus puissants que ceux qui les attachent à leur épouse légitime.

To understand M. Claude's book, and, indeed, any of the romances which turn upon criminal trials in France, it is necessary to know something of the procedure, which differs very considerably from our own. Each district in Paris has a commissary of police, whose duty it is, on a crime or death being reported, to proceed to the spot and open a preliminary investigation, at which he is assisted, when necessary, by the police de Sûreté. A plaint deposed, either personally or by letter, will be investigated by the same officer. The commissaire can summarily arrest any suspected person, who is then lodged at the Conciergerie, or central dépôt for prisoners. He also frequently pays "domiciliary visits" to the house of the accused, overhauling and taking possession of all his private papers. If, on examination of the accused and of the witnesses, there appears to be a *prima facie* case against the former, the commissaire passes him over to a "judge of instruction," who henceforth has entire charge of the case. The accused is then sent to Mazas, the House of Detention for the capital, unless the juge d'instruction chooses to admit him to bail, in which case the amount fixed must be actually deposited with the Court. If the juge sees fit, he may confine the defendant *au secret*, though this is only done in extreme and difficult cases, and a prisoner *sous précaution*—that is, before committal—is generally allowed to communicate with his friends. The juge d'instruction now proceeds thoroughly to investigate the case, personally cross-examining the prisoner in his office, confronting him with some witnesses, examining others in private, and using every available means for either proving or disproving the charge. The prisoner may be sent for at any time to be questioned on some fresh evidence that may have come up, and is interrogated on any subject connected with his past career which the magistrate thinks likely to throw light upon the circumstances under investigation. He is also carefully watched in his cell, and his words and the notes sent to or received from his friends may be all used as evidence against him. The "prevention" may, and often does, last for months; but when the juge d'instruction can carry the case no further, he either issues a certificate of *non-lieu*, in which event the accused is free, or he makes a report to the Procureur de la République committing the prisoner for trial. The procureur determines, in accordance with the terms of the Code, in which court the trial shall take place, either at the Police Correctionnelle before a bench of magistrates, or in one of the courts of assize or appeal before one or more judges and a jury. At the trial the depositions taken by the judge of instruction are considered as evidence, and are read before the court, only the principal witnesses being called; the prisoner himself undergoes a searching personal examination in public. When the procureur has committed the prisoner for trial, and not before, the advocate

for the defence is allowed access to the depositions, and frequently learns for the first time the real nature of the indictment. This procedure appears at first sight to entail some hardship upon the accused, but it has its advantages also; he is enabled, for instance, to explain many things which would otherwise tell against him, and if evidence is received which we should consider somewhat irrelevant, as much may be in his favour as against it. The complete secrecy of the preliminary investigation before the judge of instruction is also obviously advantageous in the case of an *ordonnance de non-lieu*.

M. Claude tells the story of the *Coup d'état*, which is already well known enough, but he gives us personal information about the chief actors, which is for the most part new, and which sets them forth in a meaner and more disgraceful light than even M. Victor Hugo's fierce invective has done. The circumstances under which M. Claude first encountered Prince Louis, afterwards Napoleon III., are sufficiently romantic. A young and pretty grisette attracted the attention of the gallant police officer, and gave him a rendezvous at the Cabaret du Lapin Blanc, celebrated later on by Eugène Sue, and known at the time as the haunt of the worst desperadoes in Paris. Here his siren, transformed into a fury, denounced him to her companions; he was at once set upon and overpowered, and would have infallibly been murdered but for the intervention of two persons dressed as workmen, who arrived opportunely on the scene, and authoritatively commanded the bandits to desist. One of these proved to be an old patron and protector of M. Claude's, an avowed Bonapartist; the other was Prince Louis himself, who was combining a political propaganda amongst the lower orders with an intrigue with the too seductive grisette. The author vouches for the authenticity of the incident, and moreover declares that the adventures of Eugène Sue's Prince Rudolphe in the *Mysteries of Paris* are a more or less accurate account of Prince Louis's escapades.

The first care of the conqueror of France, after the *Coup d'état*, was to hand her over to the police. At this period the police were everything and everywhere; they were to be found in the army, the press, the middle classes, and from the highest to the lowest grades of Parisian society. They formed an invisible but unbroken chain, which extended from the most sordid dens to the salons of the Tuileries. The Chambre Noire, a secret tribunal which had been suppressed under the previous reign, was once more installed at the Palace, and, according to M. Claude,

Il n'était pas rare d'y voir figurer le souverain lui-même en tête-à-tête avec les *Alexandre* ou les *Romain*, des Corses attachés à sa personne, quand ces gardes du corps, armés jusqu'aux dents, avaient à prévenir sa majesté qu'un nouvel Italien dépeché de Londres ou de Naples était dépeché pour attenter à sa vie.

At the Prefecture of Police, then under the charge of Lagrange, were twenty-six thousand *desriers* of persons suspected of being, or known to be, enemies of the Empire, and it was Lagrange's duty to lay these before the Emperor and the Chambre Noire as occasion required. By his means Louis Napoleon became a spy on his subjects, and through the secret tribunal the Tuileries became a mere *annexe* of the Prefecture. Lagrange worked entirely through spies, who were selected from all ranks of society.

One of these, a Mme. X., plays a very important part in the Memoirs, and some of the anecdotes related of her form, if true, a curious appendix to already written history. This person, who was devoted to the Empire, entertained a grateful regard for M. Claude, who had saved her life on two occasions; and, although she knew him to be a very lukewarm Bonapartist, supplied him from time to time with information which aided him considerably in his criminal investigations. The first of the occasions on which he rescued her was strange enough, and led to remarkable results. She was found by one of his agents at midnight lying insensible, from the effects of a strong narcotic, in a half-finished building, stripped, and otherwise maltreated. M. Claude, having seen that she received proper attention, applied himself to discover the authors of the outrage, and presently traced them to a neighbouring tavern, proving, at the same time, that two men had been concerned in it, one of them being a lieutenant of an infantry regiment. The manner in which he accomplished this was worthy of M. Lecoq himself, to whose method of conducting the inquest in Gaboriau's well-known novel of that name it bears a striking resemblance. It is one of the few genuine detective stories in the book, and is well worth reading. The sequel, however, is more interesting still. Mme. X. had formed a *liaison* with a certain young officer, and had also a friend, an Italian Princess, who, like herself, was a spy in the pay of the Emperor. The last-mentioned personage was, however, secretly allied to the Mazzinian party. She told Mme. X. that her lover was in correspondence with one Pieri, an agent of Mazzini's, with the object of overthrowing the Empire, and advised her friend to make this man's acquaintance, find out the whole particulars of the conspiracy, and then denounce the conspirators. This advice Mme. X. followed, while the Macchiavellian Princess put the other two upon their guard. Pieri and the lieutenant resolved upon punishing the intending traitress; the former invited her to a *tête-à-tête* dinner, drugged her, and, with the assistance of the lieutenant, who had kept in the background, perpetrated the outrage which M. Claude discovered. Mme. X. took a fearful vengeance; the young officer was denounced and poisoned when in prison by his former mistress, the authorities taking no notice of such a trifling eccentricity on the part of one of their allies! Pieri was the subsequent accomplice of Orsini, and the failure of their attempt to assassinate the Emperor, and

the execution of Pieri himself, whom the authorities were inclined to reprieve, are attributed by M. Claude to the vengeance of the insulted spy. Mme. X. figures also in another of M. Claude's dramas, in which Napoleon himself is the principal figure.

The non-political crimes with which M. Claude had to deal are quite as dramatic and interesting as any in the pages of fiction; but the accounts which he gives of them seem to show more the terrible immorality of all classes of society under the Empire than the ingenuity of the police in tracing the criminals. M. Claude's work is scarcely a book for family reading, and most of the stories contain incidents distasteful to the English readers. For this reason we cannot do more than briefly refer to them, although they are generally of great dramatic interest, and, when politics do not come in, are obviously founded at least on actual fact. The story of La Pommerais, the physician, who was executed for the murder of his mother-in-law and of a former mistress, by poison, is told at great length, and brings us, like most of the great crimes of the period, into connexion with the fraternity of titled swindlers, chiefly Spanish, who formed the *entourage* of the Emperor.

After the revelations of political and social corruption, and the sickening details of brutal crimes and disgraceful intrigues, with which the work familiarises us, it is refreshing to come across a humorous and comparatively harmless incident. M. Claude, being on the track of an escaped convict, had sought him out, and found him at the Bal Bullier, or Closerie des Lilas, as it is also called, and was on the point of arresting him, when the criminal whispered a few words to some of the women who were standing near him.

Il n'a pas achevé de prononcer un mot à voix basse que je ne peux plus avancer. Toutes les filles qui l'entouraient s'avancent fiévreusement au-devant de moi; elles forment une barrière infranchissable derrière laquelle mon escroc m'échappe, avant que je puisse dire un mot pour requérir la force armée.

Aussitôt tout un essaim de beautés me presse, me cerne, m'enveloppe en criant:—C'est Béranger! . . . c'est Béranger!

The runaway had given the word, the Chief of the Police de Sûreté was taken for the poet of the people, and fêted accordingly against his will. His bald head and amiable patriarchal countenance aided the delusion; remonstrance was useless; and he was obliged to tear himself as best he could from the effusive demonstrations of his mistaken admirers, while the convict once more made good his escape, and was heard of no more.

In addition to his dramas and romances, M. Claude furnishes some interesting information concerning the criminal classes of Paris, and the constitution of the prisons of the capital, which will be new to most readers. He has also much to say about card-sharps and other gambling swindlers; but, though very readable, this part of his work cannot compare with the exposures of Robert Houdin and Cavaignac, the evil geni of the "Grecs." The third volume, which is shortly to appear, will contain the whole story of the notorious affair of Troppman, the Alsacien who murdered a whole family, and suffered for his crime upon the scaffold. Throughout the Memoirs M. Claude speaks in a mysterious manner of this incident, which he says was the prelude to the fall of the Empire. His suggestion apparently is that Louis Napoleon was secretly in accord with Germany to cede Alsace and Lorraine to that Power, in exchange for quiet possession of Nice and Savoy, and that persons who had in any way an inconvenient knowledge of this arrangement were disposed of at the direct instigation of the Tuileries. On one occasion the President of the Cour Impériale was assassinated in a railway-carriage; and M. Claude, though on the track of the assassin, was compelled to desist, and write at the bottom of the depositions in the case "Rien à faire!" The Troppman incident is the second occasion, and we shall watch with interest M. Claude's exposition of what certainly seems an improbable theory. "Shady" as the organization of the Paris police was under the Empire, it would appear to compare favourably with the police of to-day. A recent article in *Le Figaro* gives a picture of unrestrained ruffianism and vice, to which the streets of even that much-suffering capital were hitherto strangers. Like everything else in France, this is attributed to the influence of party politics, the extreme Radicals being accused of a disinclination to offend any person whatever who may have a vote, while the same distrust exists between the various departments and the Government as in the time of the Empire. The *Figaro* says:—

Nous vivons à Paris dans une perpétuelle féerie qu'on pourrait intituler: *Le monde à l'envers*. Pour ne citer qu'un exemple, c'est la Préfecture qui est sous la surveillance de la haute police. M. Andrieux est *fié* par le Conseil Municipal et les sergents de ville sont arrêtés par les "souteneurs."

After all, we need not, perhaps, envy our neighbours their much-vaunted police; our own, as we had recently occasion to point out, is sadly in need of reform, but the materials of which it is composed are certainly more promising.

HISTORY OF THE KHALIFS.*

ORIENTALISTS have long been familiar with Suyûti's *History of the Khalifs* through Colonel Nassau Lee's text, printed at Calcutta in 1857; but Major Jarrett has done good service in

* *History of the Caliphs*. By Jelâ'u'ddîn as Suyûti. Translated from the Original Arabic by Major H. S. Jarrett, Secretary and Member of the Board of Examiners, Fort William; Fellow of the Calcutta University. Calcutta: published by the Asiatic Society. 1881.

translating it, and thus bringing its many points of interest within the reach of the unlearned. Suyûti is a remarkable figure in Oriental literature, and forms the exception to many rules. No one comes more accurately under the definition of a man of letters, for Suyûti's sole occupation was writing, and his subjects were coextensive with the learning and culture of his age. He wrote more than two hundred works on tradition, thirty-five on the Koran, ninety on jurisprudence, thirty-three on history and biography, sixty-three on philology, and seventy-six on general literature. Some of his writings were no longer than this article, and among these shorter theses some were trivial and others merely *tours de force* thrown off in a given time. But with all this fluency and discursiveness, Suyûti produced several monumental works. Nöldeke, in his *History of the Koran*, signalises the wonderful learning of Suyûti, his sound judgment, and his sincere love of truth; and it is Suyûti's *Ithân* that must stand in the front rank of Arabic criticism on the Koran. He is also one of the two authors known as the "Jelâleyn," whose commentary on the Koran was used by Lane and by Professor Palmer. His *History of Egypt* ("Huan el Mohadarnh") is a charming book and ought to find a translator, whilst his *Nuzhet* is invaluable as an authority on manners and customs. Many others of his works are scarcely less important than these, and, as a whole, his literary productiveness was not attended by the common drawback of shallowness. Although he was largely a compiler and popularizer of other men's researches, he was not less a *Gelehrter* himself, as was clearly recognized by the greatness of his time, who appointed him to various professorial offices of the highest influence. His colleagues in letters, however, did not hold him universally in honour; and the biography quoted by Major Jarrett, written by a contemporary traditionalist, is as petty a specimen of authors' spite as we have seen. There may be truth in some of the charges of plagiarism advanced against Suyûti; but if he stole, at least he stole to good purpose, and only stole the very best article. We are not sure as much can be said for all plagiaries. But most of Sakbâwi's abuse is nothing but envy and black bile, and may be dismissed without discussion. The mere fact that Suyûti and his fellow-writers fall out only brings him nearer to the sympathies of the modern man of letters.

Suyûti's own account of himself is as extravagantly laudatory as his rival's is contemptuous. To judge from his own words, there never was so remarkable a man before or since. "I acquired a profound knowledge," says this autobiographer, "of the seven sciences of exegesis, tradition, jurisprudence, grammar, and the three branches of rhetoric. . . . What I am conscious of is this, that the proficiency I attained in these six sciences (omitting jurisprudence), and the writings thereon which I perused, none of my Shaykhs ever reached thereto nor were there-with acquainted; still less those inferior to them." He then admits that of other subjects he knows rather less, and adds that nothing he says is said in vain-glory, but simply "in acknowledgment of the favour of God," who alone accomplishes these wonders. The only practical information to be gleaned from the autobiographical notice consists in the names of his teachers and the character of his studies. If to this we add that he was called Suyûti (or Usyûti), from Suyût (now commonly written Asyût or Siout), in Upper Egypt, where he was born in 1445; that his other names were Abul-Fadl Jelâl-ed-din Abd-er-Rahmân, and that he died in 1497, we have very nearly all that is known of Suyûti outside his works.

The *History of the Khalifs* is not the most important of Suyûti's writings, but it is more generally interesting than the rest, always excepting his *Agreeable Colloquy on Egypt*. The tendency of Eastern historiography was from the greater to the less. The highest authorities on the annals of the Khalifs, Tabari and Ibn-al-Athir, were long dead; the delightful storyteller Mas'ûdi, the author of the *Meadows of Gold*, had become a remote memory; even the noble robber of books, Abul-Fida, was gone; and the Oriental world of letters was engaged in epitomizing and collating the results of these departed luminaries. The age of classics was over, and the day of primers had arrived. Everybody tried to boil down the work of his predecessors. But Suyûti was not merely an epitomist, he was also a collector. He used a dozen or more high authorities, and took from them whatever he thought interesting. His work is therefore rather a cento of the good things of many writers than an abridgment of one history. It must be admitted, however, that it is far too brief for any approach to thoroughness, and that the author's principle of selection is a curious one. Of course one does not expect a philosophical history from an Oriental, at least from a Mohammedan; there is no such work in existence by a Moslem author. A total want of method, indifference to the relation of cause and effect, an almost universal lack of what is called the historical spirit, are among the failings of Mohammedan writers. Their works are not histories in the modern sense, but a mixture of annals and curiosities of history, the former predominating in some instances, such as Ibn-al-Athir's *Kamil*; whilst Suyûti's *History of the Khalifs* is a good instance of the latter kind. It is, in fact, a collection of good stories, interspersed with many curious facts which throw a vivid light on the condition of the people. If we expect anything more than this, we shall be disappointed. We shall not find any explanation of how it was that the Khalifs managed to keep their hold over their vast empire for so long a period; we shall not be able to trace from Suyûti's notes the rise and fall of vassal-dynasties, or the causes which led to the final

overthrow of the Khalifate; we shall not even discover a connected outline of Arabian literature during the period. All this was not in the mind of the Mohammedan historian. But we shall see many side lights thrown on the larger issues, we can gather much valuable material for the filling up of the great picture, and we shall gain a very fair insight into the way in which life went on at the Courts of the Khalifs at Damascus and Baghdad.

As a literary man, Suyûti gives exaggerated prominence to the literary side of his subject, and his book is full of those anecdotes of poets and their royal patrons which Mr. Palmer has of late so successfully introduced to English readers. But it is a fact that literature formed a very important part of the Khalifs' occupations. Very few of them omitted to try their hands at versifying, and if the subjects were not very original or the thought very profound, at least the prosody was passable, and sometimes really excellent. We have a large collection of poems composed by Khalifs in Suyûti's history, and they certainly throw a flood of light on the character of these spiritual lords of Islâm. Reclining on a bed of narcissus flowers under the full moon, drinking the red wine, and elaborating an ode to a black or white slave, seems to have been the every-day work of most of the Khalifs. Mahdi, the third Abbasside Khalif, thus sums up the ideal life of the Mohammedan pontiff:—

O God! perfect unto me my joy
Through Abu Haf's my comrade:
For the pleasure of my life
Is in song and wine,
And perturbed slave girls,
And music and enjoyment.

It is true that of one Khalif it is recorded that he "needed no boon companion save the Koran"; and there really was one ascetic among the thirty-seven Abbassides who actually fasted and wore hair shirts, and otherwise emulated the good deeds of the corresponding paragon among the Ommiades, the pious Omar ibn Abd-el-Aziz. But as a rule it must be admitted that the Khalifs were a reckless devil-may-care set of rakes, who scrupled at nothing to serve their appetites, and put themselves to no pains to serve anything or anybody else. Yet Suyûti generally sums up their characters in an agreeable manner, perhaps with a touch of sarcasm, as in the label with which he docketed El-Musta'in: "He was virtuous, of distinguished merit, accomplished, and eloquent, and he was the first who set the fashion of wearing loose sleeves, for he made their breadth about three spans, and he diminished the height of the caps, which were excessively tall before his time." The details recorded by Suyûti on this matter of dress and ceremony are very curious. We are told that El-Mo'tezz was the first Khalif who rode about with gold ornaments; silver had before been the fashion. Er-Radi was the last Khalif who sat in company with boon companions and went journeying in garments like those of his predecessors, and conducted his expenses according to the *ancien régime*. Certainly these expenses were considerable, and money was not spared in the pomps of State ceremonial. When Mamûn married Buran, her trousseau, which cost many thousands, was the least of her father's expenses; for this princely man presented every officer of State with a robe of honour, and then, writing the names of his various country estates on slips of paper, scattered these broadcast among the guests, and whoever picked one up became owner of the estate named thereon. These nuptials cost more than a million of money; the bride's mother's present to the bridegroom was a string of a thousand pearls, and the happy pair were illumined by a candle of pure ambergris weighing eighty pounds, set in a gold candlestick. When another Khalif married Dowdrop, the daughter of Khumarawayh, Governor of Egypt, the lady's dowry included four thousand jewelled waistbands and a thousand gold mortars for pounding perfumes! These treasures, it is true, were not among the expenses, but the replenishments, of the Khalifs' exchequer; but they came in only to go out again. Apart from ordinary extravagance—such as spending 500*l.* a day on his dinner—a Khalif loved spending in a Christian fashion—hoping for nothing in return. For example, El-Mo'tasim built a magnificent palace; the Court poet wrote some dedicatory lines in its honour; these lines began with a reference which was considered ill-omened; so the Khalif pulled down his new palace and enjoyed the luxury of paying heavily for nothing. The general spirit of heedless *laissez-faire* which characterized the conduct of these Khalifs is fairly illustrated by the response which one of them—El-Amin—made to the messenger who brought to him at the river's bank the tidings that Mamûn had usurped the throne. "Confound you! Leave me alone! Kauthar has taken two fish, and I have not taken anything yet!"

Some of those curiously shrewd stories which run through all Arab history centre round this usurping brother Mamûn, who was in strong contrast to most of the Abbassides in character and conduct. He was a man of penetrating intellect and sound judgment, a friend of philosophers and jurists, and a patron of the new translations from Greek authors. A good deal of his fine qualities may perhaps be attributed to his mother, who was a Persian slave. At that early period of the dynasty the bondwoman's son apparently suffered the scorn of the free wife, as the relations of Amin and Mamûn indicate; but soon the inferiority of such offspring ceased to be apparent. It is a noteworthy fact that all the Abbasside Khalifs, except three, were the sons of slave-girls—Persian, Berber, Turkish, Nubian, Greek, or of other nations. There must have been very little

of the noble Hashimite blood of Mecca in the later Khalifs; and even in Mamûn's case, early as he was in the long series, the mixture of blood probably gave him something of his intellectual pre-eminence. Yet, with all his wisdom, he was as apt to be taken in by a clever retort as was his father Haroun. A man was once brought before Mamûn charged with a crime. The Khalif swore, "By Allah, I will slay thee!" The prisoner replied, "O Prince of the Faithful, act gently in regard to me, for compassion is the half of mercy." "How can I," said Mamûn, "now that I have sworn to slay thee?" He answered, "It is better to meet God as a perjurer than to meet Him as a slayer." So the Khalif overlooked the fallacy, and let the man go his way. Mamûn once related the most embarrassing pleading that had ever been made to him. It was "the answer of a man of Kufah, whom its inhabitants sent to me, and he complained against their Governor. I replied, 'Thou liest, for he is a just man.' He said, 'The Prince of the Faithful hath spoken truly, and I have lied; verily thou hast specially chosen him for us in this city, to the exclusion of other cities; now, therefore, appoint him to another city, that he may encompass them with his equity and justice, as he hath encompassed us.' I said, 'Kiso, and be off; verily I shall remove him from over you.'"

The love of a practical joke is a prevailing characteristic with the Khalifs. Even after El-Kâhir was blinded and deposed, he could not help enjoying a trick at the expense of his successor, Er-Râdi. The latter knew that El-Kâhir had accumulated, *more majorum*, a fine collection of confiscated treasure, and he tortured him in vain to find out where it was hidden. At last he spoke him fair, and El-Kâhir, yielding to kindness, acknowledged that it was buried in the garden. Now this garden was exquisitely laid out and planted with rare trees and flowers, and Er-Râdi was much attached to it. Nevertheless, he resolved to find the buried treasure, even if it lay under the choicest pasture. "I am blind and cannot guide thee," said El-Kâhir, "but dig up the garden and thou wilt find it." So Er-Râdi pulled down the pavilion, and uprooted the trees, and made havoc of the garden, without result. It was only El-Kâhir's little joke; he could not see and enjoy the garden himself, and he did not care for any one else to do so.

A very curious part of Suyûti's history is the account of portents and wonderful storms and floods which is attached to almost every reign. We read that "in the year (A.H.) 240, the people of Khelât heard a loud shriek from the vault of heaven, and a large number of people died therefrom, and hail fell in Irak like hen's eggs, and thirteen villages were swallowed up in the earth in Mesopotamia." "In the year 241 there was a commotion of the stars in the heavens, and the heavenly bodies were falling the greater part of the night like locusts." In 242 there was a great earthquake at Tunis and Khorasan, &c.; the earth opened to an extent that would have admitted a man into the cleft. The village of Suwayda, on the confines of Egypt, was stoned from heaven, and one of the stones weighed ten pounds. A mountain moved in Yemen; and at Aleppo a white bird came down during Ramadan, and cried forty times "O ye people, fear the Lord, the Lord, the Lord," and five hundred men heard this and testified to it. In 284 a great redness appeared in Egypt, and men's faces and the walls of houses appeared quite red, and the people supplicated God. In 285 a yellow storm blew over Basrah, and turned green, and then black. It was followed by hail of immense weight; trees were uprooted; and black and white stones rained down. In 304, Baghdad was in consternation concerning a beast called Zazbab, which roamed at night on the flat roofs, and ate children and committed other atrocities. In 323 "the stars kept falling all night with extraordinary frequency." In 328 "Baghdad was swamped by a terrible inundation, so that the rise of the water reached nineteen cubits, and men and animals were drowned and houses destroyed." And so on through a long record of calamities, famines, floods, and celestial perturbations.

We have said enough, however, to show how interesting and curious a book this is of Suyûti's, and what good service Major Jarrett has done in bringing it within the reach of English people. His translation is well done and pleasant reading. Without being pedantically literal, it is accurate and scholarlike. The chief fault we find is a very little one; the punctuation is erratic and perplexing, especially in the foot-notes. Such a reference as "Consult. Ramsay's art, on Livy in William Smith. Cl. D." is confusing to the mind, and is rather after the rule than an exception. Major Jarrett is also rather shaky over proper names—e.g. Kultumish should be Kutalmish; Râi, Jâyy; Kilâwun, Kalâun; Istakhari, Istakhri; Sarkhas, Sarakhs; Mosal, Mosil; whilst Tiberius is an unusual translation of Tabariyeh, just as "corchorosa olitorius" would have astonished Linnæus as the scientific name of Jews' mallow or malûkhiyeh. "Mim," too, when it does not stand for Egypt, means its capital as a whole, not any particular quarter of Cairo, unless specially qualified by the context, and Major Jarrett is wrong in rendering it "Old Cairo," and would still have been wrong if he had used the more proper expression Fustât. There are also a large number of misprints in English words, which a more careful reading of the proof-sheets would have eliminated. This is, however, not much to complain of, and Major Jarrett's *History of the Caliphs* ought to find many readers and please them well.

CERAMICS.*

THERE is no English Brougriart, and many as are the books on pottery and porcelain, a complete and practical work has yet to be written. The books so far published are generally either of the drawing-room-table class, pretty and nothing more, or of the purely technical class, in which beauty is ignored. There is indeed a third class, very characteristic of our age and generation—the advertising book, magnificently illustrated, and containing biographical notices of every shopkeeper who retails china, and every potter who makes it. The work of Mr. Janvier before us does not come exactly under any of these denominations. It is very practical, bristles with technical terms, and goes fully into bodies, pastes, and glazes. But it also goes into the antiquarian and the artistic aspects of the subject, and altogether strikes the reader as a very complete, modest, and handy book, in which nothing of importance is omitted and little room wasted. Although there is not a word or a hint given in the preface that the author is an American, it is evident on nearly every page; and we have another proof to add to the many now before us that the Americans are awakening in a remarkable way to the sweet influences of art. American artists will soon distance ours, unless we apply ourselves with the same diligence to learn the best methods of working. The haphazard school which exists chiefly in England, where every painter, every modeller has his own method, will have little chance when the best system is sought for carefully and carefully taught. Mr. Janvier's book would be more instructive if it contained the illustrations to which reference is occasionally made in the text, and which we presume are only to be found in the American edition. There are other signs of careless editing; but whether to be charged against the English or the American correctors of the press it is not possible to say. The name of the great French author, on whose work, indeed, Mr. Janvier's is based, may be found spelled in a variety of ways; and such expressions as "in this country," when American, not England, is meant should have been either altered or explained in an English edition. If the book contained a sufficient number of good pictures, it would stand almost alone among modern works on ceramics; for it is neither to be classed as only a table book, nor yet as a merely technical book. If amateurs want to learn the art, it is very possible Mr. Janvier may be able to teach them—very possible, we say, because it must remain matter of very considerable doubt, prior to experience, whether any art can be learnt by reading alone, without practical demonstration.

Mr. Janvier begins with a short sketch of the history of pottery and porcelain. Like most writers on art, he stumbles a little over early Egypt, especially in trying to give a date to the period of the pyramid-builders. It is likely enough that no investigations will ever solve the problem of Egyptian chronology, but in a book of this kind it would be quite enough to say that at the unknown period of the ancient or pyramid-building monarchy, ceramic art was known and practised, like many other arts, with a success seldom surpassed since. The chronological history of Egypt begins about 2000 B.C., and Mr. Janvier is certainly wrong in giving either Babylonia or China the precedence in ceramics. He speaks of representations in the caves at Beni Hassan of potters at work. These he places at about four thousand years ago. We do not know, with any certainty, the age of the Beni Hassan caves. Mr. Janvier's date, 2100 B.C., is not an improbable one; but Mr. Janvier is evidently not aware that, at a period which cannot be made less than one thousand years before Beni Hassan, potters were in full work, and pottery was both represented in numberless sculptures, and has also come down to us in countless examples. The pyramids of Abou Rowash, which may very well date from the so-called second dynasty of Manetho, are surrounded by heaps of the broken vessels which perhaps five thousand years ago, and certainly not much less, contained the funeral baked meats of some dead Pharaoh. Besides this, the pottery made at Thing Thao in China, in 2255 B.C., is modern. Scarabs made of earthenware, finely glazed with a turquoise colour, and bearing the names of such old kings as Cheops, Chephren, and others of the pyramid-building dynasties, are not at all uncommon. Mr. Janvier mentions a very early method of coating or enamelling upon stæatite, and also the use in a similar way of natural sandstone, but it is a question whether he is correct in saying the Egyptians "made no true porcelain." It is not very easy to distinguish opaque coloured glass from true porcelain. The Egyptians as early as the time of Thothmes III. of the Eighteenth Dynasty, about 1600 B.C., occasionally made small objects of pure glaze or enamel without any core. To distinguish such pieces from true porcelain, is a mere exercise of nomenclature. Like the Chinese and Japanese, the Egyptians were very fond of blue, and the allied colours, peacock green and purple, but they also used browns, yellows, and especially a delicate creamy white. Specimens of these colours and others are common in all the museums; but Mr. Janvier does not give any analysis of the chemical means used to obtain them. His analytical tables are otherwise extremely full. It is curious that the Greeks confined themselves to the more sober hues. Brown and black, with occasionally white and red sparingly applied, were their most usual colours. "Apparently

they did not choose to do more, for it seems incredible that, with their intercourse with the Egyptians and Persians, they should not have known about their various coloured glazes."

The rarity of pottery all over Europe after the fall of the Western Empire is a curious fact, for which it would be difficult to find a satisfactory explanation. The practice of making encaustic tiles, which became one of the most beautiful of mediæval arts, betrays a revival; but vessels of similar material and decoration seldom occur. It was probably, as Mr. Janvier remarks, through Spain, in the time of the Moorish occupation, that the revived art of the potter spread throughout Europe. By the beginning of the eighth century the Moorish wares of Spain had become famous. It is from an offshoot of the Moorish manufactures in the Balearic Islands that Majolica, or Majorca ware, gave its name to all kinds of glazed pottery. German stoneware, much of it very beautiful, reached perfection towards the end of the sixteenth century; but simultaneously the delicate Oiron pottery, or Henri II. ware, "was created by a woman's taste." Of this manufacture, which was begun by Hésène de Hangeat, a widow of noble family, in her castle of Oiron, only about sixty-seven specimens remain; but it has been deceptively imitated of late years. In England, before the last century, pottery was rarely used, and our ancestors ate from wooden trenchers, and drank from horn cups, to a very late period.

If we turn to Messrs. Audsley and Bowes for information on the Japanese origin of pottery, we find that nothing is definitely known regarding the date of its introduction, and that it is probably, as in Egypt, of primeval antiquity. The potter's wheel is said to have been first used by a priest named Giyogi, a native of Idzumi, in 724 of our era; and it is stated that the art of making pure porcelain was introduced into Japan about 1513. If we may trust the Chinese historians, porcelain was known in China some two thousand years before, and was made in Europe even earlier than in Japan. Mr. Janvier asserts that "the very first porcelain made in Europe was in Venice, there being in the archives a letter, dated 1470, from Uielmo da Bologna, that seems conclusively to prove this fact." This art was, however, lost, to be revived again in France about 1695. The porcelain was what is known as "soft"—that is, the materials from which the paste, or body, was mixed were not thoroughly fused together. In 1709, Böttcher, a German, after repeated failures, succeeded in producing true "hard paste," at Meissen, near Dresden. It was not for nearly a century that hard paste penetrated to England, but in 1800 Josiah Spode "crented, or rather perfected, what was practically a new ware, the bone phosphate porcelain, the only kind now made in England."

The new edition of the *Keramic Art of Japan* will be within reach of many who could only hope to consult the original edition in public libraries. The letterpress appears to be mainly the same, and many of the more beautiful illustrations are reproduced. Of their beauty we have more than once expressed our admiration. The publication of such a work as this marks an epoch in the history rather of English than of Japanese ceramics, introducing us as it does to triumphs of art which must form objects of emulation. It is impossible for the intelligent potter to see such pictures as these without experiencing an improvement in his taste and an enlargement of his range of knowledge. Emulation need not mean mere imitation, though much good work done now is little else. In an age like our own, when everything good made at any other period of the world's history, and much that is bad, are being imitated, it would be hard to name any kind of pottery and porcelain which has not its modern representative. In this activity England unquestionably takes the lead. The beauty of English pottery has been greatly increased of late years, and artists who would be great in almost any line are busy moulding and decorating vessels for all kinds of uses, to be sold at all varieties of rates. The English porcelain is of a soft creamy colour, very agreeable to the eye and very suitable for decoration. Nearly all the ordinary "kiln colours" can be used on it, and beautiful wares of all kinds are made. Mr. Janvier praises "the most celebrated English firms" for employing foreign as well as native artists, but observes that even their work is especially English in style. This is very true, and it is also true that the most glaring offences against good taste in china-painting are thus produced. Soon, it may be hoped, a native school, second to no other, will have sprung up; and we shall have no more cause to complain of conventionality run wild, stiffness in drawing, or crudeness in colouring. We have touched chiefly on the historical side of Mr. Janvier's work, but he gives full technical directions for moulding and painting, and most useful chronological and chemical lists. Mr. Janvier's book, like that of Messrs. Audsley and Bowes, concludes with an excellent index.

SACKCLOTH AND BROADCLOTH.*

MISS MIDDLEMASS is not content with writing silly stories; she must, moreover, set up as a lady of learning. Her printers have had to get out their Greek type—a little of it, at all events—in order to do full justice to her classical knowledge. The result is not so satisfactory as the attempt was praiseworthy, for *κῦδος* we find given as *redos*. It

* *Practical Ceramics for Students*. By Charles A. Janvier. London: Chatto & Windus. New York: Holt. 1880.

Keramic Art of Japan. By G. A. Audsley and James L. Bowes. London: Sotheran. 1881.

* *Sackcloth and Broadcloth*. A Novel. By Joan Middlemass, Author of "Wild Georgie," "Sealed by a Kiss," "Innocence at Play," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.

is on page 40 of volume ii. that this reading is to be found. We are the more particular in mentioning this as in another part of the book the same attempt is made, and with greater success. One of the chief of her characters—her hero, for all we know, for he marries the only daughter of an earl—is the Rev. Mr. Sivewright, a clergyman of “classical proclivities” and of “elegant scholarship.” His scholarship would seem to have grown a little rusty since his Oxford days. He opens the story by quoting in “his clear, well-educated voice” Horace, or what he, or Miss Middlemass, assumes to be Horace, “Quid brevi fortis jaculamur (sic) ævo Multa.” It is scarcely likely that to him a deponent verb was a source of insuperable difficulty. We can easily believe, however, that our author may have got just far enough in her regular verbs to feel sure that Horace did not write “jaculamur,” but “jaculamus.” Without any hesitation, therefore, she corrected the quotation, which, it is likely enough, had been supplied to her by some more advanced student. At least twice more she tries to quote the same poet, and with even worse results. We read, “requit (sic) consistere rectum,” and “nos in æternum (sic) exilium impositura cymbra” (sic). The scraps of French scattered through the book are not much better. As regards accents, the author does best when she passes them over altogether; for, when she remembers to introduce them, it is much more than an even chance that she makes a blunder. Her errors are not, unfortunately, confined to accents. Thus we find a “catalogue raisonnée.” But here, again, we must guard ourselves against a charge of laying at her door sins of which she is not guilty. It is in the first volume that she makes “catalogue” feminine. In another passage, we believe—but we have mislaid the reference—she agreeably varies the gender. Whether, moreover, at the same time she corrects her spelling and writes “raisonné” that we forget. Early in the second volume we read that a lady’s dress was *chiffonné*. Sixty pages or so further on we find that another lady looked “a *chiffonné* wreck of pleasure.” Not only does our author here vary the spelling, but also the gender. It is not easy to see, however, why the English word for dress should be masculine and the English word for wreck should be feminine. In the same volume we come across such a gross blunder as “*une petit (sic) suiva*.” Some excuse might perhaps be made for the novelists of the present day when they thus bring in their scraps of foreign languages. It may be, after all, that it is their modesty, and not their conceit, which moves them. They may have discovered for themselves that they most certainly cannot write their mother-tongue, and they may have hoped that their French and their Latin are not quite so bad as their English. We are to some extent willing to accept the excuse. For many a long year have we week after week seen our language most shamefully misused and tortured by the swarms of worthless writers who are always on the buzz; but yet we never grow the least more used to the sight. But when any other language is ill used we can bear it with patience, and can content ourselves with a laugh at the absurd display of pedantic ignorance. We are in this somewhat like the old farmer who, when he was pined with arguments for Free-trade, listened in silence till he was told to remember how much good it would do, not only to Englishmen, but also to foreigners. “There’s a kind of people,” he said, “that I have no manner of feeling with.”

But it is time to pass from our author’s language to her story, though the account that we shall give of this will at once lead us back to her language. For it is impossible to bring before the reader the fine people in whom she delights unless we use her own words to describe them. For instance, the Vicar makes his introductory quotation from Horace to the wife of a squire. Now there are squires and squires, and Mr. Desborough and his wife were at the very top of the class. This is at once understood when Mrs. Desborough is introduced to us sitting gracefully at home on a satin sofa in one of the rooms of an old pile that stood in a grand old seignorial estate, with her matronly figure undulating with creamy lace, and her genial smile. Moreover, she is hand in glove with a duchess. By the way, are not our novelists becoming a little rash in their extravagant use of dukes and duchesses? Few stories are now thought complete without one; and yet, when we have once grown used to ducal rank—and we are growing used to it very fast—on what can our writers rely to excite our feelings, not only of admiration, but even of awe? It was but the other day that at a country railway-station a gentleman was heard to exclaim, in reply to some interesting anecdotes about one of these great men who lived in an adjoining county, “Damn the Duke, sir. Let us talk of something else.” The fault really rests with our novelists. We warn them that, if they do not remain contented, for a time at least, with a marquess, damning dukes may become lamentably common. Be that as it may, it is a Duchess that we have on our hands at present, and she is protected by her sex from every profane utterance. She was not of noble origin, but was merely the daughter of a rich commoner. “Yet she was well qualified in every respect to fill a duchess’s place, wearing his [the Duke’s] honours with little sovereign airs, and dispensing her hospitalities with a knowledge of amalgamation and combination of which the Duke was totally ignorant.” She was also “queen-like, swan-like, undulating”—at least, so she was described by the Vicar, whose scholarship was elegant. She was a fair châtelaine, a graceful stately Duchess. When she drove out she drove in a ducal carriage, and, what was no less surprising, her servants also were ducal. Letters that were taken either to her or to her husband were given into ducal hands. The very stables were ducal, yet so great was the ducal condescension that they opened on one occasion to receive a

country parson’s equine companion—in plain English, his cob. It is pleasant to know, where all was so very grand and ducal, that the Duchess was not above “sipping the gossip-flavoured beverage, alike welcome in the castle and the cabin”—in other words, she drank tea. Great though she was, she was surpassed by the only child of an earl. But it is vain to attempt to paraphrase our author’s language, and we shall therefore let her, in her own words, describe this young lady, this “scion of nobility” we mean. Lady Valentina was, then, the only daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Beaurepaire. “Her associates were all of what is vulgarly called ‘the first cream.’ All had much the same training, blood, and opportunities as herself.” She was, we are told, a class-type. Hauteur was stamped upon her nature, and her beauty was royal. Her father’s house in Belgrave Square had a super-portal gardenette, and in it she enunciates an interesting physical fact, and gets introduced to the reader. She looked very regal as she sat in a tight-fitting black velvet dress, with a large ruffle of creamy lace about her neck. How she would have looked had the dress been loose-fitting or yellow, and had the lace of the ruffle been buttery instead of creamy, that we are nowhere told. In a white satin dress, however, she looked superbly regal; and in buttery lace, for all we know, she might have looked regally superb. It is scarcely surprising, considering her long descent, that she surpassed even a ducal wife—a duchess, we mean. “The Duchess,” our author tells us, “was *grande dame* to a degree that crushed the uninitiated; but all the lustre of her queenliness paled before the more effortless unaimed at tranquillity of the imperial Valentina.” The following specimen of the conversation of these two ladies of rank cannot but be interesting to the reader:—

“You, duchess; oh, yes, of course you are privileged to speak as you please, still I disagree with you. Nothing, according to my opinion, is so detestable as strongly-marked individual qualities. Did I unfortunately possess them, I would devote my life to uprooting them as though they were upas trees.”

“Yet rapidity is surely a worse poi-on than originality,” persisted the duchess. “For my part, I would rather be called clever than *bon ton*; but not being clever, I try to *faire valoir* my position. I am sure that the world would be very stupid if everybody was —of us.”

“Oh, duchess! how can you hold such heretical opinions. I once heard one of papa’s political friends say that refinement is death to originality, and I instantly voted him a boor, and took no further trouble to talk to him, though I was told he was amiable and a *parti*.”

“Lord Beaurepaire is very anxious you should marry,” said the duchess; “he was talking to me about it only a day or two ago.”

As a balance to these very grand people, we have “a master-work of diaphanous pink,” who is little better than a very dull copy of Becky Sharp, and who makes “vain efforts to vie with ducal riches.” Yet at first she seems to be on the most friendly terms with the Duchess. The reader soon learns that she knows some ducal secret, the disclosure of which might greatly disturb the ducal peace of mind. In the end she is bribed not to reveal it. She and the Duchess part for ever, and the Vicar smiles as he thinks “of the fibril texture of that diaphanous fabric called ‘female friendship.’”

In this secret and in its disclosure is to be found, we suppose, something of what is meant by a plot. But the grand people get in the way so very much, and so very often block up all progress, that the plot is very apt to be forgotten. There is, of course, some love-making. The Squire’s elder son makes love till he gets killed in a railway accident, and then his younger son makes love to two ladies at the same time. The Vicar, who deserves censure for his misquotations, makes love, though he is a man of fifty. The Earl, who is a widower, and a good deal more than fifty, makes love, and a Cheap Jack also makes love. No ladies, however, get married but Lady Valentina, and a girl whom we have quite forgotten to mention, though probably enough she is meant for the heroine—“the pink, and white, and flaxen sweet-faced Claire Bailey,” the daughter of Lady Laura Bailey. Something must be left to stimulate the reader’s curiosity, and we will not, therefore, let out who are the happy men who win the hands of these two ladies. We have stolen the plums of the book in quoting the passages that describe the Duchess and the only daughter of the Earl. We will maintain some show of moderation, and will leave the conclusion for the author to tell in her own words.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Abbé Galiani was one of the most amusing members of the “philosophic” circle in the eighteenth century; but his literary fame has not hitherto fared very well at the hands of publishers and editors in what was almost his adopted country. Hitherto he has been chiefly known by references to him in Diderot’s correspondence, which are, for the most part, piquant enough. About six years ago his own letters received a double editing, which was rather worse than none at all. Barbier, the authorized editor, omitted many passages from a feeling of prudery; while a well-known pirate of the day, Antoine Serisy, who contrived to foist another edition on the market before Barbier’s, actually forged several pieces to give his version originality. The edition, therefore, which MM. Perey and Maugras have undertaken, of which the first volume (1) has appeared, cannot be said to be superfluous. It opens with a good essay on the author, which will

(1) *L’abbé F. Galiani; Correspondance*, &c. Par L. Perey et G. Maugras. Paris: Ch. Lann-Léry.

serve to freshen the memories of a few readers, and inform those of most, as to the once famous *Dialogues sur les blets* and their writer. The letters themselves are characteristic enough of the Grandval *cinacle*—good-humoured, witty, exceedingly free-spoken, but showing a kindly and intelligent nature. On religious and philosophical subjects they are perhaps rather Voltairian than Holbachian. The Abbé was a great archaeologist, and especially an authority on coins and medals. His letters contain not a few anecdotes which go to show that the common notion that numismatists are even more lax in their ideas of property than bibliomaniacs is by no means ill founded.

M. Wallon makes rapid way with the instructive but lugubrious and rather monotonous task which he has imposed on himself. His fourth volume (2) opens with the preliminary examination of Océile Renault for attempting the life of Robespierre (Prairial an II.), and extends to Messidor of the same year, ending with the huge *fournées* of victims (sixty on the 19th, fifty on the 21st, forty-six on the 22nd) sacrificed in consequence of the pretended conspiracy of the prisons. No individual victim of great note emerges from the crowd of murdered men and women during these months, unless it be the infamous Jourdan Coupe-tête, in whose case the Saturn-like propensities of the Republic are certainly not to be regretted. But every page is a fresh and conclusive indictment against the Revolution. The blood which flowed in most of these cases was perfectly pure, at least in so far as the immediate cause of death went. *Tropus incitigurs* is, perhaps, the commonest charge. One person is accused, because by exhibiting himself minus a leg, he has deterred recruits from enlisting; another, for selling images of saints; others for opposing the destruction of a statue of Stanislaus Leczynski; others for refusing to take assignats at par. And thus Fouquier Tinville and his accomplices are kept well up to their work.

That it cannot have been altogether desirable to be Mme. de Staël's husband is a proposition not likely to be disputed by anybody acquainted with Mme. de Staël's works. M. Léonzon le Duc's volume (3) now does something more for M. de Staël than this. The object of the author is, indeed, rather historical than biographical, and he adds to the correspondence of the Ambassador that of his successor, Baron Brinkman. Incidentally, however, he succeeds in showing that M. de Staël was a person of no inconsiderable talent and of an upright and steadfast character. The notorious sympathy of the Swedish Ambassador for the revolutionary party, a sympathy which does not seem to have been by any means merely the result of the inspiration of his wife, and which was strong enough to oppose directly the projects of his master, Gustavus III., has, it would appear, somewhat biased his biographer. But M. Léonzon le Duc, if not absolutely unbiased, is a very fair writer, and he makes out a grave case against Gustavus as being by no means a disinterested champion of royalty for royalty's sake. The correspondence of Brinkman dates later—in fact, on the eve of Napoleon's *coup d'état* of Brumaire, and is a contribution far from valueless to the history of that important crisis.

The second volume of M. Lenormant's *La grande Grèce* (4) is occupied for nearly half of its space with the great and interesting city of Croton, a subject which lends itself particularly well to the author's system of mingled historical and topographical treatment. The two hundred pages which Croton occupies are followed by a short, but very attractive, chapter on the famous temple of Juno-Lacinia (it seems to us, on literary and not pedantic principles, right to use the Roman form in reference to a place whose main interest concerns Roman times, though M. Lenormant, with the fear of modern sciolism before his eyes, uses Hera). This, almost the sole surviving edifice which has direct connexion with the great Carthaginian chief, survived intact, or nearly so, till the sixteenth century, when a friend of a bishop—most happily named Antonio Lucifero—pulled most of it down to build his palace at Croton. Catanzaro and Squillace, rich in mediæval memories, complete the list of the subjects of the volume.

Venetian ambassadors and ambassadors to Venice have contributed notably to the library of diplomatic literature. M. Zeller's rather ambitiously titled book (5) concerns itself with the embassy of a certain Guillaume Pellicier, Bishop of Montpellier, to the Seignory during the years 1539–1542. The materials are very well worked up, so much so that the book really answers to its title, inasmuch as it shows the multifarious duties, now divided, as far as they are recognized at all, between ambassadors and consuls, which a plenipotentiary of the sixteenth century had to fulfil in reference to art and literature and commerce as well as to politics.

The tenth and eleventh volume of M. Thiers's speeches (6) cover the years 1865–1868. Among the speeches here collected are, it is hardly necessary to say, many in reference to German policy in the year 1866. It is also hardly necessary to say to students of political history that these speeches display in many parts a

remarkable political prescience, joined to a certain incapacity to comprehend the actual state of France and of French power. Still more exciting at the time, though they are less interesting now, were the discourses on the Mexican expedition and on the liberty of the press (Feb. 1868).

It is not very easy to decide whether a sign of the times is or is not to be discovered in the multitude of semi-philosophical, semi-political essays of an eighteenth-century character which now issue from the French press. We have before us several such at the present moment, and we cannot say that their literary or philosophical ability by any means equals the zeal with which the authors have attacked large subjects easy to talk about with a very little knowledge, but not easy to discuss with any chance of profit to the reader, unless the essayist is a rather exceptional person. M. Ferraz (7), who seems to be a veteran schoolmaster of considerable official distinction, discusses the rights and duties of man, in a manner which does not strike us as original or exhaustive. *Occultate your minds, keep your tempers, do not commit suicide, respect other people's rights*, says M. Ferraz—maxims excellent, but a little trite. M. Deschanel (8), who has, if we mistake not, been honoured by the Republican party since the appearance of this book with M. Littré's seat in the Senate, has produced another book which is in part of the same hollow kind, abounding with the specious generalities (*Le travail est le père du droit, &c.*) which have always been the curse of French politics. M. Deschanel, however, writes at any rate with knowledge, if with a certain *parti pris*; his book is abundantly supplied with facts, and his historical and literary equipment gives him some texts (notably the *Satyre ménippée*) on which it is difficult to be dull.

L'être social (9) is yet another of the little books on great subjects which are so easy to write and so difficult to write well. M. Hayem shuffles his platitudinous counters with a great deal of gravity, and that is the most we can say for him. M. Gilliot (10), on the other hand, has attempted not so much the difficult as the impossible, that is to say, to give the origins of religious and social institutions in two hundred pages. He is careful, if not always accurate; quotes a good deal, and not always without advantage to the reader; but it is not easy to believe that his book can be of much service to any real student. All these books are respectable enough in intention. M. Desmazo has only to thank his sensational title (11) if a suspicion is aroused by it of an unworthy purpose. There is, however, little that is really objectionable in the book, which is a bald and very incomplete summary of some of the facts of its unsavoury subjects.

M. A. Brachet (12) laboriously exculpates himself in his preface from the charge of having composed his book *à propos* of the Tunisian expedition. The exculpation seems sufficient, but leaves a considerable feeling of surprise in the reader. For the only apparent motive which M. Brachet could have had for blackening the Italian character and stirring up French bile against Italy vanishes.

Three small pamphlets deserve notice—a short but clear essay (13) on Jewish history, by M. Darmesteter; an energetic protest (14), by a writer who does not give his name, against the Tunisian expedition; and a very good reprinted tractate (15) on French pronunciation.

In *Russes et Allemands* (16) M. Victor Tissot has collected divers articles which have proceeded from his lively and industrious pen on the two subjects of his title. M. Tissot, who is nothing if not picturesque, does not fail to avail himself of the opportunities given by Nihilism, bureaucratic corruption, &c. But it is hardly necessary to say that the most vigorous strokes of the tar-brush are given, not to St. Petersburg, but to Berlin. M. Tissot's opinions on the moral shortcomings of the *pays des milliards* are sufficiently well known.

It is becoming a regular custom for the contributors of French journals to reprint their lighter articles under some eccentric (catchpenny, the unkind it call) title. *Gare les jambes!* (17) is simply a collection of rather personal papers on various subjects. We cannot honestly say that they were particularly worth reprinting.

The novel results of the new system of universal military service in France have naturally suggested themselves as a promising subject to many ingenious writers. M. Henri Amic's (18) "Month with the Reserve," which M. Bastien Lepage has decorated on the cover with a presentment of an exceedingly smart recruit, is a well-written little book, without bumpiousness or straining at jocular effect. It gives an apparently faithful and not uninterest-

(7) *Nos devoirs et nos droits*. Par M. Ferraz. Paris: Didier.

(8) *Le peuple et la bourgeoisie*. Par E. Deschanel. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(9) *L'être social*. Par A. Hayem. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(10) *Religions et institutions comparées*. Partie I. *Les Origines*. Par A. Gilliot. Nancy: Collin.

(11) *Le crime et la débauche à Paris.—Le divorce*. Par C. Desmazo. Paris: Charpentier.

(12) *L'Italie qu'on voit et l'Italie qu'on ne voit pas*. Par A. Brachet. Paris: Hachette et Cie. Hetzel.

(13) *Coup d'œil sur l'histoire du peuple juif*. Par J. Darmesteter. Paris: Librairie Nouvelle.

(14) *Les Français en Tunisie*. Par "Videns." Edinburgh: Douglas.

(15) *La prononciation française*. Par A. Cauvet. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Ollendorff.

(16) *Russes et Allemands*. Par V. Tissot. Paris: Dentu.

(17) *Gare les jambes!* Par P. Quiroul. Paris: Dentu.

(18) *Les 28 jours d'un réserviste*. Par H. Amic. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Histoire du tribunal révolutionnaire de Paris*. Par H. Wallon. Tome 4. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

(3) *Correspondance diplomatique du baron de Staël-Holstein*. Par Léonzon le Duc. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

(4) *La grande Grèce*. Par F. Lenormant. Tome II. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. London: Dulau.

(5) *La diplomatie française au XVI^{ème} siècle*. Par J. Zeller. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

(6) *Discours parlementaires de M. Thiers*. Par M. Calmon. Tomes 20, 21. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

ing picture of the mild hardships and placid excitements of a month's soldiering.

No one who speaks with knowledge, whatever his dislike to the principles, the conduct, or the results of the French Revolution, can honestly deny that a good deal of construction as well as an immense amount of destruction was accomplished under it. Perhaps not the least of its less obnoxious feats was the relieving of France from its old reproach of being the worst educated of the fully civilized countries of Western Europe. M. Hippéau (19) has added to his already very considerable work in the departments of *belles-lettres* and of educational science an interesting reprint of speeches and reports on the subject of education during the Revolutionary period. The value of the collection may be roughly indicated by mentioning that Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and Condorcet are among the authors, as well as the inferior, but still important, names of Romme, Daunou, and Fourcroy. Two of the excellent year-books with which France is perhaps even better provided than England present themselves rather late, but in all probability as early as possible. The range of *L'année artistique* (20) is very wide, embracing not merely Europe, but the United States, and aiming at the supply of information not merely as to exhibitions, sales, &c., but as to the art administration of the different countries. The execution seems fairly satisfactory, considering the vastness of the plan. The theatrical and musical Annual of MM. Noël and Stoullig (21), on the other hand, practically confines itself to the Paris stage, and a stout volume of nearly eight hundred pages gives room enough for treatment. The editors have even reprinted the proceedings in the suit of the Français against Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, during which that lady's advocate discovered the famous resemblance between Mlle. Bernhardt and Titania.

We may notice in the *Revue des arts décoratifs* (22) a plate representing a very remarkable piece of chasing in iron by M. Émile Vernier.

Some poetical and dramatic work, new or reprinted, of interest comes before us this month. M. F. Coppée's *Contes en vers et poésies diverses* (23) has reached in its third edition, an honour not common to French poets nowadays. It contains some fair examples of the rather facile pathos which has made M. Coppée popular. There is a good legend for M. Bonnat's well-known and admirable portrait of M. Victor Hugo. But we must own that the piece we like best in the book is a ballade of M. Théodore de Banville's in reply to M. Coppée.

The late M. Paul Albert was a *professeur* of talent, who died just after his election to a chair at the Collège de France, the great ambition of schoolmasters in that country. His son now edits some remains (24) in prose and verse. The prose consists of critical essays on literary subjects. They are well written, full of sensible and just reflections, and hold the balance between classics and romantics with an even hand. A certain timidity almost approaching to frigidity of expression, and an absence of grasp and freshness of view, are their chief drawbacks. It is not clear whether these arise from personal modesty, which seems to have been a characteristic of the author's, or from an exaggeration of the academic habit of avoiding anything startling or eccentric. The verse is often pleasing, but rarely vigorous, though there are some fair philosophical sonnets. One poem has, we confess, puzzled us. M. Albert has an indignant sonnet, dated 1871, recapitulating the woes of France, emphasizing its desire for vengeance, &c., and ending

Le deuil est sur la France ! Et c'est dans ce moment
Que Vendôme à Ronsard élève une statue.

We should like to ask, Why not ? How is the commemoration of the great Frenchmen of the past unpatriotic or undutiful to the France of the present and the future ?

Under the title of *Paravents et tréteaux* (25) M. Jacques Normand has published a pleasant volume of dramatic trifles—monologues, prologues, epilogues, et omne quod exiit in loquac. These things are popular in France just now, thanks to the talent of M. Coquelin and others of their interpreters, and M. Normand fashions them with considerable skill.

The useful *Théâtre de campagne*, a treasure for persons addicted to amateur theatricals, has reached its seventh volume (26). The contents range from comedies to monologues, and among the authors are MM. Legouvé, Cros, E. d'Hervilly, G. de Latorière, Guilleminot, Normand, &c.

M. Raynard's careful, if not very spirited, prose translation (27) of the *Orlando Furioso* has reached its fourth and last volume in M. Lemerre's pretty *Petite Bibliothèque Littéraire*.

M. Paul Sébillot's Breton tales (28) have all the appearance of

being the genuine collections of a trustworthy "folk-lorist." This appearance is not injured by the fact that they are for the most part rather prosaic in form (though not in substance), inasmuch as no suspicion of working up is possible. Many of them belong to a special and interesting class, the legends of the "houles" or sea-washed caves of the Côtes-du-Nord. The others include, of course, variations of universally prevalent stories. Among the less common of these may be noticed two or three versions of the incident which forms the basis of "Wandering Willie's Tale" in *Redgauntlet*.

Among novels the first place must be given to *Le bachelier* (29), the second part of *Jacques Vingtras*. Politically speaking, we can pretend to no great esteem or sympathy for M. Vallès. But he is perhaps, out of Russia and Germany, the most typical representative of the genuine Irreconcilable who has sworn war to the knife against social arrangements merely because they are social arrangements—the *réfractaire*, as he would himself call the animal; and he is certainly one of the most accomplished in a literary point of view. His perverse bitterness, further embittered, rather than sweetened, now and then by a kind of acrid good sense, finds a literary expression, which is not at all to be despised, in *Jacques Vingtras*. The follies of the younger Republicans in 1848-1851 are depicted here with a really admirable mixture of satire and regret; and the desperate hatred of the *Coup d'état* which all France now pretends to feel, but which at the time was limited to a very small fraction of the people, has never been better expressed, nor its reason—the impotence and cowardice of the anti-Imperialists themselves—more clearly indicated. The book also contains curious and apparently autobiographical struggles of a young man who has education and nothing else. This giving of education and nothing else is, it should be said, a main ground of M. Vallès's quarrel with society; and here he is perhaps worth the attention of educational reformers. M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, in *Le pavé de Paris* (30), well sustains his reputation as a purveyor of sensations. A great deal of gambling, a murder, a duel where one combatant is spitted like a lark and the other has his head simultaneously split like a coconut, await the eager amateur. Of its kind the book is not a bad one, though it introduces the reader to some very bad company. M. Hector Malot (31), in a fairly interesting book, has been bold enough to make his heroine black—actually black—and of the "nigger" type. M. Garennes (32) or his publishers have thought, it seems, that the glorious successes over the Kroumirs demand the re-impression of a Chauvinist novel of the Empire. The difference of tone strikes the ear oddly, but who shall say which is the more false—the cant of twenty years ago, or the cant of to-day ? *Pascaline* (33) is a rather uninteresting crime-and-spiritualism novel, written in the awkward and now hackneyed form of a judicial dossier, composed of narratives and depositions of different persons.

(29) *Le bachelier*. Par Jules Vallès. Paris : Charpentier.

(30) *Le pavé de Paris*. Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris : Plon.

(31) *Pompon*. Par H. Malot. Paris : Dentu.

(32) *Le sergent Villajour*. Par E. Garennes. 2^{me} édition. Paris : Ollendorff.

(33) *Pascaline*. Par G. de Parseval-Deschênes. Paris : Plon.

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(25) *Paravents et tréteaux*. Par J. Normand. Paris : Calmann-Lévy.

(26) *Théâtre de campagne*. 7^{ème} série. Paris : Ollendorff.

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PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

THE attempted murder of the President of the UNITED STATES is a crime as strange as it is shocking. It was not known that Mr. GARFIELD had an enemy, though he had lately come into collision with an inveterate political opponent. There is little perceptible difference in opinion between the party which elected him and the Democrats, who only maintain their separate organization for the purpose of obtaining office in their turn. The feud between the PRESIDENT and Mr. CONKLING was perhaps somewhat more bitter, because it involved a merely personal issue; but a squabble about the appointment of a revenue collector could scarcely arouse the violent passions which are the most usual cause of political assassination. It seems probable that in this instance the murderer was irritated by disappointment in his hope of official employment. A somewhat similar provocation led to the murder of Mr. PERCEVAL and to attempts which were made on the lives of Sir R. PEEL and Lord PALMERSTON. It is not improbable that the notorious frequency of similar crimes in Europe may have suggested to a weak and vicious mind the possibility of revenge. European or exiled assassins have impaired a main security for human life by making the thought of murder familiar. A principal sanction of the morality code is furnished by unquestioning belief in the universal acceptance of its precepts. Even the miserable excuses which have been made for similar crimes are not urged by any sympathetic apologist in the case of Mr. GARFIELD. The assassination of Mr. LINCOLN sixteen years ago was less surprising, though it excited unanimous feelings of reprobation and horror. The passions which had been aroused by the civil war had not begun to subside, and a few defeated combatants may have regarded the President as the representative of their victorious oppressors. It afterwards appeared that the crime was an isolated act, unconnected with any organized conspiracy; but at first it was naturally supposed to be a result of political motives. Except by the tenure of high office, Mr. GARFIELD has been little known to his countrymen; and down to the date of his nomination his name had not been heard in England or the Continent. The Union enjoys profound peace and unexampled prosperity, and the principal drawback to its felicity has been the absence of any political issue which would form the subject of an interesting controversy. Where Mr. GARFIELD is known he is personally liked, and he belongs to the most popular class in the United States, inasmuch as he practised manual labour before he became a lawyer, a politician, and a President.

According to some accounts, the assassin has endeavoured to give a political colour to his crime by asserting that he was a "stalwart" and a supporter of ARTHUR. The phrase belongs to the latest jargon of New York politics; and it apparently describes adherence to the faction of which Mr. CONKLING is the leader. It is utterly incredible that any section of American politicians should design or approve the atrocity which has been committed; but election managers are capable of founding a charge against their opponents on the desperate attempt of a criminal to propitiate possible allies. The nomination of Mr. ARTHUR as Vice-President was a concession to the section of Republicans which had under the guidance of Mr. CONKLING endeavoured to nominate General GRANT. In the recent dispute on patronage Mr. ARTHUR took the side of Mr.

CONKLING against his own colleague and chief. It was remarked as an anomaly that the possible successor of Mr. GARFIELD should support the claim of the leaders of the Senate to control the patronage of the President. Probably Mr. ARTHUR felt himself bound in gratitude to assist the patron to whom his own promotion was due. American parties have shown habitual indifference to the qualities of a Vice-President, although in three instances he has succeeded to the Presidency. The notorious unfitness of Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON for the office which he held after the death of Mr. LINCOLN would have deterred his party from giving him a nomination as President; but he was considered to be entitled to a reward for his desertion of the Democratic party, and for other services which he had during the war rendered to the cause of the North. The title which was conferred as a compliment involved the right of succession to the highest post; and the carelessness of the Republican managers was rewarded by four years of incessant struggle and by an abortive impeachment. There would be no reason to fear the recurrence of similar complications in consequence of the possible succession of Mr. ARTHUR, who is an adroit politician of the customary type; but he might probably disappoint some ambitions which were encouraged and gratified by Mr. GARFIELD. The new President would have had the right to form a Cabinet of his own; and he might not improbably have taken the opportunity of relieving Mr. CONKLING from the consequences of his ill-judged resignation. It seems that Mr. CONKLING has no chance of re-election as Senator; and his colleague and humble follower, Mr. PLATT, has been forced to withdraw in consequence of opportune discoveries made by his adversaries of certain defects in his moral character. A new President might, if he could obtain the confirmation of his appointments by the Senate, substitute Mr. CONKLING for Mr. BLAINE as Secretary of State. The Republican leaders would not regret the closing of the schism which divides their party in New York, if not also in other States. Mr. CONKLING, who would have been Secretary of State if General GRANT had been elected, would have welcomed the opportunity of supplanting his rival.

It is possible that the attempt to assassinate a Republican chief magistrate may modify the ill-concealed toleration with which democratic agitators and factions have regarded the crime of regicide. The numerous political writers who deduced from the murder of the Emperor ALEXANDER the inference that his successor ought to grant a popular Constitution were perhaps scarcely conscious that they were assuming the character of apologists for a brutal crime. The assumption that the fanaticism of the Nihilist conspirators was only an exaggeration of legitimate discontent was calculated to diminish the general indignation and horror. It is not uninteresting to observe the entirely different spirit in which the representatives of extreme English Radicalism discuss the attack on General GARFIELD. Kings and Emperors are supposed to be excluded to some extent from human sympathy; but the freely elected PRESIDENT of the great American Republic ought, in the opinion of extreme democrats, to have been as secure from violence as the humblest member of society. Some Republican enthusiasts will perhaps gradually learn that the security of life largely depends on the sentiment with which murder was formerly contemplated as in all cases the blackest of crimes. The villains of different countries who successively

attempted the lives of the German Emperor, the King of Italy, and the King of Spain may probably have had a share in familiarizing the minds of Russian conspirators with the crime which they afterwards perpetrated. The wretched adventurer who has now tried to revenge himself for petty political disappointments on the President of the United States had probably been demoralized by the example of European cutthroats. Land League orators whose hints find expression in murder and outrage committed by their followers have contributed their share to the latest crime; and Fenians who incite the Irish rabble of the great American cities to subscribe for the destruction of English public buildings, or of English men-of-war with their unoffending crews, have contributed their share to the confusion of the boundaries between right and wrong. The universal feeling of sorrow and sympathy which has been evoked by the danger of the President may, perhaps, produce a wholesome reaction. It is not surprising that some commentators on the transaction have sought to connect Mr. CONKLING's coarse attacks on Mr. GARFIELD with the outrage committed by one of Mr. CONKLING's obscure adherents. There is no country in which violent language is so unexciting or so innocuous as in the United States. Five or six years ago professedly respectable journals of the Republican party repeated day after day charges of vulgar fraud against the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Those who made the accusation were incapable of believing it, and the readers whom they addressed understood and imitated the insincerity of their instructors, although they hoped to derive political advantage from denunciation of the hostile leader. In accusing President GARFIELD of treachery and corruption, Mr. CONKLING was probably understood only to express his undoubted hostility to a victorious rival. No intelligent American thought the worse of the President, or much the worse of his assailant. It is possible that GUITEAU, who had been a delegate in the interest of General GRANT to the Chicago Convention, may have thought that Mr. ARTHUR, as belonging to the same Republican section, would be more ready than Mr. GARFIELD to consider his claim to an official appointment. It is extremely unlikely that he took any serious interest in the quarrel between the New York Senators and the President. To this extent the political practices which prevail in the United States may perhaps have been among the causes of the crime; but there are defects and anomalies in all political systems, and, when the morality of assassination is once regarded as an open question, there will never be wanting a motive or a pretext for murder.

THE LAND BILL.

THE assault which the Duke of ARGYLL delivered against his late colleagues at the end of last week has been so long hanging over their heads that the delay may have enabled them to bear it with more philosophy than would otherwise be at their disposal. Threatened men acquire in this way a kind of adventitious courage; and those members of the Government who were most deeply concerned were fortunately for themselves not members of the House of Lords. The position of Lord GRANVILLE and Lord CARLINGFORD, however, was sufficiently worthy of pity. For years the Liberal party in the Upper House has been even more inferior to its opponents in ability and oratorical power than in numbers. Lord GRANVILLE's pleasant faculty of poccourante conversation hardly enables him even to enter the lists with the Opposition leaders, and Lord CARLINGFORD is not high even in the second class of debaters. Lord DERBY, an important but dubious recruit, has not yet formally taken the oaths to his new party, and has hitherto made no sign whatever on the Land Bill. In all time of tribulation the Duke of ARGYLL has hitherto been the mainstay of the Liberal Peers. His oratorical and intellectual ability has, perhaps, been a little exaggerated by his own party, but no one denies that it is very considerable. The Duke of ARGYLL, with a very large share of the faults of his countrymen, has a more than proportionate allowance of their representative merits. He is thoroughly well informed, he is industrious in an extraordinary degree, and he treats every subject which he handles without, indeed, much breadth or originality of view, but, within his limits, with great good sense and much weight of downright logic. When there is added

to all this the mechanical advantage of a most carefully acquired style and delivery, which, if it never rises to eloquence, frequently attains a range considerably higher than that of mere ready debating, the total warrants the assigning to the Duke of a position (now that Lord BEACONSFIELD is gone) second only to that of Lord SALISBURY, and perhaps Lord CAIRNS. On Friday week all these gifts were turned against the speaker's own side, and the artless excuses of Lord BESSBOROUGH, the endeavours of Lord CARLINGFORD to divide himself into two gentlemen at once—one a Commissioner and the other a Cabinet Minister—and to defend himself in the one capacity when speaking no word in the other, and the desperate attempts of Lord GRANVILLE to contend for a kind of previous question, only enhanced by contrast the importance of the Duke's speech. That speech has, as was natural, been violently attacked by the extreme partisans of the Government, and by the persons individually damaged by it, while, on the other hand, efforts have been made to represent it as a mere academic exercise of no practical value. Yet it is indubitable that in it the Duke of ARGYLL materially weakened and almost destroyed the value of the BESSBOROUGH Commission, that he completely refuted the favourite Radical doctrine of an ancient and long-observed tenant-right, that he proved to demonstration that his colleagues had no business to bring in a Land Bill at all, and that he proved by implication that their actual Land Bill was faulty and bad. The Government were certainly well advised in refusing to meet the assault directly. But no debate and no division on the Land Bill could be more damaging to them than the Duke of ARGYLL's explanation of his parting company.

A majority of 132 on the amended 7th Clause—that is, virtually on the Bill—may have consoled Mr. GLADSTONE for his late colleague's unkindness. It certainly showed that the quality of fidelity may still be assigned without fear to the Liberal party in the House of Commons. It is a vacillating and uncertain fidelity, requiring much humouring and management to keep it undisturbed, but it still exists. There is probably not one single man in the House of Commons except Mr. GLADSTONE who regards the Land Bill on its merits, and without *arrière-pensée*, with any other feelings than those of distrust, dislike, and doubt. To a few Irish members it may be agreeable, because it is another slice of the cake, because it carries out their private crochets, because it offers chances in abundance for future exploitation of the covetous lawlessness of the Irish people. As an attack on landlords' rights, it is, of course, welcome to the English Radicals. As an attempt to settle a question which (owing to what immediate causes does not much matter) evidently demands settlement, it is tolerated grudgingly and reluctantly by a very large number of members. These various feelings, joined to the simpler and still powerful one of subservience in all things to Mr. GLADSTONE's whims, assure the passage of the Bill in some shape or other through the House of Commons. The division against the amended 7th Clause may perhaps be, formally at least, found fault with as inconsistent with the policy pursued at the time of the second reading. Yet, also on formal grounds, it may seem to have been justified by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's indication of the objectionable words inserted at Mr. RUSSELL's wish. The sting of the clause was, however, extracted by Mr. GLADSTONE's omission of the obnoxious directions as to the manner of ascertaining tenant-right. Mr. RUSSELL's addition is only open to objection because it implicitly asserts the tenant's interest, and that assertion is the object and cause of existence of the entire Bill and of every clause in it.

The main point of importance in the history of the Bill during the present week is undoubtedly Mr. FORSTER's announcement of the Government proposals as to arrears. These have been anxiously expected, and will, no doubt, lead to a good deal of debate. They bear on their face obvious marks of the desire to disarm opposition which, after a long period of directly opposite conduct, has recently marked the Government course. Like all the rest of the Bill, the new provision is an elaborate departure from the ordinary principles which have long governed legislative interference with matters of business in England. Of arrears previous to 1878 Mr. FORSTER takes no notice whatever, and this silence will probably be construed in very different ways. That there are tenants, and many of them in Ireland, whose indebtedness to their long-suffer-

ing landlords extends much further back is certain. Apparently, however, the proposal is that a tenant who pays fifty per cent. of the rent due on 1878 and 1879, and comes to terms with his landlord as to the rent for 1880, is to be protected from disturbance. The evident assumption that many holders will of their own means satisfy the demands of this provision shows more clearly than anything else how hollow the present agitation is and how unworthy most of the complainants are to be assisted. Those, however, who really need help are to be helped out of the all-sufficing Church Fund, which is to advance the sum required, though, inconsistently enough, the landlord, and not the tenant, is to be responsible for repayment. This is to be got out of the tenant by a yearly increment on the rent of the fifteen years' holding which the Act confers. It is almost impossible to say how the plan will work. That many landlords would be exceedingly glad to compound their claims of arrears for half the amount due on 1878 and 1879, and the whole due last year, is certain. But men in a beggared condition, as many Irish landlords now are through the action of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, are not able to choose. Such an appropriation of the Church fund as that proposed has, it is curious enough to remark, been protested against again and again by Radical organs beforehand. The tenant's newly-created interest, not the landlord's property, should clearly be the pledge for repayment. On this matter, however, only the first, not the last, word has been heard. The limitation of the fortunate persons who are to benefit by this dead lift to tenants at less than 30l. a year is sure to excite discontent among Irish members. And the stipulation that the tenant come to terms with his landlord as to the last year's rent will exasperate the Land League more than almost anything else can do. The discussion of the proposed assistance to be given for the purchase of the holding included one remark from an Irish member which is perhaps truer than anything else that has been said. This remark was that Irishmen cared for nothing in the Bill save for this particular opportunity of drawing on the public purse. Meanwhile some utterances of interest in relation to the Irish question have been delivered outside the walls of the Houses of Parliament. The Editor of the *Fortnightly Review* has written in that periodical an article urging conciliation with Ireland, which is even more eloquent and interesting than his usual work, but which more than ever suggests the famous and terrible quotation, "Ach! mein lieber Sulzer, Er kennt nicht diese verdamnte Race." Mr. FAWCETT has proved his good sense, and has perhaps surprised and chagrined some of his own party, by elaborately demonstrating the wisdom and justice of the rejection of the Disturbance Bill last year by the House of Lords. Mr. FORSTER may not be grateful to his colleague for awakening the remembrance of his own ill-considered outbreak by a cool argument, that, in face of a dwindling majority in the House of Commons, the conduct of the House of Lords could not be considered unreasonable. This seems to intimate a sobriety of mind which, it may be hoped, is shared by persons more highly placed in the Government than the POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THE GREEK QUESTION.

THE short discussion on the Greek question which took place a week ago in the House of Lords summed up in an accurate and intelligible form a transaction which, it may be hoped, is now virtually concluded. There was no serious difference of opinion between Lord GRANVILLE and Lord SALISBURY, though it was consistent with custom that the leader of the Opposition should point out incidental miscarriages which, as he candidly admitted, had not affected the result. The Conference of Berlin was undoubtedly a mistake; and Lord SALISBURY might, if he had thought it worth while, have expiated on the risk and embarrassment which it caused. But for the hasty decision of the Plenipotentiaries, or of the Governments which they represented, the Greeks would probably not have spent large sums on their armaments; nor would they have threatened a dynastic revolution as the alternative of war; but the mischief has gone no further. Lord GRANVILLE may probably have formed a cooler judgment than the newspaper Correspondents who were completely deceived by the noisy enthusiasm of Athens. It was evident that the Greek Ministry would have been

guilty of culpable and disastrous folly if they had ultimately refused to accept the proposals of the Great Powers; but sometimes nations are as foolish as private persons, and the Greeks might at any time have deluded themselves by their own warlike language. Lord SALISBURY with sound judgment abstained from dwelling on the evils which might possibly have occurred. With the settlement which is actually effected he has good reason to be satisfied.

The most plausible apology for the award of the Berlin Conference is that it nearly approximated to the recommendation which had been appended in the form of a protocol to the Treaty. M. WADDINGTON had proposed to the Congress a somewhat larger cession of territory than that which was earnestly recommended to the Conference by M. DE FREYCINET. According to both projects, the whole of Thessaly, and a considerable part of Epirus, was to be ceded to Greece. The French Government has never explained the reasons of the change which soon afterwards affected its policy. Even after the Berlin Conference, M. DE FREYCINET only consented to take part in the naval operation near Dulcigno on the condition that the allied fleets should afterwards be despatched to Greek waters. The English Government learned with surprise that the French Ministers soon afterwards declined to apply coercion to the Turks, although it still professed a desire for the aggrandizement of Greece. As it had never been the intention of England to act alone, and as Austria and Germany had always taken a secondary part in the transaction, it seemed at one time either that nothing would be done, or that the Greeks would have to acquire the coveted territory by means of their own resources. A more judicious and successful period of diplomatic action coincided with Mr. GOSCHEN'S visit to Berlin. Prince BISMARCK finally consented to take the principal part in the negotiation; and the other Powers gladly followed the lead of Germany. The SULTAN was unusually deferential to a Government from which, with or without reason, he expected effective assistance. Lord SALISBURY cordially recognized the judgment and ability with which Mr. GOSCHEN discharged his difficult duties at Constantinople. Next to the German Government, the English Cabinet and the AMBASSADOR have done most to prevent war, and yet to secure to Greece great material advantage.

Lord SALISBURY concurred in Lord HOUGHTON'S opinion that the acquisition of Thessaly is probably more beneficial to Greece than the larger transfer of territory which was proposed by the Conference of Berlin. The Turkish Government is only weakened by the necessity of controlling malcontent subjects; but the greater part of the Albanian tribes, whether Christian or Mahometan, prefer their present position as nominal subjects of the SULTAN to Greek annexation. As Lord SALISBURY truly said, the Albanian element was not sufficiently taken into consideration during the earlier negotiations. Some of the tribes have since engaged in partial rebellion against the SULTAN'S authority; but it is probable that they would have resisted the occupation of their country by the Greeks. On the other hand, the majority of the inhabitants of Thessaly are Greek in language and religion; and they will have no difficulty in amalgamating with the kindred population to the South. The Wallachians settled in the province, who were supposed to claim separate national rights, have disappeared during the later stages of the controversy. The Mahometans have to content themselves with formal stipulations for the security of their persons and property. The new addition to the kingdom will form a third of the enlarged State, which now, as Lord GRANVILLE observed, nearly coincides with the limits assigned by modern historians to Continental Greece in classical times. Greek politicians will now direct their energies to the acquisition of the islands, and especially of Crete. They may probably hope that at some future time England will follow the precedent of the cession of the Ionian Islands by surrendering Cyprus to Greece. At present the title of the SULTAN, who is, as it were, the feudal superior of the island, renders impossible a transfer to any other Power. Experience must show whether the Greeks of the Kingdom are now disposed to make roads, to suppress brigandage, and generally to improve their domestic administration. Their apologists have always contended that the inadequate extent of the original kingdom explains the comparative failure of the experiment of Greek independence. The acquisition of the Ionian Islands made no change in the system of

government; but the Greeks now hold, as far as population and territory are concerned, a respectable position among minor Powers. Their commercial aptitude is conspicuous everywhere but in their own country; and it must be admitted that they have made great and successful efforts to encourage education. They may learn from Lord SALISBURY'S speech that all parties in England wish them well, and that they would be still more popular if they could become the leading State in the south-east of Europe. It is to be regretted that they should have been placed, not by their own fault, in an attitude of hostility to their Slavonic neighbours. In former times, down to the Crimean war, the Christian subjects of the Sultan were generally designated throughout Europe by the title of Greeks. The antagonism which has since arisen was due partly to novel doctrines of ethnology, and more directly to the religious schism which was ostensibly condemned and secretly promoted by General IGNATIEFF.

Lord SALISBURY, who seldom assumes the character of an optimist, has too much reason for doubting whether in the present day secondary States can in any way affect the balance of power. It is true that the great armies and the elaborate organization of modern times greatly facilitate interference with less powerful neighbours and eventual conquest. It is only by combinations among themselves that the great military Powers from time to time seek to readjust political arrangements, and petty States such as Greece and Bulgaria could not engage in war except by the permission or encouragement of powerful neighbours. Herzegovina, indeed, and Servia were employed by the Russian Government to make war on Turkey; but at the proper time they were withdrawn from the contest to make room for their formidable patron. Perhaps the most practicable method of promoting the objects of Greek ambition would be to cultivate friendly relations with Turkey. The superior acuteness of the Greeks has always given them great influence at Constantinople and in some of the Turkish provinces; and there seems to be no reason why they should not occupy more and more the highest posts in the administration. Even if their energies are confined to the limits of the kingdom, they may command the respect of Europe by setting an example of good government. It is perhaps too much to hope that they should discontinue the vicious struggle for office which causes frequent changes of Ministry and incessant squabbles and intrigues. In a country of entire social equality a democratic constitution is perhaps the only alternative of absolute government; but in itself it is not altogether desirable. The Greeks probably console themselves for their political shortcomings by the reflection that they contrast favourably with their former rulers and with other emancipated populations. There is not an English Ambassador at Athens perpetually employed in demanding the performance of covenants which are violated by chronic and intolerable misrule. Greece is also exempt from the dictation which is exercised in Bulgaria by Russian officers; and the kingdom is comparatively secure from foreign invasion.

THE FRENCH IN AFRICA.

EVENTS have moved and are moving so fast that, while we have scarcely recovered from the surprise of having to speak of the French in Tunis, we have to go much further, and to speak of the general position of France in Northern Africa. The Arabs are in revolt at Sfax, on the confines of Tripoli, and they are in revolt in South Oran, on the confines of Morocco. There is, therefore, a revolt which seems of a very determined and dangerous character at the two ends of the French dominion. A holy war has been preached, and at the outset the insurgents have had everything their own way. In Southern Algeria one French expedition has been exterminated, and another has had to retreat. BOU AMENA, a conspicuous leader of the insurgents, has ridden in triumph past a French force sent to catch him, and has dispersed or put to the sword a colony of Spaniards engaged in the cultivation of esparto grass. The survivors of the colony have fled to Spain, and have awakened much pity for their sufferings, and much indignation at the cruel neglect of the French authorities. In a debate in the French Chamber originating in an interpellation moved by three Algerian deputies, it was clearly shown that the authorities had ample warning of what was

coming, and insisted on taking no precautions. The official organs wrote in the most optimistic spirit, and while admitting that there was a little excitement among the Arabs, said it was not of the slightest importance. With cynical frankness, the Ministry owned that the accounts were cooked, and urged that it would have been absurd to agitate the public mind with tidings of difficulties in Algeria while it was being taught that the occupation of Tunis was a trifle, and would be effected without loss of life and without any serious expense. The attitude of the Chamber was decidedly hostile, and on a preliminary point there was a majority against the Government; but when M. FERRY declared that the existence of the Government was at stake, the dread of displacing a Ministry on the eve of the elections prevailed over a wish to inflict censure, however well deserved. The issue, too, was complicated by one of those cross divisions of interests which always exercise so much influence on political decisions. A brother of M. GAÉRY is the Governor of Algeria, and the attack of the Algerian members was primarily directed against him. Many Republican deputies would shrink from condemning the brother of the PRESIDENT; but this was not all. M. FERRY adroitly hinted that, if any one was in fault, it was not the GOVERNOR, but General FARRE, who alone was responsible for taking, or omitting to take, military measures. General FARRE is the staunchest of all the allies of M. GAMBETTA in the Cabinet, and M. FERRY was determined that, if he fell, the friend of M. GAMBETTA should fall with him. He was thus doubly protected, and was able to obtain a nominal victory, although his Ministry had sustained a shock which in ordinary times would have been fatal to it.

The war of the Arabs is against the French as infidels and foreigners, and they are as hostile to all infidels and foreigners as they are to the French. They forced every European who could save his life to escape by sea from Sfax, and they were as pleased to massacre Spanish colonists as Frenchmen in Oran. But the French have undertaken to put down these insurgent Arabs in provinces which are now their own, and other European nations look to them to make good their undertaking. The English Government has sent a vessel to Sfax, but it is only to help Europeans whose lives are in danger, and not to aid the French in their operations. Unfortunately for France, it can do very little at present to hurt the insurgents. Instructions have been given, and have by this time probably been carried out, to bombard Sfax; but, except as a general demonstration of French military power, this must be a wholly ineffectual proceeding. The Arabs are not likely to stay in Sfax to be bombarded, and, if Sfax is ruined as a place of trade, the loss of a petty commerce will not much affect the minds of men who are engaged in a struggle for life or death. Beyond a naval demonstration on the coast, the French can at this season do nothing. Their troops could not march under the force sun of an African summer. If they could not catch BOU AMENA in May, they have not much chance of catching him in July. For any serious operations they must wait until cooler weather sets in; and, meanwhile, the insurgents will not only be free to do as they please, but will boast of their successes, and will attract the hesitating by their boasts. In the long run, no doubt, France can put down any Arab insurrection. It is only a question of time, money, and men; but the effort necessary to put down the present insurrection may be a very serious one. Two facts also came out in the debate in the Chamber which will cause much anxiety to reflecting Frenchmen. There is a large force in Algeria, over fifty thousand men; but it is not stationed where it is wanted, and there is only a mockery of a gendarmerie. The southern parts of Algeria are not really fit for European occupation, and to hold permanent positions in burning deserts, where civilization is utterly unknown, would cause a discontent in the French army which a Government would be very reluctant to face. Then, again, after all its efforts and its self-praise, the Republic seems to be labouring under some of the defects which proved so ruinous to the Empire. The French private soldiers have behaved well wherever they have been called on in Tunis or Algeria; but there is a revival of the old complaints that the officers are sadly wanting in intelligence and obedience. It was too vehemently asserted during the debate, and the assertion has found an echo in the organ of M. GAMBETTA, that there was revealed, throughout the whole course of the recent

Algerian troubles, a paralysis of authority. No one would take responsibility, or, if any one took it, he found no one to carry out his orders. To this mischievous state of things M. GAMBETTA's mouthpiece suggests that nothing but the coming elections can put an end. The incapable Republic is to give place to a capable Republic, and France and Europe may ponder over what a capable Republic means.

Will a capable Republic, if a capable Republic such as M. GAMBETTA dreams of comes into existence, engage in a war with Turkey? If France wished to go to war with the SULTAN, a cause of quarrel might be found any day. The SULTAN is very much aggrieved by the treatment he has received from France in regard to Tunis. He has marked his displeasure by refusing an audience to the French Ambassador on his departure from Constantinople, and he has sent strong reinforcements into Tripoli. He also altogether declines to admit the pretension of France to represent in Tripoli the Tunisians, whom he still considers to be his own subjects. Nor can there be any doubt that the presence of a large Turkish force in Tripoli is a menace to the French both in Tunis and in Algeria. The insurgents are encouraged by the support which they think the COMMANDER of the FAITHFUL cannot deny them, and they preach the holy war, which they think he looks on with delight. The SULTAN has every possible right to be in Tripoli, and to keep as many troops as he likes there, and it is scarcely to be expected that the most crushed of monarchs would not turn when he was asked to consider his own subjects, being also men of his own faith, as being even in his own dominions under the protection of a foreign Power. It is not his fault that the French are in Tunis, and that he is dangerous to them in Tripoli. It is not he, but the French, who have made him an obstacle to the new French policy. But he is an obstacle, and a very grave one, and what is very important, the danger with which he menaces France is permanent. There is a logic of wrong doing as well as of right doing, and there can be no doubt that, if the French could only think of their position in Africa and forget their position in Europe, they would take Tripoli merely because they have taken Tunis. It may be added that nothing would better suit a capable Republic than a war in which it would display, develop, and consolidate its capacity—a war with a Power like Turkey, difficult enough to try its strength, and yet in which it was sure to win. The only check on the readiness of France to make war on Turkey—not this month or next, perhaps, but in a measurable distance of time—is the apprehension that such a war would bring on a general European war. A very considerable change in the situation of Europe must take place before France could reckon on taking forcible possession of Tripoli without disturbing the European concert, and France is certainly not at present ready to run the great risk of breaking the peace or truce which now prevails. But the occupation of Tunis, although not opposed by any of the Powers, has introduced a new element into European politics. Among the aims of the nominal protectors of Turkey, there is now a new piece of plunder which one of these protectors means to have; and this gives a forecast of a possible future which it would be idle to disregard.

THE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. GLADSTONE complied with established custom in reserving one or two Government measures from the inevitable abandonment which he announced to the House of Commons. For many years the Prime Minister of the time has about the same period of the Session been obliged to make a similar statement, and it is always understood that his list of the measures which are still conventionally supposed to survive is not final. On the next occasion Mr. GLADSTONE will be compelled to surrender the Bankruptcy Bill, which indeed only interests a limited class. The House will have spent seven months in elaborating a single Bill and certain executive measures with which it was supposed to have a connexion. The Land Bill, in its final shape, will be the result of many divisions, and also of much unwilling acquiescence. No legislative scheme has been so cordially disapproved by a large section of its supporters, as well as by the hesitating opponents who thought that too prolonged a resistance might be injurious to the interests of the country. If the Bill proves in accordance with general expectation to

be mischievous in operation as it is vicious in principle, the minority will not share the blame of a false policy because they submitted to necessity. There might have been no need of a Land Bill if the Government had held to the resolution which, according to the Duke of ARGYLL, had been originally formed, of awaiting further experience of the working of the Act of 1870. Legislation only became inevitable because it was offered by the Government, after the failure of the miserable device of an extemporaneous Disturbance Bill.

The struggle within the Cabinet, which occupied the autumn and early winter, was principally important because it was certain that the measure which might result from the Ministerial deliberations would thenceforth become the low-water or minimum line of change and spoliation. It is still believed that Mr. GLADSTONE long inclined to comparatively moderate proposals, though he afterwards yielded to the more thoroughgoing opinions of some of his colleagues. The Bill was found to embody the three demands which had been most urgently advanced on behalf of the Irish tenants. Prudent politicians perceived, that, unless the Government could be induced to retract some of its concessions, a less revolutionary change was no longer possible. The apologists of the Government had some ground for taunting the Opposition with the certainty that, if it could have displaced the Ministers, a Conservative Government would have been compelled to introduce an equally comprehensive Land Bill. It is allowable to recognize the inevitable character of a course of policy, without acquitting those who had made it necessary. There is no use in defending a pass which has once been turned. One of the most zealous advocates of the Bill makes, on the part of England and Scotland, the plausible demand that the Irish shall be satisfied for a series of years with a measure which has rendered all other legislation impossible. The claim may be reasonable; but there are no means by which it can be effectually asserted. It is nearly certain that the hopes which have been excited, and the disappointments which must occur, will at shorter and shorter intervals revive fresh agitation and appeals to Parliament. It would be well if other portions of the United Kingdom were secure against the application of a precedent now established on the pretext that exceptional measures are required by the peculiar condition of Ireland.

The interruption of legislative activity is not an un-mixed evil. The list of twenty or thirty neglected measures which Mr. GLADSTONE included in one of his indictments against the late Government would leave few existing institutions untouched. It was, on the whole, desirable that a Parliament elected under the influence of clamour and violent rhetoric should wait before it tried its energies in destructive legislation. The English Land Bill, when it is hereafter produced, will probably reflect democratic passions less completely than if it had been produced immediately after the Midlothian speeches and the general election. The appetite for change will no longer be stimulated by the artificial association of wild agrarian theories with the misdeeds of the Turks or with the disasters of the Zulu and Afghan wars. The dis-establishment of the Church has, with the general consent of the party of innovation, been reserved for a future Parliament to be elected by a more numerous and less competent constituency. The postponement for one or two Sessions of household suffrage and of redistribution is unimportant. The democratic managers will assuredly not allow their majority to separate without largely increasing their own influence by electoral changes. The adjournment of the measure will but slightly mitigate its evil consequences by allowing moderate and capable members to be returned by the present constituencies at by-elections; and in some places short-sighted farmers are disposed before they are practically disfranchised to associate themselves with the policy which is most adverse to their interests. It is possible that the destruction of the administrative functions of justices in counties may stand over till after the next election. It is something to retain for a time a system which has worked remarkably well. The late Government was much to blame for not reforming county administration on modern principles. The task was, as in many similar cases, left to be performed by the opposite party, which would legislate with the object of diminishing the influence of property in favour of the numerical majority.

The Bills which the Government have been compelled

to withdraw are of secondary importance. The Bankruptcy Bill, though it seems to have been generally approved by those who understand the subject, may perhaps be presented to Parliament in a still more complete form after further consideration. The much more important measure for the reform of criminal law and procedure had at the beginning of the Session been once more indefinitely postponed. It was probably not without regret that Mr. GLADSTONE relinquished the hope of passing the Parliamentary Oaths Bill, with the consequence of a revival of a disagreeable personal complication. Even those who agree in opinion with the Ministers are probably satisfied of the impossibility of passing at the end of the Session a measure which excites so much strong and angry feeling. The Corrupt Practices Bill is not at present urgent, as there is no prospect of a general election. It was, on the whole, well that a measure which derived its origin from a feeling of legitimate moral indignation should be reserved for a time of calmer reflection. The inquiries prosecuted by the Election Commissioners showed that in several boroughs, almost casually selected, a considerable portion of the constituency was ready to accept bribes on one side or on both; and that persons of good position and of local influence had no scruple in aiding the process of corruption. There can be but one opinion as to the expediency of creating or fostering a sounder electoral morality, if improvement can be effected by legislation; but it may be doubted whether the ATTORNEY-GENERAL is well advised in relying on severity of punishment. Long experience has shown the difficulty of enforcing penalties which are popularly regarded as harsh and excessive. That bribery should be considered a venial offence is both an error and a misfortune; but a moderate increase in the severity of punishment would perhaps be the most effectual mode of discouraging the offence. It is for political moralists rather than for Law Officers to examine the causes of electoral corruption, and the indications which it affords of the competence of different classes of voters. A constituency which is only deterred from giving or receiving bribes by a severe criminal code is not a satisfactory element in a representative system. It may well happen that the demagogue is the alternative of the lavish election agent, or that, as in the United States, corruption may be transferred from the voter to the professional manager of political clubs and organizations. It happens to be necessary to ask for a temporary renewal of the Ballot Act, which has unexpectedly failed to prevent the distribution of bribes. The process of secret voting is open to more than negative objections; but, like other democratic innovations, it is in its nature irrevocable when it has once been established. It was but a barren consolation to the opponents of the Ballot that they were strong enough to substitute an ostensibly experimental enactment for final legislation. It may be confidently assumed that no Parliament elected under the Ballot will at any time recur to open voting. In the present Session all parties will concur in the expediency of a temporary renewal of a measure which is destined to be permanent. If the measures which are abandoned excite no keen regret, the consequences of the mode in which the Session has been spent may too probably be both injurious and permanent. The proceedings of Parliament have never been so tedious or uninteresting. There has been scarcely any room for the legitimate ambition of members, with the exception of the comparatively small body which devoted itself to the elaboration of the Land Bill. The House of Commons has not only almost discontinued the exercise of its legislative functions; it has also in great measure renounced the supervision of domestic and foreign policy. After many weeks Mr. GLADSTONE has not found time for the promised discussion on the affairs of the Transvaal.

CENTRAL ASIAN AFFAIRS.

THE ingenuity of those who maintain that the Candahar division was not obtained on pretences practically false; that the assurances of Russia, direct and indirect, in reference to her Central Asian policy have been thoroughly carried out; and that all is well for England between the Caspian and the Hindu Koosh, has been once more put to a severe test. The adventurous Correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has for many months enabled Russian official bulletins and the thrice-filtered gossip of Tiflis, St. Petersburg, and Berlin to be

corrected by authentic intelligence, is, it may be remembered, a prisoner at Merv. He does not seem to be kept in severe durance, and his captivity allows him to send occasional messages home; though the Turcomans, either regarding him as a useful hostage, or simply anxious for a ransom, do not appear to be in any hurry to let him go. His last message is dated June 22, and it contains two very important statements. The first is that the annexation of the delta of the Upper Atrek, long coveted by Russian military geographers of the stamp of the late General PETRUSEVITCH, has been formally effected. The other is that constant negotiations are going on on the part of the Russian Commandant at Askabad with the view of inducing the inhabitants of Merv to throw themselves into the arms of Russia. The great inducement offered, according to the Correspondent, is a promise that "their territory will be respected, and the further Russian march eastward will be made *via* Meshed." Vague as is the knowledge which many Englishmen (including, it would appear, a majority of the House of Commons) possess of Central Asian affairs, the words "further advance eastward," and the news of a substantial encroachment, not on the Turcomans, but on Persia, can hardly be misunderstood by any one, though their full import may probably not be comprehended. The defenders of the Government policy in the East—that is to say, the *Pall Mall Gazette*; for the *Daily News*, while persistently affirming that Russia is not dangerous in that quarter, fully admits the awkward appearance of her recent acts and words taken together—have been somewhat hard put to it for comment. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks it certainly for the good of the annexed districts that they should be annexed. The rest of the news it endeavours to dismiss by a somewhat rueful admission that Meshed will now be substituted for Merv as a subject of alarmist fears.

The apparent inference is certainly ingenious. That inference, which very likely the writer did not fully perceive or intend, is that Merv is as little dangerous as Meshed, and Meshed as little dangerous as Merv. With a sufficient ignorance of history and geography, this impression might be produced and maintained. The merest glance at a tolerably good map will show its fallaciousness. It was just possible for a fervent believer in Russia to argue that her presence at Merv was quite natural, reasonable, and right. Merv was the centre of the Turcoman power, the headquarters of the enemies of caravans, the capital of the last independent portion of Turkestan. Its acquisition would completely round off the Russian frontier, would guarantee the safety of trade, would provide an alternative route to Samarkand. All this was perfectly true, though it was but a very small portion of the truth. It is possible, provided there is no objection to deserts and roundabout roads, to go eastward from Merv and by Merv to territory which is already Russian. Now it is not possible to go eastward through Meshed to any territory which answers this description, without passing through Merv also, which would make the Russian promise an absurdity. As an alternative to Merv, Meshed leads not to Turkestan, nor even to what is called Afghan Turkestan, but simply and solely to Afghanistan proper. It would be sufficient to say that the mere contemplation of a further eastern advance is a violation of the undertaking given at the Czar's accession, even if that advance merely tended towards the securing of the last corner of free ground in Turkestan. But the words used exclude this construction. The Russians will not go to that corner; they say they will not even go through it. That being the case, there is no place left for them to go to except the very place which Liberal not less than Conservative opinion declares not merely to be forbidden ground to Russian troops, but to be outside the zone of Russian influence and operations altogether.

Meanwhile there is the accomplished fact of the annexation on the Atrek. The meaning of that annexation is more than that of a new encroachment on Persian territory, undoubted as that encroachment is, for even PETRUSEVITCH himself allowed that the Persian frontier passed to the north of Kuchan, which, we are told, is included in the new rectification of frontier. It is not merely an assumption of a piece of somebody else's property, but an assumption of a very particular piece of some one else's property. To understand this it must be remembered that the road through Akhal and Merv, or even through Akhal without going to Merv, is by no means the best or shortest from the Caspian to Herat and India. It is the only one

which could be taken without violating Persian territory; and the country through which it passes offers a valuable supply of hardy soldiers, but it is long and ill provided. The best way is by Meshed (the way which the Askabad diplomatist proposes); and even then there are alternative routes from Astrabad, or any other point of departure at the south-eastern angle of the Caspian. The shortest of these is the more southerly by Shahrood. This was taken by the *Daily News* Correspondent on the very journey which took him to Merv. But this way has the drawback of trenching too closely (though there is a third little-used road which trenches still more closely) on the great desert which forms the kernel of Persia. The best way, therefore, for an army which has to be fed as well as to move is through the Attrek country, keeping from Tchikisar tolerably close to the river the whole way, but from Astrabad touching it only in the middle of the journey from Budjuurd to Kuchan. It is precisely this middle part of the way which the Russians have now either actually annexed or completely commanded by their new annexation. Their work is not quite complete, for to the east of these rectifications there is much fertile and useful country in the districts of which Derogoz or Mahmudabad, and Sarakhs, are respectively the centres. But even Russian annexation must proceed with due gradations, especially when assurances have just been given that there is to be no proceeding at all. On the whole the progress announced is quite sufficient to put it into the power of General SKOBLEFF's enterprising and ingenious successor to make his "further advance eastward" by Meshed, and to fulfil the tempting promises he has made to the Turcomans without the slightest difficulty.

There is probably very little hope of inducing those who see all things merely in Mr. GLADSTONE to draw the obvious conclusions from these facts. But it is not the less the duty of every one who is in a position to do so, to give these persons an occasional opportunity of drawing such conclusions. If any one chooses boldly to say that the Turcomans are thieves, that Persia is impotent, and that the sooner Russians and English are fairly face to face on opposite sides of Afghanistan the better, he may claim at least that he reasons with courage, and does not absolutely ignore facts. But if any one attempts to argue that the present state of things does not mean such a confronting of the two Powers within a very short period, he must choose between a conviction for wilful blindness and a conviction for incapacity to form an opinion. We are not, for the present, arguing the advantages or disadvantages of having Afghanistan, and Afghanistan only, as a separating zone, with the Russian road to the edge of that zone easy and well furnished with all things necessary for a great army. What is necessary is to point out, as often as a new step is taken, that this state of things is imminent, and that it has to be considered how it is to be dealt with. To lament over the sad discrepancy between the golden words of the newly-enthroned Czar and the iron deeds of his rude generals is quite superfluous. It is useless to talk about words; and nobody—nobody, at least, who was acquainted with the subject and not pledged to radical theories as to English foreign policy—was ignorant of the probability or of the consequences of the deeds. It has been said before, and must be said again, that a Russian invasion of India may be the certain disaster for Russia which some people assert it to be or that it may not, but that the arrangements for facilitating that invasion are, to all appearance, being carried on with a rapidity and a success to which it would not be easy to find a parallel.

THE FRENCH EDUCATION BILL.

THE French Senate has made a change in the Compulsory Education Bill which is likely to wreck the measure for the Session. The introduction of compulsion had been made the plea for a complete disestablishment of religion in elementary schools. If parents are to be forced to send their children to school, liberty of conscience demands, in the opinion of the Government and of the majority of the Chamber of Deputies, that the school shall be absolutely neutral ground as regards religious teaching. The Protestant or the Atheist must be under no uneasiness as to the possible infiltration of Roman Catholic doctrines into his child's mind. Consequently the teacher was directed by the Bill as it left the Chamber

of Deputies to teach morality as part of the school course, but to make no reference to religion. The child of the Protestant must hear nothing to shake his Protestantism; the child of the Atheist must hear nothing to shake his Atheism. The example of England was frequently quoted in support of this process of "laicization." It is possible that this blunder, strange as it seems to us, was perfectly genuine. There is nothing, or next to nothing, in France of that vague belief which contentedly finds expression in the permission given to teach the Bible in School Board schools, provided that it be not interpreted in the sense of any particular denomination. Such a compromise is only possible in a Protestant country. In Catholic countries the distinctions between confessions are more sharply defined, and religious teaching means the teaching of Catholicism or of some specific variety of Protestantism. Even had the resemblance between the two experiments been much closer than it actually is, the circumstances under which they are severally tried are too different to allow of any useful comparison. The exclusion of religion from School Board schools might have been much more thoroughgoing than it is without the injury done to religious teaching being nearly so great as that which the French Compulsory Education Bill promised to do. In England voluntary schools are numerous and well supported; in France they can hardly be said to exist. In spite of the occasional disposition of School Boards to claim a larger sphere for themselves, the place which they really have to fill is that of a supplement to voluntary schools. When the Education Act of 1870 was under discussion, there was a general and, as it seemed, well-founded fear lest the formation of School Boards should drive the voluntary schools out of the field. The event has shown how wholly groundless this belief was. In 1880 there were more voluntary schools and more children attending them than there had been ten years earlier. If the School Boards all over the country were to give no religious instruction for the future, only a few religiously disposed parents would be sufferers by the new law. The great majority would find in the neighbouring voluntary schools all that they wanted in the way of direct denominational teaching. In France religion, if it be included in the ordinary elementary studies, must be taught in the communal schools. If a parent is dissatisfied with the absence of religion from the school course, he cannot ordinarily take his child away and send him to a school which he likes better.

These circumstances seemed to suggest the application of what is known in this country as a conscience clause, and to introduce this was the object of an amendment which was warmly supported in the Senate. The Duke DE BROGLIE on the first reading, and M. OSCAR DE VALLÉE on the second reading, proposed that the elementary instruction given in communal schools should include the teaching of religion, except in cases where the parents of the children object to such teaching. The Senate rejected this amendment on both occasions, and the defeated party then turned their thoughts to the better definition of the moral teaching which the Bill directed should be given as part of the school course. M. DELSOL proposed that the morality taught should be religious morality. What would have been the fate of this amendment will never be known; for a speech from M. FERRY, and the use made of it by M. JULES SIMON, prevented the Senate from voting on it. The PRIME MINISTER opposed the insertion of the word "religious" on the plea that the eternal morality is a morality *sans épithète*, and that to define it would only be to narrow it. The morality which the Bill proposed to teach in communal schools was the essence which underlies evolutionist morality, utilitarian morality, positivist morality, independent morality. It was the morality alike of Mr. SPENCER, of KANT, and of M. JULES SIMON. At this point M. FERRY was challenged to say whether this was a morality suited to children; whereupon he substituted another definition of morality, and identified it with the precepts which we have learned from our fathers and mothers—for example, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." The Right at once objected that this is a commandment of God, and therefore is included in the prohibition of religious morality. M. FERRY replied that it was not forbidden to speak of the commandments of God, and was then asked by the Duke DE BROGLIE whether the teacher might speak of God, and by M. BUFFET whether he might speak of duties to God. To this M. FERRY answered,

sensibly enough, that France was still in the main a nation of Theists, and so long as the majority alike of parents and teachers remained Theists, the morality taught in the communal schools would be a morality founded on Theism. What he disliked was the phrase "religious morality." He objected to it because it was unintelligible, and in support of this view he appealed to M. JULES SIMON, who had frequently said the same thing.

It was not long before M. FERRY had good cause to repent that he had helped to provide M. SIMON with an excuse for speaking. The Philosopher began by expressing his pleasure at finding himself so nearly in agreement with the PRIME MINISTER. All that M. FERRY had said about morality he could heartily accept if it was confined to the teaching of morality in the University. Still for children something simpler was wanted than either KANT or SPENCER; Frenchmen do not desire to have their children taught a morality founded on utility or pleasure, a morality without God. Unfortunately, however, a suspicion has grown up that there is a disposition in the Republican party to set up schools from which God will be shut out. M. FERRY, it is true, protests that the Republicans have no such intention; but then M. FERRY is a Minister, and Ministers are the most fragile and transitory of created things. Anyhow, it is not well for the Republican party to be accused of Atheism without taking some step to rebut the charge. "If you dislike the phrase religious morality, you are not afraid, I suppose, of the name of God; and in that case why not insert a paragraph directing the teachers in communal schools 'to teach the children their duties to God and to their country?'" M. DELSOL at once withdrew his amendment in favour of M. SIMON's suggestion, and the debate was adjourned. On Monday the unlucky PRIME MINISTER had to explain away what he had said on the Saturday. Ardent Theist though he was, he was still convinced of the impossibility of directing schoolmasters to teach children their duty towards God, because to do so would raise the question whether the law meant the God of the Christians, the God of SPINOZA, that of DESCARTES, or that of MALEBRANCHE. M. SIMON defended his amendment in a speech which seems to have been one of his best. He insisted that, unless Republicans wished the communal schools to be neutral ground between Theists and Atheists, they ought to make it clear that they meant Theism to be taught in them; and a minority of the party, strong enough to determine the action of the Senate, were of the same opinion.

The indignation of the Extreme Left has been extreme, but it has only incidentally been directed against M. SIMON. M. FERRY is accused of having provoked his defeat by his anxiety to rebut the accusation of Atheism. If he had defended what one of their organs calls "the rights of children" mutilated by a hateful encroachment upon the domain of "conscience," he would at least have been defeated honourably. The conclusion of M. CLÉMENTEAU's paper is that nothing better was to be expected of a man who could disgrace himself in the Senate by avowing his belief in a God. M. FERRY's defeat will not affect his position as Minister, since he is maintained in that for reasons which have not lost their force, but it will not improve his reputation as a Parliamentary tactician.

THE LIBERAL PARTY IN EUROPE.

THE Liberal party is in the ascendent in almost every European country. Russia must be excluded, as in Russia there are no parties at all in the ordinary sense of the term. There is merely despotism on the one hand, and revolution on the other. In Germany Prince BISMARCK has quarrelled with his old Liberal friends, and has sought to secure a new basis of support in an alliance between Conservatism and Socialism. But the Parliament which has just come to the end of its term cut down or rejected his Socialist schemes; and, while he has openly quarrelled with the Liberals, he has not thought it worth while to purchase the favour of their adversaries by any substantial concessions. In Austria there is a Ministry of conciliation which does not conciliate, but exists, which can do little in any direction, and is now engaged in suppressing Czech riots in the capital of the Czechs. The Hungarian elections have confirmed and increased the Liberal majority, and the existence of a Liberal majority in Hungary means that Hungary will work with Austria so long as Austria leaves Hungary an abundance of local freedom, and pursues a

general policy to which Hungary cannot reasonably object. In Italy no Ministry except a Ministry of the Left can be formed, although Signor SELLAI, when asked to take office, placed before those whom he invited to join him a programme in which very advanced Liberals honestly owned that they saw nothing to which they could object. As France is just about to celebrate again the national fête of the taking of the Bastille, it is useless to speak of the position of the Liberal party there. The taking of the Bastille has become a symbol on the Continent of popular, as distinguished from monarchical, Liberalism. Of the minor States, Spain has lately come under a Liberal Ministry, because the KING thought the time had come when a Liberal Ministry ought to be tried, and the people were at first indifferent to and then pleased with the experiment. Liberal Ministries just hold their own, although they barely hold it, in Belgium and Holland; while in Denmark there is a languid but eternal quarrel, the Crown refusing to take Liberal advisers, and the electors sending representatives who will not vote supplies. Whether in more backward States, like Rumania or Portugal, there happens or does not happen to be in office a Liberal Ministry, is a matter of the smallest possible importance, as one Ministry is exactly like another, and every Ministry is the offspring of some local intrigue. Still even in such countries there are scarcely any exceptions to the general rule, and it may be said broadly that outside Russia, which is not really a part of Europe, the Liberal party governs throughout Europe, with the exception of Prince BISMARCK's recent coquetting with Conservative Socialism.

If it is asked what in this triumph of the Liberal party is triumphing, what are the principles on which the party is agreed, and what are the aims towards which it is striving, it is astonishing how many of the old aspirations of the Liberals, as we used to know them, have sunk into desuetude. To begin with, there is now not the slightest anti-monarchical feeling. There is hardly a king among the monarchs of Europe who is not exceedingly popular with his subjects; and, to the credit of royalty, it may be added that there is scarcely a monarch who does not deserve his popularity. In France there is a Republic, but it is not a Republic of the kind that tries to convert its neighbours; and the Republic of France is quite as much a protest against the last French monarchy, with its very peculiar habits and surroundings, as an expression of deep and abiding prepossession. Then the old Liberal feeling in favour of peace has faded away. No European country wants war, for all have learnt or seen what war means. They are afraid of war, but they are still more afraid of being without the means of making war. Gigantic armies and a modest proportion of iron-clads are demanded with as much fervour by Liberals as by any one else. The first thought of every French Republican who comes to the top is to shout, and if possible to prove, that the Republic is the true friend of the army, and the "heroism of our young soldiers" is eagerly seized on as a splendid testimony to the great truth that the sons of French peasants can march and fight, although there is no Emperor to review them, and no Empress to smile on them. Under the influence of this supreme desire for military strength, the old Liberal faith in political economy has dwindled away until it hardly exists as the ghost of a tradition. In France, in Italy, and in Spain there is now no connexion whatever between Liberalism and Free-trade, and a man may be the staunchest of Liberals and see no inconsistency if at the same time he has as his sole thought on finance how he is to get an increased duty put on some foreign article that rivals the production of himself or his friends. It is true that the Liberal party in Europe has one strong feeling which unites it, and that is a horror of aggressive Socialism. But, in the first place, this is a new feeling, and, in the next place, it is shared by their opponents. There remain as distinctive principles and abiding motives of the party some kind, and often a very theoretical kind, of tenderness for personal liberty, some prepossession in favour of the liberty to express opinion, and a resolution to oppose the pretensions of the Roman Church.

History and the habits of the people give a very different colour to the Liberalism of Liberal countries. Some may be described as approaching more nearly to the English and others to the French type; and for the moment it may be said that the mark of distinction is generally to be found in the quality of the suffrage. In

every country Liberals have to face the perplexing question how they can defend a restricted suffrage and how they can afford an unrestricted suffrage. In France there is universal suffrage, and the peasants at present support the Republic; but they make it a condition of their support that the Republic shall give them material prosperity, and that it shall secure this prosperity by adopting the machinery of Protection, which they think is the only sure guarantee of national well-being. In Germany Prince BISMARCK, in order to avoid troublesome questions of electoral reform, bestowed universal suffrage on the infant Empire; but he calculated, and he now proposes to show that he calculated rightly, that, with the influence of a military State at his command, he could use universal suffrage to repress the Liberal party. In other countries Liberals are aware that, if every man were allowed to vote, they and their party might be swept away altogether. Yet it is so difficult to defend any restriction except on the ground that it exists, and that those who do not like it must make the best of it, that there will always be Liberals who urge that every one ought to be allowed to vote. A Liberal of this kind lately proposed to the Brussels Chamber that every Belgian who could satisfy very easy tests of residence and education should have the right to vote, on which the MINISTER OF FINANCE plainly told him that, if his proposal were carried, there would be an end not only to the Ministry, but to the Liberal party in Belgium. A measure of electoral reform has been talked of for years in Italy, and this Session a Bill for a very extensive reform has passed the Chamber, and is before the Senate. Italians of all parties allow that the present franchise is too restricted; but they all find it very difficult to draw a line which shall be intelligible and permanent. The Chamber rejected, by a majority of 10 to 1, a proposal for establishing universal suffrage pure and simple, and it decided, without much difficulty, that it would adopt an educational test. But what this test should be was a matter on which opinions differed greatly. The Government proposed that the voter should have attended a primary obligatory school; the Committee appointed to report on the Bill thought this too lax, and required that voters should have reached the Fourth Standard; and, finally, when it was pointed out that there were grown men who could not have been at schools, as in their days there were no schools for them to go to, the Chamber decided that, as a temporary measure, until the school test could be applied, every one should vote who could write and read. The real difficulty was how to admit as many as possible, and how to keep out the ignorant mass who might be under the influence of the Church. Liberal Italy, like Liberal Belgium, has to think how an extended suffrage may affect its existence. In other countries an extended suffrage may not sweep away the Liberal party, it may even increase its nominal strength; but it may transform the party it strengthens, and bury the old watchwords in an even deeper oblivion than overshadows them at present.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

AT this time of year many people have to make speeches at the annual dinners of Friendly Societies. When the proper amount of heavy joints have been eaten and the proper number of quarts of beer have been drunk, the chairman of the day rises to make such remarks as occur to him upon the state of the Society's finances. The Registrar of Friendly Societies has lately published a memorandum which will be extremely useful to speakers in want of a suggestive text. Under the Act of 1875 all registered Friendly Societies are required to make a return of their assets and liabilities every five years. The first of these returns ought to have been ready by the 31st of December, 1880, and in the case of a great many Societies the law has been obeyed. Obedience, however, is still very far from being universal, and the object of the Registrar's pamphlet is to make it universal without having recourse to the legal powers with which the Act of 1875 has armed him. With this view he sets out the reasons why such a valuation is required, and impresses upon the Executive of the several Societies the importance of having it made by a competent person. Under both these heads much useful information is given, and the gentry who attend the dinners in question may do their humble neighbours a real service by repeating to them what the

Registrar has said. It must be admitted that to suggest this is to ask them to be a little dull; but the flavour of a chairman's humour is seldom fine enough to make the sacrifice a serious one. The effect of such hints as can be conveyed in an after-dinner speech is no doubt extremely indirect. It is not the members who are present who really decide whether returns shall be made or who shall be appointed to make them. They usually do but elect a secretary or a delegate, who has merely a single vote in the election of the central executive by which the affairs of the Society are managed. But if the same warnings are given in many branches of many Societies, something may be done towards creating an effective public opinion in favour of accurate valuation. If many secretaries go up to the general meeting instructed by their constituents to impress upon the executive the necessity of honestly complying with the law, there will be at least a chance that readiness to comply with it will become a test question at the annual election of officers. It is not, we fancy, the rank and file of these Societies that are most to blame in the matter. Every village has its tale of an insolvent "club," which, after lasting through the years when the chief thing to be done was to receive contributions, has come to nothing when the time arrived for distributing benefits. It is a serious thing to a labouring man to find that, after paying his money steadily while he was young and healthy, there is nothing to be had in return when he is old and sickly. Newer and more promising Societies will not receive him as a member, or will only do so on terms which put him on a level with the careless neighbour who has never thought of joining a Friendly Society until the need for the benefits secured by it is becoming apparent. A disaster of this kind is very well calculated to make the members of Friendly Societies uneasy lest a similar fate should be in store for them. But the officers of such Societies not infrequently approach the facts in a different temper. They also may suspect that things are not going right, and that a full and impartial examination of the Society's position would supply some justification for the members' fears. But they are busy in the conduct of the Society's affairs; they have the hopes which are seldom wanting to men thus employed; and they are afraid that to tell the truth may be to make a disaster inevitable which, without such a disclosure, may still be staved off. Parliament has so far interfered to guard the members of Friendly Societies against their executive that it has made the presentation of valuation returns a condition of registration. If a Society wishes to keep its affairs in a condition of convenient obscurity, it is free to do so. But in that case it will not be registered. It may prey upon the public as it chooses, provided that it does not bring itself within the grasp of criminal law; but it must not prey upon them in the character of a Society which enjoys Government recognition. Most people who live in the country have some opportunities of impressing upon their poor neighbours the superiority of a registered over a non-registered Society, and of a registered Society which carries out the spirit of the Act of Parliament over one which is content with rendering obedience to the letter, or has to be taken before a magistrate before it will do even so much as that. They can hardly do these neighbours a more useful service than by using any influence they may possess to bring these facts home to them.

The Registrar's Memorandum puts the necessity of periodical valuation in a way which can hardly fail to commend itself to the members of Friendly Societies. Every such Society promises to give specific benefits in exchange for specific contributions. The certainty of reaping the benefits depends upon the adequacy of the contributions. It is from the contributions that the benefits must be paid; and, if the contributions are inadequate to provide the benefits, the Society will not be able to keep its promises, and must become wholly or partially bankrupt. A Society may have money in hand and yet be insolvent; it may have more money in hand at the end of one year than it had the year before, and yet it may not be prosperous. Solvency depends not on an accidental and momentary preponderance of receipts over liabilities, but "upon whether its existing funds, together with the future contributions for benefits which the members are bound to pay, are enough to balance the benefits which those members have the right to receive under the rules, together with any other expenses and liabilities." Everything, therefore,

depends upon the proper proportion between benefits and contributions being strictly maintained. "If the money a man is paying is not enough to secure him the benefits which he relies on, what is the use of paying it?" This is a question which many a member of a Friendly Society has asked in the past tense; but the Registrar's object is to make them ask it in the present and future tenses. The longer they go on making payments which are not enough to secure them the benefits promised in return, the worse it will be for them in the end. Of course they may fall ill and die before the state of the Society's exchequer has been discovered, and in that case it may be better for them not to have left it. But, except where a man has good reason to think that, short as the Society's lease of life may be, his own will be still shorter, the sooner he gets out of a Society with which insolvency is only a question of time the better. Every year that he remains a member makes it more difficult for him to join a Society constituted on a sounder footing, and adds to the probability that, when he really wants the help he has all his life been paying for, it will not be forthcoming.

We do not propose that the chairman at a Friendly Society's dinner shall urge the members to lose no time in leaving it. If he has satisfied himself that it is in danger of bankruptcy, he will do better to stay away altogether. But, though when he has been asked to bless he cannot with decency curse, he may still counsel the members to satisfy themselves that the Society is in a position to keep its promises. They have no business to be satisfied on this point unless there has been a proper valuation of the funds coming or to come into the Society's treasury and of the liabilities which these funds will have to meet. Unfortunately the Act of 1875 does not, as we have often pointed out, insist on this comparison's being made by a person competent to make it. The Chairman's next business, therefore, will be to show how much depends upon the technical knowledge of the valuer, and how essential it is that the valuer chosen should possess this technical knowledge. The Registrar's Memorandum will tell him what is proper evidence of competence, and if he can induce his hearers to ask the executive of the Society not to be content with any less perfect proof, he may have started a movement which will bear useful fruit by and by.

THE AMERICAN CRIME.

WHEN the virtuous Herr Most, in the article which won him the sympathy of intelligent Radicals, was calling for all "threatened heads," he specially mentioned the heads in Constantinople and Washington. A Sultan cannot be murdered every day, even to oblige Herr Most, but his advice has been rapidly followed in Washington. The theory that every person in authority is a *caput lupinum*, an outlaw *ex officio*, has been acted on by Mr. Charles Guiteau, who describes himself as a Chicago lawyer and a "Stalwart of the Stalwarts." There seems reason now to hope that his cruel and abominable action will not help the Stalwarts or remove a statesman who has borne his sufferings with extraordinary constancy and courage. President Garfield has won the sympathy of the whole world. His political opponents have lost ground in proportion, and though it is probable that only fanatical party hatred and furious indignation could charge them with any knowledge of Guiteau's crime, they are almost as much discredited by it as if they had really instigated the offence.

The attempt to assassinate President Garfield was an offence peculiarly American in character and in detail. Mr. Browning has written a poem on "Nationality in Drinks," and there appears to be such a thing as nationality in crime. A Russian murderer is usually the half-witted agent of a secret society. He is provided with all scientific apparatus for accomplishing his misdeed; and he is careless as to the number of lives of unoffending people he may destroy in addition to the crowned head at which he especially aims. He usually has confederates among ladies of birth and education, and attempts are made to secure his retreat. His position is that of a political agitator, using what he conceives to be the only possible means of political agitation. An Irish villain is a more clumsy, more cowardly, and more harum-scarum malefactor. He aims to do mischief at large, as part of the process which the Jacobites called "boxing it about." He is unscientific in his choice of implements; he runs away as soon as he is detected; and he ingenuously avows his regret that he ever took part in the undertaking.

The American assassin seems not to act as the agent of any society, and; he has no thought of regenerating the human race, like the Russian, or of annoying a hostile and masterful people, like the Irishman. He merely works out the simple American

principle, "the spoils to the victor." He regards politics as a system for the distribution of jobs and patronage; and, when his own friends, the "Stalwarts," have not patronage at their disposal, he tries to secure it for them with the aid of a "California bull-doser." The "Bull-doser" is a much more certain weapon than the Russian bomb, or the Irish gas-pipe or wooden box charged with gunpowder, brown paper, and an old carpet-bag. A "bull-dose" means a large efficient dose of any sort of medicine or punishment. To "bull-dose" a negro in the Southern States means to flog him to death, or nearly to death. Thus a California bull-doser is a pistol which carries a bullet heavy enough to destroy human life with certainty. It was with this weapon that Guiteau proposed to rectify the balance of patronage.

The sanity of Guiteau is a question which will interest experts, but which the people of the United States are not likely to consider too curiously. That Guiteau was constantly pestering General Grant and other persons for every post from the Austrian mission to a consulship at Marseilles does not prove him to be insane. If it did, an American President must every day enjoy large opportunities for studying the phenomena of lunacy. To a very great number of American citizens politics are as much a profession as the directorship of railways, companies, and Indian gold mines in England. The July number of the *North American Review* contains an article on "The Power of Public Plunder," by Mr. Parton, which will explain to English readers the nature of "the boss business." Mr. Parton's text is the short speech made by Mr. O'Phanagan at a convention in Chicago last year, "What are we here for if not for the offices?" Mr. Parton says, "We are face to face with a state of politics of which money is the motive, the means, and the end." Politics, in fact, are "a big gamble," and Mr. Guiteau is one of the gamblers who have found themselves backing the losing colour. Mr. Parton likens people of the Guiteau class to flies on a wharf, rats in a cheese ship, and the hideous things that crawl in the ooze of a slaughter-house. One of those persons declined a place of which the salary was but fifty dollars a week, because that sum would not pay for his rum and cigars. In the recent presidential election people are said to have made money by the million. Guiteau was a speculator who had mistaken his market. His friends, the Stalwarts, found that their man was put off with the position of Vice-President, and that the President himself was not only not their friend, but the enemy of all corruption and jobbery. Guiteau himself need no more be a maniac than the equally celebrated Lefroy, who did a good deal of work on the Liberal side during the general election. If Lefroy had cherished the belief that the result of the elections would have been to enable him to pick and choose among offices and salaries, his disappointment might have led to results like those which America deploras. But a political "worker" in England knows that his gains are limited to a few casual sovereigns and a little beer. In America a vain and selfish man may hope for something immeasurably better, and his disappointment when he fails is proportionate. The despair and envy of the ruined gambler take possession of him, and despair and envy are likely to prompt to villany.

The letters and papers which Guiteau had prepared may be genuine documents, or he may have intended to prepare evidence of his own lunacy and moral irresponsibility. However that may be, they are conceived in the true spirit of the modern political assassin. He contemplates his crime as a mere incident in the political evolution. He looks at it as impersonally as if it were an operation of nature, a landslip, or a flood, which we may regret, but which is outside moral praise or blame. He even attempts, in one paper, to pretend that his real care was, not for the pockets of the Stalwarts, but for the Republic at large. One might imagine that, when politics became a pure affair of commerce, political fanaticism would cease to exist. When it was understood that every politician was going merely for the dollars, no one could pretend to be inspired to crime by watchwords, like Liberty and the State. A speculator in Wall Street might as well pretend to shoot some more successful business man for being a tyrant and the natural foe of freedom. But minds like Guiteau's are capable of confusing the old commonplaces with the new theories. In practice he was a wild office-hunter, maddened by ambition and soured by failure. But in one of his papers he wrote, quite in the high style of the political evolutionist, "The President's tragic death was a bad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party, and save the Republic." And he goes on, in the manner of a celebrated consolation, "Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. . . . A human life is of small value." These are precisely the theories of what may be styled the Higher Assassins. The Nihilists have, probably, no personal ill-will against the people they blow to pieces. The Irish have no personal ill-will against the babies into whose nurseries they fire, or the children and old women beneath whom they explode tin cans full of gunpowder. They philosophically regard these lives as mere cyphers, to be cancelled in working out a political problem. Mr. Guiteau, though a hungry office-seeker and Chicago lawyer, had reached the same cold pinnacles of thought. To him the success of people likely to place him in office, and to keep up the merry game of jobbery, was like some great beneficent end of nature. Private individuals must suffer, as Nature works out her will; and the murder of a President was a mere neutral incident in the advance of the Stalwart party to control over "the offices." From a chance expression of the President's, as he lay half delirious, it seems that he thought Guiteau was influenced by a mere insane vanity. "I

suppose he thought it would be a glorious thing to emulate the pirate chief." Guiteau's character, by his own father's admission, is one naturally framed for "almost any stupidity, folly, or raceality." But even his father seems to doubt whether he can be called insane. "If called as a witness, I believe I should testify that he is absolutely insane, and hardly responsible for his actions." This is a very hesitating expression of opinion. Probably it is true that Guiteau has the levity, vanity, and selfishness of the born criminal. But it is equally probable that he would have avoided this particularly abominable offence if he had not lived in the air of political money-making and at a time when political assassinations are recommended by some and palliated by other public writers.

Possibly there may be one favourable result of this miserable affair. The Americans have been treating very lightly the threats and murderous conspiracies of some Irish boasters and blackguards who live among them. They have chosen to regard the raising of money for assuredly murderous purposes as a harmless eccentricity. They have tolerated speeches in which promiscuous murder on a large scale and indiscriminate slaughter by aid of infernal machines were advocated as patriotic duties. It has been their line to take all this as the mere effervescence of free speech, a harmless froth upon the surface of Republican life. They have now learned to their cost that murder is no child's play, and that a man is not necessarily harmless because he cherishes and upholds theories of assassination. They now know that a temper is prevalent which makes the life of every public man unsafe. A foolish creature has been saying that it is his mission to shoot Mr. Blaine. Missions of this sort are growing quite popular. As long as the missions were to be executed on this side of the Atlantic, as long as English houses and ships were to be blown up and English statesmen threatened, the matter seemed unimportant. America could not undertake our police work. But she has learned that to permit or encourage examples of this sort may not be without danger to herself. Morality is sometimes said to be a mere affair of geography. Disappointed office-seekers will fail to see why they may not do in Washington the things that Irish ruffians are permitted to prepare to do in England.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S LAST CHARGE.

IT may annoy everybody, but can surprise no one, that Mr. Bradlaugh should have taken the opportunity to renew his assaults upon the House of Commons in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's inclusion of the Oaths Bill in the company of more respectable innocents who are this year doomed to massacre at an earlier date than usual. For this inclusion the Government had, no doubt, the most excellent reasons; and it may very well be that, as often happens to persons who have not been formally admitted to the councils of their Sovereign, the reasons which weighed heaviest with them were not those which they avowed, either to others or to themselves. It was perfectly true, as Mr. Gladstone remarked, that the Oaths Bill answered eminently to the description of a measure which was not likely to pass without considerable opposition. But it is also true that the measure is one for which the Government, or at least their chief, had but little stomach. Mr. Gladstone was dragged and almost hustled into suggesting this Bill; he resorted to the most extraordinary expedients to render it unnecessary; and he must have raised the sacrificial knife with feelings as unlike those of Abraham or Agamemnon as can well be imagined. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, naturally does not take the same view of the matter. Newspapers which may be presumed to have some foundation for their assertions affirm, with what truth we cannot say, that the maintenance of his disabilities would have a very awkward effect, not merely on his general welfare, but on his political prospects. He has hitherto had no success whatever in the courts of law, and a final failure would leave him burdened with heavy penalties and costs. The result of a possible bankruptcy would make him, until he obtained his discharge, ineligible as a candidate at Northampton; and it is needless to say that Mr. Bradlaugh elected, but not able to take his seat, and Mr. Bradlaugh simply disqualified, and with another sitting and voting in his room, are two very different persons. At present the great argument of those who are compelled to forego the attempt to represent Mr. Bradlaugh as a martyr of religious intolerance is to bewail the injustice done to Northampton by allowing her to be represented only by Mr. Labouchere. In the case proposed Northampton would be fully represented, and the battle-horse of the Bradlaugh party would be withdrawn from between their legs.

If Mr. Bradlaugh is a vindictive person (and not a few of his utterances might warrant the supposition that his dislike to the dogmas of Christianity extends in this respect, at any rate, to its morality), he ought to hate the Government much more than the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone has, indeed, backed his friend on this occasion in a manner not calculated to excite lively gratitude even in the most susceptible bosom. It was distinctly owing to the influence of the Government that the House of Commons was betrayed into the undignified and illogical position of inviting Mr. Bradlaugh, at heavy risk to himself, to obtain for it from the courts of justice a direction as to its own rules of admission. This trap was not set or baited by Sir Stafford Northcote or by Lord Randolph Churchill, but by Mr. Bradlaugh's own party. Nor in any subsequent proceedings have the Government

espoused the cause of their supporter as might have been expected. They have behaved towards him rather as weak-minded members of a family sometimes behave towards a poor and disreputable relation than as the head of the house might be expected to behave to an acknowledged house-mate. They have left back doors open for him at night; they have allowed scraps from the larder to be arranged where he could lay hands on them; they have deposited cast-off clothing in a secluded barn, and otherwise shown that charity which is decidedly ashamed of itself and its object. And now they announce their intention of making no effort to continue even those small and questionable mercies. Mr. Bradlaugh may go to Northampton or anywhere else for them; other people object to him, and he is to be left to himself and his objectors accordingly. It is now said that they will not engage to resuscitate the Oaths Bill next session. The recently published correspondence between the Prime Minister and his faithful supporter is a most curious collection of documents. Mr. Bradlaugh is nothing if not a writer of letters, and his letter-book must, as a curiosity, exceed even that of Mr. Toots. He writes to the Speaker, he writes to Sir Stafford Northcote, he writes to members of Parliament who make what he considers to be injurious statements in reference to himself and his associates. In Mr. Gladstone he might justly think that he recognized a kindred spirit, for Mr. Gladstone also writes to everybody. But, just as it has been noticed that two celebrated diners-out, when in each other's company, flag and faint; just as the two fencing masters the other day in Paris performed but inefficiently in mortal combat; so these two great epistolists and speakers show but few of their gifts in this correspondence. Mr. Gladstone, though not so laconic as he sometimes is on post-cards, is very much shyer of engaging. He informs his correspondent, even at the very outset, that he would very much rather have nothing to do with him. Mr. Bradlaugh, he says, is aware "to how considerable an extent Liberal and public interests have been brought into prejudice by untrue suppositions as to communications between you and the Government." He would therefore much rather not grant the interview which Mr. Bradlaugh humbly desires. Who the wicked people may have been who untruly supposed that Mr. Gladstone or the Government had communications with a faithful supporter, whose interests they were evidently striving in an earnest, if peculiar, fashion to advance, we shall not pause to inquire. It is clear that Mr. Gladstone thinks them very bad men. They have brought Liberal and public interests into prejudice; a delightful marriage of terms, only perhaps to be paralleled in that celebrated ascription by Suwarrow of the capture of Ismail to God and Catherine II. which shocked Lord Byron. In short, Mr. Bradlaugh, if not a nuisance himself, has been the cause of a nuisance, and Mr. Gladstone would much rather have nothing to do with him. The attitude—Mr. Gladstone is fond of the word attitude—is not heroic, perhaps, but it is intensely natural. "Only think, my dear fellow, if I were to be seen in your company!" is the meaning of the remark, disengaged from private-secretary verbiage, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Bradlaugh liked it. It does not appear that the unfortunate person who has unintentionally been the cause of prejudice to Liberal and public interests resented the implied slight. Perhaps he knew that if he were to seem to lose respect for Mr. Gladstone even the Nonconformists of Northampton would fail him. He contented himself with trumping a favourite card of Mr. Gladstone's by pointing out that there were four courses open, and by announcing—we think he has said it before—that so long as he had life he would not permit physical force to prevent him, &c. Mr. Gladstone does not seem to have entered into argument on Mr. Bradlaugh's four-course system, probably taking the introduction of the fourth as personal; but he remarks that he has "much to consider," which, coming from a Prime Minister, is a proposition which we cannot imagine any person seriously disputing. Mr. Bradlaugh is referred to the Speech from the Throne—can it be possible that this is an adroit repudiation, on the part of the cunning Premier, of Republican sympathies?—and no subsequent attempts of his to "draw" Mr. Gladstone avail. He is informed that the Government cannot attempt the Oaths Bill, and a second reference to the Speech from the Throne is made, which would probably have drawn from any but a faithful Radical a spirited "counter" on the subject of the Transvaal. Then Mr. Bradlaugh ends, not in anger, but in sorrow. He "concludes from Mr. Gladstone's silence"—reference to speeches from thrones is, one would think, even worse than silence to Mr. Bradlaugh—that the Government "are unable or unwilling to enforce the law in the matter."

Yet, as we have said, it does not appear that Mr. Bradlaugh is at all angry with the Government. It is still the wicked Tories, the base holders of perpetual pensions, whom he blames, and one of the most eminent of those persons with whom he acts has informed the public that, in order not to embarrass the Government, he will not even make that raid on the House of Commons which was threatened until the Land Bill is safe. Meanwhile the House is prepared for him. It is even said that the Inspector on duty is to have notice of the coming struggle, so that everything may pass in the most chivalrous manner. Mr. Bradlaugh, apparently, aspires after imprisonment, an aspiration which it may be trusted will not have to be gratified. Yet, if it be so, he must surely ask himself as he sits in his dungeon who has brought him there, and it will surely be odd if he does not come to the conclusion that it is Mr. Gladstone and the Government. But

for their ill-advised and half-hearted assistance he might have been an interesting martyr; his name might have ranked with the great names of O'Connell and Salomons; he might have sat for the duration of the present Parliament silent, voteless, but protesting; he might have retained the respectful veneration of all the Liberal organs, and yet not forfeited the esteem of Northampton and the Hall of Science. This is now impossible. His political friends in discussing his case remark rudely that he has excluded himself from personal sympathy. The leaders of his party inform him in effect that they are very glad to have him to vote for them, and that such a relation is all very pleasant and friendly, but that as for hurting themselves and prejudicing Liberal interests for his sake, they do not see it at all. The fervent admiration of Mr. Labouchere, the devoted fidelity of Northampton, is still his, but though the first is of course unalterable, the latter may perhaps be considered liable to change. It is conceivable that even Northampton may come to think that it is better to have two members than one, and that if the two are to be had it might be well that they should be persons whom the Prime Minister of the day does not politely decline to see because the suspicion of communications with them brings prejudice to public and Liberal interests. The project of literally taking the House of Commons by storm is unlikely to succeed in face of the Speaker's orders and the attitude of the Prime Minister. And, when Mr. Bradlaugh had been for a few times committed to the Clock Tower or to Newgate, people would, in all probability, vote him a nuisance and a bore, which state when an Englishman reaches it may be said to be all up with him. Mr. Bradlaugh has come near to this perilous condition as it is, and his proposed course of action will assuredly complete the process. After all, perhaps Newgate would not be necessary. Who is it who tells the story of an obstinate beggar in an Eastern clime who, wearying out the patience of some great one by perpetually standing at his gate, was at last vanquished by being regularly built up into the wall—immured in masonry? The beggar, if we remember rightly, stuck to it till the bricks reached his chest, and then capitulated. With Mr. Bradlaugh, a man of great strength of character, it might be necessary to go on to the chin. Unluckily, we are a humane and foolish people; and there might be objections to such an addition to the structural and decorative features of the Palace of Westminster being thoroughly carried out in case of obstinacy. Yet the plan would have several merits. It would effectually get rid of Mr. Bradlaugh, and it would materially add to the interest of Sir Charles Barry's edifice in the eyes of Americans, country cousins, and such-like pilgrims, avid of striking historical associations with the places they visit.

PROFESSOR ROGERS ON THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

SOME weeks ago Mr. Thorold Rogers had a little controversy in the *Times* with the Tutors of Christ Church as to the present efficiency of the education at what Christ Church men pride themselves on designating "the House." Into the merits of that dispute we need not enter here, but it was rather amusing to find the Radical Professor—we believe he would exult in the name—meeting the elaborate catalogue offered for his confutation by the Senior Censor of honours recently gained from Christ Church by the highly Conservative rejoinder, that they were mostly obtained, not in the good old classical schools, but in scientific and other modern subjects to which he himself attached no great educational value. It is gratifying to know that the distinguished Liberal who said more information could be derived from a single sheet of the *Times* than from "all the works of Thucydides" is not likely to find his literary heresies endorsed by Professor Rogers; neither probably would he be disposed to accept Lord Sherbrooke's arithmetical calculation of the relative importance of the battle of Marathon and an explosion in a Welsh coal-mine. But the same odd combination of rigid Conservatism with ultra-Radicalism, of fact and fancy, sound common-sense and theories as wild as the statements urged in support of them are often wholly unjustifiable, which generally characterizes the public utterances of the learned Professor, is certainly not wanting in his latest contribution to the enlightenment of his countrymen. This is indeed the less to be wondered at as his article on "Parliament and the Higher Education" in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine* deals chiefly with the condition of Oxford, and we are only saying what Mr. Rogers would probably consider rather a compliment than otherwise to his reforming zeal, when we describe him as a kind of academical Ishmael, whose hand, if not exactly against every man, is against every College—as in the recent instance of Christ Church—and who seems to feel the hand of every College to be against him. To particular Colleges and particular Professorships—e.g. theological ones—he has a special antipathy, but Colleges and professors generally he loves, if wisely, not too well, nor would an intelligent reader of this latest article of his need much reading between the lines to find it out. The final suggestion, even if it stood alone, that a Minister of Education should be appointed, with supreme control over the Universities as well as the Civil Service Commission and the Endowed Schools, and still more the reasons given for regarding such a measure as the "one remedy" and only "reasonable hope" for raising Oxford and Cambridge above a level "far inferior to fourth-rate German Universities," would illustrate the writer's animus pretty plainly. But he begins with an historical

sketch of Oxford, from its origin till 1854, which is interesting and in the main accurate, and to this we may first direct the attention of our readers. It is introduced in the following passage, where, as will readily be observed, the sting is in the tail:—

Of the antiquity of Oxford, of which I particularly wish to speak, there is no doubt. It was certainly in existence in the twelfth century. The colleges in the universities, originally more excrescences on a large and varying body of independent students, were governed by statutes framed by their several founders, though from time to time the founder's rule was modified or interpreted by the visitor. The State did not interfere with the endowments of these colleges or the tenure of them, except that the Universities were visited by the Crown in the successive reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, when those who did not conform to the Establishment were expelled. But the statutes remained unaltered, many of these regulations binding the fellows to the practices of the Unreformed Church. Oxford colleges were founded from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries. The ancient system of the University was represented by a few halls, which originally elected their own rulers, and still kept up the form of doing so. But Leicester, Chancellor of the University in Elizabeth's reign, contrived to get the nomination of these heads into his own hands, probably in order to strengthen the position of the Puritan party in the University. This usurpation soon hardened from a precedent into a right of patronage. It is fair to say, that the right was not on the whole abused till the days of the latest chancellors. Some of the most distinguished members of the University have been heads of halls. The right of being an independent member of the University, the most ancient form of membership, was extinguished by Laud, who procured a statute compelling every member of the University to become a member of some college or existing hall. James I. accorded to the two Universities the privilege of being represented in Parliament, a privilege which Elizabeth more wisely had refused.

The privileges of the Universities were originally accorded by royal charters and papal bulls, but they were incorporated by Act of Parliament in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. No attempt, however, was made to interfere with their internal government till the time of Archbishop Laud who, in his capacity of Chancellor, drew up certain statutes which were authorized by the King. It is no doubt literally true that "from the beginning Oxford was a secular institution"; the Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese it was situated, had no jurisdiction over it, and when Henry VIII. founded the See of Oxford, the new diocesan was similarly precluded from all interference. But it is rather absurd to talk of the Universities being "handed over to the Establishment at the Restoration," because the Act of Uniformity was extended to them. Does Mr. Rogers imagine that before the Reformation, any more than after it, any dissent from the authorized teaching of the Church would have been tolerated for a moment in the chairs or colleges of either University? As to the colleges, in nearly all of them the members on the foundation were ecclesiastics of some kind, while some were founded for directly religious objects, as e.g. All Souls for masses for those who fell at Agincourt, and Lincoln—as Mr. Rogers himself reminds us—for the suppression of Lollardism. And there is something quite grotesquely paradoxical in his statement that "up to the Act of Uniformity, in 1562, admission to orders was not, and had not been, even in pre-Reformation times, a condition precedent to holding deanery, canonry, dignity, or even rectory. The Act of Uniformity took capital offices from the laity and gave them to the clergy." The object of this provision in the Act of Uniformity, as is notorious, was to exclude ministers who had not received episcopal ordination, and were therefore from the Church point of view laymen, from holding benefices, many such having been intruded into livings and dignities during the Commonwealth period. But if canonries and livings, and, we may add, bishoprics and rich abbacies, were occasionally held by laymen "in pre-Reformation times," that merely means that by a gross abuse, in defiance both of canon and civil law, mediæval Popes were apt to thrust Italian nominees of their own—often mere boys—through favouritism or bribery, into posts for which they were not legally qualified except by dispensation. These interlopers were generally, however, in orders of some kind, when not actually priests. And this was just one of the most glaring abuses which led to such constant bickerings between England and the Court of Rome, and helped to pave the way for the Reformation. Mr. Rogers is more correct in saying that College endowments at Oxford were almost always limited to particular districts, families, or schools, though there were some notable exceptions. The Oriel fellowship, and the scholarships at Balliol and Corpus, owed their recognized pre-eminences to their being "open" instead of "close" foundations. The abolition of nearly all the local or other restrictions, and of the test of comparative poverty as a condition for holding a college endowment, was no doubt the most sweeping innovation effected by the University Act of 1854, and we quite agree with Professor Rogers that, whatever may be said in favour of the change on other grounds, it has had, as it was foreseen that it must have, one very undesirable result, in barring the road to humble merit, and pouring endowments intended for the poor into the lap of the rich. This is equally true of course—not to say still truer—of scholarships thrown open or newly founded at our public schools, for the test of competitive examination applied to boys of twelve or thirteen reveals more expensive "coaching" than native talent, and almost inevitably results in giving to him that hath what was originally intended for him that hath not. It is too true also that "incredible injury was and is done to the mind of youth," both in its earlier and later stages, "by speculative cram," and that often enough "the schoolmaster," much oftener the private "coach," "has crammed the boy with an incurable dyspepsia of the intelligence," so that "he has won his scholarship at the expense of his education." But we cannot at all follow the writer in his sweeping indictment against the English public schools of half a century

age, which, as he assures us, "with very rare exceptions, were in an utterly unsatisfactory condition, and gave next to no instruction whatever"; nor do we believe that then, any more than now, the best education was found in private schools. The curriculum in both alike may have been a narrow one, but what the public schools taught they generally taught well, better perhaps than they sometimes teach it now. The wholesale charge of favouritism and neglect against the whole class of College tutors, past and present, is no less characteristically unjust. Certainly "it is a common saying in Oxford"—in other words, it is a common joke—"that the clever men are to be found in the third class, the dull and industrious in the second, the examiners' friends being put into the first." The common form of the saying is, or was, that the clever men got seconds and the examiners' friends got into the first; but, as Dr. Newman—who is said to have been a poor Greek scholar at the time—got a third, the other version also gained currency. But when Mr. Rogers gravely adds that "the statement is undoubtedly an exaggeration," but that there is no public conscience in Oxford to prevent its becoming a reality, and that in fact it often is verified, we can only marvel at his curious incapacity for distinguishing an epigram from an argument.

The permission to marry which has been accorded during the last few years to some fellows of Colleges and to many tutors who are not fellows is no doubt a questionable advantage to the cause of collegiate education. It acts, not only as college livings used sometimes to act in the days of clerical restriction, in keeping up superannuated tutors, but has a further drawback of its own, which is noticed in the following passage:—

The college tutors have generally obtained permission to marry. It is almost superfluous to say that this concession quarters them permanently on the college, however unfit they may be found to be for the function of giving instruction. They also necessarily cease to fulfil the first duty of a tutor, that of looking after the undergraduates' conduct and progress. After two or three hours of routine work in the morning, the college married tutor is away at his villa. The discipline of the college is left to the very few resident fellows, and it is creditable to undergraduates in college that at the present time, with little supervision over them, riotous freaks are far rarer than they were a generation ago. But the undergraduate is a far more adult person at the present time than he used to be.

We may add that, in spite of the "adult" personality of modern undergraduates, "riotous freaks" have occurred in more than one Oxford college during the last few years which might be directly traced to the cause indicated above. But Mr. Rogers seems to object, not only to married tutors, but to College fellows and tutors altogether. When he roundly asserts that "there is not the slightest justification in endowing the vendor of a marketable commodity, such as a knowledge of the art of teaching Latin, Greek, or mathematics," he is—we will not say proving too much, for he may perhaps be prepared himself to accept the full consequences of his argument—but he is laying down a principle which goes far beyond any application he has here taken occasion to make of it. Nor is the general rule by any means so self-evident to everybody as he appears to think—even with the help of his personal illustrations—that "free teachers do very much better in the open market than College tutors do in the close, whether one considers their profits or their successes." And to say that it is a mere "waste" to endow "four teachers of Anglican theology at Oxford," when the demand for such teaching by candidates for ordination would anyhow create the supply, is to formulate an argument equally available—perhaps intended to be equally available—against ecclesiastical endowments altogether. It is of course just as wasteful an interference with the natural laws of supply and demand to endow preachers for Anglican pulpits as professors for chairs of Anglican theology. Meanwhile it is eminently characteristic of the Professor's Ishmaelite temperament that he clinches his argument by the flattering suggestion that no "Oxford professor of divinity," since those chairs were founded, has ever done anything for Anglican theology. Without going back very far or entering on any very recondite investigation, such names as Bishop Lloyd, Dr. Burton, Dr. Pusey, Dean Mansel, Professor Hussey, Dr. Shirley, Dr. Mozley, and Dr. Bright would at once occur to most Oxford men as affording a curious illustration of this discriminating verdict. There are several other *obiter dicta* of a not very complimentary kind scattered over the article which it would take too long to examine in detail here. It is not necessary to inquire more particularly whether "the mob of country clergymen (who enjoy the University franchise) are the most insane body to which a public duty could be entrusted"; or whether again, when a vacancy occurs in the Oxford professoriate, "there is a scramble, in which the least competent candidate ordinarily manages to fill the vacancy," while, if now and then "a really competent person is, by a happy accident, promoted to a professorship," he is pretty sure to have an incompetent successor; nor shall we stay to analyse the pleasing assertion that "the Law professors have generally been, and perhaps will continue to be, unsuccessful barristers with academical friends." But it is a graver matter when the writer not obscurely intimates that "academical morality" is wholly defunct at Oxford, and bases this startling indictment on a fact which would be irrelevant, if correctly stated, and about which he happens to be quite mistaken. It is simply not the case that "the feeling"—which means of course the general feeling—"in Cambridge, where academical morality is by no means extinct, is hostile to the existence of heads of colleges altogether." There is, no doubt, a Nihilistic section, so to call them, among the younger Liberals at Cambridge, as there also is at Oxford, who

would like to see the Heads of Houses improved off the face of the earth, though they have not yet propounded any theory as to who or what is to be substituted for the deposed authorities. But this is not the prevalent opinion at either university, and the Professor's novel discovery that "these people generally have nothing to do" and are simply "*fruges consumere nati*" will probably cause as much surprise at Cambridge as at Oxford. Neither is it indeed altogether clear that hostility to heads is a sure criterion of "academical morality." We will not undertake to identify the well-known head of an Oxford College who suggested "that his own large stipend should be further increased and that he should be allowed to be non-resident," but the context appears to point to a man distinguished alike in the academical and literary world, whose opinions may be in some respects peculiar, but who certainly cannot be accused of indolence or incompetence.

We have referred already to Professor Rogers's demand for a Minister of Education to dominate the two Universities. It is true enough that "there is little to be expected from the direct action of Parliament" in the matter of University reform, though we can hardly think it "unlucky" that so miscellaneous a body should scruple to legislate on details with which it is and must remain wholly unfamiliar. But the explanation here given of its unfitness is remarkable, especially as coming from such a quarter. "Class representation in Parliament," we are told, "is of no value—it is a positive mischief. Oxford and Cambridge have rarely sent their representatives to Parliament who have advocated anything but the meanest interests of the meanest rank of clergymen." There is therefore no hope from the direct intervention of Parliament, and still less of course from the independent action of the Universities themselves. What good thing can come out of a Nazareth where there is "not enough of public conscience to reprobate," or "prevent," the systematic perpetration of "the gravest scandals," whose constituency is "the most insane mob" ever accredited with a public trust, who, when by some rare accident "they have been represented by great capacity, have never rested till they have got rid of incongruous intelligence?" We have now probably said enough to indicate the general tone and temper of Professor Thorold Rogers's last contribution to the question of University reform; but the following extract, with which our notice of it must conclude, contains so amusingly characteristic an estimate of the *personnel* of the present Oxford Commission that it would be a pity to omit it; the final hit at "a country clergyman"—presumably an obscure unit in the "insane mob"—will be duly appreciated by those to whom the name of Mr. Osborne Gordon is familiar:—

The composition of the Oxford Commission was ludicrous in the extreme. At the head of it was put an ancient nobelman, who took his degree at New College, when the members of that society were exempt from all academical examinations, some sixty years ago, and had never had any relations with the University since. There was only one member of the Commission who had any intimate acquaintance with the University, and this member, though a person of singular abilities, was equally singular for his indecision. There were three lawyers on the Commission—Lord Selborne, Mr. Bernard, and Justice Grove—men of undoubted ability, but not informed as to the present state and present needs of the University; a country gentleman and member of Parliament, who had been a fellow of All Souls, and is understood to be the most practical and sensible person in the whole body; and a head of an Oxford college, of whom nothing need be said besides. Justice Grove resigned, and was succeeded by a country clergyman, who twenty years ago had been censor of Christ Church; and finally Lord Selborne resigned, to be succeeded by the Master of University, who would have been better appointed at the first constitution of the Commission.

UPSTAIRS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WE are so accustomed to the fact that little or nothing remains of most English abbeys except the church that we say "abbey" when we mean "church" in a great many cases. As a good deal remains of the convulgent buildings of Westminster Abbey, there is nothing extraordinary in going upstairs or downstairs or in the Abbot's chamber. But such ups and downs within the church itself strike the visitor as somewhat strange. He does not know, or has no means of knowing, that there are in some places at least two storeys above the ground floor, that above some of the chapels are hanging chantries, miniature churches in themselves, and long drawn aisles full of strange monuments. None of these nooks are shown to the public. It would be impossible to show them to more than a very few visitors at a time. The stairs are not only narrow and dark, but fragile in some cases, and when you reach at length the upper floor you often find it a very irregular surface on the top of the groining, without any railing to prevent you from falling into the nave or choir below. Nor is it altogether worth the trouble involved in ascending, for people do not always care to get behind the scenes and be made acquainted with the seamy side of what they only know as the perfection of beauty and order. The most lovely buildings in the world have their uncomely parts, and Westminster Abbey is no exception to the rule. The strange thing about visiting the triforium is the difficulty of recognizing the antiquity, the historical association, the absolute value of every heap of dusty rubbish which has accumulated there in the course of centuries. Here, a bundle of pieces of broken boarding are the canopy of some great king's tomb removed to make way for the burial of a greater. There, a heap of broken stones are fragments of the monuments and chantries destroyed as idolatrous

in fanatical times. A confused collection in a corner of carved and gilded scraps of plaster or wood represents the pomp of heraldic ornament at the funeral of a duke or a general. Nothing is lost that has once found its way into the church; and the storehouse has ample room for everything worth preserving, as well as for much that has ceased to interest the people of this generation.

The ascent is made by various flights of stairs. One of these opens on the east aisle of the cloister, close to the entrance of the Chapter-house. When the ancient church of the Confessor was superseded by the more magnificent building of Henry III., the cloisters, though they abutted on the new groundplan of the western aisle of the south transept, were not removed, and the Poet's Corner is thus defrauded of its full proportions. The cloister is much lower than the aisle would have been in its place; and over it is the muniment room, with its iron-bound coffers. The triforium is another flight above, and the winding stair is steep, slippery, and dark. When at length we stand on the red-brick pavement and look around, we are surprised to observe the great size of the chamber which intervenes between the top of the vaulting below and the timbers of the roof above. Nothing gives a better idea of the vastness of a building than to see the greatness of its minor parts. The pavement, which only dates from the time of Wren, becomes more irregular as we turn into the triforium of the nave. It conceals the "pockets" of the vaulting, receptacles probably filled with fragments of the statues and altars displaced at the Reformation. At the further end, in the south tower over the Abbot's Chapel or baptistery, the floor was of wood. On its being removed, the remains of Torregiano's images in terra-cotta, for the decoration of the altar in Henry VII.'s Chapel, were found. They indicate rather than prove the magnificence of the whole structure; but are broken into such minute pieces that the united efforts of several antiquaries have so far failed to make up a single complete figure. Among them is the "torso" of a splendidly modelled statue of the dead Saviour, and beautiful are the feet of the angels of the canopy. This altar, which was engraved by Sandford as the monument of Edward VI., was destroyed in 1643 by one Sir Robert Harlow, who deserves to go down to posterity with Erostratus and Lloyd. Some portions, identified at Oxford among the Arundel marbles by Mr. Middleton, have been recently restored to their place, but it is to be feared that the terra-cotta fragments in the triforium are beyond repair. The chamber over the vaulting of the Abbot's Chapel, in which they were found, was that occupied, it is said, by Bradshaw, President of the High Court of Justice which condemned Charles I. The Deanery, with which by a separate staircase this part of the triforium communicates, was granted to Bradshaw, who died in it in 1659. Constant tradition avers that he actually died in this very room, a room which certainly was at some period used as a lodging, for it contains a fireplace of Late Perpendicular work. Hence, along the triforium his restless spirit walks on the nights of the 30th January and the 22nd November; and in truth a more ghastly-looking corner than this it would be difficult to imagine. Little cherubs peep out here and there from behind the marble pan-cakes removed from the monument below of Admiral Tyrrell. Close by are two wooden obelisks removed in 1775 from the entrance to the choir, where, according to Dart's view, they stood on the summit of a pair of tall classical gateposts. A label on one of them attributes the carving to Gibbons, but this ascription is more than doubtful.

In those parts of the triforium which are over the apsidal chapels some curious collections have been formed. A buttress of Henry VII.'s Chapel long concealed a window here, and in it have been found some panels of the original glazing of the thirteenth century, being among the most ancient and complete examples of the kind left. They are very different from most of the modern glass. The delicacy of the design, the moderation in the use of colour, and the evident desire to admit as much light as possible, are all qualities which our glass painters, with a few exceptions, do not care to seek after. In another recess is a ghastly cast in white plaster of the لندن coffin of Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I. In a third are the remains of the old pulpit which used to stand in the nave, with its sounding-board and some exquisite carving. Further on are the very similar panels of carving which adorned the organ pipes, and some portions of marble statues and tablets. One of these last seems never to have been put up. Perhaps the fees were refused. On the beams above are placed in two long rows the helmets used at various times in the heraldic decoration of funerals. There are probably as many as seventy of them, but not one of any great value or beauty. Among other relics are two marble slabs long packed up in a box. They are beautifully carved in the late Italian style which Horace Walpole admired so much, and are clearly of his time or a very little earlier. On one is the head of St. Mary the Virgin, and on the other that of the Saviour. There are many points about them unsuitable for the decoration of a Protestant church, and so tradition or some wiseacre assigns them to a destroyed or unfinished monument of Anne of Cleves. But a glance at what does remain of her tomb in the choir below is sufficient to set that part of the question at rest. Near the marbles is a relic both of more interest and of less doubtful antecedents. Bundled up in two or three faggots are the venerable railings of the tomb of Edward I. How it comes to pass that in this "restoring" age they are not set up again in their proper place it would be hard to say. But architects are fond of a kind

of restoration which consists of the evolution from their own inner consciousness of a conception of what a thing ought to have been, and are apt to neglect such a piece of evidence as this as to what it was. With regard to these railings, however, there is not any manner of doubt whatsoever, for they are figured by Dart in their proper place. Dean Stanley tells us that in 1764 the mob broke in during the funeral of Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and that the gentlemen who attended his body to the tomb in the Islip Chapel, opposite, tore down the canopy of Edward's tomb, and defended themselves with "the broken rafters." It may be so; but these iron spears, each tipped with its fleur-de-lis, would form much more obviously appropriate weapons on such an occasion. The "wooden hatch put up by Feckenham at the head of the stairs" has been restored, but not the beautiful rails. From the northern side of the triforium a fine view is obtained into the Poet's Corner and the muniment room, with its great chests and coffers, erroneously described by Scott as being in the triforium itself. But in the upper story is a quadrant-shaped cope-chest and other vast chests for vestments, interesting in themselves, but not so splendidly locked and barred and clasped as the boxes in the muniment room below.

Another interesting place upstairs is the chantry or Chapel of Henry V. It is a kind of gallery over the headless effigy so familiar at the end of the Confessor's Chapel. We are accustomed to admire the swans and antelopes and the curious scenes from the King's life which are carved on the high screen under which we pass on the way into the Chapel of Henry VII., without remembering that it conceals one of the most elaborate little buildings of that age now remaining. It is raised so high that people far down in the nave must have been able to see the daily elevation of the host, and with a certain felicity, leading as it does to the Lady Chapel, was dedicated to the Annunciation. Some ingenious person has discovered that the western side of the screen, with its tall staircase towers, forms the letter H, the initial of Henry's name, and unfortunately some still more ingenious person has discovered that the helmet on the crossbeam is not that in which the King fought at Agincourt, but one specially ordered by the undertakers for the funeral. It is more solid, but scarcely more important, in truth, than the threescore and ten we saw in the triforium. When we climb into a neighbouring chantry, that of Abbot Islip, we find it filled with still more singular funeral monuments. The waxworks are no longer shown to the public, yet they are worth seeing, and are probably the most vivid likenesses remaining of the few personages they represent. Dean Stanley strangely observes that "they were even highly esteemed as works of art." No doubt they were. It is unquestionable that the figure of Chatham, with his keen eyes, his bushy eyebrows—features both lost in ordinary sculpture—his great nose, his commanding attitude, is brought more distinctly before the mind by a sight of this wonderfully-speaking effigy. Did Macaulay ever see little William of Orange standing on a cushion beside his tall stout wife, and observe the intensely real look of the slight figure, and the worn yet vivacious face? Certainly these figures were the work of no mean master, and if the Duchess of Richmond and her dead son, lying in state, are not so good, it is rather because the subjects were not equal to the art than because the art failed to do them justice. Even the comparatively faded figure of Charles II., which faces the spectator as he enters the chantry, is startling with its appearance of reality.

FRENCH IN THE ARMY.

TO what extent it is necessary that officers in the army should possess a colloquial knowledge of French is a point upon which the military authorities may be admitted to be the best judges. The Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Childers would hardly have made up their minds that it is necessary unless they had seen strong reason for doing so. If much study is a weariness of the flesh to those who are preparing for examinations, the examinations which demand it are scarcely less so to the authorities who are responsible for seeing the army properly officered. Every fresh subject introduced brings with it some fresh annoyance in the shape of the additional rock that it places in the way of candidates who, if this requirement could have been dispensed with, might have made very good soldiers. It is not unlikely that some readers of the letters which have passed between Lord Morley and the Chairman of the Committee of the Head-masters' Conference may be of opinion that the new demand which it is proposed to make upon candidates is simply part of that perverse system of competition which is making it more and more difficult for stupid young men to earn an honest living. They will be tempted to ask, with their grandfathers, where is the use of all this parleyvoicing? Those who can take a less immediately interested view of the question will not suspect either the Commander-in-Chief or the Secretary of State of any pedantic straining after an ideal perfection in military education. The War Office, they will feel sure, has had good reason to believe that an English officer is, or may be, decidedly more useful to the country when he can speak French than when he cannot, and in this conviction they will rest content.

When we pass to the method by which the War Office proposes to get what it wants, it is not possible to speak thus confidently. Lord Morley informs Mr. Bell that, at a date hereafter to be fixed, a knowledge of French, both scholastic and colloquial, will be

made obligatory on all candidates for admission to the various branches of the army, and requests him to bring the matter before the Conference of Head-masters, and to favour the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State with any suggestions which he may think fit to offer in reply. It will be observed that the announcement that a knowledge of French, both scholastic and colloquial, is hereafter to be required from all candidates for admission to the army is made in somewhat too peremptory a tone to tempt Head-masters to say more on the subject than they could help. The suggestions asked for are evidently meant to be suggestions how the change can best be carried out in practice. Their opinions upon the merit of the change are not invited. What the War Office chiefly cares to know is how, and still more how soon, it may be introduced. The Head-masters have not allowed themselves to be deterred by this unusual decisiveness from stating their objections to the proposal itself. There are only a very few of them who either profess to be satisfied with the arrangements at present existing in their schools for giving a reasonable knowledge of colloquial French, or to see their way to making such alterations in those arrangements as would enable them to meet the wishes of the War Office hereafter any better than they do now. The majority, not merely in numbers, but in weight of experience, say frankly that what the War Office wants cannot be gained at a public school, and consequently that candidates ought not to be asked to produce it until they have had time to gain it after leaving school. They suggest that, instead of a knowledge of colloquial French being demanded from candidates for admission to Woolwich or Sandhurst, the examination in it should be postponed until the time that the candidate is about to receive his commission, a plan which would allow a residence of some months in France to be included in the course of preparation. The reasons given by the Head-masters for preferring their own scheme to that proposed by the War Office seem to us to be convincing. The postponement of the examination in colloquial French will allow of greater proficiency being gained in it, and will not entail on the candidate the loss of more valuable knowledge. In both these respects the plan proposed by the War Office is open to serious objection.

"In a public school the conditions of life and of class teaching are such as to make a training in colloquial French practically impossible." This, Mr. Bell says, is the conviction of the most experienced Head-masters. But for an article in the *Times* of Monday we should have thought, indeed, that their testimony was hardly needed to establish it. The *Times*, however, is clearly not of this opinion. It attributes the fact that "oftener than not the schoolboy of seventeen cannot string together an ordinary French sentence, while his younger sister can pilot the family through the Continent," to a bad tradition. A truer account of the matter is that the difference is accounted for by the difference in the trainings the brother and sister have severally undergone. However little a girl has been taught, she has usually been taught French; and the method in which she has learned it, though often very ill suited to give her any real knowledge of scholastic French, has been fairly well suited to teach her colloquial French. Whether at school or at home, she has had a French governess, to whom, if she speaks at all, she must speak in French; and she has probably been forbidden to use any other language in school-room conversation. If schoolboys were subjected to the same system they might equally profit by it, and the writer in the *Times* could not be better employed than in framing a model set of rules for making French the sole medium of conversation in the cricket-field or on the river, and the language through which the other subjects taught in the school shall be conveyed to the boys. As regards the first object, however, it is possible that boys might be less easily made to talk French while at play than girls have been during the sober recreation of walking or needlework. As regards the second, we own to some doubt whether in the improvement that girls' education is now undergoing this ability to speak French more fluently than correctly will not tend to disappear. As often as not, it was the one scanty harvest reaped from ground which in other respects was pretty much allowed to lie fallow. Now that other crops have to be raised on it it remains to be seen whether they will not crowd out the one which has till lately held almost undisputed possession. Whether this be so or not, the opinion of the Head-masters, as collected by Mr. Bell, is that the effort to give boys at public schools the necessary expertness in colloquial French would certainly entail the sacrifice of time urgently needed for "subjects of much greater educational value," and that the end attained by this sacrifice would be attained much more easily and surely without it. The utmost, they say, "that schools could do as far as a colloquial knowledge of a foreign language is concerned would be to attain imperfectly by the labour of years what can be effected in a very short time in the country itself." What schools can give is "a sound training in French grammar, vocabulary, dictation, and composition." They can prepare a young man for learning to talk French, but they cannot teach him to talk French. But this preparation will have two advantages of its own. In the first place it will make such colloquial facility as a young man may afterwards acquire a solid and permanent possession. He will know the language instead of merely knowing how to say certain things in the language. In the next place, it will have a genuine educational value. "Scholastic" French can be made to render the learner very much the same service that his

companions are getting from "scholastic" Latin or Greek, whereas colloquial French yields him nothing in the process of getting familiar with it, useful as it undoubtedly is hereafter.

There is a further objection to the plan proposed by the War Office in the fact that parents would very soon find out whether their sons were learning to talk French, and if, as the Head-masters predict, it turned out that their progress at school was exceedingly slow, they would not be long in removing them. "The attempt to make colloquial French obligatory on entrance to the army would cause candidates to leave the public schools a considerable time before the period of the examination to seek special tuition in England, or more probably on the Continent." This is the expression of "a strong consensus of opinion," but the truth of it is so obvious that no such consensus is really necessary to establish it. A year or two before the ordinary time of leaving school a boy would go abroad with his parents, and be put through his paces at tables-d'hôte, at booking-offices and on board steamers, in passages of arms about luggage and in remonstrances against overcharges in the bills. When he broke down under the ordeal, the father and mother would agree that it was useless to keep him at school to learn French when—"as the *Times* says, my dear"—his younger sister, whose education has really cost next to nothing, can talk it very much better. Common sense would point to sending him abroad for a few months for this special purpose, and this special purpose would in all probability be attained. But it would not be attained without a far more than corresponding sacrifice. He "would lose precisely the most valuable period of public school life, when a boy rising to the top of the school receives the most able and experienced teaching, and is also being trained to bear public duties and responsibilities." On the other hand, if the examination in colloquial French is postponed till after the candidate is ready to receive his commission, this residence abroad can readily be inserted into, or immediately follow, his Woolwich or Sandhurst course. During this interval he will be likely, under any circumstances, to spend some time with a crammer; and, as no class of salesmen adapt themselves with more readiness to the public wants, the moment there is a demand for crammers living abroad the difficulty will be to find a crammer left in England. They will migrate in flocks during the interval of notice which the War Office will give, and at the end of it be found building swimming-baths at Boulogne or boat-houses for outriggers at Tours. It is to be hoped that the War Office will be convinced by the reasoning of the Head-masters, and not adopt, either hastily or at leisure, a change of system which, as the military authorities themselves seem to suspect, will "have the effect of excluding from the army that most valuable class of English gentlemen—the young men who have passed through the public schools of the country."

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

WITHIN the last few years electric lighting has made great advances. The improvements which have turned a brilliant laboratory experiment into a thing of everyday use and commercial value have been of two kinds—improvements in the lamps which produce the light by converting energy, in the form of electricity of current, into radiant energy in the form of light, and improvements in the means of obtaining electric currents from other forms of energy. At the present time we have for the production of the intensely brilliant lights which are coming into more and more general use for out-of-door illumination many excellent lamps, and five or six well-known forms of "dynamo" electric machines, which convert energy of motion (generally supplied by a steam-engine) into electricity. We are now speaking of the form of electric light most generally known—the arc light—in which two pencils of hard carbon are put in the electric circuit, allowed to touch, and then drawn slightly apart, when between them appears a band of intensely heated matter, which gives the most brilliant light known. When the advantages of electric lighting on this large scale became generally known, the question of lighting such spaces as are to be found in ordinary dwelling-houses by the new method naturally became one of public interest. There are several points which must be here considered: the arc lights on a large scale are cheap, the quality of the light is good; there is no consumption (under proper conditions) of the oxygen of the air or giving out of noxious gases. Against these advantages for domestic purposes we must set the facts that it is practically impossible to get an arc light of sufficiently small power for ordinary rooms, that small arc lights are expensive, and that the quality of the light is too dazzling from its very whiteness. However, electricians had another string to their bow in the principle of lighting by incandescence. If an electric current is passing through a conductor it heats it more or less, more heat being produced if the conductor is bad or offers a high resistance to the current than if it be good and offer but a low resistance; and by suitably adjusting current and resistance the conductor may be made so hot as to become a source of light. Some time ago, in noticing Mr. Edison's alleged inventions, we gave a brief sketch of the history of this form of light; we may go over the old ground again so far as to say that the first germ of the modern forms of incandescent lights was probably due to Mr. Swan of Newcastle, who employed as his source of light a thin thread of carbon, which the current raised to a white heat, and which he enclosed in a glass

globe exhausted in order to prevent the oxygen of the air attacking the carbon fibre, or, in other words, to prevent the carbon from burning. At the time when these experiments were first made less was known than at the present day of the various modes of preparing hard carbon suitable for such lamps. The appliances for exhausting the globes were not so perfect, and the means of preventing the leaking of air not so well understood.

After Mr. Edison had repeated all or most of Mr. Swan's former experiments under the firm impression that he was making perfectly new inventions, Mr. Swan again attacked the subject. Between the times of his first and second sets of experiments the attention of physicists had been much turned to the phenomena of electric discharges and of the action of radiant energy in very high vacua, so that they, their assistants, and the philosophical instrument-makers had been working hard at solving the problem of how to obtain and maintain a very high vacuum in a glass vessel, through the walls of which metal wires were passed, the result being that many of the difficulties in the way of the details of the construction of the lamp were removed. The growing demand for carbons for the arc lights, the use of carbon for telephone transmitters, of the form both of Professor Hughes's microphone and Mr. Edison's carbon transmitter, had led to much study and investigation of different methods of preparing carbon and of different materials from which to obtain it.

With improved appliances and with increased information, it was not long before Mr. Swan was able to bring a working lamp before the public which the improved dynamo machines could work at not too extravagant a cost. Indeed, Mr. Swan has already obtained more light from a given number of cubic feet of gas by using a gas engine to drive the dynamo machine supplying his lamps than could be obtained from the same quantity of gas burnt in ordinary gas-burners, in spite of the fact that incandescent electric lights must of necessity be more expensive than those of the arc form. Notwithstanding this economy, the light must be far more expensive than gas, for to the cost of obtaining power must be added interest on the first cost of machinery, and an annual charge for its wear and tear, together with interest on the outlay for wires, &c., and a further cost for renewing the lamps from time to time. However, if the light be used, great advantages are obtained. There is absolutely no burning up of the air, and no escape of poisonous gas, as there is in the case of every other known form of house light (with the exception of the globe gas light, which is expensive to fit, and about which the insurance offices, we believe, raise great difficulties). There is also very little heat. The light is beautiful in quality, being very like that given by Sugg's Argand burners, and, above all, it is perfectly steady. Again, when once the fittings are in place and the electric current supplied, there is no necessity for skilled attendance. The glass globes only require dusting now and then in the ordinary course of household work, and should a lamp become defective it can be replaced by a fresh one as easily and by the same means as a half-burnt candle can be changed for a whole one.

We have dwelt at this length on Mr. Swan's lamp before passing on to consider others, not only because to him belongs the credit—as far as it is possible to give credit to any one man for an invention in these days of rapid discovery and quick application of discoveries—of the first practical application of the incandescence of refractory conductors of high resistance to the production of a light, but also because his light has now stood the test of many months' practical use under the close observation of some of our most eminent men of science, and because all incandescent lamps have the same advantages and disadvantages as Mr. Swan's, the only difference between one system and another being in first cost and durability of the lamp. Another plan which has had some practical trial in England is that of Mr. Lane Fox. He has endeavoured to make the lamp cheaper than Mr. Swan's by using carbon and copper wire to make the connexions with the glowing carbon filament, instead of using platinum wire for the whole length, and has succeeded to some extent, though we venture to think that in practice it will be found that the increased expenditure for labour, owing to the somewhat complicated design of the lamp, will swallow up more than the saving in materials. Mr. Fox has also introduced other improvements in the processes of manufacture. Yet another system, the Maxim light, which we believe has satisfactorily stood the test of practical work in America, has recently been exhibited in London. The carbon fibre used is made from cardboard, a material which failed in the hands of Mr. Swan and Mr. Edison, but it is now used under new conditions; the globe is not only exhausted of air, but is filled with the vapour of some hydrocarbon and re-exhausted, this operation being performed several times, and at the last exhaustion a small quantity of the vapour is allowed to remain. The inventors say that this vapour deposits fresh carbon on the filament in any place which, by being too thin, becomes unduly heated, and that thus a system of automatic repair is kept up in the lamp for a time; for they do not claim an indefinite life for their lamp, though they say it will last eight or nine hundred hours. In addition to this, the method of fixing the carbon filament to the conducting wires is simple and inexpensive; and it is also asserted that, by means of a new composition, copper wire instead of platinum may be used, and sealed even more perfectly to the glass. They also exhibit a very ingenious and effective current regulator, which enables them with, say 130 lamps in circuit, to use any number of them, from one up to the full complement, and insure an equal brilliancy from each.

Let us now consider how the electricity is to be given to us. As yet there is only one economical method of obtaining such

currents of electricity as are wanted for lighting purposes—that is, by a dynamo machine turned by "power" of some kind. In many places it is possible to obtain water power, and hence very great economy; but in towns we must generally use the steam-engine or the gas-engine. There are two ways of supplying the current thus obtained—one is from some central station of great power, by means of insulated conductors branching off to the houses of consumers; and the other is for each consumer to make his own electricity on the premises. Now in the case of London the difficulties in the way of laying the conductors are very great. Their first cost is large, and, in the present state of electric engineering, the difficulty of keeping them properly insulated is enormous. Hence a large cost for maintenance is inevitable. We think, therefore, that the second plan is, at all events at present, the more practicable; and, were the Gas Companies to take the matter up warmly, the introduction of these lights would increase their revenues instead of diminishing them. Their expense will prevent their being used in small houses; but they might be used with advantage in houses with large reception rooms, which are now usually lighted with oil or wax candles, hardly ever by gas. Were these rooms lighted by electricity, the gas-engine would certainly be used, as it requires no attendance except cleaning and oiling, and may be put up in any house without increasing the rate of insurance. If the Gas Companies, then, fostered the introduction of these lights in such houses, they would open up a new market for their gas, and might also, by obtaining a very small increase of their powers from Parliament, develop a new branch of business by becoming agents for the lights and engines, and might even erect the whole plant and charge a rent on it, instead of compelling the consumer to buy it out and out.

CHARLEMAGNE IN THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

THE terrible old man who has suddenly become famous, James Carlyle, used to stigmatize the *Arabian Nights* as "downright lies," and sternly forbade the introduction of any such unwholesome literature into his house. This one, at least, of his various decided opinions has more reason in it than even the "most intelligent man" his son ever met could imagine. No book has put forward so many false pretensions and had them so completely exposed. The history of the intellectual vicissitudes of him who once believed in the *Arabian Nights* is the history of illusions dissipated. There was a time when we believed them all to be true; then for a longer spell we thought them at least original and Arabian; and now we know that they are neither the one nor the other, but a bundle of stolen goods, picked up in Persia, India, Europe, and we know not where, and merely "died garments from Bozra," dyed with Arabian colours, and patched here and there with the fibre of the date palm. The *Arabian Nights* are a palimpsest of the folklore of the world, written over with Kufic characters. Like their own wonderful stories which are to serve as an example to him who would be admonished, they are written in letters of gold on a ground of ultramarine; but only the forms of the letters are Semitic—the gold and the ultramarine come from *ultra mare vastum*, over the Indian Ocean, from the household tales of the Aryan race.

Even the things that might be trusted to be accurate are proved untrustworthy. It is only a month since "the good Haroun Alraschid," whom the *Arabian Nights* present in a highly favourable light, was shown up as a villain in the brief limits of a magazine article; and other pet illusions are in course of dissipation in the same quarter. When a character of the Thousand and One is not destroyed it is traced to a foreign source, with more or less success, till scarcely a fragment remains of the originality or truthfulness which once belonged to our childhood's companion. But, when we have once made up our minds to the change, and admitted that our old friends are not all we thought them, it is not hard to become reconciled to the new position. The *Arabian Nights* do not lose, but gain, when they are shown to belong to the same stock of household lore which has delighted the childhood and the age of all the nations of Europe and Asia. Each new discovery which throws light on the sources of this wonderful collection of stories has its value and interest, and the time for genuine regret will only be when there are no more relations to be made out.

The last instalment of *Arabian Nights'* genealogy comes from Dr. Bacher, who investigates one of the less familiar stories of the Thousand and One in the Journal of the German Oriental Society. Almost at the end of the eighth hundred of these Nights occurs a tale which Lane did not think worthy of insertion in his classical translation, on the ground that it was very similar to two other tales, both of which were included in his translation, but neither of which were among the best examples. Dr. Bacher, however, finds a special interest in this omitted story, and his reasons are worth considering. The story is entitled "Nouredin and Mary the Girdle-girl," and runs somewhat thus:—Mary was the daughter of the King of the Franks, who brought her up with the greatest care. She was the most "advanced" young lady of the day, and was not only remarkable for her learning and the elegance of her calligraphy, but was perfectly accomplished in all knightly exercises, and was as renowned for the use of the spear as for that more feminine instrument which served to gain her the epithet of "Girdle-girl," from the charming taste she displayed

in making waistbands. Kings sought her hand in vain, for her father loved her so well that he could not bear to be away from her one instant. Once, when she was very ill, she made a vow, if she recovered, to go on pilgrimage to a certain convent on an island. She was on the way to fulfil her vow, when her boat was seized by Mohammedan pirates, and she herself was sold as a slave in Kairowan. Here she nursed her master so devotedly that he promised never to sell her to any one she did not like. In accordance with this promise she was sold in Alexandria to a delightful young man, Nouredin, with whom she remained in the utmost happiness for a while, till the wicked old one-eyed Visier of the Frank king, came and carried her back to her home. Nouredin, as an Oriental lover, of course followed her to Europe, was taken prisoner, but, being assigned as servant to some church, met Mary, who came thither frequently for pious consolation. They resolved to fly together, but were stopped by her brother and turned back. Mary, however, slew her brother in single combat, and after him put two other brothers to the sword, and the lovers once more fly Eastward. Then the Frank king wrote a letter to the Khalif, the Prince of the Faithful, Haroun Alraschid, to beg him to seek out Mary and send her back to her father, and offering in return half Germany to build mosques in for Moslem colonists. The Khalif caught the refugees at Damascus, and had them brought before him at Baghdad. There he hears their story, and tells them the request of the King of the Franks; whereupon Mary speaks thus:—

"O Vicegerent of God on His earth, Upholder of the doctrine of His prophet, God keep calamity far from thee and guard thee from ill! Thou art God's vicar on earth, and thy creed is the true and enduring religion, the religion of Abraham and his seed, not what blasphemers believe in worshipping the Messiah. I am become a believer and acknowledger of the Unity, I worship God the Blessed; I know him and praise him, the One. So speak I before the Khalif; I bear witness that there is no god but God, and that Mohammed is the Apostle of God, God's servant and messenger, whom He hath sent with the guiding and the religion of truth, to make it triumph over all other creeds in spite of the gainsaying of the idolaters. . . . Is it in thy power, O Prince of the Faithful, to obey the blasphemer's letter and send me back to the land of the unbelievers, where they worship other gods and elevate crosses and adore idols? If thou actest, O Prince of the Faithful, I would hold to thy robe on the day of God's great muster, and complain against thee to thy uncle's son, God's prophet, Mohammed, the son of Abdallah, on that day when neither wealth nor children may avail, but only an obedient heart."

Haroun could not withstand her entreaty, and, after marrying the lovers, put the King of the Franks' ambassadors to death, Mary herself kindly officiating as headswoman. Nouredin has his relatives brought to Baghdad, and all live happily together until the arrival of the terminator of delights and the separator of companions.

Mary's conversion to Islam is, of course, the point of the story, and the moral—the counterpart of Wieland's *Oberon*—is not an uncommon one. The very next tale in the *Arabian Nights* has the same moral, and both remind one of the touching story of the Christian maiden, whom her lover, a Mohammedan sheikh, finds stretched senseless on the ground in her search for him, as Ferid-eddin has told it:—

There lay she as a corpse: her beauteous head
Bare 'neath the cruel sun; her little feet,
That oft had borne her through the mazy dance,
Bare on the sand; her eyes in deathly trance,
Her wavy locks profaned with dust; her sweet
Lips pale and dumb, that late were kissed so red.
Slowly the dreamy eye regains its sight,
The wildly beating heart flies to its love,
And shelters under tears that fall apace
Upon the sweetly-sadly smiling face
And feeble lips that strive awhile to move
And tell their burden in death's gathering night:—
"Love's ardent longing burns away my soul!
Let me not glow beyond a severing wall!
O may it be, that in a life renewed
Within Islam I may attain the good!"
Slowly she spoke the mightiest creed of all
That help men onwards to the eternal goal.
"My strength is gone, O why may I not live?
The parting comes—my fading senses reel—
From this earth dwelling, still so fair, I fly:—
Farewell, my sheikh, my master—love—good-bye!
No time—no words—to tell thee all I feel—
Faintness o'ercomes me—O forgive, forgive!"
And as she spoke, her soul to heaven fled,
A victim rich that love himself did slay.
As stormy clouds quench the sun's setting red
So in death's shadows passed sweet life away.

But the curious part of the story of Nouredin and Mary is its European character. Mary is called the "Girdle-girl," *zonn-dria*; and it is worth noting that the *zonn-dria* is a girdle only worn by Christians and other "infidels," and is in fact nothing but the Greek *zōnion*. Her brother is called Bertât, which is a very fair attempt at Berthold. Convents and pilgrimages are referred to, and church bells ring when Mary and her lover meet. These things seem certainly to point to a European source, and Dr. Bacher believes that he finds the original in the story of Charlemagne's daughter Emma and his secretary Eginhard, as related in Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen*. The parallel is supported by several points of detail, as well as by the similarity of the outline. The relations of the pair in the Oriental version are very remarkable. It is the princess who carries off her lover and defeats and slays the pursuers. Nouredin apparently acts as umpire on the occasion; and when Mary asks him how he feels before battle,

he admits, in what in these days would be held rather coarse language, that he feels horribly frightened. Something of the same character is given to Eginhard, the lover of Charlemagne's daughter Emma; in this legend, also, it is the lady who takes the lead, and conceals her lover under her cloak as they fly to the retreat where Eginhard is to lie hidden. The correspondence of the two stories is strengthened by the circumstances that Nouredin, when a prisoner, is made a church servant, whilst Eginhard, as Erzcappelhan, belonged to the ghostly profession. Charlemagne's love for his daughter was well known, and the father of Mary is also celebrated for his paternal affection. Charlemagne, moreover, was actually the contemporary of Haroun Alraschid, just as the *Arabian Nights* make the father of Mary; and there is a story of an embassy sent by him to Baghdad, which Dr. Bacher accepts on (we think) insufficient evidence, though he does not pretend that the great Karl had in contemplation any scheme for colonizing Germany with Moslems. The resemblance between the two stories is undoubtedly very striking, and there is no fundamental unlikeliness in the theory of an Eastward migration of an individual legend. The *Arabian Nights* were not collected till long after the early Crusades, and the Christian invaders might well have carried the story of Emma and Eginhard into the camp of Saladin. The kings of the East came to Cologne, and Charlemagne was only returning the compliment in repaying their visit.

YACHT RACING.

THE yacht racing season opened inauspiciously this year with a dispute, which even now is not settled. It seems that the owners of the principal racing yachts were so worried last year by having to sail under constantly varying regulations and by the absurd conditions which were laid down by some Committees that they determined not to race this season at any regatta at which the rules of the Yacht Racing Association were not accepted. In May it was announced in the *Field* that the Thames matches would be very dull ones, as the owners of the *Latona*, *Florinda*, *Miranda*, *Samana*, and other vessels had agreed not to enter for any races round the coast not held under Y. R. A. rules. As need hardly be said, neither the R. T. Y. C. nor the N. T. Y. C. recognize these rules. With regard to one of the vessels named, the *Samana*, there must have been some mistake, as she sailed in the races of what have been called the "Boycotted" clubs; and it is impossible to suppose that her owner, Mr. John Jameson, junior, would have broken a pledge he had given to his brother yachtsmen. With regard to the other vessels, however, the announcement proved to be quite correct, as none of them were entered for the early matches. This strike on the part of yacht-owners was seemingly viewed with great concern by the Committee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, who entered into negotiations with the yacht-owners, and who appear, in dealing with a rather difficult matter, to have shown good sense and good temper, and to have been animated by a sincere desire to make all fair concessions to legitimate complaint. In one respect the discontented yacht-owners had made a mistake. No statement of their very just complaints reached the Committee until after the general meeting of the Club. Some of the regulations complained of, which differ from those of the Y. R. A., are embodied in the rules of the Club, and can only be altered at the general meeting. The Committee, therefore, had no power to change what was objected to, but they undertook to consider favourably before next year the wishes of the owners and to accede to them—i.e. we presume, to recommend the necessary alterations of rules—unless there were cogent reasons for not doing so. With this promise the yacht-owners, who, on their side, certainly showed no obstinate or unconciliatory spirit, were satisfied, and what threatened to be a painful dispute was brought to a satisfactory conclusion so far as the Royal Thames Yacht Club was concerned. The authorities of the New Thames Yacht Club were, however, apparently much more prejudiced in favour of their own rules, and much less disposed to grant fair demands than those of the older Club, who might naturally have been expected to be the more conservative of the two. The Committee did nothing, and the matches were in consequence deprived of all interest, while the Royal Thames had a fine entry for their great race. Of the difficulty which thus happily ended before this fine contest we should not now have spoken had it not been that precisely the same question as arose between the yacht-owners and the Royal Thames is now pending between the former and another great Club.

It is generally understood that the owners have laid before the authorities of the Royal Yacht Squadron their reasons for desiring a uniform code of rules, and that the matter is being considered by that body. Much is it to be hoped that the Committee at the Castle will show the same sense and moderation which were shown by the Committee in Albemarle Street. No one will accuse the latter of being too ready for innovation, or with disregard of precedent; but, without being in the least anxious for change, they have been able to recognize the necessity for change when it arose and the fair nature of the demands made on them. It is scarcely necessary to point out that no exception can be made in the case of one particular club, and that, if the Squadron is to insist on adhering to its own rules, any other club on the coast may do the same. The distracting variety of rules and the

great trouble caused by the different systems of measurement have long been complained of, and last season the evil became quite intolerable. It is to be hoped that the Committee of the R. Y. S. will not fail to see how much the prestige of Cowes will be injured if they simply oppose a *voluntus* to fair and temperate demands to which other clubs accede, and that the August races will not be made utterly tame by the absence of the best yachts.

The Thames races were, owing to this and other causes, very poor affairs. Had they been of interest we should have spoken of them before, but there was literally nothing to tell of, as the one match which promised to be exciting lost all its attraction from an accident which happened to the *Slouthound* before the start. The successes of the so-called ten-ton *Buttercup* created, it is true, some commotion, but they can hardly be considered as really remarkable, since it was in no way wonderful that a vessel of twenty-two tons' displacement, sailing in the ten-ton class, should win victories. The *Latona* is a justly-admired yacht, but the chance of the *Latona* would be small against a properly modelled and ballasted racer displacing three hundred and fifty-two tons of salt water. What the successes of the *Buttercup* truly proved was the injustice of the present rule of measurement and the possibility of taking enormous advantage of it. That this cutter is a good and well-designed vessel we do not for a moment deny, and indeed she proved it well in the race against the twenties and the *Maggie*, but in the ten-ton class she does not race against equals, and what has been done in building her might be done with equal success on a larger scale. If a capitalist, to whom a few thousands more or less were a small matter, were to build a big yacht with proportions as close to those of the *Buttercup* as racing waters allow, he would probably be able to hoist a considerable number of flags at the conclusion of each season—so long as the present rule of measurement remained in force.

The well-managed Harwich regatta, which, unlike some of the other regattas, happily occupied its usual place in the list of "yachting fixtures," was made terribly dull by Harwich calms, though the tiny breath of wind that blew for a short time was enough to show how much might be expected from Mr. Watson's latest achievement, the forty-ton *May*, a vessel not quite of the *Buttercup's* proportions, but still not modelled with reckless disregard of the venerable measurement rule. On the sail home the *Daphne*, a Clyde cutter, which has not done much before this season, achieved a remarkable triumph. She did not attempt to repeat it, however, in the match sailed on June 17th, for a prize of 100*l.*, very liberally presented to the Royal London Yacht Club by Sir Curtis Lampton. This race, sailed over a new and well-planned course at the mouth of the Thames, was in one respect of unusual interest, as the *Florinda* and *Latona* met for the first time this season. During the winter the latter yacht has undergone the same alterations as the *Florinda* underwent the winter before last—that is to say, she has had a considerable quantity of lead bolted on to her keel and her sail area increased. She did not at all distinguish herself on this day, as she was completely beaten by the *Miranda*, which came in considerably ahead both of her and of the *Florinda*, after sailing a very good race. Shortly afterwards, however, when there was more wind, the *Latona* showed how greatly she had been improved by judicious ballasting and increased canvas. Sailing against the *Florinda* in a strong breeze, she beat the renowned yawl by no less than thirteen minutes over a forty-four mile course, achieving a victory which seems likely to be succeeded by many others, for, in the magnificent race from the Nore to Dover, which took place on the day succeeding that of the match just mentioned, the improvement in her power of sailing was made, if possible, yet more manifest. Headed for awhile by the *Miranda*, she passed that vessel without difficulty when the sheets were got in, and beat in splendid style against a strong breeze with some sea from the North Sand Head lightship to Dover. If, however, her performance was calculated to increase the confidence in lead keels which is now so generally felt, that of another yacht, the *Samana*, which carries an enormous quantity of outside lead, was such, on the other hand, as to cause some scepticism. This cutter had considerable difficulty in passing the *Miranda*, and only came in some three minutes and a half ahead of her. The schooner, which, it should be observed, has also undergone treatment during the winter, sailed to perfection, and if the official times, which differ from those given in some of the papers, were correct, was within her time of both the cutter and the yawl, according to the Y. R. A. scale, and would, therefore, have taken the first prize had there been rig allowances. The Cinque Ports' yawl and schooner matches served to show still further how much better in a good breeze the *Latona* and *Miranda* are than they were. The former ran away from the *Florinda*, coming in a quarter of an hour ahead of her, and the sailing of the *Miranda* made it clear that when there is wind the *Egeria* has not a chance against her, for, strange to say, the smaller vessel drew away more and more as the wind grew stronger. It is worth notice that these fine contests were described in the *Times* by a reporter so profoundly ignorant of seamanship and yacht racing as to speak of the schooners as reaching out on the first round to a buoy, which the yawls sailing at the same time had to make a board to fetch, and to describe a yacht which in a strong breeze was nearly eleven minutes behind her antagonist at the finish as close in her wake.

Brilliant races were succeeded by a very dull one, as the sail to Boulogne and back was, owing to calms and light winds, a tedious

affair. The Plymouth regatta was spoilt by being fixed too near the Dover regatta, or, as perhaps would be said at Plymouth, by the unreasonable conduct of the Dover people, who insisted on keeping the racing yachts till the beginning of this week. On the first day the *Samana* sailed against the once famous *Nova*, and, of course, defeated her. On the second, with a light breeze just the right way for a cutter, she achieved a signal victory over the *Miranda*.

At Falmouth, in a light and very uncertain breeze, the *Samana* was again successful, while the *Latona* only saved her time on the *Miranda* for the second prize by two seconds. On Thursday the yawl and the cutter met in the Mersey the famous *Vandua*, which did not this year come south for the early matches. A strong north-westerly breeze was blowing at starting, and a flying start would have been feasible; but the Committee adhered to their programme, and in consequence, after being involved in some difficulties, the yachts got off in a very unsatisfactory manner, the *Samana* being well ahead and to windward of the *Latona*, and the yawl, in her turn, a long way ahead of the *Vandua*, and to windward of her. The first-named vessel held her lead through the narrow channel, and got close to the bar, where the sea was very heavy. Here her bobstay fell stranded, and she had to give up. The *Latona* made such bad weather of it, that she also had to turn back, while the *Coryphæe* and *May*, which had sailed for the forty-ton match, were of course obliged to follow the example of the larger yachts. The *Vandua* shortened sail when her rivals gave up, and allowed the tide to take her across the bar. She then duly sailed over the course, and, passing the flagpost a few minutes after five, gained one of the most remarkable of her many victories.

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

SINCE the Monetary Conference adjourned in May, it would seem that pourparlers have been set on foot, which ought to have been carried through before the Conference met. Two great Governments, like those of France and the United States, ought to have understood that a change in the monetary systems of the nations of Europe was one that could be made only by the Governments themselves. Such a change is not a mere question of political economy. It requires, of course, accurate economical knowledge; but it is a question quite as much of politics as of economics. It depends so much upon the habits of the people concerned, upon their feelings and even prejudices, and it also depends very largely upon the degree of economical development to which a country has attained, and, consequently, on the convenience of commerce. It would seem, therefore, to have been the proper course for France and the United States to have ascertained how far the several great Governments would go with them in rehabilitating silver. And this ought to have appeared more clearly incumbent when our own Government refused even the invitation to the Conference unless it was clearly understood that by accepting the Government committed itself to nothing. It would appear, however, that France and the United States were misled by the few eminent men in this country who have joined the ranks of the bimetallicists, and thought they could bring to bear upon our Government sufficient pressure to induce it to yield. They hurried on, therefore, the meeting of the Conference, and the result was that when the delegates came together, they found they were unable to agree upon anything. Their instructions were too vague and indefinite; and, as they had no authority in themselves to decide upon anything, they indulged in the vague discourses which have brought the Conference into not a little discredit. It became plain then to the Ministers of France and the United States that, unless the Conference was to become ridiculous, it was necessary to come to an understanding with the British Government. The prorogation, therefore, took place; and in the interval it would seem that serious proposals have been submitted to our Government, the answers to which are now being considered by the Governments taking part in the Conference.

It will be recollected that the Governments of Italy and Holland were willing to join those of France and the United States in establishing bimetallicism; that Switzerland and Belgium, on the contrary, inclined towards the single gold standard, and that Austria and Russia, being as yet unprepared to resume specie payments, were careful not to commit themselves to any definite programme. It was, however, to Germany and the United Kingdom that France and the United States looked to decide whether the Conference was to be successful or not. Our Government made known its decision, even before the Conference met, that under no conditions would it alter its monetary system. It offered, however, on the part of India, to enter into an engagement that, for a number of years to be agreed upon, India would continue to coin silver freely, as she has done in the past. Germany also made an offer upon its part. It would not give up the single gold standard which it had obtained at great cost, and after much trouble; but it would undertake not to sell any of its surplus silver for a period to be agreed upon by the contracting parties. When at last it should begin to sell silver again, it would further undertake to sell only such quantities as the market could absorb without a serious decline in price. Furthermore, it would leave in circulation no gold coins under the value of our own sovereigns, and it would re-coin its silver pieces of the same weight as the other circulating in the proposed bimetallic union; that is to say, such

silver piece should be 15½ times as heavy as its equivalent in gold. Lastly, it offered also to call in the Treasury notes which now circulate in Germany. In these several ways it would absorb a portion of the silver now lying idle, and it would also relieve the market for a definite number of years. The proposals of both India and Germany, though not quite satisfactory, were yet deemed such as would admit of further negotiation by France and the United States; but it was considered essential that England also should do something, and the difficulty was to find what that something should be. Our Government was quite resolved not to make any change in our monetary system, while France and the United States considered it necessary that it should do something to justify them in the eyes of their own people in adopting the bimetalism which they are anxious to establish. At last a proposal was made by one of the Spanish delegates which seemed to open the way to an arrangement. By the Act of 1844, which now regulates the management of the Bank of England, that Bank is given power to hold in silver one-fifth of the bullion which it keeps against its note issue. For a number of years the Bank has not availed itself of this permission, and Señor Y. Prendergast suggested that it should undertake again to hold the authorized amount of silver bullion. This, together with the Indian offer, would, in his opinion, be such a concession as the other Powers could accept from England. It would seem that this proposal was brought under the notice of our own Government, and by it was submitted to the Bank of England for consideration. The Bank is understood to have replied that it would be inclined to make the promise required of it provided the Governments of France and the United States, or either of them, would allow of the free mintage of silver. The Bank, as is well known, is bound to cash all its notes in gold. If, therefore, it were to keep a portion of its bullion in silver, circumstances might occur in which it would be absolutely necessary for it to change this silver for gold in order to cash its notes and give confidence to the note-holders. Unless, therefore, France and the United States, or either of them, stipulated to allow of the free coinage of silver for all the world, the Bank clearly could not undertake to keep an amount of silver bullion.

Three objections have been urged against this course on the part of the Bank, two of which appear to us to be absolutely devoid of weight. One is that it is calculated to give encouragement to the promoters of cheap money. Now this argument appears to us very much of a piece with the argument of the total abstinence people who tell temperate men that they should not drink wine because, by doing so, they give encouragement to drunkards. Surely men of business and men of affairs must guide their conduct by other considerations than these. They are too doctrinaire anywhere out of the schools. Besides the phrase—the promoters of cheap money—is itself open to exception. To attempt to make money cheap artificially is, no doubt, quackery, and ought to be discouraged; but cheap money in itself is a desirable thing, and, when it can be had, promotes trade. The second objection is that, as the Bank is dependent upon the undertaking by two foreign Governments always to keep their mints open for silver, it runs a risk in keeping silver which it is not justified in running. This argument would apply to such a multitude of transactions that it has no force in the case before us. Many bankers argue that United States bonds are really a better security than Consols, because they are largely dealt in, not only in London and New York, but in Amsterdam, Paris, Frankfurt, and Berlin as well; and that consequently, should a panic occur, it is scarcely credible that it would extend to all those markets at the same time; and, therefore, the holder of United States bonds would be able to sell them without much loss somewhere, whereas Consols have no market outside the United Kingdom. But United States bonds have value solely because of the general belief that the United States will observe the obligation to pay the interest and principal of its bonds when they fall due. It might, therefore, gravely be argued that no man is justified in holding United States bonds, because war or some other terrible accident might prevent the United States from fulfilling their obligations. Again, telegraph shares constitute a very large and valuable property widely held by the British public. There are telegraphs stretching across the Atlantic; there are telegraphs uniting this country with India, China, and Australia. In case of a war, it is quite conceivable that all these telegraph lines might be cut, and that the property might thus become valueless for years together. Are we then to be told that, because a war or some other catastrophe might render telegraph shares valueless, a careful investor is not justified in putting his money into telegraph shares? So we might go on through the whole list of Stock Exchange securities known as "international" and say that, under given circumstances, they might be rendered valueless. Nay, it is quite conceivable that even Consols themselves, in case of a war, might become unsaleable. Supposing the battle of Dorking were really to be fought, and that a foreign enemy were in occupation of London, it is probable that the interest on Consols would not be paid. Are we to say, therefore, the Bank of England, for fear of what might happen in case of a war, ought not to hold Consols? The argument, in fact, proves too much, and for that reason is of no force in the instance before us. France and the United States may safely be trusted to fulfil their obligations, save under circumstances when it will matter little what metal is held.

The one really valid argument against the proposal is, that the Bank of England is bound to cash all its notes in gold whenever

required, and if it holds in silver one-fifth of the bullion intended to cash the notes, it does not possess the means of fulfilling its obligations, supposing a run were to take place upon the Bank, and its notes to be presented in the course of a day or two. It is extremely unlikely, however, that there ever will be a run of this kind on the Bank of England. Such a run could only be conceived of if a foreign enemy had landed, and were marching straight upon London without the means of resisting it. And even then the run could be stopped by the suspension of cash payments and by declaring bank notes legal tender in all transactions, as no doubt would be done in the case supposed. Under all ordinary conditions, if free mintage were maintained by France and the United States, the Bank of England would be able—did it need to do so—to despatch its silver to Paris or the United States, send it into the mints there, and take gold in return. The Bank, therefore, is fully protected against loss by the condition upon which it insists that either France or the United States must maintain the free coinage of silver. Sir R. Peel carefully considered the point when framing the Act of 1844, and we see no reason for dissenting from the conclusion to which he came.

REVIEWS.

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.*

WE intend neither an excess of honour nor an excess of indignity to Herr Hillebrand in comparing him to an historical character of greater notoriety, and also of greater intellectual and practical powers. He seems to have taken as his province the profession of going to and fro on the earth, and of walking up and down in it, and, when he finds himself in a given country, *il lui dit son fait*—which his prototype was a good deal too wary to do. The sense of a mission which he also has, and which his prototype was also much too sensible to have, attracts towards him sometimes dislike, but more frequently—and, on the whole, more justly—a good deal of ridicule. He shook the dust of Germany off his feet pretty early, but he has carried out his mission with regard to his native country in a manner which does not seem altogether to have recommended him to his countrymen. He has descended in a passing manner on England, and has done us the honour to read us lectures on our xenomania, the true character of our literary eminence, &c. These, when they were promulgated in this isle, raised inextinguishable laughter—due, doubtless, to ignorance—which rather drowned the sound of his predilections. He has of late established himself in Italy; and the Italians will, beyond question, one of these days have their history, present condition, and future fate expounded to them from the professorial chair of things in general to which Herr Hillebrand has elected himself by his own acclamation. But the major part of his observant faculties have been devoted to France, and the book now before us lays before English readers the result of his meditations on things and persons French. It has been noticed more or less cursorily in these columns in its other dresses; it deserves, perhaps, a fuller notice as it now presents itself, very well translated into English.

The plan which Herr Hillebrand has proposed to himself is tripartite. He gives his experience, and the opinions which he has drawn from that experience, and from the still more fertile source of his interior, in reference to social France, literary France, political France. He is most copious on the latter head; but his copiousness has to be reduced here by a sterner process than in either of the other cases. For Herr Hillebrand's book was written some three years ago; and the subsequent course of events, though it cannot be said to have rendered his political lumenbrations altogether worthless, has decidedly flown in the face of them. Herr Hillebrand is apparently a Bonapartist-Orleanist, regarding M. Thiers as the last hope of France, and such representatives of M. Thiers as M. Buffet and the Duke de Broglie as the second-best hopes now that M. Thiers was dead. France has neglected Herr Hillebrand, and has gone *tête baissée* into the system of government and policy most opposed to that which he favours. It does not, of course, follow that his review of her political position is valueless, but it ceases to possess for the time the great merit of actuality. Nevertheless, it has its interest. An acute, though ill-balanced and partially instructed, intellect manifests itself in all Herr Hillebrand's observations. Every now and then the acuteness gets the upper hand; every now and then the want of balance manifests itself most clearly. We shall not be suspected of regarding either M. Rochefort or M. Gambetta with undue favour; but a writer who in 1881 deliberately reproduces the following sentence, without qualification and without alteration, shows his fibre very clearly:—

It was at this time, too—1866—that the aristocratic *frondeurs* of the Liberal party smiled approvingly on the coarse attacks and indecent witticisms of a quibbling journalist called Henri Rochefort, and applauded the new so-called principle of irreconciliation, a clever invention of an obscure young lawyer named Gambetta, without ever considering that it is impossible to condescend to such alliances with impunity.

There is great wisdom in this remark, considered from one point of view; considered from another it can hardly be said

* *France and the French.* By Karl Hillebrand. Translated from the German. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

to possess much. The opinion respecting the Ollivier Ministry which Herr Hillebrand afterwards expresses shows the secret of his inability to be a critic of politics. 'The four old parties,' he says, 'were represented in it by men of eminence.' Now, considering the fate which, according to the invariable experience of two entire centuries, waits on coalition Ministries, the mere fact which Herr Hillebrand mentions might have been sufficient to damn this particular Administration. On the other hand, when insight into the particular affairs of the moment is not required, Herr Hillebrand can sometimes write very justly. His comments on the revolution of September are excellent, and might be taken to heart somewhat further north than France:—

In Paris the solidarity of feeling between the country and the Government—I do not say the dynasty—is so completely lost that no one suspects it to be a cowardly or even a dishonourable act to desert a sovereign in the hour of misfortune, even when the misfortune has been brought about by the very men who desert him and who know that, had he been successful, they would have lauded him to the skies. . . . The curse of prolonged revolution is that it undermines every natural sentiment of generosity and devotion, and enables selfish passion and desire to prevail over the better part in man. . . . What matters country or national honour or the firm accord of rulers and ruled in evil times?

What, indeed? Another passage further on is an excellent expression of the wisdom which sometimes may be found in the most unpractical of politicians:—

General ideas and prejudiced opinions, a quantity of unverified catchwords, at best two or three principles of civil law, no knowledge of books, a certain amount of information gathered from reviews, and a vast deal of newspaper learning—such is the mental equipment of those who profess to govern a great Power like France and to represent her abroad.

Could not some of us narrate the fable with a slight change of name of other persons than the representatives of France? It is in these things—the general reflections of a man of some acuteness who has been for twenty years in actual contact with the things and persons of whom he writes that the value of Herr Hillebrand's contribution to the political history of France consists.

The social and literary parts of his work display rather different peculiarities. In the former, observation—unless the observer can be convicted of bad faith, of which there is no sign in Herr Hillebrand—is almost the first and last requirement which can be made of the witness. The author's general picture of French society and its characteristics is tolerably full, and, on the whole, very fair. In it, as in every picture of French society, the remarkable thriftiness of the Frenchman, and his tendency to *se cacher*, has great prominence. But it is odd that Herr Hillebrand does not bring out, as he surely might have done, the dangerous support which this general tendency lends, as a question of reaction, to the revolutionary and Bohemian tendencies of the nation which have done and doubtless will do it so much harm. Nowhere are there so many regular steady-going persons as in France, nowhere also are there so many *refractaires* and *déclassés*. The latter are simply the complement of the former. In consequence of the almost caste-like delimitation of professions and classes which Herr Hillebrand duly mentions, a man who for any reason drops out of one becomes at once a pariah. Politics and literature are the only second strings possible in France, and the latter usually has to be taken to very young, while in England, and still more in America, men may box the compass of the professions without either losing chance or reputation. A noteworthy part of Herr Hillebrand's book is his account of French education, which is very full and on the whole very accurate. If he is anywhere unfair, it seems to us to be to the professors of the provincial faculties. It is true that their work is anomalous; that they are very badly paid; and that they are not, as a rule, recruited from the highest classes. But the admirable literary work which has constantly been produced by them, and especially in the shape of the doctoral theses, upon which he is especially severe, seems to redeem the class, as a class, from discredit. These monographs are not unknown in Germany as well as in France, and there too they have sometimes produced good work. But while the German academic monograph is too often a piece of mere collation, useful enough in its way to literature, but entirely devoid of the least original or literary merit, the doctoral theses of the Sorbonne for the last forty years include some of the best and soundest literary essays that Europe has had during that period.

In literary criticism proper, Herr Hillebrand comes woefully short. He is altogether the man of a *parti pris*. The eighteenth century, according to him, was the *ne plus ultra* of literature in France, England, and (towards its close and the beginning of the nineteenth) Germany. The last forty years have witnessed a terrible, at least a "serious loss of intellectual culture." From this point of view he judges everything. Labiche and Sardou are not to be named in comparison with (whom does the reader guess?) with Scribe. Théophile Gautier is "a fellow who has given himself an infinite deal of trouble to cut some badly-coloured bits of glass, and perhaps a couple of coloured pebbles into a thousand facets." Edmond About is a scribbler. If he can praise anything it is the later French criticism which includes "Montégut's depth of thought, Renan's delicate taste and unsurpassed art, Taine's bold application of method and rich colouring, Sarcey's open-minded and unprejudiced judgment, and Scherer's thorough knowledge and honest endeavour to see things as they are." The omission of M. Paul de St. Victor is noteworthy, and it is still more noteworthy that almost every one of the tickets except M. Emile Montégut's, whom for a German Herr Hillebrand is fairly qualified to judge, is singularly inappropriate. M. Renan's delicate taste, as applied to

Béranger, M. Taine's method, which leads him to fall back on a helpless "J'aime mieux Alfred de Musset que Tennyson," M. Sarcey's open-minded judgment of anything, no matter what, that he does not like, and M. Scherer's honest endeavour to see Baudelaire and Ilderot as they are, compose a curious critical museum.

Herr Hillebrand's literary shortcomings, however, have been spoken of in these columns before, and need not be spoken of again at any length. His book is, on the whole, certainly an instructive one, because the testimony of a foreigner who has lived twenty years in actual contact with the life of any nation, not in a ghetto or a Leicester Square, is always instructive. It will add to the knowledge and correct some of the views of those who know France pretty well already. Whether it is altogether safe reading for those who have not the safeguard of previous knowledge is a point on which we should not like to pronounce by any means so decidedly. The author seems in a very curious way to have united the two chief defects of his original and his (for a long time) adopted country. He generalizes with the most perilous freedom, and he deduces with the most perilous fearlessness. He is thus rather an interesting person to watch in his evolutions from a distance than a safe guide in whose steps the blind and the lame may cheerfully tread.

JOHN INGLESANT.*

WE are glad to see that an interesting and remarkable book has been rescued from a position in which it could not do itself justice. *John Inglesant* first appeared, about a year ago, at Birmingham, where a hundred copies were privately printed, mainly for circulation among the friends of the author. Even under these conditions it attracted a good deal of interest and attention beyond the circle for which it was originally designed. But it deserved a larger audience than could be thus secured to it, and its publication at the hands of Messrs. Macmillan will now give it that launch into the world with which in these days no book, however good, can dispense. As the work of a Birmingham manufacturer, *John Inglesant* represents a degree and type of cultivation in our great industrial towns worthy of notice on many grounds. Its academic calmness of tone and purity of style, the amount of antiquarian and historical knowledge displayed in it, together with its pervading philosophic and poetic interest, have little in common with what the general mind supposes to be the brisk, practical, and dogmatic temper of business life. It is perhaps too much to say, diffused as cultivation now is, that the book has a special claim to notice on the ground of the circumstances of its authorship and appearance; but, taken in connexion with its real merits, these circumstances are certainly not without interest and significance.

John Inglesant is an historical novel, of which the full title runs thus:—"Memoirs of the life of Mr. John Inglesant, sometime servant to King Charles I.; with an account of his birth, education and training by the Jesuits, and a particular relation of the secret services in which he was engaged, especially in connexion with the late Irish rebellion and with several other remarkable passages and occurrences; also a history of his religious doubts and experiences, and of the Molinists or Quietists in Italy, in which country he resided for many years, with an account of the election of the late Pope, and many other events and affairs." The book professes to be the mere collection of a series of papers relating to the life of a Royalist during the stirring times of the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth. It is not a novel in any proper sense. Mr. Shorthouse calls it a romance, perhaps in remembrance of Hawthorne, with whom it was a favourite title. The word seems to suggest to him, as it undoubtedly did to Hawthorne, a greater latitude of poetic and imaginative treatment than is ordinarily allowed by association to the novel proper. As in *Transformation*—Hawthorne's romance *par excellence*—so in *John Inglesant* the interest of the book lies in delicate study of character under romantic and unusual circumstances, while the glowing Italian landscape in which two-thirds of the story is framed was probably chosen for the same reasons as led Hawthorne to construct a kindred background against which to set the weird conception of Donatello. The subject of a romance, as Hawthorne understood the word, is addressed rather to the few than to the many, and appeals to a more subtle and unusual range of feelings than are ordinarily stirred by a novel. Therefore it may, and ought to be, clothed in a more highly-coloured and poetic form than tradition allows to the novel; it may, too, be more discursive. This, at any rate, seems to be the way in which Mr. Shorthouse has understood his title, and the reader who makes this plain to himself beforehand will be tolerant of the weakness he shows in some of the most necessary qualities of the novelist proper. The book has two themes, one artistic, the other argumentative and philosophical. The author's leading idea seems to have been to trace the effect of a great time of political and speculative ferment, such as was the seventeenth century in England, upon a sensitive, finely-wrought nature, deeply veined with religious mysticism, fervent, devout, tenacious, and yet crossed with a certain fatal feebleness, partly traceable to physical, partly to moral, causes. Mingled with and dependent upon this first theme is the second, which may be described as a defence of the Church of England, ideally conceived as the halfway-house and meeting-place of the religious and rationalising instincts in man, against the great mother Church

of Rome, of which Inglesant is made at all times to feel the strange potency and force, and which he only escapes joining by an accident. The first theme, with its Hamlet-like intricacy and suggestiveness, has been, on the whole, admirably worked out by Mr. Shorthouse. The second has escaped in his hands from the commonplace which might have seemed inseparable from it and has inspired some of the most beautiful writing in the book. But it is not as closely knit to the character of John Inglesant as it should have been. It ought always to have been presented to us through the medium of Inglesant's personality, if it was to evade the objections so easily brought against the introduction of such a theme at all into a piece of high imaginative work. As it is, Inglesant's final declaration in favour of the Church of his birth takes us by surprise instead of developing itself naturally out of his past history, so that we are tempted to quarrel with the last page of the book as inconsistent and out of place, when taken by themselves they contain one of the most attractive descriptions ever written of the philosophical position of the Church of England. A little more thought and trouble might have avoided this, and produced a more perfect artistic whole.

John Inglesant is the grandson of one Richard Inglesant, to whom the suppressed Priory of Westacre had been assigned under Henry VIII., and whose mixed character with its opposing strains of scrupulosity and worldliness is very delicately sketched in the few pages which describe his entry upon the property of Westacre. Both he and his son, also Richard Inglesant, succeed in steering a safe course through the perilous days of Mary and Elizabeth, remaining Catholic at heart, but always conforming sufficiently to the prevailing *regime* to win the favour and disarm the suspicion of the party uppermost. Under Charles I. this Right Centre position wins for the second Richard Inglesant an unusual amount of influence upon politics. His house at Westacre becomes the shelter of the proscribed Catholic priests, and mass is secretly said at midnight in the Priory chapel, while at the same time he manages to stand well with the High Church party and the Court. His younger son is very early marked out by the men surrounding his father as a convenient instrument of diplomacy and intrigue. His meditative religious temper, his plant imaginative intellect, become the prey of the Jesuit, Father St. Clare, then at the head of Catholic intrigue in England, who sees in the dreamy boy, with his passion for reverie and Platonic speculation, an admirable future agent in the expected drama of reconciliation between England and Rome, which is to be brought about by the combined action of the High Church, Royalist, and Catholic parties. John Inglesant accordingly grows up a member of the English Church, and as such allowed a much freer walk in speculative paths than is possible to a Catholic, but at the same time devoted both by temperament and habit to his Jesuit master. When he arrives at manhood, he is placed about the Court, and bidden to make it his business to become acquainted with ~~men~~ of all parties. The march of revolution, however, scatters into thin air the webs of intrigue upon which at one time so much had seemed to depend, and, while the Catholics are still debating whether they shall work through or against Laud, comes the execution of Strafford and the beginning of the end. Inglesant's life at Oxford with the Court is in many ways admirably described, though here as elsewhere there is an entire absence of humour, which, employed as Thackeray would have employed it, might have done good service in lighting up all the by-passages of the story. We find him present at Edgehill and Cropredy Bridge, and standing by Laud on the scaffold in his capacity of confidential agent alike of the King, the Catholics, and the Laudians. Then follows the account of Inglesant's share in the fatal negotiations with the Irish rebels, which is perhaps the most successful piece of narrative in the book. He is sent as the King's secret agent to Ireland, to hurry on and complete the negotiations between Glamorgan and the Irish Catholics for the despatch of an Irish contingent to the relief of Chester, then besieged by the Parliament. He goes, knowing that the scheme of letting loose the Irish rebels upon England will be regarded with horror even by the Royalists themselves, and that if it miscarries the King will disavow the whole plan and leave his agents, small and great, to bear the penalty. The plan of course does miscarry. Glamorgan is arrested in Dublin on a charge of treasonable conspiracy, the King deserts him, and Inglesant, falling into the hands of the Royalists at Chester, boldly disowns the King's own written commission, and, disgraced with Royalist and Roundhead alike, is given up to the Parliament.

To follow out the subsequent events in detail would take us too far afield. Inglesant's mock execution, his heroic loyalty to a faithless master, his suffering of mind and body under the position of infamy from which he is gradually rescued by the growth of a truer knowledge of the King's character and objects, are drawn with a skill and pathos beyond praise. When Inglesant finally emerges from the Tower, Charles I. is no more, and Inglesant's special work in England is gone. It may be noticed as remarkable under all the circumstances that Mr. Shorthouse's sympathies are decidedly Royalist. Charles's follies and weaknesses are made use of with unsparring effect; but in the description of both the King's inner nature and outward history, the reader is made to feel the "pity o't" more than anything else, and is led to regard his character and circumstances as double aspects of a relentless fate for which he is scarcely responsible.

A new departure in the book is reached in the murder of Inglesant's only brother, which occurs immediately after his release from the Tower. Thenceforward we find, thwarting the religious impulse, which, as the book proceeds, asserts itself more and

more in Inglesant's life and character, not only the old inherited weakness of will and conscience, but a new force of revengeful passion, complicated besides with physical injury resulting from a sabre-cut on the head in one of the Civil War skirmishes. The scene of the story is transferred to France and Italy. Inglesant, still nominally the agent and *protégé* of the Jesuits, wanders from place to place, driven on the one hand by the hunger for ideal good which had sprung up in him in his Plato-worshipping youth, and on the other by the hope of finding and destroying his brother's murderer. In the course of his journeyings he is brought across men and cliques who represent the central continental influences, just as in England he had been brought across men and cliques representing the main currents of English thought and society. He falls in love and marries a shadowy being with a merely shadowy relation to him; he assists at a Papal conclave; and finally, on a morning ride over the Apennines, he meets the murderer of his brother face to face, and, driven by the murderer's appeal to the holiest names to forego the vengeance he has been so long planning, hands him over to the unalterable Divine vengeance in a passage full of exquisite force and beauty. A description of the plague in Naples, and of Inglesant's share in the attempt of Molinos and his followers to plant Quietist principles in Rome, winds up the Italian section; and in a concluding letter, supposed to be written some years afterwards by a chance acquaintance, we are allowed a glimpse into Inglesant's later life in England under the Restoration, and into his opinions on the then burning questions of the rival claims of the Church of England and the Church of Rome, and the vital religious facts underlying and determining them.

Such are the main outlines of a book which can claim but very little on the score of construction, as we commonly understand construction in a novel. The plot of the whole latter half drags, and is hindered and confused by episodes, some of them interesting, others pointless and tedious. The turning-point of this part—the moment when Inglesant first gains direct information of the murderer Malvolti—is slurred over in a singularly careless and ineffective manner; the incident introduced often wants edge and shape, and the stray characters, of which there are too many, are far too apt to talk in the same key and phraseology. There is no female character in the book of real importance. Mary Collett is a beautiful sketch, successful because it has a definite place in what we may call the inner plot of the book for which Inglesant's character and motives provide the material. But Lauretta, who, properly developed, might have given life and form to the latter portion of the story after Mary Collett's death, is neither a beautiful nor an effective sketch, and Inglesant's relations to her—which with such a man would have been intense in themselves, and important in their influence upon his development—are scarcely thought out at all. Here is the great failure of the book as a study of life. We have compared it with *Transformation*. The characters of Mary Collett and Lauretta, as well as some others—notably that of the Jesuit, Father St. Clare, who recalls Father Holt—lead one to compare it with *Emmond*. Beside the brilliancy and finish of the two great pictures in *Emmond*—Lady Castlewood and Beatrix—the whole character-drawing of *John Inglesant*, outside the character of Inglesant himself, appears flat and tame. But the book must be judged on what it gives rather than on what it withholds; and if it had much less to offer than it has, much less charm of style and description, and many fewer pathetic and touching incidents, the character of John Inglesant alone would win for it a sympathetic circle of readers. In the creation of this character, at once weak and dignified, pleasure-loving and ascetic, Mr. Shorthouse has shown great knowledge of many of the deeper and less commonly analysed forces of human thought and feeling, and an unflinching tact and skilfulness in describing them. The mystical element in the book might easily have been carried too far. As it is, he has never allowed it to jar upon the reader, while it gives warmth and colour to what would otherwise have been dry philosophical discussion. The book in fact seems to embody in artistic form, views and ideas well known to those who are conversant with what one may call, for want of a better phrase, academic High Churchism. The peculiar religious tone and temper which belonged to the finer and more poetical minds in the Tractarian movement, and which is still noticeable among us both within and without our Universities, finds here delicate and beautiful interpretation.

EGYPT, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

A HISTORY of ancient Egypt, and an account of its antiquities, especially such an account as should present to the reader's eye as well as his mind a complete picture of the manners, arts, and religion of that extraordinary people, was a want which had long existed, and which Canon Rawlinson has at length worthily satisfied. The land of Egypt plays so important a part in sacred and profane story, and its civilization is so ancient that it possesses an interest quite apart from and beyond that which attaches to any other land. Another great claim which it has upon our consideration is its connexion with the incidents and scenes of

* *History of Ancient Egypt*. By George Rawlinson, M.A. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

Egypt. By Stanley Lane-Poole. "Foreign Countries Series." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

sacred history, and this it owes almost exclusively to its geographical situation. The desert of et Tih, "the wilderness of the wanderings," separates Egypt from that strip of fertile land, Palestine and Syria, which intervenes between the Eastern Mediterranean and the Syrian desert, where she encountered in turn her doughty enemies the Emim, Rephaim, Philistines, Canaanites, Israelites, Hittites, and Jews, who disputed with her the road to the broader and richer regions of Mesopotamia, Assyria, and Asia Minor, the seats of civilizations as ancient, and of wealth as great, as her own. For twenty centuries the struggle went on between Egypt and her Syrian, Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian rivals, and Palestine was ever the highway which her forces traversed, and the Euphrates at Carchemish the field on which they tried their strength. Of these struggles Canon Rawlinson tells the history in a succinct and pleasant style. The work opens with an exhaustive description of the physical geography of the country, as well as of its animal, vegetable, and mineral products, together with a well-written and scientific account of its ethnology. The prevalent idea that the Egyptians were originally a colony from Ethiopia is refuted by the fact that they have none of the peculiarities of African tribes, their hair being straight and not woolly, and their complexion dark, but red rather than black, while their features, though neither Arab nor Syrian, bear a certain resemblance to both these types. The monuments also afford another proof that the immigration of the ancient Egyptians was from Asia, and not from the south, the most ancient temples and pyramids being found in the north. Although inferior to the great European races who succeeded to their empire and superiority, they possessed high intellectual powers, and cultivated literature, science, and philosophy at a very early period, while in art, and especially in architecture, they reached a very high point of excellence. They were not wanting in manliness and military spirit, but they were too much addicted to luxurious living and sensual indulgences.

The language of ancient Egypt was "an agglutinate monosyllabic form of speech," presenting analogies both with Turanian and Semitic tongues, the Semitic element, however, predominating; the Coptic is its legitimate descendant, and, although a dead language now, continued to be spoken in the Nile Valley until the seventeenth century. It was mainly through the means of Coptic that such accurate and certain results have been obtained from the investigation of the ancient records. Of the language and the hieroglyphic writing, as well as of the more cursive hieratic and demotic hands, the reader will find in the work under notice a very clear and practical account, freeing the subject from the many technical difficulties which surround it, and smoothing the way for a study of the monuments themselves.

Equally interesting is the account given us of the literature of old Egypt which has been preserved in these ancient documents. The history, whether as recorded on the monuments or written in books, was stilted and uninteresting in style, although of course bristling with facts of the intensest interest; poetry was more advanced, and was, like that of the Hebrews, chiefly characterized by its delighting in parallelisms and antitheses, while it was superior to the latter in its rhythmical arrangement. Romances, travels, and collections or models of epistolary correspondence are also found in abundance; but they are almost childish in their simplicity. One marked feature in the more highflown Egyptian compositions was the arbitrary and frequent change of person employed; and this peculiarity, it is curious to note, is also of frequent occurrence in the Koran. Books on geography, astronomy, astrology, magic, calendars, catalogues of libraries, &c., are found in large numbers, so that the materials for compiling an exhaustive account of the people and their civilization are sufficiently ample; but, looking at the cryptic character of the documents in which they are enshrined, we cannot be too grateful for so popular and scholarlike an epitome of the facts as these volumes afford. Examples are given of the most important of these various styles of composition, and very curious and interesting reading they make. The account of the agriculture, products, and revenue of Egypt under the Pharaohs is instructive, especially at the present time, as giving an idea of the immense capabilities of development which the resources of the country possess. The chapter on architecture will also be read with interest, and the description of the construction and scope of the pyramids, obelisks, and temples leaves nothing to be desired. The British Museum contains enough specimens of the different types of Egyptian statues and statuettes and pictures to enable us to judge of the progress which the ancient people had made in sculpture and painting, but the student, as well as the artist, will be grateful for the excellently drawn and arranged illustrations of this subject with which the author furnishes us.

The religion of Egypt and its relation to that of the Jews, as well as to the various pagan cults of the old world, is one of the most absorbing studies connected with the investigation of the ancient monumental records and papyrus documents. The Egyptians were profoundly religious, and the devotion of the people was the one thing which made the greatest impression upon Herodotus when, in the middle of the fifth century before Christ, he visited the country and gave to the world the most entertaining and most instructive work which has ever perhaps been written. The temple was the most prominent building and the centre of life in every Egyptian city:—

A perpetual ceremonial of the richest kind went on within its walls, along its shady corridors, or through its sunlit courts; long processions made their way up and down its avenues of sphinxes; incense floated in

the air; strains of music resounded without pause; all that was brightest and most costly met the eye on every side; and the love of spectacle, if not deep religious feeling, drew to the sanctuary a continual crowd of worshippers or spectators, consisting partly of strangers, but mainly of the native inhabitants, to whom the ceremonies of their own dear temple, their pride and their joy, furnished a perpetual delightful entertainment. At times the temple limits were over-passed, and the sacred processions were carried through the streets of the town, attracting the gaze of all; or, embarking on the waters of the Nile or of some canal derived from it, glided with stately motion between the houses on either side, a fairer and brighter sight than ever.

Nor was the influence of religion confined to the outer life of the people, it permeated their whole being; literature and science were little more than branches of theology, arts were but subservient to the glorification of some god, and sacerdotal regulations prevailed in even the smallest details of daily life. The religion of Egypt, like that of most of the nations of the ancient world, presented two phases—an exoteric aspect, as it appeared to the outside world and the common people, and an esoteric one, which it wore to the initiated and learned. The first was a polytheism, or rather an animal worship of the grossest character; the other was a system of strict monotheism, intimately bound up with philosophical speculations upon the nature of God and the destiny of man. The gods of the popular mythology personified the various powers and operations of nature, but were recognized by the illuminati as the attributes of the one indivisible, creative, preservative, and destructive power. Such, at least, is Canon Rawlinson's charitable conclusion, supported by strong arguments deduced from facts and analogy; but we must confess that a perusal of his pages on the mythology of the Egyptians leaves a strong impression on our mind that they were, after all, irreclaimable pagans; and, however prettily they might theorize, stuck to their direct worship of stocks and stones and cats and dogs with as much secret, though real, attachment as does the Jamaica "nigger," who, after fifty years of exemplary life as the deacon of a Methodist congregation, dies with an Obi fetich hung round his neck. But certain it is that they had evolved what is, after all, the most important worldly function of religion—namely, a code of political and domestic morality which was far in advance of other peoples of antiquity. One advantage, however, of reading Professor Rawlinson's minute account of this religion will be to remove the prevalent notion, of which sceptical writers are so fond of taking advantage, that the Mosaic Commandments and the doctrine of the Trinity are directly borrowed from Egyptian sources. The origin of the animal worship has been the subject of the most conflicting speculations; and the author appears to us to have taken the most sensible and likely view of the matter when he attributes it to the exaggerated symbolism which began by tracing in certain animals resemblances to certain attributes of the divine nature, and proceeded at length to assign to various Deities the heads of these animals and even their entire forms. Like most ancient cults the religion had a grossly indecent as well as a gloomy superstitious side; yet on the whole it appears to contrast favourably with other forms of paganism. The subject of the Egyptian mysteries is an extremely attractive one; but Canon Rawlinson candidly informs us that there is nothing authoritative to be said upon the subject, and wisely abstains from mere speculation.

We have not space to do more than refer to the admirable description of the manners and customs of the Egyptians, their arts, trades, amusements, and other occupations; suffice it to say that it forms not only a valuable ethnological study, but a trustworthy explanatory guide-book to the pictorial representations found upon the walls of the ancient tombs and temples in the Nile valley and now familiar to all through museums and books.

The second volume, which deals with the actual history of the people, is in no way inferior in interest to the first. The chronology is, and always has been, an initial difficulty in the matter, and even with the researches of later times to guide him, the historian can speak with but little certainty about the order and date of the Kings of Egypt whose names have come down to us. The history seems, however, to divide itself into three great divisions—the "Old Empire" of Manetho, which is the oldest presentation of civilised man which the world contains, and much of it certainly anterior to Abraham; the Middle Empire begins about B.C. 1840, lasting for two hundred years; and the "New Empire," beginning at B.C. 1640, comes, after the Twenty-second Dynasty, upon the field of exact and well-ascertained dates.

Of course the chief points of interest in this part of the work for European readers will always be those where it comes into contact with the familiar history of the Bible. The story of Joseph, the Exodus of Israel, and the invasions of Palestine will always form the most attractive portions of the narrative. The conquest of Egypt by the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, who seem to have been principally Canaanites, with a preponderance of Hittites among them, was the first act in the drama. After devastating the country, and committing great havoc among its monumental and literary records, they gradually adapted themselves to Egyptian institutions, and at length laid the foundation of a new and prosperous empire. Apepi, the last monarch of the dynasty, is supposed to have been the Pharaoh of Joseph. With the accession of the native king, who drove out the Hyksos, the troubles of the "Shepherd" immigrants, now naturalized in Egypt, began, and culminated in the oppressions with which we are so familiar, and in the Exodus, which was to prove so important an epoch in the history of the

world. The version of this and the other incidents which bring Egyptian story in absolute contact with the Bible narrative may be studied with great advantage in Canon Rawlinson's pages, where all the facts which modern research has brought to light are clearly and impartially set before the reader. As a specimen of the mass of miscellaneous and amusing facts which these volumes contain, we cannot refrain from calling attention to the description of the discovery of a plot against the life or crown of Rameses III., and the punishment of the criminals, the men being condemned to the Japanese punishment of death by their own hand, and one of the women conspirators of high rank being sentenced to keep a beer-house by way of penal servitude. The *History of Ancient Egypt* is a work of great erudition and of profound and well-sustained interest.

To those who require a handbook to Egypt, as it is at the present day, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's little work will be very welcome. It is a clearly-written account of the geography and physical aspects of the people and their daily life, and of the modern history, economics, and administration of the country. Although wanting in that graphic character which personal acquaintance with the scenery and surroundings alone can give, it is a useful and meritorious compilation.

THE SONNETS OF CAMOENS.*

THE *Sonets* of Camoens, after having been comparatively neglected in favour of his famous epic, have found in our own days a careful and judicious commentator in the Visconde de Juromenha, who has edited them all, to the number of two hundred and fifty-two. They are the principal compositions of their kind in the Portuguese language, for since the sixteenth century no really important lyric has arisen in Portugal; and the sonnets of Ferreira, which preceded those of Camoens, and have sometimes been compared with them, are altogether too harsh and pedantic to support the comparison. It is therefore to the general literature of Europe that we must go for a parallel to these poems, which may roughly be said to hold the same relation to the sonnets of the Italians as is held by those of Spenser and the pre-Shakespearean sonneteers. There is the same intellectual bondage to certain laws of pastoral diction and an elaborate artificial system of courtship, curiously mingled with the same occasional outbreaks of rebellion against that bondage. Camoens, who is as far from the rosy classicism of Ronsard, on the one hand, as he is from the profundity of Campanella or the religious eroticism of Itedi on the other, is really more closely allied to Spenser as a sonneteer than to any other European poet, and there is not in these formal compositions scope for those peculiarities of individual style which make the *Lusiads* so unlike the *Fairy Queen*. The great Portuguese poet's epic is certainly a more vigorous poem than the allegory of his English contemporary; it is more breezy and spirited, and a larger conception of life moves in its heroic pages. At the same time the lover of poetry pure and simple, the man who likes to forget the world and all its cares, will turn to Spenser with more enthusiasm than to Camoens, since to Spenser, first among European poets, was revealed the dogma that has enabled poetry to live in the charged atmosphere of modern life, and which Keats has put into immortal words:—

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—this is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

In his sonnets Camoens comes much nearer to that Spenser who was so pre-eminently the lover of natural beauty, while Spenser, curiously enough, in his sonnets, approaches what was dry and mannered in the Southern poetry of his generation. A deep sincerity, a tender *nostalgia* after love and home, a glowing patriotism, give life and interest to a great number of those quatrains with which, as Wordsworth says, "Camoens soothed an exile's grief." The Portuguese language, the fluency and sonorousness of which have been snares in the path of lesser writers, attains a wonderful smoothness and fulness on the lips of this great master of language, and most of his sonnets are distinguished as much by their melody as by their serene and limpid expression.

Mr. Aubertin, who is the author of the best existing English translation of the *Lusiads*, and whom long official residence in Portugal has made a master of the niceties of the rather difficult language, has not attempted to translate all the 252 sonnets, but has selected seventy from among the number. His version is, on the whole, interesting and accomplished; if he fails, it is mostly in seizing the subtle shades of meaning that give value to the original. For instance, in translating the exceedingly touching sonnet on the death of the lady whom Camoens loved in India, and who was drowned, Mr. Aubertin translates

Etornamento as águas lograrão
A tua peregrina formosura,

by

The waters in their cold embrace shall bind
For evermore thy rarest cynosure,

where "cynosure" seems to us an affected word out of place in this connexion, and where the delicate meaning of "peregrina formosura," a beauty at once unusual and exotic, is lost. On the other hand, Mr. Aubertin is sometimes extremely happy in render-

ing those curiously blunt ingenuities which are characteristic of Camoens, as where he translates

O subtil invenção para seu dano

by

O stratagem to his own prejudice,

than which nothing could be better.

But it is time to give an instance of Mr. Aubertin's powers in an entire sonnet, and we turn, therefore, to his rendering of what is perhaps the grandest of the whole series, that written by Camoens, with an unusual majesty of expression, when the bones of King John III. were removed in 1572 to the Monastery of Belem. We will first quote the Portuguese original, that our readers may form some idea of its singular dignity and melody:—

Quem jaz no grão sepulchro, que descreve
Tão illustres signaes no forte escudo?
Ninguém; que nisto, em fim se torna tudo:
Mas foi quem tudo pôde o tudo teve.
Foi Rei? Faz tudo quanto a Rei se deve:
Poz na guerra e na paz devido estudo.
Mas quão pezado foi ao Mouro rudo,
Tanto lhe seja agora a terra leve.
Alexandro será? Ninguém se engane:
Mais que o adquirir, o sustentar estima.
Será Hadriano grão Senhor do mundo?
Mais observante foi da Lei de cima.
He Numa? Numa não, mas he Joane
De Portugal Terceiro sem segundo.

Mr. Aubertin's version is as follows:—

Who lies in this great sepulchre that shows
Signs so illustrious on the valiant shield?
No one; for to this end all things must yield:
But he did all and could all: as he chose.
A King? he wrought what King to self King owes:
He studied arts of peace and of the field:
Heavily as the rule Moor's fate he sealed,
So lightly on him now may earth repose!
Is't Alexander? you mistake the man:
Rather he loved to keep than to acquire.
Is it the world's great master, Hadrian?
He held the sacred law of Heaven far higher.
Numa? It is not Numa, it is John
Of Portugal, the Third: second to none.

This is certainly a conscientious attempt to give the original phrase for phrase, and it is not unskillfully performed, especially towards the end; but "he wrought what King to self King owes" is a terribly awkward and almost unintelligible way of saying "he did all that a King owes it to himself to do," and "without a second" is a very different thing from "second to none."

A more favourable example of Mr. Aubertin's skill may be given in the version of one of the amorous sonnets in which, under the poetical name of Liso, Camoens seems to lament the unfaithfulness of one of those pastoral loves with which he tried to solace himself after the death of Catarina de Athaide. It is at least only humane to suppose that the "Senhora minha," whose unkindness is here so bitterly deprecated, is not the same as that lady whose tomb at Cintra has attracted so many worshippers as the sepulchre of the very Phoenix of fidelity:—

The swan, when feeling that its hour is o'er,
And that the moment's come when it must die,
Lifts saddest voice and sweetest harmony,
Along the lone and solitary shore:
Desires its life prolonged a little more,
And leaving its existence with a sigh,
And fondest longing of a last good-bye,
Doth this sad journey's coming close deplore.
E'en thus, my Fair, when I was doomed to see
The mournful end that all my loves befell,
While on the last remaining point I strove,
With all my sweetest song and harmony
Upon thy cold unkindness did I dwell,
On all thy treacherous faith and on my love.

In his preface, which is rather wordy and tedious, Mr. Aubertin shows that he is a better translator than critic. Instead of giving us some bibliographical or historical account of the sonnets of Camoens, he divorces into a rambling disquisition on the sonnet in general, which he treats in a manner that we fondly hoped had become antiquated. Being a good translator, he has not ventured, except in one or two instances, to alter the sequence of Camoens's rhymes; but he groans aloud over the vexations of the task. Moreover, he seems to have employed an amanuensis who played to him the same part as was played by the ingenuous little boy in Andersen's story of "The Emperor's New Clothes." He and his learned friends were all bowing down before the imaginary beauty of Camoens's regular sonnet-form, when this fresh child of nature exclaimed, "They all seem to finish before one has got to the real end of them." The scales immediately fell from Mr. Aubertin's eyes, and it was revealed to him that the ear of the natural man demands a couplet at the end of a sonnet. A "delicate adagio conclusion" is all very well, but the melody is really incomplete without the "hammer of the coda." Like the oratory of Agib, Prince of Tartary, "this is pretty, but we don't know what it means," and, judged simply as criticism, it seems to us remarkably poor. In point of fact, while Mr. Aubertin has been listening to his amanuensis, and getting into a tangle with adagios and codas, he has missed a very pretty opportunity of discoursing profitably to us on the sonnet. For it would be difficult to find a better text on which to preach a sermon on this subject than the practice of Camoens, who hits a happy mean between the rigid inflexibility of the Petrarchans and the laxity,

* *Seventy Sonnets of Camoens; with Original Poems.* By J. J. Aubertin. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

and positive error of the Elizabethans. If any one wants to know how sonnets should be composed, from a technical point of view, let him go to Camoens; he cannot find a better master. The great principle on which the normal sonnet is constructed is this—an advance uphill in dignified array for eight lines, and then a retreat downhill, more at ease, for six lines. The octett is a rigid form not to be tampered with; its rhymes are two, and in every case must be arranged *abba*, *abba*. But the sestett need by no means be so exact in the distribution of its rhymes; after “swelling proudly,” as Keats says, up to its climax, it may retire in some measure of elegant disarray, without losing its character as a regular form. Camoens, whose octetts are without variation, gives himself this license in the sestett, altering the order of rhymes with subtle art in accordance with the feeling to be expressed. His most usual arrangement, for pastoral and amatory sonnets, is *c d e, c d e*; in some cases a fuller and more melancholy music is secured by the more frequent rhyme, *c d e, d e d*, or even, though this is very rare, *c d e, c d e*. In no single instance does he permit himself to use a couplet at the end, and to the student of poetic form his sonnets are particularly interesting, because they are in every case regular, without being unreasonably rigid. We speak with confidence of a certain form of sonnet being “regular” or “normal”; we do not on that account deny that an abnormal or irregular sonnet may be an exceedingly beautiful poem, but we wish to protest against the fatuous criticism which says that because “Bright Star, would I were as steadfast as thou art” is a very exquisite poem, there is no such thing as an irregular sonnet.

THE LYRICAL DRAMA.*

IN the estimation of the public in general the production of a successful opera ought to be the highest object of a composer's ambition; and, taking the civilized world all round, it is the kind of musical entertainment out of which people suppose themselves to get the greatest amount of enjoyment. In this country, however, up to the last few years, no very great amount of attention has been paid to the quality of the music except as regards its fitness for showing off Italian or Italian-taught singers. The audiences, proud of their expensive exotic, and saved thereby from being bored with what was not good, were not driven to inquire after what was so, or what made one work differ from another in glory. But in the last few years art has begun to receive more serious attention. A certain number of people who are more alive than their fellows have grown insensibly to feel the irksomeness of the monotonous void of star performances, and have been driven to inquire into the causes of their dissatisfaction. Many really musical people are rarely to be seen within the walls of either Italian opera-house from year's end to year's end, because when they go they have to submit to so much that is objectionable that even the rare offer of an interesting work can hardly surmount the distaste which has been forced upon them. This, of course, must appear a singular anomaly, and among apologies for opinions extorted from wise men by the vulgar, and much chatter among little artistic sets, and frequent hints at questions and theories in literature of all sorts, the public gets wind of artistic problems, and grows to a certain extent insensibly wiser. But wisdom does not grow upon the hedgerows, and so it happens that these ideas which float about and get hinted at here and there want the patience and devotion of some capable person to put them into intelligible and consecutive order, and to make the public, who are not by any means really unwilling, see clearly where before was nothing but dim glimmerings, which might possibly be will-of-the-wisps. It is, indeed, a most favourable opportunity for such a work; for the searchers after facts have accumulated an enormous amount of varied and particular information, which almost cries out to be sorted and made fruitful; and the subject is certainly one which people at the present day are quite ready for, while it has in itself elements of remarkable human interest, which only need moderate experience and a good head to turn to serious and most satisfactory account.

In these circumstances, the appearance of a work called *The Lyrical Drama* must be welcome to numbers of anxious, and yet uncertain, lovers of art. The very title looks suggestive; as if the writer had considered that the word opera, for all its great associations and connotations, was, after all, not quite adequate to express all that is wanted to come under it. The first chapter, called “Operatic Origins,” looks equally promising, for it suggests going to the root of the matter. Reading a few pages gives the impression that the style is light and chatty, but that there is evidently a good deal of information at the back of it. People who do not know anything at all will be possibly wiser for the writer's expressing his dissent from the students who believe that Greek plays were forerunners and counterparts of modern opera. They will also be struck by the fact that the story of Orpheus has had great fascination for composers, from Poliziano, in the fifteenth century, to Peri and Monteverde a little later, on to Gluck, and so down (in both senses) to Offenbach; but perhaps in that respect they will not be much the wiser. It certainly is desirable that they should know that Venice held a very remarkable position in relation to the earliest attempts at

modern opera, and they might with advantage know more than they will extract from the present chapter. They will be struck with Lully's being called “an Italian scullion and violinist,” and with the exceptional privileges accorded to him by Louis XIV., which probably resulted in the removal of his rival Cambert to England, who, arriving there with his own opera, *Ariane*, in his pocket, got it performed, and thereby gave a notable spur to such entertainments. Readers of Pepsys will be pleased to come across the familiar *Siege of Rhodes*, and students of humanity will be interested to read that Cromwell and the Puritans allowed opera when they forbade all other dramatic representations, because they considered that the public of that day, like that of the present, when it went to hear Italian opera, would not be able to understand what it heard. All this is a sort of light skirmishing which is very readable, and might be taken hopefully to be intended to put the reader in a good humour for more solid matter to come. But the next chapter is evidently a parenthesis. It is called “The History of Her Majesty's Theatre,” and is confined to less than three pages. Information is given about the said theatre's being called “The King's” at one time and “The Queen's” at another; and we are told the name of the architect from whose designs it was rebuilt in 1790, after one experience of burning down. There are also remarks about Handel being a practical man of business, and about his organization of Italian opera; but the whole thing does not seem to be much to the point. The next chapter is about Covent Garden Theatre; but firstly and at some length about Mr. Frederick Gye, and the London Genuine Tea Company, and the handsome saloon they had and who went there; and how Mr. Gye came to be associated with the Italian Opera. This appears to be mostly parenthesis also; and even when it comes to mentioning the names of singers and of works performed, and how they were puffed, and so on, the best that can be said is that such information might be serviceable in a big work of reference on the London stage.

The next chapter looks as if it would go nearer the mark; for it deals with subjects for opera, and explains a little how Wagner prefers legendary and mythical subjects because their types are of most universal significance; and shows how composers who aim high have been attracted by such legends as Faust, Der Freischütz, Robert the Devil, the Wandering Jew, and the Flying Dutchman. There is also a long digression giving Goethe's views of a possible dramatic development of the legend of the Wandering Jew; but the main object of the chapter is to lead up to a full consideration of the Don Juan and the Faust legends. To the former, a third of the entire first volume is devoted; accounts of various forms of the story and its spread from one nation to another are vivaciously told, with more light skirmishing into stories such as that of the young man who married Venus's statue by mistake, and that of St. Nicholas and the King of Africa's treasure. The accounts of the first Spanish play by Tirso de Molina, and of Torelli's burlesque of Gilbert's *Convitato di Pietra* are very amusing, though they may be a little irregular; the same may be said of the consideration given to Molière's *Don Juan, ou le Festin de Pierre*, and the criticisms upon Sir Aston Cokain's wretched *Tragedy of Ovid*. It is left singularly enough to Hoffmann to deal with Mozart's *Don Juan*, and the chapter which treats of that central matter is a free translation of a part of one of the “Fantasiestücke,” which is poetical and fanciful, but cannot be taken to represent the views of the writer of *The Lyrical Drama*, or to be very closely to the point. The next chapter consists of fifteen lines by the author, and a quotation of several pages from Alfred de Musset's *Namouna*, and the end of the whole matter is a chapter on some of the Russian Poushkin's compositions in dialogue, founded severally on the fable of Salieri's having poisoned Mozart, and studies of Faust's possible condition after the death of Margaret, and fresh views of Don Juan; but as Salieri gets most attention it is as parenthetical as ever. The story of Faust is wrapped about with infinity of interest, and a certain amount of advantage is taken of the fact in the chapters which follow. It is true that such things have little immediate bearing on the Lyrical Drama, but still the matter is very amusing. An instance of this is the notice of the John Faust who was Professor of Magic at Cracow, whom also Melanchthon knew and described as “turpissima bestia et cloaca multorum diabolorum.” Yet more amusing is the story of the Polish Faust called Twardowski, of whom it is told that he sold his soul to the devil, and acquired the right to make three demands of him, and that, after having had his fling and made two of his demands, his third was that the devil should marry Mme. Twardowski; whereupon the devil, being sufficiently acquainted with Mme. Twardowski, preferred to retire from the compact, and let Twardowski go to heaven his own way. Readers of Thackeray's *Paris Sketch-Book* will remember in this connexion the story of Simon Gaubouge. Of such out-of-the-way stories and amusing trifles there is plenty, and it certainly has a tendency to reconcile one to the fact that, as far as concerns the Lyrical Drama, the book is more and more hopeless. Gounod's *Faust* comes in for a little notice, and the chapter ends with a dissertation on the versions of the part of Marguerite given by Mmes. Nilsson and Lucca. From this point a leap is made at an impossible angle into *The Flying Dutchman*. It is at least gratifying that large consideration should be given to that very admirable *Lyrical Drama*, which, like many really enjoyable works, is far too rarely performed in this country. The appreciation shown for the dramatic and poetic elements is also most welcome, and may

* *The Lyrical Drama: Essays on Subjects, Composers, and Executants of Modern Opera.* By H. Sutherland Edwards. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co.

perhaps counterbalance the rather superfluously long quotation from an "impressive version" of the story in a number of *Blackwood's Magazine* of 1821, which occupies half the entire chapter. *Tannhäuser* comes next under consideration; and in respect of this again the writer shows great appreciation of dramatic effect, and commits himself to the criticism that in this work "Herr Wagner's poverty as an inventor of melodies is shown very conspicuously," which is perhaps more a matter of individual feeling than of ascertained certainty. Precisely the same remarks apply to the dissertation on *Lohengrin* which follows. Elsa and Lohengrin are said to be "the two most poetical figures of the modern stage," which is gratifyingly appreciative, and objection is made to the utterances of Telramund and Ortruda, which from the musical dramatic point of view may be doubtful.

From this point the writer goes backwards, like Hamlet's crab, and takes up *Robert the Devil* and certain others of Meyerbeer's operas, which are described and appreciated, with incidental information about the singers who have appeared in them, and the source of the plots, and so forth, which is not highly important, and should certainly have come before Wagner in any consistent and orderly work. The same process is gone through with Verdi, and with Rossini and some of his works, and so on through notices of works of Donizetti, Bellini, Thomas, Bizet, and Flotow; containing a good deal of information which is of no great importance, and giving rise at last to wonder as to what has become of such works as Gluck's *Orphée et Eurydice*, and *Alceste*, and others, of Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, of Cherubini's *Medea* and *Deux Journées*, of Auber's *Masaniello*, not to speak of *Fidélité*, or *Oberon*, or of *The Meistersinger*, or even of *Mefistofele*, and the last crux of the pseudo-purists, *Tristan and Isolde*. In fact, from this point the matter of Lyrical Drama appears to be almost given up as hopeless. There is a sort of burlesque account of some experiences of impresarios, a chapter devoted mainly to the question whether Mr. Washburne, late Secretary of the American Legation in Paris, was justified in using his advantageous position to advertise for a "first class, bareback, male and female rider" for the "Great American Circus, Paris," &c. And in this manner the subjects of the chapters go darting about in perfectly irresponsible freedom, with occasional returns somewhere in the direction of the drama—*as*, for instance, in a chapter on theatrical anomalies and amusing stage accidents and incidents. In another chapter the author takes upon himself to chastise justly the errors and absurdities of Ouida and of the author of *Music and Morals*, together with other writers of more dignity and less presumption. Dictionaries of music follow, under which head the question is discussed as to whether Rousseau did really write *Le Devin du Village*, while a tribute is paid to the literary qualities of the famous *Encyclopédie*. Mr. Grove's Dictionary comes in for special and favourable consideration; and there follows something about classical chamber music, for which the author does not appear really to have much appreciation, and a little again about the reasonableness of opera.

The last two chapters go as clear away from the subject as can be. One is an amusing account of the author's visit to Tatra Füred, a little Hungarian watering-place at the foot of the Carpathians, at the end of which a few words are said about his having heard some Hungarian players trying to learn parts of *Il Trovatore* by ear; and the last of all gives some chatty accounts of absurd examples of misprints, translator's mistakes, ingenuities of intentional plagiarism, and such trifles.

Taking it all round this is one of the most bewildering books a man could wish to come across. Seeing a title which promises "volumes," and having no preface to explain its reason for existence, the hopeful reader plunges into a labyrinth of mostly disconnected and even unassimilable chapters; and these are not merely disconnected one with another, but go wandering about in themselves, touching airily and lightly on all sorts of out-of-the-way and sometimes quite superfluous information; while, worst of all, the author does not anywhere attempt to deal with the most interesting questions which the name of the book suggests. On the other hand, the volumes must be confessed to be full of amusing and brightly told anecdotes, and a great deal of genial appreciativeness, which is, however, rather of poetry and drama than of what is really valuable and highly enjoyable in music; and if this can save people from the feeling that they have been a little bit hoaxed by the title, it is somewhat of an achievement. A genial Irishman once said that he had written a letter which was all parenthesis. To achieve two volumes on the same principle would, indeed, be a triumph of art; and the present collection of items may come as near to this as a man may hope for. Otherwise it might have been better to call the collection "Chapters in Zigzag," and to add a little preface to explain where they came from.

HOW I CROSSED AFRICA.*

MAJOR SERPA PINTO'S account of Africa is equally interesting to the geographer, the ethnologist, and the general reader who likes plenty of adventure. It is, we confess, the adventures and the ethnology of *How I Crossed Africa*, rather than the exploration of the affluents of the Zambesi, which have interested ourselves. Major Serpa Pinto, a Portu-

guese cavalry officer, whom the singular attraction of Africa mastered and led from Loanda to the Zambesi, and so due south to the Transvaal, is a writer and adventurer of the fearless old sort. His book, as he modestly observes, makes no great literary pretensions. The author has extracted what he deemed most valuable from his notebooks and diaries. He has not encumbered his book with so much unnecessary detail as many African travellers have offered to the public. When a man's only friend (except a pet goat, which one day devoured a fetiche) is his diary, he is apt to confide rather copiously in that companion. And, when it comes to publishing, he naturally dislikes the task of abridging his own composition. But Major Serpa Pinto is not very tedious. He has lost out a great deal. He occupies too much space with perpetual accounts of the difficulty of obtaining carriers. His troubles with his carriers absorb him, as the whole intellect of some ladies is swallowed up with their difficulties with their servants. But Major Serpa Pinto's character is delineated by himself with much unconscious humour. He is brave, loyal, persevering, hot-tempered, and he knows it. He does not "pretend to have rigorously followed the precepts laid down in the twentieth chapter of the sublime Book of Exodus, certainly the most beautiful of the Pentateuch, but he did his best not to depart too widely from them." He felt that European manners and ideas are not always in place in Central Africa, and he acted on a rough-and-ready sense of natural justice.

Sometimes the Major took the law into his own hands with admirable effect. Africa is the asylum of cosmopolitan scoundrels, men escaped from Portuguese prisons, and other adventurers who strive to out-do even the natives in moral callousness. One of these blackguards proposed to Major Pinto to use his arms and ammunition "in a most villainous undertaking," probably slave-catching. The Major at once had his rascally countryman seized and tied up to a tree, where he caused him to receive fifty lashes. As the man had threatened to stir up disaffection among the carriers, this summary justice deprived him of any prestige he might have enjoyed among the blacks. On another occasion, a slave merchant brought his merchandise into the Major's camp, and so irritated that friend of freedom that, says he, "I made a dash at the fellow, seized him by the throat, and drew my knife, with the intention of plunging it into his body." But better thoughts prevailed. When Major Pinto had actually aimed his revolver at the head of another malefactor, some one threw up his hand, and the bullet, fortunately for all concerned, sped harmless. This is not the sort of major for African kings to meddle with. Being bullied and "boycotted" in the Baroze country, Major Pinto sketched out a very pleasing plan of a revolution, a scheme so picturesque that the reader almost regrets it was not executed:—

I had resolved, if Lobossi decided upon my death, to surround myself with five of my most reliable men, to act as bull-dogs, such as Augusto, Camutombo, and others, and repair with them at once to the King's audience, where all are alike unarmed; to cause them, at a given signal, to spring upon Lobossi, Gambella, Matagja and the other two privy counsellors, whilst I, accompanied by Machauna, the General in Chief, who had ten thousand warriors at his call, would shout out, "Live Monatumuono, King of the Lui; long live the son of Chipopa!"

Less conscientious and less official explorers than Major Serpa Pinto might probably perform great feats of filibustering in the interior of Africa. Thirty resolute and well-armed Europeans might seize the "stool" of a native prince, govern his kingdom, extend their dominions, and alter the history of a continent. So, at least, some passages in this book lead us to imagine; but the practical difficulties may be greater than they seem.

Major Serpa Pinto had much ill luck on his journey. At the start he was provided by the Portuguese Government with arms, equipments, stores, provisions, that Mungo Park never dreamed of in the old days when lonely white men wandered from tribe to tribe, with no currency except the brass buttons of their coats. Major Pinto also had companions, Capello and Ivons, but they deserted him and went their own ways. Though he appears to have behaved to them with generosity, their conduct naturally caused him much distress and trouble. But illness, the want of carriers, the dishonesty of the natives, and the extortions of *Sovas*, or kings, caused the chief difficulties in his arduous march. In the populous Bihé country he found a singular race of born adventurers and discoverers, who travel for years at a time for their own pleasure and interest. The wealthy traders among the Bihenos would be considered "warm men" even in countries less sultry than Africa. "If they only had the power of telling where they had been, and describing what they had seen, the geographers of Europe would not have cause to leave blank great part of the map of South Central Africa." Though possessed of "great pluck" (tempered, apparently, by almost invincible discretion in certain circumstances), the Bihenos are profoundly vicious, openly depraved, persistently cruel, and cunningly hypocritical. These qualities remarked in them are common, Major Pinto thinks, to almost all the Africans with whom he made acquaintance. As fever and rheumatism (only temporarily cured by a sudden ducking in a river) detained Major Pinto for many months in the Bihé country, he was able to make an interesting study of their religion, customs, and political institutions. As far as religion is concerned, we do not think Major Pinto a very valuable witness. He is apt to say "Religion they have none." Thus of the Gonzellos he observes, "though thorough believers in sorcery, they never give a thought to the existence of a Supreme Being." Again, the Bihenos "have no idea of any religious faith, they adore neither sun nor moon

* *How I Crossed Africa*. By Major Serpa Pinto. Translated from the Author's MS. by Alfred Elwes. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

they set up no idols, but live on, quite satisfied with their sorceries and divinations." Now it is very likely that both Gonzellos and Bihenos give no thought to a Supreme Being. But it does not follow that they have no religion. Among races in their state of thought, supremacy is "in commission." They have no idea of a Supreme Being, but they have the small change of the iden, and scatter the attributes of creative and other powers, of rewarding and punishing and the rest, among a number of fanciful beings. Thus the Bihenos, according to Major Pinto, believe in the immortality of the soul, or something very like it, and in a kind of purgatory. The Gonzellos, in the Caquingue country, like the Australian and American tribes, have not yet reconciled themselves to the belief that man is necessarily and naturally mortal. "None of these peoples admit the existence of natural causes of diseases or death. If any among them should fall ill or die, the cause is attributed either to the souls of the other world (one among the spirits being specially designated) or to some living person who has compassed the death by sorcery or witchcraft." Just as among the Australians, a kind of magical coroner's inquest is held after a natural death to discover by omens and divination the ghost or wizard who caused the lamented decease. This widely-spread amazement at the ordinance of death as a thing unnatural and abnormal has produced all over the globe myths of the origin of death. But these topics did not greatly interest Major Pinto, who, however, discusses at length the functions of diviners, sorcerers, medicine-men, and rain-makers. He was, as usually happens in Africa, taken for a rain-maker, because his visit to a village coincided with a shower. He tried to convince the chief that he was not responsible for the weather, and one of his companions delivered a lecture on meteorology, adapted to simple minds. But, the rain ceasing, the chief went among his retinue, and threatened to take the life of the mischievous fellow who had closed the windows of the heavens.

The government of the Bihés is somewhat quaintly described as "an absolute monarchy with a good deal of feudalism about it." This means, not that the feudatories are semi-independent, and a match, or more than a match, for their sovereign, but only that their power is tolerably strong among their own dependents, whom they lead to join the armies of the Sova, or head-chief. On the death of a Sova, there is an interregnum, a period of plunder in which strangers are apt to be seized as slaves. The under chiefs now select the rightful heir, two parties go out and "pot" a man and an antelope, their heads are put into a basket, the medicine-man conjures with them, and the new Sova is installed. The curse of the country is the custom of *mucano*, by which traders and travellers are subjected to enormous fines, often for trivial offences against some unintelligible etiquette. With all their vices and crimes, the Bihés have energy, and Major Pinto has a much higher opinion of their future than of that of the lazy tribes who do nothing but sleep and eat. He stayed in the Bihé country long enough to consume one hundred and sixty-nine fowls—a monotonous diet. His drawings of the instruments, axes, knives, pipes, hoes, arrows, and so forth, made by all the African tribes who are workers in iron, are well executed and full of interest. The forms are often exactly like those of very early bronze implements, represented in such works as Mr. Evans's *Ancient Bronze*.

With his Biheno carriers, who are not averse to cannibalism (preferring to eat potters and basket-makers), Major Pinto slowly worked his way to the Zambesi. He found cloth the best form of money. The demand for beads is very precarious. Black beads are the only currency in one district. Red beads with white spots pass in another. Old metal cartridges are firm, if not lively, but striped cloths were often flat, and blue shirtings were uncommonly dull. The sort of tricks played with blue lights and gases by lectures on chemical science do not strike terror nor inspire respect. The negroes set them down to sorcery, and, as the Scotch gentleman, on hearing a marvellous story, observed that he "was a leser himself," so the natives are themselves sorcerers, and are not much impressed by European magic. In the Mucassequees Major Pinto found the regular thoroughgoing savages of South tropical Africa. They do not dwell in villages. "They are born under the shadow of a forest-tree, and so they are content to die." They do not cultivate the ground, but live on roots, honey, and game. They are "whites of the type of the Hottentot race, in all its hideousness." But some of the more cultivated Ambuella girls are pretty. This people practises a well-known form of savage hospitality. The King's two daughters, Opuda and Capéu, beset Major Pinto exactly as the Soldan's daughter, in old French romances, always besieges the heart of the Christian Knight. But Major Pinto, unlike the heroes of romance, was an exploring Galahad. One of these young women "inspired me with more fear than the wildest of wild cats could occasion."

Oddly enough, the *spretæ injuria forma* was neither permanent nor maleficent. The two girls dropped into Platonic relations with the Major; "we lived on, the best friends in the world"; indeed, these good girls were the only native friends the Major made. On reaching the Baroze country he was "boycotted," as we have said, was deserted by his carriers, and was robbed of his weapons and ammunition. Fortunately he had still "the King's rifle," a present from his sovereign, and the weights of his net supplied him with lead for bullets. With these to provide food, in a country not deficient in game, and with a stout heart, he worked his way to the Transvaal. Fortunately he found in the very centre of Africa, and in the very worst of his difficulties, a

French missionary, M. Coillard, "the best and kindest man he ever came across," and other European explorers. At length he reached Pretoria, the English, comfort, and the "pound sterling." His opinion of the courage of the Boers, maligned by missionaries, has been confirmed by recent events. But we must always set against his view of their dealings with the natives the view and the experience of Livingstone. The last of the many victims of the expedition died, and was buried near a missionary settlement in the Transvaal. The remnant of the expedition numbered but eight persons, when Major Pinto, "completely dazzled" by the splendour of the entertainment, dined with the Treasurer of the Transvaal.

FOUR CROTCHETS TO A BAR.*

THERE is a certain cleverness in this story, but we greatly doubt whether it is enough to make up for the vein of low farce which runs through it. Almost all the characters are very vulgar, and at times very dull; there are far too many of them, and the scene gets overcrowded; yet we must admit that the liveliness of certain passages, and the novelty of the plot may prove the saving of the story, and win it the popularity of a month or so in the circulating libraries. With all its faults—and they are as great as they are numerous—it is not nearly so bad or so poor a novel as many that keep the attendants in a bustle at Mudie's for fully as long a time as a comet remains in sight. Such a story as this it is by no means easy to analyse. It so abounds in characters that we scarcely know with whom to begin. Among the four Miss Crotchets who give the somewhat foolish name to the book most certainly the heroine cannot be found, for they have all, when the story opens, not only reached what is called "a certain age," but even got beyond it. The only safe course in writing about such a hodge-podge as this story is to stick closely to the fortunes of the leading lovers, and not to leave them till we are safely landed at a wedding-morning and the parish church. The tale opens, then, at a seaside place called Shellford-by-Shore. There the Miss Crotchets lived, and there they were presently joined by a rich brother from Jamaica, with his son John and his daughter Augusta. This young lady had a flower-like head, we are told, laughing eyes, and golden-brown hair. She was her father's darling, and was clearly meant to become the hero's darling also, whenever he should appear. The society at Shellford seemed at first sight unpromising enough. In truth we doubt whether a meaner and a more vulgar set has ever been found in one small place. The author certainly shows a wonderful exuberance in vulgarity. The Miss Crotchets—or, at all events, most of them—were vulgar, and so was their wealthy brother, and so also were the vicar and the vicar's wife, the Squire and the Squire's daughter, the doctor and the doctor's assistant, and in fact almost every one whom we can call to mind. There was one bright exception to this in a young physician, Dr. Lansdowne, who had lately settled at Shellford, and about whom the gossips were busy. He was a widower—at least he said that he was—but suspicious had been roused that his wife was still living, and every one was ready to believe the worst about him. He falls in love with the heroine, and she is not slow in returning the compliment. He does not at first propose to her, but asks her to give him a promise of her friendship. To this she sees no objection, and they shake hands on it. "I will be your friend," she said. "He understood her, knowing that she believed herself to be giving him a pledge of such friendship as annihilated all differences of condition and all prejudices of age." Why did they not at once go further, and get engaged? The answer is that, in the first place, they were only in the first volume, and in the next place there was clearly some mystery or other about the fascinating young physician which needed clearing up. He indulged in soliloquies which, though natural enough in a young lover who openly declares himself, are suspicious in a widower who merely asks for a girl's friendship. Early in the story we find him thinking about Augusta Crotchet's bright face, and then asking himself why he thought about it, when she was nothing to him and was never likely to be anything? Thereupon he turns round upon himself, and with many notes of admiration exclaims, "Never likely! when youth and life seemed all to abound for him! when the things of which he never spoke and never heard now were becoming almost as if they had never been! Never likely!" Then the author tells us how he hereupon whipped up his horse, and drove rapidly on, but how neither exercise nor fresh air could rid him of those fresh memories which, once awakened, clung like stinging insects. Hereupon the reader, if he at all resembles ourselves in this matter, straightway turns to the end of the third volume to see whether Miss Augusta Crotchet does in the end become Mrs. Lansdowne, or whether she dies broken-hearted and he lives penitent. There was just a chance, moreover, that the doctor was not the hero after all, but that the right man turned up later on. The inexperienced reader may take our word for it that he will be saved a great deal of time and labour if he will always ascertain with all promptitude who is the hero and who is the heroine. In nine cases out of ten this question is answered by the marriage that takes place in the last chapter. Knowing this fact early in the story, he is able to skip over all

* *Four Crotchets to a Bar*. A Novel. By the Author of "The Gwilliams." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1882.

the descriptions of every one but the happy young couple. An author, indeed, often throws out, as it were, a false trail, along which his reader follows him only to discover at last that he might just as well have parted company with him when he started on it, and have taken up the scent further on. What was the discovery that we made in the present case we are rather inclined to keep to ourselves, for we do not forget that many readers take a pleasure in tormenting themselves by gratifying only through regular and steady reading that strong curiosity which they feel to know the end of a tale.

Matters certainly soon begin to have a very black look for the young doctor. He has plenty of enemies, and they presently get on the trace first of his father-in-law, and next of the daughter of his father-in-law. It is presently discovered that she is shut up in a private madhouse. Her name was Janet, and she maintained that she was Janet Lansdowne, the physician's wife. His little boy Algernon adds to the belief of the gossips of Shellford and to the bewilderment of the reader and the heroine. One day he was playing with the vicar's son at digging a grave, by means of which he proposed to descend to the lower regions. He suddenly stopped in his work and began thus to question his playmate:—

"Does your papa put people down there when they die?"

"Yes," answered Humphrey, "so it can't be far, but I don't think we shall get there to-night."

"Then it must be quite easy to get back?"

"That isn't, I say. Where's your mamma? Did my papa put her down there?"

"No. He didn't. Say that again, and I'll fight you. She went up the other way. She went one night when we were all in bed. I'll tell you a secret. My papa cried. I didn't, because I guessed she'd come back again."

"Ah! that's miles and miles farther," said the parson's son. "It must be twice as hard to get up there."

"They can come down easier, though," said Algernon.

"That they can't."

"They can then, for I've seen them."

"It is not true. You never saw any one that did it," said Humphrey, pausing in his work.

"It is true," said Algernon Lansdowne solemnly. "I did not see them coming down, but I did see them after they had come, only it's a secret and I must not tell it you."

At last he tells his friend that he had one night seen his mother, that she was all in white, and had been crying, and that his father took her away again. The heroine being a very admirable young lady hereupon gives the hero up, and the reader is almost inclined to follow her, for he sees no way of escape out of the difficulty. Our fashionable novels have done a good deal in leading us to form very lenient judgments of men and things, but they have scarcely reconciled us as yet to bigamy. Our education, however, is going on very steadily, and no doubt in a few more years all our old prejudices will have disappeared. Nevertheless, for the present one wife in the madhouse and another at home are more than we can allow even in the case of the most admirable and virtuous of heroes. Happily our author does not make this hard trial of our old-fashioned morality. The first glimpse of light in the maze into which we had been led reaches us when we learn that Mrs. Lansdowne had had a twin sister. A blessing on twins, we say, and on the wonderful likeness that always exists between them. They have served both author and reader many a good turn already, and will doubtless serve them many a good turn yet. It is at first only a glimpse of light that falls, but it slowly broadens till hope returns. Whether, however, the heroine recovers from the melancholy into which she had fallen, whether the paleness of her cheeks is chased away by colour, and a returning appetite gives as much plumpness to her body as a heroine can venture to have; whether, moreover, the young doctor was really a widower; whether he returns from the solitude to which he had betaken himself; whether he himself turns mad or gets married a second time, that we will never divulge. There are circulating libraries, and by sending to them the inquisitive reader can find out all this for himself. Our knowledge has been only acquired by the expenditure of a good deal of trouble and patience; and though it has certainly cost us far more than it is worth, yet that is no reason why we should make it common to those who are indolent, who moreover, likely enough, would like much better to have the mystery left for themselves to unravel.

Such a plot as this, with the use of a good many fine words, ought to be able to fill up three volumes very easily. In the power of using such words the author certainly is not wanting, though it is not exercised so frequently as is commonly the case. In the last lines of the first volume we have an amusing instance of that style which is so highly esteemed at the present day, in which there is a jumble of fine words and of terms that at best are half slang. The heroine was thinking over the promise that she had made to the hero that they would be friends. "Only friends," and yet her heart went singing for the richness of the boom which her words discounted thus; and over all the melancholy land the sounds of trouble melted in her ears into songs of joyfulness and mirth." The land, by the way, was not melancholy so far as we could discover. At all events, the sun had been shining a short time before, and the heroine had been getting into the shade to escape its rays. But, melancholy or not, what has such a word as "discounted" to do in such strange company? If it cannot be spared, why then, in that case, the mercantile image should be kept up, and we should be told "that the sounds of trouble melted in her ears into premiums of joyfulness and scrips of mirth that rose above par." However, it is not the fine

words to which the author chiefly trusts to swell out the three volumes. The supply of low characters is almost inexhaustible, and whenever the hero or the heroine are off the scene, there is always a piece of broad farce ready to fill up the gap. In this kind of low buffoonery, perhaps, the chief merit of the story is to be found. There is, however, far too much of it, and the end is reached with a feeling of thankfulness. Nevertheless, as we closed the book, we were ready to allow that, when judged by the common standard of the novels of the day, it cannot be fairly pronounced either hopelessly bad or utterly stupid.

STUDIES OF MODERN MIND AND CHARACTER.*

THIS volume displays a considerable amount of reading, but, unfortunately, almost no power at all either of digesting what has been read or of reproducing it for the benefit of others. The style is dull and heavy; the narrative portions of the book leave on the reader's mind the impression that something, he does not quite know what, has happened; and the reflections and observations will appear to most persons to be, for the best part, either very old or quite unsound. However, the book abounds in quotations so numerous and of such length that a good deal of information may be gleaned from it by passing over what comes from the pen of the writer, and attending only to that which is due to his authorities. It is to be regretted that a writer evidently industrious and painstaking should not have spent more of his pains and industry on the arts of composition. In a great historical or philosophical work, heaviness and dullness—drawbacks as they are—may be put up with for the sake of matter or thoughts not to be found elsewhere. But the whole worth of essays such as those that this volume consists of lies in their readableness, in their putting in a clear and popular form what the writer has gathered from books too numerous or too little accessible for the reading of the general public. They can then serve to give some information to those who cannot go to the fountain-heads, and to act as guides or as stimulants to those who can. But essays like these, to read which with any degree of attention requires a strong and constant effort of the will, serve neither of these purposes, and only have the effect of giving an association of dullness to the subjects, however brilliant and attractive, of which they treat. One can hardly, for instance, read through the essay on Voltaire, which shows much careful labour on the part of the writer, without longing for a volume of his letters or novels to clear one's mind from the fog with which the essayist has beclouded it.

The book before us treats of many subjects. There is an essay on Guicciardini, one on Giordano Bruno and Galileo, one on Swift, another on Junius, five or six on France, from the days of the old *régime* to the Franco-German war, and, finally, one on Bismarck and what the writer calls "Pan-Teutonicism." For the most part they are reprints of contributions to the *Quarterly Review*; and this fact will suffice to prepare the reader's mind for writing not of the liveliest sort. The last essay of all, which treats of Modern Germany, is perhaps the weakest of the whole series. It appeared in January 1871, and not even the astonishing events of that winter and the preceding autumn can rouse the writer to any animation of feeling or style. Some of the most important contributions to the literature of "Pan-Teutonicism," particularly the *Was fordern wir von Frankreich?* by Professor Heinrich von Treitschke, the leading German Chauvinist, are not mentioned or quoted at all. No better source of information as to the growth of this feeling could be found than in the writings of Herr von Treitschke, published between the beginning of the Danish complication and the close of the Franco-German war; yet they are passed over in silence. Some of the statements made on matters of public notoriety show an extraordinary want of knowledge as to German feeling and recent German history. "Nothing," says the writer, "could seem less substantial in matter-of-fact foundation than the Schleswig-Holstein enthusiasm of six or seven years back in Germany." Now it is certain that German enthusiasm on this subject in 1863-4 was only a re-awakening, under conditions more favourable for its fulfilment, of German enthusiasm in 1848 and the following two or three years. The frustration of German hopes at this earlier period and the so-called *Schmach von Olmütz*, or humiliation which Prussia suffered about the same time at the hands of Austria, were the two chief grievances which kept rankling in the minds of the German people. The feeling of Germans on such matters was repeatedly derided by Heine, who never lost an opportunity of turning the unfulfilled hopes of his countrymen into ridicule, and who shared the common prejudice that Germans were by nature a people of dreamers and not doers. It is true that Prussia ended by getting from Denmark more than Germany asked for or had either a legal or moral right to; but it is equally true that in entering on the campaign against Denmark Prince Bismarck had about as substantial a foundation in German feeling as a statesman could desire. It was otherwise in the case of the war with Austria in 1866, which was generally unpopular in Prussia till the brief and victorious campaign in Bohemia revealed to the Prussian people its own strength and the unsubstantiality of the illusions which had long made it an obsequious follower of Austria.

* *Studies of Modern Mind and Character.* By John Wilson. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1881.

"Pan-Teutonism"—or the absorption by Germany of all nations of Teutonic extraction—is here treated as if it were a serious power in international politics. It does not seem to have occurred to the writer that, after the unexampled victories won by Germany, some extravagant displays of national pride were only natural. It is a wonder that they have been so few in number, and have been confined to a few professors or journalists. The responsible actors in German politics have disclaimed them from the beginning, and no step in the direction of "Pan-Teutonism" has been taken by the German Government from that day to this. The German people, though circumstances have made them the leading military Power of the world, are peaceable and ill disposed to adventures; and the German Government has shown that it knows better than most the difference between phantoms and solid political objects. It is well known that in annexing Alsace and Lorraine military objects were those which the German Government had mainly in view, although it was naturally not insensible to the advantage of satisfying national pride and making amends for what was held to be an old-standing national wrong. It was unity and not empire that Germany was striving after. And to talk as if the revival of the "Holy Roman Empire" could be a serious object of German statesmanship or a serious desire of any part of the German people is to betray a complete misconception of the whole drift of recent German politics and of the whole character of the German people.

As an instance of the manner in which the author contrives in his comments to extract all the nerve out of the quotations which he makes from others, we may take a casual remark of his on a saying of Napoleon I., "*En dernière analyse, on ne gouverne qu'avec des éperons et des bottes.*" "This," says our author, "was undoubtedly true at the epoch at which he undertook to govern." But it is undoubtedly true everywhere and at all epochs. *En dernière analyse*, the power of the sword is what every Government on earth rests on—republics, monarchies, and despotisms alike. This is a universal truth, put epigrammatically by Napoleon. In the last resort force is the arbiter, and this in the most law-abiding as in the most lawless times and countries. To qualify a universal truth of this sort is as though one were to say, "It has been asserted that oxygen is absolutely necessary for human life. And this is undoubtedly true in large cities." How soon we come to the last resort is another matter, and this varies indefinitely at different periods, among different races, and under different forms of government. A similar slovenliness of thought is shown by assertions such as these:—"Napoleon III. made two great Ministers, but he made them for other nations—Count Cavour and Count Bismarck." Napoleon made neither, except in the sense in which a rock makes the tunnel that goes through it. He and his policy were just factors in the political problems which Cavour and Bismarck had to deal with; but he taught these statesmen nothing, except the fact that he was himself an irresolute dreamer of dreams. In breadth, in clearness and in accuracy of vision, in diplomatic adroitness, in vigour and decision of purpose and action, and in sympathy with the great political forces of the day, and power of turning them to the benefit of his country, each of the two statesmen whom Napoleon is here preposterously said to have "made" was immeasurably his superior. In no sense whatever can Napoleon be said to have "made" either of them—not even in the limited sense in which Victor Emanuel and the Emperor William did. Nor, again, is it true, as the author asserts in the same essay, that "Louis Napoleon's policy, tortuous or direct, never had but one object—the aggrandizement of France as a condition to the permanence of the Napoleonic dynasty." That this was a main object of his policy is true enough; but that it was his "one object" is inaccurate. His sympathy, for instance, with the cause of Italy was genuine, and dated back to the time when he was himself a conspirator against the oppressors of the country from which his own family was derived. He was, in fact, more disinterested than the French nation. And again, there is every reason to suppose that he was sincerely anxious for the welfare and progress of the people he ruled over. Vacillating, dreaming, open to light and to impulses from many sides, he was the very reverse of those men of one object among whom the author of these essays numbers him. Cavour—a greater but in some respects a narrower nature—was a man of one object, and his repeated victories over Napoleon in the momentous year which followed the Peace of Villafranca were chiefly due to the fact that he had one aim while the Emperor had several. To make Italy strong, but not too strong; to gratify the lust of territory of his own people; to keep on good terms with the Catholic Church; to befriend the Italian patriots, who desired nothing so much as the ruin of the temporal power; to found, if possible, a central Italian Napoleonic kingdom; to save Piedmont from being crushed by Austria; at the same time not to go to war a second time with Austria—these and other conflicting aims were what this man of "one object" tried to reconcile; and it is not surprising that he was overcome by a statesman who knew just what he wanted and just what was feasible.

We have referred to one or two only of the multifarious subjects treated in this volume. We regret that we are unable to say more in praise of a book on which the author has evidently spent pains. But, until it is recast and re-written in quite a different spirit and style, we cannot honestly say that it is either interesting or helpful.

TO-DAY IN AMERICA.*

THESE volumes have surely been labelled with the wrong title. On looking through the table of contents one thinks that "Leaves from a Scrap Book" would be more appropriate. On turning over the pages we think that "What Everybody says about Everything" or the "Cream of the Commonplace" was the title really proposed by the author. On actually reading the book we perceive that the most appropriate title, which was probably overlooked by the author, would be "The New Boiling of Old Rags" or "Topics already Done to Death." The book is not apparently presented as a book of travel, because the author does not in his descriptive pages show that he has seen any part of the continent outside New York and Quebec, and to have seen these towns alone hardly justifies a man in writing about so large a country as America. There was once a traveller who came all the way from New Zealand to see London. He landed at Poplar, where he stayed till it was time to take ship back again, which he did, under the firm belief that he had seen London in all its grandeur. But he did not write a book about it. Then, again, the work is not written in order to illustrate unknown phases of American life, because there is little or nothing in it about American life, except perhaps a description of a New York opium den and a trotting race. Mr. Hatton, in fact, tells us nothing at all about the States which the world does not already know. There are, to be sure, many disquisitions on things belonging to this country as much as to America. We need not, for instance, go to America in order to learn what is meant by the Ulster Custom; nor is it necessary to cross the ocean in order to attend a Spiritualist's *séance* and listen to rappings, because the same thing, quite as good, may be had in London. And if any one wants to reproduce the blasphemous mouthings of a coarse and vulgar atheist, we can supply him with an article of native manufacture, warranted quite as offensive and quite as unseemly. And as yet, we believe, the actual words of the British atheist have not been reported by any respectable American publishers; so that, so far, Mr. Hatton's publishers are ahead of rivals on the other side; nor has the British atheist spouter ever received from any American, so far as we know, the admiration and appreciation which Mr. Hatton bestows upon a certain Mr. Ingersoll. "There was," he says, after quoting a choice specimen of this gentleman's method, "a rough bludgeon-like logic in his analyses of the Gospels, and he showed, to the evident satisfaction of his hearers, where churchmen had tampered with them, and how they had overloaded the simple teaching of Christ with commandments and promises which He never gave." Remark that Mr. Hatton does not say "attempted to show," or "pretended to show," or "professed to show." No; Mr. Ingersoll "showed"—*demonstravit*—these remarkable facts, about which, therefore, there can be henceforth no doubt. The Company of Revisers have been found out in their tamperings and their addings; it remains only for the original Gospels to be published, stripped by Mr. Ingersoll of the additions and the tamperings, for the instruction and benefit of the human race. Setting aside any questions of taste, reverence, and good feeling, is it possible to conceive of a great subject being treated in a spirit more uncritical?

It is, indeed, in an uncritical frame of mind which would be surprising in a schoolgirl that the whole book has been put together. Mr. Hatton goes to a *séance*, receives the *spirit* messages from various members of his family, and a single word from a great English writer. That word is "spooks," and spooks is American slang for ghost. This stale rubbish is treated by Mr. Hatton as evidence worthy of calm and judicial consideration; he tells this threadbare story "as a patient inquirer" and a "candid observer." We know the "patient inquirer" and "candid observer" by this time; we have often heard him on Spiritualism, ghosts, supernatural events, premonitions, rappings, and all the rest of it; we are familiar with his calm and thoughtful air; we expect beforehand the story which he will tell; we know his summing-up, "I can only say that this is what I saw"; and our only disappointment in Mr. Hatton's story is that it has been told about the performances of every little practitioner in the Spiritualistic trade. Of course we are not at all surprised to be informed that there are a great many people in New York who believe in Spiritualism. One thing Mr. Hatton tells us for our comfort. It is that Mr. Ingersoll, the atheist orator (who is also, it appears, a colonel and an "eminent lawyer"), has not yet classed Spiritualism among the "degrading superstitions." There is some hope, therefore, that he believes in it; and we cannot but feel that, if so, it serves him right.

Again, when Mr. Hatton discourses on emigration, he goes, in the fine credulity of the uncritical spirit, straight to the really trustworthy quarters—namely, the papers issued by Emigration Agents—just as Martin Chuzzlewit did before buying his well-known little lot in Eden. The beautiful thing about these papers—whose figures, Mr. Hatton says, he has "taken some pains to verify"—is that they contain no vexatious and disappointing statements. "Never was not touched upon by the Eden agent, nor was the word 'rattle' so much as mentioned. So with Mr. Hatton's statistics. They are beautiful; they "average out" in a most surprising way; the decimals alone are irresistible. Until one comes to ask about the other side of the picture, one is tempted to believe as readily as Mr. Hatton

* To-day in America: Studies for the Old World and the New. By Joseph Hatton. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.

himself that Paradise still exists, and is spread over the greater part of the United States. For there is not one word of warning; nothing is said of fierce summers and cold winters; of the locusts, caterpillars, Colorado beetles, lawless settlers, fights, Red Indians, mosquitoes, cyclones, tornadoes, the roughness and monotony of the life and its many hardships. In the same spirit he treats of Canada, her prospects and her probable absorption by the States. Already, he says, "cocktails have become a national institution." There is no arguing with a book which is a mere collection of parrot cries and the echo of ephemeral opinion, but we may remind those who talk of Canada being swallowed up and so forth, that Canada is a country with a great militia; that Canada would fight for independence, even if deserted by England; and that there is no party in the States which would go to war in such a cause. As for separation from the Mother-country, that is also a wider question than Mr. Hatton's instructions seem to suggest. It will come speedily, say these philosophers, chiefly because England's trade is on the decline. This statement, which we understand to mean that England's trade will speedily reach the vanishing point, is also fast becoming a parrot cry. It affords Mr. Hatton, however, in his book about America, an opportunity of discussing Protection in England, Free-trade, Commercial Depression, and Political Economy generally; this he does with the aid of one who is unshackled by any of the principles of learned professors. It is characteristic of the "common-sense" whom Mr. Hatton "marviewed" for these volumes to forget certain elements of human nature which are the croaking prophet to confusion. In other words, the good sense, the ability, which have made England what it is, may be supposed to remain with us still; the bad sense may be closed; certain branches of industry may be closed open to them; but even under these changed conditions the old spirit may be trusted to carry out the policy of the country in other ways. The opium-smoking, the blasphemies of Colonel Chesnut, the rapping, the stage, emigration, England's decline, these are only some of the topics touched upon in these volumes. They cannot exhaust the list; we may, however, point out that Mr. Hatton has got a good deal to say on the subject of copyright. He writes naturally from the author's point of view; he is apparently one of those old-fashioned believers in the right that every author is a wit, an ingenious person, a man of intellect. He seems also to be under the idea that it is a more noble thing to write ephemeral novels than to write for ephemeral papers. At all events, he says that "there is nothing more sacred in the history of intellect than the fact that the anonymous press of England has literally ground up, body and soul, some of the brightest and most capable men of the country." How does the anonymous press literally grind up the body of the writer? We suppose Mr. Hatton means that writing is hard work; but so is a practice at the bar; so is success of every kind; and to be really successful one must needs be strong. How, again, does the anonymous press literally grind up the soul of the writer? This fusian stuff will, very well for a circle of third-rate *littérateurs*, a class who have always been remarkable for estimating their mental powers at least above the market value, but in a serious work one expects to find it. No doubt many clever and able men are anonymous journalists; but so have many men neither clever nor able. To write fluently is a very small gift; and it is a great piece of presumption in the small writer to believe that his talent is more than that of the lawyer, the physicist, or the engineer. Journalism of a kind may be taken up by anybody who knows how to spell. And, forsooth, we are called upon to pity the journalist because he is anonymous. To begin with, there is very little of the anonymous about the work of good men in the profession; and as to the rest, why should they not be obscure? A general medical practitioner in a country town might just as well lament his obscurity. Yet he is known, and so is the journalist, among the people who employ him, which is all he should want. But, says Mr. Hatton, the wisest brains of the day are exhausted in press-work at the pay of first-class mechanics. A first-class mechanic is a rare person; he can command high wages; but we doubt whether any daily paper exists whose rate of pay is such as to justify this reckless assertion. Perhaps, however, Mr. Hatton wishes the world to believe that the wisest brains are found among the penny-a-liners. The plain fact is that a good writer soon gets found out and draws good pay; and there are always plenty of bad writers to compete among themselves for the bad pay.

It is a weary book, a book which should not have been written; its conclusions ring like the echoes of commonplace-talk; it tells us nothing new. We had intended speaking of the bad taste which is constantly displayed; but we content ourselves with asking one question—What is to be thought of a writer who, after expressing (in a book on America) his disapproval of the way in which men in London stare at ladies, emphasizes his views by a quotation from a novel written by himself?

MINOR NOTICES.

DR. CAMRNS (1), the Principal of the United Presbyterian College, was requested by the Trustees of the Cunningham

(1) *Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century; being the Cunningham Lectures for 1880.* By John Cairns, D.D., Principal and Professor of Theology in the United Presbyterian College. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1881.

Lecture in the Free Church Communion to undertake the delivery of the course of lectures for 1880, and chose as his subject the tracing of the general history of unbelief in Christian countries during the period subsequent to the Reformation, especially in the eighteenth century. The task was, in one sense, a sufficiently thankless one, since nothing can well be drier or more devoid of living interest than to pass along a track of continually repeating barrenness and stunted or withered growth; but the record has its side of obvious usefulness. To a young man, less perfectly instructed in the wisdom of the past than assured of his own in the present, and ready to pick up and treasure any fragments of exploded opinion which may fall in his way as though they were entirely new and invaluable discoveries, the mere collection and enumeration of the names and arguments of writers of the various schools of scepticism must almost of necessity have the effect of opening his eyes and directing them towards a wider horizon; and the dry and unlovely waste presented as the view is shown successively in England, in France, and in Germany, may not unreasonably be expected to dispel the illusions which lie around the first steps in the path of unbelief.

Under the perhaps somewhat ambitious title of *Our Own Country* (2) Messrs. Cassell and Co. have published a fairly well executed collection of woodcuts of various scenes and buildings of interest to be found in Great Britain and Ireland. The sister isle is, to be sure, not very well treated, the scene selected from her for illustration being one which has the least pleasant sound of all to Irish ears—the river Boyne. We doubt whether the majority of that portion of the inhabitants of "our country" which lives on the other side of St. George's Channel will agree with the writer of the text attached to the illustrations, that the Boyne bears a name "dear to the heart of every British lover of freedom, religious and political." Perhaps the writer's indignation about the massacre at Drogheda and the space devoted to the Lakes of Killarney may be taken as an offset to this. Scotland, doubtless in a spirit of impartiality, is also confined to two chapters, one on Aberdeen and one on Loch Maree. The drawings are fully up to the level of the weekly illustrated papers, and the text is fairly well filled with useful information. The remaining sixteen chapters are devoted to English and Welsh subjects, chosen very much at random—towns, landscapes, and castles. The book may be recommended to readers who are in absolute ignorance of the fact that there is anything of any particular interest outside of London, and may be dipped into on a Sunday with safety by persons of a scrupulous conscience.

Dr. Diver's little book, in spite of the immense parade of its title, seems to be a very handy collection of good advice to a medical student (3), or rather to the doctor who has just passed beyond the student stage. We do not know how far the brief notes about drugs scattered up and down the book can be of any use to anybody, but the hints given as to a choice of practice will no doubt be welcome.

From the biographical notice prefixed to a republication of his papers (4), we learn that the late Rev. John F. Sergeant was a respectable and respected Churchman, who did, like many of his class, much good charitable work. This accounts for the regard in which he was held by his friends, but scarcely justifies the reprinting of commonplace matter written in a bald style.

The reading public will be grateful to Mr. Bohn for having published a volume (5) the worth and usefulness of which were fully recognized when it was privately printed "nearly fourteen years ago," as we learn from the preliminary notice. At that time only five hundred copies were struck off; and Mr. Bohn writes, "as applications for the book continue to be made, many of them with considerable earnestness, occasionally coupled with a remonstrance against my making it so exclusive, I have at length consented to comply with what seems to be a public demand." The writer goes on to hope that the result will justify his action in the matter; and as to this we can have little doubt.

The "Eversley Edition" of Kingsley's writings, which is issued by Messrs. Macmillan, and of which the first instalment is the ever-fresh *Westward Ho!* (6), is printed in capital type, and in every way well got up.

Mr. Black has written for the "Holiday Number" of the *Illustrated London News* (7) a story which shows his skill in making interest out of materials which might seem flimsy enough in less keen and practised hands. The author manages to give life to every one of his characters; his descriptions are, as usual, excellent; and a certain excitement is artfully maintained up to the end. The treatment of an episode of a nature which it is certainly not too easy to handle is especially praiseworthy. We must not omit a word of high commendation for the illustrations.

(2) *Our Own Country; Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial.* Illustrated. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co.

(3) *The Young Doctor's Future; or, What shall be my Practice?* By E. Diver, M.D. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(4) *Two Cities; with other "Papers Practical."* By the late Rev. John F. Sergeant. London: "Home Words" Publishing Office.

(5) *A Dictionary of Quotations from the English Poets.* By Henry G. Bohn, F.R.S., &c. London: Published for the Author by George Bell & Sons.

(6) *Westward Ho!* By Charles Kingsley. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

(7) *Holiday Number of the Illustrated News—That Beautiful Wretch; a Brighton Story.* By William Black. London: "Illustrated News" Office.

The eighth volume of Mme. de Witt's excellent translation of M. Guizot's *History of France* (8) has lately appeared.

The Ulster King of Arms has compiled a volume (9) the title of which is enough to indicate its usefulness, while the arranger's name is a sufficient warrant for its accuracy.

The pieces contained in the second series of Mr. Gilbert's plays (10) have already been criticized in these columns. The volume contains nine pieces, including such very different works as *Dan'l Drown* and the *Prudes of Penzance*. Although we are glad to see *Gretchen* again anywhere on the stage, we regret to observe that Mr. Gilbert has not suppressed the "note" at the end of his list of dramatic *personæ*. It is quite unnecessary to inform the public that "the leading idea of this play was suggested by Goethe's *Faust*." There is something very ludicrous in the superfluous care shown by Mr. Gilbert in guarding the originality of his dialogue in all the scenes but the best. It will scarcely be disputed.

It is somewhat late to publish an account of *Lerkosia* (11), apparently written before the English occupation of the island; but the description published under this title by Messrs. Kegan Paul may be found interesting, and the simplicity of its style inclines us to accept it as accurate in its facts. The plates are fairly well drawn in outline, but are somewhat poor from want of details. The book gives a vivid impression of the island's curious mixture of East and West.

The fact that Mr. F. Hyndman's *Tour* (12) should have reached a second edition shows that perfectly obvious and commonplace observations on the best known parts of Europe, conveyed in a bald style, can, when flavoured by evangelical piety, attain to wide popularity in some reading public.

Mr. Brander Matthews is already well known as a keen dramatic critic and accomplished writer, and the brief preface which he has written for a little volume of drawing-room plays (13) is, as might be expected, full of sound judgment. To the plays themselves it is, unhappily, impossible to give one word of praise.

Mr. MacGeorge has produced an interesting monograph on flags (14), not the least curious passage of which is that in which he points out the heraldic inaccuracies in the construction of our national flag and in the design on our bronze coinage. According to the verbal blazon of the flag, writes Mr. MacGeorge, avoiding technicalities as far as possible, "the flag is appointed to be blue, with the three crosses, or rather the one cross, and the two saltires combined." And, to avoid the mistake of colour on colour, "it is directed that when the red crosses of England and Ireland come in contact with the blue ground of the flag, they are to be 'fimbriated'—that is, separated from the blue by a very narrow border of one of the metals—in this case silver or white. . . . To use the words of the written blazon, the St. George's cross is to be 'fimbriated as the saltire.'" The author goes on to point out that, while the red saltire of Ireland is accurately fimbriated, the St. George's cross is not fimbriated at all, being placed upon a ground of white so broad that it ceases to be a border. "The practical effect of this, and its only beneficial meaning, is that the centre of the flag, instead of being occupied solely by the St. George's cross, is occupied by two crosses, a white cross with a red one superinduced on it." A mistake of a somewhat similar character is detected in the design on the bronze coinage of England.

The latest addition to Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.'s *Parchment Library* is *Shakespeare's Sonnets* (15), to which Mr. Dowden has prefixed an interesting and well-proportioned introduction. It is unfortunate that the leaves refuse to lie open, and we fail to see what is gained by printing the whole book with long s's.

There is, of course, a special fitness just now in the appearance of a second edition of Mr. Stephen's excellent translation of Lermontoff's poem *The Demon* (16), which it will be remembered gave Mr. Rubinstein the subject for his opera lately produced at Covent Garden.

Mr. Jolly justifies his new book on Burns (17) by saying that "in such a subject new presentation is more than mere facts, and this the present volume claims to be. It is a study of the old story in connexion with a new and marked personality." This apparently means that Mr. Jolly, having met and talked with one Willie Patrick who had been a farm servant to Burns, has

written a little—fortunately a very little—book on the old story and disjointed chat.

Mr. Baker, who feels compelled to write about his exceedingly commonplace travels (18), says:—"To the sympathy of the many, therefore, this work appeals; and, if it but find favour in their sight, the object in writing it will indeed be fully gained." As the many seem now to be unable to abstain from writing about their journeyings, they will perhaps appreciate Baker's account of his.

Mr. Palgrave has formed, by extracts from many writers, have either worked professedly for the young or whose work can be used for them, a *Reading-Book* (19) designed to instil into the minds of children the main facts of political economy. The extracts are naturally rather devoted to good advice than to science.

There was certainly room for Mr. Swettenham's *English-Malay Vocabulary and Dialogues* (20), in which his objects have been, amongst other things, to compile a vocabulary which shall contain every word likely to be met with in ordinary reading, writing, or conversation, and "to express in the Romanized Malay, as nearly as possible, the exact pronunciation of the Malay word." This is, perhaps, about as difficult a task as a person can set himself with any language, and, for reasons which will be obvious to him who read Mr. Swettenham's proface, it must be especially so, in the case of Malay. Mr. Swettenham has certainly spent much as to attain his object. It would be interesting to discuss in order to a careful student of his work could get to the accuracy and listen to the Malay. There is a well-known story of a man who had in his tongue a native before he had ever been in the East, and he supplied him with exceptional case.

Sea-Air and Sea-Bathing (21) seems a sound and useful book, in which the suggestions for precautions against the methods of meeting it when it comes are particularly noteworthy.

Mr. Parker Gillmore's *Encounters with Wild Beasts*, the admirable book bristling with exciting adventures, the truth upon a certain vouched for by the author in a few lines of preface.

A second edition has been published of Mr. Grigor's *Arboreal Culture* (23), to supply the demand caused by the extraordinary success of the first. In a short preface Mr. Grigor states that his interest in the subject prevented him from revising or adding to the work as it grew.

Under the care of Mr. Warner a *Catalogue of the Manuscripts of Dulwich College* (24) has been published, which is, apparently, full and accurate.

The Art Union of London issue for presentation to their subscribers this year a series of the plates engraved by M. Flameng. "From," as the announcement runs, Mr. Frith's "Road to Ruin." As a matter of fact they serve to show how great an artist M. Flameng is.

(13) *Days Afoot and European Sketches*. By James Baker. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

(14) *Political Economy Reading-Book*. By R. H. Inglis. London: National Society's Depository.

(20) *Vocabulary of the English and Malay Language*. With a single word Vol. I. English-Malay Vocabulary and Dialogues. Singapore: Printed by Mr. Frank A. Swettenham, Assistant Secretary for Native Affairs.

(21) *Sea-Air and Sea-Bathing*. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(22) *Encounters with Wild Beasts*. By Parker Gillmore, Author of "A Ride through Hostile Africa," &c. London: Allen & Co.

(23) *Arboreal Culture*. By John Grigor. Second Edition. Edinburgh: 1881.

(24) *Catalogue of the Manuscripts and Muniments of Alceyn's College of God's Gift, &c.* By G. F. Warner, M.G. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 6s gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. D. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Notre des Capucines.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

(8) *The History of France from 1789 to 1848*. By M. Guizot. Edited by Mme. de Witt (née Guizot). Vol. VIII. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(9) *The Book of Precedence*. By Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL., Ulster King of Arms. London: Harrison.

(10) *Original Plays*. By W. S. Gilbert. Second Series. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881. (Mayfair Library.)

(11) *Lerkosia, the Capital of Cyprus*. With 12 full-page Illustrations. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

(12) *A Tour through Europe and the Holy Land; or, West and East*. By Frederick Hyndman. London: Cassell & Co.

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